

Zen



PGP Key registered
with the NSA.

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

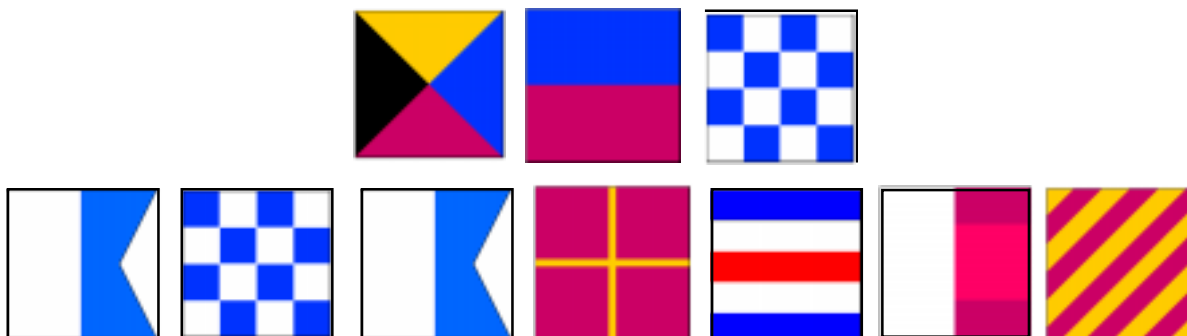


Anarchy

I have no time for hippies or idiots.

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A special mention to the first one to figure this out...

Editorial

*Onward! And Onward! And Onward I go.
Where no man before me bothered to go.
Till the soles of my shoes are shot full of holes.
And it's all downhill with a bullet.*

*Do you love me? (Part 2)
Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds*

I'm in a fucking bad mood. The above quote really seems to sum up my life right now. I really think that the Heaven's gate people had the right idea. Fuck the world and do what you think is right. Nothing else ever seems to work out in your favor anyway, right?

No matter what I do, I never seem to gain any ground. I feel sort of like Damocles, but the damn sword never drops, it's held in place by crazy glue just like me. I won't ever win the lottery because I don't really need 30 or 40 million dollars. If I did, my house would probably burn down just to equalize my life.

My wife and I have been trying to have a chemically produced child for the last year or so with no luck at all and it's really getting to the point of fuck everything, I've had it. I mean it's not enough that I almost lost her five years ago to a tumor that almost had her bleeding to death, but now we can't even get the fucking chemicals to work well enough to produce a child. I'm really about ready to buy a goddamn kid off the black market. I've really had it.

For those of you who haven't had to worry about this yet, I hope you never do. It's sheer hell, and don't let anyone tell you differently. The psychological strain alone is enough to push normal people over the brink. Then you see nothing but the herd of brainless breeding women on television in all the advertisements. It's enough to make you go to work for the post office *and you know where I'm going with that reference...*

I can really understand why people snap. If I wasn't as

grounded as I am, I probably would have snapped a long time ago. Maybe I already have, and we both don't realize it. Who knows. Who cares. All I know is the shit is pretty bad when even a Nick Cave CD won't bring me out a bad mood and depression.

Just so you know the joys of what I've gone through, imagine having to give sperm samples to inseminate your wife with. You go in to a room and they give you a little plastic cup to shoot in to. Fine, I can deal with that, but when they let you know about the stack of magazines in the corner, well...

All the women who want to take the fun out of pornography ought to just get a large group of men to donate sperm samples with them just milling around outside the door. There is nothing more embarrassing than trying to do that, while you're thinking that the people out there are wondering which magazine you chose and how sick your porno needs to be go get you going.

I'm beginning to wonder if it's all worth it. I suppose it is, but it's really getting disheartening after 5 tries without success. I mean it's not so much even the money, but the mental anguish every time it doesn't work. I have to give my poor wife shots for about 14 to 21 days before I have to go do the semen cup-a-soup routine and she gets the injection of life. What fun. I mean if we knew that she was going to have this much problem, we would have dispensed with the birth control a long time ago.

Keep your fingers crossed. I'm cutting mine off...



Random



Thoughts

Did anyone else see the claptrap that ABC forced on the other night in the form of some lame attempt by The Monkees to try to hype their new album? I watched with the hope that it would be as funny as the old show used to be, but I really started feeling sorry for these guys after about 10 minutes in to the show. What's next guys - a Pepsi ad?

