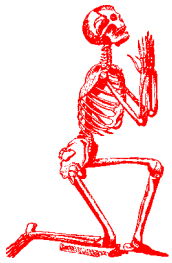


Zen



PGP Key registered
with the NSA.

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

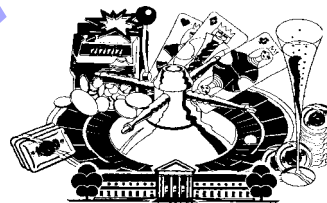


Anarchy

A long time ago, a man named Bugsy had a dream...

Contents

Random Thoughts	3
From the Road	4
Party Records - for Adults Only	7
Dick of the Trip	8
End Page	9



THE ALL LA\$ VEGA\$ \$\$\$UE!

Editorial

In the following pages, there are lies to be told, stories to be fabricated and hallucinations to be deconstructed from a lost weekend in Las Vegas. Enjoy...

***Welcome back my friends, to the show that never ends.
We're so glad you could attend, come inside, some inside...***

Emmerson Lake & Palmer

As I write this, it's about 4:00 in the morning and I'm poolside smoking one of many cigars of the weekend when I see a skinny man with a cigarette holder arguing with a large Samoan over who forgot to pack the LSD. If I wasn't so tired, I would swear that the ghost of Hunter S. Thompson arguing with his lawyer, but I'm about 20 years too late anyway.

So as to save you, the reader, from having a bad time in this town of virtual insanity I'm compiling a Do and Don't list:

Do

Bring comfortable shoes, preferably tennis shoes.

Bring travellers cheques instead of cash. It's more of a pain in the ass to cash one, but you're money goes farther...

Tip the cocktail waitress in the casino. She'll be more inclined to come back to serve you more drinks.

If you get a 20 coin or higher slot jackpot, move to another machine because that one won't be paying off for a while.

Do stare intently and intensely at every pretty girl, no matter what her age is, because you don't live there anyway, so who gives a rat's ass about your viewing habits.

The only important person there is you and don't forget it. People are there to serve you!

Don't

Don't wear Doc Martens with thin socks. If you do, bring moleskin.

Don't continually pop a twenty dollar bill in to a slot machine, unless you want to find out how fast Western Union sends money...

Don't play a machine that shows a payout of twenty coins or more. Leave it for another sucker...

Don't play dollar slots. Period. If you do, then send me your money and I'll give you the same odds...

Don't ever play blackjack at a \$5 a hand table unless their using a single deck.

Don't make the mistake of drinking too much while gambling. Drinks are free and they will keep coming. If you lose your money while drunk it isn't the casino's fault...

Random



Thoughts

Does anyone really listen to the stewardesses when they go thorough that safety routine? Do any of you actually pull out the card? I mean if the plane goes down, you're pretty much fucked anyway, right?

Fine print is a wonderful thing. Especially in Las Vegas. We kept seeing signs saying 98% payback on slots. What most morons fail, to realize though, is that the payback is on dollar slots only at a lot of casinos.

How can people who survive on tuna fish and Wonder bread most of the year afford to sit down in front of a dollar slot machine with *\$300 in dollar coins*, and proceed to play three to five at a pull? It just about frosts my shorts to play more than three quarters on any slot machine.

Speaking of slots, who feels rich enough to play the twenty five dollar slot machines?

Would you play a game called craps? Being from the San Francisco, all sorts of odd board games come to mind...

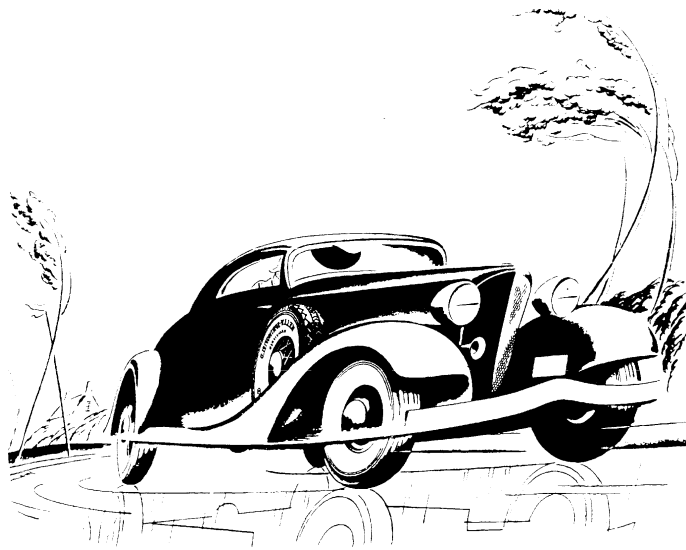
There is a new hotel going in to Las Vegas with a Star Trek theme. Now what I want to know is this: Are there going to be Spock ears for sale in the gift shop? What about Captain Kirk toupees and girdles?

They're also putting a Parisian theme casino going in that should be built by the next time we get there. I'd love to know if the workers are going to be as rude as the French are in Paris...

