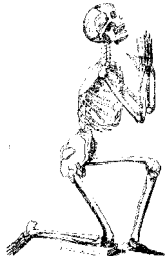


Zen



PGP Key registered  
with the NSA.

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



Anarchy

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The balls to say what others merely think...

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# EDITORIAL

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I still talk to God sometimes.  
I keep asking Him if what I am doing is right.  
I'm still waiting for an answer.  
*The Punisher*

Sometimes I ask myself why I keep doing this. I even question why I put up with the daily rat race and all the crap in the world. I don't have a good answer. If I wasn't married, I suppose my life would be different. I'd probably have my Harley, my Hudson and basically be a road scholar journalist - read drifter - doing whatever I wanted until I got bored. And knowing me, that would probably be about 6 months...

With an introduction like that, you're probably ready to get your best bottle of whiskey, a handful of sleeping pills and put on a Morrissey album, right? Some days I would be tempted to join you, but if you've been a part of this happy dysfunctional family, you'd understand the first paragraph to begin with.

Tupak Shakur dies from bullet wounds suffered while leaving a Tyson fight in Las Vegas. Dorothy Lamour dies from old age. Guess who made the front page?

Where did we go wrong in this country when a 25 year old who wears baggy pants and a bandana on his head rates front page news when a movie star from a bygone era merely rates the obituary pages? Could it be that we have no idea what star quality is anymore?

We have women who say they are going to vote for Clinton because he has better hair than Dole. Not withstanding that they probably don't have the faintest idea what an original thought is, are these really the people you want deciding who the next leader of the United States is going to be? I mean, if Dole put on an Afro wig, would he then garner the black vote of America?

The Eternity Articles are coming to an end as well. One of the world's most prolific writers is calling it

quits for now. *Sanjay, that check better be in the mail. Ed.* If you haven't checked these out, do it now. I'm not asking, I'm demanding.

Just when I thought life had hit a new low, I got a brief respite. I pissed off a lobbyist!

All I had to do with this AOL twit was suggest, tongue in cheek - I even had a smiley, that this person perhaps had a price on his head after his failed attempts to convince or connive the public at large to the party line coming out of Sacramento about the whole Smog Check II program. This person doesn't even have the guts to fill out the user profile on AOL so it could be determined who he/she is or what their background was, or even who employed them.

It's pretty easy to get information about someone on the net. There are plenty of tools available, and a lot of people do .plan and .project files. CISers and AOLers usually have hobbies and things like that listed as well.

This shithead uses the on-line name Gd2B Kng for all his usenet postings. If you ever see this fool on usenet, remember he's from AOL - where everyone has 10 handles and nothing much to say. Ever.

If for some reason you would be interested in seeing what an ass this person is, do a Deja News search on his handle. He was parroting the party line at first, but as time went on he descended to the guttural profanities that are usually the last resort of morons. He even told me to get fucked! That's one of the highest compliments I've received in a long time. I guess I did something right, huh?

If you haven't heard of Smog Check II, then check out the web page. There's a link to a bunch of information on the enemies of freedom page.

Well, we'll see who I can piss off next, won't we...

Random



Thoughts

If God and Jesus are the same, does it logically follow that Jesus was the by-product of incest?

Does anyone else lay awake at night thinking of these things?

What exactly did the “G” on Speed Racer's dress jacket actually stand for?

Have you ever watched a kung fu movie in which the good guy was ever attacked by more than one evil guy at a time? Sure there have been plenty of twelve on one, but only one tries to hit him at a time. Now is that just honor, or haven't they ever figured out that when you fight, you fight to win?

Why is it that someone who is in infatuation - commonly referred to as love in most circles - refuses to listen to or even use common sense when going through life changes? Is the male instinct for sex so great that the penis actually takes over thinking for the entire mind? Can any rational decisions even be made?

Am I the only one that noticed the odd relation of Pops Racer's face to Adolph Hitler's?

Given a choice between Clinton, Dole and Perot, does anyone opt for suicide? Euthanasia for the USA anyone? Maybe if we could give all the candidates the old medieval witch test...

I have a novel way to eliminate crime as we know it. Instead of passing sentences of a certain number of years, why don't we educate the inmates and not let them out until they have maintained at least a C average from a grade school to a high school curriculum. Do you know how many people we could actually keep in prison and for how long? Think about it...

Why is it that people who want to turn you on to their version of “God” don't believe that true religion comes from inside and that if you are going to “find God” that you need to do it on your own. No one else can really help you achieve self realization.

That's it. I'm pontificating too much. I'm switching to hallucinogenics...

# PICTURES FROM THE 1996 CAMPAIGN TRAIL

Due to my usual cunning, guile and hacking abilities, I have been able to caputre these rare photos from the 1996 campaign trail. Enjoy...



Clinton Press Secretary Mike McCurry trying to explain one of Clinton's many mutating positions on an issue.



Al Gore trying desperately to understand any one of Clinton's positions.



Democratic victory bombing of the militia compounds across the country.