Wouldn't you like to see a sign at the Depends undergarment factory that states "We've worked this many days without an accident."

Is it just me, or does anyone else think that Lee Ann Rimes, the country singer, makes a wonderful case for lowering the age of consent, just on her looks alone?

Since a hairy large gay man is called a bear, are hairy large gay women called goats?

If you performed oral sex on Mariah Carey, would she pump out another hit single?

Who decided that Bill Maher was smart enough to host a political talk show?

The reason cats don't walk on just two legs, is that they have very large pot bellies. If you don't believe me, then try it with your cat.

If so many senior citizens are eating pet food, then why doesn't the government require it to carry nutritional labelling?

Why are there so many radio stations that play "the oldies" around today? Are the people of America really that vapid when it comes to exploring new type of music? I mean I have nothin against old music, but it's when they limit themselves to just a particular generation that I have a real problem with it. I mean who wants to hear *ANY* Bay City Rollers music ever again?



WHAT IS TRUTH?

truth (trōōth), *n* : *the true or actual state of a matter*

What is truth? People have been pondering that question throughout history. What has me questioning it is what I saw on television this morning.

I really wonder where we went wrong sometimes. I was watching Good Morning America or some other such morning talking head crap and there was the story of a female cadet from West Point who alleges she was raped. Now I don't find rape or assault of any kind amusing, but what was fascinating was the way that this woman was dressed. She wore no makeup that I could tell, but on television I suppose everyone wears some kind, and she was dressed in a brown parochial school girl type outfit. She couldn't have looked more innocent if she was just born.

Is this truth? I don't think so. In this country we have a small and usually overlooked, but very important principle of law and accusations. Anyone is **presumed innocent until proven guilty**. This is the most important thing that must remain sacred if we are going to be able to survive as a society. What is so distressing is that this woman's lawyer is more worried about how she looks on television, rather than getting at the truth of the matter.

When spin and image are more important than truth, then we had better just throw in the towel. If you're rich and pretty you can get away with anything; Right O.J.?

I don't think that anyone would disagree that if O.J. had been some poor welfare black from Compton, his ass would have been fried in a matter of moments. Now you have Barry Scheck doing DNA work for the people investigating the Jon Bonet Ramsey case basically saying how DNA can be used to catch the killer. Hopefully he will take the same detailed investigative approach that



he took in the O.J. Simpson case. Oh, wait! He said DNA didn't make much difference and that it couldn't be trusted. Maybe he's going to show how the killer couldn't possibly be the one because there is a one in 12 million chance of the killer being trapped by DNA testing. Oh, well...

Truth is a powerful weapon when it's used. The problem is that most people wouldn't know the truth if it jumped up and bit them in the ass.

Take the Clintons. They change their version of the truth about every twenty minutes depending on the time of day. It's almost like there's a wind sock out on the White House that checks to see what spin they need to put out for any given moment.

Of course it's not limited to the hillbillies in power, but to everyone in Washington, the media, and probably most of the country. Even I've lied on occasion. Let me repeat that, on occasion. Not every moment of every waking day like some.

I suppose that if you walked around the world for a million years, you might find an honest person, but you couldn't remove even one quarter of the "fuck you's" in the world.

I don't know how it fits in, but I've always loved that quote...

DICK OF THE MONTH

or What Happens When Your Car Gets Stolen in San Francisco

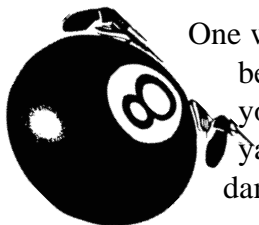


If you've never had your car stolen, then thank your lucky stars. We recently had this happen at work and I can relate first hand how much fun it is.

We had a vehicle stolen on New Year's Eve and it gets its first parking ticket on the third of January. Four fucking days later. Now you would think that since you've already filed a police report, that the meter maids would be checking license plates when they write a ticket. But no! Apparently that would mean an extra few seconds before they could write that wonderful ticket for a street cleaning or parking violation. I mean the city of San Francisco can't live without that extra \$20.00 in the city coffers.

