

Zen



PGP Key registered
with the NSA.

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

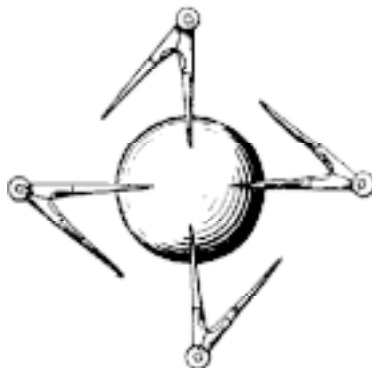


Anarchy

Motives are meaningless...

Contents

Random Thoughts	3
Culture Watch	4
Dick of the Month	5
Zen's Pearl Necklace Page II - The Movie Stars	6
Party Records - for Adults Only	7
How it's done...	8
Zen's Rules of Marriage	9
End Page	10



EDITORIAL

*Nothing seems to kill me.
No matter how hard I try...*

Blow up the Outside - Soundgarden

As I write this, it's now a new year. Whoopee shit. Depending on whose calendar you go by, it's either 1997, or some long off number. Personally, I have no use for time anymore. Time seems to have ceased to affect me in my day to day life. If I didn't have a day and date watch, I wouldn't know one day from the next.

Not that it really matters, since one day just melds in to the next anyway. I suppose I'm on some kind of path to enlightenment, right? Well, I'd rather be in a coma for about 3 weeks...

The only reason that I bring this all up is this issue's quote above. For some reason that line from Soundgarden's *Blow up the Outside* really struck me as amusing.

When you're a kid, you think you're indestructible, and supposedly as you get older, you start to feel more frail. Not me. My biggest fear is that I am never going to die. That, and if I ever do die, I'm probably going to get a desk job in hell, since the Devil won't want the competition...

For some reason, unbeknownst to me, I have a guardian angel that watches over my life. No matter what I do, I always seem to land on my feet. For example, on a business trip to Chicago, I was in a rental car driving to look at some equipment for work. Now, since I hadn't been to Chicago for about 20 to 25 years, I got lost. Well, I did the most logical thing I could do. I pulled in to a parking lot of the local chain grocery store and called my wife's friends there. I was told, and I quote, "Get the fuck out of there! You're probably the only white face in

the area!" It turns out I had gotten lost in one of the worst areas of Chicago, but to me, it was I was lost and needed to find a pay phone. I suppose being 6'5" doesn't hurt, but who knows....

Time really doesn't mean a damn thing, and the sooner you realize this, then the happier you will be. It's really true. I'm giving you one of the major tenants of Zen here folks. *Time doesn't mean a damn thing!* It's really simple when you think about it. If you realize that when you go to sleep and you're going to wake up the next day and nothing much will have changed, you've woken up.

Of course, now that you have this knowledge, I'm going to have to hunt you down and kill you. You do realize that by having this knowledge, you have put the very power structure of the entire so-called free world in grave jeopardy. Once you start thinking for yourself and realizing just how mediocre things are, it's all over for the pinheads trying to run the world's stage with a mish-mash of dialogue and second hand props.

Just reading that last paragraph would probably make a few of my English teachers at least wary if not proud of that kind of bullshit prose. I'm even semi impressed myself - and that takes a lot nowadays...

The only thing to remember in life is this:

**Worry about what you can
change and fuck the rest.**



Random



Thoughts

What do women think about when they masturbate? I mean we all know what men think about, but does a woman think about getting pounded by some hairy guy with a big dick? Or did I just read too many Penthouse letters as a kid...

Do nudists wear shoes? And when they cook, do they wear an apron?

Where do the people, who take all the amateur nude photographs that get posted on the internet, get all that early white trash furniture? Is there some special store that sells velvet plaid couches in all the shades of brown known to man?

Who does the naming for pharmaceutical products? I mean who comes up with names like Zantec and Pepcid AC for medicines to control heartburn? Is there some kind of gibberish program out there to come up with oddball anagrams or is there some list of syntax rules that say there must be no more than 3 vowels for every 12 constantans?