One of the new holidays to be celebrated just after the election: Janet Reno's Book Burning Day



Rare photo showing both Bob Dole and Bill Clinton expressing what they plan to accomplish, if elected, for the electorate at large.

*Remember, it's  
your freedom  
to loose...*



*If you ever wondered what to get me for Christmas, here's a partial list...*

In no particular order...

A gloss black 1949 Hudson Convertible with blood red interior - preferably mohair. If you can't find one of these, I'd settle for a 1949 Cadillac, gloss black with red leather interior. The I Satan license plates are a must...

Gwen, the lead singer from No Doubt, naked, covered in Crisco, doing a lap dance for me for 24 hours. Why the Crisco? It's digestible...

Two weeks, with nothing to do except sleep. It's similar to being in a coma, except that I want to be waited on hand and foot for meals. A platinum bedpan would be nice as well. Book me a suite at The Balmoral in Edinburgh...

Wire my car with a mobile T-3 so I can surf and drive at the same time. Just think of it, porn to go via the net!

Get Pat Robertson to denounce this Zine on the 700 Club. I'd even go face to face with the liar if he could stand to be with a heretic like me.

A poker game with Nick Cave, Johnny Rotten, Machievelli, and Morrissey for comic relief.

My own cable network so that I could put this stuff out in a visual 3-D format. Wouldn't that have the FCC scrambling for cover? Watch out Howard, et. al. ...

Well, that's enough of a list to start. Call you local Nieman Marcus and see how many of those gifts made it in to *their* Christmas catalog...



# ON ACHIEVING ENLIGHTENMENT

It occurred to me one night, after talking to an old friend who is going through a rough period in their life, that most people don't have the slightest idea on how to be happy. I'm not talking about skipping through a field of daisies or anything like that, although it seems like an interesting idea if you were on LSD mixed with Prozaic...

Anyway, at the risk of giving away State secrets, I'm going to try to outline the way to achieve happiness. Hang on, this is going to be a dark ride...

*I've got Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds on in the background, so you know which way this is going, don't you?*

Most people have either forgotten or never learned the basic tenant of life, and I don't mean turn the other cheek either. If you can do something about a problem, solve it. If it's too big for you to solve, fuck it. Let go if it. Don't let it eat at you. End of story.

People think that having money is the route to happiness. Well, if you are filthy rich - and I'm talking richer than Bill Gates here, then perhaps you can be truly happy. You can also achieve true happiness if you have just enough money to get by. You can even achieve true happiness and inner peace if you're dead. Now before you cock your head in disbelief, remember this: ***If you're dead you don't really care what is going on in the world anyway.***

Well, it's true isn't it? I mean what do you want me to

do? Solve all your problems for free? I've got enough on my mind as it is.

The next thing to achieving enlightenment is simple. You are only as old as you want to be at any given time. If you forget how to be a child, you're fucked. If you can't derive a certain joy of going to a park and playing on a swing, give it up now. Call, Dr. Kevorkian, I hear he has some openings.

Lastly, and the most important, you must adopt an fuck it, me first, screw you attitude. You are the most important thing in your universe. Well, maybe second or third, next to food and cable. The important thing to remember is that if people detect any hint of weakness they are going to bend you over and give you an anal reaming that will take you into the next century.

Stand up for yourself. If you don't, then why should I? Why should I care? I probably won't anyway, but bullshit goes a long way in this world. Just look at politics. Do you think they care what you think? They would if you were giving them millions of dollars, but hopefully you're smarter than that.

If you're not, mail all unused currency to:

**Professor Zen  
P.O. Box 666  
Zurich, Switzerland**

*I really did try to start this out seriously. Oh, well...*





# Party Records

## FOR ADULTS ONLY

Mr. Eternity got me to thinking after I read the Eternity Articles #10 when he said how he had an epiphany when he heard a certain song on the radio. So here, in no certain order, are songs that have made a profound impact on me during my life. Record reviews will return next issue when I get some new stuff...

Where to start is the big question...

One of the first songs that really brought tears to my eyes was Devo's *It's A Beautiful World*. On the surface there is nothing very important about the song, or very moving for that matter. What got me was that I saw the video and for the first time I realized the sarcasm that was at the center of the song. If you've never seen the video, watch it and you'll see what I mean.

Another song was The Tom Robinson Band's *Glad to be Gay*. I'm not gay, never have been and don't plan to go down that path any time in my lifetime, but it always amazed me that the gay community never picked up on this song as an anthem. I guess it didn't have a good beat and you couldn't dance to it. What hit me, was that it was a song about standing up for what you were and to hell with everyone else. This song came out in 1978 or 1979 - when the punk movement was just moving from crawling to slam dancing, so I think you can see why I liked it.

R.E.M.'s *Losing my Religion* is one that got me through a rather bad period of my life. One of my relatives stuck their nose in to something that they shouldn't have - like that's something new - and I, for some reason, found solace in this song. I think I must have played it about 25 times one day...

Billy Idol's *Dancing with Myself* was one of my all time favorites. The message that the only thing that mattered was you and the music and with punk rock, you didn't need a chick on your arm to go out and have a good time. The album sucked overall, but the single got me through some dateless times.

