

Zen



PGP Key registered  
with the NSA.

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



Anarchy

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A proud member of the Clinton's enemies list!

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# EDITORIAL

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I've just about had it with life. Not that I'm ready to leave this planet, but life is really starting to suck. I'm at a point in my life that I really shouldn't be until I'm in my fifties or sixties. Right now I'm about 30 years too early.

Now I know a lot of you are saying to yourself - Shit! I'd trade places with you in a minute. Go ahead. Then you can have my mortgage, my tax liability, and all the other shit that I get to put up with. Not that I'm complaining, mind you, but sometimes it gets to be a bit much.

Since I'm out on the road a lot, I get to listen to talk radio. I just love to listen to the people who think that I owe them a living because they can't or don't want to get off their fat asses to try to even find a job. I bust my ass for 50 to 60 hours a week just to support the decadence that I want to become accustomed to. It really pisses me off to hear all the people decrying the "evil Republicans" and how they are going to let all the children starve. I have yet to meet one person that thinks that any child should starve. Personally, I think that we probably ought to just shoot some of them, but that will get me branded evil-hearted too. Fuck it...

Every time I hear anyone say they are doing something for the children, I want to throw up. "Children" is the buzz word for the 90's. Beware anytime you hear any talking head or politico using that word, duck and run for cover. Pretty soon the government will take even more money out of your paycheck "for the children." It's time for everyone to go on strike and not have any more children. Let's paralyze the human race.

It amazes me what the United States government is willing to do sometimes. I just heard, and I'm going to confirm this, that if you have 1/16th Native American blood in your family tree, you are eligible for federal grants. And according to my grandmother, my great grandmother on my grandfather's side was half

Cherokee. According to the math I learned in public schools, this would make me a half Cherokee too, but since I actually learned math on my own as well, it makes me 1/16th Cherokee. I plan on trying to see about these federal grants, and what kind of strings are attached to them... It would be nice to get a rebate on all the income taxes I've had to pay since I was a child.

I keep hearing these advertisements on the radio by some tax lawyer who claims that he can help erase years of not paying taxes. I'm about to the point where I'm going to quit paying mine too. I mean why should I support five or six deadbeats when I could use that extra money to do the things that I think are important.

I have a real itch to buy a 1949 Hudson convertible. What I want is one in jet black with grey interior. These are the kind of things that a man drives with a cigar hanging out of your mouth and a 10 carousel CD player with music ranging from Wagner's *Die Valkerie* to The Dead Kennedy's *Plastic Surgery Disasters* to the live version of *The Wall* to Black Sabbath's *We Sold our Soul for Rock and Roll* to who knows what... It's the kind of car you pack the trunk with ice and Dr. Pepper, load the expatriates of the eighties in to and take a Zen road trip to Waco, Puxatony or some other Zen site of interest.

So this is fair warning to any and all media pundits, diplomats, government officials, and anyone else foolish enough to get in front of me while I'm driving the Zen mobile purchased tax free, with government grant money: If you see a black Hudson convertible, being driven by a tall, white, Viking/Scottish/Cherokee male, with a cigar hanging out of his mouth, wearing narrow sunglasses and license plates reading "I ♥ Satan" make sure you get the fuck out of my way. I'm off to collect some more souls...

And I bet you wondered how I was going to tie this one together...

Random



Thoughts

Is it just me, or has the whole tone of Rosanne taken on a white trash, welfare, the world owes me a living no matter who I screw in the process? It seems to be even more and more vindictive without being funny. Maybe it's just me...

Does Sam Donaldson wear a toupee or does he just have a really, really bad haircut?

To all the liberals that want to go softer on prisoners, especially the ones on death row, I propose the following: Let's put them under 24 hour electronic house arrest at the offending liberal's house and see how long it is until they get tired of dealing with convicted murderers. We can also apply this theory to the outspoken advocates of the homeless. Let's let them bed down the homeless for a few months and see how they like it...

It's been said by many people that conservatives are two faces for their stand on abortion, while they support the death penalty. I guess it's never occurred to the liberals, that if they support ending the rest of a potential life, well then what the fuck is the death penalty, but ending a potential rest of a life?

Who was the architectural genius that thought of making round movie theaters? That in itself is fine, but have you ever had the pleasure of watching a film on a curved screen? What kind of fucking moron designs a curved screen?

