

E.I.P.
ZINE OF THE POSSIBLE



E.I.P. JOURNAL

E-ZINE OF THE POSSIBLE



E.I.P. JOURNAL

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AN ONLINE MAGAZINE OF FACT, FICTION,
AND EVERYTHING IN BETWEEN

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



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INTRODUCTION

This issue is primarily devoted to the US Constitution, and the present state of civil liberties in these United States.

People need to know what their rights are, just as they deserve to know what is going into their bodies - yes, and their minds too, 'tho they do share some responsibilities there. Who's watching their Social Security and 401K Plans. What crud is shaping their kids outlook, etc.

It shouldn't be OK to lie, but it shouldn't be OK to ask the wrong questions, either. If a salesman calls me at dinnertime and asks my annual income or my wife's maiden name, I'll let you imagine my response. I probably wouldn't lie, but should I feel guilty if I did? What is the "ethical" response to an invasion of privacy?

Well, this isn't the "Spew Page", but I'll give you my opinion anyway:

I have no great respect for Bill Clinton, but I would have had a lot more if he had said "None of your damned business" right from the beginning. No pleadin' the fifth, no legal mumbo-jumbo... just a simple "Fuck-off!" It may have cost him his job, but his legacy would have been secure, at least with me.

Which brings us back to the Constitution, and the Bill of Rights. They were only designed to function effectively for as long as the public "will" remained firm and focused. They have no inherent powers, only the hopes and foresight of some very gifted and freedom-loving people. They can easily be perverted or distorted if such is the intent.

Such misguided intentions are spawned in the hearts of wounded and dying spirits, those who have forgotten their birthright and who have lost their way home.

"Every man, woman and child is a star"

- Aleister Crowley

fun with the constitution

The Harris county district attorney says police are entitled to protect themselves even if they're in a home unlawfully and suggested that, if Oregon had simply surrendered, he'd be alive.

-CBS News Report on the death of Pedro Oregon in Houston, Texas

A State Supreme Court ruled that it was not unconstitutional to test a suspect for drugs while he was unconscious and hospitalized. The ruling said that since no one was forcing him to breath or urinate, it was OK to "gather" the evidence after it left his body. In other words, you don't own your own pee once it leaves you. It's those damned involuntary muscles, again!

-an obscure medical journal article on drug testing

Grounds for Impeachment is anything the majority of Congress says it is.

- Gerald Ford (cynically?)

THE STATE OF THINGS

Americans are secure from unreasonable search, seizure, detainment and/or harassment in their:

HOMES	NO
VEHICLES	NO
PLACE OF EMPLOYMENT	NO
PLACE OF WORSHIP	PROBABLY NOT

They can be assured education, recreation, gainful employment, and health insurance without submission of bodily fluids or declarations of innocence of crimes they have never even been charged with.

no

They have the right to consume and/or cultivate any natural substance for medical, religious, or recreational purpose, as long as no crime is committed against other persons.

no

They have the right to equal access to government funding for artistic endeavours which may not be popular to certain segments of society, but which are not meant to incite crimes against persons.

not anymore

(and this would include of course the KKK and neo-nazis)

They have the freedom to dream as wildly as their imaginations permit.

YES!

NOTHING IS TRUE ... EVERYTHING IS PERMITTED

The Driftwood Mermaid

by Penrose (W.S.Rose)

Tommy's mother hated the sunrise... the soul-killing, eye-stabbing light of day. She turned over in her too-small bed and pulled the curtains shut. She had no patience with the light... she was an alcoholic.

Every day she rose as late as possible and bought a quart of Gin, as soon as possible. Then she would drag her fat old middle-aged arse down to the beach, and would hide the bottle in her little beach-basket.

Tommy went to school in the morning. He knew what his Mom did all day, and he made his own breakfast. Tommy is ten years old. He is in the fifth grade. Some of the other kids know about Tommy's mom, and sometimes they kid him in cruel fashion. He doesn't feel too hurt when this happens; sometimes when a pain is that big, you may feel nothing at all.