If King Willie Brown would see it clear to install radios on the damn meter maid carts so they could run vehicle checks on cars before they write a fucking ticket, then perhaps we could have had our vehicle back 30 days earlier. And possibly with the advancements in genetic engineering pigs may fly someday soon as well. It's not enough that you have to go have to go to the Department of Parking and Traffic, but you need a release from the police department. And if you are lucky enough, as we were, to get some asshole policeman who was upset because of some personal problem at the station, then I have the greatest pity on you. Usually the police can fill out a slip of paper stating that your vehicle was stolen and not in your possession at the time of the infraction. But this fuckwad wanted us to go down to city hall to get the necessary paperwork. Probably the most frustrating part was his attitude that since he couldn't understand what we wanted, he wasn't going to let anyone else there help us.

The whole upshot of this story is that if you don't have some kind of political clout, and your car is stolen, then you're fucked. Your insurance company will give you a \$10.00 per day allowance for a rental. I ask you, where you can rent a drivable car for \$10.00 a day? Then there is your \$250.00 deductible. Next you get to fight with your insurance company on what they are going to pay for and what they aren't.



One word of advice: As soon as they find your car, take a Polaroid with you and take pictures before it goes to the salvage yard. That's another story in itself. Especially when the pictures you take don't match the condition of your vehicle when it comes back from the salvage yard. The empty used needles inside are also a nice decorative touch, not to mention the damage that's been caused when it's been out of your possession.

It's amazing what crap you have to go through just to get your vehicle back. By the time you've spent 3 or 4 days getting the paperwork done, and you've finally got your vehicle back after two months, I guess you're supposed to feel lucky. Fuck them...



Party Records

FOR ADULTS ONLY

Some bright asshole in the music industry decided to dig up rock music and try to pump some life in to it like Frankenstein. That said, here goes...



Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds: *The Boatman's Call* - Ever since his *Let Love In*, Nick Cave seems to either have gotten a conscience or gone in to therapy. This album is a collection similar to chinese food. You don't get completely satisfied and you still find yourself wanting something else afterwards. The next time he does an album, I hope he's in a major fit of depression. Even so, I'm going to listen to the whole damn thing on the listening station before I buy it...



Hi Fi and the Roadburners: *Wine, Women and Sin* - If Happy Days ever met a Rockabilly festival this is probably what would have come from the mix. This is real raw rockabilly with a greaser kind of slant to it. Chicks and switchblades run rampant here. Since this is the first CD from them I've seen, I don't know if it's their first or not. It's a bit raw in spots, but they've got some real talent and have nowhere to go but up.



The Jam : *Setting Sons* - This is one of the finest rock and roll albums ever produced. If you can find it on vinyl, though, pick it up because on the CD they left off one of the songs. I guess that's the limitation of CDs, but it still sucks. The intense music that they produced with a guitar, bass and drums is incredible. If you really want to know what the early punk movement was like - protest songs and such - check this one out.

Interview with The Professor

I've always wanted to interview myself, so sit back and enjoy the insanity...

I'm sitting here interviewing the notorious Professor Zen. We're sitting in what has been referred to as his office, the Bat Cave, the War Room, and various other things. In the room are an old Bally Mr. & Mrs. Pac Man pin-ball machine, numerous pieces of Dr. Pepper memorabilia, a clock that runs backwards and an oil painting of a black cat with the words "Voodoo le chat" near the Voodoo doll of lust.

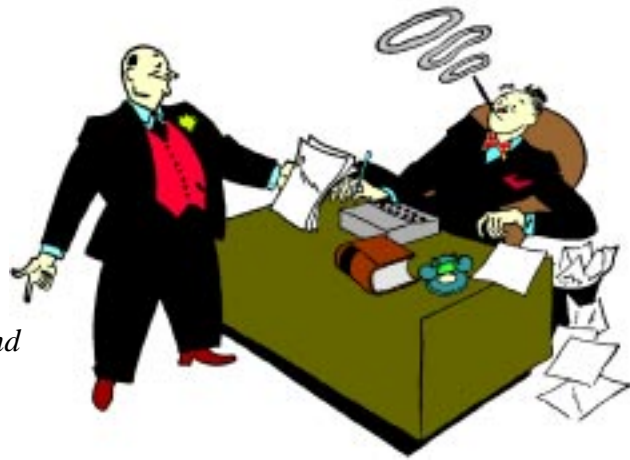
Professor Zen is sitting with a martini glass full of some dark liquid, that one can only assume is Dr. Pepper, in an old beat up chair badly needing to be reupholstered. He's wearing the traditional Levi's 501's - no zippers for him - with the ever present Doc Marten boots and a Hawaiian shirt that even a dead man wouldn't be caught dead in. A half smoked cigar is sitting in a large crystal ashtray.

