

Zen



PGP Key registered  
with the NSA.

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



Anarchy

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# EDITORIAL

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**W**ell, well here we go again...

Another issue of mental therapy. A cure for what ails you ( and me... ). If you believe that, send \$29.95 to... Oh hell, I'm starting to sound like a televangelist. Like I really need a soapbox, I have this.

This issue contains all those bright ideas I didn't put in the last issue. Someday I'm going to figure out how to put this out other than on my HPIII ( thanks HP, at least some of it's getting out there ). I'd really hate to put out such fine articulation in ASCII format, I mean a picture says a thousand words, and it's a hell of a lot easier to put a picture in to save that many words!

As I'm writing this, it's a beautiful day outside, the birds are singing, *god I wish they'd shut the hell up*, the sun is shining, *what happened to all those dark rainy creative days...*, and people are starting to take off more and more of their clothes as the seasons progress. Not that that is necessarily a bad thing, but some people definitely look better with clothes than lack of. People rarely look in the mirror when they go out in public to begin with, and summer time makes it even worse.

San Francisco seems to have more than it's share of idiots running around the city. Not that we want anyone else's, but they seem to be drawn here like gnats to a yellow light. The worst part is that once they come here, they stay.

Summer seems to be one of the worst seasons for moron migration. You get people wearing shorts, whose legs haven't seen the light of day since the Truman administration, and they stuff their carcasses into bicycle pants to boot! Who needs Jenny Craig, just walk down to Fisherman's Wharf and watch the tourists for a while. You'll lose your appetite.

Gone are the days when women wore dresses and men wore hats. Now the fashion gurus are trying to push dresses for men and it seems that every she-man wears a baseball cap that previously would only be found on the skull of a redneck.

Oh well, I guess the decline and fall of western civilization had to happen sometime. Better late than never, right?

Until next time, grinning, ducking and running like hell...

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*Someday, I'll either figure out how to wrap around this wonderful clip art or write a full page editorial. Lucky you...*



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## SPECIAL THANKS

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Trix and the Rabbi, for helping to edit and pointing out mistakes.

Dr. Pepper for providing the stamina to do these late night rants.

Realistic for the Shortwave Radio that keeps me up to date on the world and it's insanities. VOA and Radio Cuba are a real hoot if you have a sw radio.

Scotland, just for being there.

The Flowbee, Bob, Oprah, Phil, Geraldo, Maury, Uncle Bill, P.J. O'Rourke, MTV and all of the little people...

# Random



# Thoughts

*Lot of things you probably never cared about, but I have a LOT of time on my hands...*

Does Jerry Mathers have an illegitimate daughter or is it coincidence that the singer of The Cranberries looks like him after 6 months of Slimfast and dressed in drag with a military haircut?

Do Hugh Beaumont and Bob bear a striking resemblance?

What is it about this country where when a woman cuts off a man's penis, he can get on talk shows and make more money than ever thought possible?

Why DID Andy Warhol have to let everyone know that being an American citizen, you are entitled to your fifteen minutes of fame? Couldn't he have just lied and said fifteen seconds?

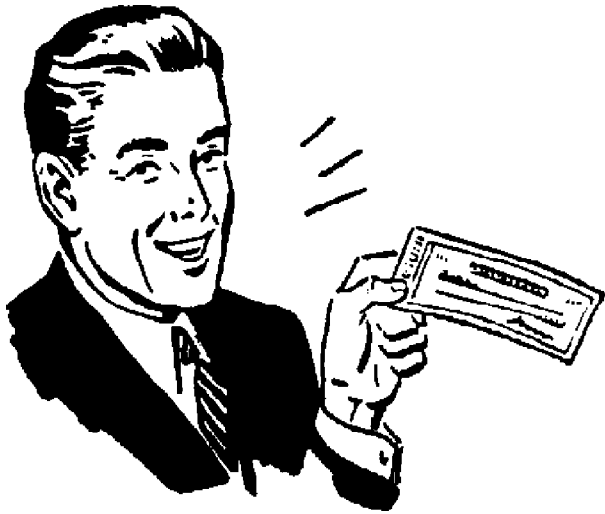
Why didn't Crest or Ultra Brite try to get Nancy Kerrigan for endorsements?