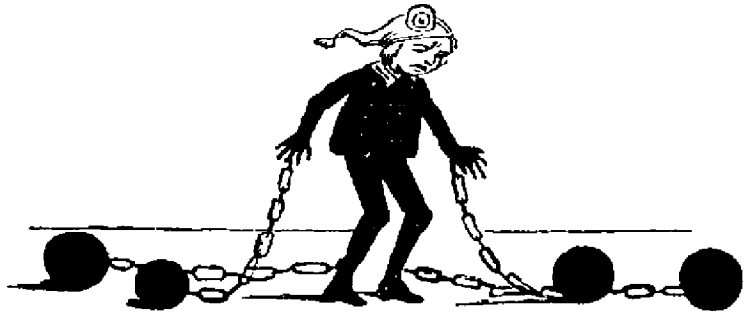
Why the fuck do the fucking censors have such a fucking problem over the fucking use of the word fuck? Don't they have anything fucking better to fucking do than try to fucking regulate the fucking way that people fucking talk on fucking TV? I mean who the fuck doesn't fucking know what the fucking beep means anyway?

Viewing pornography is not so much looking at naked people, but rather a sociological adventure in to seeing what people will actually do for money. And a good amount of it is scarier than hell...

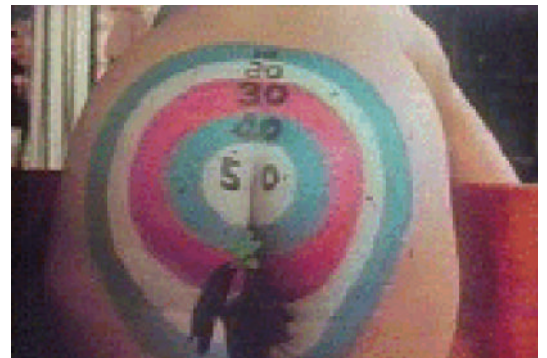
If there was a facial product that Buckwheat of Little Rascals fame was advertising, would it be called Oil of O-Tay?



# CULTURE WATCH



WEIRD SHIT FROM THE NET,  
OR WHAT PEOPLE WILL POSE FOR OF FILM...



REMEMBER IF THE IDIOTS IN CONGRESS HAVE THEIR  
WAY, WHERE ARE WE GOING TO FIND THINGS LIKE THIS  
ANYMORE?

# DICK OF THE MONTH



I know I haven't done one of these in a while, but something really busted my ass tonight. This month, the dick of the month award goes to none other than Dianne Sawyer for her touching and moving report on a women's prison where she spent - get this - A WHOLE WEEKEND!

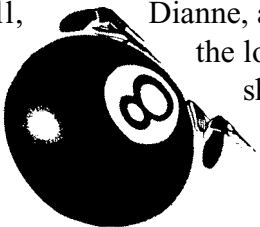
This is the typical liberal crap trap type of reporting where she goes around and hears all the sob stories of all the inmates. Well, Dianne, they're in jail. Even you can't be that stupid, can you? They committed crimes, were convicted, and are serving their sentences.

It really pissed me off, watching this. By now, you're probably asking yourself, why in the fuck did I watch the whole fucking thing? Well, you're asking a very valid question. It's sort of the same reason people slow down at auto accidents. I couldn't believe that ABC, the all bullshit company, could actually try to pull this shallow attempt at pulling at the heartstrings of middle America with stories of convicted murderers and thieves.

There was one woman who was convicted of beating her first child, and killing her second and third. She has had a hysterectomy since being in jail and tried to commit suicide. Poor bitch. What about her kids? Well, Dianne, in her infinite we have to feel for the people who are beneath us type of wisdom doesn't ask her how she felt when she killed her kids, but rather laments that she won't be able to get out of prison until the year 2023! Don't you wish abortion was retroactive...

Another inmate was incarcerated for killing her lesbian lover. I always thought that entitled you to a post in the Clinton administration as a body guard for either Hillary or Janet "Butch" Reno. I know that Dianne was trying her best to get the feel of prison when she compared one inmate to Martha Stewart. This inmate mixes Oreo cookies and Snickers bars to produce what she calls *Prison Brownies*. Somehow I don't think Martha Stewart is out robbing liquor stores and killing her lovers in her off time. Well, if she is, maybe that how those flowers grow so well...

