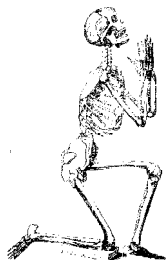


Zen



PGP Key registered
with the NSA.

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

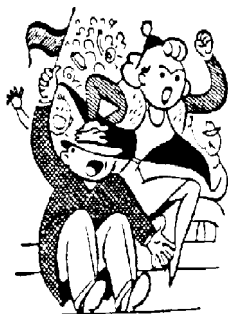


Anarchy

Zen Anarchy: Because you know there has to be more!

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EDITORIAL

Issue number seven. I can't believe sometimes I've done that many of these things. This all started out as an excuse to learn to use Page Maker! Now look where it's gone.

First off, about the cover: Most people you show this to couldn't and/or wouldn't understand it if you John Madden diagrammed it for them on TV. It's not supposed to be racist in any way, shape, or form, but rather it's supposed to represent the way I feel sometimes living with the shit that Washington tries to shove down our throats. That and I can't believe that any group of people was ever put to such ridicule in advertising. I remember that as recently as 1990, Singapore had a toothpaste called Darkie, with a caricature of an Al Jolsen type face with a top hat. Aren't they the progressive sorts?

I'm currently typing this on my new laptop. Laptops are a wonderful invention You can take them anywhere. Like when your wife is in labor, you can be in the waiting room with your laptop playing canasta. Or, you can take the Lyndon Johnson phone in the bathroom concept into the twentieth century. You can now crap and compute at the same time. Although the number of people that will actually admit to doing this is probably the same number that actually admit to being subscribed to alt.binaries.pictures.erotica. A high number indeed...

* * * * *

Were the peace and love ideals of the sixties some drug induced hallucination that an entire generation mistook for fact carved on stone, that Moses brought down from the mountain? And now we have to deal with those idiots running the country. I mean the ideas are simplistic, at best, and probably do make more sense than most people would admit, but in practical terms, they aren't.

Clinton is turning the USA in to his private serfdom with himself and Hillary running the kingdom. I think it's about high time we all march on 1600 Pennsylvania avenue and demand our rooms. If they want to take care of us so badly, save us from ourselves, then goddamn it, where's my room Bill? Don't worry, I won't steal the towels, unlike certain members of your staff...

Maybe it will finally be enough to get people to think for themselves and revolt at the ballot box. I personally don't think so, but one can hope, can't they?

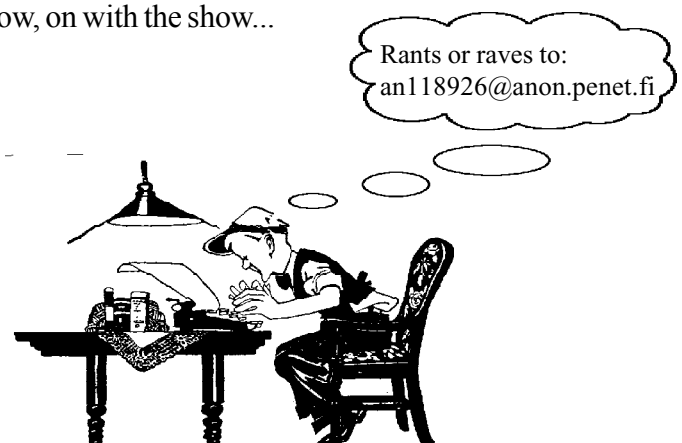
Oh well, all is not lost, right? We still have free speech, at least until OberFuhrer Reno decides that it just won't do to let people speak their minds.

You remember the barbecue at Waco, don't you kids? OberFuhrer Reno decided that a group of religious fanatics shouldn't be keeping weapons. Therefore a decision was issued from the Mount Olympus of the East Coast, Washington DC, to sneak in and arrest these people for apparently breaking the law. Of course now we'll never know, since the place looks a bit more like the inside of the ovens at Dachau, but I digress. Instead of treating suspects like suspects, they were treated like wanted fugitives. And you wonder why have the anonymous re-mailer for e-mail to this 'zine?

No, I'm not paranoid, but I have a terribly sore neck from looking over my shoulder...

One last thought before we go on here. If USA is available on your cable system, watch for a cartoon called, "Deputy Dog." If you are of the "TV Generation" like me, you'll no doubt remember this cartoon. Folks, this is a how to manual on how the White House is run. Deputy Dog is Bill, the Sheriff is Hillary, Muskie bears a striking similarity to Leon Panetta and Little George, and Vince is awfully close to the rest of Clinton's cabinet.

