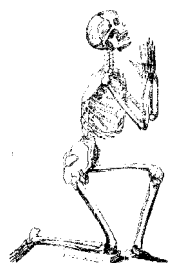


Zen



PGP Key registered  
with the NSA.

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



Anarchy

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First we take Manhattan, then we take Berlin...

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# EDITORIAL

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I've been having a e-mail conversation with a free-lance journalist friend in Los Angeles, who is a devout liberal in every sense of the word. Mention that you like the fifties and she thinks you mean that you want to go back to the days when women stayed at home and raised the kids. You get the picture.

Well, she was robbed outside a restaurant in West Hollywood, at gunpoint, not long ago. Jokingly I asked her if that changed her mind and she would vote Republican now. She responded to the extent that if the Republicans got back in to power that blacks, not to mention women, would have no chance of getting any jobs. I responded that we would need someone to write the propaganda, so she would always have a job.

The reason I preface this is that it got me to thinking. I don't know one person that wouldn't love to have everyone working, no crime, and affordable housing, health care, etc... I'd love to see a more utopian world. I guess the big difference is how we'd like to see this done.

I can't speak for my friend, but I'd love to see a totally color blind society. I'd like to see job interviews done by a prospective employee speaking in to a microphone which filters and changes their voice to the prospective employer. That way you get someone, hopefully, who is hired on their merits, not because of their skin color or lack of it, etc...

I'd love for everyone to have a job, but I know that isn't realistic. There is a certain segment of the society that would need to be taken care of. Say for example it's 5%. Fine. The other 95% of the population could be doing something. It doesn't take a village to figure this out, much less a bunch of addle brained politicians or sheep. All it takes is a bunch of people waking up to reality.

I have ideas which, if I put in to production, could conceivably make me even more money than I have now. Lots more. But when I see the amount of paper-

work that we have to do, and I'm talking useless paperwork here - surveys, etc..., I really don't want to open a business in this country. I'd love to, but the amount of bullshit you have to put up with isn't worth it. I'd rather go over to Scotland, talk to the local government there, and arrange to open up a plant to employ the people of the community and work with the government rather than for them. Maybe I could negotiate the castle I've always wanted to boot. Now if they'd just throw in the Harley...

I think that we agree more than she'd care to admit. I'm not as cruel as the general media would love to paint me, and she's nowhere near as stupid as the ultra conservative pundits would describe her. We both believe, I think, in the same core issues, but the only place we seem to disagree is how to solve the problems. I think she'd throw a lot more money at things than I would, but I like to know how my money is going to work rather. She would be more likely to give money to a homeless person, while I wouldn't. That doesn't mean that I have no regard for the homeless, but I've seen too many rip off artists working a great scam and getting off tax free.

Now I know that you are probably saying to yourself right now, "Gee, what's wrong with that?" Well, if dickhead numbers one through infinity can get away with it, why can't I? Could it be because I actually HAVE money? God forbid I actually be in control of my life. Now maybe if I started shooting up heroin, these idiots would maybe, just maybe, leave me the hell alone...

Wishful thinking. I'd probably get an NEA grant. Then where would my life be?

As always, e-mail to:  
an118926@anon.penet.fi

And if you send e-mail from the web,  
be sure to actually say something, OK?



# Random



# Thoughts

How did Mr. Peabody get back after he stepped through the wayback machine? I understand how he went back in history, but did it leave some door marked exit somewhere along the way or what?

Have you ever noticed how dead a bra looks when it's laying on the floor? Consider other underwear laying on the floor. Briefs, panties and t-shirts look like underwear, but bras look like someone took the stuffing out of an animal.

Who is bringing the colony of lepers for Clinton to heal at the Democratic convention? After hearing the caustic denigration of the Republican convention by the media at large, I expect them to be fawning all over the second coming of Clinton. Perhaps someone can bring an army of bread trucks so that he can turn some loaves in to fishes as well.

If the nicotine patches are so effective at helping quit smoking, wouldn't they be just as effective if used in reverse to help people start smoking? Also, can kids who smoke, legally buy these things? Wouldn't you just love to see the ACLU defending some kid who was under court order to use the patches since smoking by minors is illegal?



See, I said I'd print 'em if I got some..

---

From daemon@anon.penet.fi Tue Aug 27 20:04:39 1996  
To: Professor Zen  
From: an657695@anon.penet.fi  
Date: Wed, 28 Aug 1996 02:45:51 UTC  
Subject: Re: Zen Anarchy #19 now available  
Status: RO

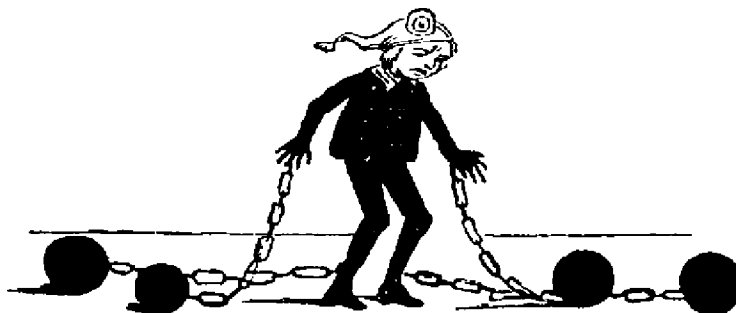
do you feel you have to hide behind the name Prof. Zen? does this make you feel you are more superior to others? the name is somewhat intimidating..