Well, Dianne, all I can say is that I hope you got the complimentary prison soap, towels, ashtray and the lovely robe that most of the inmates who stay for an entire weekend get as well. Maybe she can book a cell when she gets her 3-4 weeks of vacation time from ABC. And we all wondered how ABC was going to be affected when Disney bought it. Primetime ought to have Mickey Mouse broadcasting. Their stories sure are...



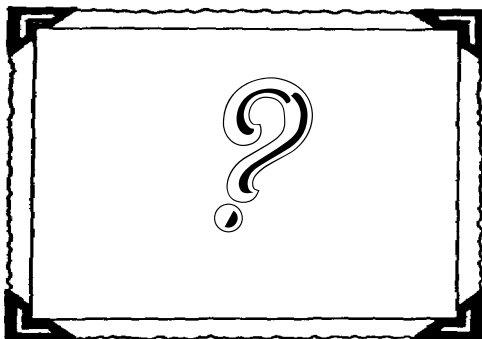


# *Zen's Pearl Necklace Page*

This is a tribute to women that, if I weren't married, would find even more attractive than I do now...



I think this one's from Playboy somewhere, but she's still beautiful...



This is where the picture of the ladies we met in Las Vegas would go if I had one. You'll have to take my word on it...



There's something erotic about her face. So sue me, I like her...



You've just got to love that bathing suit top...



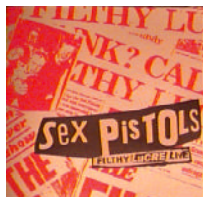
This lady has that certain smirk that is the cause of many a late night fantasy. Of course those illusions would be shattered the first time she opened her mouth...



# Party Records

## FOR ADULTS ONLY

Reviews with pictures! Thanks to the magic of the Kodak DC50 digital camera. Now you can see what I'm reviewing...



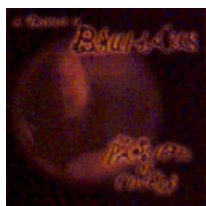
The Sex Pistols  
*Filly Lucre Live*

This is a must for your collection if you are a punk fan, a Pistols fan, or some dolt who listens to what I say. For those of us who missed the Pistols the first time around in their brief career, this is a chance to hear what they were and are before we get the chance to see the swindle this time around. Johnny Rotten hasn't lost that vile sense of humor that I find so refreshing. He yells out at one point, "We're fat, 40 and back." You have to love someone like that. It's the sort of Zen humor that we all seem to take for granted today. Plus, when you hear Johnny sing, it makes you think you could do the same if not better yourself. Sell your own swindle...



The Unforgiven  
*The Unforgiven*

This is one of the finest albums I have ever heard. If anyone ever finds this on CD, please let me know. I hate dragging the record player in to the car. These guys were one hit wonders as far as I know but this is one of the finest albums to be driving to on a long stretch of road. It's a bit country, bit punkish, and all kick ass rock and roll. The songs pull you in and give you that feeling that you could go to a biker bar and kick some serious ass. Of course you'd end up in the hospital, but you still get that feeling...



The Passion of Covers  
*A Tribute to Bauhaus*

Normally, I don't like cover albums, but this is one of the best I've ever heard. The bands keep the same dark style of Bauhaus without sacrificing originality. It's on the Cleopatra label and if you're a Bauhaus fan like I am, it's well worth picking up. I doubt you'll find it laying around your local Sam Goody, but have somebody order it. I'm even thinking about checking out some of the bands other works - it's that good!

# LAS VEGAS II - THE YEAR WE THOUGHT WE'D WIN THE HARLEY



Las Vegas in the middle of summer. You'd have to be fucking crazy to do it twice in a lifetime. At least that's what my wife thinks...

## **THURSDAY**

Every time you get ready to on a vacation or a road trip, work seems to take the world's largest crap on you. Some people would think it's fate or even kismet, but not me. It's just the pagan gods having a laugh at my expense, but the joke's on them. I'm pissed, and when I die I'm going after them...

