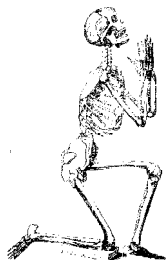


# Zen



PGP Key registered  
with the NSA.

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



# Anarchy

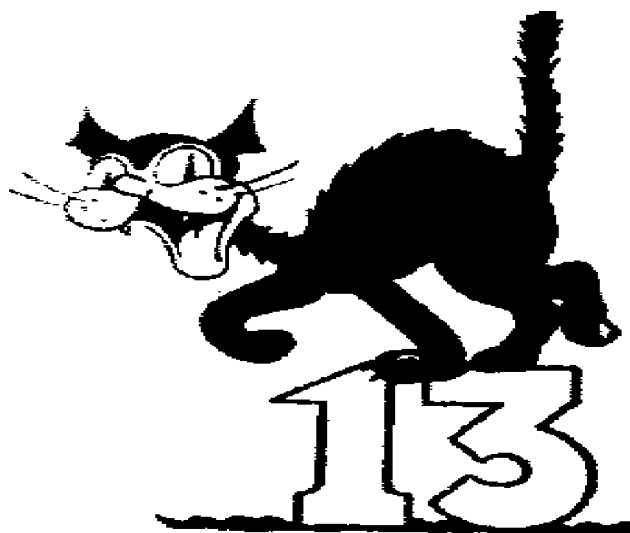
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Say I'm just a dreamer, say I'm just a fool...

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# EDITORIAL

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his brings us to issue 13. "Gott in Himmel," to quote some famous person in a cartoon I saw once upon a time... Who would have ever thought that the three or four people who actually enjoy and read this would be getting this many issues? Probably not the neo-fill in your favorite hate group here (white or otherwise) fuckers who would like to see freedom of expression and freedom of thought brought down to their narrow little field of view. Fuck them. I'm not going anywhere. At least until I decide I want to stop doing this...

I do have the feeling that they are losing the war. That doesn't mean that I am winning it, but any victory is still a victory, right?

\* \* \* \* \*

As we get closer to 1996, we are going to be knee deep in the bullshit that is American politics and the media that cover it. Hopefully by then, the O.J. trial will be over. Maybe, maybe not. Who the hell can tell? The only solace to the whole trial could be the fact that those twelve people may be insulated from Bill "Head in the Clouds, Ratings in the Toilet" Clinton battling Bob "The Hand in my Pocket is the one that Still Functions" Dole, battling Ross "Somebody has Lesbian Pictures of my Daughter" Perot, battling the whole damn media, Ted Turner, MTV, Mamie Van Doren and a cast of thousands. Who says God doesn't have a sense of humor?

Since Jerry Garcia died of heart failure, which apparently had NOTHING to do with the fact that he was a heroin addict, the children of the sixties have to actually get jobs and find out what work is, or rather get back to their jobs. Al Gore is going to have to start being a V.P., Dennis Hopper is going to have to stop resting on his laurels and learn to act - no more riding on the coattails of *Easy Rider*, and Bill and the first witch - oops, I mean lady ( *Sure - Ed.* ) - are going to have to stop burning incense and chanting their mantra

around the bug light. P.J. O'Rourke seems to be the only one to come out of the sixties and actually grow up.

What amazes me the most is the fuss over Jerry Garcia dying. Why the mourning as it was? If Trent Reznor died of a drug overdose, would the city of San Francisco consider renaming another piece of Golden Gate Park in his honor? What about Bob Geldolf, Rick Springfield, Chrissy Hynde, Edie Brickell, Natalie Merchant, or ANY of the Bay City Rollers? Well maybe the last three are throwaways, but the point still stands.

I find it hard to have a lot of sympathy for people with drug problems that don't want help to overcome the habit, die and are memorialized in that fashion. So I'm cold hearted. Oh well. I just have this morbid fear that when Jerry Garcia died, he went to heaven and Saint Peter mistook him for Jesus after eating one too many Big Macs and let him in. Now we'll have prayer sessions and hymnals that go on for hours and hours and hours...

