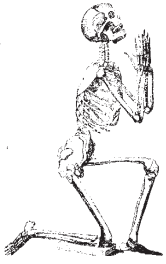


Zen



PGP Key registered  
with the NSA.

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



Anarchy

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*And a clown shall lead them into damnation...*

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# EDITORIAL

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Well, as I write this it's election eve in the United States. Now we can all breathe a collective sigh of Ho-Hum and go on from there...

I'm writing this on 11/4/96, one day before the election so I can't be accused of knowing the outcome of the whole stupid thing. In 1992 I almost wrote in "Whatever stupid bastard would want this job can have it," but I decided that one or two election officials would get a good laugh and that's all it would do. For the record, I voted my pocketbook and voted for George Bush.

I know that all of you who read this pretty much know by now that I'm a conservative, but I didn't vote for Bush because I liked him, but rather because back in 1992 I asked on a BBS message base ( yes before I was running rampant on the net... ) why I should vote for Clinton as I had an idea for a product, and as a small businessman to be, what was my incentive of him over Bush. To date, I have not received one reply. Not that I ever expected one...

I hate to sound the funeral march, but I believe that Bill Clinton is going to be the next Commander in Thief in a long line of thieves. For me, the last possibly honest Democrat was Harry Truman, and the last honest Republican was Abraham Lincoln.

The reason I think that Clinton is going to win is not because of the polls. Polls are complete bullshit. If you poll 500-700 people total, from around the country, and expect that to reflect the mood of the entire country, you probably believe that pissing in the ocean is going to dilute it. Remember to call your real estate agent about that bridge too...

Clinton is going to win because of what I call the

Target theory. For those of you outside the United States, Target is a discount store that seems to be frequented by white trash. The Target theory is simple: ***It doesn't matter what it is, as long as it's cheap.*** Examining this just a bit further, the point is that it doesn't matter what you get as long as you *think* you're getting a good deal. Let someone else pay for the more expensive stuff.

.....

Well, it the day after now. All the smoke has cleared somewhat, and the mirrors are back behind the curtains. My dream of seeing Bob Dole victoriously holding up a paper claiming a Clinton victory much the same way Truman did has been dashed, but Bubba still didn't get what he wanted. Remember Bill, **50%** is not a mandate.

CBS, on their web site last night, even had the balls to say that Clinton's coat had no tails. The grand Democratic comeback that was supposed to happen, faded like an erection in the back seat of a car when you see the flashlight beam coming in. I'm sure the media pundits are sitting around scratching their heads today, wondering where they went wrong. Folks, it's simple: ***People made up what little minds they have.*** Scary isn't it?

As far as myself, I have made a vow that if we have two candidates in the year 2000, then I'm not voting for anyone for president. I'll probably write in ***none of the above.***



*Got a gripe? Tell it to  
someone who cares.*

<http://www.crl.com/~dturner/zen.html>

# Random Thoughts



*More of the garbage I've gotten since I changed the complaint department address to my real e-mail address on the web page. Complete with typos...*

Have you ever gone in to a bathroom after someone took a crap and sprayed it with the lysol in the yellow, not the gold, can? If not, try it sometime. It smells just like someone's made Jimmy Dean sausage patties.

A woman in Pennsylvania was arrested for taking her step son's girlfriend out of state, without her parent's consent, to obtain an abortion, since in Pennsylvania a parent or legal guardian must be notified before an abortion can take place. I can understand why the woman was charged - I mean I wouldn't want someone taking my child to another state for a medical procedure without my knowledge - but what I can't understand for the life of me is why her 19 year old step son wasn't charged with the statutory rape of a 13 year old? Does this mean that if we all want to knock up 13 year old girls, Pennsylvania doesn't prosecute?

Why is it that during the Christmas season, in any given group, there is one person at a Christmas party that **INSISTS** on wearing a Santa Claus hat?

Well, one of the world's great mysteries has been solved! The question of Speed Racer's "G" on his shirt is apparently a reference to the show's original name in Japan - *Go Mifume*. Of course that may be spelled wrong, but I was out the 20 years that Japanese was taught in High School...

From: Bill Hammett  
Reply-To: HAMMETTB@enterprise.cybersurf.net

Subject: I Hate Wal-MartI hate Wal-Mart.

That's all I have to say.

I don't know why you chose to contact me with this vital information. Go tell someone who cares...

.....