I fly out of work at about 2:00 P.M., swing quickly in to home to pack, and run one last errand before I meet the Baron to go to the airport. I figure I have about an hour to pack and I'm doing fine. Right. I have to wash a pair of jeans. Now if you wear wet jeans like me, you know they have to be at least semi dry before you can put them on. No such luck. So I throw a bunch of shit in to the suitcase, a pair of wet jeans in the car and I'm off.

Traffic sucks as usual, going to San Jose, but the Stanford radio station is playing lounge music. Not exactly driving music, but when you're having a shit day, it can help to hear a little Bing, Frankie, and Dean...

Well, I get down to the Baron's place, throw my wet pants in to the dryer for 5 minutes, and change into semi wet pants. What I failed to realize was that I forgot my damn belt. Wet 501's I can deal with, but when they stretch out, you need a belt.

We get to the airport, and I pull off the miracle of all time. I get seat assignments an hour before anyone else. Something about being a world traveler and a bullshit artist seem to work well together. It probably doesn't hurt to look half way decent. It's amazing what a blue blazer, jeans and cowboy boots do to make you look like the next big thing in Silicon Valley... So, since we

got to the airport about 2 hours early, we have time to make fun of the people traveling to parts unknown.

It's amazing what people do wear to the airport. We saw the usual assortment of suits and shorts, but the one that will live in infamy is the punk housewife. Imagine a woman dressed like a housewife with a spiked hairdo. You figure it out. I'm still laughing...

Well, while sitting in an airport, there's no better thing to do than purchase overpriced airport cuisine. I got the obligatory \$2.00 pretzel and the \$1.50 soda, while the Baron got a raisin bagel. Big mistake. Remember Pompei?

The General was flying by the seat of his pants, but actually made it an hour early so we were all set. All we had to do was wait for the plane.

When we finally got on the plane, the stewardesses went through their usual floor show about exits, seat belts, etc... It's always made me wonder why they have to show people how to fasten and open their seat belt. Go figure. The problem was, however, that since the flight is about 10 minutes shorter out of San Jose, the stewardesses had 10 minutes less to toss the obligatory bag of nuts and a drink our way. It was kind of cool, though, because AOL was giving out free diskettes - all you have to do is erase their garbage and viola! Free disk. The stewardess did kind of freak when I asked for an Amaretto and a Dr. Pepper, though. I think she thought I'd lost it, but it's a wonderful drink. Take a glass of Dr. Pepper and mix a bit of Amaretto in. It gets better the farther you go down...

Landing was uneventful, but I think we had a pilot just out of the Air Force. This was one of the most aggressive pilots I've ever had. He flew kind of like I drive. I like that in a pilot.

\$4.00 later and we're off to the hotel. It's amazing that



every time you need to check in or out at the hotel, the line increases exponentially to the amount of time until you need to take a pee. We did get checked in, but the room had a wonderful view of the roof, unlike last year when we had a great view of the pool. A quick call to the front desk assured us a pool view the next day, however.

Well, you've landed in Las Vegas and thrown your suitcases in your room. So what do you do next? YOU EAT! The Baron bitched about going to Mc Donalds, but what the fuck! It's 9:30 at night and we have gambling to do. Why are we going to waste time eating a good meal? We have money to lose, right?

I think we finally got to bed at about 3:00 AM and we'd only gambled (pissed away) about \$50.00 or so. Not bad for a first night's start...

### *Friday*

When you're in Vegas, your body clock gets thrown totally into whack. At least theirs did. Those are pretty close to my normal living hours. I usually watch bad movies on cable until late at night and somehow still manage to drag my sorry ass in to work in the morning.

I think we woke up about 11:30, showered by 12:00 and went to what we considered to be breakfast. That's the nice thing about traveling with men. You can shower, shave and get dressed in about 15 minutes. Unlike women, who when you travel with, you take along a copy of *War and Peace* to read while they get ready.

The Flamingo Hilton has a wonderful coffee shop called Lindy's. Why they named it that, I don't have the faintest fucking idea. They do have great spiced fries and burgers, though. It's also a great place to check out the local and imported talent while you eat. Window shopping isn't illegal. It's only when you try to buy produce that isn't ripe that you have problems...