Tommy's mom dug her lounge-chair into the hot New Jersey sand, and settled her unlovely body into it. She has a cup that fits in her purse, and from this she always drank, and always Gin, or nearly always. By late afternoon she was soused beyond reason, her hair mussed by the ocean wind, eyes fearful to behold. In this state she would spend the hot afternoons, neither reading, nor ever nearing the cool water, nor heeding nor mindful of passing hot-dog humanity. Her world was aloof from the one surrounding her. In God-knows what sordid space, she dwelt within.

Tommy wished to be an Engineer. Not a train driver, silly... a Mechanical Engineer. He studied hard, and anxiously waited for High School, when he could start applying at the fine American colleges. MIT... Rensselaer... Cal Tech... names he had read about in the library. He would need a scholarship, because there would be no money. His mother would obviously not be of much help. His father... not much to say there. Gone, gone, forever gone, a long time ago. Called his mom a dirty whore and walked out on both of them. No reason to... she never did anything. He was a sorry asshole, and Tommy wished he could miss him, but he didn't have it in him.

Tommy saw a strange thing last night. He had walked down to the beach after making a sandwich for himself (mom was sleeping it off). He walked along in the sand, kicking anything that was in his path. He had felt angry all day. A young punk had mocked him again, saying something about his mom, and Tommy didn't slug him because he was a gigantic sixth grader. So he felt ashamed, sad, and mad all at once.

Tommy liked his mom. She wasn't really like a mother; it's a wonder they didn't starve. The house was paid off, or they'd have been on the streets by now. She wasn't very friendly anymore, either, yet she had been different once. Before his father left, that is. She used to be very funny, and even now sometimes she'd smile at him, in a way that said: "I love you, under all this crap." Tommy knew she did, he felt it. But she was a lousy mom, no denying that!

He looked up at the bright clear stars, and watched the waves crash in in curving lines along the beach. Tommy liked to walk right at the edge of the incoming surf, to watch the complex curving patterns. Water and sand. And he liked to look at the little lights he saw sometimes in the breaking wave faces. He called them "surf lights". They were like little fairies in the water, maybe some trick of the moonlight. A glittering sparkle, little points of light that flickered briefly in the wave, then vanished as the wave crested. They weren't always there, but they were there tonight.

Tommy thought of them as little pixies, friends for him to play with. He was a lonely kid, and he knew it. He only spoke to his mom in the morning, briefly if at all. And her tone was rarely pleasant these days. He wasn't very good at making friends at school, either. He was afraid to let anyone in close, because of his family situation, or lack thereof. And so, Tommy studied hard, and lived in fantasy as much as possible.

And when he thought he saw something move in the water, he wasn't really surprised at first. He saw lots of things in the "fantasy mode", and tonight he was in it. But when it grew larger, and reappeared twice more, Tommy did a double-take and realized it was something real.

It was a mermaid. She came almost to the water's edge, and supporting herself somehow in the shallows, she stared at Tommy. The crashing waves kept him from getting closer than about twenty feet, but he edged right up to the surf, not feeling afraid. She had long black hair, and a lovely, child-like, exotic looking face. He felt her eyes were green, although he couldn't see that. She moved very gracefully, even half out-of-water, and Tommy stood quietly, seeing the most wondrous thing in all his young life. Then, within his mind, he heard her speak, although her mouth did not open, and her lips did not move. Yet he could see her smiling as she spoke:

In the water, maybe ten feet away, was a piece of colored driftwood, waving a single branch at Tommy. Maybe a piece of wreckage from a painted sailboat, that washed ashore from so very far away. Somewhere mixed in with the salty ocean spray on his face, there were tears now. Soon, however, he wiped them aside with his hand, and returned to the soul-killing, fake-toughness that got him through his strange life.

At home, Tommy's mom was snoring loudly. Their little beach-house property had two rooms and a small kitchen, and a fenced-in lot about fifty feet square. He got himself ready for bed, and in the morning everything was the same, except his mother had stopped snoring. He made his own breakfast (peanut butter and jelly), and packed his own lunch (same). He remembered to lock the door so as not to get yelled at, and off he went, still feeling low about the "driftwood mermaid".

