

E.I.P.
ZINE OF THE POSSIBLE



E.I.P. JOURNAL

E-ZINE OF THE POSSIBLE



E.I.P. JOURNAL

ISSUE NUMBER FOUR

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

PUBLISHED FOUR TIMES ANNUALLY (OFFICIALLY)
UPDATED CONTINUOUSLY (AS NEEDED)

E.I.P. -

**WHERE DO YOU
WANT TO GO TODAY?**

table of contents:

volume #4

- 1.) INTRODUCTION
- 2.) ESSAY - "THE HAPPY HOLOCAUST"
- 3.) MORE ADVENTURES OF VIRTUAL BOB
(FIRST ALMOST FULLY CYBERNETIC COWBOY)
- 4.) THE SPEW PAGE
- 5.) GRAFFITI PAGE
- 6.) CLIPPINGS, PHOTOS, ART, ETC.
- 7.) LINKS TO OTHER WEIRDOS
- 8.) LETTERS
- 9.) ADS (CONTACT US!)
- 10.) CREDITS
- 11.) THANKS

HistoryLink's **WTO-CAM**



www.historylink.org
Westlake Park, Seattle. Wed 10:30 PM PST

INTRODUCTION

The Theme for this issue is :

CLASS WAR

In the wild imaginings of the poor and downtrodden, an idea has sprung to life... and certainly not for the first time in history. It is however, from the ranks of the well-off and liberally educated that the necessary heroes will arise, to do battle as it were with their own kind.

Somewhere lost among the forests of the self-assured, bounced between the pillars of “don’t be ridiculous” and “that’ll never happen”, old and new visions combine into dizzying thoughts of possibilities untouched upon by the information camps, in fact - avoided at all cost.

Parallel universes, yet only one is allowed to exist. And those who do not in the least benefit from this narrow reality may soon see themselves riding high, laying low, just a stone’s throw away, in a forbidden, criminal world.

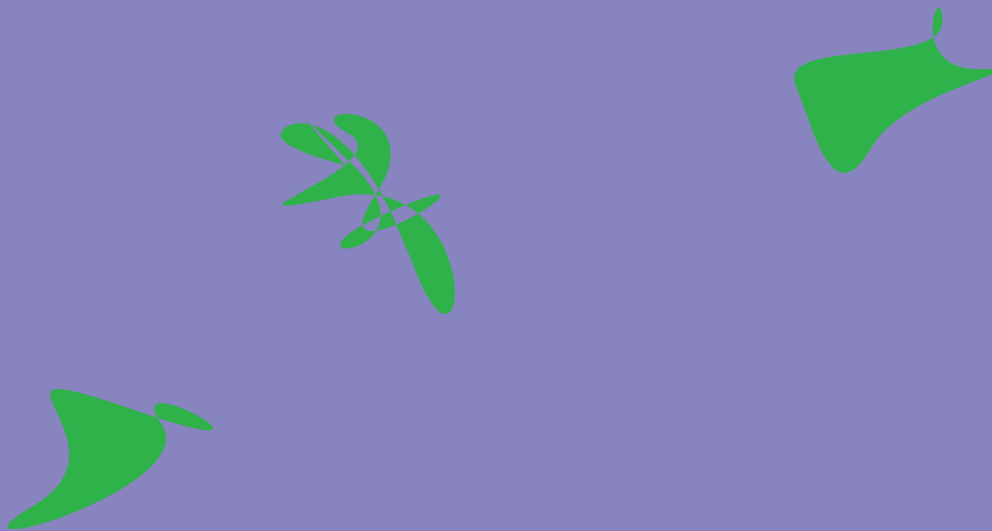
The class war will happen on all levels - from the unreachable and thus unstoppable dreaming of the artistic elite, finally bored beyond endurance and left at last with nothing to lose - to the most mundane of arenas, as the abandoned and abused shed their blood and their lives for food, shelter, for even the tiniest freedom to dream, as the rich may dream.

In fact, yet another renaissance is coming. Far far different than the digital future being mapped by the elite for us all, the Disney wasteland for the soul to rot in.

Through the hundred thousand cops wedged and phalanxed across the democratic streets - winding past the icons of steadfast reason and good citizenship - out onto the arid plain of refreshing madness ... The odd and misshapen citizens of future Earth stumble and drip. They blink and drool and seek immediate shelter from the sudden open space all around them. Soon enough, however, they emerge like nervous Ferengi, and begin to realize this was what they wanted ... wanted so very badly ... died for, killed for.

And then the Spirit will have moved again toward its strange unknowable goal.

