

PGP Key registered
with the NSA.

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

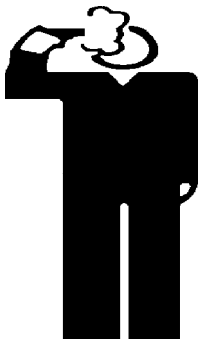


Anarchy

One tiny voice, but a bad attitude...

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Edi t o r i a l

I do a lot of driving in my job. Hence, I get to see a lot of strange things in everyday life. Just tonight I saw a man, who I think was a tourist, with blue/black plaid pants with a matching doppel kit. I won't mention that he was Japanese and I was in San Francisco, but...

I've also seen a kid with red hair and black dots in it. He looked just like a walking strawberry. I've seen transvestites changing on the street. I've seen an Asian magazine called "Rice" (and I have a picture to prove it) and street graffiti depicting Ross Perot with a hat that looks like the head of a penis. And as soon as I get the film developed, I'm going to scan it and publish it for the disbelievers.

Since I started writing this, I did get the film developed. Lucky you. Here it is...



Currently, I'm writing this from a so-so hotel room in San Diego, watching some cheesy porn flick on and off, on the TV. Before you get envious, do realize that I am actually working. No, not watching TV, but being on the road is part of my job.

It was a pretty uneventful trip down, actually. I didn't see ANYBODY doing anything nasty to themselves or someone else the whole ten hours down! I'm glad I didn't bother with the video camera...

The other bitch of this whole trip is that I drive down one day, and fly out the next. That sucks! No time to hunt up memorabilia for Never Never Land, a.k.a Ground Zero. (*Ground Zero is where most of the creativity now takes place. Ed.*). I mean I'm looking for some choice items to help decorate the place: A pinball machine, a stuffed armadillo, a skeleton would be nice - but I think the wife might have a coronary, and a large defused bomb - like the kind the military uses for training purposes.

Obviously this isn't the kind of thing most people are going to have in their house - unless you live next door to Hunter S. Thompson or Yassar Arafat.

As I'm sitting here typing this, I've heard some idiot flush their toilet at least 12 times in the last hour. Either that, or I'm the lucky soul who has the plumbing for the entire wing of this place in my walls.

Fuck, am I in for a long night. There's nothing even worth watching on HBO and I don't have a modem with me.

Stay tuned for more adventures...



Random



Thoughts

Is it just me, or every time you watch the TV show Blossom, don't you have an urge to cut off your penis and start bowing down at an altar to Gloria Steinem while being tortured by Betty Page? Maybe it's just me...

Next, am I the only one who thinks that super feminist attorney/TV law expert Gloria Alread seems to have a face that seems to accuse anyone and everyone, except herself, of farting in a confined space? You have to remember she was the attorney who vaulted herself to fame by defending the high school cheerleader with the big boobs and made it a made for TV trial. Of course she is eminently qualified to do anything and she won't hesitate to tell you that either...

Why is it that every time you go to a motel that charges less than \$100.00 per room, and you walk by the pool, there are always these 400 pound people sitting around it? Do they think we really want to look at them or what?

Is there an inverse ratio to the amount of money you spend on watching a porn film and how good looking the people are that are in it?

What out of work Musak musicians write and perform the music in these things?

What do people see in Larry King?

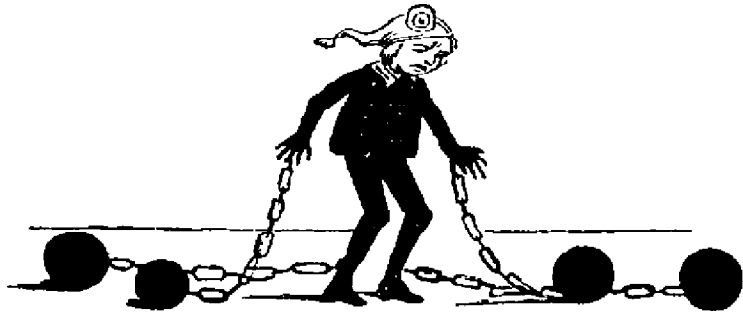
Or for that matter, Kato Kaelin?

Is it just me, or does anyone else think that Janet Reno will soon propose mirandizing people at birth just to speed things up? Or am I just being a paranoid antigovernment type Mr. Clinton?