Tommy daydreamed his way through school, then went down to the beach. Maybe he'd tell mom about the mermaid, maybe not. She wouldn't mock him, he knew that. No matter how drunk she got, she never made fun of him, and yelled at him only out of frustration, or in abortive attempts to be a nurturing and protective mother. Deep within, her intent was pure, and Tommy knew that. He knew she wasn't mean, only in great pain. He remembered how they had once laughed, and played weird games with strange made-up names and rules. She had taught him about the world, his father, herself, and what he could expect. There was no way out for mom, and they both knew it. She still tried occasionally to make him laugh... on her way out. On her way down.

He didn't see his mom at her usual spot, so he sat down to wait for her. He stayed there until the sun sank behind him and the evening tide washed in. He wondered if there would be surf-lights tonight. "Or fake mermaids", he added, with a sneer.

Tommy's mother had died the previous night of either a stroke or a heart attack. The coroner would tend toward the former, then spend quite some time finding out which it indeed was. Tommy found her when he went home. It was "lucky" he went to check on her, or she'd have laid there even longer, but he could see something was wrong. The blanket was on the floor, and she was all weird and twisted. There was no snoring, and when he got closer, no breathing either. And her eyes were wide open.

He put the blanket back on her, and went to the little kitchen. He made himself another sandwich, put his little jacket on, then he went out, remembering to lock the door. Tommy headed for the beach, eating his sandwich as he walked. He went to the spot his mother had frequented, and sat down to watch the crashing waves. The tide was going out now, but it was still high. In the waves, he saw the surf-lights twinkling. He watched them for a very long time. In fact, he fell asleep right in that spot, and slept there until dawn.

Sometime during the night, Tommy had a dream about a mermaid, who looked at him kindly as she was pulled out to sea by the receding tide. She never spoke, she just looked at him until she disappeared.

But she never turned into driftwood either.

The End

' 1997 / 1998

Penrose (W.S.Rose)

THE ADVENTURES OF VIRTUAL BOB

(THE FIRST ALMOST COMPLETELY CYBERNETIC COWBOY)

Heard Bob's
horse yet?

[CLICK HERE](#)



CHAPTER THREE:

BOB TAKES A POWDER

Three hours from sunset, and five miles from Laramie, Bob sets astride his dark horse staring glumly at the dusty flat landscape to the East. The sun is still very hot, and a mild summer wind blows dust devils across the ground. Bob is watching three little dustclouds in particular, because they look to be man-made.

Bob left his brother Bill back in Denver to tend to business (which always left Bob more than a tad nervous), and headed up into Wyoming to promote some future enterprises ... hopefully. There was always the possibility of a cattle drive up this way, since the locals were starved for good Texas beef, but it was also a risky undertaking, since you never had much more than the good word of the man at the end of the drive (with the signing hand on the paycheck). And if he didn't pay, or he got shot before you could get there, what then? You sell the stock to the highest bidder and lick your wounds on the long way back to Texas.

Bob ruminated over some past bad-deals he had been through, as he watched the three men approaching. He loosened his holster and checked for his rifle, but mostly out of instinct. The West was unique in this sense of isolation, where you dealt with strangers alone and unaided, for better or worse. As the three drew near, Bob made a few other adjustments as well, also by instinct. He moved up a little hill and turned his horse so the sun wasn't in his eyes. He saw that the strangers were riding bareback ... they were Indians. There were still a few renegades carryin' on off the reservations, and some were pretty unpredictable. Still, it was Summer, and Bob wasn't carryin' much of value, except his horse and his Winchester.

As the riders moved to within fifty yards, they slowed their horses to a slow walk, sizing Bob up no doubt. They looked pretty rugged, even at a distance, and the way they

approached made Bob a bit more nervous than he had been. Yep, a man was very much alone out here. You'd be lucky if they found your bones before Winter.

Bob looked briefly up at the vast cloud dotted sky, and that's when he heard a shot. Two seconds later, the bullet whizzed past his ear, and Bob drew his rifle. He knew it was prudent to high-tail it for cover, but he got a shot off first at the closest brave. Without waiting to see the result, Bob whirled his horse around and lit out for whatever tree or rock he might find. Shots rang out behind him, as he steered toward what appeared to be a small structure of some kind. Bob had a fast horse, especially when bullets were flyin', and he reached the little dirt-scrabble hut just ahead of the two braves .. that's right, he had winged the third one good enough to slow him down, maybe forever.