Zen Anarchy: How exactly did you get started doing all this?

Professor Zen: Do you want the real answer or the standard bullshit answer? (*Laughs*) It all started as a joke between myself and the Baron about two or three years ago. I had just got a copy of PageMaker and was playing around with it one night and started chronicling ideas and Zen was born. The Baron and the Rabbi were the only people who got the first few issues originally. It wasn't until I had done three or four that I actually found a place to stick it up on the net. Back in the old days I was doing it in Postscript of all things! Those files were huge, so I finally went to Acrobat so the whole world could read the rantings of my lunacy.

ZA: So how did the name Zen Anarchy come about?

PZ: Long ago, in a galaxy far, far, away... Their used to



be a club in San Francisco called the Mabuhay Gardens. It was nothing more than a converted restaurant with the acoustics of a shoe box - the perfect punk club. I think that R.E.M. even played there at one point, although I doubt they would remember. The guy who used to run the club stood about 5' 2" and wore one of those arctic military jackets when the rest of us were sweating our asses off. He did throw out a couple of skinheads about my size one night, so nobody messed with him.

Anyway, since Anarchy was the big thing in the late Seventies, the Baron and I used to tell the chicks there that we were photographers with a punk magazine called Anarchy International. So when the Baron and I were reminiscing about those days one time I came up with the Zen Anarchy name and the rest is history.

ZA: You've mentioned the Baron and the Rabbi before. Can I safely assume that they are neither? Also, who are they?

PZ: Well you don't expect me to reveal their actual names do you? If I did, then I'd have to kill you. (*Laughs*) No the baron is an old friend from junior high who happens to be of German descent, hence the nickname. The Rabbi is about as far from Jewish as you can get. I think he's probably more pagan than anything else. That nickname has too long of a derivation to get through for most anyone but myself to understand. I just made a bunch of nicknames for the "*Expatriates of the Eighties*" as I call them.

ZA: Expatriates of the Eighties?

PZ: Well, we all grew up during the tail end of the seventies and the Baron, the Rabbi and I all cut our teeth on

some of the earliest punk rock. Actually the Baron and I actually saw the Sex Pistols on the Tom Snyder show when we were in high school. You have to understand that none of us really liked the seventies, but when the Pistols and the Clash and the rest of the New Wave broke through we thought we'd been saved. The Rabbi came in to this later, but he was sort of an outcast and a rebel like us.

ZA: So did you have a mohawk back then?

PZ: No, I was a punk in the true sense of the word. Back in the old days, you could be whatever you wanted and it was cool. If you wanted to wear skinny ties and narrow lapel jackets that was fine. If you wanted to shave your head and wear leather, that was fine too. I mean we used to scour the thrift shops in the not so great parts of town to find skinny ties and narrow lapel jackets. I don't think we ever paid more than \$3.00 for a jacket and \$1.00 for a tie. Let me tell you, it's a real bitch to find a jacket when you're 6'4" tall.

ZA: Some people have accused you of being misogynistic. Do you really hate women?

PZ: Oh, sure. And that's why I decided to get married. No the truth is that I love women, to a point, of course. I've always worked with women. I work with mostly women now. Sometimes it feels like I have four wives, but you get used to it. (*Laughs*) I've always felt that there is probably 10 percent of the population that should be restricted solely to breeding. But realize, that is both the male and female population, not just the female. I just call things as I see them. If that's misogynistic, then tough shit.

ZA: You've also had some tough things to say about the President and his wife.

PZ: You ain't seen nothing yet! Personally I think Bill Clinton might be an entertaining cocktail party guest, but I'd lock up the women and dogs. (*Laughs*) Hillary, however, I think is probably one of the coldest, calculating women since Evita Peron or Madonna, although Madonna does have smaller thighs. You can't take people out of the back woods of the south and throw them in to society and have it work. Cinderella was, and still is, a fairy tale.