I often think it's a certain gift to be able to scare the living hell out of people just by my attitude. People can't understand how you can be both an optimist and a cynic at the same time. How you can enjoy life and joke so freely about death and your own demise. At least Jesus Christ Had A Sense Of Humor.



# Random



# Thoughts

I was in a Taco Bell the other day, and had to use the restroom. No, not the Tiajuana two-step. Anyway, the urinal I was using had one of those plastic protectors you would expect to find, but the amazing thing was that it had one of those, "Say No to Drugs," messages plastered on it. Now this is obviously some companies idea of social responsibility, but where is one of the first places you are going when you get the marijuana munchies? It surely isn't The Ritz or some other four star restaurant. Wake up Taco Bell. Don't annoy your customers...

I was watching Comedy Central one night and they had a promo for some show called, "Out There in Hollywood," a showcase of gay comedians. Now most comedians stink to begin with, but does being gay automatically make you funny? Personally I don't know how being a fan of Judy Garland and Barbara Streisand makes you funnier, but then I'm not programming Comedy Central either.

Does anybody know where I can buy one of those cartoon saws that saw through floors without a pilot hole?

Given the advancements in digital photography and digital video, if underage youths were to engage in "natural" acts and record the process to digital media, would they be able to be prosecuted as child pornographers?

After hearing a story about welfare fraud and that about 40%+ of food stamps were being traded in for cash, I have come up with a way to end food stamp fraud as we know it. If you took all the food from Diet Center, Jenny Craig, and other such weight loss centers and gave it out in place of food stamps, you would end welfare in about 2½ weeks. Now before you run this up the flagpole, Bill and Hillary, just remember that all of these meals are *healthy and designed to be that way*. They just don't necessarily taste that way...

If God were one of us, to quote Joan Osborne, would he have to wait in line at the DMV? Could he park in a handicapped paring space and not get a ticket? Enquiring minds want to know.

Why is it that all the people who profess to be willing to work for food that reside along the roadsides all look like the only thing they could lift without impunity, day after day, would be at most a single can of Olde English 800?



# In Defence of the Eighties

Quick, if I say the words “*The Eighties*,” what’s the first thing that comes to mind? Well, if you said Reagan/Bush, put this down immediately, stick your head in the toilet, and flush repeatedly until you have to call Roto-Rooter to unplug the toilet.

Face it, two people couldn’t have caused the downfall of an entire world, unless you want to bestow that honor to Bill and Hillary as well...

Anyway, the original impetus for this article was what I originally thought was a great special on MTV called, *It Came From the Eighties*. The first time I saw it, I thought how cool it was that they were doing a sort of where are they now for people who were in the New Wave movement. There were a few references to Quiet Riot and Twisted Sister, but it was still interesting, just the same.

However, the second time I saw it ( *No there wasn’t shit worth watching on TV. Even on cable. It was Sunday.* ) I noticed it seemed to be more of a smear piece on how the music from the eighties was self-serving, more concerned with style (clothing, hair, etc...) rather than substance, and just generally like the Reagan Bush years - the Big is Better theory.

This is the usual MTV propagandist crap that Kurt Loder and Tabitha Soren try to spew. This time it was Chris Connely. I think that I got his name right. Well if I didn’t then I’m using the same kind of journalistic integrity that he used in narrating this piece. It seems that there haven’t been enough movies for Chris to review lately, and since he apparently has some kind of contract with MTV, they had to do something with him rather than let him sit around and pick his ass.

Chris seems to be under the impression that the eighties were some sort of time of capitalist greed. First

off, with out capitalism, we wouldn’t have MTV. Not that it would be all that bad, but then we would never have seen Martha Quinn. Second, the styles produced in the eighties were probably fueled by the fact that video was the medium of the time and relatively in its infancy. Also, you could do what you wanted and it was cool. Everybody accepted you for what you were. Not now, though. If you eat meat ( *without perfume of course* ), wear anything but flannel and keys on your hip, don’t have at least two body parts pierced ( *with at least one showing* ) then you don’t apparently know anything about music and/or style.