*It's a pen name. Get over it.  
The Professor*

For the sake of those out there I decided not to print the letters from the three or four idiots who kept asking for directions on how to get change out of a pepsi machine. It's real simple. Beat the living crap out of the thing until it starts puking it guts out and the change will follow. Usually if you use a Mack truck, this cuts down on the beating time. Dropping it out of an airplane is another good method.

*The Professor*

# CULTURE WATCH



## WHY I HATE SHOPPING MALLS

I know you're probably thinking, what the fuck does this have to do with culture. Go soak your head if you can't figure it out. Then if you really can't figure it out, quit reading this fucking zine. You aren't learning anything at all...

I had the misfortune of going to the local shopping mall on a Sunday. Now I'm beginning to understand why this country is in such moral decay. Nobody goes to church anymore, they go shopping. So rather than bore you with the usual soliloquy, I'm just going to list my pet peeves with comments. ( Yes, I'm getting lazy. Piss off... )

### ***Women who are over the age of 50 wearing short shorts.***

If you've ever been out anywhere in the summer, chances are you've seen these women who are desperately trying to hang on to the last vestige of youth that they have. My advice: Give it up. You aren't fooling anyone and nobody wants to look at your aging fat thighs. Go put on some pants...

### ***Idiotic teenagers trying to relive the Seventies***

I'm personally about ready to blow up the Nick at Nite studios and the VH1 studios so they stop proliferating this mystique of the Seventies. I don't know about you, but I am FUCKING SICK AND TIRED of watching pre-Gen X Brady Bunch wanna be kids wander around the malls with pants that are at least 5 sizes too big and chicks wearing halter tops and tank tops with bras...

### ***Sports Fags***

You know the types. They wear they're favorite foot-

ball/basketball/baseball player's jersey with a pair of loose fit jeans since that's the only thing that they can get their fat, beer belly guts in to anymore. They are also usually noticeable by their thinning or receding hair lines. One thing you will notice, that during football season, you won't find a one of these guys in a mall during any time on Sunday, but these guys aren't in church...

### ***Rock star wanna-be's working in food operations***

Usually spotted, if male, by the haircut that looks like they lost a bet at a fraternity hazing, but they aren't that old. Females are easily spotted by the multiple ear piercings, or other body parts that are pierced. Females have overly large clothing although it will take a few years in the white trash trailer park to fill the out to their fullest potential. God knows they will get there sooner than later... The males will usually end up pumping gas while trying desperately to play as an opening band for another band that's going nowhere fast. Why do you think they are working in a food place to begin with? You can only get so much money out of Mom and Dad before they actually stop feeling guilty.

### ***Make Up counter workers***

The people that are least likely to survive any kind of national disaster. You remember how SoyLent Green turned out to be people? These women will be the first to go. Not that anyone will miss them, but I don't know. They'll probably need salt...



# DICK OF THE MONTH



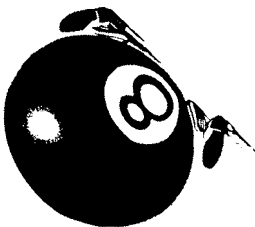
## *SO MANY DICKS, SO LITTLE SPACE...*

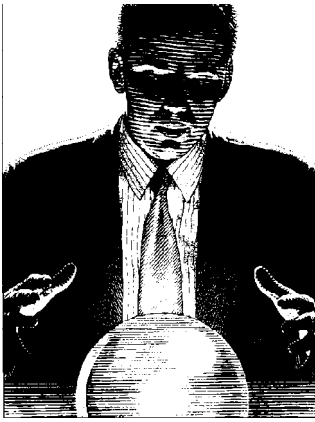
This month we have a multiple tie for dick of the month. Gee, let's have a show of hands for all of those who were surprised about that. Good. Now put those fingers back in your noses. There's air getting to your brain.

Dick #1 Bill Clinton : Now kids, keep those fingers in those noses. Bill Clinton signed legislation this week to limit tobacco advertising in the hope that children would stop smoking. Cigarette companies are now prevented from sponsoring racing teams and sporting events. WOW! Maybe next he will ban cereal advertising so children will eat fruit for breakfast instead of Fruit Loops? I once had the pleasure of going to a benefit dinner for President Kennedy's White House chef. Pierre Salinger told the story of how Kennedy called him in to his office and asked him to get a large box of Cuban cigars. The next day he signed the executive order banning trade with Cuba. Is Bill Clinton hoarding Joe Camel t-shirts?