I was watching MacNeil-Lehrer tonight, (hey I was channel surfing, OK) and they had on what appeared to be yet another Clinton Quasimodo (hunchback) was spouting off about something or other. Suddenly it dawned on me: Bill Clinton apparently has hired more midgets than any president. Can't you just see the ABC movie of the week about the Clinton years, a remake of "The Terror of Tiny Town," called something... (So sue me I had a brain fart just now.)

What is it about amateur pornography that these people's furniture all looks like it was salvaged from the period in the Seventies when they remodeled all the Motel 6s across the nation? There seems to be a relationship to who sheds their clothes in front of the camera and the price of their furniture. Maybe I spend too much time on-line, but I'm sick and tired of seeing the same brown plaid couches over and over again...

CULTURE WATCH



The Bar Scene of the 90's

I was having dinner the other night with one of the expatriates of the eighties (*see Zen 1.1*) at the same restaurant as before. No big deal, I hear you saying right now, but what I find absolutely fascinating is the bar and restaurant scene when people interact. It's interesting to watch these people in action. It's kind of a National Geographic nature film - WARNING: Some scenes may be too intense for thinking human beings.

I go to a restaurant, have one drink, and I'm off to the can. What can I say? Coke goes right through me on an empty stomach. And by the time that the damn waitress actually takes your order, well... That's if they have the mental ability to remember the special of the day and if they took their ortho-novum this morning.

Well, I digress - like that's something new, right? *No, it's not. Ed.*

So, we're sitting there, waiting for the waitress to figure out if her moon and sun collided in her negative house and what her biorhythms were for that given moment, and as we're giving her our orders I hear the call of nature. As we're giving her our orders, I could swear she thought I wanted squid tongue pizza, because she gave me that look that a dog gives you when it doesn't quite understand why the fuck you want him to roll over, yet again. So, once this bimbo from the planet dipshit manages to scrawl our order down, I take off for the relief I don't spell R-O-L-A-I-D-S.

As I'm making my way towards the bathroom, I have to through the bar. Now I've seen mating rituals from many cultures, as an avid TV watcher, but I am truly fascinated by the glazed, deer-in-the-headlights look

that women get when men start to sling their bullshit. This one guy had not one, but two women entranced. They were hanging on his every word.

These are the type of women you want to have around if you just need a quick fuck every now and then. They're too damn stupid to know the difference. But before you think I'm solely dissing women, let me say that men can be just as stupid.

Now on my way back to the table, I tried to avoid looking at any of the I want to fuck you for the night rituals going on. But as fate would have it, I wasn't out of the woods yet.

There's something about going to dinner out of Silicon Valley. Every nerd, shyster, and dumb fuck seems to come out of the woodwork and go to dinner on Saturday night. It's like your very own freak show, without the admission charge at the county fair.

As I got back to the table, the restaurant was starting to fill up. And I thought that at the hour we went, we would avoid the bearded ladies and the dog boys, but no! Unfortunately for us, we had a group seated next to us that was apparently in heat, because the amount of butt sniffing that was going on at that table was just incredible. Apparently the scent of sex was in the air, because the fuckers kept multiplying like rabbits until they filled two tables! They talked like they were venture capitalists or something, but I've played those kind of games before myself.

To top if all off, the pizza sucked too...

Dick of the Month



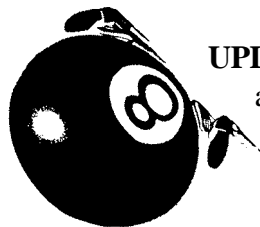
It's been a while since I did a dick of the month, but it's been a while since anybody actually qualified. Now, two people have. Alex Bennett of KITS and Tom Cam of KSFO. KITS is the local "modern rock" station (which means essentially, they don't play anything much done before 1978) and KSFO is an all conservative talk format. These two guys are playing an extended game of playground penis comparison. Apparently the whole flap started on a weekend TV talk show, which according to Bennett, nobody ever watches anyway (so I can't understand why he'd be so upset...). Bennett supposedly said that the quickest way to shut down the opposing radio station was to jam their phone lines. Cam retaliated by giving out KITS phone numbers on the air. War ensued.

Radio idiocy isn't new to the Bay Area. One idiot decided to jump out of a van and get a haircut during the morning commute. Unfortunately, he wasn't killed by a moving vehicle. He was arrested, however.

Now all we have is idiots from both arenas calling the opposite station and being bigger jerks than ever thought possible. The latest salvo from Cam was that only people who had an ID card from him, and gave a correct number from said card was going to get through. Bullshit if I've ever heard it. Anyone with half a brain would figure out that the station hasn't been on the air long enough to do something like this.

