

PGP Key registered
with the NSA.

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



Anarchy

Fuck Bubba. Fuck Washington. Fuck Everything.

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Editorial

To paraphrase Elvis Costello, *I used to be digusted, but now I'm just amused*. That pretty much sums up my attitude right now.

I have a horrible feeling that Clinton is going to be reelected. I don't know how Dole can beat him, but I keep hoping. I'd love to see Dole pick a running mate that isn't some other cigar store Indian stiff like Gore, but who can he choose? Powell, the ideal choice, has already said he doesn't want the job. Even I don't want it. I dislike funerals almost as much as I dislike weddings...

As I'm writing this, June 24, Dole is within 6 points of Clinton in the latest polls. Make sure to check the polls over the next few weeks. I predict that Clinton will miraculously rebound to his anointed 20 point lead by the 28th. No, I'm not cynical, I just don't believe the bullshit that the morons of the media try to shove down our throat.

I'm trying something completely new in this issue. Not only more color, but fiction. I used to write, creatively in Junior High and High School, but none of the teachers really appreciated my warped sense of the world back then. I think then I was just a horny cynical teenager. Now, I'm a horny, cynical, depressed adult. Please pass the rat poison...

If the response is at least partially favorable, I may try to do more of this, or at least pass some of my old writings off to save me time in doing this stuff. You won't know the difference, will you?

Actually, unless things really get stale in this country, which I don't see happening, I won't subject you to that. Actually, I think that there are only two or three people that actually ever read the stuff anyway. Not even Mrs. Zen has been privy to those selected pearls of wisdom. She probably wouldn't have married me if she saw those things...

There tucked away with all the back copies of dirty magazines that I can't force myself to throw away. I mean, if I ever do have children, and I'm trying - *look out world* - I have to have something interesting for them to find, don't I?

Of course by the time I have children, free thought will probably be a thing of the past. Only a few anarchists like myself, Sanjay, the Baron, and Johnny Rotten will actually be saying what we think and fuck the rest of the world.

The Baron and I are going to see the Sex Pistols when they come to town, just for nostalgia's sake. Watch for a from the road on that event. I'm going to try to smuggle in a digital camera, so I hope to have a few pictures from that event...

OK, give me a break here. I've got too many ideas to put here, but I have to fill the goddamn thing up somehow, don't I? If I put every cockamamie idea I have down, I'd fill up a 2 Gigabyte drive with a bunch of bullshit that the average person would dismiss as the ravings of a madman, while some archaeologist would eventually recover it and probably think that it was some kind of religious cult.

That would be the ultimate accolade I suppose. To confuse future generations into thinking I was really trying to get on the cover of People magazine when all I was trying to do was be the burr under the saddle of everyday life.



Don't agree with what I have to say? I'll even print it if I get enough responses. Speak your mind!

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Random



Thoughts

Why is it that we hear about the birth of Jesus and the later life of Jesus, but never those formative “wonder years” like puberty? Did this guy grow up overnight? Did he ever see a Christmas tree? Did he get to put the angel on top?

What kind of arrogance is it that requires all alien beings in science fiction shows to be some derivation of human? Is it the inability of the human mind to create anything else or what?

Would it make a damn bit of difference to the American public, or the press for that matter, if Bill Clinton ran naked through Times Square on New Years Eve? Do you really believe that it would dim his reelection chances at all? How about if he walked in to a grade school with a machine gun and killed an entire class, the event was shown on live TV, and then urinated on the blackboard?

Exactly how fat do you have to be to direct traffic as a policeman in San Francisco? These guys make the belly bucking champions of years ago look like Jenny Craig success stories. I'm still trying to figure out how they get behind the wheel of their police cars.

Did Jeffrey Dahmer own a crock pot?

Instead of running Bob Dole for president, why don't the republicans run Hymie the robot from the old Get Smart TV show? He at least had more personality, and more fluid movement. Plus both of his arms worked. Usually...