"Nothing is True - Everything is Permitted"



the happy holocaust

Vast hoards of the “inferior” are being swept away, without a shot being fired or a gas pellet being dropped. They are disappearing from the streets of American cities and from small towns as well, but only in those places desired by the new bourgeoisie. Are they perhaps filling the dozens of new prisons in every state, or slipping through the “cracks” to unknown places? Have they joined the whales and the “Indians” in a far-off heaven? Or have the gas-pellets in fact been falling again somewhere? The ovens stoked with human flesh?

Doubtful, yet the world has become a lot “neater” lately, and not just in New York. The last “war” was brought to you single-handedly by Ted Coppel, a very wealthy member of the Elite walking around asking Albanians to describe the horrors perpetrated by the Serbs. What does this have to do with reporting?

As bitched about in a previous article: <http://www.dimensional.com/~prose/beyond.txt>, your past (retro cable TV programs) and your future (the Internet?) are now owned and you must buy them back to have them at all. Now I think the powers that be have their sites on Truth itself. Reality is become fluid, and the world is more materialistic and yet more and more immaterial. Concepts like “Spirit” and “Soul” are becoming extinct, like animals that survive only in zoos, in this case churches (see Graffiti page).

Well, it’s a cruel world they say, and change is inevitable. Everyone at the WTO conference seemed to know why they were protesting, and a slew of reasons there were. But there are others sitting at home thinking there should be massive world-wide revolution, and they have no idea why. This latter group may be closer to the truth. The chickens are starting to squawk again. The sky may yet fall.

But where did everyone go?

THE ADVENTURES OF VIRTUAL BOB

(THE FIRST ALMOST COMPLETELY CYBERNETIC COWBOY)

Heard Bob's
horse yet?

[CLICK HERE](#)



CHAPTER FOUR:

**BOB TAKES A POWDER -
PART TWO**

Of course, Wild Bill Hickok lived on for a long time after the wagon-train incident, and there is no mention, as far as I know, to anyone named Cindy from Ohio or anyplace else. Something obviously went on there, but what we may never know. Bill and Bob went back to Texas for a few weeks, to solidify the home front, and then Bob set out for the East. He left the gold in a bank vault and took the stage from Dallas. It was early September, and Bob felt a sense of excitement, of heading forth into the unknown.

Here then is the response Bob got to the letter he wrote back in Denver:

Dear Sirs ... STOP ... Noone here by that name ... Please come to the Oakwood Inne by late September if possible ... STOP ... the address is (blah blah blah, Cincinnati, Ohio). ***Please bring merchandise.***

This was a strange response for at least two reasons:

It appeared to have been copied from a telegram.

Bob had made no mention of any “merchandise” in his letter.

Bob's curiosity was sufficiently aroused, and his sense of caution as well, which is why he left the gold safe and sound in Texas. Bob liked to travel, and taking the stage in those days was like a private jet would be today. You'd be surprised what a seat indoors, however bumpy, feels like after you've ridden the saddle for a few days, not to mention the extra luggage you can carry. Then of course there's the opportunities for social interaction, be it desirable or not.

Bob spent a good part of the stage ride tryin' to figure out what the deal was with this gold he'd found, and just what he might be getting' hisself into. The reply to his letter said come, and he was, and it said bring the gold, which he was not about to. How did the respondent know he had the gold, since he had not mentioned it? Someone obviously assumed anyone who answered had the gold as well as Cindy's old letter. Bob watched the endlessly

vast vistas rolling away outside the stage, and thought ... and thought.

By stage, by train, even a short stint by horseback - the trip to Ohio took three weeks plus a day, and Bob was tired at the end of it. Cincinnati was a good-sized town even then, and Bob found the main drag, and the only Hotel, and the nearest saloon. Whiskey and women - the punctuation marks in the stories of the old West.

Bob got fairly toasted, and sat in on a friendly poker game with a few well-dressed and well-off gentlemen. It wasn't a lose-yer-shirt kinda game - these happened in back rooms at odd hours, so the tension was low, and Bob enjoyed himself.



An actual card game!

He played 'til around 11PM, then decided to hit the hay, and headed on up to his hotel room. The Maitre' D (proprietor) gave him a queer look as he walked in, kind of furtive or ferret-like. Bob paid it no mind, and went on up. He unlocked the door, stepped inside, and turned up the lantern. The place was inside out. Bob's meager provisions were scattered all over the floor; the bed was overturned and all messed up, etc. Bob knew, he just knew - they were lookin' (or someone was lookin') for the gold! Bob checked the room to make sure he was alone, then went downstairs to talk to that weasel desk clerk. It took a little threatenin' and a twist of the collar, but he squeezed a description out of him .. of two men .. two strangers.

Bob only half believed him - he imagined the clerk might even know who it was - but he believed the part about it being two roughneck lookin' dudes.