Now, on with the show...



Random



Thoughts

Am I the only one who wonders if Mick Jagger is going to tour next time with his colostomy bag on stage? Hopefully, this tour, he will keep his clothes on...

Is Keith Richards a vampire? He's had his blood exchanged so many times, why hasn't he caught any untreatable diseases?

Is Natalie Merchant the resultant sex change of Edie Brickell from the New Bohemians?

The seventies are dead. Let them rest in peace. Please!

Did Robin Givens actually think that ANYONE wanted to look at her naked in Playboy? Her photo spread looked more like a failed Everlast ad campaign. At the very best, her pictorial looked like kiddie porn. I have to wonder just who paid who to print that crap. Besides, do you think that Mike Tyson has her pictures plastered up in his cell?

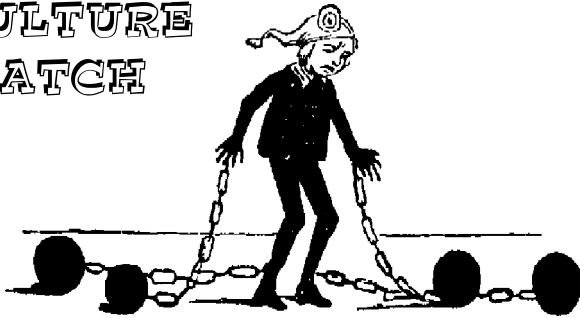
It's 10:30 at night, and I'm driving up the freeway at 70+ m.p.h. with the window rolled down. The outside temperature has to be about 45 degrees. It's been one of those days. So, what the fuck does God expect from us? I mean does he really want us to fire up the Harley, drop a couple tabs of LSD, down a quart of Jack Daniels, and hit the brick wall full on at 100 m.p.h. without a crash helmet, or what? Like I said, it was one of those days...

Does anybody actually buy the things in these cheesy mid-west mail order catalogs? I got on a mailing list somehow, and this one had an Elvis Christmas ornament. The fat Elvis, of course, not the young Elvis.

Why is it that Elvis Presley imitators always love to recreate the fat Elvis and not the young Elvis? Are these morons that attracted to mutton chop facial hair and rhinestones? Do they have lives? Are these the explanations for all of the Elvis sightings at K-Mart and Burger King?



CULTURE WATCH



I can tolerate the overalls that the kids now seem to think is haute couture - oops we can't use french words any more. Not since they banned 2500 of ours.

Fuck 'em.

Anyway, I'm sick and tired of these striped scoop neck shirts that girls seem to be so fond of today. These dysfunctional idiots should be forced to watch 60 hours of late 60's / early 70's TV sitcoms and see just how BAD everyone looked in these clothes. Perhaps then they would dump the Marsha Brady budding titties in a tight striped t-shirt look once and for all.

I know I've ranted about this before, but MTV is probably single handedly responsible for the fashion quagmire we find ourselves in today. Just look at what these VJ's wear while they are on the tube. Kurt Loder looks like the charter member of the Nick Nolte fan club. Tabitha Soren looks like a Barbie doll that shops at K-Mart. The actual VJ's seem to wear clothing that the designers can't sell anywhere else, so they have to try to create a market for this crap.

Now before you all think I've lost my mind, since I'm such a devout follower of the create a need and fill it business philosophy, I just hated the sixties and I hate this stuff too.

Were the peace and love ideals of the sixties some drug induced hallucination that an entire generation mistook for fact carved on stone, that Moses brought down from the mountain? And now we have to deal with those idiots running the country. I mean the ideas are simplistic, at best, and probably do make more sense than most people would admit, but in practical terms, they aren't. Probably the scariest thought is to see Bill Clinton in either Angel Flights or wide bell bottom pants.

Tip of the Hat



Tip of the Hat to Matt Blaze. This guy single handedly fucked up Clipper better than anyone else could. I always figured that if the idiots in Washington DC actually managed to push this Clipper crap through the door at some point, it would probably take a few dozen Dutch and German hackers about 3-4 weeks to come up with a way to hack the damn thing. For a full accounting, see the September 1994 issue of Wired Magazine.

