

E.I.P.
ZINE OF THE POSSIBLE



E.I.P. JOURNAL

E-ZINE OF THE POSSIBLE



E.I.P. JOURNAL

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AND EVERYTHING IN BETWEEN

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E.I.P. -
WHERE DO YOU
WANT TO GO TODAY?

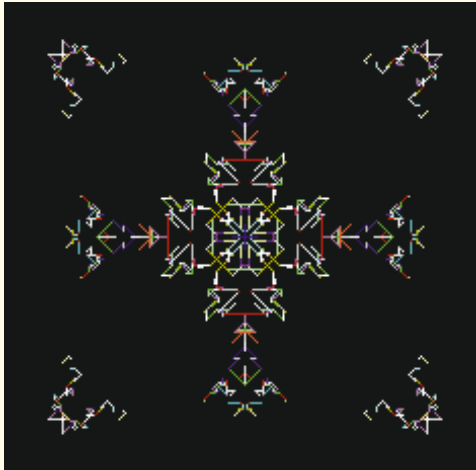


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STATEMENT OF INTENT

E.I.P Journal intends to create an atmosphere conducive to the discussion and expression of ideas of a political, philosophical, literary, and meta-physical / spiritual nature.

This is probably far from conclusive, but we must start somewhere.



STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES



This is important. I mean one must have a philosophy. So be it. I am baffled and often annoyed by the world as I perceive it. I am a child of the sixties (or was it the seventies?) and it seems to me...

That in true Zen fashion, if you attack something, you support it. Or rather, you will no doubt cause it to run for cover (or attack you).

Better to shine a light upon it, after cutting off it's retreat if possible. Then just let it stand there, in the light, for all to see and judge.

And that should be enough.

THE ADVENTURES OF VIRTUAL BOB

(THE FIRST ALMOST COMPLETELY CYBERNETIC COWBOY)



CHAPTER ONE:

BILL'S VISIT TO RENO

That's rat, folks. I said Bill. Ya see, Bill is Bob's "normal" brother, and Bill had to drive a small herd of cows up into Reno just a week or two before the onset of a mighty hard winter. And yep, he made it on in all rat, but then got completely snowed in. So before Bill knew it, he was stuck in Reno with five hundred dollars and no cows. Now what I ask ye, is a rowdy cowpoke gonna do in a town full of booze, gamblers and hookers, with only five hundred dollars in his pocket? Catch the clap, lose his money, and get shot, right?

Well folks, fortunately for Bill, his first move was to wire his somewhat more practical brother in Denver, and tell him the news. This was wise for several reasons, the primary one being that most of the cows were Bob's. And Bob knew his brother Bill well enough so that when he received the message, he hopped the first stage to Reno.

Now a stage ride to Reno in those days was no laughing matter, even in Summer. But Bob knew it had to be done, if he expected to get his money and his brother back in one piece. Old Bill was a loose cannon, alright, like an old dog that worked hard but needed lookin after. So Bob headed out for Reno, as December chased November across the Wyoming border.

The stage fought it's way across the great divide, stopping frequently to shovel snow off the trail. Bob had only one fellow passenger, except she weren't no feller. Rosy O' Hallihan would

have been a hooker herself, had she not been so lucky at five card draw. I suppose both professions have their good points, but gamblin's certainly considered more dignified, at least by those who take the trouble to give a fuck!

Rosy had on a twenty dollar hat she saved for travlin', with genuine peacock feathers. Now Bob had done his share of gamblin', but neither one of 'em wanted to play, what with the roughness of the ride and all. At times, Bob looked out the window at a sheer drop of several thousand feet! So they talked a bit, and breathed a little easier when the stage finally started headin' down instead of up.

Well folks, it took a long week just to get outa' the Rockies, but finally the stage pulled across into Utah. Now it'd take a shorter week before they'd see the moon-like landscape of Nevada, and then well into the third before they'd catch sight of Reno. Weren't no choice fer Bob, 'tho, not if he wanted any of his money.