Dick #2 The California Legislature : Committing the most grievous of sins - thinking that you don't have to listen to the people who give you a job and the arrogance of thinking you know what's better for someone than they do. We have new smog legislation trying to be foisted upon us. They are trying to eliminate what they call gross polluters which they claim cause 50% of all automobile pollution. Now you're probably thinking that this is an admirable idea. It would be, but studies show that auto pollution is a mere 3% of all air pollution in the state. Now if you cut that in half, how much have you reduced air pollution by? Can I see a show of hands with the answer? 1.5%!

Dick #3 Bay Area Media : When did you folks stop being reporters and start being propaganda mills? Was it when Bill Clinton became president? If Bob Dole wins, will you go back to the attack dog style of reporting we expected you to do with Comrade Bill?





# THE ZEN GUIDE TO LOVE & WAR

## How to Choose a Mate

Choosing a mate is really a very easy process if you follow this guide. All mates can be rated by the amount of time you could stand to spend with them sexually before you would want to kick them out of your life. This rating system whittled away a lot of useless girl watching hours for myself and the Rabbi - *when we actually spoke to each other...*

### 10 Seconds

Possibly sexually attractive in a white trash sort of way. These would include Juliette Lewis and Courtney Love.

### 1 Minute

More attractive than the last group but still a throw away fuck. Examples include Tiffani Amber Theissen and Nicole Kidman.

### 10 Minutes

Getting better, but still ex-wife material. Keep looking unless you want to spend the rest of your life in alimony payments up your ass. Jennifer Jason Leigh and Mariel Hemingway belong here.

### 1 Hour

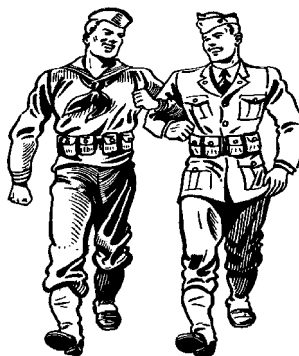
Fun for a fling, but probably still gets vital sex information from Cosmopolitan. Better make sure you use that rubber. Martha Quinn and Melissa Joan Hart qualify for this group.

### 1 Day

You're almost there. Not the worst you could do, but you won't be truly happy. Beauty, like memories, fade with time. I put Kathleen Turner and Meg Ryan here.

### A Weekend

If you ever find one of these, marry them. 'Nuff said.





# Party Records

## FOR ADULTS ONLY

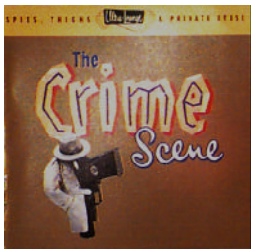
Don't expect anything witty here. I'm not in the mood...



Cabaret Voltaire *Three Mantras*: This is also known as some of the most annoying music ever produced. It's one of the prizes of my eccentric records collection. Cabaret Voltaire was, and maybe still is, one of the premier industrial bands of the day. Nine Inch Nails wouldn't know what hit them if they heard this stuff. I always said that if you really wanted to piss someone off, play this stuff for them at 3 or 4 in the morning. The band used to have a saying that if you could make it, they'd play it. You've gotta love that kind of attitude...



The Dickies *The Incredible Shrinking Dickies*: One of the first punk bands I ever heard, I first caught them on a collection album called No Wave that A&M put out semi promoting their alternative acts back in the late 70's. This one is probably still available, somewhere, and well worth picking up. On first listen they sound like another bunch of no talent schlubs, but there is a very musical bent to them - you just have to listen to find it. Also highly recommended is the *Killer Clowns from Outer Space* 10 inch disk.



Various Artists *Crime Scene*: One of the latest in the collection of lounge music, this one is all crime and spy themes. As it says on the cover, Spies, Thighs and Private Eyes! It's a collection from the days when people actually relied on full orchestras and musicians to do theme music, instead of today where they just get some pierced pantywaist to allow them to use a song or two and then promote a film by showing more information about the soundtrack than the film itself. When was the last time you went to a James Bond film for the music? Anyway, this is best listened to at night, on a foggy road near a marsh, while you are driving your Astin Martin convertible, wearing your trench coat - pulled up around your neck, with a cigarette hanging out the side of your mouth...



# The Sex Pistols in Washington DC

## ***Sex Pistols w/Goldfinger & Gravity Kills Geroge Mason Univ. Patriot Center, Fairfax VA., Tue. Aug 6th***

As a preamble to this raving, let me first say I regard PunkRock today with about the same emotional weight that I give to the Grateful Dead, Christianity, Grunge, Anarchy, Rock'N'Roll, and America. They all started out as good ideas which were misunderstood and immediately punished and pummeled by a majority opposition. Then within about 10-20 years they were all twisted until they became the exact opposite of what-ever they stood for.

That being spewed, I hence knew exactly what I was getting for my \$30. A chance to view history one last time before it was gone forever.

