

Zen



PGP Key registered
with the NSA.

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

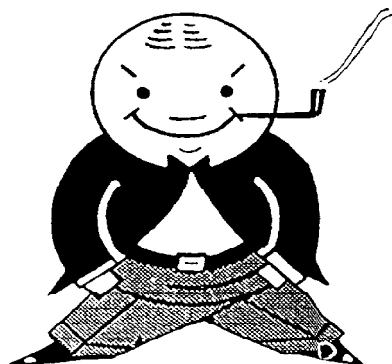


Anarchy

Well, we know where we're going, but we don't know where we've been...

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EDITORIAL

Right now I'm sitting in my attic, practically naked, typing this editorial on an ancient IBM PC. God, I hate this thing! I mean it's fine for doing rough work on, but as a computer, I don't know how we ever thought this was a good thing. It's slow as hell, doesn't boot up half the time, and would probably make a better doorstep than anything else. But even time marches on. Anyway, as I said I'm up in my attic, Dr. Pepper big slam and short-wave radio in hand. And you thought this was going to be a pithy editorial, didn't you? Just hold your horses, I'm getting warmed up...

Attics, I almost just typed Attica, due to my wonderful keyboard. Thank God PageMaker has a good spell checker. I'm sure I'd enjoy Attica just about as much as the peace and quiet up here. Only my buttocks remains a virgin up here...

See, it's getting pithier...

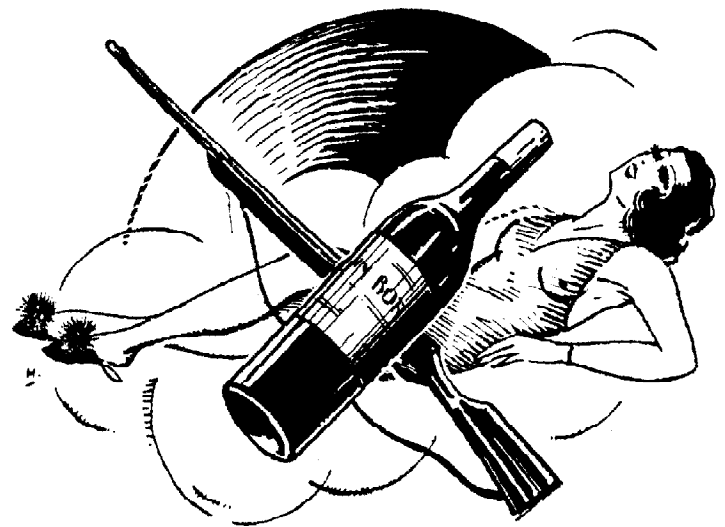
Anyway, Bungling Bill is over in Germany - Berlin to be precise - trying yet again to prove that he, not Dan Quayle, is Jack Kennedy. Bill, Bill, Bill. Isn't it enough to be embarrassed in your own country? Why do you have to go overseas to do it again too? At least try to speak in German, OK?

Haiti just kicked out the UN Advisors. Good for them. I honestly don't understand how we can get off telling Haiti how to run their country. I mean if we told Japan what to do, short of how to wipe their ass, they would tell us to get stuffed. Where the hell do we get the moral superiority to tell other people how they better run their country, and if we don't like what they are doing, we reserve the right to send our troops to invade them. What pompous bullshit. Oh well, there goes the pith...

Oops, I must have lost a screw or something there. I forgot, we're the United States of America. Land of the free and home of the 24 hour 7-11 convenience store. Try to find a 7-11 in Bosnia. The ability to buy tampons and Pinesol, 24 hours a day is what keeps this country great. Never mind the fact that most Americans are too

lazy and arrogant to even consider working at a 7-11 or McDonalds. What ever happened to the days when kids took a job to earn extra money, whether it was delivering newspapers or bagging groceries at the corner store? Nowadays it seems that the modus operandi is to beg and whine until your parents give you a twenty or more.

America, once a proud nation, has been reduced to a land mass with strip malls and televangelist churches. Not that I mind a money making scam as much as the



next capitalist, but there has to be some moral consideration to the scam. Of course, I don't mean scam in what the average person thinks of as the definition, but rather, scam - any product or idea that you can create to earn yourself a large enough amount of money to find someone else to buy you out.

