

PGP Key registered
with the NSA.

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



Anarchy

Every day is a blind date

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EDITORIAL

I am an expert witness. Go ahead. Just ask me, and I'll charge you the appropriate fee.

I'm in a real bad mood. Things never seem to get better in this country. We have four people running for President on one side of the fence against one person who seems to have his ass stuck on the fence itself. The other four seem to be vying for this honor. Is this a fucked up country or what?

If Dole gets elected, how is he going to pull himself off the fence with one bad arm? Buchannan will probably be hovering slightly above since he is such a tight ass. Either that, or it's going to extend around the entire United States. Forbes will pay to have a new fence put up, and Alexander would probably have it painted plaid. Gramm fell off a few weeks ago and nobody seems to be able to put him back together again. Oh, well...

If Clinton gets reelected, he's going to sit on that fence like it's an egg that he wants so desperately to hatch. I'm not sure that I want to see Victor von Frankenstein's baby, myself. I've seen enough of the future to seriously consider having a reason to join AA, NA and n/a, AAA, ABC, CBS, NBC and FOX.

Isn't there someone out there with enough brains to try to paint a Norman Rockwell picture of what they want America to be? Where the fuck are James Carville and Mary Matelin when you need them?

This country is going to hell in a sidecar with James Dean behind the wheel. The media pundits are more concerned about the impact the candidates make on the sheep, rather than what in the hell they are saying.

I find it so interesting that MTV has somehow convinced, not only the candidates, but the three or four pot heads that actually watch the MTV NEWS that they are a credible source for political information. I especially loved the look on Buchannan's face when that Josie and the Pussycats reject, Tabitha "*Yes Bill*,

you CAN have my soiled panties" Soren was sticking a microphone in his face, and trying to ask credible questions. She looked like the political reporter from *Highlights for Children*. I do have to give Buchannan credit for not asking her if it was past her bedtime.

When she stuck it in to Forbes, face, he got that same "Yes, I'm a deer stuck in the headlight," look on his face and made some flat tax throw away remark and moved on.

I guess I should be thankful that they haven't started those annoying PSA's with Bon Jovi and their *Rock the Vote* campaign. I mean can you imagine Coolio trying to convince the people who listen to his records, I won't justify calling it music, to get informed, actually read a voting pamphlet, register and then shag their sorry asses down to vote? Get serious. I have a better chance of being promoted to director of prostitute acquisitions in the White House or being installed as Pope.

Oh, well, with any luck, we'll get Kurt Loder doing the election night wrap up in November. And if Buchannan actually would win, MTV would shit enough bricks to build another wing on to the White House.

I'm going to be good and not even try to come up with a name for that wing...

See, I told you I was in a bad mood.



Flames, bitches, comments, kudos, or cheap shots can be sent via WWW at :
<http://www.crl.com/~dturner/zen.html>

Random



Thoughts

I just saw an ad on TV for a new quilted, thicker toilet paper. Now this in itself isn't much, but when they zoomed in on it, it looked more like a paper towel. I guess this is the equivalent of wiping your ass with a Thomas' English muffin. All of those nooks and crannies.

It's been said that a Macintosh is very intuitive as far as learning to operate. So is suicide, but you don't hear Apple extolling the virtues of that, do you?

Is it better to have a significant other or waste your life away masturbating in a dark corner somewhere? (*The jury is still out on this one...*)

Can you imagine the number of abortions that would occur if sexual fantasies caused pregnancies? Not only that, but how about the paternity tests...

Do any politicians actually cast a reflection?

Don't you ever get the feeling that Imelda Marcos is just waiting for the day she can take her husband out of the cryogenic chamber, pop him in to the microwave to thaw, and start the whole mess all over again?

Why is it that the only people who ever get rich during a strike or an election year are the people printing the signs?

I'm watching a commercial for a car that has it running over various parts of the body. No, no those parts, it's prime time. The car is driving over a bicep extolling more power, going down a woman's leg bragging about the leg room, etc... Yes, they did mention head room, but not what I was wondering the clearance for, but what they never did mention was the vibration or lack thereof. Seeing a car vibrating around a woman's crotch would surely make me take notice. It wouldn't necessarily make me buy the car, but I would at least pay attention...

Am I the only one who keeps expecting Herve Villachez to jump out from a corner where Bob Dole is campaigning and start yelling, "Ze Claw, ze claw!!!" Maybe it's just me...

BAD JOKEs I HAVE HEARD

Sincerest apologies for this, but I couldn't resist...



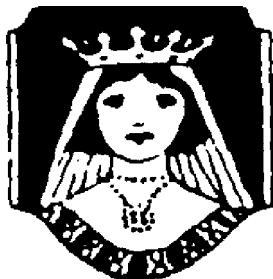
Did you hear about the woman who used a bottle of shampoo a day?
The label said lather, rinse repeat...