If aliens were going to land somewhere in the United States, why ould the pick Nevada? Aren't there more senic spots like Disneyland or Disney World? Florida does have its share of nut cases though...

FROM THE ROAD

*Years ago I was an angry young man
I'd pretend that I was a billboard
Standing tall by the side of the road
I fell in love with a beautiful highway*



The annual road trip that dreams are made of, lives are ruined from and great stories are fabricated from: Las Vegas.

Thursday

Getting to the airport was fairly uneventful. I had actually packed a day or so before, and the Baron and I had procured our stash of alcohol and tobacco before the trip so we were all set. The people at Reno Air were some of the rudest fuckers I had ever seen, though. Last year the people there were real cool. This year they seemed to be the left over people from government jobs, who couldn't even get hired there

Fuckers aside, there are two bad things about flying out of San Jose International Airport. First off, let me explain why they call it international. They fly to Mexico and Canada, hence it's international.

Now, the first bad thing about flying out of that airport is that there are more trolls than a Brothers Grimm fairy tale. It's an amazing collection of Silicon Valley trolls. The ones in the suits are trying to hawk the products that the ones with the long hair and t-shirts are designing and building.

Second, since San Jose is about ten miles closer to Vegas than San Francisco, you get your drink, and a bag mixed with stale pretzels, peanuts and cheese crackers thrown at you by flight attendants that ought to be put out to pasture. Actually I think they're really barflies that have decided to take a tiny step up the food chain. They don't even give out the AOL disks anymore.

Everything went so smoothly, that I was getting scared.

We get to Vegas without any problems. We get our car with a minimal of explanation to a fellow who seems like his first language is either French or Russian and his second one English. The highlight of that was watching the Japanese couple get madder and madder. He was one of those 5'2" guys who has a Napoleon complex and she was a real dragon lady. Me I use my American Express card. I don't leave home without it. We did get a cool guy when we checked in to the hotel, though, so we were off to gamble.

It's always fun to see the changes that the casinos have made since the previous year. The Flamingo put in a lovely mural behind their check in counter and a lot of the other hotels have done the same thing. They've also upgraded their restaurants.

Finding food is always the fun part after getting in around 8:30-9:30 at night. So, it's off to the McDonalds nearby, but lo and behold, it's gone! That really stinks, so we end up at Burger King. Wow...

I think we got to bed that night at about 2:30 or so, which was pretty good for us.

Friday

We didn't get out of bed until at least 10:30 which was pretty early for us. Gambled like crazy, most of the day and overall it was pretty uneventful.

Saturday

We drove out to Rachel, Nevada, home of the UFO museum, or so they call it. Really what it is, is a two hour

trip out to about 3 or 4 mobile homes out in the middle of nowhere. We did manage to scare the fellow that runs the museum, though. The Baron asked a lot of questions, and I just looked around.

I think what really freaked him out was that we were sort of dressed like we were off duty military personnel. I have rather short hair - similar to someone who just got out of the service, and I was wearing a really rude 50's style Hawaiian shirt. The Baron had on a Hawaiian style shirt too, but not as rude. Mine has Tiki gods all over it.

The scariest thing about the trip back was seeing the revival group at the gas station and the seventy year old woman with no bottom lip. I felt like I was in a Steven King novel. Believe me, that's an odd feeling...

We did make it back and gambled a whole lot more.

Later that night I swear we saw a UFO. Two lights that came out of nowhere and then disappeared, followed by the sound of jets about 15 seconds later. Then again, we were in Nevada. I'm sure that shit goes on all the time.

Sunday

Yet more gambling. I think we went to just about every hotel on the strip. Sunday night we did have a nice dinner. We always try to do one nice dinner while we're there. I took the Baron to dinner, since his birthday was coming up.

We ate Italian that night. He started with a martini and I had a Cosmopolitan. That was probably my first mistake. After dinner we went to the cigar shop at New York, New York and I picked up a Calle Ocho - a very nice mild cigar.

Being well fed and ready for bear, we decided to go over to the Hard Rock Cafe. I had to play the Anarchy in Las Vegas slot machine, so I sat down, lit the Calle Ocho and started playing.

I put in two quarters, and nothing. Not like I'm expecting anything, you know? Next two quarters and bang! I hit a 200 coin jackpot! The Baron did record that moment on film to torment my children later in life.

The best part was that I actually got something off that

machine. I guess the ghost of Sid Vicious felt sorry for me or something...

About 1:30 or so we stumble back to the room and my wife has left two urgent messages for me since I forgot to call her when we got back on Saturday.

Guys, don't ever do this. You'll have such hell to pay, you won't believe it.

Well, since we were tired, and after I got her calmed down, we decided to hit the jacuzzi. I brought yet another cigar down and smoked it. That is one of life's few pleasures. Sitting out in the middle of Nevada at 3:00 in the morning smoking a cigar. If you have a chance, try it.

Well, I finished the cigar and I was feeling a bit dizzy. I thought I just got up too fast. Wrong. I made it up to the room, climbed in to bed, ordered up a porno movie, and about 15 minutes later I was sending my dinner to the waste treatment center via the bathroom. I suppose I should have taken a picture of it. It was quite impressive. The Baron thought I really had to pee or something.