Bennett's response was to jam their fax line. Actually he didn't do this personally, but got offers to have it done. I did hear him remark that someone was ready to send the whole script from Raiders of the Lost Ark. Wonderful! I wonder how he would respond to having something from Project Gutenberg sent to his station's fax? Besides, alt.revenge is full of ideas waiting to be put to use only as a last resort.

What these two idiots fail to realize, is that the tactics that they demonstrate are going to spill over in to the mainstream. Like it or not, they are role models. Sometime soon, some idiot is going to block the phone lines at Planned Parenthood or fax an entire volume of Maplethorpe photos to the local church. As far as I'm concerned, I enjoy both of their shows, but they can both fuck off until they grow up and put away their pee-pees.

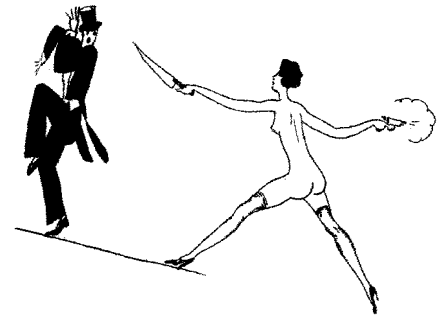


UPDATE: Apparently the war is over. Both participants seem to have put their pee-pees away. Thank God! Two days is more than enough of that type of shit.

Janet Reno's Sex Page



Oral Sex



Post Coital Cigarette



Anal Sex



Party Records

FOR ADULTS ONLY

Yet another exciting installment of record reviews. Well actually CD reviews. I guess I show my age by the fact that I still call it record reviews.

First off, let me give a quick plug to Fry's Electronics for selling CDs at reasonable prices, around \$11.00!

Now on to the reviews:

Thomas Dolby's greatest hits is worth picking up for the fact that Dolby does some good work, but it never is on any one album. The Flat Earth album was a great discus except for one or two songs. Pick this one up. It's great to see a white guy who does funk once and a while.

This next one is kind of a departure, but it's worth having in your collection just the same. Gershwin plays Gershwin is George Gershwin, solo, playing music from piano rolls. If that kind of music appeals to you, I'd say try to find this one at all costs. It's a wonderful departure from some of the crap we get subjected to on a day to day basis. If ragtime/piano music doesn't appeal to you then try broadening you horizons once in a while...

Another one worth having in your collection is The Dickies, "Killer Klowns from Outer Space." The Dickies are a very talented group that nobody, including themselves, seems to take very seriously. Pick this or any of their other works up and you will see that these guys have a lot of talent, but they make you look for it. Also, if these guys ever play live in your area, by all means go see them.

That's all for this month. I've got to get ready to go to Las Vegas for a weekend of hedonism, gambling, and general indulgence in the heat of August...




















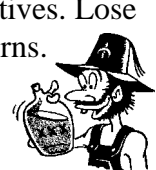
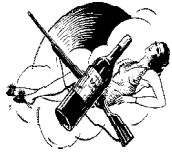












POLLS

& MOLLS

Rules

There is only one rule in politics: Don't get caught!

The object of the game is to be the first to make it to the White House.

64  PRESIDENT	63  Gamble with our future. Lose game...	62 	61 
49 	50 	51 Successful break-in. Roll again. 	52  SOME BUBBLE
48  Win newspaper endorsements. Roll again.	47 	46  EXTRA	45  CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
33 	34 Sell your soul to win votes. Roll again. 	35 	36  Vote!
32  13	31  VOTE REPUBLICAN	30 Tabloids find relatives. Lose 2 turns. 	29 
17 Hung over with Teddy Kennedy. Lose a turn. 	18 	19  BIG NEWS	20 
16 	15 Caught cheating on your wife. Go back 3 spaces. 	14  VOTE DEMOCRATIC THANK YOU	13 Press keeps eye on you. Lose one turn. 
1  START	2 	3 Pick up police endorsement. Roll again. 	4 

60 	59 	58 	57 
53 	54 	55 	56  Contributions checked. Lose a Turn.
44 	43 	42  Lose campaign director. Go back 3 spaces.	41 
37 Bob Packwood gives support. Lose 1 turn. 	38 	39 	40 
28 	27 Sell your soul to win votes. Roll again. 	26 Good sound byte. Advance 3 spaces. 	25 
21 Bad polls. Go to 5. 	22 	23 	24 
12 	11 Bad sound byte. Go back 3 spaces. 	10 	9 
5 	6 	7 Good poll news. Roll again. 	8 

End Page



That's not me, but I thought it was hysterical when I found it on the net...