Did you hear about the woman who drank her orange juice slowly?
The label said concentrate...



Did you hear about the man who tripped over his cordless phone?



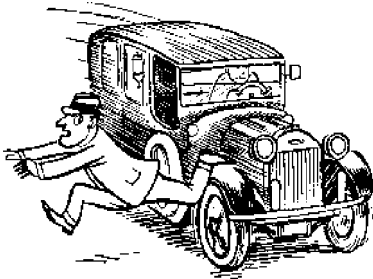
Did you hear about Lady Diana's new name?
“The princess formerly known as Diana.”

Meet the Expatriates

By now you know me, but you've probably wondered about the expatriates of the eighties that I sometimes mention. Well, wonder no more as I expunge a bunch of crap about each one of them.



The Baron : Chicks dig him, except he is the bug light to the psycho dismal women of the world. I don't really know what it is about him that attracts the *Fatal Instinct* type of women to him. Currently holding his own, guitar that is, in Sick Addiction. Someday *his* dreams may come true, but me, I'll stick to my sugar induced hallucinations.



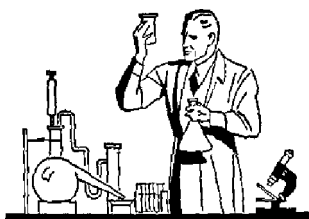
The Rabbi : The type of person you would want on your side in a bar fight or as the driver in a road race. An honest friend, if he'd ever pick up the fucking phone... Haven't heard shit from him since the road trip to Vegas, and I doubt he's going to make it this year. Also, the only person I ever met that could actually debug my computer code, since we had similar thought patterns. Scary...



The General : The only one of the expatriates to have been in the service and have a significant other - at least as of this writing. Mutual cohabitation has domesticated him a bit as it does all men, but it's calmed him down quite a bit too. To his credit, he did sell a Johnny Quest script to the folks doing the new series. Now if we could just work on his pool game...



The Director : Actually worked in Hollywood, or close, but now is off to Japan. I mean I like sushi as much as the next K.D. Lang fan, but Japan? Originator of the *Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever* t-shirts back in high school, we spend quite a few weekends seeing the worst horror movies the eighties had to offer.



The Hacker : He probably doesn't know he's an expatriate, since he's a few years younger than the rest of the bunch, but he's going to Def Con IV or whatever the number is this year in Vegas, so he's bound to be caught up in our hallucinations of vice and vigor.

WHITE HOUSE PROMOTIONS PRESENTS...

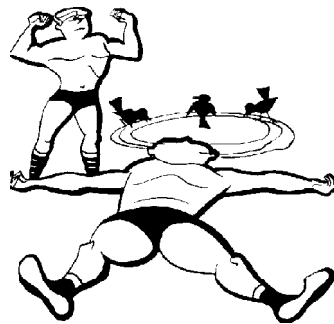
**LIVE !
ON PAY--PER--VIEW!**

**THE FIGHT OF THE CENTURY!
EVERY DAY UNTIL THE 1996 ELECTIONS!**



"Bungling" Bill Clinton

Clinton - " Hey, if Truman can do it, so can I"



VS



"Witty" William Safire

Safire - "I can write circles around him with a crayon and one hand tied behind my back..."

WHAT OTHERS HAVE TO SAY...

"I'd kick his ass, but Bill won't let me." Hillary Clinton

"I have a tank with his name on it." Janet Reno

"Don King wishes he could promote a fight like this." Mike McCurry

"I haven't seen anything like it since the Truman administration." Sam Donaldson

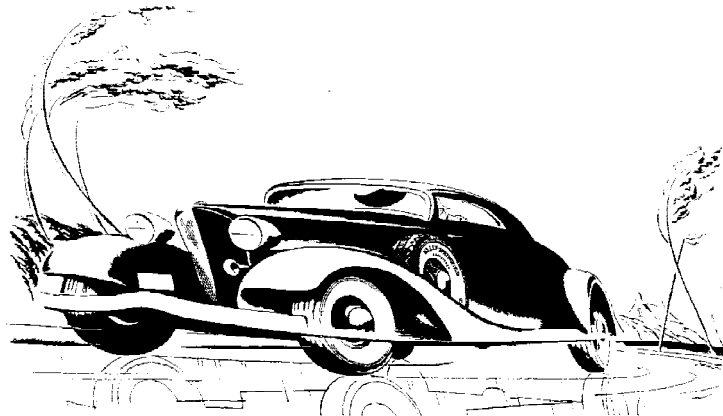
"Mommy likes a good fight." Ronald Reagan

"I want a piece of the souvenir action." Harry Bloodworth Thompson

From the road

Travels with Trisie, my Pixie in Dixie

(With sincerest apologies to Mr. Jinks...)