Who taught Mighty Mouse to sing opera?

Popeye has four nephews. Olive Oyl is his girlfriend. Aside from the obvious question on why he's even attracted to her, who's kid is Swee Pea? Popeye's? Brutus'? Wimpy's?

Is Brutus guilty of date rape in all those cartoons? Shouldn't he just be checked in to a mental institution for finding her attractive in the first place?

Does anybody really believe that Bob Dylan actually has a cohesive thought process?




# New or Improved

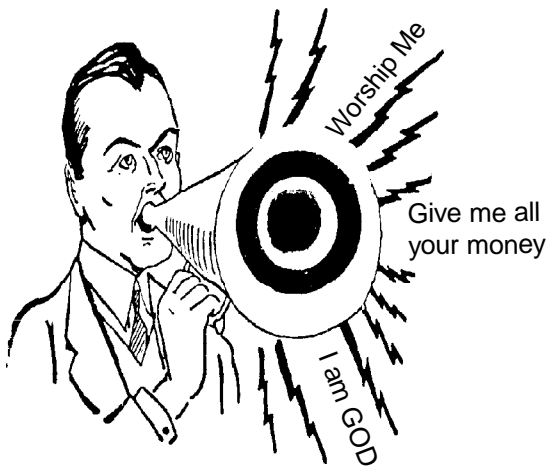
*Dr. Pepper in 1 liter bottle.* I know they tried to test market this a few years back in LA, but now these suckers are like a Mickey's Big Mouth on steroids. Be careful when drinking, they have a wide mouth. These are also available with Pepsi, but who drinks that stuff. Oh, right, it's the choice of a new generation. Personally, I don't want to be the new generation if it means drinking Pepsi.

*Gopher kksf.tbo.com.* KKSF, a local San Francisco radio station has set up a gopher. Since I don't particularly like the format of the station, I avoid most of the menu selections, but it does have a connection into the Well and you can get local SF weather from it.

*Improvis 1.2 for Windows.* Improvis is a midi random music generator. If you like ambient music and you have a sound card, check this out. It's nice to leave on in the background while you are working.

 *The new Speed Racer.* No matter what they do, you can never replace the lousy animation and sexist dialogue from Speed Racer. One of my favorite lines is Speed saying, "Trixie, this is no time to act like a girl," and her reply is, "OK, Speed." Who wrote this stuff anyway? The politically correct Speed Racer will careen off a cliff to the fiery death that is so deserving. Even Racer X won't be able to save his butt now...

*No Irish - No Blacks - No Dogs by John Lydon* If you have to ask, then don't.



# How to Run a Successful Cult

**Y**ou're probably asking yourself why would you even want to be a cult leader in the first place, right? Well, think of all the money you collect for doing nothing, all the people's lives you get to run, all of the weapons you can stockpile. Wait a minute, it sounds like I'm talking about the Catholic church doesn't it? Well with a few simple rules you can be the next Catholic church yourself.

**Kids, don't try this at home.  
Leave it to the professionals.  
PLEASE!**

Hard copy has enough pseudo news stories as it is and Geraldo never seems to run out of guests.

**Step 1.** *Take a self-help and management course.*

This is fairly simple. Either watch two or three late night Tom Vu infomercials or just go down to your local bookstore and buy a few self-help books. At the very least you'll find some valuable bullshit to relate as gospel. Remember, these people make money undoing your valuable work. Maybe they should be giving you a percentage.

**Step 2.** *Find something so stupid*

*that everyone believes you are the sole expert on it.*

How hard can that be? David Koresh managed to do it. Jim Jones managed it. The Clintons manage to do it.

**Step 3.** *Find the flock to fleece.*

Bus stations are probably not the best place to go looking for your sheep. You'll run into stiff competition from the pimps and movie producers, not to mention a few politicians and drunks. Not that there is a whole hell of a lot of difference between a wino and a pol, except that we willingly give the wino money for booze. College campuses and trailer parks are probably your best bet. College students for the most part have to be some of the stupidest people on the face of the earth. I mean putting a kid who has never been away from home in a place where they can do pretty much whatever they want is like giving the addicts the key to the dispensary. Trailer parks should be self explanatory.