Last but not least, and I'm not going to put the obvious choices like The Ramones and The Sex Pistols, but rather The Cure and probably their fans most hated song, *Jumping Someone else's Train*. Every Cure fan I've ever talked to hates this song, but for a teenager who doesn't quite fit in, or really want to, it was a confirmation that no matter what you do, some idiot will eventually copy it.

That's all for now. The Marilyn Manson album is supposedly in the store now and I've seen the first video from it. It's awesome...

# Helmet Laws Suck!



Here, as a public service, I'm presenting something I found on a local BBS. Helmet laws, like seat belt laws, suck to put it mildly. Why can Dr. Kevorkian help kill someone with their consent, but I can't drive a car without a seat belt? Something is seriously wrong in this country.

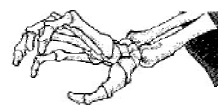
Yes	No
Alabama	Alaska (required under age 18)
Arkansa	Arizona (required under age 18)
California	Colorado
Florida	Connecticut (required under 18)
Georgia	Delaware (Required under 19, all must have helmet with them)
Kentucky	Hawaii (required under 18)
Louisiana	Idaho (required under 18)
Maryland	Illinois
Massachusetts	Indiana (required under 18)
Michigan	Iowa
Mississippi	Kansas (required under 18)
Missouri	Maine (required under 15)
Nebraska	Minnesota (required under 18)
Nevada	Montana (required under 18)
New Jersey	New Hampshire (required under 18)
New York	shire (required under 18)
North Carolina	New Mexico (required under 18)
Oregon	North Dakota (required under 18)
Pennsylvania	Ohio (required under 18)
Tennessee	Oklahoma (required under 21, and for all passengers)
Texas	Rhode Island (required under 21)
Vermont	South Carolina (required under 18)
Virginia	South Dakota (required under 18)
Washington	Utah (required under 18)
West Virginia	Wisconsin (required under 19)
District of Columbia	Wyoming

This useful bit of info. has been brought to you by the folks at

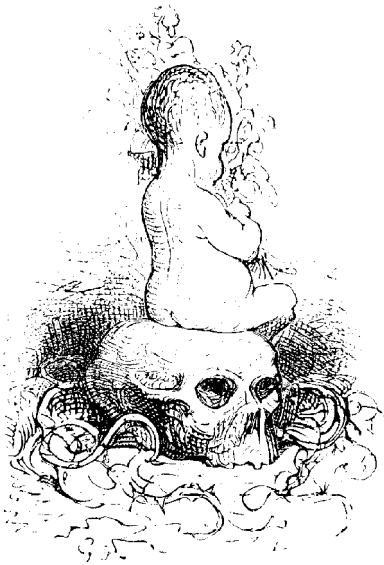
Cat Byte BBS 817-922-0067

Call us for all your motorcycling needs.

\*\*\* RIDE FREE! \*\*\*







# Odd Things I Remember from my Childhood

*Hey, it takes up space, right?*

When I was in the first or second grade, the ecology movement was in full swing. We all had the “E” stickers and all the assorted paraphernalia. School is one of many places that they try to hammer the party line in to the heads of children, so we were assigned to make pollution posters. I, even then, realized that a bunch of crap this was, but I played along and got admiration from the teacher for pushing her version of propaganda.

In grade school, I remember one day one of my classmates came to school in a dress that looked like it was an American flag. It obviously wasn't made from one, it just had that kind of motif. Well she came out on the playground crying because some teacher had told her that she couldn't wear a dress made out of the flag. Remember this is around 1968-69. We could all tell that it wasn't made from a flag, and I remember thinking *how could a teacher be so stupid if we could tell right away?*

The year Bobby Kennedy was shot, someone brought the morning paper to school. I remember that there was a diagram on the front page showing where the bullets went in. Nowadays they bring in grief counselors. Should I bring a lawsuit?

Once when I was in high school, my girlfriend at the time gave me the plastic glasses that you used to get after going to the optometrist. I was wearing these, in my rebellious punk youth, and this Italian chick pulls up next to me - I'm driving the ultimate off road vehicle at the time: a Saab - and she wants to know where I got those “cool glasses.” P.T. Barnum, where are you when we need you...

In first or second grade, I got my first dose of liberalism. One of my schoolmates was Jewish and brought his Yarmikle to school. Remember, this kid was 6 or 7 years old. One of the other blabber mouths in the class told the teacher that he had something he wanted to wear. The kid was obviously embarrassed, but the teacher had him put it on anyway. What a nice thing, to have your religion held up to peer ridicule, while the teacher thinks it's cute. If I had been that kid, I probably would have slugged the jerk who brought it up in the first place...

# END PAGE

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AS A PARTING SHOT, I'D LIKE TO OFFER  
THE FOLLOWING WORDS OF WISDOM:

PRACTICE RANDOM ACTS OF INDEPENDENCE  
AND SENSELESS ACTS OF FREEDOM.

BE CAREFUL, IT CAN HAPPEN HERE TOO...