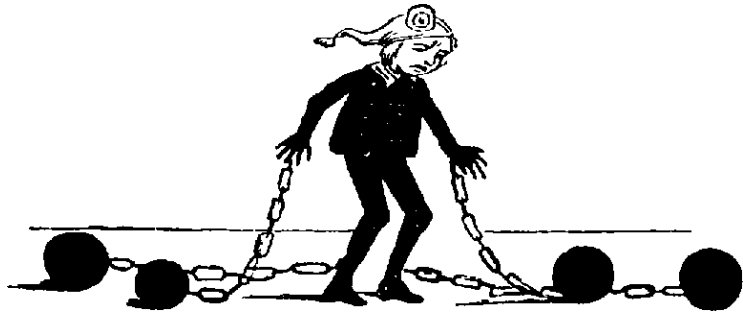
Why is bird shit the only shit that comes out white? I mean, when was the last time you saw a white pile of dog shit on the sidewalk?

Do the women who wear the fashions first wrought upon us for some unforgiven sin in the seventies, realize how fat they make their asses look? To wit: Watch Melissa Joan Hart on her ABC show *Sabrina the Teenage Witch*, and in the show's opening, as she's cycling through outfits, notice how big her ass looks in those seventies pants.

Did James Baker's PTL organization stand for Praise the Lord or Pass the Loot?



CULTURE WATCH



People Magazine - Why?

People Magazine's *25 Most Intriguing People* issue is on the newsstands now. What I fail to see, and have failed to see for every year that they have been publishing People, is why anyone would actually read this idiotic magazine.

In *The Big Chill*, Jeff Goldblum's character - a writer for People - says that any article for People magazine can be no longer than the average person can read while taking a crap. That statement was probably more prophetic than anyone realized - then or now. If you take a look at the 25 people that they think are intriguing, I dare you to find one that has an IQ over 25.

Tom Cruise is there. If he's intriguing, then I'm an eggplant, although a typing eggplant with a sick sense of humor would be interesting. Tom Cruise is about as intriguing as yesterday's newspaper that the bird has crapped on. Tom Cruise in a wood chucking contest with a woodchuck would be interesting.

There are Dalmation puppies on the cover. Now that's intriguing. Puppies. Wow. Neato! Awww... *Aren't one word sentences great?* They're just fucking dogs! It wouldn't have anything to do with the Disney movie would it? Oh, no! People magazine would never whore itself to those levels. At least not without at the very least two to three months of full page ads hawking some stupid remake of a cartoon that wasn't all that great to begin with. If I had made the film, I would have had dogs chasing Glenn Close around to make a fur out of her skin. Just wait until those reviews start coming in. Not to mention the merchandising tie ins that you could have. I mean we could put

the Texas Chainsaw Massacre to shame...

Dilbert is on the cover. Dilbert is funny. Scott Adams has created a wonderfully funny sick cartoon with a very dark sense of humor. But a cartoon an intriguing person? Where can I get some of what they're smoking, and in large quantities...

Dennis Rodman rounds out the list, at least of what I can remember from the cover. How anyone could find a man with a worse ability for a publicity stunt than Liberache crossed between Michael Jackson and Madonna, I don't know. If Rodman only played basketball, then fine. If we was at best a lousy crossdresser, then fine too. But both?

Give me a break here folks. I mean if Larry Bird got a sex change, a talkshow, and actually shot a 57 at the old course at St. Andrews while wearing a grass skirt with a twirling bow tie, would that make him eligible for next years issue?

I'm probably giving them the fodder I so hate, but the thought of seeing Larry Bird like that, would actually make me pick up *that* issue...



DICK OF THE MONTH



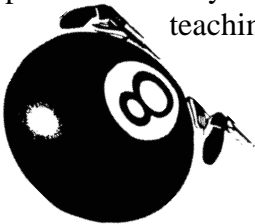
Sometimes it's hard to pick just one dick of the month. This time I have quite a few candidates, so here goes...