Chris apparently never got laid in the eighties. Boy his hand must be tired ( *Not as tired as that joke. Ed.* ) Perhaps this is his way of getting back at the chicks, or guys - I make no pretenses about knowing his sexual preference, who snubbed him for an entire ten years. This guy probably couldn’t land Courtney Love or Madonna. Even with money...

Chris seemed to be upset that the eighties weren’t Afro-centric, rap oriented, politically correct in so far as the music. Apparently he enjoys the boinga-boinga/ gonna beat my honey/to make me some money/ type music that propagates across the airwaves of MTV today.

I’m sorry, rap isn’t music. At best, it’s spoken poetry with stolen pieces of other people’s work. I know that the original artists get the royalties, but it still stinks.



# DICK OF THE MONTH



This month the award goes out to all the self appointed net McCarthyists and one in particular: Lee Blevins at leeb@pipeline.com. This idiot is one of those, "If you don't go along with me, you must be against me," types. Didn't we leave his type back in the days of McCarthy? Anyway, just to give you a taste of his drivel, here is a response I got from him regarding that I was going to sue him for libel if he claimed that I was a pedophile because I questioned exactly what he was doing in publishing a book of e-mail on an apparent troll about pedophilia:

To: <dturner@crl.com>

Subject: Re: Re: Your "book"

Status: RO

On Sat, Jul 1, 1995 09:57:10 PM at David Turner wrote:

>Fine. If it does ever come out in print, you will be hearing from my  
any way linked to being a pedophile. I will be suing

>attorney if I am in  
>you for defamation of character.

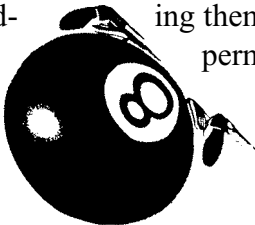
If you are not one then you are a supporter of them. Since pedo's are considered newsworthy their proponents are to. Your're (*sic*) fair game for news reporting and your name can be used. Call your lawyer, we left the old adage of "the greater the truth the greater the libel. . ." in the dust years ago. Have you seen the Star or the Enquirer lately?

Any news reporter can put in print this material and there aint (*sic*) nothin you sick bastar'd can do about it. The same constitution that let's you post your shit protects a free press, remember? Or do you think those protections are just for pedo's?

## Important Notice:

By responding to this message or sending mail to leeb@pipeline.com or responding to any message from the same you agree to let the material be published and you are authorizing the recipient to use that material in total or in part at his or her discretion.

You com- pletely understand that the messages sent to this address are being collected for publication and by send- ing them you are releasing them for the use by the recipient without requiring any further permission from you.



And they worry about people like Kevin Mitnik...



# Shopping with Women

## Perilous Pleasure or Perpetual Purgatory?



I had the misfortune of going shopping with my wife on a Friday night after work. My first thought was, "OK, I'll dump her off in Nordstroms and I'll go cruise the mall for something better to do." Wrong!

The first thing she "needs" is shoes. Anyone who sells women's shoes for a living must have the patience of a saint. I mean can you imagine bringing out 700 of anything for somebody to try and end up taking one or two? I've decided that the only reason women want men to actually go shopping with them is so they don't have to carry the packages themselves. I mean we've all seen the cartoons of the man with a bazillion packages and the wife screaming for him to hurry up...

Well, I now know that the ladies shoe department is one of the greatest sources of humor that a man can seek refuge in when stuck shopping with the wife. I'm sitting there trying to figure out ANY excuse to leave when this broad (*and yes, the way she was dressed, she deserves the title*), wearing a skirt that barely covered her ass comes around the department looking at shoes. Now at this point every male shoe salesman started looking like a Tex Avery wolf. Jaws were hitting the floor, eyes were popping out, and there was a lot of elbow nudging going on. Anyway, after parading around the department for about five minutes, she decides on something and wants to try it on.