**Step 4.** *The Commune*

Berkeley used to be prime feeding ground until they started going conservative, so now your

best bet is probably Oregon. Housing is cheap, and the locals are about as strange as the people that follow you anyway. Remember, Oregon is the trailer park of the west coast. Nobody will suspect a thing until you have your followers go down to the local gun store and purchase 500,000 shotgun shells and they inadvertently say that you're preparing for the (*insert your special prophecy here*) and the next thing you know the BATF decides to hold a weenie roast in your honor.

**Step 5.** *The movie deal after the raid.*

OK, now that the BATF has burned your commune to the ground, the last step is to secure the media rights. This is assuming of course that you had the foresight to pack yourself and Eva in a bunker and not do yourself in before the authorities swooped in.

Now you're on you own, so hire a good attorney, get Hard Copy to tell your side of the story (*make it sound convincing*), and when you get out of prison in six months due to overcrowding, you're ready to start all over again.



Forget Clarissa. What in the hell can an 18 year old going on fifteen know about everything? Clarissa doesn't explain crap much less it all. That honor belongs to the one and only Finneous J. Whoopee. I'm sorry Nickelodeon, the only thing that she can perhaps explain is why teenage girls actually read Tiger Beat magazine, and I'm probably being generous in that. I mean who actually believes that whoever is the hunk spunk of the month actually likes to eat a peanut butter and jelly sandwich in a march rainstorm with his special someone? It seems that what the magazine is a chewed up, digested, and regurgitated edition of Good Housekeeping or Woman's Day. THANK GOD, Clinton doesn't have a son! We'd have to see a pimply faced adolescent on the cover and we'd get to learn such

exciting things as "boxers or briefs?" Personally, I'd rather chew razor blades and listen to feminist poetry.

Obviously, Mr. Whoopee doesn't exist, which is a damn shame because I'd like to see him as president, but the 3DBB was probably the most important piece of cartoon history to come down the pike since animation. Never mind the fact that Tennessee Tuxedo had the attention span of a hyperactive laboratory rat testing diet pills, the 3DBB actually taught you things without realizing it. What a coup! Even Warner Brothers tried to produce a few of those cartoons where you were supposed to learn about tricke down economics *even before Reagan*. Go figure!

Imagine if we had a working 3DBB today. Mr. Whoopee could explain the various cultural phe-

nomena at work in the world today. We would finally find out what people see in rap music. We could find out what women carry in their purses and why! Not to mention the more mundane things, like why people actually buy Flowbees. I mean if I want a haircut, I don't want to hook up the vacuum to trim my hair. We could shape national policy with the 3DBB as well. Imagine going into congress and showing them exactly what a bunch of assholes they were being on any given day.

Just think, we could have one huge infomercial that could fold up and go in our pocket and be produced with nothing more than a simple piece of chalk. You could walk up to somebody and actually mesmerize them into believing what you were selling, unless of course it was Tennessee. We could put John Tesh, Anthony Robbins and Leo Bascaglia out of business! Oh, to dream a dream...

The only problem here is that the Russians would want it, the Japanese would mimic the technology and we'd be left holding the bag once again. Maybe it's best to leave old Finneous where he belongs - in the celluloid hall of fame.

# DICK OF THE MONTH



*I realize that these things don't come out, and probably never will, on a monthly basis, but I just couldn't pass up the title. As the art indicates, this is the eventual outcome from a Dick of the Month's actions.*

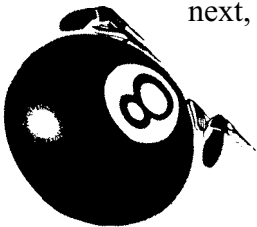
Choosing the person for the honor is a tough selection this time. Most of Clinton's staff, including Uncle Bill have kept pretty quiet as of late. Congress on the other hand is making a mockery of the defined definition of hearings. So without further ado, let's award the Dick of the Month award for May to the United States Congress.