In fact, by the time Bob and Miss Rosy reached the Nevada line, Bill had managed to almost accomplish two outa three of his possible fuck-ups. He had spent two hundred bucks, gottin' awful drunk several times, spent a week in the clink, and indeed caught the clap, ('tho he didn't know it yet). On a bright, cold December morn, he was at it agin', startin' the day with a bottle of Mr. Daniels, prowlin' about lookin' fer a poker game. His plan was to win back Bob's money, 'specially since he knew Bob was only a

few days away.

Now Bob was a pleasant enough fellow, but he had a hell of a temper, and Bill had caught it more than once, so he was quite motivated to get that money back pronto. Problem was, it took 'til afternoon before anybody else was into playin' poker, and by then Bill was pretty stewed. A man of good intentions, and no sense! There were five men at the table, including Bill, none of 'em beginners, neither. The cards flew around the table, smoke drifted upwards, and Bill lost another hundred. He was good and drunk, now, and mighty peeved, as the dealer popped him three aces, a jack and a red queen. Bill tried a drunken attempt at a good poker face, as he called for one card. He threw down the jack, choosin' to try lady luck instead. His heart was thumpin' like a Indian tom-tom as he turned the sucker over, and there, in his now sweaty hand, was a fuckin' one-eyed jack!

Well, nobody else knew that, or at least that was Bill's logic. There was still the great American bluff, as he called it. Soon enough Bill had practically the entire wad of brother Bob's money ridin' on three of a kind, while he tried to look smug as he could. He was actually scared shitless, and when the fellow across from him turned over, card by tortuous card, a straight flush, Bill just about peed his pants. He sat there in shock, watchin' the guy corralin' in his money, when suddenly Bill noticed somethin'. To put it simply, that Jack of Hearts he had so foolishly tossed aside was now peepin' outa the winnin' hand, laid out in a straight line across from him.

"Jest - one - little - minute," says Bill, and he slowly leans over and looks through the pile of discards.

"What's yer problem, friend?" asks the winner.

"Jest this little item here, 'friend'," says Bill, and he's pointin' at a card he just turned over: The Jack of Hearts! Or we should say, another Jack of Hearts.

Back on the stage, ol' Bob and Miss Hallihan were gettin' a might friendlier than either one of 'em realised. Two and a half weeks settin' across from each other was a fair piece of time to get acquainted. Yep, they both knew they'd probably be havin' a drink together in Reno. At

that moment, there was two things Bob definitely did not know: that his brother had accomplished his third fuck-up, and that Miss Rosy was to play an unexpected part in settin' things right again, or at least almost right.

In fact, Bill had succeeded not only in gettin' shot, but he was back in the clink again, this due to the fact that he had severely wounded the card-cheetin' polecat named "Slick Willy Turner", who was laid up down at Doc Spenser's office with a slug recently removed from his fat stomach. Bill's wound was minor, Willy bein' a better poker player than he was a good shot. So his little silver derringer popped a wild slug into Bill's left arm, merely a flesh wound. Bill stood up and plugged him good, woulda' shot him a few more times too, but somebody grabbed his gun 'for he could squeeze off any more shots. So now it was Bill's word agin' Willy's, and Willy had some friends at that table.

The sheriff, in fact, was rather impartial. He didn't like either one of them, so he locked up the one that could walk. Sort it out later, was his plan. And the money, well that went in a metal box locked in the sheriff's desk. Sort that out later, too.

This was pretty much the situation a few days later, when the stage approached Reno. It was snowin', and the horses were fed up with the whole mess, as were the tired and sore passengers. Reno weren't a big town then like it is today, but it was heaven on earth to anybody crossin' the Rockies in winter. So Bob and the Missy were mighty pleased to see it, or would have been, if they coulda' seen anything!

Bill woke up in the cold dirty cell he now called home, and was greeted by sharp pains in his arm. Gunshot wounds, even little ones, were a lot more uncomfortable than people today might think. And they kept hurtin' for quite a time, sometimes forever, which may be one of the reasons why cowboys were so damned mean.



"Mornin' Sheriff," says Bill, standin' at the cell door, "What's fer breakfast?"