Doc Holliday, also known to enjoy a game of cards

Well, Bob wired the PO Box as instructed, 'tho his next hunch told him he'd get no answer, and he didn't. Next day, he visited the address that was on the note he'd found with the gold. It was there all right. Owned and preserved by the city as a historical marker, intact in all detail. A bit of research showed it had indeed belonged to a Miss Cindy - a widower & teacher, who, it was rumored, had befriended none other than Wild Bill Hickok himself .. Long ago. Bob spent the afternoon at the public library, diggin up what he could on 'ol Bill Hickok, but there wasn't any mention of the gold, of hidin' out in a shack in Wyomin', or nuthin else of note concerning the matter - and no mention of anyone named Cindy.

And so, even though Bob was curious as to who was after the gold, and how this person or persons even knew about it, he felt his obligations were now taken care of, and the gold began to feel like his again, unless of course he could find some living relatives of Miss Cindy's.

"Wait a second!" thought Bob, "Whoever got my first wire may have a connection to whoever rifled through my room."

Good as this hunch seemed, it dead-ended quickly. The city owned the house, a preservation board maintained it, and Bob's wire went to a secretary who then forwarded it to the board, any of whom could have read it. Sherlock Holmes could no doubt have figured it all out, and maybe Bob as well, if he were to move to Cincinnati and leave his spread to his rather wacky brother (and possibly to the

wolves). But remember, Bob already had the gold, and so he was content to let whoever was after it come to Texas, where he'd be glad to show them some "hospitality" - Texas style.

The search for relatives also led nowhere, Cindy having had no children apparently, and no other close-by relatives to speak of. So Bob could either donate the gold to the Hickok Museum, wherever that was, or high-tail it back to Texas. He would have spoken to the "Board" about the whole matter, but he happened to see a recent photo of the members, and recognized two of them from the card game! He hadn't blabbed much during the game, but nonetheless the whole deal was just too weird, and in his estimation - they had cooked their own goose.

So - with guns loaded and one eye behind him, Bob left Cincinnati by train, figurin' to do any wrastlin' with his conscience back home. Yep - Bob was feelin' a bit richer all the time.

The story ain't quite over, 'tho. As Bob slept through the night in coach-car comfort, there was a little mischief comin' up the track to meet him, and Texas would soon be further away than ever!



James Butler "Wild Bill" Hickok

TO BE CONTINUED

THE *SPEW* PAGE

The Good Doctor is driving home from a long day at his office in his new Jaguar sedan. He has eaten a light dinner and consumed two or three dry Martinis as well. Feeling good now, he revs the Jag up as he leaves the city, and soon he settles back into the four-lane country road that will take him to his foothills home. He is going about 75 when he hits the curve at the old Downing Street Interchange, a curve he has successfully negotiated so many times before. He slows to maybe 65 as the curve deepens - this is normal, yet for some forever-unknown reason, the Good Doctor's fine sedan begins to slip and slide, and with no hope of recovery is tossed like an old rag into the nearby ditch. The car rolls twice, landing upright but crushed, the Good Doctor fatally wounded by impact and by violent twisting of soft muscle and bone. He is unconscious, and even were he not, his cell phone is smashed.

The Doctor's car is visible from the highway, and it is ten minutes before another vehicle approaches. Now, if the Doctor is rescued within the next hour, maybe hour and a half, he could possibly survive. There are two factors, however, that greatly diminish the ability of this first passing vehicle to be of any assistance:

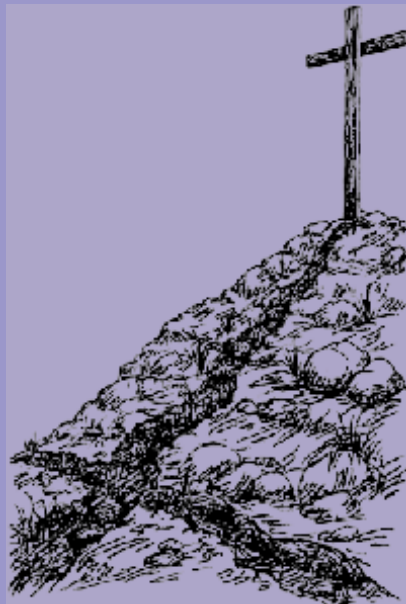
- 1.) They are poor and have never owned a cellphone
- 2.) There was a sign about a mile back that said: "Do not stop for stranded motorists - Please use your cellphone to alert Police".

This fine family, though poor, consists of good law-abiding citizens by anyone's account, so they dutifully proceed past the wreckage they can plainly see, assuming they are not supposed to do otherwise. They will not even call 911 when they reach the next town, for the entire affair seems somehow to have been taken out of their hands. They are concerned, yet also assured that these matters are well

cared for in their modern technological world, a world they actually take very little part in.

