

PGP Key registered with the NSA.

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





Anarchy

Sometimes all you need is a little self immolation...

Contents

Random Thoughts	3
What I'd like to do to Television Anchors	4
Why Paula Jones May Actually be Innocent	5
How to Make Money	6
Party Records - for Adults Only	7
The Demon Watcher's Guide to Politics	8
End Page	10



Edit or ial

There comes a time in every man's life that he has to hoist the black flag and start slitting throats.

A new beginning...



ometimes all you need is a few weeks off, and heavy drinking to clear your mind. If you read issue 28, then you probably realize I was a bit pissed off and tired. I did need some time to rethink the whole thing: the 'zine, my life, and just about everything in between.

Well, I'm back.

I know you're just about pissing yourself silly at this point, aren't you. Well, clean yourself up right now. I mean won't your parents be a little upset that you still aren't toilet trained, Mr. Kennedy? Well, put down the bottle of Chivas if you can for just a moment and clean yourself up...

Yes, I'm back. Typos and all, I'm back. Back with a vengeance, because I've really had it with the pathetic fucking world that we all purport to live in. If a few more of us had THE BALLS TO ACTUALLY LIVE, then the world would be one hell of a lot more scared than it is now. Governments would crumble, planet's orbits would shift, nature would follow no discernible pattern - in other words true Zen Anarchy.

I suppose that a few of you have never actually figured out what that really means. Well I guess it's time for a little teaching lesson...

Most of you can probably remember back to Junior High School, when you first got a real diastase of grammar. Remember all those subjects, predicates, nouns, verbs, adjectives and all that assorted horse shit? Well none of it applies in the real world.

Think about it. Let's say that you actually grow up to be a useless member of society - a journalist. A career that is only a slight notch above shit shoveler, and not by much at that. If you write for a living and get paid for it, then you have someone proofreading your work anyway, so all that bullshit grammar you learned in English class is basically useless.

So to get to the lesson at hand, let's examine: Zen Anarchy.

I'm sure most of you, literate or illiterate know what anarchy is. If not, then please, go to church and start reading the hymnal. I think you'll find it more interesting...

Well, since I'm in such a jovial mood, Anarchy is complete chaos. No rules. Nothing. Remember the Sex Pistols? Anarchy is basically thumbing your nose at the expense of the status quo. See, I told you illiterates that you'd be better off reading the hymnal. Trust me next time...

Now for the rest of you, let me explain Zen. The concept of Zen is. It just is. That's it. That is why so many people labor over it for years and years in meditation. Let me share with you one tenant of Zen. The age old question of, "What is the sound of one hand clapping?" is merely less sound. Now you don't have to meditate for ever and ever for that piece of wisdom.

So as a corollary we can conclude that Zen Anarchy is the wisdom of Chaos. Peace out of madness.

We have the first egg and sperm combination coming out to Stanford this year, so I'm sure that all of us in the immediate area can look forward to all the times Chelsea takes a dump.

I told you I'm back with a vengeance...







Princess Diana's death is the best thing that could have happened to her. Think about it. The public will remember her as a beautiful 36 year old woman and they won't watch her get fat and old like they've had to watch the queen mother do...

Why didn't Prince Charles get his ears pierced and pinned back to his head back in the late seventies or early eighties when punk was so popular?

If bicycles can ride in the lanes of traffic just like cars, then why do we get tickets for riding in bike lanes? Did Marie Antoinette develop motor vehicle laws?

Why is it that when news casters refer to non-white people they always seem to say African-Americans and other minorities? Are AAs included in the monority catagory or not? It's a rather ambiguous statement...

There are so many groups in the world now it's amazing. You have Mothers Against Drunk Driving and the Coalition Against Rape. Could someone please show me where the Mothers for Drunk Driving are? How about the coalition for rape?

Barney the Dinosaur has been developed to be an interactive toy. Can you imagine the sales if you built a sex dolland had interactive adult video tapes?

If a psychic gives you erroneous advice, can you sue?



