

Xeno has  
round.... So continue to  
can expand and bring new  
world.

This Current Magazine is produced  
cyber space. If anyone wants to to  
Stories or anything else that they  
it just send your Ideas / Art work to:

**Off The Lip**  
P.O. Box 6392  
Carmel, CA 93921

**Psychobabble**  
480 Watson, Apt. 5  
Monterey, CA. 93940

**and/or**

**psychobabble@redshift.com**  
**offthelip@surfvh.com**

made it another  
send in your work so Xeno  
thoughts and visions to this

for the enjoyment of the the world of  
put their share (Art work, Poetry,  
would like to see plus suggestions.) into

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Editors **Psychobabble**  
**Off the Lip**

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A couple notes of compatibility:

This magazine has currently moved from DocMaker to Ackrowbat. This gives us more design flexibility and allows more platforms to read it, but it also makes it harder to view. The viewer program that you need to read this, is a huge, bloated, self-important application that you have to download. They still are having problems with the font issues, and installation isn't as easy as it should be. But it appears to be something that will continue to be supported and thus, get better. Maybe someone will write a killer self-contained document format someday. If that happens, we'll probably hop over to that. But nothing new has happened with DocMaker, and I don't see any kind of all-in-one HTML in the works. So PDF is as good as we can manage right now. The pictures and such contained herein always look best on a 21", 24 bit screen. If you don't have one (or, actually two would be better), then do the best you can. Due to the set page size of this format, printing produces more predictable results. But don't kill a tree if you don't have to. We like it to stay mostly digital.

**Parental Discretion Advised**  
This document contains language adult in nature  
and the viewing parties should act accordingly.



**Comment from the editor.**

# Off The Lip here.. ready as always to raggle on...

So, life sucks in the decade of delusion. The question is, do you have anything to say about it? Do you want your voice to be heard? And if so, what are you willing to do, to let your opinions echo out over this piece of shit we call home? You know what I think? I think the people that we really need to hear from, are drowned out in a sea of assholes that feel it's their business to slither, silence, and suppress. And therefor, oppress. And you know what? They're winning. They're in control. They toy with our lives for the sake of the power itself. They limit our budgets and divert our funding. They ravage our land and hide what we could learn. Wrapped tightly in red tape, we're bombarded with tainted information. Shoving the truth further and further from the ones that could benefit most. Call it a lack of morals, call it a lack of regard for human life. Call it on the phone and be kept on hold with endless madden-ing muzak. It's always the same, and it can always be found. The lives we call our own are subject to the most hideous of evils every day of our meager existence.

But you don't have to put up with it. Your individuality is the key to it all. If you can be you as much as you can, then you will have succeeded in gaining the upper hand against the militia of oppressors. Communicate your thoughts and ideas to let others know what is possible. Let yourself be heard, however you choose to express yourself. Some people are physically unable to talk. Does that stop them? No, and it shouldn't. They find a way, as should you. Whether you find the way, or the way finds you, you should use it however you can. If good can come of your actions, don't hesitate to at least try. If you think it's not important, look around, think of the kids. The next generation. What have you done? What can you do? What WILL you do? There will always be a future. There will always be children. There will probably also, always be 'them'. The question is what will you make of it, and what will you do, say, create, or be to make things better?



Not again!  
Not again!  
Not again!