[Click here for actual gunshot !](#)

Bob dove headfirst through the doorway of whatever the hell he had found in his haste to survive. The two braves hit the dirt and fell flat, their rifles barking within seconds. Bob found an open window, and fired back. Actually, there wasn't any door or window to speak of, just holes where they would have been. Bob was in some kind of old shack, and most of it was buried underground. The firing went on for quite a while, and then it stopped. Bob peeked out but saw nothing. If the Indians had left, they were damned quiet about it. They might be sneaking around back, but it was flat open country, and Bob could see 180° to the horizon. His bones told him they were gone, maybe back to see to the other one. Whether they stayed gone was another story.

In the meantime, Bob now had the luxury to look around. The shack was abandoned, it



seemed, but not too long ago. All the amenities, frugal though they may have been, were gone. The floor was bare, the walls were rotting and full of holes. But there was a table in the corner, and a bed, each roughly hewn from dead wood. A lamp hung from the ceiling, but all the glass was busted out. And that was it, except for one thing .. under the table, Bob's eye caught something that looked weird. You had to look twice, but there it was .. a trap door.

He crawled over, still paranoid of flying arrows or bullets, and tugged on the little leather handle, which broke off in his hand. Then he took out his knife and wedged it in the door crack, prying it open. With some effort, it gave way, and Bob was staring down into a black hole. The hole went straight down a ways, and then seemed to tunnel off in one direction, 'though it was hard to tell in the dark. Bob was intrigued. He crawled back to the front entrance and then peeked out again. Seeing nothing, he hoisted himself up and moved cautiously outside. All clear, it was.

The smart move now was to hightail it out, but Bob didn't become prosperous by bein' that kind of smart. Somethin' was all wrong about this shack. He knew it. So with the sun goin' down, and at least two functioning savages lurkin' about somewheres, Bob went back inside and straight down the hole.

It was dark, and not terribly wide either, but Bob could see it indeed went straight off to the right. He crawled into the darkness for about ten feet, and was on the verge of turning back, when he felt something in the dirt. It was a bag. Bob went a few feet further, and hit a dead end. He felt around as much as he could, but there seemed to be nothing else in the tunnel, and no loose dirt that could be hiding more mysteries. Back out of the dark he dragged his prize, and into the dimming light of the shack. He saw the sunset in the window, as he opened the bag enough to set his heart racing. It was full of gold!

Bob spent the expected amount of time sitting stupefied, and then he decided at last it was time to get the hell out. Nothing made any sense at all here, not the gold, not the disappearing Indians, nothing. He found his horse still outside, and headed West into the dying sun-

light. That night he spent camped near a clump of scrubby trees, the gold hidden in an old prairie dog hole. With the dawn, he headed out, hardly waiting to eat breakfast, and rode hard all day. By dusk, he could make out the long jagged line of the Rockies stretched out in front, and he knew to head South toward Colorado. But first he camped, for he also knew it was a couple long hard days to even reach the state line.

Bob had no trouble from the Natives nor did he run across anyone at all for the next two days. He stayed East of the main trail, making the trek a bit slower but hopefully safer. Bein' a cattleman, with many a long drive behind him, Bob knew many of the less-traveled ways, and it was very damned hard to get lost on the open prairie anyway. As he crossed into Colorado, Bob felt an urge to look at his bag of gold again, but he squelched it temporarily. No need to be broadcasting his situation, even if he was in the middle of nowhere, and not a soul in sight.