In my haste to get packed, I forgot a belt, so we were off to the local Macy's. I knew that it was nearby, so we could just hoof it. We weren't picking up the rental car until later that night, so off we went. Of course, we went in the wrong direction. We go to Bally's to catch the tram. Fortunately Bally's as a candy shop, so it's a quick stop for jaw breakers (crystal meth, as I call them), but

all they had were the equivalent of Skittles on steroids. The tram takes you down to the MGM, so we do the obligatory walk through. Since it's early afternoon, there aren't the multitudes of children around.

After the five minutes it takes to see the MGM, we take the walkway over to the Tropicana. There's a free slot pull, so we all take a crack. I won a coupon for a free pack of cards, the General won a free beer, while the Baron won something equally as crappy as the rest of us, but I can't remember what it was. I think it was some kind of backstage tour or something equally unimpressive... By this time, it's about 110 degrees out and I don't see Macy's anywhere in sight. So logically, I ask the bellboy at the Tropicana where Macy's is at. He points the other direction and all I get from the General and the Baron are these forlorn looks of "Oh shit, how far now?" These guys are bitching, and I'm the one who never exercises.

Well, we start off in the other direction, and there's a trailer set up to show off the new New York thematic hotel that's going up. We took a quick look and I was very impressed with the model that showed the roller coaster that goes around the hotel and appeared to end crashing in to one of the walls. Looks like an interesting ride... The General, however, thought he should sign up for a free night's stay, so the Baron and I wait in the heat while he sees if he can appease Mrs. General to be by winning a free weekend's stay. The General finishes and we're off to Macy's.

Macy's was actually only about 3 blocks from where we were staying! God was I pissed! Anyway, we do finally get to Macy's, moving through every air conditioned casino we could find. When we get there, I get a \$20.00 belt and we're on our way. What did amaze me though was the proliferation of gays in the men's department. I thought we only had that in San Francisco. So for the next few hours, the obligatory hazing of which salesman was interested in who was in order.

After Macy's we headed to Treasure Island to do another obligatory casino walk. Since this was the Baron's first time in Las Vegas we kid of did the tourist thing. By this time my feet were killing me - little did I know that I had blisters that would have made a legionnaire envious - on both feet. After doing the ob-tour of the Treasure Island we caught the tram to the Mirage.

The Baron was in full swing. I don't think I've ever seen the Baron out of full swing. He's chatting to four lovely ladies across the way commenting on how they look like a sunglasses ad.

This is the unfinished story of the entire trip. The Baron was chatting up the blonde with the short hair. If I wasn't married, I'd be even more jealous than I was. She was about 5'4" with short blonde hair and brown eyes. Walking beauty if I've ever seen it. And the Baron didn't get her name. His claim is that she kind of muttered it and he missed it. But she seemed to know where we were from, though. She had just moved to Texas nine months prior, and I think this was kind of a friends reunion for her and the others.

They went on their way, and we were crossing the bridge at the Mirage, when they saw us and wanted their picture taken. Like idiots we didn't get a picture of them at that time for ourselves. If we did I would have included it here. I've gone out on the net to try to find her, but I don't know how much luck I'll actually have. If I do get a copy of the picture, I'll put it in the next issue.

We spent the rest of the weekend, trying to figure out where the hell they could be, or how to find them so we could at least get a picture of them. I had just purchased a digital camera, but my laptop didn't have enough memory to download pictures so I had to leave it at home. Boy was I pissed! I could have had the picture I wanted all ready to go. Oh, well. There's always next year. And who knows, I may actually get a copy of the picture yet...

ANYWAY...

Friday night we picked up the rental car. It's a really cool thing when your parents travel like crazy. They had not only hotel coupons for us - cut the room rate in half, but they had car coupons too! We got the car for \$15.00 for the weekend! Of course I forgot the damn coupons as we boarded the first bus, so it's back up to the room and wait for the next bus. It came around and we had what had to be the world's coolest bus driver. If this guy had a face, he would have a great singing career. He had one of the best voices that I've ever heard. Of course he and the Baron got in to a discussion about Hindu/Chinese/Medieval astrology and some other such horseshit.

The guy was entranced all the way to the airport. This, I think, is when I decided to make the Baron my Minister of Propaganda. More on that in another issue.