Under my definition, anyone who sold their business to Microsoft, ran a good scam.

Speaking of Microsoft, Wired magazine reports that the FTC is going to be dropping the bomb, so to speak, on Billy Goat (oops, I mean Gates. Sorry...) sometime in the very near future. I think in government speak this roughly translates to, "We are going to give Bill Gates every opportunity to tell us why we shouldn't send him to bed without his dinner for a week.:" Anytime the gov-

ernment investigates something, they will inevitably fuck it up. Look at the Warren Commission, the Watergate Hearings, Iran-Contra, the October Surprise, and Whitewater. If the truth bit a congressman/woman or committee/subcommittee on the ass, I doubt if they would feel the teeth clamping through the layers of fat they have insulated themselves with over the years.

Late breaking news - Microsoft, while not admitting guilt, agreed to make a few minor changes in the way they fuck people. Good for them. Now if we could just get Janet Reno to pick on Haiti...

Hats off to Research Records for putting out a CD that had me laughing so hard, I almost drove off the road. I just found volume 1, so I hope that there are more. See Part records for a complete roundup on this one.

Hats off to Bill Clinton and the rest of the den of thieves in Washington DC (both parties) for reaffirming on an on going basis, that nothing is more important to them than retaining a public service job and that they will do anything and everything in their power to keep it.

Tip of the Hat



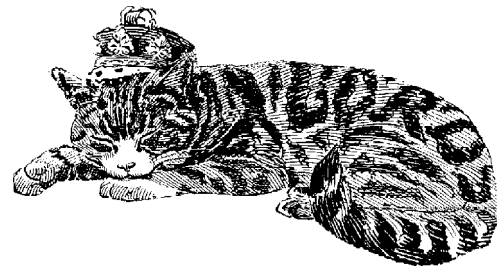
I really don't know where to put this, since it isn't a new product to rave about or anything like that, so here goes...

Hats off to CRL (my internet provider) for playing music that wasn't reminiscent of Beethoven's funeral procession through the streets of Vienna. Borland is notorious for playing the dueling violin type of classical music. At least they were. I haven't called them for tech support since they sell it out of house now. Anyway, I actually heard INXS playing while was on hold! Can you believe it?

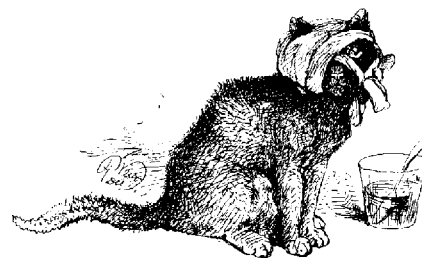
Hats off to Pixar. As a matter of fact, hats, coats and shoes (well maybe not shoes) to Pixar for a job well done on their on-hold music. I heard three, not one, but three They Might be Giants songs while I was waiting for their technical support to answer my question. And it was an 800 number to boot!

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Help stamp out the health care proposal.



Socks, the White House cat before going to get altered under the Clinton Health Plan.



Socks, 6 months later...

Yes, it can happen here.

Beware!

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I SUE YOU. YOU SUE ME.



WE'RE A LITIGIOUS FAMILY.

Dating today has to be the worst thing around. In the old days, you just stormed a village, like my ancestors did, and raped and pillaged to your hearts content. If you found something you liked, be it two-legged or four-legged, you had your way with it.

Today, you can practically be sued for sexual harassment for merely telling a woman that she looks nice. Now before you all go nuts on me over that last statement, I realize that it's a bit of a stretch, but unfortunately not much of one.

It seems that anything and everything today is litigatable. Just today I heard that the California State Supreme Court is allowing a family lawyer to sue R.J. Renyolds over their Joe Camel advertising campaign, saying that it encourages teenagers to smoke. What in the hell is next? Is this stupid bitch going to go after the Classic Movie Channel, since they show films in which children might see old movie stars smoking. That seems to be her next logical step. Then perhaps she can go after Network television shows that actually would dare to have people smoking, GOD FORBID!