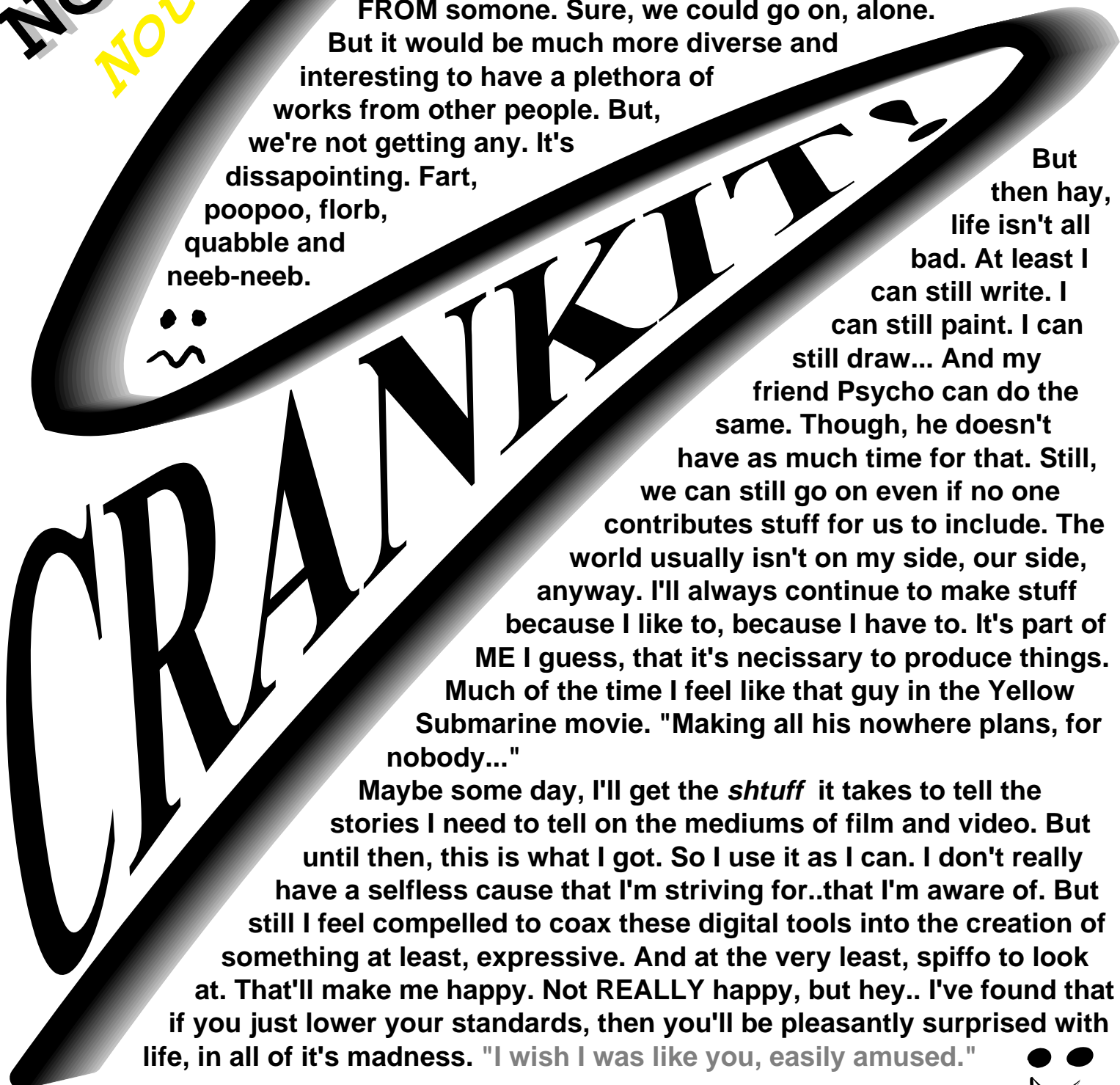
Well, this issue is going even worse than before. As I write this, we haven't gotten ANYthing new.....at all.. The magazine, was supposed to be a showcase of the artistic expression our readers felt they should... express. Well, it didn't have to be artistic, it could be anything. It doesn't have to be the most wonderful thing in the universe, it just has to be FROM someone. Sure, we could go on, alone.

But it would be much more diverse and interesting to have a plethora of works from other people. But, we're not getting any. It's dissapointing. Fart, poopoo, florb, quabble and neeb-need.



But then hay, life isn't all bad. At least I can still write. I can still paint. I can still draw... And my friend Psycho can do the same. Though, he doesn't have as much time for that. Still, we can still go on even if no one contributes stuff for us to include. The world usually isn't on my side, our side, anyway. I'll always continue to make stuff because I like to, because I have to. It's part of ME I guess, that it's necessary to produce things. Much of the time I feel like that guy in the Yellow Submarine movie. "Making all his nowhere plans, for nobody..."