Anybody who caught the transcript of the press conference from the Babylon UK website knew that this was primarily about money. No excuses were made about it. That's why it was called the Filthy Lucre tour.

*Q: "Isn't it a complete about-face from everything you've ever stood for?"*

*"John "Rotten" Lydon: "Listen we invented Punk, we write the rules, you follow. Not the other way 'round."*

It was never about starving in dingy apartments. It was never about taking people who can't get along and pretending to unify them for some pie-in-the-sky political platitudes. It was simply about milking the world for whatever you can get out of it. An opportunity had presented itself and they took full advantage. Wouldn't you?

*Lydon: "Every f@cker has lived off us and we've never seen penny one or respect.. If you wanna complain about people grabbing money, then look at all those trashy pop stars you've got out there left right and center. I don't see you bitching about any of those bumholes. Is it cos we're working class that that means we have no access to cash, period?"*

*Q: "You live in Malibu!"*

*Lydon: "Should we just stay in our council estates?" (British euphemism for hi-rise gov't. housing slum)*

So our party of four arrived and hung out to see folks 15-40 strolling towards the barricades the Center staff had erected outside the main doors. Full regalia punkoid types and near-preppies. T-shirts and high bondage gear. The most common article of clothing was the Sid-style chain around the neck with the tiny lock on. Even though I was wearing a Gwar T-shirt, I still felt like a hippie. A photographer from the Washington Post was snapping pictures

and asking dumb questions.

The Patriot Center is, basically, a coliseum for GMU basketball games, so in a way it was like going to see Ozzy or Metallica. A taped voice over a loudspeaker announced that no cameras or glass bottles could be taken in. I went over to one of the security people, and waited until she had finished patting down some concert goers, to verify if this was true. Yep, not only cameras, but no handbags, shoulder bags, or Chains and Spikes of ANY KIND.



If a fight broke out involving the kind of heavy metal which would incur serious injuries, GMU could have their butts sued off, she explained to me. Hence, no chains, no spikes, no not even on boots. The disdainful wails and cries began to commence as people trudged back to their cars to shed their more hazardous fashions, yes even the Sid necklaces with their cute little locks had to go.

"No chains, no spikes, no bags!" one woman screamed. "What the f@ck is going on here?! THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE PUNK ROCK!" And even as our driver was responding with "Yeah, that's right, it's all about fashion," our party of mid-30's was doubling over with laughter that lasted about a good three minutes. I think I got about five dollars worth of enter-

tainment right there.

Once in, and milling about in circles in the hallway, I had this eerie feeling that I was in a shopping mall for the disfranchised. Every 30 feet was a hot dog and pretzel stand, or a kiosk selling T-shirts (\$23), coffee mugs (\$13), posters, stickers and buttons. And people strolling about, looking for something to do, or a familiar face. Some chubby from years of alcoholism. Some with melted faces from years of heroin addiction. The smokers got their own separate little patio off the North gate to do all their smoking, which was kind of a cool place to hang, smoking or not, if you got bored with the opening acts.

Gravity Kills can best be pigeonholed as Nine Inch Ministry. Dark and gothy, yet with real guitar and drums. Biggest attraction for this band was the bass keyboard player. He had some kind of special stand which would allow him to whip it all around like he was dancing with a guitar. Occasionally he would stand on it and make it hop a little. I wanted to see him make it hop all over the stage, back and forth, like he was pogoing with his keyboard and riding the stand like a hobby-horse. We thought he was doing samples from the keyboard as well but then we decided, no, those were coming from the sound board in back. Interesting in a Bau-



haus kind of way. After 20 minutes of it we head back to the patio.

Goldfinger played Rancid/Green Day type altie punk stuff. I didn't find anything they did to be very stimulating for me. They played their hit "You Have Changed But I Still Feel The Same" (or something like that) and I thought oh okay, THAT band. The singer told his joke about Courtney Love "What's the difference between CL and Wayne Gretzky? Gretzky showers after three periods." Solid pop band, lots of energy, blah blah blah. The crowd must have wore themselves out by this time because they seemed rather subdued for the big attraction.

After about a 30 minute wait, the black curtain in back was pulled revealing the backdrop or all the British tabloid headlines that had appeared on T-shirts for years. First Glen Matlock, original bass player, came out with a smoking jacket and white Fender. Then Steve Jones, all in black with a cobalt blue Les Paul. Then Paul Cook, looking not a bit aged, behind his Premier British Flag kit. Then our clown prince. Strolling in, straight back, determined purpose, scowling as usual. Dressed as Alpine Boy.

He had one of those shirts you usually see the dancers in an Oktoberfest celebration wear, except it was Bright canary yellow. Over that, flaming Red suspenders with the little crossing straps up front; holding up knee-length black shorts. White crew socks and black patent-leather shoes. About as un-punk looking as you can get. At first I thought he was wearing a red and yellow jesters' cap. Nope, it was his hair. All spiked, 2-tone, to match the shirt and suspenders. Hilarious.

