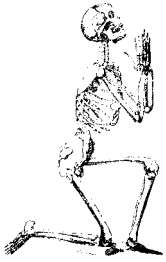


*Zen*



PGP Key registered  
with the NSA.

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



*Anarchy*

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*If you're not upset, then you're an idiot...*

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# Editorial

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Life is an amazing thing. In my work, usually I wear my favorite designer's clothes. He's been around since 1850. In case you haven't figured out who it is, it's Levi Strauss. I usually wear 501's. Buttons only, not zippers. None of those 505's for me. The Rabbi swore by the 505's, but I grew up on buttons and that's where I'm staying.

However, from time to time, I do have to wear a suit and tie to work. Usually it's the days I don't want to have to move anything and I can use the excuse of a \$1000.00 ensemble to pull that off. Now before you start thinking I'm some kind of clothes horse, remember I'm 6'5" and I have to shop at the big and tall shops. Roughly translated, it means: *Since you're tall, we're going to take you for as much money as we possibly can.* I'd love to be able to shop at a normal retail outlet, but I don't think I've been able to buy off the rack since I was in Junior High.

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## ***What I have found though is that you can tell an amazing amount about people by the underwear that they wear.***

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The reason I bring all this up, is that the other day I wore a suit to work and it's amazing how differently people react to someone in a suit. I was in the bowels of a San Francisco hotel, and couldn't find the way out to the street, so I stopped in to the personnel office and asked for directions. The gal at the desk looked up and broke in to a large smile as I asked her where the exit was. Also, the hotel staff was saying *Good Morning* to me as I walked by as well. Weird isn't it? If I had my usual Levi's, Doc Martens and some crappy button down shirt on, they wouldn't have paid me any attention.

It dawned on me that day, that people are really stupid. I mean if I was a serial killer, all I'd have to do is to put on a suit, or dress fairly nicely, and nobody would question a damn thing I did. I mean it's really amazing that

people judge you by what you wear. I suppose I do the same thing myself to an extent, although I try not to. What I have found though is that you can tell an amazing amount about people by the underwear that they wear.

For example: If a guy wears plain briefs, you just know he's a sexual dynamo - NOT! This guy is about as hip as a Laurence Welk road show for coma victims. The guy hasn't changed the style of his life since junior high school. Steer clear of him for dating material. If a guy wears boxers, be careful. Traditional boxers are probably OK, but watch out for the guy who wears boxers with the 1970's type patterns on them. I think about the only place that sells these is K-Mart or Sears. 'Nuff said...

The guy who wears the European style briefs, who isn't at least one generation removed from Europe, has an overinflated opinion of himself. If he's within one generation of European citizenship, then it's a cultural thing. Don't try to change him, it's a lost cause. And lastly the guy who wears designer underwear either has a lot of money to burn, or is obsessed with labels.

Now to answer that burning question you must have after this rambling soliloquy, and I know you've come to expect these, it's boxer briefs. They hold everything just where it is supposed to be held, but you don't have to worry about unlined trousers. Either that or Joe Boxer boxers with skulls on them. Did you expect anything less?



Random



Thoughts

I've finally figured out the ultimate way to commit suicide - besides listening to political speeches. Buy an extremely large container of butter cookies and a 2 liter bottle of Dr. Pepper and consume them until you explode.

Was anyone besides me bothered by the fact that Robert Schuler, of Crystal Cathedral fame, was in the power box at Clinton's State of the Union address? Or am I just being overly sensitive of the separation of church and state that the founding fathers envisioned?

If the O.B. feminine hygiene product is shaped like an hourglass to fit a woman's contour, how the hell do they ever get them out?

Does anyone really want to see Faye Resnick nude in Playboy, or could it be that not even Larry Flynt would pay her to shed her clothes?

Why is it that on a frozen pizza, they have serving suggestions? Don't they think you're going to eat the damn thing? I mean who is going to try to hang it on the wall or replace a flat tire with a frozen pizza. Or maybe it's just that they think you should cut it rather than eating it whole?

When the people who start complaining about the Might Morphin Power Rangers spout off again, would someone remind them of all the Popeye cartoons they more than likely saw in their own childhood? Please? A quick overview of every Popeye plot: Popeye gets his ass kicked while trying to be the ultimate goody two shoes and finally goes about kicking ass himself - after being nice fails. Isn't that exactly what the damn power rangers do as well?

Why is it that when men go to the bathroom there is an underlying urge to look at the person next to you's dick? I mean, outside the Baron, Mr. Eternity, and myself, there probably aren't many people who have to hold their dick like a fire hose so it doesn't fall in to the bowl, but what are these guys doing? An informal survey?



# CULTURE WATCH



## ARE YOU OLD ENOUGH FOR ZEN?

Take this simple quiz and see if you're old enough to read Zen Anarchy...

### Old enough

### Not nearly old enough

---

You know Paul McCartney was in a band before Wings and you know what it is.

Before the Beatles anthology albums, you had no idea who Paul McCartney was.