First we had hearings on video games and the violence contained in them. Come on, guys, aren't there more important things going on rather than if Mario is doing Luigi and the Princess while Koopa watches. Give me a fucking break! We heard such stunning ideas from those idiots as "If you don't come up with some kind of rating policy, then we will." We all know what Congress does when it has to work, don't we. Well the video industry caved in and they are starting to work on a ratings system. Next time tell Congress to get stuffed!

Next we had the dishonorable Henry Waxman holding hearings on tobacco. Instead of a placard to commemorate this honor, I'd rather send him a copy of Emily Post's guide to etiquette, or at least make him have lunch with Miss Manners. The tobacco companies make cigarettes. Cigarettes are not the healthiest things to put in to your body. No shit, Henry. Now tell us something we don't know. If Congress continues to help tobacco farmers with subsidies, then SHUT THE FUCK UP HENRY!

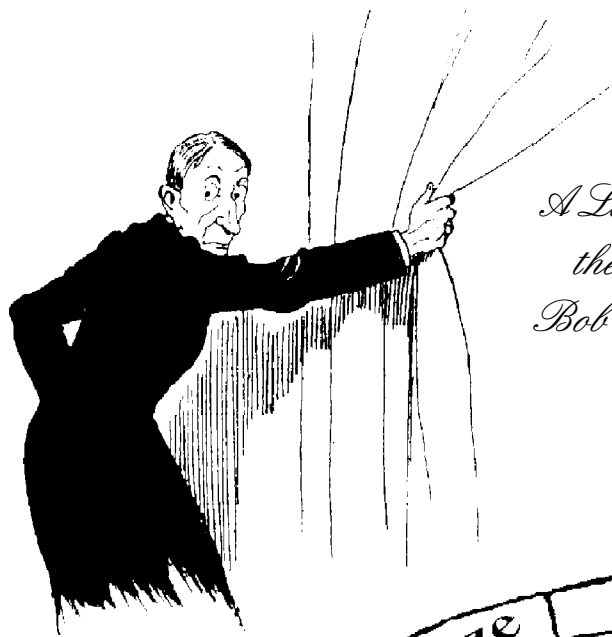
The solution to the entire smoking debate is simple and was even put forth by Uncle Bill during the campaign. Don't inhale.

This whole waste of time really makes you wonder what in the hell these people do during the days that we don't see them on C-Span. What other nonsense are they trying to regulate our lives with? What's next, sex? Clothing? Religion?