After we got the car, since we had wheels, the guys wanted to go to the dance club at the Rio. I suggested that we check out the Hard Rock casino first, but we couldn't find a parking place, so we went back towards the Rio. About this time, I mentioned that I thought I saw a flash of lightning. Well, lo and behold, Odin was bringing in a thunder storm. This is one of the most fascinating things to watch in a desert. It has a certain pagan beauty that can't be put in to adequate words. Of course along with the lightning came about 35-45 m.p.h. winds and a slight rain. The General ran for cover, and I think that the Baron thought I was crazy - I embraced the wind and the rain as a religious experience. One thing I've learned over the years, is that when you let mother nature win, that's it. Never give her an even break...

Well after the slight drizzle, we made it in to the Rio and worked our way toward Club Rio. I have to say, if you're going to Vegas for the voyeuristic factor, the Rio has the nicest cocktail dresses around. Sort of like a thong covered by a mini skirt. That and you don't find the fifty year old women serving drinks either...

Anyway, the Baron and the General got in line and I started playing the nickel slots. One thing about the baron is that if there are women around, he can start a conversation like a Boy Scout can start a campfire in the wilderness. I turn around and he's already talking to some gal who was apparently from Holland and her bitchy - according to him, and I agree - friend.

I have two rules about going to night clubs. First off, if the number of baseball caps being worn is 10% of the total number of people in line, I won't go in. Second, if I seem to be the oldest one there, I leave - unless I really want to see a particular band. Since rule number two didn't apply and rule number one was circumvented by the dress code, we went in. Ten dollars later, I had a wonderful plastic arm band which entitled me to listen to one of the worst dance mixes I've ever heard. Whoever the DJ was, they should take some lessons from K-Tel.

So as we go in, the Baron has his periscope up doing a femme survey, while I suggest we get a drink. I look at

the Baron and tell him, "Since you dragged my sorry ass in here, you ARE going to buy me a drink, aren't you?" He said with an offer like that, how could he refuse. Damn straight...

One of the most interesting things about the whole trip was the slut ratio. I mean slut in a very misogynistic way, mind you. There were a lot more good looking women there last year - around an 80% slut ratio, but this year was running about 65% and when we got in to the club it dropped to about 15%. The DJ was also flashing some, what appeared to be kindergarten pictures and what tried to pass for lame fractals and LSD pictures. Wow. I was sure impressed. I'm also voting for Bill Clinton. No, really...

Overall, if you want to go try to pick up sorority chicks, go to Club Rio. Otherwise, go to the Rio to gamble on the nickel machines. I was up to around \$20.00 on an original \$5.00, so I was at least happy. I couldn't take the music or the people in the club for more than about 30 minutes before I was ready to start executing hostages...

After the Baron finally dragged himself away from the self-mutilation of the club, we went back to cruise Treasure Island to see if we could find the ladies we met earlier. No luck, so we blew another \$50.00 or so in the slots. Later we decided to go down to the Luxor. I mean it was only 1:30 A.M. so what the hell right? By the time we found a place to park it was about 2:00 AM and the arcade was closed. So we ended up playing a few slot machines and the dollar push. We all walked away with a souvenir dollar coin, so that wasn't all bad.

It's amazing to see that even at 2:00 A.M. there are still people up gambling their lives and futures away. I think we finally got to bed around 3:00 AM, which wasn't too bad...

### ***Saturday***

Saturday morning was just like any Saturday morning for me. I woke up and started watching cartoons while the General slept and the Baron took the first of his three showers for the day. Goddamned royalty - has to be so fucking clean...

It was kind of weird watching TV since all the Sunday

morning cartoons were being shown on Saturday in Vegas. Oh, well. Since I'm the fastest to get ready, I hit the showers last.

Breakfast, or lunch, at Denny's this morning and the Baron got in to it with the waitress. He should have just shot her and been done with it. Who would really care if they found another dead employee from some dead end job in Vegas? Probably nobody. Well we finally got him calmed down. I think it's something about living such odd hours that threw his body clock for a loop. Whatever...

Off to the Luxor and the Excalibur. Since the Baron hadn't ever been we had to see every hotel and casino on the strip. The Luxor was fucked up because they're adding rooms to it, so it wasn't as nice as last year. Everything was open now, unlike the night before. However, there was a definite lack of femme around. I don't know what it was about that weekend, but even the Luxor was devoid of young females.