From: mkc123@psu.edu

Subject: Ids

Hey, I was hoping you would know to create some fake ids. The hard part if printing it on a plastic cards with holograms. Any ideas?

Thanx

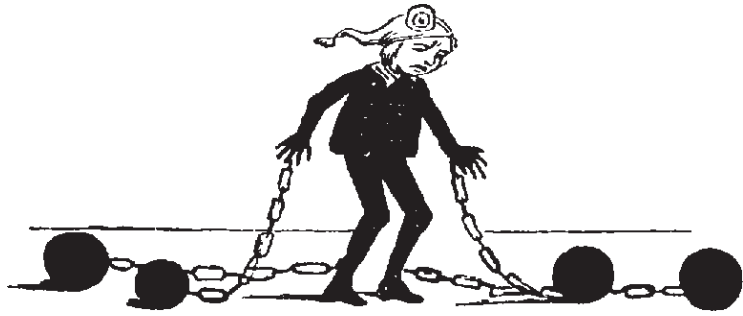
Mike

*What ever gave you the idea that I could make fake IDs? The first thing you need to do is get your GED once you stop fooling around with your sister. Then we'll talk...*

.....

*And you wonder why I have great reservations about the human race?*

# CULTURE WATCH



## Dorks on the net

It's not often that I deliberately set out to piss someone off, but sometimes you just have to have a bit of fun with the dorks on the internet.

Now I know that your thinking that I'm full of shit right about now. Well, I do enjoy yanking people's chains now and then, but outright pissing them off - well that's just not me.

What brings all this up is the fact that people on the net don't seem to know the first thing about sarcasm. Before the presidential election, I got so sick and tired of the daily pro-Clinton polls that I had a signature file that said something to the effect of: *I took a poll today of five registered, likely to vote, voters and the results were 4% Dole and 1% Clinton. This poll is subject to a +/- 3% margin of error. If you believe the polls, then you probably also believe that pissing in the Pacific ocean will cause it to be polluted.*

What struck me as so odd, was that someone saw me as a firm Dole supporter. They obviously were a product of public education, since they couldn't see the sarcasm in it. I mean when you poll between 500 to 700 people, to get the mood of a country with as many people as the United States, how good can your results be?

For all of you who had a public education, it can't. The problem is that the people who don't think any more listen to the talking heads in the mass media and do what they say. It really got to the point that we would hear Clinton slipping in the polls and we were almost to the point of taking bets on what the number would be up to the next day.

I really was dumbfounded when I got a message a few days after the election saying, with apparent glee, that

I should essentially crawl back in to my hole, since my person didn't win. I, of course, being the gentleman that I profess to be, bit my tongue and instead of telling him that it's probably a good idea to wash one's hair after having previously had having it up one's own ass, I asked him if he's ever heard of sarcasm. To date, I haven't even received a reply.

Of course, as far as I can tell, this person is posting from a university account. This would explain the lack of reasoning and ignorance about the workings of writing and satire. I'm sure that he's more interested in going out and protesting for something that he knows nothing about, but, "Hey, everyone else is doing it."

The other dork I've run in to is an apparent lobbyist out of Sacramento who calls himself Gd2b Kng. This is the type of person who, when you disagree with him, either tells you to fuck off, or tries to use political style double talk to, at least in his limited opinion, outwit you at your own argument.

This moron's M.O. was to take the party line and to try to shove it down everyone's throats on a Bay Area radio discussion group on the Usenet. The concession was that AOL should stop giving out those free disks with 10 free hours on them. He told me to go fuck myself, so I figure I did something right.

### == UPDATE ==

Since I started this article, we have another moron from AOL polluting the net. It's amazing how these morons have enough money to post long ranting messages that have no apparent connection to anything except the involvement of UFO's with the Kennedy assassination in 1963...

# DICK OF THE MONTH



This month the award goes to the writers of NYPD Blue. Personally I hate the begin with, but when the wife whines enough, I usually turn off Cartoon Network have her way, so as to avoid having to go through detent...

show to  
and let her

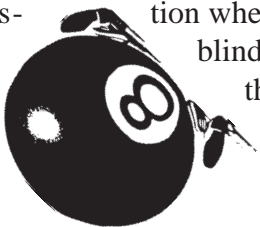
*Anyway*, my beef is with the current climate of if a minority was oppressed at any point in history, a white male has no business not feeling sorry for them. The story line was something along the line of one of the white characters had a history of problems with blacks and he and his family being harassed by them when he was a child. The other minority characters on the show had no tolerance for his dislike of blacks and were almost to the point of outright hatred.