1) **The parents of Jon-Benet Ramsey** for pushing their six year old daughter to look like a 15 year old hooker from Time Square. The family may be grieving, but I think that the kid is better off being dead rather than go through the years of therapy before taking her own life. The parents ought to be locked in a room with Tammy Faye Baker with a non-stop loop of Philippine president Ferdinand Marcos' only known record album. Seems to be fitting punishment for this kind of child abuse.

2) **William Wong** - San Francisco Examiner op-ed writer who, as an ex-cigar smoker, saw fit to decry the current resurgence of cigar smoking. William is the type of person to blame people outright while somehow morally vindicating himself. His stance on the Affirmative Action repeal was enough to make me renounce my citizenship, but this really pushed me over the edge. There is nothing worse than someone who's quit doing the vice they so vehemently speak out against. He's also one of those people who doesn't ever forgive an entire race, even if it was his great, great, great - ad nauseam grandfather that was cut off by a white man's horse while he was trying to cross the street. That's like a Jew born today criticizing a German child for the holocaust. Give it a rest.

3) **Vice President Al Gore** for trying to prove that inside that stiff exterior there is actually a little man inside working all the controls. Al, the role of the Wizard in the Wizard of Oz isn't up for auditions until your boss gets impeached, killed, or the election in the year 2000. Stop acting like a goddamn cheerleader on crank and Jolt cola.

4) **Anyone seriously promoting Ebonics** as a serious way to help black children to learn. I mean what a way to keep lawyers rolling in the dough for the next 60 years. Just think of it- lawsuits levelled against companies for not hiring someone since they don't speak standard English and can't be understood. When the fuck will these people actually stop trying to come up with the reasons that these children are failing? Could it be the teaching that they are receiving? Nah...



See what I mean?

Zen's Pearl Necklace Page Pt. II

The Movie Stars



*Wouldn't you do any one of these women?
In a flash?*



Party Records

FOR ADULTS ONLY

A smattering of vinyl
and plastic...



First off this time around, *The Stiff Records Boxed Set*. This is one of the definitive histories of the punk rock movement ever compiled by one of the weirdest labels in history. I grew up on Stiff compilations and I was hooked ever since. This is a four CD box set put out by Rhino records, so it's probably still available. It's got the usual standbys like Dave Edmunds, Nick Lowe, Lena Lovich and Ian Dury, but it's also got some real gems like The Adverts, The Belle Stars, The Members and Tenpole Tudor. If you've heard of at least one of the latter bands, I'm impressed. This is a great overview of a company that used to bill itself as "*The Undertakers to the Industry*".