I've just come back from a week's vacation, with the wife, from the Carolinas, so the *From the Road* about Sick Addiction's maiden adventure has been put off until the next issue.

Anyway, hang on - here goes...

We got two free tickets from my folks to go to North and South Carolina for a week. Mom and Dad also sprang for the hotels and most of the food. God it's nice to travel when other people pay for most everything. We had first class tickets to Chicago, but since nothing flies in to Charelston that is larger than a crop duster, we had to sit with the peons for an hour and a half.

Thursday night : Arrive in Charelston. Nothing too notable, but it's always fun to try to figure out where the hell you are at 10:00 at night the first time you are in a city. I start going down the freeway, remiss to ask directions as always, and we end up going about 15 minutes in the wrong direction. I pull in to a gas station, where the gene pool has obviously stagnated in the mid seventies and got directions. No problem.

We get to the hotel, find that the coffee shop stops serving dinner at 10:00 and that room service is close to shutting down for the night too. That and we had requested a king size bed, *but there weren't any more available*. I suppose it had nothing to do with the tractor outside with the "*Win Me*" sign on it.

Friday : My father has a horrible habit of getting up early. His idea of sleeping in is waking up at 6:00 AM. Well, we get a phone call at 7:00 AM and make

arrangements to meet in Hickory. Hickory is the home of the 13 acre furniture mart. If you ever want to see way too much furniture, go to Hickory. After about the first three stores, everything looks about the same. Two important things to remember are to wear comfortable shoes and don't eat at Applebee's across the way. The collective IQ in the restaurant, and I use the term loosely, was about 57.

That night, we checked in to the Embassy Suites in Greensboro. We were there with what appeared to be the contestants from the white trash beauty pageant and the confederate soccer club. So what we had for the next few nights were a bunch of inbred rodents running around the halls and playing with the elevators.

Saturday : Off to High Point to see even more furniture. All I can say is don't bother. The only highlight of the whole day was a trip to the outlet mall where I found a copy of *Primary Colors*.

Sunday : Due to the little bastards at the Embassy Suites fucking around with the elevators, one of the two in the place was out of order. They were slow enough to begin with, but with only one working, I had to haul my luggage down the stairs. I was not pleased.

Off to Asheville. If you ever drive in North Carolina, do follow the speed limit. They use radar there - something that us West Coast people are not exactly used to. A \$70.00 ticket later and we're on our way.

The other bitch of traveling is the radio. I guess the south is fine if you like country and gospel, and who doesn't... Their idea of Modern or Alternative rock, is all the current junk that you hear here, plus an occa-

sional song going back - hold on to your hats - five years!

When we finally get to Asheville, we toured the Biltmore Mansion. This place has about 175 rooms. Now unless you want to run the world's biggest whorehouse, why on earth does anyone need that much space? Can you say EGO? Sure, I knew you could...

The home is owned by the Vanderbilts. You probably remember Gloria Vanderbilt from the 70's. She was fond of putting her name on the masses asses on her jeans. Same family. It's a beautiful place, lots of land, and it's self supporting - which in this day in age is something in it's own right. It does have a wonderful coffee shop in the old stables. The only drawback is that it costs about \$25.00 per person for the benefit of touring the place.

Sunday night we stayed at the Grove Park Inn. If you ever do go to Asheville, stay here. Yes, it's expensive, but it's one of the nicest places I've stayed anywhere in the world. The original owner would bring in the local paper from the town where each individual guest was from. Real old world elegance. Just to see the fireplaces in this place are worth a trip to the lobby alone. You could probably fit about 15 people in each one.

Monday : Get up and make the trek to Charelston, South Carolina. At the Grove Park Inn, the concierge said the trip would take between five and six hours. We got down there in under four, including a quick stop at McDonalds. I've never been to a McDonalds that had a pinball machine inside.

Well, as we made our way into Charelston, we took a semi wrong turn near the Citadel. All I can say, without getting in to too much trouble, is that you don't want to get lost in the area around the Citadel. It's not the friendliest area...

We finally did find the place we were staying, although no help to the cop I asked. You would think that a cop would know where the damn hotels and such were if he were on the beat in that general area. So, after checking in, the first thing I want to do is EAT!

If you ever get down to this area, go to Garabaldi's, on

South Market (*I think*) and get a table upstairs. The food is wonderful, so don't snack during the day. Also, if you get Amy for your waitress, she's one of the nicest hostesses I've had the pleasure of being served by in a long time. We had a great conversation, and she was full of wonderful tips about the area.

Tuesday : The obligatory city tour and later that day, we took the walking tour. All I can say is bring comfortable shoes. You can walk for four or five hours without a problem. The real bitch is that everything shuts down, except for restaurants, at around sundown. I'm used to the West Coast, where everything is open 24 hours a day.