He was also about 30-40 pounds overweight. No doubt our Johnny has become a big fan of the micro brewery craze. "OK DC. Are you ready for some EN-TER-TAIN-MENT?" They started off with Bodies. Every ounce of raw energy and excitement from the original recordings was exceeded by the performance. The crowd seemed kinda still, like they didn't believe that this was one of the bands that really got the ball rolling; that were responsible for the reality they enjoy today. It was like they were watching television.

"What a nice, polite, well behaved crowd," Lydon spat sarcastically. "What are you people doing sitting down?!" He yelled at the four sections of filled seats. "We're fat, 40, and old, but at least we're showing some life. The rest of you sitting on your donut bottom shave no excuse." (or something to that effect)

Not me. I'd done my time in the pit, thank you. The view is better from right here. And nothing he said could have fazed me. The last time I was in the pit I damn near lost my clothes. And I'd had enough of elbows to the temple for 'weird dancing.' "C'mon, you wussies! Get up off your doughnut butts!" cajoled Lydon. "Let's see Your doughnut butt, Johnny!" someone from the seats at stage left must have called, because Lydon obliged, mooning the entire two sections of seats. Then turning to stage right to address us with "Don't worry. You're next."

Someone on the floor held a sign up. It must have got his goat 'cause he said "Put that down! Put that down right now!" So in the middle of the next number the sign got folded up and flung at

him. A perfect shot, right in the gut.

They performed all the songs from the Bollocks album, plus "Stepping Stone" and two obscure British singles, "Satellite" and "Did You No Wrong". No Feelings was stretched out extra long. The entire band was incredibly energetic and tight. It far exceeded the recorded performances. Alas, there was no Sid to add to the Lydon's comedic gestures. Lydon enjoyed gesturing to the crowd to get them to make noise when things got too quiet. And he made no attempt to hide his disdain for us dweebs in the bleachers.

"It's not illegal to have fun. Yet. From the looks of you lot, it already is."

Lydon, preserving his voice, drank from a smorgasboard of bottles. He made a big show of gargling and heaving spit water in the repeated attempt to completely trash one of the stage monitors by the drum riser. He lifted his Alpine boy shirt to show us his enormous gut and shrunken chest. Licking his hand, he commenced massaging his nipple and mock-orgasming like a porn actress.

"The President came by tonight. You know. Hillary. Democrats, Republicans, It's all the f@cking same anyway, isn't it?"

From the moment the first song commenced, the rolled up papers and spit wads flew to the stage. As well as sneakers, which he enjoyed punting off stage. What looked like either a garter belt or a hair extension got dropped inside the shorts. And "Rosary Beads! Don't you think it's a little too late for the Catholics to save me now?!?!"

While Jones did solos, Johnny danced about making robot motions. I was enjoying the giant shadows he was throwing on the empty seats in back. Skinny Johnny the shadow. Fat Johnny on stage.

Their show had one encore and lasted an hour and 10 minutes. My driver was on the floor and said there was a lot of pit action, everybody being so happy to see the Pistols, no fights, anyone who fell got promptly pulled back up.

Then after "Problems," making sure to point to the crowd while singing "The problem is you!," and a long howling "goood niight" from Lydon, a long chapter in musical history had finally ended. Wrapped up tight like a package. They started it, sat back to watch the snowball grow, and came back with the flame throwers.

\*\*\*\*\*  
(c) 1996 Steve Slack, Obnestic Sound & Vision

\*\*\*\*\*  
PS: For those who missed the press conference: Here's the rest of the text.

*Q: What do you think about Malcolm McLaren's comments that you're just dray horses out for your last ride before being put out to pasture?*

*Lydon: I'm glad he's still doing our press for us.*

*Q: Are you on any prescribed medication we should know about?*

*Lydon: The only thing I'm on is ego, and I've got more than enough*

*of that to go round.*

*Q: This is sad isn't it?*

*Lydon: Pardon, can I have that in English? It's sad that an arsehole like you doesn't appreciate the effort we've gone to.*

*Q: How much money are you getting?*

*Lydon: More than the Beatles and f@cking right and all. Cos this is the only thing that's ever come out of Britain that's actually worth the money.*

*Q: Where's your first gig?*

*Cook: Finland.*

*Q: Why Finland?*

*Lydon: You've got to rehearse somewhere.*

*Q: Do you still hate each other?*

*Lydon: Yes, with a vengeance, but we share a common cause, and that's your money.*

*Q: How much are you getting?*

*Cook: Don't be nosey.*

*Lydon: I'll tell you at the end of the year.*

*Q: What do you think about Green Day?*

*Lydon: Childish prattle. It's the same old sh!t really, nothings changed. The Sex Pistols never finished properly, so this is what it's about, to put a full stop on it.*