"Beans... any objection?"

"None you'd care to hear," says Bill, "How's that polecat, card-cheat doin', that Slippery Willy or whatever his name was?"

"Is," says the Sheriff, "and lucky fer you it's not in the past tense. He's pullin' through OK, just moans a lot."

"Suckered be dead if some fool hadn'ta grabbed me," says one unrepentant Bill.

"Yeah, and you'd be facin' the hangman"

This conversation wasn't about to climb any higher, so let's look in on Rosy and Bob, who jest got off the stage, and hobbled over to the saloon. The stage driver had run outa whiskey somewhere outside Elko, and he'd be joinin' 'em soon enough.

Into the smoky dim-lit bar walks Rosy and our hero. She takes a commanding look around and leads Bob over to a round table in the corner. Pretty soon they're both sippin' some of Kentucky's finest, out of glasses mind you.

Rosy took out a deck of fine cards from New Orleans, and she and Bob went to playin' a little poker, for fun mostly, buck or two a hand jest to make it interesting. This was the best possible way to get information and meet the locals, since any poker game draws people like flies, especially when a fine lookin' lady was dealin' the cards. Within the hour, the table filled up, and Bob knew all there was to learn about the exploits and whereabouts of his no-account brother Bill.

Well, friends, Bob talked to the Sheriff, to his brother, and to anybody that had seen anything or heard anything. It didn't look good. The territorial Judge was already on his way over, the weather notwithstanding, and nobody was comin' forward to back up brother Bill. Bob knew Bill wasn't lyin', he was braggin' too much about it, but this wasn't Denver. So, Bob spent a few days tryin to sort it out and find even one witness in Bill,s favour. Rosy got settled into the local hotel, and started wormin' her way into the more lucrative card games. A fair dealin' poker-playin' female was welcome at any table of men, long before the days of "Women's Liberation". In fact, I imagine Rosy would see her "Liberation" as a royal flush with a full pot.

The judge finally got in, and the trial was

quick and the dice were loaded, as all expected. Slick Willy was up and about, but he looked like hell, and the jury took his side, 'tho everyone in the room knew damned well he was a crook, and more than one person had either been sittin' at the table witnessin' the event, or standin' near enough to know who cheated who. Judge sentenced poor Willy to two years hard labor, and that would a been the end of it, were it not fer a little twist of fate.

Three days later, Bob was still in town tryin' to figure out whether to try to bust Bill out, or write his brother and his money and his cows off. The night was movin' in, cold and clear. Bob could see a few stars as he crossed over to the saloon. He noticed Rosy was already in a game, at the corner table. Bob sat nearby so he could watch without actually playin', and Rosy was doin' well, as usual.

Well, about eight or so, that little twist of fate, in the form of one Slick William Turner, walks right in the door. He still looks rather pekid, but nevertheless pulls up a chair and begs permission into the game. Rosy and Bob both exchange dirty looks, to each other as well as to Willy, but bein' in the minority, with a recently exhonerated individual wantin' into the game, they must either leave or suffer him to play.

The game grew hot about ten, with a pot piled high and all but three persons out. Those three were Willy, Rosy, and a rich miner named Sam Peterson. They were playin a game which would one day be called "baseball", but was known in those parts then simply as "open poker". Three cards showin' and two hid, and thus Bob could see the fun beginning. The miner had three Queens up, and was pullin his last card. Willy had a possible straight flush, (which seemed to be a popular hand with him), and Rosy had two aces and a King.

Now Bob could see Rosy's hand, so he knew she had only two pair when all was said and done. The only other hand he had seen was a fellow next to her, who had dropped out with a fist full of nuthin'. Rosy played it real cool, 'tho, and bluffed enough to scare the miner out of the action, bettin' another hundred she could ill afford. Now it was her and old Slick, squared off across the table. The pot had grown to over five hundred smackers, and a crowd had gathered at a respectable distance.

The Sheriff even strolled in, and made a snide remark at Willy's bein' at it again already.

