

PGP Key registered
with the NSA.

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

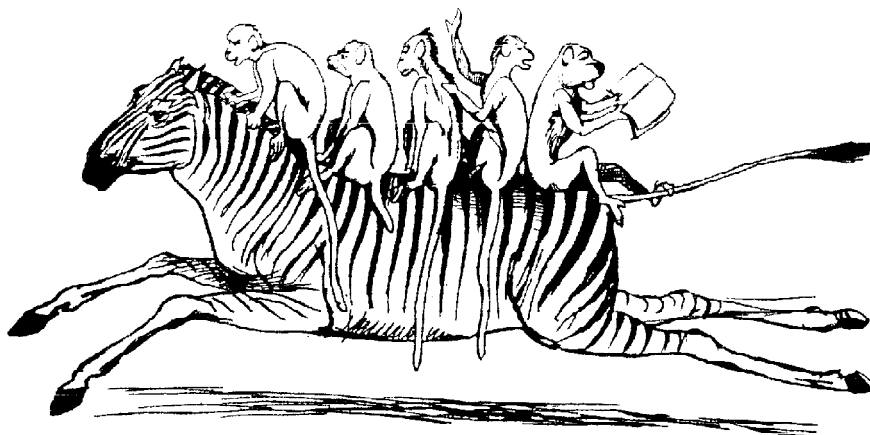


Anarchy

Charting the decline and fall of Western civilization...

Contents

Random Thoughts	3
Culture Watch	4
Dick of the Month	5
Zen Road Trips	6
Books Worth Buying or Burning	7
Health Care Trading Cards	8
White House Productions Presents...	9
End Page	10



Editorial

I just bought a new house. Well, actually, the house is in mine and my wife's name and the bank's for the next 30 years. After that, well...

This is not one of those shitty, cracker box, Eichler homes that seem to be popular among people who understand modern art. God knows, I don't understand that crap or the fascination with a home where the roof has a 3% grade so that the water only collects in the parts of the roof that need to be replaced.

On a side note, while spell checking this in PageMaker, the suggested replacement for Eichler comes up as Heckler. Go figure that one out...

No, this is the house that Nick and Nora Charles would have lived in if they hadn't lived in an apartment house. It was built in 1935. It's the kind of house that you sip vodka martinis before 10:00 AM, in your pajamas and silk robe, while reading the new issue of The New Yorker with cigar in hand. It's the kind of house where you expect to see an F. Scott Fitzgerald dinner party going on in the dining room.

Of course, I'm not going to reveal the location of this oasis in the sea of manure that populated America today. Not that I wouldn't enjoy an old fashioned cocktail party or two, but my white trash neighbor that I'm leaving would be even more jealous of my very existence than he is now.

This dysfunctional group of misfits makes the whole Tanya Harding incident look like Snow White getting a jaywalking ticket at Disneyland. He has a beard, so he doesn't have to shave every morning, and she never takes a shower - she *bathes*! They're probably in their mid forties now, with the requisite two children - boys - one of which I suspect will either discover his latent homosexuality or climb to a high bell tower and start shooting at what he perceives to be "all those clay pigeons down there..." While the other one isn't bright enough to come in out of the rain. He'd stand out there with his mouth open, point-

ing at the sky, during a downpour if someone dared him to. Come to think of it, these kids both have the aptitude to be appointed to Clinton's cabinet.

The pride and joy of this asshole's very existence is his trailer. Obviously this shithead is too cheap to even fork out the money for a Motel 6! Instead, every summer, for 12-16 weeks, they pile in to the family car and spend the weekends at the Delta. Temperatures usually run in the 90-100's, so you can imagine how good that trailer smells. I doubt that there are bathtubs at the RV park, so she doesn't *bathe* the whole weekend. I mean what a joy it must be to go and watch your dad get drunk on Bud Light the entire summer. Sounds like my idea of a good time. Right up there with joining the Peace Corps and living without toilet paper for two years or going on a gourmet food hunt in England.

As you can probably tell, I love my neighbor. Actually, I'd like to see him splattered over the highway, or trapped inside that god awful camper for two weeks with only ex-lax and no toilet paper.

Sorry there are no record reviews this time around. You'll have to settle for books. I assume that if you can read this, you can read a book, right?



Random



Thoughts

What do rock stars do that fall from grace? Can't you see Martin Gore from Depeche Mode slinging hash at some roadside diner somewhere out in Louisiana or something? I mean we all know that the Stones just keep on kidding themselves into thinking that we all care if they have a new album out.

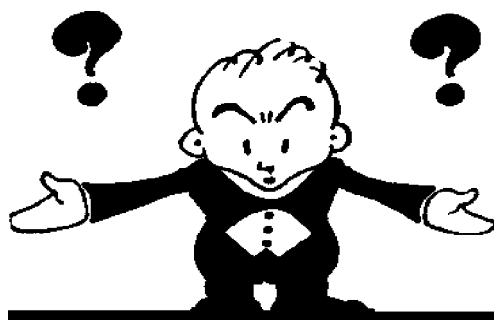
Today, 9/26/94, George Mitchell announced that health care legislation is dead for the year. He goes on to blame those demonic Republicans in the House and Senate. My question is, with a majority in both Houses, why can't the democrats ram this shit down our throats instead of whining about why they can't get all their members to suck each other's dicks?