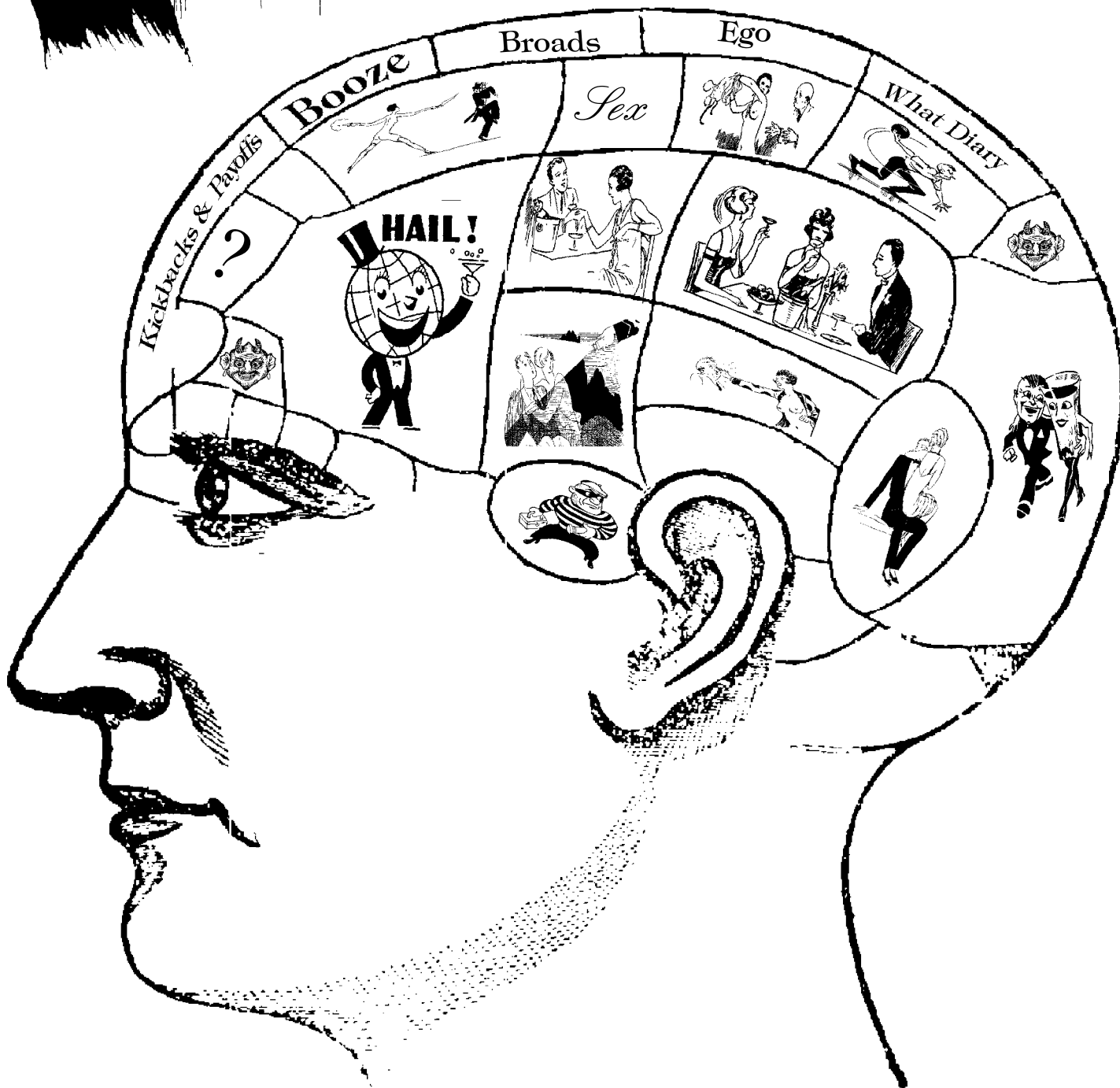


Remember, if these bastards get out of line, it's your fault. You didn't work hard enough to get rid of them. Vote early and vote often. It's our only hope...