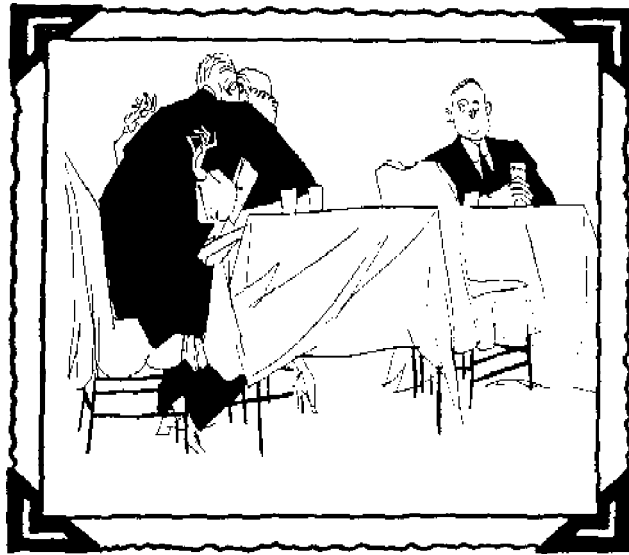
Bob Dole is being slammed in the press for turning down a NAACP invitation to speak to their convention. Why doesn't the Grand Wizard of the KKK invite Bill Clinton to speak at their annual minority pinata picnic festival. Where would the press be when Clinton turned down that invitation?

Could someone please tell women that if they want to smoke cigars, that they perhaps ought to start by fellating the males of the world before putting something lit in their mouth? I mean you don't see men going around wearing bras - at least everywhere except San Francisco...

Am I the only one that thinks Stone Phillips is an epileptic? Watch the way he moves when he talks. It's kind of a jerky motion, with a fake smile plastered on his face. It's either that, or someone is giving him a low voltage shock to the anus during the Dateline broadcasts...

Bob Packwood's Congressional Memories

It's amazing what you can find at garage sales in Washington DC for a modest sum...



Lobbyists can sure be fun!



Getting people to vote your way
can be tiring.



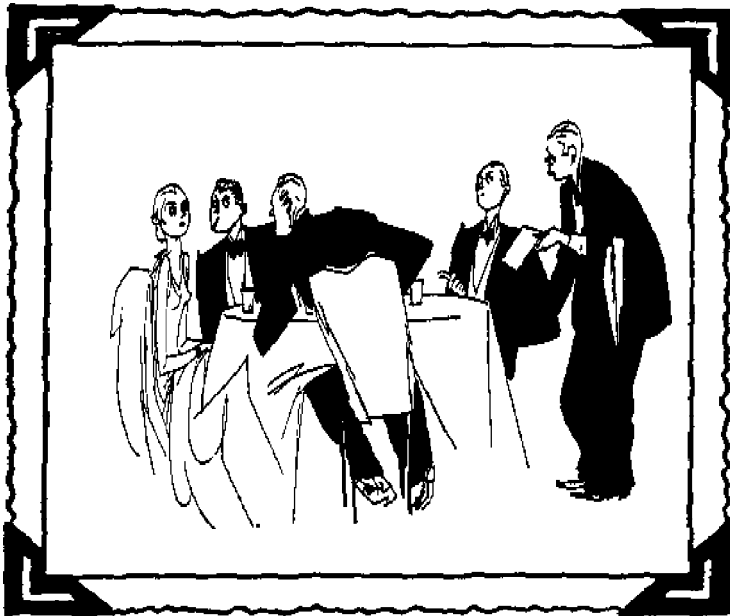
I never should have gone to the
Teddy Kennedy finishing school...



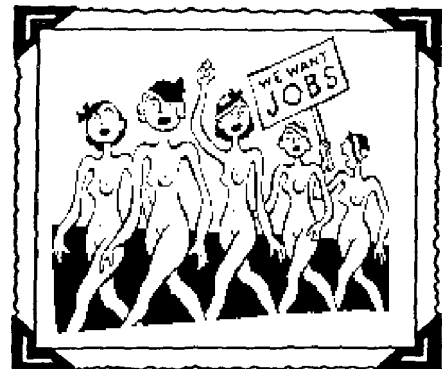
Boy did I hate the wife's bridge nights!



Meeting the new secretary...



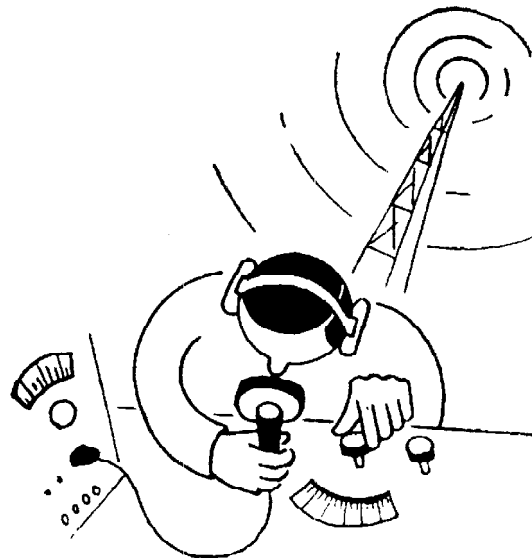
So few women, so many senators...