I guess my real beef is that it's OK for minorities to be upset at the way they've been treated, but it's not OK for white people to be upset if they were treated badly by a minority. Where the fuck is the sense in that? If I were the one who had wronged some minority in some way and then tried to turn the story so that I was the victim, that obviously would be wrong. But, when you get people like Jesse Jackson calling for a continued boycott of Texaco because he doesn't like the way some of their executives talked and he *thinks* that minorities are not getting up the corporate ladder fast enough. Fuck him. Period.

Personally, I'll buy Texaco gas as long as Jesse calls for the boycott. What the world needs is positive role models of all colors for kids of all colors to look up to. People in business, science, medicine, religion, etc...

What we don't need are the Jesse Jacksons, Reverend - and I use the term loosely, since I'm a Reverend myself - Al Sharpton, Maxine Waters, and Cokie Roberts of the world, telling the white world how evil and wrong we all are. Well folks, let's say that the white world just decided to stop paying all of our taxes. Where the hell would you be then? How would you scam the people without all of the handouts to win your reelection and other scams?

Here in California we just passed a proposition that is supposed to *NOT* take a person's ethnicity in to ques- tion when they apply for a job or to a university. It's supposed to move towards total color blindness. Well, we who voted for it, we're the most evil thing to come down the pike since the Third Reich. You really have to wonder about people who would rather be judged on their ethnicity than themselves...



And they wonder why us white folks get just a bit pissy...

# Zen Travel Spots

## From Around the World



These are places, in no particular order, that I hope to go to some time in my life. I've traveled quite extensively in the short amount of time I've been alive. I've been almost all around the world, but there are a few spots I haven't been yet.

*Angkor Wat - Cambodia* : My father and I pledged that when, and not if, Cambodia becomes a semi-peaceful place to visit, we're both going to hop on the first plane and actually see the Angkor Wat. The closest I've gotten is the model of it at the Imperial Palace in Bangkok. That and an antique book, in french, from around 1949, of an expedition to the temple. I can't read a damn bit of it, but it's fascinating just the same. Of course my wife and mother think that both of us are crazy, and they refuse to go with us. Oh, well...

*Cuba* : My wife's paternal grandmother died when her mother was about three years old. Her grandfather took a year or so to figure out what to do with his life. One of the spots he visited was Cuba. We recently found some old home movies that he took and the place was an absolute haven in the late 30's. I'm sure it's nowhere the same now, but what the hell. I'd like to see it.

*Nepal* : I don't really have any rationalization on why I want to go there, but hey, I don't have to have a reason. I suppose that the reason is similar to the eccentrics who traveled there in the turn of the century to see if they could find something they thought was eluding them. Who knows.

*Easter Island* : The thought that there are these giant stone heads sitting on an island out in the middle of nowhere ought to stimulate even the most vapid Oprah watcher. How the hell did these things get there? Who carved them and why? And the most important question: Why isn't there a Club Med there yet so I can relax and enjoy myself?

*Transylvania* : Hey, I work well in to the night, so why not go to the birthplace of the night stalkers? I'd love to go around Halloween time. That would be the ultimate Zen road trip...

*Lenin's summer home* : Yes, you heard me right. The Russian government, in their infinite wisdom, has opened Lenin's summer home up as a tourist guest house. Now I think that it would be such a slap to the memory of Lenin to pay to spend the night there that I'd sure sign up to do it. My wife of course thinks I'm absolutely whacked in the head...





# Party Records

## FOR ADULTS ONLY

This time I'm doing Christmas albums. With any luck you can pick them up in the bargain bins. Next time I promise to do something different. I've got some new surf music and some indie stuff to whet your appetites with...

*No pictures this month. I'm too lazy and have too many things to put in...*

First off let's start with the offering from Esquivel - *Merry Xmas From the Space Age Bachelor Pad*. I have to say I was severely disappointed in this one. I've been a big fan of Esquivel since I picked up the first CD compilation. However this one doesn't live up to that kind of quirkiness. I'd say if you're a real fan, then pick it up to make your collection complete, otherwise take a pass on this one.