You actually know how old Dick Clark is.

You know Dick Clark from VH-1 reruns.

You can name 4 out of the five original MTV VJ's.

You think Idallys has talent.

You remember when the National Lampoon used to be funny.

You've never heard of National Lampoon.

You remember when Playboy first showed pubic hair.

You don't even have pubic hair...

You remember seeing bands like The Ramones, Black Flag, and Generation X.

You think of yourself as Generation X

When you hear the word vinyl, you think of a 10 or 12 inch record.

When you hear the word vinyl, you think of this years hottest fashion trend.

You remember Johnny Quest before he hit puberty.

Who is Johnny Quest?

*If you failed this simple test, try reading about 37 issues of Mad magazine from the 40's to the 60's and find any issue of National Lampoon from the 1972 to 1976 period.*

# The Death of Common Sense in America



I'm writing this on the eve of the O.J. Simpson verdict in the civil trial. I'm still wondering how a person found not guilty in a criminal court of law can be tried on a civil count of the same basic charges. If they really wanted a verdict, then why didn't they just go ahead with a civil trial in the first place? If the preponderance of evidence is less for a conviction in a civil trial, then put Darden, Clark and the rest of the Dog and Pony show up against the Pipe Dream team and let them slug it out in the court of innuendo and 51% majority for conviction.

Now, for the record, I don't think that O.J. is guiltless in the whole sordid mess at all. I'm not sure that even I could have convicted him with the case that the Los Angeles D.A.'s office presented. Nevertheless, the jury in Los Angeles tonight sent a very chilling message to every two bit shyster in the country: ***"If your client doesn't get the result they think that they deserve, there's always civil court."***

Just think about it. Say you kill someone in while driving in your car, but you are found not guilty since that person leaped in front of you on the highway. Now if the family doesn't like that verdict, they now have the legal precedent to sue you for whatever they feel they can milk out of public sympathy.

Also, lets just suppose for the sake of arguement that Jon-Bonet Ramsey's killer isn't a member of her immediate family and the person who the media deems responsible, gets off with a not guilty verdict. Are the parents of the slain person then allowed to litigate against the suspect until they get the result they desire? Where is the justice in litigating until you get the verdict that you want?

I'm really getting close to renouncing my citizenship. I mean I can take the United States being the laughing stock of the world with President "*I can't keep it in my pants long enough to eat a Big Mac*" Clinton and Vice President "Rigamortis" Al Gore. I can even accept that most of the American public gets their news from television and thinks that People magazine is a credible source for documentation. I can accept the fact that we have lawyers that defend teenage girls with large breasts who are kicked off the cheerleading squad. But even I have to draw the line somewhere.

I did hear Fred Goldman say that all he wanted was accountability for his son's death. I guess perhaps what he meant to say was that he wanted some kind of conviction against O.J. Simpson and that

he wasn't going to go away until he got what he wanted. Well, Fred, exactly what amount of money is going to bring your son back? Certainly not the \$8.5 million that you were awarded. Oh, that's right. You have to share that with that vulture of an ex-wife that came back in to the picture the minute she smelled the potential for money. Oh, well, all you wanted was accoutnability, right?

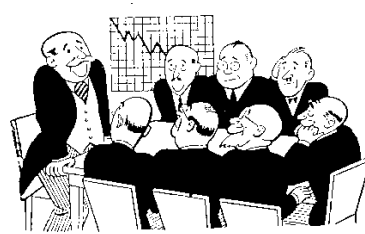
Meanwhile, O.J. Simpson is a free man. He's not going to jail. He wasn't ever convicted of a crime. At least not in this instance. I don't know if he ever was convicted of anything or not and I don't really care. I'm not a professional journalist and I don't have the time to call the LAPD and check on his rap sheet.

It's really a sad thing to see justice degrade itself to the point that the court of public opinion will cause a per-



son to be tried until a verdict satisfactory to the lynch mob at large is fulfilled. Remember the Rodney King trial? Let's keep trying the officers until we appease the black community. This is just the payback for the whites and it makes me ashamed to be part of this country...

## TV shows I'd like to see



.....

It's been amazing to listen to the response from people on talk radio the day after the verdict. Most of the people feel that *justice has finally been served*. That's a very scary proposal and I'd love to hear them tell that to Richard Jewell. But that's alright, since the FBI returned his mother's tupperware and all of her Disney videos, right folks? It's alright for the media to try someone who is trying to make a few extra bucks doing security work for the Olympics, since he lives with his mother. It doesn't matter that he had moved back in his mother's house temporarily to take care of her since she had foot surgery. No, it's just fine to portray him as some nut who always liked police work and tried to warn people about the knapsack with the bomb in it.