Well folks, both Bob and Rosy knew her end of the story, and they knew that either Willy had the cards, or wouldn't be bluffed. Either way, he could win. Rosy was outa cash, and Bob wasn't gonna back her up with two pair against a possible straight flush, not for much anyway. As it turned out, however, Willy just called her, which forced Rosy to show her pathetic hand. Willy laughed as he turned over what was indeed a straight flush, runnin' from six to Jack, suit of hearts.

Lord, lord, history repeats herself. As Willy started reelin' in his monstrous takings, he hears a familiar phrase: "Jest - one - minute - friend". It was Bob talkin'. He was holdin' up a card he had picked from the ones discarded by the man next to Rosy. It was the Jack of Hearts.

THE SPEW PAGE

“... and that no man may buy or sell, save he that hath the mark, or the name of the beast, or the number of his name.”

Drug testing - the most widely accepted, and the most insidious attack upon the U.S. Constitution in my lifetime. Accepted practice now at possibly half the large companies in the country, including most major newspapers. Not with due cause, but at random. Presumed guilt, and if one refuses, one must move on to another job, or another health care provider. The very act of refusal is an indication of guilt. The fact that some of the largest labor unions oppose this atrocity is handled by the media with about the same enthusiasm as the coverage of East Timor.

So the brave knight of civil liberties stands his lonely ground against the rising tides of intolerance, fighting the impulse to feel foolish, and bending a little beneath the strange weariness that comes with fighting such lonely battles. Always the monotonous voice cries: “Give in, it’s so much easier. Take the money and run.” And hide.

So we have the installation of social “filters”. So many of the great writers, artists, philosophers, even politicians of all ages were hopelessly addicted to life, and the strange narcotics that made life so expansive and fascinating. The Earth abounds in these marvelous



substances; even the animal kingdom is wise enough to seek them out. But we, in our lust for order and decency, and uniformity, have decided that no persons shall pass through these modern walls unless they leave their diversity and uniqueness at the gate.

Above all else, I think these sorry-assed, spiritually-anemic overgrown baby boomers have become jealous of the same freedom they once cherished, and now they would stomp it from the fields of their ignorant myopic vision. Unfortunately, these new conservatives are as dangerous as they are treacherous, for they know the ways of the free, and one cannot hide from them easily. Our President is an exquisite example of this.

But... 'tho it is so fun to bitch, I know that indeed Freedom was never an easy affair, to bear the second-hand smoke of one's neighbor, to allow those with courage to find there own limits, even if it sometimes endangers themselves or their fellows. Like the Grizzly and the Wolf, freedom is dangerous, but sorely missed when it ceases to roam the wild hills.

Above all, I have come to realize how astonishingly easy it is to give up liberties, and how ,as with a Python's embrace, one seldom gets them back, and the breath becomes more shallow with each cowardly act.



DRINK PEPSI -

GET STUFFED

graffitti page:

(billboards we'd like to see)

Thanks for all the ideas

THE SUPERBOWL
WAS
!
FIXED

This ain't no village, Hillary!

**WELCOME
TO THE
NINETIES**

CLIPPINGS WITH(OUT) COMMENT

Senate OKs kid-crime bill

Critics say tougher measure on violent juvenile criminals is 'giving up' on children

By John Sanko

Rocky Mountain News Capitol Bureau

A bill cracking down on violent young criminals — pushing some as young as 12 into adult prison — passed the Senate Monday.

Some senators warned it amounted to "giving up" on children.

Sen. Charles Duke, R-Monument, told colleagues he had grown up in an abusive setting.

"Most of these kids are rebelling against society," Duke said, criticizing the bill. "You aren't going to fix the kinds of problems these kids are facing by threatening them."

"Every year we come down here and get tougher on juvenile delinquents, but we're not getting any smarter," said Rep. Doug Linkhart, D-Denver.

Sen. Tilman Bishop, R-Grand Junction, argued in favor of the bill, noting children targeted by the code were not sitting around reading "See Spot run."

"They're more sophisticated, they're

more aware than they've ever been in the history of mankind," Bishop said. "For us to think we're just going to paddle their hand and let them go is wrong."