If only all protests could be like this! Weren't the sixties great?

WASHINGTON POLITICAL RADIO'S HOT HIT PLAYLIST

Thanks to some late night Dr. Pepper and hacking, I have managed to secure the request list of radio station WWWW in Washington DC. It's amazing what people keep records of these days. And you thought that Netcom had bad security...



Bill Clinton - Me and Mrs. Jones - Liar, Liar, Pants on Fire (*The Blondie version*) - Shop Around

Bob Dole - The theme from The Fugitive

George Stephanopolous, Robert Reich, and Donna Shalala - Short People

Hillary Clinton and Janet Reno - The entire K.D. Lang and Mellisa Ethridge collections

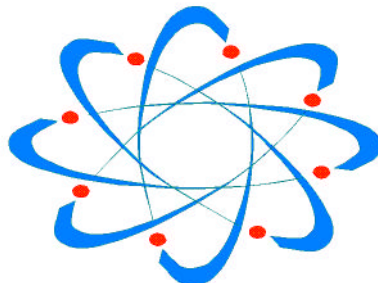
Dee Dee Myers - (I've got my foot on the accelerator.) Drivin' - Pearl Harbor and the Explosions, Hot Rod Lincoln

Newt Gingrich - The Future's so bright, I have to wear shades and I don't want to grow up.

Al Gore - the entire Stiff records collection (Not that he likes alternative music, he just thinks they named the label after him...)

Bob Packwood - Go Away Little Girl - Donny Osmond and the soundtrack from the movie, "The Man who Loved Women"

Barney Frank - The soundtrack to To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything, Julie Newmar.



For all of you reading this that want to do your own 'zine: This is a convenient way to fill up space when you run short. Haven't you ever wondered why they put cartoons in magazines?



Party Records

FOR ADULTS ONLY

Vinyl, only vinyl...

Yes, vinyl. For those of you too young to know what in the hell I'm talking about, it's a 12" black disk with grooves that you have to play on a rotating platter with a needle. For more information, put in your Microsoft Encyclopedia CD and look the fucking thing up. Now that the history lesson is over, here's a selection of great things that will probably never ever make it to CD, so if you see them in your local used record store, snag them...

First off, B-Team's *Buy American*, a local San Francisco band that opened at an old night club called the Kabuki. It's a 8 screen theater now, but it used to be one of the few clubs in the city. Anyway, they opened for Duran Duran, were short one person, and still played the best set I've heard from a local band to this day. I think they only had the one album, and I don't know what they are doing today. So sue me. This isn't a music 'zine. All I know is that Mrs. Zen and I walked out on Duran Duran back in the eighties since B-Team was so good.

Next, a long time ago, in a galaxy far, far, away...

Andy Summers (yes of The Police) put out a 10" disk under the guise of Klark Kent - *Music from the Kinetic Kid*. It was pressed on light green see-thru vinyl. This was one of the finest EP's to come out of the punk movement. Just your basic guitar, bass, and drums. If you can find this, it's well worth having in the collection.

The Boomtown Rats finest, in my opinion - and that's all that counts here, album was V Deep. If this thing ever comes out on CD, I'm going to buy two copies - just so I can have one virgin one for a backup. Unfortunately, this was the second to last album for them, but it was some of their best work ever. Highlights include a reggae reprise of *House on Fire*. The only problem was that it was too damn short.

If you're looking for something to keep people out of your room, try Joy Division's *Still*. It is one of the most depressing, Gothic ambient albums I've ever heard. The day before I got married, I had it playing and the guys who came over, looked at me and said, "What the hell is that shit you're playing?" See how good it is? Great for keeping rats and Yoko Ono away from your house too...

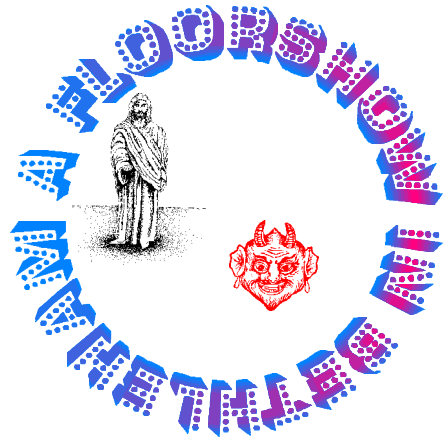
The Dickies, *The Incredible Shrinking Dickies* is probably one of the most overlooked albums of the late 70's. The Dickies, on first listen sound like the shittiest band that you've ever heard. Now go back and play it again a few more times. Pretty soon, if you listen to the music, you'll see that these guys actually have quite a bit of talent. It's a bunch of guys who are just having a good time and making a few bucks doing it. If you ever get a chance to see these guys live, I can highly recommend it.