Wednesday : More touring. If you want pizza, I can suggest Papillion's. It's down at the end of the street market and has wonderful pizza. I should know. It's my mainstay, at least according to Trixie. As far as the food, what surprised me the most was the number of Delis in town. Of course none of them have sourdough bread, but I highly recommend them just the same.

That night we had dinner at 82 Queens. Being that it was Valentine's day - I always manage to go on my vacation around some damn holiday - the place Trixie wanted to eat could take us at 5:00 or at 10:30. We told them to get fucked. Good thing too. The menu looked like someone was pulling shit out of the trash, garnishing it and calling it haute cuisine. When I eat, I want food, not someone's idea of art on a plate.

Thursday : We went to see a couple of the plantations that are in the area. It's amazing what these people were doing politically at such a young age. At one house, the owner was the youngest signer of the Declaration of Independence - Age 26! At 26, I was getting married. It's kind of sobering to see the destruction that was carried on in the name of winning the Civil War too. Some beautiful homes were just destroyed. I don't support slavery, but what was the reasoning, besides being absolute dicks, for razing the area? Sometimes the arrogance of war is amazing.

Later that day we drive up to Columbia. I can't say it's really exciting, but we ate at Maurice's Piggy Park. Great barbecue and huge portions for a pittance.

Friday : Fly home first class all the way. God, it's great to have rich parents...



Just stuff.
Lots of great stuff...

This time, I'm going to start out with a new acquisition. Since I've been a musician, I've always been attracted to music that had more than guitar, bass and drums in it. Kudos to Capital records for releasing six, yes six, volumes of lounge music. This is the stuff you probably would pull out of your parents record collection and go (*to yourself of course*), "What the hell is this stuff?" Well, it's some of the coolest music you will ever hear. They go the full gamut from lounge to mambo and everywhere else in-between. I picked up the first three volumes, *Space Capades*, *Mondo Exotico* and *Mambo Fever* for \$10.99 each at my semi-local Tower Records.

Next, if you love cartoons as much as I do, you'll want to pick up the Carl Stalling Project. It's a collection of the music from all of those wonderful Warner Brothers cartoons of the forties and fifties. It really makes you sad to think that back then they used to use an entire orchestra, when today who knows what the fuck they use to do the music. It just isn't the same any more...

Next, we get to the vinyl. Yes, some of us still have, God forbid, *record players*! I was going through my record collection and came across a few gems. If you ever hear of these being on CD, let me know!

First, The Boomtown Rats, *V Deep*. This is probably their finest piece of work ever. Unfortunately, it's out of print and I don't know that it's ever going to make it to CD unless there is some resurgence of popularity for the Boomtown Rats. Don't laugh, you never know...

Next is Jools Holland's, *Jools Holland Meets Rock A Billy Boogie*. Jools was the keyboard player for Squeeze, although when I was a boy we knew them as U.K. Squeeze. Boy does that date me... Anyway, if you like rock-a-billy like I do, this is what the Stray Cats would have possibly done with a piano in the band. If you see it in a discount record bin, check it out.

That's all for this issue. I'm going to be going on a buying spree one of these days, scouring the Goodwill and Salvation Army for old scratched lounge albums. So if you see a tall person in Doc Martens, muttering something unintelligible to themselves about how used records used to cost a quarter in the old days, just shake your head, walk on, and wait for the damn reviews...

END PAGE

I don't know how he could be so prophetic, but Pete Townsend seems to be the Nostradaumus of Rock and Roll.
Read this. Learn this. Know this.

Won't get fooled again
(Townsend, 1971, Who's next)

We'll be fighting in the streets,
with our children at our feet,
and the morals that they worship will be gone.
And the men who spurred us on
sit in judgement of all wrong,
they decide and the shotgun sings the song.

Refrain:

I'll tip my hat to the new constitution
take a bow for the new revolution,
smile and grin at the change all around,
take up my guitar and play
just like yesterday,
and I'll get on my knees and pray.
— We don't get fooled again.

The change it had to come,
we knew it all along,
we were liberated from the fold, that's all.
And the world looks just the same,
and history ain't changed,
'cause the banners were all flown in the last war.

Refrain:

I'll move myself and my family aside,
if we happen to be left half alive,
I'll get all my papers and smile at the sky,
though I know that the hypnotized never lie.

Nothing in the street looks any different to me.
And the slogans are replaced by the by,
and the parting on the left is now parting on the right,
and the beards have all grown longer over night.

Refrain:

Meet the new boss. Same as the old boss.

*Remember kids, "It's OK to mix Dr. Pepper and baby jaw breakers."
Professor Zen*

Until next time...