Maybe some day, I'll get the *shtuff* it takes to tell the stories I need to tell on the mediums of film and video. But until then, this is what I got. So I use it as I can. I don't really have a selfless cause that I'm striving for..that I'm aware of. But still I feel compelled to coax these digital tools into the creation of something at least, expressive. And at the very least, spiffo to look at. That'll make me happy. Not REALLY happy, but hey.. I've found that if you just lower your standards, then you'll be pleasantly surprised with life, in all of it's madness. "I wish I was like you, easily amused."



**Isn't**



**it**



**GREAT**

**TO**

BE  
BE

disjointed?

## My take on this reform crap...(Off The Lip)

**S**o... the Telecommunications Competition and Deregulation Act of 1995...TITLE IV. What does it mean? I'll tell you what it means..say goodbye to your free fucking speech. That's what it means...

I'm now in question if the online nature of XENO or anything else will be possible in the future. I mean, if it goes as it says in the bill, then it screws over this whole idea of publishing, distribution, and readership. The message of parental discretion in the readme is there for a reason. We like to say exactly what's on our minds. That's what is (or probably what WAS) great about the U.S. Freedom Of Speech.. Big F, capital O, big fuckin S.

Then I think about the details.. How are they going to enforce this? The internet is international. If you have pictures of raping hampsters, then all you'd have to do is use an out of country site. That won't stop anyone...all it'll do is make foreign servers a lot more busy. And then there's the nature of the digital world..it can be so easily faked. Someone could write a horrible threatening message as someone else to someone, and get that person they were acting as into trouble. I've seen that happen all the time online. Someone gets pissed at someone, so they log on as them, make a nuisance of themselves, and then the real person gets banned from wherever. But if this shit becomes law, then that innocent person could be fined heavily and/or go to jail.. I've known about several 'sting operations' on BBSes dealing with illegal material, where what actually happens, is someone logs on, uploads something illegal. Then they turn around crying wolf to the police, and thusly, get the sysop arrested. And on that punishment, jail... Are we supposed to believe that the prison system is going to have room for the like, 90% of the millions of users of online services that have, get, and distribute "obscene" media? And that's another thing. Five people alone are going to be the ones who tell the country what is obscene and what is not? Who are these people? Appointed by the president..would you trust them to watch your kids? I know I wouldn't.

That's essentially what they're proposing. Did they ask us about it? No. Apart from bible-thumping wackos (and I mean that, in the most obscene way possible), I haven't seen any support for it. Everyone I know as being a human is opposed to the bill. I've known about the effort brewing for years in the government to bring about this curtailing of our rights, and by the time everyone started getting in an uproar about it, it was really too late. That bill is going..probably all the way. The president hasn't said he's going to veto it at all. Not even a hint of the intention.. It's a bit sad. I've been wondering about that guy ever since NAFTA and GATT flew through in record time. I mean, no bill is agreed upon by EVERYone. It was like some kind of mind control alien pod takeover plot.

But anyways, back to the 'reform' bill. It's absurd that something like this could even be considered in this country. It goes against the very things the country was founded on. It's not like this act/bill/outrage will do any good. To get anything to work well it'd have to be preventative, not punishing after the fact. If drugs are any indication of how things against the law proliferate.... I mean, if there's a demand, there will BE a supply. No amount of fining, jailing, threatening, or otherwise using authoritarian clout will accomplish a damn bit of good. Real criminals will still do what they've always done. People will still be victimized. Really psychologically damaging material will still be passed around, still be available. And in the meantime, people that just don't want to curb their very means of expression...will likely become the victims of this half-baked idea of what telecommunications reform should be.

It's as good as through I think.. so you can bend over, and kiss the free parts of your ass goodbye. Closer and closer we get. Can you feel it? Police state, marshal law, class separation...third world baby, here we come.