We didn't stay long at the Excalibur, since the place really sucks unless you have kids who want to spend large amounts of money winning virtually useless stuffed animals that could be purchased for about  $\frac{1}{10}$ th of the money you spend to win the damn thing. It's just plain noisy and the clientele is barely a ladder rung above those of Circus Circus. The kind that are getting three or more welfare checks a month.

Basically we fucked around a whole day and tried to get up the motivation to get tickets to go see Jerry Lee Lewis. The biggest problem is that when you get up between ten and eleven o'clock, half of the normal day is shot. That's what I like the most about Las Vegas. It's always on - there's always something to do - no matter what time of day it is.

We did manage to get back to the Hard Rock casino. It's well worth going to if you ever hit Vegas. I walked in and know I was in heaven. The very first thing I saw was an Anarchy in Las Vegas - Sex Pistols slot machine. I threw a few dollars in it for the hell of it and actually acquiesced to having my picture taken in front of it. I don't like my picture taken. I've always maintained that if I ever want to run off, the older the picture makes it that much more difficult for anyone to actually find me. So, I donned the shades and with the obliga-

tory can of Dr. Pepper, I had my photo taken in front of the machine. My wife is still bitching about the smirk on my face, but what the hell does she want - she has wedding pictures.

The slots didn't pay off any better here than anywhere else, but I did manage to win a \$10.00 souvenir coin with the Hard Rock writing on one side and an Ace of Spades with wings on the other. It was a highlight of the trip... The cocktail waitresses were probably the coolest here out of anywhere. The Baron was, as usual, selling the swindle on a few of them for the hell of it, but I'm sure they hear it day after day, year after year...

Since we didn't get tickets to see *The Killer*, we decided to have a "nice" dinner. The Baron kept harping about how he wanted to have a lobster dinner, so we finally settled on the **Beef Baron** at the Hilton. I'd been there the year before with the Rabbi and I wasn't impressed, but what the fuck. It's 9:00 P.M. and where do you go to eat? I mean there is Spago's or The Palm over at Ceaser's Palace, but I figured the General would shit an entire city when he saw the prices on those menus. Better to keep him calm...

So, we get dressed up to go to dinner and go out afterwards. The General needs a little help in the clothing department or at least someone with a sense of some style. He still has that 3-day pass style of dressing up. I guess if he's happy, who am I to bitch, right? The Baron has a definite European look to him. He loves those silk shirts. They drive me crazy. Me, I put on khakis, a plaid shirt, a blue blazer and brown Bally loafers. The general says I look I just stepped off my yacht. I shrug my shoulders and look at him like - are you saying I didn't?

So we go off to dinner. I suppose I should have called down for reservations, but when we got there we were put on a waiting list and told it would be about 10-15 minutes. He said they just finished up with a 40 person party. OK, I can deal with that. At least until people who were putting in their names afterwards are getting seated. Now the Baron is getting a little pissed, so I tell him to just sit tight and I'll work my usual **do it my way or else** magic. I go up the person and let him know that I'm not really pleased about what's going on and lo and behold, we get seated.

Ordering with someone who is checking prices on the

menu really gets annoying. My wife's grandfather had a saying: "If you can't afford to do it right, you can't afford to do it." That's very true when you go out to have a nice meal. Have a nice meal. Period. Even if you have to scrimp on something else, treat yourself at least once in a while. A drink or two later the General finally decided on what he was going to have. The he goes and orders a glass of milk with his steak. Cow juice! That's kind of like ordering prime rib and coating it with whipped cream. There's no accounting for taste...

After dinner, we headed off in search of trouble. The Baron wanted to go to another dance club called The Drink. I suggested that instead we drive by and survey the attendants first. Well, the baseball cap rule clicked in and so I put my foot down. Next we had the lame - Oh, let's go to a strip club - routine. I've never paid for sex in my entire life, not counting dating of course, and I didn't plan on starting now. When the General gets married, we are going to take him on the raunchiest tour of the worst strip clubs we can find, but that's another story...

I suggested that we go back once again to Treasure Island to see if we could spot the ladies. No luck, but the General was winning big time, so he wasn't complaining too much. We still didn't see hide nor hair of them, but I actually hit a couple of jackpots so I was happier.

It was around 2:30 A.M. so I suggested we call it a night since we had to check out the next morning.