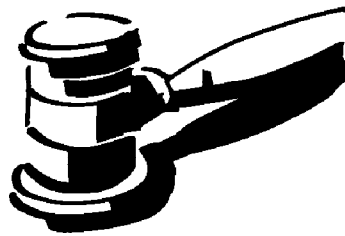
I mean, don't we all know now that all these people are trying to do is protect us. We're soooooo stupid, we just can't think for ourselves anymore can we? Of course not. I think it's high time that we all pack our possessions and move to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue and get our rooms before the rest of the sheep catch on to this.

Bill Clinton's band of neo-fascist safety Nazis are trying every day to control every aspect of your lives. So are Jerry Falwell's and (insert your favorite right wing group here...) 's group of safety zealots. Folks, both the left and the right are out to fuck you. They want to take away your rights and obtain total control. You are being given a virtual mindfuck. There are no two ways about it.

When the movie, *The Crow*, opened on a Friday the thirteenth, the expatriates of the eighties and I went to go see it. For those of you who enjoy dark films where good does triumph over evil because of the strength of love, go see it. The rest of you probably won't have any idea what in the hell is going on. No matter. Anyway, I go to the snack bar before the film starts, partially because I want to get some of that popcorn with the 10-30 colored Valvoline they call butter flavored topping, and partially because I'm damn sick and tired of watching the idiotic Kodak Carousel slide show advertising some shlock car dealer and moronic movie trivia that no one cares about.

Now back to our story...

After I made my purchases, and I'm going back to my seat, I encounter one of the minimum wage clearasil Nazis, usher, who is asking for people to show him their tickets. Of course, being the shit that I can be, I shot him a look that basically said, "Don't ask me, unless you really want to know." Apparently it was enough to satisfy him, so I went on by. It also may have been the fact that I stood about 24 inches taller than him.



As I'm walking down to the theater, a kid comes running by me. One of the other safety Nazis tells this kid to stop running and walk. Now as we all know, teenage boys have enormous amounts of energy that usually are depleted completely on their wedding day. So this kid was doing nothing more serious than having a good time, albeit for a short amount of time. The walk to the theater was only probably 20 feet at most.

So the kid does stop running after he's told to do so. Fine, but me being the Zen Anarchist that I am, I lean over to him and say, "As soon as you get around the corner, go for it." It was the most amazing thing! The light bulb went on in his head. Even if for that split second, we won a battle. And you have to remember that wars are won with battles and any victory, no matter the size, is a victory.

The Washington Wardens want to push the Clipper chip on us. They want to take over health care. They want to build the information superhighway - like they have a fucking clue as to what that even is...

Folks, these people want to run your lives. Wake up and smell the MJB before it's too late.

I figure with the advent of cheaper and cheaper DTP and hardware and the advancements being made to the net we stand a chance to turn back this tide. We'd better, unless of course you like being told what to think, how to think, why you think what you think, etc...

If that ever happens, I think I just might see if Kurt Cobain has room in his new lodgings for a few more people. I don't know, however, if I would be a traveller or the travel agent...

For all the puritanical fucks who think that I'm advocating violence against public officials, fuck off. I don't advocate killing anybody. I advocate the free exchange of ideas. That probably makes me more dangerous than a serial killer. If people think for themselves, both the left and the right are fucked forever. I'm not holding my breath, but just one mind being exposed, will eventually become a virus, spreading and replicating.

It doesn't even matter if you agree or not. That's not important. Not at all. What is important is that you listen to other people and weigh all the information you can get your hands on. Change your mind on occasion. Remember, after all it's your mind. Use it or surrender it.

The Layman's Guide to MTV



MTV, when it first started stood for Music Television. Now it seems to mean Mostly Tunnel Vision. This guide is provided as a public service to those who don't have the faintest idea what MTV is all about anymore. Anyone who remembers what a VJ is. You know who you are. Read on and be enlightened...

Rock The Vote: Code words for "Vote for Bill Clinton or any other Democrats, regardless if you believe what

they say or not". Basically, don't vote Republican or we won't let you watch anymore.