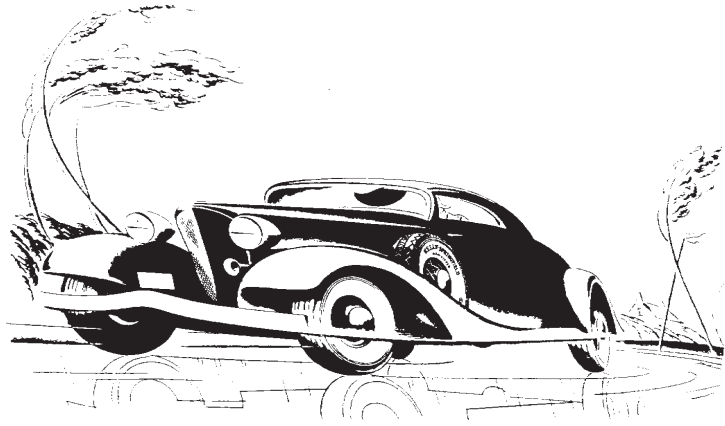
Next, *Blame it on Christmas* is one of those rare CDs that will have your guests sitting up and saying, "What the fuck is this?" Highlights include *The Endless Little Surfer Boy* - the Little Drummer Boy done surf style and a marching band doing their version of John Phillip Sousa Christmas music. This one may be hard to find, it's not on a regular label, so start searching now...

Alternative Christmas music is always fun, and for this I recommend these three: *Just Can't Get Enough - New Wave Christmas*, *Just Say Noel*, and *A Lump of Coal*. *A Lump of Coal* is out of print so good luck, but Henry Rollins rendition of the Night before Christmas is worth the price of the CD. The *New Wave Christmas* and the *Just Say Noel* are both Rhino collections with bands such as the Pouges with their *Fairytale of New York*, Beck's *The Little Drum Machine Boy*, and Wall of Voodoo's *Shouldn't Have Gotten Him a Gun for Christmas*. Listen to the lyrics on that one and I think you'll roll around on the floor like I did..

Christmas is the time for a lot of people to get totally ripped at holiday parties, and what better music to do it than *Cocktail Christmas*. This is another offering from the folks that do all the lounge CDs. It's got everything from the traditional Nat King Cole song to the Rudolph the Red Nose Reindeer - done Mambo style! Definitely worth having in your collection if you love lounge like I do. Put on the smoking jacket, mix a pitcher of Martinis and lean back with this one on...

Last, I do have to pay tribute to the late Tiny Tim. I saw the review of his Christmas album in the Sunday paper and knew it was one for my collection. I know you're probably thinking that it's a piece of crap, but it's really not as bad as you would think. It is strange, but it isn't done at all satirically. It's rather a nice album, all said. Again it's one of those that will probably be out of print now that he's passed away, but it's worth getting your hands on if you can.

# From the road



## KOME's Almost Acoustic Christmas

-OR-

### How We Corrupted the Baronette

*With apologies to the baronette, herself...*

KOME, the San Jose Modern Rock station, had their 3rd, or so, annual almost acoustic Christmas the other night. As usual, I had the day from hell at work. I might as well have been a quadriplegic stranded on the freeway at rush hour. *That's a lovely thought, isn't it?* So as usual, I try to blow out of work early, but we all know how well that goes...

I rush home, throw a pair of 501's on rinse ( the wife had the forethought to wash *and* dry them ) and in to the dryer for all of 15 minutes, and I'm on my way. I'm no stranger to wet 501's, since that was the way that we used to get them to shrink to fit in the old days - read: before prewashed levi's that cost \$10.00 more for the mere pleasure of someone rinsing them in water first. The wife tends to hate it when I do that trick, so usually I just say, "They're only damp. At least to me..."

Anyway, I'm setting new speed records in traffic, since I left the house at 6:00 PM and the concert was supposed to start at 7:00. I have yet to see a concert start on time, but I have to hand it to these folks. They actually got pretty damn close. I was, in normal travelling time, about an hour from the concert. Well, it's amazing what a Dodge Caravan can do when it's tricked in to thinking it's a sports car. I, being a technology hound, call the Baron on the cell phone with my ETA at his house. So when I got within spitting distance, I told him, "I'm going to treat you like a cheap date. Be out on the curb." Of course guys can tell each other stuff like this, but if I told my wife that, well, I'd sleep with one eye open for the next

week.

After the day I'd had, I figured the pagan gods were having a good laugh at my expense. Well, I was wrong. After hitting damn near every red light on the way down, one of them finally took pity and got me through the last one quickly.

Although I haven't mentioned it yet, this was the Baronette's first concert. She's only 11 and I told the Baron it was high time that she be indoctrinated in to the sleazy world of Rock and Roll. It still blows my mind that people actually smoke pot, and at concerts yet... Go figure.

