



PGP Key registered
with the NSA.

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

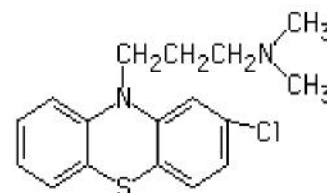
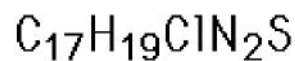
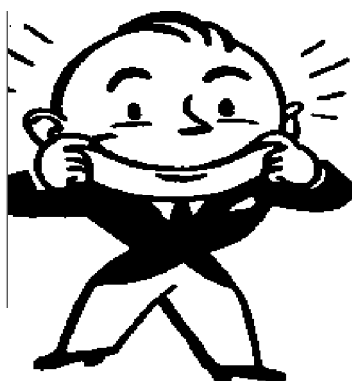
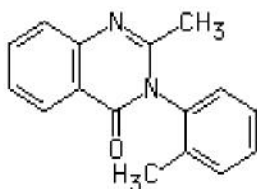
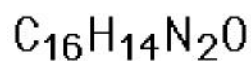


Anarchy

Every day is a blind date

Contents

Random Thoughts	3
From the Road	4
Election Year Bumper Stickers	6
Party Records - for Adults Only	7
Answers to the Tough Questions	8
An Angry White Male Speaks Out	9
End Page	10



Editorial

The more I see of the human race, the more I think that Howard Hughes had the right idea. I'm beginning to think that I don't want to have ANY contact with the human race at all. Just hook me up[with a T-1 or T-3 line for my net connection, a satellite for my TV reception and a Dr. Pepper dispensary and I'll be all set. To hell with the rest of the world.

Now you probably think I'm being some kind of curmudgeon, but look at the facts here. Bob Dole has clinched the Republican nomination even before getting to California. That's even with California, much to the chagrin of the rest of the nation, moving up it's primaries! The old fuck still got it. Now can someone tell me why I should bother to go to the polls and vote for one of these fuck ups? I mean I'd love to see ALL Californians leave the presidential spot completely blank for the primaries. I mean, what does it matter? It's already been decided on the Republican side and it was decided from the get go on the Democratic side. Why do we bother?

Next on my peeve parade is the fact that our supposed blue collar president and his vice president green jeans come out to our fair state to help pull wires through a school to "connect them to the internet." Big fucking deal. Did they bring their union cards? If not, the next time that the Unions bitch about having scabs on the work line, remind them of this little escapade.

Personally, I'm waiting for the first time little Johnny or Janey pulls up some cyberporn on the system that Bill and Al's Bogus Journey helped wire in. I'm all for putting pornographic pictures all over web pages for these kids to pull up just to infuriate the school administration and the government.

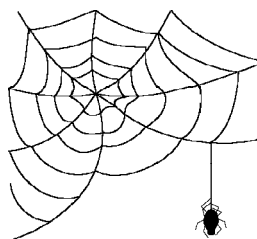
While we're on the topic of schools, the teachers in Oakland just settled their strike here. Now, I know you're thinking, much as I was, whoopee shit. Well, it's amazing what the media put son the local news sometimes. Most of these kids, or any kids for that matter, are loving the fact that they are getting a

"vacation" while the adults swagger around and fight each other with their tits and dicks. What I found most fascinating were the children interviewed on the night that they settled the strike. The concerns of the college bound seniors were that they were going to be behind the other kids since they hadn't received their "schooling" as the rest of the incoming college freshman have. One kid was lamenting the fact that he was not, in his opinion, going to be able to raise his hand in class to answer questions put to them. My first thought was, " Gee, dumbfuck, ever heard of a book? Or perhaps reading?" Get a fucking clue kid. When you get to college, nobody is going to hold your hand, much less give a fuck about you, so it's time to grow up. And corporate America wonders why they can't get anybody who knows basic skills today...

Last but not least, we have the mayor who would be king in San Francisco. Poor Willie Brown doesn't know what to do when he can't bend a few arms or bust a few heads to get what he wants. He got so used to having his way as speaker in Sacramento, but he hasn't seemed to figure out that San Francisco is a city, not his personal fiefdom. But if you criticize him, it's racism. Now if Willie was doing all this and he was white, he'd be up on charges, tarred and feathered, and run out of San Francisco faster than a sailor on shore leave finds a hooker.