Tip of the Hat to Wired magazine itself. It is proving to be one of the least hype computer magazines out today. It's in tune with the new culture and not afraid to take it head on. Besides, you don't get the column about the idiot who typed `del *.* /y`, wiped out a whole directory, and is wondering how to save his sorry ass. Especially wonderful is their Sharper Image section, the high tech toys that most of us probably will never be able to afford, but as we all know grown men need their toys. And the older we get, the more expensive they get!

A Tip of the Hat to Dover books for putting out 4 new clip art compilations. Where would I be without them...

A Tip of the Hat to maretplace.com for making TIA (The Internet Adapter) which allows you to get the benefits of a SLIP/PPP connection from a lowly shell account. I don't have mine yet, but I will very soon...

A final tip of the hat to the California Legislature for passing a law that employers can't force women not to wear pants to work. This leads to the logical conclusion that if women are not banned from wearing pants, then men can start wearing dresses and skirts. I suppose panty hose will be optional, as will leg shaving...

DICK OF THE MONTH



SCOOP NISKER FROM KFOG IN SF

Scoop Nisker is a DJ come commentator that KFOG, a local S.F. radio station, hired for some reason. In the years he's been around, he's gone from hippie to employed hippie. Now he does a weekly radio commentary on KFOG.

When I was channel surfing one day I heard him bemoaning the fact that we as a nation need to figure out that it is time to grow up. Nobody lives happily ever after anymore. Scoop, you're full of shit. Ever since Reagan left office, you liberal fucks haven't had anybody to pile your blame for your own shortcomings on. Bush was a general fuck-up, there's no question. And Clinton is vindicating anything and everything that Carter ever did.

Abandoning the American dream is what a lot of these new Washingtonians would love for us to do. Put ourselves in to their capable hands. They know what's good for you and me. They care.

FUCK THEM!

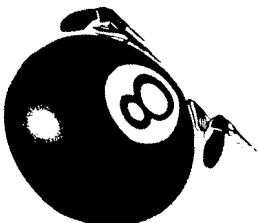
The American dream, which as I understood it, was that if you try to better yourself, you probably will, is still alive and well today despite the constant attacks by people like Poop-scoop Nisker and other high-minded liberal jerks.

Look Scoop, if you want to give up and pout, that's fine with me. I'm going out and find my fame and/or fortune (preferably fortune) and you just sit in that corner and sulk. Just don't come to me when you want money to try your hand at your new little pet socialist project. You'll get my size 12 Doc Marten right up your ass until it comes out your nose.

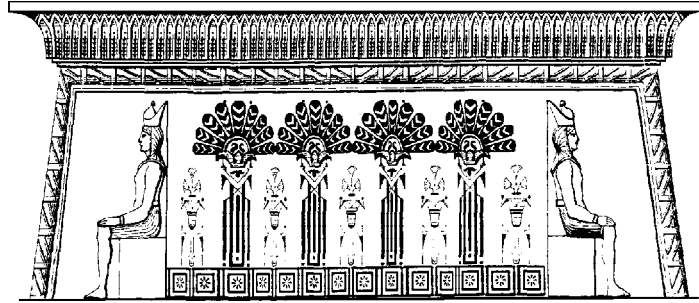
I'm reminded of an old joke, which I'll change just slightly just for here.
The original was a sorority girl:

Q: How do you brainwash a liberal?

A: Give them an enema.



Bumper Stickers



The hieroglyphics of our civilization

Ages ago, before an actual printed language, the Egyptians used hieroglyphics to communicate. Today the bumper sticker has taken their place in communicating ideas to the masses. And, judging by the age of some of the ones I see while I'm out on the road, some of these people are stuck in some odd sort of Rod Serling political time warp. If you look around, you will see things like, "Stop the secret war in El Salvador," or "Jesse Jackson '80." Yes, I did see one of those within the last six months.

If the war in El Salvador was so secret, then how in the hell did some idiot find out about it? If I was the Commander in Chief, assuming for the moment that the bumper sticker referred to some Reagan policy that the hippies in Berkeley disagreed with, then I would fire the person responsible for leaking the fact that we were in fact running a secret war that was no longer a secret!

Anyway, here is a smattering of some of the idiocy I've seen on the road during my travels. This is by no means a complete list of the stupid things people will attach to their cars. The thing that amazes me the most is that people will actually affix a sticker to their car, since most cars don't have chrome bumpers anymore...

If you can't trust me with a choice, how can you trust me with a child? - If you think that perhaps you can't be trusted with a child, maybe you shouldn't have one to begin with.