"This is not a bill that probably anybody is going to feel all that good about," admitted Sen. Dottie Wham, R-Denver, its sponsor. "But just remember, there are victims in murder, there are victims in rape, whether they are committed by someone over 18 or someone under 18."

Sen. Gloria Tanner, D-Denver, urged lawmakers to put money into prevention rather than punishment. She said that since 1990, there have been only five to seven cases where 12- and 13-year-olds would have fallen into the adult punishment category.

The bill, approved 20-15 Monday, would allow officials to charge children as young as 10 with being violent juvenile offenders. It also could force 12 and 13-year-olds into adult court for murder and other violent crimes.

The state now limits violent juvenile offender crimes to 13-year-olds and sets a 14-year-old limit for charging children in adult court.

The bill — one of two major measures revising the Colorado Children's Code — must return to the House for Senate amendments before going to the governor.

Adkins' bill would allow children as young as 10 to be transferred to adult court in capital cases. Under current law, children must be at least 12 years old to be tried as adults for first-degree murder.

The bill, which contains dozens of other changes, also would extend to five years from two years the maximum sentence in a juvenile lockup.



1996
LEGISLATURE
WE'RE AHEAD

Many should be offended by crude display at cafe

It was reassuring to read that Jacor, the management and employees of KBPI apologized for the distasteful incident at a Denver mosque. I would hope the Mercury Cafe will follow suit and apologize for an equally offensive activity that took place at their restaurant on March 27.

It was reported in Bill Husted's column that "in honor of Easter, a man dressed in a bunny outfit handed out wooden crosses, nails, hammers and fuzzy stuffed animals to the crowd. Then, at the bunny's urging, the people crucified the stuffed animals."

This appears to be a sick attempt at humor and shows a total lack of respect for all Christians.

Bernadette Teska
Denver

White House cool toward gas tax repeal

By Jim Abrams
Associated Press

WASHINGTON — Administration officials showed little enthusiasm Sunday for a proposal to repeal a 1993 gas tax that Republicans plan to bring before Congress this week.

"I think it is going to be very hard for them to find the \$30 billion to \$35 billion" over seven years needed to offset the revenue loss from repealing the tax, National Economic Council head Laura D'Andrea Tyson said on NBC's

Meet the Press.

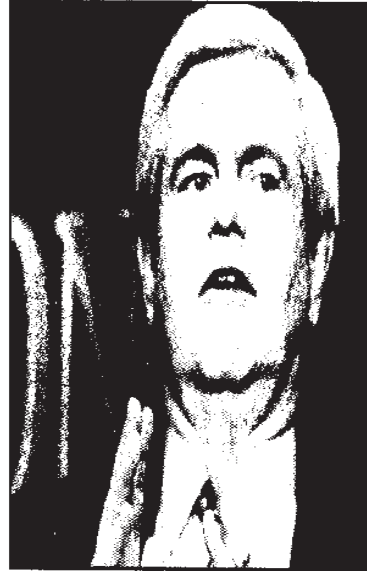
Just as Democrats have won political points by highlighting Republican opposition to a minimum wage rise, Republicans are now striving to link the 4.3¢ tax increase, enacted as part of President Clinton's 1993 deficit reduction package, to the recent rise in gas prices nationwide.

"We have a psychological opportunity to repeal it right now," House Speaker Newt Gingrich said on CBS' *Face the Nation*.

He said the House Ways and Means Committee would meet

Tuesday to consider how to pay for the tax repeal. Senate Majority Leader Bob Dole, who has made the gas tax a focus of his incipient presidential campaign against Clinton, said he would introduce a bill in the Senate on Tuesday.

"Sen. Dole's proposal to repeal the gas tax increase has been generally pretty popular. I think it will pass by big margin," Gingrich said. "The president will have a chance to sign it into law before Memorial Day so that Americans who drive over Memorial Day will pay slightly less for gasoline."



"We have a psychological opportunity to repeal it right now."

◀ House Speaker Newt Gingrich on CBS' *Face the Nation* //

Shell admits arms trafficking

LONDON — Shell, the multinational oil giant, has admitted importing weapons into Nigeria to help arm the police.