*Q: Why has it taken you so long?*

*Lydon: Well I ran away from it for a long time. I couldn't cope with it because it went tragically wrong due to management and various other arsehole members. Money isn't the be all and end all. I'm also incredibly spiteful so when someone thinks something is so sacrosanct that it should never be touched, I wanna touch it.*

*Q: Asked about a Pistols reunion in the past you've said, "What are we gonna do, dig up Sid"? Do you think that might make a better spectacle?*

*Lydon: I thought about that, but Sid's ashes were blown all over the airport. We'd need a f@cking Hoover!*

*Q: Are you writing new material?*

*Matlock: No, we haven't even rehearsed yet. This is only the third time we've seen each other. We've spent five minutes together and it's going great.*

*Q: Are you gonna get rid of the monarchy for us this time?*

*Lydon: No. Our very good fifth member, Lady Di, is doing an excellent job. In fact we've offered to do a benefit for Madame Di cos she really does need the cash, just like us.*

*Q: What would Sid think of all this?*

*Lydon: He'd love it, if he could think at all. Sid was nothing more than a coat hanger to fill in an empty space on stage. These are the people that wrote the songs and now we'd like to be paid for it.*

*Q: Are you old farts like the Stones?*

*Lydon: There ain't nothing wrong with getting old. Like a fine wine, I've matured with age.*

*Q: Glen, what have you been doing for the last years apart from writing your book?*

*Lydon: Nothing.*

*Matlock: I've done a lot, thanks John. I've got an album coming out this month on Creation. It's called 'Who's He When He's Not At Home'.*

*Q: How far can you spit these days?*

*Lydon: Do you wanna test it?*

*Q: Do you like Oasis?*

*Lydon: They're just a pop band, you know.*

*Matlock: Don't wanna say anything about them, they're really hard and they might hit us.*

*Q: Who's Gonna Support You On Tour?*

*Lydon: Some bunch of f@cking geriatrics. Who cares? Let's face it, nobody is gonna go for any of the support bands. Apparently The Buzzcocks are gonna be at Finsbury Park but if you really want a good laugh come late.*

*Q: The first time you went to Finland, they wouldn't let you in, now they will. What does that say about you as a band?*

*Lydon: It says nothing at all. Nobody cares about Finland.*

*Q: Do you expect anyone to start gobbing at you again?*

*Lydon: No, and quite frankly, I never appreciated that in the first place.. I am not no f@ckers spittoon.*

*Q: How old are you all now?*

*Lydon: I'm 21 and I've been that way for 19 years.. I'm 40. I'm not the slightest bit ashamed about it. We're not pretending to be kids. We also don't give a sh!t what we look like. We love our beer bellies and your gonna love them too.*

*Q: What do we call you Johnny - Rotten or...*

*Lydon: You'll call me sir.*

*Q: What do you think of artists like Tricky doing something new?*

*Lydon: What Tricky's doing isn't new. That's all samples of other peoples stuff. That's not new. There's not one original thought on there. By the way, I like Tricky.*

*Q: Do you think it's inevitable that the Clash will follow suit and reform?*

*Lydon: We don't know anything about the Clap.*

*Matlock: I'll think they'll do it next year. Cos they always did stuff after us anyway.*

*Q: You said you hated stadium rock bands but you are one now.*

*Lydon: No we're not. What stadium would that be? You name the stadium and I'll call you a liar. Finsbury Park is not a stadium, it's a field.*

*Q: Would you like to appear in Hello magazine with Nora?*

*Lydon: We could make it a threesome with Lady Di.*

*Matlock: And Fergie.*

*Lydon: Not Fergie. That tart in a tent can stay where she is. That's*

*the bum suck end of it. That's the Clash of the royal family.*

*Q: How many times have you been approached to do this?*

*Lydon: About 10 solid years of it. But all those have never been solid offers. This is happening because we actually sat down and bothered to think about it and started to call in some of these arseholes offering all this money and have no qualms whatsoever about taking them up on all their big fat mouths.*

*Q: If the concerts go well are you going to make this a permanent...*

*Lydon: They won't go well and no, it won't be permanent. I mean, you know what this lot's like. We always disappoint on the night. And surely that's the fun of it all. I hope it rains at Finsbury Park and you all get your wheelchairs stuck in the mud.*

*Q: Does Sid's mother have any rights to the Sex Pistol's stuff?*

*Lydon: We look after her and her pussy. She has a cat.*

*Q: Do you expect an 'MTV Unplugged'?*

*Lydon: Does this look like the Salvation Army?*

*Q: Will you play "Top Of The Pops"?*

*Lydon: No, no, it could never work. That shows so bad. You've really depressed me, just the f@cking thought of it.*

*Matlock: The c\*nts wouldn't have us on 20 years ago, why should we go on now? Unless they pay. Now you must admit that's a novel idea.*

*Q: What are you gonna spend the money on?*

*Jones: Prostitutes. Well I am anyway.*

*Lydon: He's not joking either.*

*Q: Are you gonna play 'EMI' now that your record company Virgin is owned by EMI?*

*Lydon: Can you please not mumble that again?*

*Q: Do you think you've grown up?*

*Lydon: No, I've grown wide.*



# The Sex Pistols in Mountain View, CA

Well, kids, punk is finally dead. The ghost of Johnny Rotten is dead and gone. Buried. Kaput. No more. The Sex Pistols finally got a chance to put an end to what they started, but I'm getting ahead of myself here.