My child is student of the month / made the honor roll at (insert school here) - Do people really think that their kid is going to work that much harder just so mummy and daddy can slap some five cent piece of plastic on the car denoting the fact that the kid is nerd of the month? I don't think so...

If Clinton's health care bill passes, get me Jack Kevorkian's phone number quick! - Maybe that person needs it sooner? Don't get me wrong, I don't support the health bill, but this just makes the person who put it on their car look like an idiot and give the liberals more flame bait.

Fur is Dead - Maybe I'm just being obtuse here even questioning that statement, but would you wear a live small animal around your body? I wouldn't, although the thought of an wealthy obese woman with a wolverine around her neck when she went out to some gala event brings a certain smile to my face...

Now I know I haven't scratched the surface on this subject, so look for more to follow in the future...



Party Records

FOR ADULTS ONLY

Well folks, since I just bought a house, Mr. Visa and his friend Mr. Master Card have taken a slight holiday. So bear with us and these technical difficulties will soon be resolved. At least as soon as I get that ski mask...

Well, the ski mask trick didn't need to be applied since Mr. Visa and Brother Master Card have agreed to provide some relief to the audial horror that masquerades as FM radio, so here we go...

Nick Cave and The Bad Seeds - Let Love In : I was reading a review of the local Lollapalooza show and the reviewer was bemoaning the fact that Nick Cave sings about death. I thought to myself, this sounds just like the kind of CD I want to check out! I have to say, I was not disappointed. The only caveat that I would give before listening, is don't listen under the influence of large amounts of cough syrup or heroin. Otherwise, this is one of the most progressive, darkest CDs to come down the pike in quite a while. This guy must have worse nightmares and phobias than Roger Waters ever dreamed possible (although Cave seems to have no reoccurring problem with the Reagan presidency). This is the kind of music that you drive with at high speeds on a windy road in the fog without your headlights on. You get that kind of fuck it, I don't care, kind of attitude - a sort of invincibility. Cave's writing seems to be like what you would discover wandering around the darker sections of Lovecraft's Dreamlands.

I think I've rambled about enough on this one. Just go and buy the damn thing already.

The other CD I found is Faster & Louder: The History of Punk Rock. If you grew up during the formative years of such bands like the Dead Kennedys, Bad Brains, and The Stains then you owe it to yourself to get this CD. If, on the other hand, you are one of these snot nosed young hip hop fucks, get this and see what the whole movement was about. You probably won't be able to listen to more than 3 minutes (one song) but this is history. All these people talk about tolerance and all that shit. Well back in the old days, it didn't matter if you had spiked hair, colored hair or no hair. Nobody gave you any crap because we were all huddled together against all those Eagles and Led Zeppelin fans. Buy this and learn how and why we became what we became.



Modulating Morons



I don't know what the popular expression is for flipping stations on the radio, besides short attention spanned, but why is it when ever you pass a religious oriented radio station, the religion in question seems to think that they have all the answers? That they, and they alone, are the "voice of God?" They are the correct ones, the all-knowing and the all-powerful. Christians seem to be the biggest offenders of this. Why, I don't know. Perhaps they have some deep seeded insecurity problems with their religious belief system.

The beauty of this system is that they all buy this hooey - hook, line and sinker. And if you don't believe it, you're fucked. Do not pass Go. Do not collect the \$200.00 they want you to donate so they can buy that new Cadillac. And you can forget about that Get out of Hell free card...

Probably the best example of the Christian hypocrisy are the Christian radio shows. There seems to be more butt-sniffing than in a dog show, on these things. You get all sorts of morons calling up, quoting obscure passages from the bible - which no two people seem to interpret the same. Unless of course, they have been told the "proper" interpretation. You also get these wanna-be Satanists. These jerk-offs are usually the highlight of most of these shows. Bored teenagers trying to put that MTV education to some use before they get that low paying burger flipping job at the local fast food joint. I mean how many pregnant teenage runaway drug addict Satanists with AIDS can you listen to before you want to vomit in to the radio speaker?

The hosts of these shows and the callers seem to be engaging in, what I best heard coined as a "chump slap." Chump Slap is a local SF band, but the idea is that you go to a convention and all these chumps are slapping each other on the back. All the hosts and the callers do is engage in a parroting match, to see who can agree with the other more. It seems to be a symbiotic-parasitic relationship. Then you have those poor wretches that are "saved" on the radio. I mean can't they come up with something a little more con-

vincing than that malarkey? I mean it may play well to the little old ladies with blue hair, but to anyone with half a brain, well I don't buy it. And I'm smarter than the average bear...