What I'd like to do to Television Anchors

After Princess Diana's funeral, it occured to me that fate got the wrong person. So I thought of a few things that should happen to the television anchors to bring them back to some level of humanity and humility...

Stone Phillips: Put his head in a vise so he can't move it back and forth when he talks. If you watch, he look like he studied one too many Katherine Hepburn interviews in the later years. I suspect if he couldn't move his head he'd have to apply for workman's comp because of a neck injury.

Sam Donaldson: Make him comb his hair straight back so we can see how much he's wrapping it...

Cokie Roberts: Force feed her a case of Joe Wieder body builder formula so that she doesn't look like a Biafran child that made it out of Africa. Also, a make-over wouldn't hurt, although it might kill her...

Larry King: Come up behind him and snap those suspenders like boys snap a training bra in Junior High School...

Katie Couric: Find a company doing a roadshow of Peter Pan so she can have a career alternative...

Tom Browkaw: Speech therapy...

George Stephanopolous: One of two things - elevator shoes, or take him to a hooker and get him laid. He seems to be exuding so much sexual tension that he looks like he's about ready to slap Sam and jump Cokie. This, however, could spell the death knell to all the other Sunday talking head shows...

Tony Snow: I actually like Tony, but a few hours of sleep and a few tabs of speed would make him the life of the party.





Why Paula Jones May Actually be Innocent

There has been endless speculation on whether or not the Commander in Chief, when Governor in Arkansas, had a tailor that failed to check to belt loops and suspenders on his trousers, since they are alleged to have dropped and requested that the first member be polished. I, for one, would not put it past anyone who had gone power mad to try to request sexual favors from an underling. We've seen things like this before throughout history. So without further ado, let me list the reasons why I think that Paula Jones may actually be telling the truth.

She has nothing to gain by being proven wrong: If she was just in this for the publicity, this whole litigious waltz would have ended months ago. If it were possible to discredit her it would have been done and it would have made the front page the New York Times.

If it were a Republican in question there would be women on her side: Think about it. All the normal women's groups that rallied behind Anita Hill would have been behind her faster than Jesse Owens in the Olympics, but since the golden boy is involved, they shy away like cockroaches when you turn on the kitchen lights in the middle of the night.

Nude photos were made available: The campaign to discredit her has been amazing. If the number of people who had taken nude pictures of spouses and lovers were ever made available for quantitative study, it would no doubt blow your mind. I, however, don't think that Bill and Hillary have nude photos of each other. Hopefully they will destroy them if they do. That would not be a welcome addition to the presidential library...

James Carville went on the attack: Any time that Carville goes to attack something you can be fairly sure that he's trying to do damage control through spin doctoring. I mean if you dragged a hundred dollar bill through the capital, how many whores (Senators) would you attract? Use both hands and then some...

The IRS is doing an audit: It's awfully odd that the IRS is going after people that have a yearly income of what most professionals in Silicon Valley make in about three months time. I mean they've tried everything else, so why not try to scare them off with an audit?

All told, I hope she goes to trial and that she can identify the first member. I'd love to see those pictures on alt.binaries.tasteless someday...

How to Make Money

I found this on the internet in some newsgroup and laughed until I threw up. Programmers take note...

```
Program Make_Money;
Uses Nothing;
begin
  Repeat
    Find(EmptyCoffeeCup);
    Find(BusyStreet);
    Repeat
      Sit(MiddleOfStreet)
    Until Sun(Down)
  Until Hell(FrozenOver)
end.
Hmmm.
(defparameter *self* (make-instance 'person)))
(defparameter *sun* 'up)
(defparameter *hell* 'hotter-n-blazes)
(defparameter *cups* (list (make-instance 'cup :contents 'java) ...)
(defparameter *corners* (make-instance 'corner :traffic 'light)...)
(defun main ()
(do ()
  ((eql *hell* 'frozen-over))
 (let ((cup (find-if 'empty *cups* :key #'contents))
       (corner (find-if 'heavyy *corners* :key #'traffic)))
  (sit *self* :where corner :with cup)
  (do ()
      ((eql *sun* 'down))
     (beg *self* "~&Buddy, can you spare a dime?"))))
(defmethod sit ((who person) &key where with)
 (assert (and where with) "There's a hole in the spec!")
 (setf (butt person) where)
 (setf (hand person) with))
 (defmethod beg ((who person) rap)
 (declare (ignore person))
 (format t rap))
```





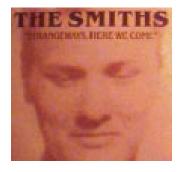
The music that brought me out of retirement...