The first night Bob would spend indoors would be two days later, up in Fort Collins. There was a fair to middlin' Hotel in town that Bob usually stayed in. He took his dirty boots off and had a bath, then after a few drinks and a good cigar, he went back upstairs to his room. Finally, under a gas lantern, Bob snuck a peek at his gold. He sifted it through his fingers for awhile, then took a handful and held it to the light. How it shined, even in an unrefined condition. Bob felt a leaf or something in his hand .. no, it was actually a piece of paper .. a note or a letter of some sort. It was dusty and old, but still readable:

Miss Cindy,

This may be the last time you will ever hear from me, as my present situation is become a might complicated. The wagon train moved on yesterday, and I have only a canteen of water and some hard tack. Do not think ill of them, for their situation is dire as well, and they left me all they could. I have found a bit of shelter, and am fairly comfortable for the moment.

If you have this note in your possession, I pray you also have the bag it came in, and the contents as well. I shall leave your full name and address on the reverse, in the dim hope that

an honest person retrieves this prize, and if so please do reward them for their efforts and sincerity.

I wish so that I was to bring this gift to you personally, but the fates have taken a rather unfortunate turn. Therefore I send my deepest affection and the fruit of my latest and wildest endeavors, in the hope that they find you well and content in your Eastern life.

I remain yours forever,

Bill H.

Bob sat up long thinking about this new twist. He didn't turn the letter over right away, but when he did, there was the address and Cindy's full name. Bob didn't want to see it, because the moment he did, he no longer felt the gold was his. It belonged to someone back in Ohio, if such a person could ever be found. And what if she couldn't?

Back in Denver, Bob hooked up with brother Bill, and they discussed the matter in depth. Bill was more of a mind to have Bob keep the money, but Bob disagreed. He sent off a telegram to Cindy in Ohio, and prepared to spend at least a few days in Denver waiting for a response. He didn't mention the gold, having decided to hold out on this until ascertaining the situation. People got hurt over this much gold .. no need to broadcast it.

Well folks, as it turned out, there did come a response, but it wasn't from anyone named Cindy. And this is not the time to reveal the contents of the telegram, because it is the premise for and the preface to the next chapter, which will take Bob far from his ranch in Texas, on a long and eventful journey, to the great Eastern state of Ohio, and possibly even further. For now, though, we'll just have to wait, and see.



James Butler "Wild Bill" Hickok

TO BE CONTINUED

THE SPEW PAGE

Back in my Hippy days, I was once accused by a meat clerk in a major Supermarket chain of hiding a steak under my shirt. Assuming, as I usually did at that time, that I had no rights because I had chosen to be weird, I allowed myself to be docilly led into a back room where I was searched. There was no steak.

I remember that incident as vividly as a black person remembers all the countless indignations that come with not being of the dominant class. That however, is not the issue here. What is important is the fundamental difference in procedures used to pursue “justice” when the suspect is an individual, as opposed to a collective entity. Put more simply: If I perceived myself as having been abused or robbed by a company or by a state agency, do I personally (or through use of the appropriate authorities) enter the premises and have someone searched, arrested, or threatened with lethal violence if they resist in any way? Obviously not - yet that is exactly what would happen to you if you were the perpetrator and the company or state was the alleged victim.

No need to go into the history of labor movements or other collective forms of solidarity against oppression .. we all know on which side the power of the state almost always rains hardest. No, this is much more fundamental. Ever since corporations were given the rights of individuals, the power balance has been hideous, but here we are talking about how we define the sanctity of the individual person. There is a vast spectrum of possibility here, depending on the context. In many places, in many situations, the individual is about as important as a clump of dirt. At other times, the news media, and/or a community, will band together in the aid or defense of a small child or a helpless individual, as if they were the only person on Earth. This is just

human nature, however the general trend is what matters. It says something in the Bible about how “man is quick to do evil”. We are not a patient species these days, and it takes a large heart to not succumb to temptation and sink into Jerry Springer land. There definitely needs to be a seed planted early on in life, a trained and an instinctual motivation to want to believe in the sanctity of each of us, our inherent spirituality. Otherwise, we can only watch the slow change in the world around us, as we lose all sight of solutions to the growing difficulties in the world.