The Baron and I went to see the Sex Pistols, Goldfinger and Gravity Kills in Mountain View at the Shoreline Amphitheater. Wow. Seeing the premier punk band of the punk era at an outdoor arena. The Pistols are/were a band that needed to be seen in a dark, stinky, smoke filled club that had a place to dance, drink and fight. Believe me, Shoreline isn't it...

We get to the place about an hour before the show. Enough time to park in the regular lot. God, I was starting to feel a bit old. I mean when we used to go to shows in the old days, we were worried about parking the car. Not about where we parked, but whether or not it was going to be there when we got back, or what was going to be left in it. Those were the days.

As in Washington DC, they weren't letting anyone in that had ANY kind of chains on at all. I mean, my god. We used to wear all kinds of crap to clubs when I was in my first heyday. Shit, I used to wear narrow lapel suits, narrow ties, creepers and a Dead Kennedy's button with a swastika on it to Black Flag shows. There were people with chains, spikes - anything and everything. It didn't matter, because everyone was there for the music and a good time. Not to get hurt and sue the owner of the establishment. I saw two kids, probably 10 and 14, having to go back to the car to take off their chains. Bummer. Of course they let Dad in with his Polo shirt and Nautica jacket. Apparently they don't have style regulations. Go figure.

We get to the gate, and receive the customary pat down. Since I carry an inordinate amount of things in my pockets - sometimes I feel like Dr. Who - I got a semi quizzical look from the woman patting me down. I decided it would be out of line for me to flash a big grin at her, and instead looked at her and told her it was a lot of keys. She nodded in agreement of having

to carry things like that and let me pass.

So, we're in. Wow again. There are the biggest assortment of losers I have ever seen assembled since the last time I was at a mall. Since we had some time, I wanted to see what kind of things were being offered for sale to the unsuspecting public. The Baron and I looked at the usual assortment of t-shirts, and other things. It was basically the same setup as the DC show, even down to the coffee mugs. While I'm looking over the stuff, a couple of gals walk up. One of them is wearing a shirt that says *I slept with Greg Brady*. The Baron asked her if she really slept with Greg, to which her friend replied that it was her concert shirt. She replied, laughing, that she really did. So, in a Zen sort of way, I looked her straight in the eyes and asked her how he was. I don't think she anticipated the question, but answered great. Well, I settled for a concert tour shirt, a bandana, and 4 buttons. Thirty eight dollars later, we're off for food.

Food at concerts is not what I remember from my misspent youth, but I really don't even know what day it is any more... The Baron and I figured we better get something to eat. On the way to meet him I picked up the usual road fare - a bag of Fritos and a Dr. Pepper. Real nutritious, as Mrs. Zen would say, but it works so what the fuck, right? Well we opted for hamburgers and split the specimen cup of fries. It's been said that if you can't say something nice, then don't say anything, but that has never stopped me. If you ever need a project for your science fair, try having one of the hamburgers carbon dated. These tasted like they were Jesus' sandal tread, and they were about as warm. The fries were so cold and stiff, you could have used them as toothpicks. I really don't know what they are trying to do, but it sure sucks. Paying \$4.00 for rejected ground up road tar is a bit much.

It was interesting to see the people milling around while we tried to eat. I actually saw two girls that were "punk" like punk used to be in the old days, but for the most part the crowd wasn't old enough to have been out of diapers the first time Johnny and Co. were causing the stir that they did. I honestly couldn't figure out why the fuck they were even there. I mean you had a bunch of pimply faced, overweight, pubescents waiting for God knows what. I doubt they even knew. I guess it's the whole seventies revival that's going on. Of course they don't have the first fucking clue that

the reason punk was born was that people were sick and fucking tired of the 30 minute guitar solos from bands like Led Zeppelin and nobody really liked Peter Frampton - they were just too fucking stoned to know the difference.

The other thing that I found so amusing was all the body piercing that was prevalent. In the old days, you took a fucking safety pin and stuck it through your ear or cheek or what have you. It was an act of rebellion. Now it's a fashion statement. And the people wonder why Johnny looks at them with such contempt. They just don't fucking get it. Punk was about doing what you wanted to do, the world be damned. In the old days, you had skins and mods going to the same shows and enjoying the music. Only later, when the jocks saw it as a way to pick up chicks did it get violent.