I did clean it up the best I could, but I left the rest for the maid. The next morning the Baron broke a glass, so I'm sure they wonder what went on in there.

Monday

We get checked out and then we can't find the fucking car in the garage. I'm dehydrated from puking mu fucking guts out the night before and my voice sounds like I swallowed metal shavings. Well after about 25 minutes of walking with luggage in tow, in the 102 degree heat, we finally found the damn thing. So we get a quick bite to eat and it's off to the airport.

To top it all off, we return the rental car and I forgot the tapes I made for the trip. I suppose who ever listened to those got a rude awakening...



Party Records

FOR ADULTS ONLY

The devined, difinitive Vegas
Road music list...

Sine this is the all Vegas issue, I thought I'd include the definitive - at least to me -list of road music for cruising the strip and outlying parts of Las Vegas...

1. **Viva Las Vegas** - *The Dead Kennedys*: This is kind of what Elvis would have been like after taking about 500 Dexatrim and staying up for a week on a coke binge. Probably one of the finest covers of any song I've ever heard.
2. **Theme from the X-Files**: A must while cruising down desolate stretches of highway, day or night, while travelling to the Extraterrestrial museum on Highway 375, the Extraterrestrial Highway (as designated by the State of Nevada).
3. **Jesus Built my Hot Rod** - *Ministry*: High paced industrial music is just the kind of thing for open stretches of highway and high speeds...
4. **Bad Company** - *Bad Company*: I think this may become the official song of the Brothers of Zen...
5. **Kate Bush** - *Running Up That Hill*: One of those songs that you just imagine driving down a long stretch of open highway in a convertible 1965 Caddilac with a disposable blonde bimbo at your side, complete with the large sunglasses and the scarf to keep her hair from getting messed up...
6. **Dick Dale** - *Shake 'N Stomp & Misirlou*: Surf guitar at its best. Need I say more?
7. **Joe Jackson** - *Big World* - The entire CD is one of the finest recordings you will ever pick up. It has a certain mystical quality about it that has to be heard to be understood.
8. **NOFX**- *Punk in Drublic* - Same mysticism as Joe Jackson, but with a faster rougher edge.
9. Anything by Elvis Hitler...

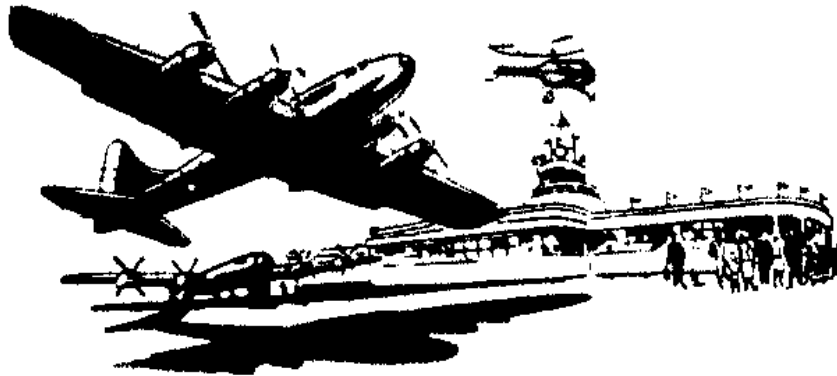
DICK OF THE TRIP



The Dick of the Trip award has to go to the fine folks at Reno Air. It's a bargain airline, so you don't expect much to begin with, but basic amenities are at least called for by the Geneva Convention covering airline travel by journalists and those of us passing ourselves off as such...

First off, we had made reservations for a trip in July, back in March. Now you would think that if you had reservations, and they the airline would be tify you of the you, at least your

Fortunately, the per-flight checked to thing was going BANG! They had and rescheduled it departure, with the back two hours ear-call would have been



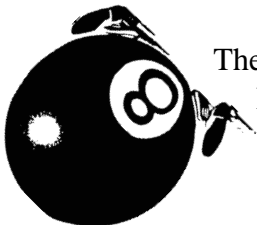
have started drinking at the bar for two hours before we could actually get our damn plane. And being stuck in San Jose for two hours is enough to make anyone go postal...

changed flights, that kind enough to no-change. And if not travel agent. Well...

son who got us the make sure every-sympatico when cancelled our flight for a two hour later return flight coming lier! A simple phone nice, or we would

When you finally get on the damn plane, you get the tired old, "Here's how all the crap works" routine. Wow. I mean if you don't know how to put on a seat belt by now, well...

Then, since the flight is about 10 minutes shorter than from San Francisco, you get your complimentary drink and pack of what can be best described as freeze dried trail mix saved from government surplus from the Boer War. It's a lovely mix of pretzel bits, peanut halves and a few cheese cracker pieces thrown in for good measure - or to fill up the bag. I mean last year we at least got a free AOL Diskette. If nothing else, they make great coasters...



The only upshot to this whole sordid mess, is that they serve Dr. Pepper. If they didn't do that, I'd drive...

End Page

Until next year...