As this issue is meant to reflect, patience and largeness of heart are disappearing in America. We have decided that it is high time to deal with all these problems, these annoyances that have plagued us for too long. And like a stubborn and foolish cancer patient, we decide that we will simply stand up and refuse to accept the disease any longer. Beat the big “C”, as John Wayne would put it. End welfare, end begging, end crime by any means necessary. And as Mayor Giuliani will gladly tell you, it really does “work” for a large segment of the population. Long before I was a “Hippy”, I lived in a community with exactly that sort of mindset. The dominant class always has a way of simplifying social situations, distilling them down to the “common sense” that will enable them to retain power with a minimum of guilt.

We live in a judgmental arena, a tiny environment with little escape from the opinions and legislation of those who control the flow of information and thus the fickle feelings of the masses. Power is not only corrupting, but it distorts the vision and betrays the inner light. The Constitution and the Bill of Rights were written by imperfect men, by the dominant culture in fact. But they were rather extraordinary men living in unique times, and history had brought them to an understanding of the importance of the individual, and the proper relationship between that individual and whatever collective entities happened to flourish in that person’s world.

We give up freedoms now while the money pours in and we are the dominant culture, but what will happen when these circumstances change, as change they must? Is there not an “independent council” waiting somewhere for each of us?

“Yonder stands your orphan with his gun.” - Robert Zimmerman

graffitti pages

slogans we have seen

(and a few we'd like to)

Today's theme - Confusion

**We're everywhere you wanna be
(American Express)**

**We've got your internet
(A certain large telecom corp)**

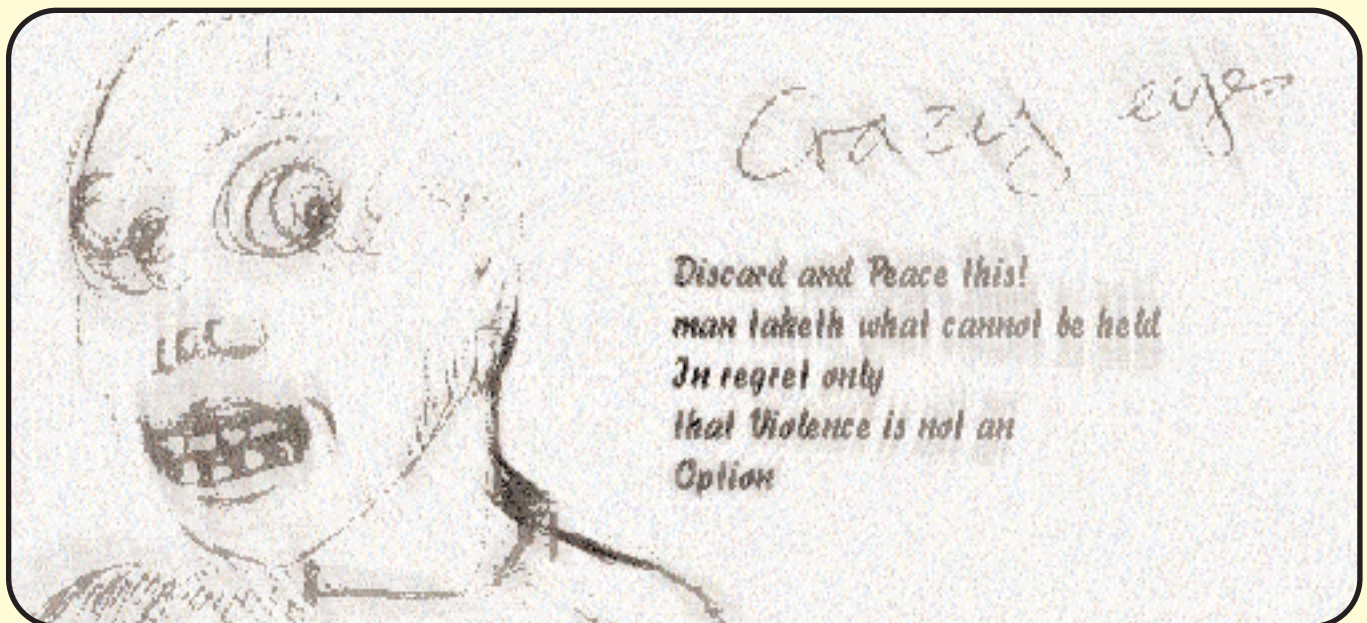
**Common Sense is Nonsense
(EIP staff member)**

**Jesus, maybe the Super Bowl
wasn't fixed.**

**And maybe the Ramseys
aren't really guilty.**

And maybe

NAHHHH!!!!!!