ZA: I see you're drinking something in that martini glass that resembles Dr. Pepper. Am I right?

PZ: Partially. It's called a Pepperetto. You take a glass of Dr. Pepper, and mix in Amaretto to taste. Of course most people would consider this too sweet, but It's probably one of the tamer things that I drink.

ZA: Such as?

PZ: Well the Baron christened my martini with a drop or two of sweetener the saccharine martini.

ZA: Sound disgusting...

PZ: Well you're talking to the man who searched around the strip of Las Vegas for baby jawbreakers just to get a sugar buzz to go for hours on end. We ended up nick-naming them sugar meth.

ZA: Las Vegas seems to be a strong favorite of yours. Why?

PZ: The town of 24 hour virtual sin? And you ask me why? I'd move there in a second if it weren't for the fact I was married. I'd have a 35 acre spread, walled of course to keep the common people out, air conditioned to 68 degrees year round inside and a satellite dish for television and of course a couple of T1 links to communicate with the outside world.

ZA: You don't seem to like people too much, do you?

PZ: For the most part, people are stupid. The government doesn't need to worry about a revolt in this country as long as the people have *Must See TV* and *MTV*(*May Vomit TV*). People today are sheep and they show no signs of waking up. There are a few of us insomniacs, but I often wonder how many are actually out there. Occasionally I get e-mail praising what I'm doing, but it's few and far between. Usually you get the kids that do a net search on Anarchy and ask you how to break in to their high school computer to change their grades. First off, like I'd tell them. Hell, if they're that stupid, let 'em flunk out and become politicians. The stupid are much easier for those of us with money to control.

You have to understand that one of my favorite cartoons was a *Far Side* once with a flock of sheep and one was

standing up yelling, "Wait! We don't all have to be sheep!"

ZA: So where do you find yourself ten years from now?

PZ: Dead? (*Laughs*) I don't really know. If I was ten years younger and wasn't married, I'd buy a Harley and tour Europe for a year and write a book about the experience. I loved Hunter S. Thompson's *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*. That's probably what got me started in the first place doing all this. The fact that someone could write such bullshit and make it prose was intoxicating.

ZA: Do you consider Thompson an influence?

PZ: Not any more than the National Lampoon and my life experiences. The only thing that I took from Thompson's biography was the fact that he used to sit in a closet with a tape recorder and just rant. His friends used to love what he had recorded. That's why I keep a micro tape recorder in the car with me at all times. Fits of brilliance hit me at the oddest times on the road. It does tend to get lonely on the road sometimes...

ZA: So you're on the road a lot?

PZ: Probably more than the average person. Here in California we would be lost without our cars. They're kind of like our personal temples, except they tend to go a lot faster. Since we have no workable mass transit system in all of California that you would want to ride on, we tend to worship our cars.

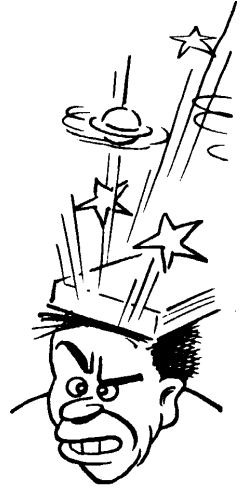
ZA: Last question: If you could change one thing in the world, what would it be?

PZ: That's a tough thing to try to put in to one thought. I think what I want is for people to look at life with a mix of both logic and emotion without using too much of either one. How's that for ambiguous? You can't use only your head or your heart to solve a problem. That's how we got to where we are today.

Book Reviews

Usually I don't do book reviews, but I actually had the chance to read a book lately that I actually enjoyed.

The First Twenty Million is Always the Hardest, Po Bronson has been called the Primary Colors of Silicon Valley. I don't know that it's a proper designation, but most reviewers have to compare what they read to what they've already read. Personally I found it quite inspirational and I'd recommend it to anyone who is sick and tired of mega assholes like Microsoft and their ilk who keep turning out bloated software programs that eat up hard drive space.



Further proof that J.R. "Bob" Doobs is all around us...



End Page



This time let's try not to spear my dick, OK?



Until next time...