Now, I would assume that if you wear clothing that is risqué, then you don't mind showing off your body. Well, this dumb bitch sits down and proceeds to try, and I do mean try, to pull her skirt down to cover what panties she may or may not have been wearing. OK, she probably was wearing some. I probably read too many penthouse letters as a kid. Well, for the next ten minutes, while she was trying on shoes, she had her legs clamped together in a position that would have made an chastity belt proud. Now I beg of you, dear

reader, if you didn't want to be an exhibitionist, then why would you wear something along those lines in public to begin with?

Unfortunately, I left before the floor show was over, but it did help to pass the time...

Sometime later, upon our return to Nordstroms, the wife wants to "go look" in the women's clothing and "will only be a second." Don't you believe it. Luckily Nordstroms has chairs for the poor unfortunate beasts of burden to sit in while they have the thumb screws applied. Well after about twenty five minutes of this, I'm trying to figure out:

a) Exactly how much time I will serve if I pull out an Uzi and start shooting

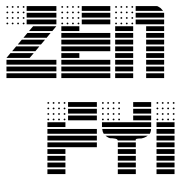
or

b) Where and how I can find razor blades in the store to slit my wrists

You see, the thing is, they never want you to leave when they are "looking." That's female code for *I want to punish you for something you may have done that I don't know about.*

Well to make a long story short, we started at 5:30 at the mall and finally got out about 8:45. However, I'm off to the hardware store and I intend to do the same thing to her as she does to me. It's amazing how long you can look at screws and try to determine which ones are the exact match that you need to finish up the project you are working on. Maybe after that we'll got to the computer store. That's another favorite of hers...





*(Another tidbit I found on the net. In today's world of knock and shoot federal procedures, It's best to be armed with as much knowledge as possible. I know this isn't my work, but it's interesting reading none the less... Ed.)*

Title: "I do not consent to a search; Am I free to go?; I want a lawyer."

By: B. Wyze

Dedicated to the memory of Paul Reynolds, one of San Diego's inspired leaders in the pro-hemp movement, cut down in his prime by a sheriff deputy's bullet.

Disclaimer: I'm not a lawyer; I'm one of you. What I write here is the best information that I've gleaned so far, and I'm prepared to use it myself. These are my best suggestions, and do not constitute legal advice. In situations where there's a question between what's legal and what's safe, my bias is to stick with what's safe. Check out this article with your lawyer or a good second-year law student or better, and then mass copy it for all of your friends! Let us know what you find out, what your experiences are, and your ideas, so we can keep this up-to-date and make it even better.

This is your front line of defense in the War on Drug Users.

What it is: Cops love to play word games, and they're good at it. They're also good at taking control and being the boss, or coming on like they're your parents or something. They know that you have rights, but they're betting that you don't know what they are. Watch your ass! Many people get busted by falling into their traps, or by not realizing that the cop is trying to get you to give up your rights ... so don't let them get away with it! One lawyer said that 99% of the people in jail talked themselves into it.

Some of their cute little tricks: "May we search you? No. Why, got something to hide?", or "Look, can I go? Not yet. Why, am I under arrest? Would you like

to be?" Rather than keeping this sort of bullshit going, or trying to outwit them, it's just better not to play that kind of game. Keep in mind that if you lie to a cop and they can prove it later, that's one more thing you can be charged with ... so don't tell them anything one way or another! (One lawyer did say "Admit nothing, deny everything, and demand a lawyer", so maybe you can lie to a cop since you're not under oath, but it seems more prudent just to keep quiet.) Sometimes they'll threaten "Look, we can go get a warrant anytime, so you'd better let us in", but what that really means is "We tried everything, but couldn't get one. Please let us in so we can bust you." Well ... just say "No." Tell them to go get that warrant. Sometimes they'll say "A friend of yours ratted you out and told us everything. You know the guy, (insert name here)." This is a fishhook ... don't bite! And don't believe them! They're probably trying to get you to "retaliate" and to spill the beans about your friend ... who will be next on their pickup list because of what you just said.