Beavis and Butthead: Cartoon about two moronic teenagers that couldn't even make it on the talk show circuit. We can't show during the prime time hours any more because some kid burned down his house and we might get sued.

Tabitha Soren: Female "reporter" who seems to wet her panties every time she gets near Bill Clinton. See Kurt Loder.

Yo' MTV Raps: Showcase of Black artists played in late Friday night hours to appease black community. Helps fend off charges of racism.

120 Minutes: See **Yo' MTV Raps**. Same idea, but gives the illusion that MTV is hip by playing "alternative" videos by bands who will probably never see the light of day on MTV anyway.

Lip Service, House of Style, etc...: Shows designed to try to prove that MTV is something more than just the Music Video channel. Nice try guys, they stink! Can you say, "The John Stewart Show?" Hell, can you even remember it?

Kurt Loder: MTV's answer to Ted Koppel., at least in their eyes. A bit, no, more than a bit, more like Dan Rather in his reporting style, Kurt seems to think that he is smarter than the average MTV viewer. He probably is, but that isn't saying much now is it? See also Tabitha Soren.

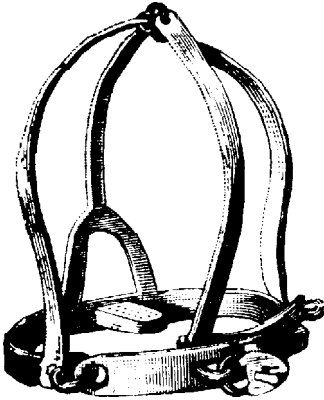
The Week in Rock: Do we care what Axl Rose was caught doing this time? Do we care whether or not Michael Jackson really sang on that Milli Vanilli album? Do we really care that Tabitha Soren's clothes look like a Japanese fashion designer's joke wardrobe from Josie and the Pussycats? Do we? Not me...



Building tomorrow's future, today.

Gifts for your favorite Politician

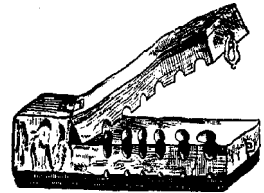
It doesn't have to be the holiday season for you to send your representatives a thank you gift. These items will make wonderful gifts for any politician - local, state, or federal - any time of the year. Perhaps we should send some just to acknowledge what a wonderful job they are doing for us...



The brank is a wonderful item developed in the middle ages. It has a piece of metal, similar to a tongue depressor, which renders the victim speechless. It was used on women who gossiped too much. Perfect for the person who gives long winded speeches. I can think of at least one person who could benefit from this, and no, I'm not going to mention Hillary. At least not by name anyway...



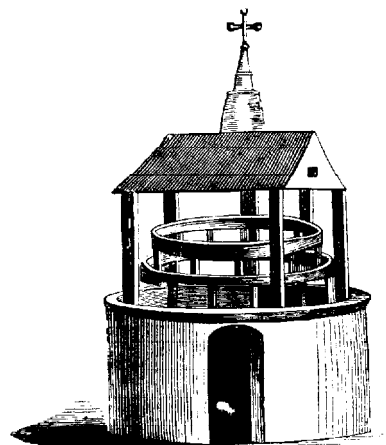
The ever popular, "I'm drunk again," sign. This will enable any pol to get a free cab ride home when they are too intoxicated to drive. Please do NOT send any more to Teddy Kennedy.



These special pillories were designed to eliminate all of the finger pointing and ass picking that seems to go on whenever any more than two pols get together. The one below is a multi-person pillory and is mobile.



The ultimate gift for a sex crazed president and his loudmouth wife....





Party Records

FOR ADULTS ONLY

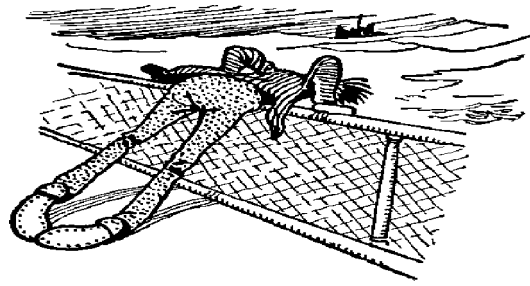
Since VISA hasn't cut off my credit yet, here we go again with this month's installment of CD reviews, also known as how soon can I go broke buying all these CD's?