What Lola wants, Lola gets, but Willie, you ain't Lola. Not by a long shot!

As you can see by now, I hope, I don't have a lot of hope for the human race. I keep wondering if Mother Nature would make the same mistakes a second time around.



Comments, rants, raves, or whatever you want can be sent via the web at <http://www.crl.com/~dturner/zen.html>

Random



Thoughts

Where exactly is the country of Africa? You have all these people running around calling themselves African-American who probably don't even have the slightest idea what part of the world Africa is in. Not that their the only ones, though. Most kids today think that a globe is a basketball or a soccer ball with a fancy coloring job on it...

What is in men that causes them to go weak in the knees just so they can have sex? Are the female sex organs worth enough to give up free will?

I am beginning to think that John Galt had the right idea. If we could just persuade Wall Street to "quit" for just one day, then perhaps those fuck-ups in Washington would actually get that wake up call they so richly deserve.

Hunting season never closes in Washington D.C., does it?

What is it about women's brassiers? The number of hooks seems to be directly proportional to a woman's age. Look at training bras - one, maybe two hooks. Now take a gander at the geriatric section of the Sears catalog - 14 hooks! Do women's breasts increase in weight as they get older, or what?

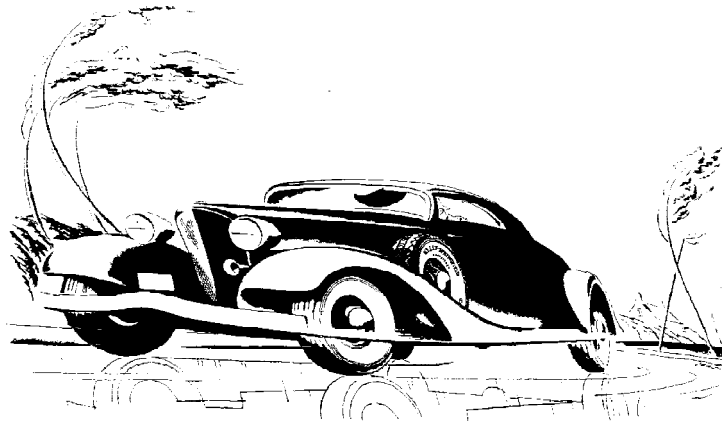
Where did God come from? Did He have parents? Was God allowed to drive the family car on the weekends? Was Mary his first sexual conquest?

Am I the only one who notices that the more they advertise the music in a film, that the film is probably just a piece of shit? If the music is that important, then why doesn't Hollywood just release a soundtrack and save the money on the movie? Or does that just make too much fucking sense?

Given a choice between Clinton and Dole, what else can you consider except Dr. Kevorkian? Just make sure to spend all your money first, so neither of these bastards can have it...

Did you know that if you read People magazine, instead of wiping your ass with it when you run out of toilet paper, that you actually destroy more brain cells than if you had your head x-rayed twice a day for a year? Think about it folks...

From the road



Sick Addiction's Maiden Voyage

A few weeks ago, the band that the Baron plays in, Sick Addiction played their maiden gig. I was one of the ones lucky enough to be invited to this coming out party. Unfortunately, the General had other commitments, and nobody has heard dick from the Rabbi since the Las Vegas tribute to going to breathe in the breath of Satan in August. If you've ever been in the desert in August, you'll understand. So, it was just me. Left to record the entire event on Super 8 video, or whatever the hell the tapes are that they use.

Now, I know you're asking yourself, "Well Professor, how was it?" For that and the answers to man other burning questions on what OJ was doing on the night of the murders you'll have to buy the video for \$29.95...

Actually, I had the opportunity to escort the Baroness (*the Baron's sister for the slower readers in the audience. Ed.*). If I wasn't a friend of the Baron, and I wasn't married, she would make an interesting sparring partner. *No, guys, she's not attached - at least not as of this writing - but she's at least as picky as I am when it comes to breeding stock...*

Dating a friend's sister is kind of like shitting where you eat.

Oh, fuck, I'm digressing again. Live with it.

So, I go to pick up the Baroness and we proceed to one of the lovelier sections of San Jose. If you have never been to San Jose, see the issue where I eloquently describe the town. Well it's a damn good thing I was taking her, because the person who did the instructions apparently flunked out of the Rand MacNally school of map making at least three times. I

mean it only took about twenty minutes to get to the general area, but it took another thirty to find the damn place.