### **Sunday**

I don't think that anyone got more than about 2 hours sleep Saturday night. The General tried to parlay his winnings in to even more losings, while the Baron went down to the pool at about 4:30 or 5:00 in the morning. Of course the pagan gods were fucking with him too, since he was trying to check out some Italian girl and there was some faggot checking him out. I was the only one who slept at all, but then again I can sleep through earthquakes and the phone ringing by my head.

We had planned to ride the roller coaster at the Stratosphere. I'd seen in one of the local throwaway magazines that if you went to the buffet, you got a free ride up the tower. Well we decided to give it a go, but the buffet line was around 100 people deep, so we left. Since

the General had actually parlayed some of his winnings to more winnings, he treated us to breakfast at the Peppermill. For some reason the strip was extremely packed down at that end, so I pulled a Batman maneuver in getting across the street in the car. I think that the General got a few more grey hairs from that one, but...

Since our flight didn't leave until around 9:00 P.M. we had some time to kill, so where do you think that we went? If you guessed back to Treasure Island, you win a cigar. Sure I know it was a pipe dream, but since we didn't get to the pinball convention or Def Con IV, we had to do something, right?

We finally did go out to the airport and bummed around there a while. The Baron ended up talking to some broad in a pair of cutoffs that was playing the slots at the airport, while I decided it was time to go to Taco Bell. The General couldn't decide whether or not he needed to try to lose more money, but he did just the same.

After tiring of that, we headed down to the gate we would eventually board the plane from. I used the same trick that I used before to get the good seats. I waited until it looked like they had everyone on the flight prior and went up to talk to the ticket attendant. I heard another lady ask her why she didn't come work for corporate. She replied that she wasn't that fond of her job now, so why move. That was when she looked up and saw me. With an evil grin she said, "I really love my job. I really do." I knew right then she was OK. She did get us the good seats without any hassle at all.

The Baron, before the flight, was smoking cigarettes like a condemned man, so I don't know if he saw this or not, but people were straggling in to catch the flight and the attendant had to run and open the door for them. What the best one was, and I hate to be stereotypical here - but I saw it with my own eyes, was the black woman running down to the gate with eating a piece of fried chicken. You just don't see that every day now, do you? If you do, please send me some of your medication to mix with my rat poison, OK?

Our plane was delayed a while since some jack off decided to call in a bomb threat in San Jose. I didn't think that anyone living in San Jose actually knew how to use a phone. Go figure. No big deal on our end, but my wife was waiting at the airport for an hour or so and getting

rightfully pissed off. I tried calling from the airplane telephone, but the line was busy since she was trying to call the airline to find out what time the plane was landing. Isn't technology wonderful kids?

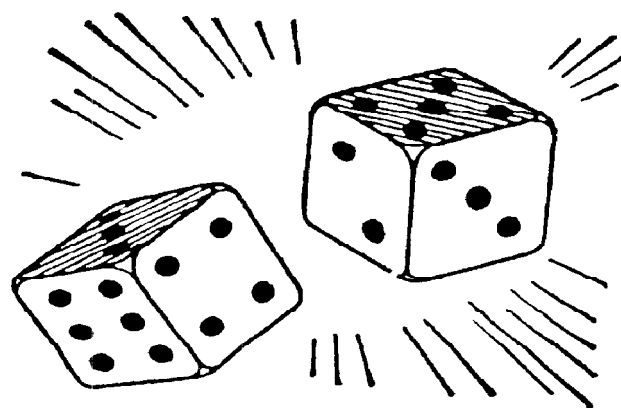
On the return trip we barely had enough time to get a soda thrown in our faces, when we started our decent. The two good things I can say about Reno Air are that they do have Dr. Pepper on the beverage carts and they give out AOL disks in their snack packages. I hate AOL as much as the next person, but I never turn down free diskettes, do you?

Anyway, we didn't win the Harley, find the women, or anything else we set out to do that entire weekend, but there's always next year...

And if this sounds like something you would like to be a part of, we're planning to actually make it to Def Con V next year and possibly planning a trip for this coming winter. If you are going to be there and want to be a party to something that can't be explained to any law enforcement, drop me a line.

Next time we're travelling out to the extraterrestrial highway and possibly actually getting out to Hoover Dam.

Stay tuned...





# END PAGE

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**Cocktails anyone?**

**Until next time...**