*And now back to our show...*

After eating, we still had about 30 minutes before the show started, so we walked around. Wow, was that ever exciting. We finally decided that we ought to just sit down. Well, for the next twenty or so minutes we were treated to Harry Connick via the sound system. Now, I don't mind that kind of music as a rule, but not at a show where I'm going to be seeing music that is 180 degrees in the other direction. The Baron and I speculated if it was Johnny's idea to play something so out of place to see what the reaction would be.

Finally, the lights went up and Gravity Kills took the stage. I know that my journalistic counterpart who saw the DC show wasn't impressed with them, but I thought they had real potential. I'd prefer to see them in a more intimate setting, like a club, the next time around, but they have a good shot if they stick together. The lead singer does have a good voice, and they are tight as a band. He does need a bit of work on his stage presence, but they're young and green. He did come out in to the audience and walk around a bit. It was kind of neat, because he bumped in to a kid who couldn't have been more than about 11 or 12. The kid kind of looked startled and the singer held out his hand. They exchanged the handshake, it looks like the hold you take when you are arm wrestling - I don't know the name, so sue me - and the kid looked like he'd died and gone to heaven. The singer then pro-

ceeds to back towards the stage with the kid following him only to be stopped by security. Dicks. Well the kid got his money's worth. They did about 7 songs - I don't know that they have many more, or perhaps they were only allotted certain amount of time - who knows. I can say that if they come around to a club near you, do not hesitate to go see them.

Well after they got off the stage, we were treated to another 20-30 minutes of Frank Sinatra type music while the roadies set up for Goldfinger. Again, a tip of the collective hat to Goldfinger. These guys are hot! Do not pass up an opportunity to see them if at all possible. Put off your wedding if you have to. You won't be disappointed. I can't say the same for your marriage, I don't know you or your spouse.

You really have to love a band that comes out and announces that they won't be doing any of their own material that night. Just the sheer arrogance, and they can back it up to boot. They come out doing some heavy metal crapola and break in to some other punk / new wave song. These guys have talent, there's no question about it. The lead singer and the drummer play well off of each other. One of the highlights was their version of Duran Duran's *Rio* in a punk version. About two thirds of the way through, they change the lyrics to Dio *Ronnie James Dio* - Ed. and start with the appropriate heavy metal guitar style of playing that is reminiscent of using a washboard to cleanse a dirty pair of socks. While the lead singer was talking between songs, he mentioned that he grew up in the area which was of no real importance to anyone, but when he said Saratoga, the Baron and I looked at each other like, this kid? He grew up where we did? He said he got the Sex Pistols album when it first came out. He was thirteen at the time. The thing that struck me as so weird was that if he attended the same Junior High that I did, the General, the Rabbi, and I used to chaperone the dances. The General used to work for the community center and the Rabbi and I would put on our most outlandish, what at the time was considered punk - the narrow lapel jackets, narrow ties and creepers, and try to keep the kids from slam dancing. I sat there wondering if I broke up this kid from doing that about 15 years ago. I do have to say about Goldfinger as well, see them in a club. The auditorium type setting stinks

for seeing a band like that.

Goldfinger did a fairly long set, but it seemed like it was over before it began. So once again we were treated to some kind of crap music until the king decided to haul his skinny white butt out to the stage.

It's amazing to see the local press reviews on the show. They all panned it to the extreme. I really don't know what they were expecting. I mean did they expect the Pistols to actually thank the audience for coming out? Get serious. Rotten's whole shtick is that you, as the audience, are a bunch of sheep and when he treats you like crap, and you eat it up, you're proving his point. I find it fascinating that I seem to be the only one who realizes this.



Well, after the lights had been down for about 3-5 minutes, the Pistols sauntered on stage. The crowd went semi wild, semi ho-hum. I mean here are the people who played 11 or so shows in the US before they broke up the band and this is the kind of reaction they get? Granted the Pistols were going through the motions at first, but they've made no bones about the fact that they are doing this for the money. *See interview from DC review - Ed.* My biggest bitch was that there was a spotlight that was shining directly in our eyes and the moron working the lights would activate it at the worst times.

Rotten was dressed in something that was reminiscent of a prison laundry uniform and his hair looked like Bart Simpson doing a promotion for Mc Donalds - yellow on one side and red on the other. Not that it's a bad look for him, though. Jones was dressed in a reflective leopard outfit, while Cook was dressed fairly conservatively - leather pants and a jeans jacket. Matlock looked like a pub owner from London. I mean overall, it wasn't the reunion tour that all the critics seemed to want, but fuck them. This wasn't the Eagles or the Doobie Brothers reunion, it was the Sex Pistols *Yes We've Sold Out* tour. Nothing less, nothing more. As long as you remembered that, everything was wonderful. The highlight was when Rotten chided some wanna be punk. Rotten asked the kid what was he giving him crap for? All the kid had ever done was copy them.

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If you are going to take amateur pictures and post them on the internet, here is a good example of what NOT to do:



Don't ever take a picture near a mirror, unless you aren't in the reflection.  
Duh!

Until the next issue, or whenever they change my medication...