First off, this month we have research records and their CD of oddball records from the fifties and sixties. I'd seen the Research books in the bookstore before and dismissed them as pure junk. This CD, however, is one of the funniest I have ever heard in my life. Highlights include, Up, Up, and Away played on the Sitar. Not for the timid or anyone without a sense of humor. *Send one to your local congressional parasite today...*

Next we have a true find of finds. Alternative Tentacles had the balls to get 16 or 17 bands to do covers of Dead Kennedy songs. Included are Faith No More, Napalm Death (best played at ear-deafening volume), L7 just to name a few! Highlights include, Nazi Punks Fuck Off, Holiday in Cambodia, and Winnebago Warrior. Definitely not for playing at the family Christmas party, *unless of course you invited Sid and Nancy...*

Next we have Rhino Records trying to pass off a five, eventually a fifteen, CD set of New Wave hits of the eighties. This stuff is crap. The songs are fine, but the packaging on this one stinks. Comparing the CDs at my local Warehouse store, I was dismayed to find that Rhino actually had the audacity to repeat a few songs on the CDs. I mean, why am I going to buy five CDs with "New Wave hits of the eighties" with repeats between the first five? The stuff they chose wasn't even up to the usual Rhino standards. As adventurous as they go was Plastic Bertrand's Sans Plan Pour Moi. Shit, I mean radio stations still play that locally! Couldn't they find some of the more obscure stuff from back then? Thumbs down on this one. How about you Gene?

Barf Coutiøre



Who in the hell ever appointed the french to be designers? I mean, these people cook and eat snails, yet the world hinges on their every word as far as the fashion world goes. Do you ever get the feeling that these people are just laughing behind our backs? Pulling the largest inside joke on the entire population?

If you ever need a good laugh, just tune in Else Klensch's Style program on CNN on Saturday morning 11:30 PST, I think - don't hold me to the time. Take a look at the designers featured. These people are the children of the people rejected by a freak show. I especially enjoy the Japanese designers collections. It seems to be like everything else they do in their movies, animation, etc... It's fucking ridiculous! Do they really expect that anyone is going to go out in public in a raincoat made out of Reynolds Aluminum Foil? Give me a break!

I can tolerate the overalls that the kids now seem to think is haute couture - oops we can't use french words any more. Not since they banned 2500 of ours. Fuck 'em. I'll take a three way over a menage-a-trois anyday. Anyway, I'm sick and tired of these striped scoop neck shirts that girls seem to be so fond of today. These dysfunctional idiots should be forced to watch 60 hours of late 60's / early 70's TV sitcoms and see just how BAD everyone looked in these clothes. Perhaps then they would dump the Marsha Brady budding titties in a tight striped t-shirt look once and for all. I'm not holding my breath for this to happen, but one can hope...

Another thing I can't fathom why people wear them are those baggy Cross-Colors clothes that seem to be so popular. Any design that is a throwback to the sixties is an insult to all those people who wore this

stuff in the beginning, since even that was an insult to the intelligence to begin with.

Still another, you just knew there had to be more, right, is women that insist on dressing like men. WHY? Why with the form that (insert your favorite deity here) gave you, would you want to wear a jacket with large shoulders and a necktie? Maybe it's high time that we gave all of those designers an Alcatraz ascot. Then again, maybe, not. We would probably end up seeing it on the runway next fall in Paris or Milan. Barf



The last days of Dan Rostenkowski...



It couldn't happen to a nicer fellow, now could it? Don't worry, Mr. Rostenkowski, we'll have a stamp shortly to commemorate your expulsion. Maybe that will help you finally lick your financial problems.

Wake the fuck up, before it's too late!

Comments, suggestions, bail money, hush money, any kind of money in general, or anything else except ex-spouses to: anl18926@anon.penet.fi