We were out in the middle of an industrial park. It's after 10:00 on a Saturday night and there aren't a whole lot of people to ask directions. The warehouse where they played was in a complex with a lot of little warehouses. We drove around and around and finally came across somebody who was out barbecuing in the rain at 10:30 at night. He also bore a strange resemblance to Charles Manson, so I was glad, as was the Baroness, that she wasn't out alone trying to find this place.

Well, we finally did find the place, saw the Baron, were ready to pay our \$3.00 to get in when I suddenly realized - I had no Dr. Pepper with me! Horrors! So we asked one of the "bouncers" where the nearest 7-11 was. At first, all I could find were these Asian markets - no liquor stores. And since we seemed to be the only white faces, and we didn't really feel like selling the Baroness in to white slavery, we pressed on. Well it took us another 20 minutes to find that damn thing, but we finally did.

It has been raining on and off all night long, but was clear when I went in. But as fate would have it, the minute I stepped through the door - cloudburst. Well, I got my big slam, fitted it in my overcoat pocket and we were ready to rock.

We got back, finding the place in record time this time around...

As we were waiting for them to start, I realized why I never went to keg parties much in my wasted youth. All you get are a bunch of drunk guys comparing dick

sizes and a few chicks who are generally as wide as the Holland tunnel and as thick as a bomb shelter. I turned to the Baroness and asked her if she saw any suitable breeding stock in the gene pool there and the look on her face was that of your wife when you fart, loud enough for everyone to hear, at a wedding.

C-note, Sick Addiction's bass player (*His first name is Franklin, OK?*) looks the part of a rock musician. The other guitarist and the drummer look like they're a bit young to be away from mommy and daddy, but they can play and that's all that counts.

They were opening for another local band called Suckerpunch. Suckerpunch is a little more heavy than I'm used to taking, but in this place, acoustics took a back seat.

Like the idiot that I am, I took a place front, stage right to record this event. I had fortunately remembered that I had kleenex in the car for the Baroness to put in her ears, but being married, I could use an explanation for loss of hearing...

This place was very reminiscent of a place from the dark ages in San Francisco called the Mabuhay Gardens. It was a restaurant, turned punk club, and now unfortunately turned restaurant again. This gig took me back many years to when the Baron and I impersonated photographers from a non existent punk rock magazine Anarchy International.

I have to say that these guys were very good, for the short amount of time they've been together (*Baron, that check better not bounce...*). They had a few problems with the sound at first, but once that was fixed, they sounded great. The Baroness commented that all of their songs seemed to be about death, war, etc... Until I reminded her, that's what sells today.

Some things never change, though. The Baron goes up and makes noise on stage, I get it recorded for posterity, and I make noise on the net.

Update: As of this writing, the Baron is no longer in the band. He's on to bigger and better things which I'm sure beat the fuck out of playing with children and their toys. Especially jealous children...

No there isn't supposed to be anything in this space. I just ran out of bad things to say about a few guys that really did a shit job on a good friend of mine. So, just to take up space, I'm going to throw in this wonderful picture...



It's a cultural thing, OK? Someone has to put something of culture back in to society, right?



ELECTION

YEAR

Bumper Stickers

Surrender
Your mind...
CLINTON
GORE '96

F*CK HILLARY

Nobody else will...





Party records FOR ADULTS ONLY

Well, if I had a color scanner, I'd put in the CD or Album covers. for now, though, you'll just have to use your imagination...

First off on the horrors hit parade this month...

Yma Sumac's *Legend of the Jivaro* is one of the weirdest albums I've ever heard. I had the pleasure, or displeasure if you ask Mrs. Zen, of hearing it for the first time at about 6:30AM on the radio. It's a reissue of, I believe, her first album. Yma was supposed to be an Incan princess singing traditional Incan songs, who turned out to be a Brooklyn Jew named Amy Camus - you figure it out.

Anyway, this is one that you need to have in the collection for clearing out parties that run too long, or for when you're in the car and you get some bunch of kids blasting out rap music from their car...