General advice: Remain calm. Don't offer physical resistance. Be polite if you say anything. Don't cuss at or mouth off to a cop ... fighting words are not protected speech, and the cop might have grounds for assault charges against you (or at least will make life a little rougher for you). And, never consent to a search of any kind.

Best case scenario: They detain you for a non-drug reason, such as a broken car light, a traffic violation, stereo too loud, etc. It's best to play along as "the good citizen" and to be courteous. If you totally get into their game and promise to take care of it, at most they'll write you a ticket, admonish you, and then let you go. Take the lumps! Express remorse! It works. If they go too far (like trying to search you or your property), then dig in your heels and exercise your rights.

Read on.

Your rights: You have the right to refuse to let them into your home if they don't have a warrant (4th Amendment). You can refuse to consent to a search (4th Amendment), but you can't physically stop them. You can remain silent (5th Amendment), although it is often advisable to give them your name, address, and age. You have the right to have your attorney with you while they question you (5th Amendment, I think). You have the right not to sign anything they give you,

except for a ticket. Do not make a statement!

Their "rights": They can briefly do a pat-down search on the outside of your clothing and check-out suspicious lumps that feel hard and bulky ... they want to make sure that you don't have a concealed weapon (but you should say "I don't consent to being searched" anyway to cover yourself, and you shouldn't carry anything incriminating in that same pocket!). They can and will ask you everything under the sun (freedom of speech you know). If you blow it by: answering their questions, letting them into your house, or consenting to a search, then they gotcha cold ... so don't do it! They don't have to read you your rights if you're not under arrest, so you'd better know what they are.

They can briefly detain you for various purposes, but they can't hold you unless you're under arrest (If you ask "Am I free to go?", and they say no, ask "Why not?" or "What is the law that allows you to hold me?" or "I'm not under arrest, yet you've said I can't leave ... please clarify my legal status at this time."). If you try to physically resist them or to run away from them, then they have the right to use force against you ... even if you're clean and have done nothing wrong! So ... keep calm and be cool, they've got the deck stacked in their favor and they know it.



**Reasonable Suspicion:** Allows them to look briefly, but not to search.

**Probable Cause:** Having some kind of evidence against you, such as: a certain smell, an anonymous phone call about you, or seeing a joint lying on your living room table. Refusal to allow a search is not probable cause ... if it were, then they could search you no matter what answer you give, which is totally against the US Constitution (4th Amendment).

**At home:** If they knock on your door to "ask you a few questions", then either talk through the closed door or quickly step outside and lock your door

behind you. This serves two purposes: One, do not give them an opportunity to look inside ... if they see something, that's probable cause. Two, if they want to conduct an illegal search, then they'll have to break down your door to do so. Then you can use the broken pieces as evidence against them, whereas if there are no broken pieces, then they will claim that you let them in voluntarily. If they drag on their "question" thing too long, keep asking "Am I free to go?" until they give you a definite answer. If they have a warrant, then tell them they can't start their search until your lawyer arrives to witness it, and then get that lawyer over real quick! During the search, have everyone sit together and instruct them to say absolutely nothing.

If the cops ask you to do something, then you may politely tell them "Unless you are ordering me to do that at this time, I refuse. Are you ordering me to do that?" If they say yes, then you can ask "What law says that you can order me to do that?" If they can't answer, then don't do it. If they try to force you at that point, do not resist, and state "I'm not doing this voluntarily, but under protest and duress." Remember your witnesses.

**On the road:** You don't have much left in the way of rights when you're on the road. In my opinion, the best you can do is to keep things on the level of an average citizen stopped for a minor traffic violation. It's pretty easy to do this, and all it takes is a little forethought.