Finally, if you want that hard driving, going down the road at 80 m.p.h., punk rock that a lot of us really enjoy driving to, then I suggest Fear's *The Record*. This is one of the granddaddies of punk. With highlights like *Let's have a War*, *New York's Alright if you Like Saxophones*, *Beef Baloney*, and *I Don't Care about You (Fuck You)*, who needs Led Zeppelin to drive to anymore.

One single of note: If you actually find this one, consider yourself lucky... The Vktms only single that I know of was one of the best with a girl as a singer from the late 70's. The Baron and I actually saw them live at a dive called the Mabuhay Gardens. It was a restaurant, turned club, and now it's a restaurant again. The Vktms were a great live band, and their single *Dirty Little White Girl* is one of the funniest of the time with lyrics talking about her carrying a switchblade in her garter.

This is a first. I hope you enjoy it...

Hello, and welcome to the Club Vatican. I'm your host Pope John Paul II. Now you're probably wondering what in the hell I'm doing in a nightclub, aren't you? Well, I get a take of the door, even with priests with small boys at half price (*rimshot*). OK, don't laugh. Remember, I've got a first class ticket to heaven. You suckers are going baggage class (*rimshot*). Like the dress? You don't? Well, when you make the kind of money, I make, you'll wear anything. Now you're probably wondering why I'm up here strolling around and not in that *Boy in the Bubble* car I'm driven around in. Well, look around. Do you see any mad Turks here tonight (*rimshot*)?



Enough from me. Let me introduce our first act tonight. He comes from a short line of people, actually one. He's played some of the best parties in the world. Put your hands together for Jesus...

The Pope, Ladies and Gentlemen, The Pope. Let's hear it for the only man outside San Francisco to be seen in a dress in public (*rimshot*). You look like a nice crowd. Any lepers out there tonight? Come on up here. I'll do things to you Blue Cross doesn't even know about yet.

You probably think that being the son of God is great. Well, it's no bed of roses. Imagine having your birthday on Christmas. The bulk of what you get are bandages and gloves. By the time you finish opening the presents, you look like you could open up a chapter of the Red Cross in the Antarctic. And when you get cufflinks, you need an extra set for your palms (*rimshot*).

But seriously, growing up as the son of God was a drag. It wasn't fun being known as the boy from the barn. Even today, I get a woody every time I smell hay. (*rimshot*) Every mother thought you were a good boy, but all the girls knew that God would know what they did, so that attests to the lack of dating I did in High School. Even the bad girls wouldn't go out with me. Can you imagine the high school slut taking on a charity case like me? Besides, what would my father have said?

Also, do you know what it's like to ask the Almighty for the keys to the chariot? Ever take a chariot to the drive in? It's high on the list of make out vehicles. It sort of rates up there with the Pinto on the list of mobile Kama Sutra options. That and making out to the Ten Commandments, watching Charlton Heston part the Red Sea, while you're trying to make your own waves, just doesn't cut it.

The great thing about being the son of God is show and tell. Imagine being in front of the class and turning bread in to fish. It's also like having Marlin Brando as your father. If the teachers didn't give me good grades, all I had to do was to drop the hint that a plague of locusts could be over at their house within the hour. \

Well, folks I have to run. My cross is double-parked and I don't need to explain another ticket to Dad...

Thank you Jesus. He's appearing here nightly except Christmas and Easter, two shows nightly, except Fridays. Now for our next comedian, we have the Prince of Darkness, Old Scratch himself, Satan.

The Pope, Ladies and Gentlemen. If it weren't for me, this guy would be selling used cars in Poland right now (*rimshot*). Did you know that Vatican City is the only country in the world with a birthrate of zero? It also has the

only virgin left in Italy. Well, at least until Bill Clinton gets there.

Talk about slick, even I'm envious of him. Maybe I should run for President. I mean look at all the things I've been accused of over the years, then look at Clinton. Nothing sticks to the guy. Boy, I wonder if he's giving seminars. Well, maybe in a few years, when we get a hold of him, we can work something out, but his wife isn't coming down here. No way, in hell (*rimshot*).

Well, Jesus thinks he had it rough being God's son. Try being the partner that got kicked out of a lucrative business. Think about it. People die, and they have to have some place to live. Heaven Estates. Yes, that's right. Condo's in Heaven, but the big guy puts the kabosh on the whole idea. He just wants houses, lots of houses. Houses as far as the eye can see. So we go round and round about this and all of a sudden he lines up the board of directors up behind Him and boom. I'm out of a job.

