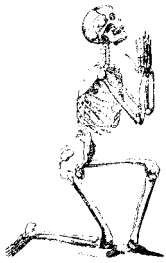


# Zen



PGP Key registered  
with the NSA.

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



# Anarchy

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*I did it my way...*

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# Edi t o r i a l

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*This is the end, yes gentle friend the end.  
This is the end, my only friend, the end.  
Of our elaborate plans, the end.  
Of everything that stands, the end.  
No sanity or surprise, the end.  
I'll never look in to your eyes again, the end.*

*Can you picture what will be?  
So innocent and free,  
desperately in need of some strangers hand,  
in a desperate land.*

*The Doors **The End***

The quote above probably sums up my feelings about as succinctly as I could ever do it myself...

It's been an interesting run, but I think I've about had it. I'm tired and mentally worn out. When I first started this, it was rather fun to kid of thumb my nose in the face of the general public and good manners in general. Now, it seems that in the 4 or so years I've been doing this, no one, except for a few, seems to have actually listened.

Not that I really care. I started doing Zen Anarchy as a way to hone my PageMaker skills. I suppose I've come a long way, but I've had fun along the way too.

Fun was really the most important reason for doing this all along. The problem is that it's stopped being fun. No, that's not completely true. It's still somewhat fun, but the world seems to be going down the toilet faster than I ever could have imagined. I mean there is only so long that you can beat your head against the wall before you realize that what you thought were tears in your eyes are actually blood.

I realize that Issue #27 wasn't up to my usual standards and I'm thinking about just slamming #26 on to the net unfinished, rather than continue the pain of trying to keep this damn thing on life support.

This is going to be the last issue for a long time. Those who have enjoyed it, I wish you well. Mr. Eternity quit

writing a wile back, and the last time I spoke to him, he was thinking about maybe starting up again. Maybe that's all that I need too. A break. Simple yet needed.

I am going to maintain the web page and, as time permits, update it with what I see fit. But in the meantime I'm going to do a few things I never seem to be able to do.

I'm going to try to finish a program I've had on the back burner for a while. Just once I'd like to write a program that I actually finished and make it work.

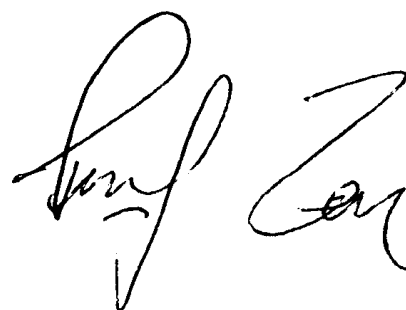
I'm going to become an alcoholic. I've lived a fairly charmed life all my many years and it really gets to me at times. For every up moment there is a down moment to balance it. I figure if I become a total fuck up, then maybe everything will be all right in the end.

I'd like to start killing myself instead of trying to live. This, however, isn't the kind of shit you can talk about with your spouse. That's what your friends are for.

Of course, I have no friends anymore. I have an innate ability to piss people off. Of course since I haven't talked to any of them in so long, I don't know if they're pissed, or they've just gone off the deep end.

That's probably the main reason I'm quitting. I have no one to share the odd things in my life with. Maybe if the expatriates of the eighties ever return, I'll start writing again.

Until then...

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Henry Z" with a stylized flourish at the end.

Random



Thoughts

What happens if you get diarrhea in space? Has NASA taken this in to account? What if you sneeze? Do boogers fly around the spaceship until you land?

Why does ANYBODY watch the MTV music awards?

What ever happened to the post war dream?

If Bill Clinton, Al Gore and Newt Gingrich were all shot tomorrow, would anyone really care?

If I were shot tomorrow, would I really care?

If God does exist, why does he let the shit we call life on earth go on?

Hitler really had the right idea. He just had a bad press agent and stopped too soon. If he could have taken out about 80% of the entire world population, and then himself, then maybe, just maybe, we'd stand a fighting chance today...

My greatest fear is not death, but rather that I'm gong to live forever. If I ever do die, I'm afraid that I'm going to get a desk job in hell. That's about my karma. Personally I don't give a flying fuck what happens to me. Never have. Never will. I've always been more worried about those around me to care about myself. The Baron says that I embrace some eastern philosophy in that respect. Wow...



# DICK OF THE MONTH



This is the final Dick of the Month, so I thought I'd make it a good one...

The award goes to the Saturday CBS evening news. I was watching a story on how awful the new welfare reforms were and it almost made me sick. No, it did make me sick. I wanted to jump up and smack the television I was so mad.

There was a story on how some poor unfortunate black woman was having to sweep floors in some housing project just to qualify for her welfare benefits. Now if she wasn't able to find a job within two years, then she would have her benefits cut off.

Never mind the fact that the government its trying to help her train herself to find a better job. Never mind the fact that she's probably working more now than she has since she was on her back humping and pumping out meal tickets. Never mind that the government is trying to teach her how to be a productive member of society.

NO!

All the white people who are against affirmative action are responsible for this one bitch who might fall through the cracks.

I'm personally offended. I'm offended because I personally know one case where the couple is on welfare, neither of them have worked in at least 6 years and they are living off the government - state and federal - while I have to pay 40% of my income in taxes to the bastards in Washington every year.

It's about time we instituted a Darwinian policy about welfare. Some, probably most, will survive. Some won't. It's that simple.

Now if we could do the same for television news programs, perhaps we would be a lot better off...



# End Page

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through the fish-eyed lens of tear stained eyes  
i can barely define the shape of this moment in time  
and far from flying high in clear blue skies  
i'm spiralling down to the hole in the ground where I hide

if you negotiate the minefield in the drive  
and beat the dogs and cheat the cold electronic eyes  
and if you make it past the shotgun in the hall  
dial the combination, open the priesthole  
and if I'm in I'll tell you what's behind the wall

there's a kid who had a big hallucination  
making love to girls in magazines  
he wonders if you're sleeping with your new found faith  
could anybody love him  
or is it just a crazy dream

and if I show you my dark side  
will you still hold me tonight  
and if I open my heart to you  
and show you my weak side  
what would you do  
would you sell your story to rolling stone  
would you take the children away  
and leave me alone  
and smile in reassurance  
as you whisper down the phone  
would you send me packing  
or would you take me home

thought I oughta bare my naked feelings  
thought I oughta tear the curtain down  
i held the blade in trembling hands  
prepared to make it but just then the phone rang  
i never had the nerve to make the final cut

**Pink Floyd - *The Final Cut***



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**Until we meet again...**