First of all, keep your license, registration, and proof of insurance in an easily accessible place, such as attached to your sun visor. The less time it takes for you to get these, the less time the officer has to look through your windows while waiting. If you get pulled over, stay in the car, turn on the cab light if it's dark, roll down your window, keep your hands relaxed on the wheel (10-2 position) so the officer can see them, sit still, relax and wait for the officer to come to you. (sudden moves, ducking down, looking nervous, or appearing to be searching for something under your seat is just asking for trouble ... so, just sit up naturally, be still, and put the officer at ease).

The point of all this is to demonstrate to the officer that you're an average ordinary citizen ready to be admonished for some small infraction, and that you're hoping for a warning rather than a citation, so be a little meek and humble. The idea is to get the cop to



like you and to trust you, and maybe you won't even get a ticket! When interacting with the cop, be courteous and listen attentively. Be at ease, and talk to the person behind the badge.

The cop has the right to look in your car from the outside, so it's good practice to keep any questionable items put away while you're driving (i.e., don't keep a half-smoked joint sitting in an open ashtray!).

The warrant doesn't specify what they're doing right now, then say so and insist that they stop (but don't try to physically stop them!). If they do not have a warrant, then tell them that they must leave. If they don't, then call the State Police and FBI, and report an incident of trespass by the local police and ask them to come and remove them. Get your lawyer there as quickly as possible, if you can, and remember that the more witnesses you have, the better ... there's always your neighbors! If the cops arrest you, then they must give you a receipt for everything they confiscate (wallet, clothing, packages, etc.), so I would think that they must also give you one for whatever they take during the search.



If they arrest you: Ask "Why am I under arrest?". They have to tell you. After they book you, demand your two phone calls, at your expense: first to an attorney, relative or employer, and second to a bail bondsman. If you can't afford a lawyer, then demand that they provide you with one at no expense. Do not let your lawyer enter a plea of "not guilty" before the arraignment (the first trip to court where you will be formally charged, which by law has to occur within 48 hours of your arrest, barring holidays and Sundays), because that would automatically lock you into criminal proceedings, which is where your dear lawyer will try to make his/her money. You should try like hell to get your case dismissed before that arraignment! Your lawyer knows what to do, and if s/he won't do it, then get one who will. If you can't get it dismissed, then

enter your "not guilty" plea at the arraignment and insist on a jury trial, which will be expensive and difficult for the DA. Do not let your lawyer waive the speedy trial time limits! (Which s/he might try to do so they can charge you more money for "preparation", etc.) You don't want the prosecution to have all the time in the world to build their case against you!

If you are adamant about all that, and if their case isn't strong, then they might actually drop it! What the hell, it's worth a shot! If your case does go to trial, then try like hell to get that jury informed about their inherent right to judge the law itself, and to nullify it by letting you go, if they think it's not fair or is totally ridiculous (like forcing you to go to prison for a year for having 1.5 ounces of pot, or some equally obnoxious law).

Drills: Knowing what to say and do is great, but it's even better if you get together with your friends and practice on each other, preferably in at least two frames of mind. That way, if you're one on one with a cop, you'll be ready to handle the situation.

#### *Additional materials:*

"If You Are Arrested" wallet-sized card (ACLU, 633 South Shatto Place, L.A., CA 90005);

"Officer, Please Understand ..." wallet-sized card (People Against Police Brutality, 1380 Garnet Ave., Suite E-98, San Diego CA 92109, 271-9391 or 281-1066);

Fully Informed Jury Association (local rep: Jim Lorenz, San Diego, CA, 282-4778). "The Speeder's Guide to Avoiding Tickets" (book, I don't know where to get it).