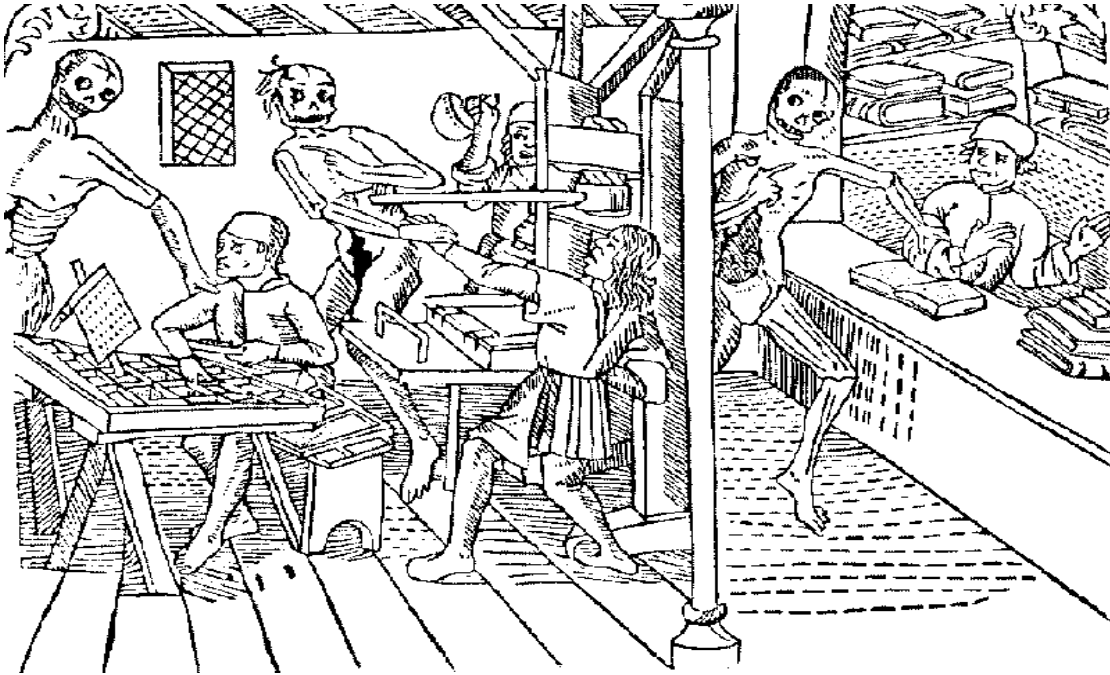
Next, you probably all know by now what a nut I am about surf music, so when I was in Berkeley with the Baron - and that's another story for another time - I couldn't pass up this disk when I saw it: *Surf Music from Around the World* on Pin Up Records out of Germany. This is one of the weirdest, but wonderful, collections of surf music I've ever come across. Bands include The Trashwomen, The Apemen - complete with ape masks and Star Trek uniforms, The Car Thieves, The Astronauts - in space suits no less, and Sir Bald Diddley & His Most Honourable Bib Wigs. I mean just with Sir Bald Diddley I had to get this one. I mean I think it only cost me about \$5.00 so what the hell. If you can find this one and you like surf music - quite possibly the best driving music around - then by all means pick this one up!



Last but not least a tribute to Link Wray entitled *Think Link, Volume 2*. I assume that Volume 1 does indeed exist, but all I saw when I bought it was Volume 2. This is one hell of a great Rockabilly 10 inch tribute album. Link Wray is the Godfather of rumble. Rockabilly is probably even better than surf music to drive at the speed of light to. To learn more about Link Wray, click on the picture.

HOW IT'S DONE...

If you've ever wondered how this gets done, here are a few picture smuggled out of the Zen Anarchy editorial offices.



Our crack staff hard at work.



The creative process at work...

Zen's Rules of Marriage



Since I've been married close to 100 years now, I decided it was time for me to pass on some of my wisdom from the ages. So here are the Zen rules for a successful marriage. Use them at your own risk...

Rule 1. No matter what, you're never right. At least not for the first three to five years of marriage. After that, either she's dead - *right, O.J. ?* - or you get along fairly well. Then you can start to assert yourself.

Rule 2. Your money and her money both become her money. Get used to it. If you want your own money, either get a second job, or start looking in the gutters. Just be careful what you pick up down there. I mean where do you think Courtney Love got her start?

Rule 3. When you marry her, you are also marrying her entire family. Be sure you can stand having more than one wife at a time. Don't say I didn't warn you...

Rule 4. Tell her she's the most beautiful woman in the world. This works best usually just after she's gotten out of bed. She's going to know you're full of shit, but she'll love the compliment anyway. The trick is to come up with some really bullshit lines. Even ones that she knows are really bullshit, but she knows that you are taking the time to kiss her ass anyway.

Rule 5. This is the most important rule of all. ***Never buy flowers on a birthday or anniversary!*** If you do this, even once, then she's going to expect this treatment every time. Instead, buy her flowers when she least expects it. Keep her on her toes. Keep her guessing.

Now, if you think these rules are too misogynistic, then you're on your own. I can't help you. Good luck...

END PAGE

For the grand finale: A rare photo from Burt Reynolds first wedding.



Ken Z