Today I heard that the Browns are going back to court to try to regain custody of the children since they now have a guilty verdict. Fine. This is America and they apparently have the right to waste public money in the courts for as long as they can pay lawyers. Wonderful. Good for them. What really gets me is that there is a women's group, calling themselves something stupid, down in Los Angeles that is pushing for a recall of the woman judge who originally granted custody to O.J. Simpson. I don't know this woman from a fallen tree in the forest, but I have to wonder where this kind of insanity is going to end. Where was the recall against Lance Ito for stupidity above and beyond the call of duty? Where was the recall effort against Gil Garcetti for moving the trial in the first place? At least this woman had the courage to actually try to follow the law. I mean what choice did she have with the not guilty verdict in the first trial? Can you imagine the precedent she would have set if she didn't award custody to him?

Is this one really fucked up country or what?



*This is a partial list of things I'd like to see on TV...*

**Wheel of Misfortune:** Contestants spin a roulette type wheel in a race to complete a hangman type of game. The wheel is labeled with various body parts that will be removed upon the calling of a wrong letter and as an added bonus, a instant death and slow torture space will be added to the wheel during the game. Can't you just see Pat Sajak saying, "*Oh, that's too bad. You've landed on decapitation. Well, we have some lovely parting gifts for your next of kin...*"

**Beat the Press:** A Sunday morning show where members of the press get liquored up for an hour before show time and are given baseball bats to whack each other with. Survivors come back the next week. Can't you see Cokie Roberts and Sam Donaldson with a full heat on trying to kill each other? It would sure make watching the Sunday morning pulpit shows a lot more interesting. Besides the liquor companies *could* sell time on that show...

**The Evening Nudes:** Newscasts read by people entirely in the nude. Not that I want to see Hugh Downs, Peter Jennings, or even that old hag Barbara Walters in the nude, but it would be a good diet aid, wouldn't it?

**Woman's Day After Dark:** A show devoted totally to the housewives of America with such valuable tips such as seducing the paperboy, flashing the garbageman or the postman instead of giving him a tip for Christmas, and what to do with those 3 month old leftovers you asked your husband to throw out when you went to visit your mother.

*Now do you have an Idea why I don't have an executive programming job at any network, including FOX? Oh wait, there's the phone...*

# More Internet Weirdness...

*More strange stuff I've found while surfing the net...*



*It's always been said that onions bring a tear to your eye, but...*



*We all knew that Hillary had political aspirations, even back in the sixties...*



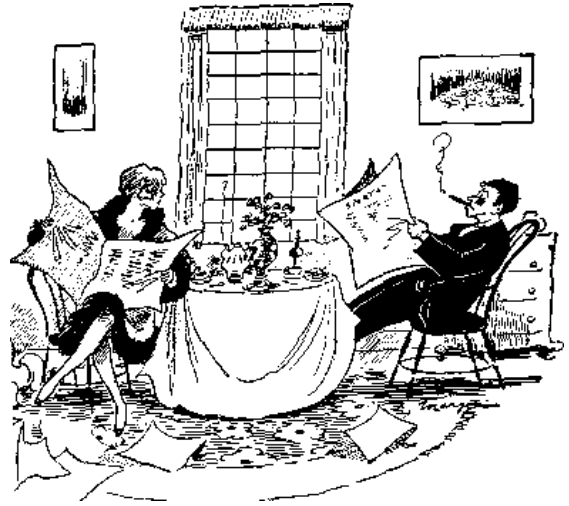
Ever wondered what went on in the rectory on those long winter nights?



I don't even know what to say about this one...



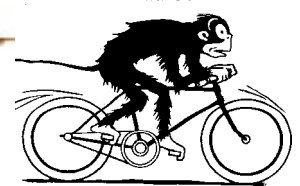
# A Day in my Life



Up in time to have the morning cigar and read the pack of morning lies.



Hard at work...



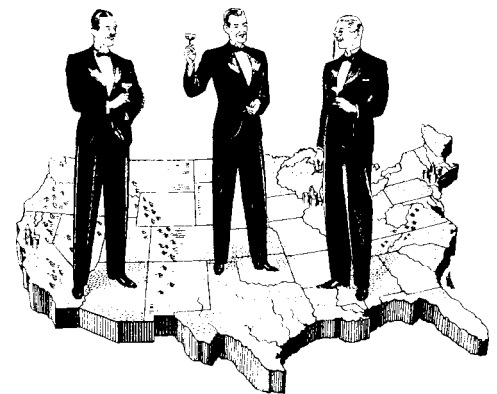
The commute.



Lunch time...



Staff meetings are a pain.



Thank God I'm home...



# THE CLINTON INAUGURAL - THE FORGOTTEN PHOTOS

*Some of the rare photos that you won't find for sale at the inauguration...*



A couple of women leaving the private Clinton celebration early



The drive home according to Teddy *"I never met a bridge I could cross"* Kennedy. Even sober, right Ted?



Actual scan from a Double Bubble commemorative tin of bubble gum. Does this look like the commander in their or what?



The all you can eat buffet



*"Bill once told a lie this big, and then he got elected."* Harry Truman doing the warm-up for the Inaugural stand-up show.

# End Page

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If you can figure this picture out,  
then let me know what the hell a  
naked woman is doing standing next  
to a snow erection, would you?

**UNTIL NEXT TIME...**