#### How you can help fight:

Register to vote (preferably in a sympathetic group such as the Libertarian Party, which supports the legalization of drugs), for then you become eligible to serve on a jury and to use your right of nullification to free a brother or sister. Join NORML and get wise! Copy this pamphlet, give it to your friends, and help spread this, our only means of defense. And, most of all, be a good and conscientious person ... nothing is more devastating to the "War on Druggie" types than to show the world that these assholes are persecuting some of the best people. Make 'em think.

Anyone who ever went to church, or the movies for that matter, probably knows of the seven deadly sins. Also, anyone who has ever spent time on the net knows that these need to be updated to reflect the digital age, not just the biblical age. Besides, isn't net surfing a religion, too?

## The seven deadly cyber sins

**Envy** - Realizing that you are stuck on AOL because Mommy and Daddy won't get you REAL internet access.

**Gluttony** - Spending all day surfing the net because you don't really want to do your work.

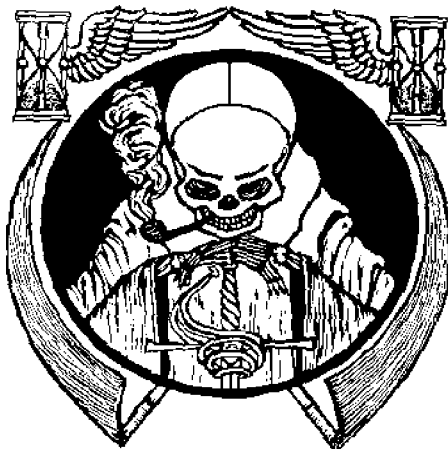
**Greed** - Hoarding information, that can't be easily found, when asked politely. Not applicable if it's in the FAQ, though.

**Lust** - Alt.binaries.pictureserotica.\* 'Nuff said.

**Pride** - Pointing out for the umpteenth time that you know how to do whatever is in question.

**Sloth** - Posting a "Me too" response rather than an e-mail follow-up to one poster's request for a particular program, text file, or digital image.

**Wrath** - Unrelenting flaming of AOL morons. Use your killfile.



# Warning Signs of Alcoholism

*As a public service, I'm pleased to present something I ripped off the Senior Citizen's page of the local newspaper. Even they can't take total credit for it, Scripps Howard News Service holds the by-line. As always, hang on for the ride...*

There are a number of signs that may ( *or may not - ed.* ) indicate an older adult ( *anyone older than you - ed.* ) is suffering from alcoholism. Among them:

Is he or she usually alone with few visitors? *Now if you are alone, don't you automatically, just by definition alone, have few visitors?*

Have there been any unusual incidents or accidents? *Do they have pets? That could explain that "Accident."* *As far as incidents, anyone voting Democratic probably is drunk at the time anyway...*

Are there signs of depression? *Did the person vote for Clinton? Kennedy?*

Is there unexplained memory loss? *Or do they drink to forget just like the rest of us?*