Although the company says the arms are to help protect its oil installations, activists accuse the company of patting guns into the hands of death squads who have been brutally suppressing the Ogoni people.

Rocky Mountain News wire services

Webb failed to disclose trip, tickets

By Kevin Flynn

Rocky Mountain News Staff Writer

Mayor Wellington Webb failed to mention a trip to Ethiopia or free Broncos tickets on the financial disclosure forms he filed two weeks ago.

The disclosures, due each Aug. 1 from Denver's elected officials and cabinet officers, must contain the source of all gifts worth more than \$100.

The free tickets from the Denver Broncos should be listed as gifts, even though the mayor and some other elected officials give them away, assistant city attorney George Cerrone said.

The mayor's office doles out his tickets to community groups or dignitaries.

Webb also failed to list an eight-day trip to Ethiopia in November.

He and his wife, Wilma, were part of a contingent organized by Daniel Yohannes, chief executive officer of Colorado National Bank.

The mayor's office first explained the omission by saying Webb's campaign account had paid for the trip. But that might have been stretching campaign laws that limit political spending to political purposes.

Later, Webb spokesman Andrew Hudson said that Yohannes led a community fund-raising effort to pay the mayor's expenses. That makes the trip a gift that should have been disclosed.

The Broncos tickets became an issue this week when it became public that Webb stormed upstairs in City Hall to Council President Cathy Reynolds' office and demanded to know why she had sent him only four sets of season tickets to the city's Mile High Stadium box instead of eight.

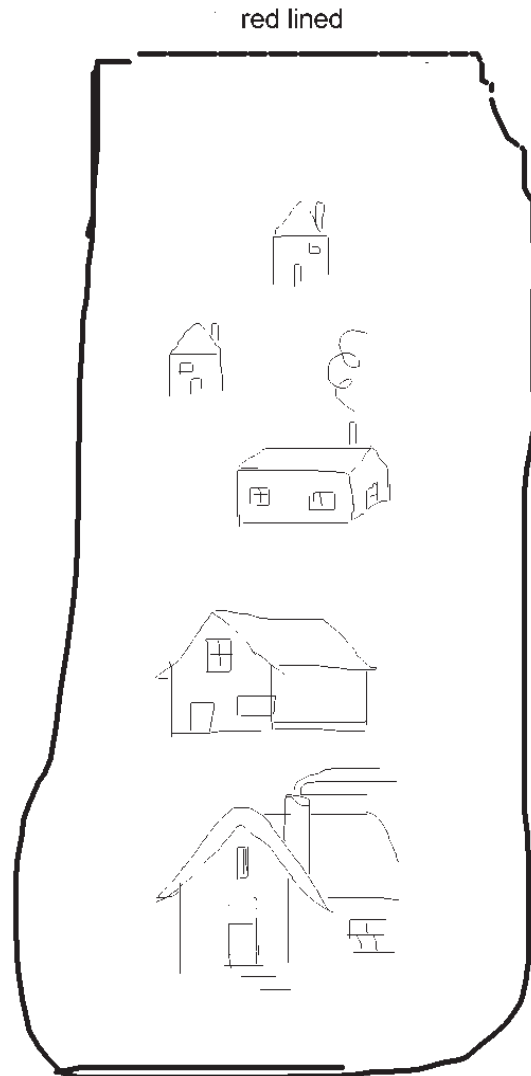
The mayor told Reynolds he wanted the eight front-row seats in the 28-seat box. Reynolds said she distributed them fairly to all elected officials.

The mayor's office believes the Broncos deliberately messed up the distribution.

Last year, the team moved the city's box from near the 50-yard line to the north end zone. In doing so, the city went from 36 free tickets to 28, not enough to give a pair to each of 15 elected officials.

INSIDE

■ Policies vary on handling of free tickets/26A



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Feel free to comment or submit fiction, essays, art, etc.
No guarantees of course!

Thanks to:

Amy

Jesse

Arnie

Mr. Penrose

and -

William S. Burroughs
(RIP)