So, he gives me a third world type area to work with. Well, take a look at it. Who has the more interesting people? I mean we're expanding with three new luxury hotels just this year. The new golf courses, overlooking the Styx river, should be done soon. Watch out for the water hazards (*rimshot*).

Hell is the place to be. Look at heaven. What do you do all day? When you go there, they issue you a harp and a set of wings. Wow! Flying and playing the harp for eternity. Sign me up. On those special days, they have Bingo (*rimshot*)!

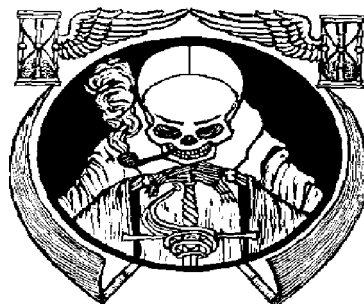
We, on the other hand, are one nonstop party. I mean, when I was growing up, who do you think got all the best chicks? I think that's the only place I've beaten Bill Clinton's record. I've had more virgins than he has, even though he's been through more of his relatives than I have (*rimshot*).

And what do you think they drink up in Heaven? Wine, the blood of Christ - Sorry Jesus. I forgot you were here. Have a glass of juice before you drive home, OK? (*rimshot*) They don't have the wonderful things that we do. Remember, we have all the people that developed all the fun things - Sex, Drugs, Rock and Roll, and liquor. Boy do we have liquor. You haven't lived until you've had a martini made by the best bartenders this side of Las Vegas.

Now, I think about this time, you're wondering, "How do I go about getting a condo in Hell?" Well, stop by the booth at the back of the club and one of our lovely Succubi will be happy to take part of your soul as a down payment.

Thank you and good night. You've been a great audience. I know I'll be seeing a few of you as you drive home tonight, so drink up and enjoy...

That's all for tonight, Ladies and Gentlemen. Thanks for coming down to Club Bethlehem. You can pick up your firearms and assorted weapons on the way out.



Hillary from the internet - a Pictoral retrospective

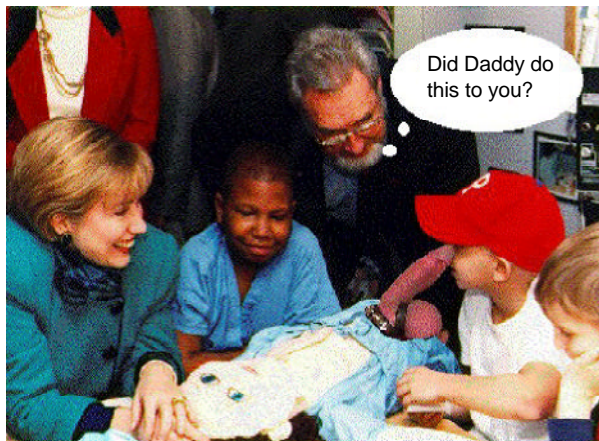
I didn't do any of these personally, but I sure got one hell of a laugh out from them. Enjoy!



ARKANSAS
MENTAL
HOSPITAL



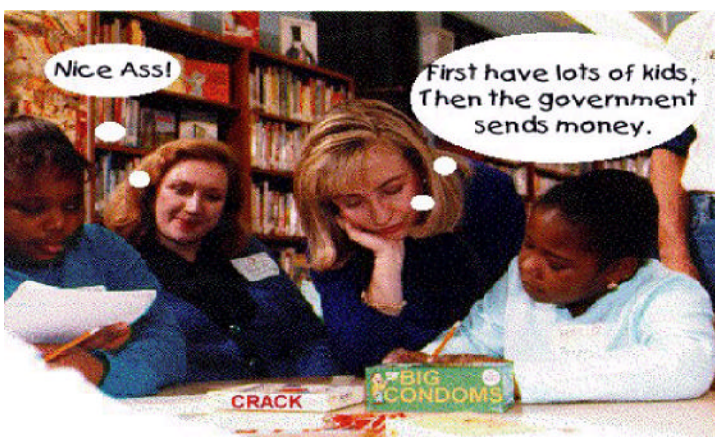
Hillary announces a 10 billion dollar grant to prevent inbreeding in the south.



Hillary and C. Everett Koop demonstrate "Mr. Bob" the government's new child molestation simulator.



Michael shows Hilary around Neverland.



Hillary explains the new "Solyent Green" benefit to an old codger.

End Page

Compare these two pictures:



Who says the first lady has bad taste in clothing? At least she's recycling from some of the old furniture from the governor's mansion from Arkansas.

Until next time...