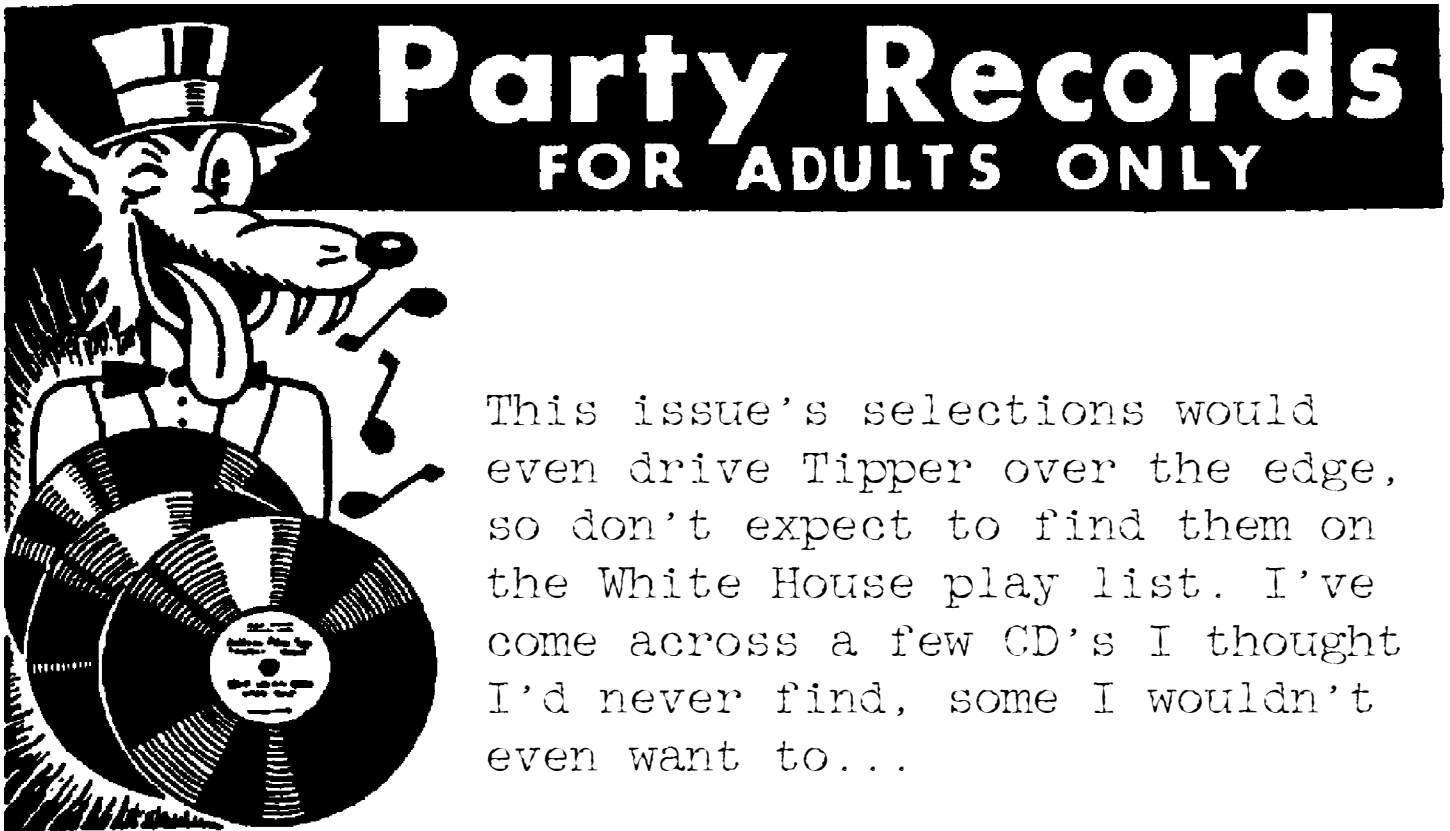




*A Look Inside  
the mind of  
Bob Packwood*







This issue's selections would even drive Tipper over the edge, so don't expect to find them on the White House play list. I've come across a few CD's I thought I'd never find, some I wouldn't even want to...

Kate Smith is on CD. Yes, you read right. That in it's own right is a scary proposal, unless you get picked to get a Christmas gift for the biggest jerk in the office and need a real prize. They can put Kate Smith on CD, but for some damn reason they can't put the Tubes live album out? Where in the hell is the justice in this world?

Soundgarden and Stone Temple Pilots are available at Costco. Go figure. So are the Doc Martin 9 eyelet boots. And we thought the world was ending...

Soundgarden and Stone Temple Pilots bot have released very good first CD's. Great for driving at high speeds and cutting in and out of traffic - like when you're late to work and imagine that you're Steve McQueen in bullet. Now I know that none of you law abiding citizens do that, right?

Also worthy of mention is a boxed set from the now defunct Stiff label. Rhino has seen fit to release a 4 disc set of Stiff bands, some of which now probably are. These, unfortunately, are not the original compilation disks that Stiff did, but it's a good sampling of all the people they had on their label.

Kudos to Rhino also for their DIY series. Thes are great if you want to pick up CD's so your kids can listen to tem and say things like, "You used to listen to that?" ( *like we did with all of OUR parents records* ). Great for the kids to take for show and tell. Might even earn good marks with the teacher...

Finally, The Clash's first album is now out on CD with two bonus tracks. If nothing else, it's a good buy for the collection for its historical value. You can really hear the germs that evolved in to their sound.

# END PAGE

It seems like I should put something witty or pithy here, but things never quite seem to work out like you want them to, do they? I'm going to sign out with one of my favorite pieces of clip art stolen from an old college textbook on cartooning for a living.

Until next time...



*I believe similar statements were made by the BATF after the raid on Waco. Never assume the bastards are stupider than you are...*