Pink Floyd - *The Final Cut*: The ultimate album for bringing you out of a deep funk. Roger Waters is the ultimate in the Reagan hating, paranoid liberal. That said, this is one of Pink Floyd's finest albums since Dark Side of the Moon. Where Dark Side of the Moon wanted to make you get stoned out of your mind, this one makes you want to get the gun and start a new revolution yourself. As it says on the back: "A Requiem for the Postwar Dream." Kind of makes Nick Cave look like a very giving, loving, kind person. Very paranoid, but definitely worth having.



Black Sabbath - *We Sold our Soul for Rock n Roll*: Every once in a while you need some good old fashioned, devil spawned, heavy metal from the seventies and who better to turn to than Ozzy and crew. There's something about Iron Man and War Pigs at high speeds on the freeway on a moonless night that does amazing things to clear the mind and soul.



The Simths - "Strangeways, Here We Come": Sometimes I like nothing better than to grab my favorite large caliber firearm, a bottle of qualudes, a large bottle of Jack Daniels and this album to beat the blues. Morrisey's tortured vocals and lyrics are proof once again that some people do have it worse of than you think you do...

The Demon Watcher's Guide to Politics

Next time you see a story on the news you'll understand why things happen the way they do in Washington...



The Newt Gingrich Foot in Mouth Demon - Newt has been plauged by this demon for many, many years. Every time he makes a bit of headway, this demon pops up and - WHAMMO! - there goes Newt putting his foot in his mouth again...



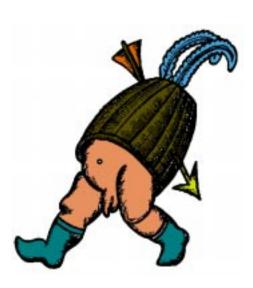
The Christian Right demon - Able to talk out of both sides of it's mouth simultaneously, but never contradict itself. At least not too badly...



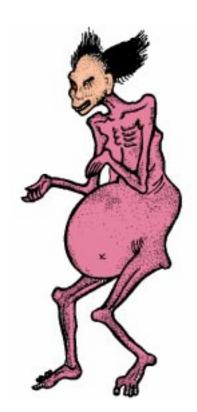
DNC Mascot demon - Notice the roots at the feet. Once it gets root it's very hard to exorcise this demon. Also of note is the polished buttocks from all the ass kissing.



The Hillary Clinton demon pest - Notice the body is in black and white - much like Hillary's way of thinking. There is only her way and the wrong way - unless you're giving the DNC money...



The Seneator Edward Kennedy demon -Easily spotted by the liquor container from the previous night over his head and the lack of pants.



The Welfare Demon - Usually found hanging around Maxine Waters - notice the similar hairstyles. Notice the bloated or pregnant bellywith the outstreched hand looking for money...



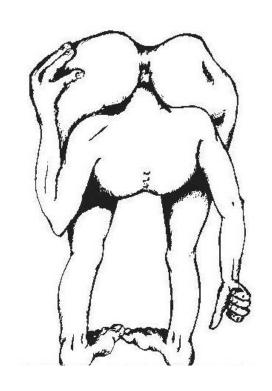
The Congressional Bill Writing Demon - Seen frequently around Washington DC, these strange creatures are the only things that read bills moving through the bill mill.



ME...

End Page

A mental enema is one hell of a lot cheaper than therapy...



UNTIL NEXT TIME...