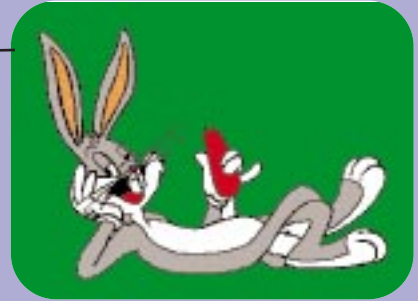




ENTITY - Amy Marsh-Rose

COLLAGE AU CLIPPINGS

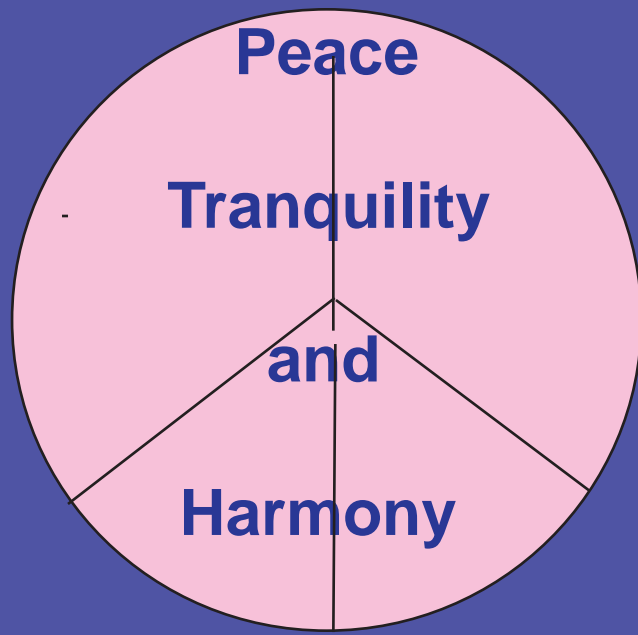
*Nyaaah...
Say, Doc .. is
this as dumb as I
think it is?
Or am I missing
something?*



IMAGINE
YOURSELF
IN A SPHERE, A BOUNDARY, PROTECTED AND
CONTAINED AS IF AN INVISIBLE FORCE FIELD IS KEEPING
EVERYTHING OUT. IT IS YOUR OWN BACKYARD, AND EVEN
THE WIND CANNOT ENTER. NOW SLOWLY BEGIN TO
REALIZE THAT THE BOUNDARY IS AN ILLUSION: THERE IS A
WORM CRAWLING UNDER THE SOIL INTO YOUR DOMAIN ... A
BIRD JUST CROSSED OVER AND LANDED IN YOUR TREE ...
THE AIR IS MOVING IN AND OUT OF YOUR SKIN ... YOUR EYES
ARE SEEING, YOUR EARS ARE HEARING, YOU SENSE
TEMPERATURE, ALL THIS IS COMING FROM OUTSIDE ... NOW
EVEN THE WIND HAS BETRAYED THE SANCTITY OF YOUR
SPACE ... IN FACT, THERE ARE NO BOUNDARIES AT ALL ... IT
SEEMS MORE AND MORE AS IF ALL IS ONE, ALL IS
BREATHING TOGETHER ... YOU ARE NOT ALONE, YOU ARE
NOT SAFE ... YOU FEEL HAPPIER
AND HAPPIER



I'm not happy



Through

NATO

Bombing

CREDITS AND ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

- 1.) “Driftwood Mermaid” - by Penrose (©1997)**
- 2.) Graffiti Page original art - by Amy Marsh-Rose**
- 3.) Civil liberty research - Arnie Swenson**
- 4.) “The Pixley Hickok” (Adams Museum - Deadwood, SD)**
- 5.) Other images and photos, etc. “leached” from the “Web”.**

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Feel free to comment or submit fiction, essays, art, ideas, etc.

No guarantees of course!

Thanks to:

Amy

Jesse

Arnie

Mr. Penrose

and -

William S. Burroughs
(RIP)