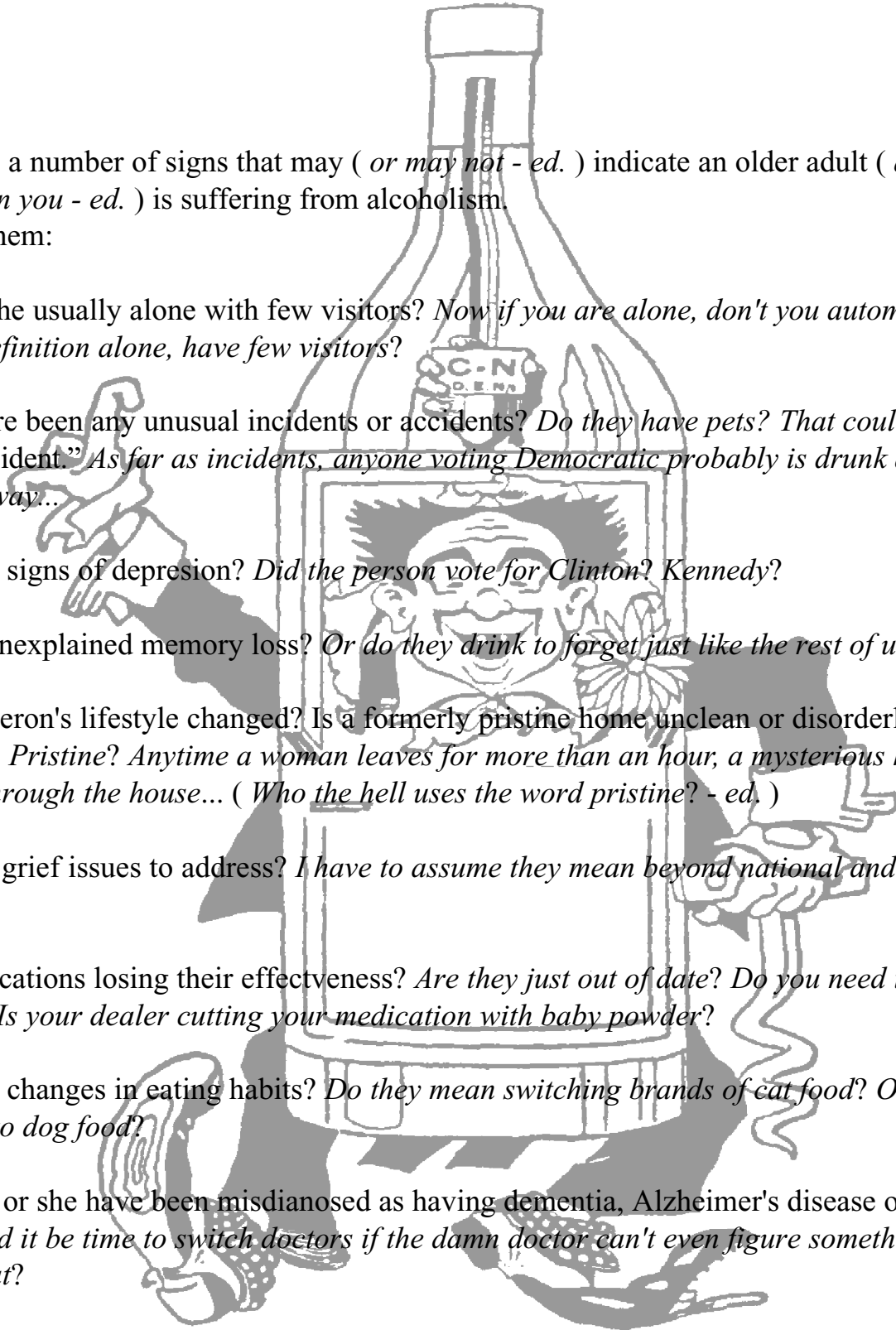
Has the person's lifestyle changed? Is a formerly pristine home unclean or disorderly, for example? *Pristine? Anytime a woman leaves for more than an hour, a mysterious hurricane sweeps through the house... ( Who the hell uses the word pristine? - ed. )*

Are there grief issues to address? *I have to assume they mean beyond national and local politics...*

Are medications losing their effectiveness? *Are they just out of date? Do you need to change dealers? Is your dealer cutting your medication with baby powder?*

Are there changes in eating habits? *Do they mean switching brands of cat food? Or from cat food to dog food?*

Could he or she have been misdiagnosed as having dementia, Alzheimer's disease or senility? *Could it be time to switch doctors if the damn doctor can't even figure something this simple out?*



# END PAGE

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*I don't know who wrote this, I just found it in a .sig file on the net. It sort of struck me as a very kind of Zen statement. Enjoy...*

A man with one watch knows the time.

A man with two watches is never sure.

A man with three watches is a fool.

A man with four watches is a thief.

A man with five watches is from Switzerland.

A man with six watches is NOT gonna make it through the metal detector at the airport the first time.

A man with seven watches should REALLY consider having a yard sale.

A man with eight watches needs a hobby.

A man with nine watches will always be late.

A man with ten watches is a fence.