So we pile in the car, and we're off. First thing I do is make sure she's got her seat belt on, since I know how I'm going to have to drive to get there. We leave his place at 6:40 and by 7:05 we're actually parked and on the way to the show. Thank someone's God I grew up down there and know a few of the back roads. The Baron doesn't have to drive as much as I do, and I don't think he enjoys the angst of the average moron on the road.

On the way down, we're doing the usual bullshitting around and I mention to the Baronette that she shouldn't get married. Just take the money up front. The Baron tells me she's talked about becoming a lawyer. I sure miss the innocent and naive days of childhood when you thought you could actually change the world. Now it's more like how high can I build a wall to keep the other fuckers away from MY toys. She's a great kid, no help to her mother and the newest fuck up, but that's another rant for another time.

We get up to the door and we get the usual frisking as we go in. I've always been amazed about what they think



I'm going to bring in. I mean I've got on Jeans and a Bomber Jacket. I can't really hide my bazooka under my coat unless I have my overcoat on, so... I usually, anymore, just open my coat and smile. It makes them wonder if you actually enjoy their touch, or exactly what kind of sicko you are.

We get in and the Eels are already performing. Now I had a fairly low opinion after hearing their *Novicane for the Soul*, for the umpteenth time on the radio, but seeing them live, I can honestly say that they were probably the best band on the whole bill. Of course, since this is a general seating event, seating sucks. Period. I finally managed to find us three seats, so we didn't have to actually stand the entire concert.

I suppose at this point I should make you jealous, or not - depending if you like any of these bands, and give you the line up. The Eels, Sebado, The Lemonheads, Face to Face, Republica, Gravity Kills, Poe, Stabbing Westward, Tracy Bonham, and Fun Loving Criminals.

So I don't make this a 40 page lecture, I'm going to give you the Reader's Digest concert review. Remember, each of these bands got about 15 minutes of stage time...

**Eels :** Definitely worth seeing live. Don't go just by that novicane single.

**Sebado:** I wouldn't pay for the ticket myself. If it was comped, I might consider it...

**The Lemonheads:** The Baron likes them, but I thought they sucked. I don't know if it was the mixing or what, but I really wanted to kill myself. Actually, let me put it this way: If I were a Roman, they'd be lion food...

**Face to Face:** The closest thing to a punk band that I've seen since the heyday of the punk scene in San Francisco. The Baron and I actually went to see Black Flag one night. We didn't venture out on the floor that night. Face to Face has some real talent, but they seemed awfully concerned about their stage movements.

**Republica:** Not too bad, but I think something got lost in the mixing again. Their studio work seemed to have more punch than the live stuff. That and, being that I was at least 1000 feet from the stage I couldn't tell for sure if the lead singer was wearing a bra or not. I don't

think so, but the way she was jumping around, I'd have to say that she had tits of cement. They didn't even move. Not once.

**Gravity Kills:** Since we'd seen them before at the Pistols show, I was hoping to see something a bit new. No luck. A bit more fucks here and there, and vinyl pants, but that was about it. Performance at the Pistols show was superior I thought. The singer was just a bit too full of himself.

**Poe:** Not quite as bad as the \$2.00 skunk weed that some kid was smoking two rows in front of us, but close. I think these groups went to too many Led Zeppelin and Frampton concerts in their youth and they think that's how you are supposed to act on stage. Guess again. High point: her mike cut out for about 90 seconds.

**Stabbing Westward:** The Baronette really likes these guys, but I thought they just came off as a crappy version of Def Leopard. Maybe it was the mixing again, because I saw the singer yelling at one of the roadies about something and pointing to his mike. Heavy metal synthesizers just don't work. Neither does the choreographed guitar dancing.

**Tracy Bonham:** Her first song sounded like she was swinging a cat by the tail above her head. We decided to leave after that.

**Fun Loving Criminals:** Didn't stay, so I can't comment.

So as we're going back to the car, I turn to the Baronette and ask her who we should see next. She wants to go see Garbage, but the show's been sold out since there opening for the Pumpkins. I suggest we take her to see Marilyn Manson. She looks me like I've lost my mind. Oh, well.

UPDATE: Tickets go on sale Sunday for the Marilyn Manson show. Maybe we can talk her in to it...



# END PAGE

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IF SANTA LOOKED LIKE THIS, I'D  
HANG A STOCKING EVERY YEAR!

*Henry Z*