The Doctor is bleeding internally, and will not regain consciousness. Another car passes - lower middle class in a twelve-year-old Subaru station wagon. No cell phone, no help here either. After twenty minutes, what could be the last chance, a shiny little Honda. Surely this person has a cellphone... but no. Unfortunately, some folks put more money into a nice new car than they can actually afford. No cellphone - and bye bye Doc.

In a class-oriented capitalistic society, an event such as this is certainly possible. Am I advocating pre-paid cellphones in every vehicle? Nope - just telling a story. Just a lonely car crash on a pleasant early evening country road. In any event, it's not my opinion that matters here, but rather that of the good Doctor, who now unfortunately has none to give.



graffiti pages

Today's theme - Guess

Local unnamed newswoman, interviewing someone about the WTO riots:

“...but things are going so well. I don't understand why they are complaining.”

You think these people are worried about their immortal souls?

Why, the word would hang before their eyes like a slab of dead meat.

- Mr. Penrose (driving through Westminster, Colorado)





www.historylink.org
Westlake Park, Seattle, Tue 05:05



www.historylink.org
Tue 05:08 PM PST



www.historylink.org
Westlake Park, Seattle, Tue 05:11 PM PST



WWJD?
What would Jesus do?
WWBD?
What would Buddha do?
WWMD?
What would Mephistopheles do?
WWDRID?
What would Dr. Laura Do?

COLLAGE AU CLIPPINGS

LOS ANGELES (AP) - Los Angeles County's mental health agency has lifted a ban on giving experimental psychotropic drugs to the mentally ill, drawing complaints about the use of severely disabled patients for tests. The program would operate with a host of restrictions, and the agency is waiting for a ruling by the county's lawyers on whether the Board of Supervisors must set guidelines for drug trials. The nearly 2,000 patients who would be eligible for the testing are mostly impoverished schizophrenics placed under the county's control as "conservatees" because a court has deemed them unable to care for themselves.

09:12 AM ET 11/29/99

Test Drugs OK'd for Mentally Ill

Test Drugs OK'd for Mentally Ill

LOS ANGELES (AP) - Los Angeles County's mental health agency has lifted a ban on giving experimental psychotropic drugs to the mentally ill, drawing complaints about the use of severely disabled patients for tests. The program would operate with a host of restrictions, and the agency is waiting for a ruling by the county's lawyers on whether the Board of Supervisors must set guidelines for drug trials. The nearly 2,000 patients who would be eligible for the testing are mostly impoverished schizophrenics placed under the county's control as "conservatees" because a court has deemed them unable to care for themselves.

The blanket ban on testing drugs on conservatees, established after the 1993 death of a patient involved in a clinical trial at a state hospital, prevents patients from receiving the benefits of drugs that are not yet available to the public, said Marvin Southard, the director of the county Department of Mental Health.

"We want to support our conservatees and our clients' rights to participate in something we believe is in their best interest," Southard said. "And at the same time we want to avoid anything that approaches exploitation."

Some mental health professionals and activists criticize the move, saying state law bans experiments on people who cannot comprehend the risks of such procedures and give informed consent.

"Beware of people who say 'I'm only doing this for your own good,'" said Edward Opton, an attorney and psychologist who sits on the state's Committee for the Protection of Human Subjects.

Under the new policy, the department would have to approve a drug trial and the researcher must persuade a judge to allow the procedure. The patient would then have to agree to participate, and Southard said he is confident most conservatees are capable of giving consent.

DUTCH COMMON SENSE

Under Dutch law, processing native plants into drugs is illegal, but selling or possessing the plant is not.



???



Yes?



No?

THE MEDIA MAGICIANS

They have your past and your future - now they're after truth itself.

On November 8, 1887, Doc awoke from 57 days of delirium caused by his illness. He was clear eyed and asked for a glass of whiskey. He drank it down. "This is funny," he said, then died.

- Doc Holliday's approximate dying words

CREDITS AND ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

1.) Gazette mag at www.historylink.org (for live photos of the WTO conference in Seattle, Washington).

Their link is: <http://www.historylink.org/>

2.) Original art - by Amy Marsh-Rose

3.) 4.) “The Pixley Hickok” (Adams Museum - Deadwood, SD)

5.) Other images, photos, news stories, etc. “leeches” from the “Web”.

E.I.P Journal is produced in Denver, Colorado (USA), and all U.S. and International copyrights apply. Authors of stories and articles are not always listed. Please ask for names and contact addresses.

Editor: prose@proseonline.com

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

No guarantees of course!

Thanks to:

Amy

Jesse

Arnie

Paul

Mr. Penrose

and -

William S. Burroughs
(RIP)