Next, we have Brian Setzer's *Guitar Slinger*. If you liked the Stray Cats, or if you like big band music, or if by some strange leap of faith, you actually trust my musical tastes (*not likely* - Ed.) I would strongly suggest this album. It's kind of like the Stray cats with an 11 piece band backing them up. Personally I'm a sucker for big band music and this thing really kicks some ass!

Finally, if you're just in a fucked mood, like I am sometimes, I can heartily suggest Rhino's *The Modern World - UK Punk II* played at extremely loud volumes. Mrs. Zen came out to the cave one night after I'd had a BAD day at the office and I had it playing at about 8 on the Richter scale. Her only comment was, "You call this relaxing?"

Well, yes I do. Loud fast music is one of the fastest ways for me to relax. It takes off the edge.

Anyway, that's all for this time. I may actually hold up a liquor store for some quick cash to get some more CDs for next month...



What are Republicans and Democrats?

Anymore, there is no difference between the two. Theoretically, Democrats want to spend your money for you while Republicans would rather have you spend your money. Remember, I said theoretically.

Why are there more minorities in jail?

Perhaps because they are committing and convicted of more crimes?

Why is the sky blue?

What color would you prefer...

What is a Liberal?

A Liberal is like a parasite. They need you to survive. The difference between a Liberal and a parasite is that the Liberal spends their whole life trying to convince you that sucking your blood for their own survival is in your best interest.

What is a Conservative?

A true Conservative is an extinct species. Today, the word conservative has been so splintered that it's hard to tell what the ideology really is. Basically, I believe that the Libertarians are closer to Conservatives than the Conservatives are anymore...

Is there a God?

Who's God do you mean?

What makes you so smart?

What makes you think I'm not? If the people in the news media tell you something, you believe it don't you? So what makes me any different? I just don't tell you what to think, I tell you what I think.



AN ANGRY WHITE MALE SPEAKS OUT

I'm angry. I'm white. I'm male. Apparently that makes me the worst thing since death, taxes, and Hitler. And by the way, according to Marge Schott, when I started, I was a pretty good guy...

Fuck yes, I'm angry. I'm angry that I have to prepay my income taxes so that the bastards in the government can use my money before April 15th. Apparently they trust me as much as I trust them, although I've always PAID my taxes.

I'm white, by birth. Short of buying lots and lots of insta-tan, I doubt anything is going to change that. I'm not ashamed of it either. If white people did something in history that someone else disagrees with, too damn bad. It wasn't me, folks. WAKE UP!!!

I'm male, by birth as well. Yes, I could go to Denmark and get that special operation, but you know, I like not having to wait in lines to go to the bathroom at stadiums. Not only that, I can pee on trees. When was the last time you saw that on a woman's resume?

The point is, that somehow, as a white male, I'm responsible for all the evil recorded throughout history. That, to me, is pure unadulterated BULLSHIT! I wasn't born when there were slaves in the south, although I am supposed to make reparations for something that I had no part of, and I don't think I even had any ancestors living in the South. I wasn't born when Hitler, or the Kaiser for that fact, were planning to take over the world, but somehow if I decided to purchase a mountain cabin and get a gun or two, I'm a right wing extremist.

The really funny thing is, that the people who are spouting most of this bullshit, are white males themselves. I think it's a futile attempt to get laid. Yes, the basic denominator on everything is either money or sex. What you have is a bunch of white guys who don't have money, so they need to find some other line of bullshit so that the stupid women will think they are the sensitive type. Personally, I'll take money...

I really do feel sorry for the people who believe this crap and rely on it as a crutch for the fact they want to feel like victims. I have nothing against helping people, whatsoever. But, I'd rather help people get ahead than just give them a few dollars every month for nothing.

I know, that makes me a cold hearted right wing extremist bastard to most of the liberals out there, but it isn't their money that there so fond of spending, is it? I'd love to see job training programs for small businesses and I would support government loans for people to start their own. But then they wouldn't be victims now, would they?

If people are allowed, God forbid, to stand on their own two feet, then what need will they have for the Teddy Kennedy's of the world? Instead of drinking the cocktails, Teddy might have to go find a real job and start making them - at least when he's not at the mandatory AA meetings...

Remember, you can think for yourself, or just surrender your mind. It's your call, but don't expect me to pay your bills if you decide to surrender.

End Page

Well, it's getting close to tax time and this is how I usually feel after I finish my taxes...



without the piercings of course...

Until next time...