The wonderful thing about free thought is that even while I write this, I'm not struck by a bolt of Christian lightning. Religion has it's place in every culture. Just don't try to shove yours down my throat. I'll stick it up your ass.



The saddest thing is, as I write this, there are more and more allegations of child abuse by priests. The latest case is somewhere in the Midwest, while there is another one a little closer to home in San Francisco. There are even allegations that the church knew of molestation cases in San Francisco and did nothing about it, but pay off the people involved. Now some churches are closing because they don't have the money to keep them open. It doesn't take a rocket scientist to put two and two together on this does it? I wonder if the likes of the radio preachers would say that this is the work of Satan, like all of the other child molesters. I doubt it. They'll cast stones, but rarely at their own.

What is about the teachings of the catholic church that has driven priests to abuse children? I personally don't ever remember hearing Christ ever saying go forth and sodomize your flock, do you? Maybe I've haven't been reading the correct bible all these years. Maybe I should pick up Bob Guccione's version of the King James bible. I wonder if Caligula gets an honorable mention in it?

Hey, you didn't expect me to get really preachy, did you? At least not for any length of time. I mean I can't even pass around a tithing plate on the net. Although since you can dial up Pizza Hut now, who knows...



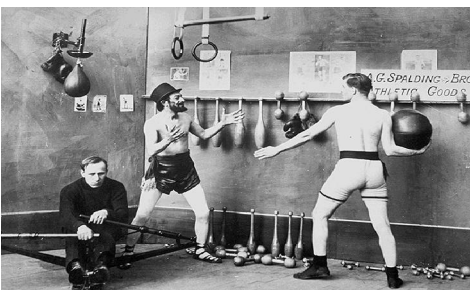
Health Care trading cards



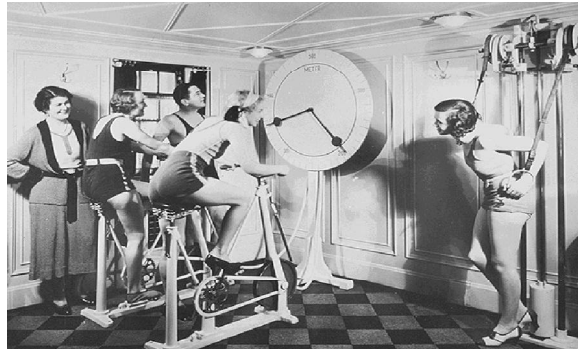
The first lady administers care first hand in a rare public appearance to promote the Clinton Health Bill.



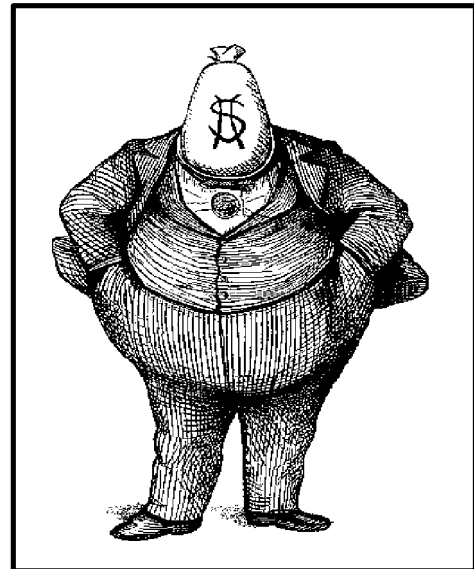
The open air recovery ward at the now defunct Presideo in San Francisco. Due to the high number of patients, this ward needed to be opened.



Due to massive Pentagon budget cuts, new gyms had to be installed. Fintess routines now consist of throwing a medicine ball at each other.



Hillary's personal spa and health instructor. Even Jake couldn't take trying to shape her body.



Lobbyist who helped push the health care legislation through Congress.

Collect them all!

END PAGE

WELL I TRIED TO GET IT OUT OF MY SYSTEM, BUT I GUESS I FELL A BIT SHORT. SO SUE ME. COMRADE BILL WILL GIVE ME AND EVERYONE ELSE WITH A BRAIN PLENTY TO DISSECT AND SKEWER IN THE FUTURE.

UNTIL I DIGIQUATE AGAIN...