**We actually got something from someone else.  
so enjoy these following pages...**

**From Plyn**



**And now, a poem..**

*I come and go  
As I please  
Take what I want  
And then I leave*

*Day by day  
And hour by hour  
I know the way  
I have the power*

*People try to buy me  
Wine and dine me  
It never works  
It never works*

# A train of thought...a torture in one's mind...

Sometimes I wonder about the bandages on my soul. I can't tell where the first starts and the last ends. Some are plastic, flesh tone, self adhesive. Some are pre packaged antiseptic circles applied hurriedly to the small cuts. Some have cartoon characters. Other glow in the dark. It's the big ones, white gauze strips with sterile sticky tape that worry me the most. They run from head to foot covering everything. These are the ones that I needed most... these are the hardest to look under.

Sometimes i wonder what is under that soft material. Did they heal? Did they scar? Just what do I feel under the tape? What would happen if I took it all off? Would the skin be smooth and clean? Or marbled cadaver-white and **blood red**?

Sometimes I wonder why i think the bandages are separate, or if the gauze and antiseptic pads have grown into my flesh, stretching it's limits. Has the tape turned into my veins creating new avenues for my blood? Are the cartoons in my head the same as the ones that were on my body? What color is my skin now?

Sometimes i wonder if this is all that keeps me whole. I wonder if my legs would fall off if the weren't taped to my torso. What would my arms do without this binding to keep them in line?Where would I walk? How would i hold? Would my guts come out and cover me if the gauze were gone?

Sometimes i wonder about the squares and strips of gauze. this one covers the frostbite of fear from sleeping under the car that crazy night. My hands still cramp with the cold when i reach out so I don't do it any more. This on my ribs is from my fractured pride. I don't make this one tight, there was a lot of damage done, and I don't breath deeply now. This one over my eye is from the shattered rosy glasses. I still can;t see clearly, no depth perception.

Sometimes i wonder about the others but they are harder to single out. These large strips well, those are there to staunch the blood from the deep cuts i earned fighting with shame and disgrace. And alot of the gauze strips cover tears that have happened since the first white pad went on.

Sometimes i wonder about the little pieces of fake flesh applied so carefully once. I don't remember what every little self adhesive is from. these beige strips i got at the party where they laughed at my X-men pad. they said it was too close to Barbie. mom supplied me with the little round ones, they are good for splinters. the Day glow ones have always been here. They keep me company at night. I don't really dare pull them back it might disturb the tape.

Some times i wonder about the adhesive. it is thick and holds the gauze down. It holds it all together. I can't find where the tape starts and, don't know where it ends. I think it's over here somewhere by my left shoulder. It is restricting but i am used to that. I' m glad it's water proof, and strong. It would have torn away if it were any weaker. and where would that have left me? Nothing to hold the gauze together. Nothing to cover my cuts and pierces, lacerations and broken bones. Nothing to keep them safe. Nothing to keep them clean. I'd be lost with out it.

I wonder if that is all i am any more. Sterile tape and sundry bandages. I wonder if the wounds were as severe as i thought they were. I wonder if i over did it when i covered them, protected them. I wonder if they will ever go away. I wonder when i will try to peel back all this tape, free it from the skin and the plastic cartoon characters. I wonder when i will strip off the small bandaids and throw them away.

I wonder what i will find under this little one here? An open cut? A scar? or smooth white flesh? Was my skin this white before? i used to go out in the sun alot but i guess the sun doesn't get under bandages very well. I wonder if i am pearly white under all this dirty gauze maybe just maybe i should check

**Wasn't that just spiffo and a half? Of course it was, and you know it... Well, the issue is almost over. So about the only thing left, is the techie crap page. But don't let that stop you from reading. When you hit the end, go back and read it again.. you probably missed something..... This pattern makes kind of a wierd optical illusion doesn't it? And then you can say to yourself, "Hey, I'd like to send in something to these turkeys so that I can be in their ultra-swank (I love that word, even though it's becoming over-used) electro-mag." And then you do, and we put it in our next issue...and then WHO KNOWS WHAT will happen...**