Have you ever noticed that if you took a feminine hygiene commercial, removed all the references to feminine hygiene products, and substituted tobacco products, you wouldn't be able to tell the difference? For example take any given Newport cigarette ad and replace the cigarette information with tampon information. I'll bet you wouldn't notice any difference...

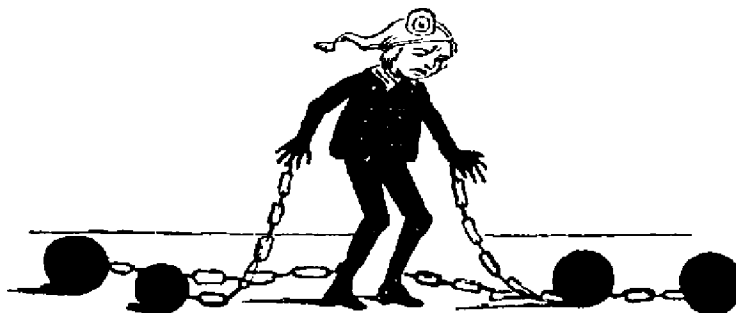
Remember Gilligan's Island? How is it that nobody ever got pregnant? Did the professor make birth control pills out of coconuts too? I mean you've got two good looking women on an island with four men. No sexual urges? Come on! I mean nobody would have touched Lovee Howell in a million years.

Also, didn't anybody ever get tired of wiping their ass with palm leaves?

What ever happened to Hillary Clinton? She seems to have withered up like a dying plant after the health care reform / takeover failed to materialize and carve her face in to Mount Rushmore. Maybe what we need is a Mount Shamemore. We could put F.D.R., Nixon, Ford, and Clinton (both if necessary) up there to remind us not to elect people even remotely similar to these people.



CULTURE WATCH



Who Says T & A is Dead?

Take a look at any given magazine rack in a check out line at your local grocery store. Besides the usual assortment of UFO Journals, Who's fucking who in the soap opera journals, and the scandal rags and, if you survive just looking at those, you will find what I consider to be one of the foremost problems in America today - Women's magazines.

Now probably at this point, I've pissed off most of the feminine readers out there, right? Well, all three of you, go to the next page and ignore this entire article, unless you want to find out how you are being mind-fucked into being a good little Stepford wife, all without your knowledge.

Now, lest anyone thinks I'm on a vendetta against women, let me state here and now, Men's magazines are some of the stupidest things around. GQ, Esquire, and others of their ilk, seem to revel in some unrealistic Shangrila lifestyles that probably three or four people, besides James Bond, ever live. Lets face it, the bohemian life style of yesterday, is history. By the time you work a forty hour week, you don't have the inclination to exfoliate, redecorate, maybe even procreate.

These are actual teasers off of magazines that I have seen with my own eyes. I couldn't make this stuff up! That said, here goes...

Marie Clair (inaugural issue) : Adultery — Do's and Don'ts - Apparently a guide to what to and what not to do. I guess that would preclude common sense? I may have to pick this up and do a review on it at a later date.

Bazaar (October 1994) : How to Dress Like a Woman — personally I didn't know that you had to buy a magazine and read an article to figure that out...

Family Circle and/or Women's Day (Various dates) : 10 Ways to Spice Up Your Sex Life / Improve Your Marriage / etc... — These geniuses must take a stock 10 ways to improve your (*fill in the blank*) article and change a few key words to do it for sex, marriage, healthy looking skin, or what have you. What I love most is that when you actually take the time to read the article on the 10 steps to better sex, they include such ground breaking ideas as talking to your lover, taking time to listen to your lover, and other such astonishing ideas that common sense would dictate if you didn't have a head full of curlers, a face covered in cold cream, and a husband with a beer belly the size of Ohio.

Myself, the only use I've ever found for these magazines, especially Cosmopolitan, is that if you roll them up tightly, they make a wonderful weapon for hunting flies.

Dick of the Month

Dick of the month, this month, goes to the writers, producers and anyone involved with the show Blossom. Exceptional kudos go to Mayim Bailik, or Ms. Buttlick as she should be called.



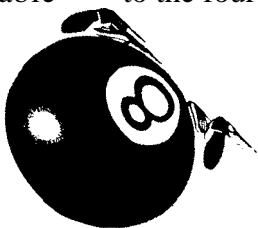
Now ordinarily I wouldn't sit my ass on the couch long enough, without the remote in my hand, to even watch this piece of shit, but I'll plead temporary insanity or some such other lame excuse. Of course, by now, you're probably wondering what actually qualifies this show for the merits of the golden dildo that it should receive. Since most Americans have a ten minute attention span, maybe you should put this down, go to the refrigerator, get a snack and then come back...

Now that you're back, on with the show!

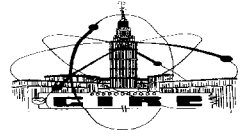
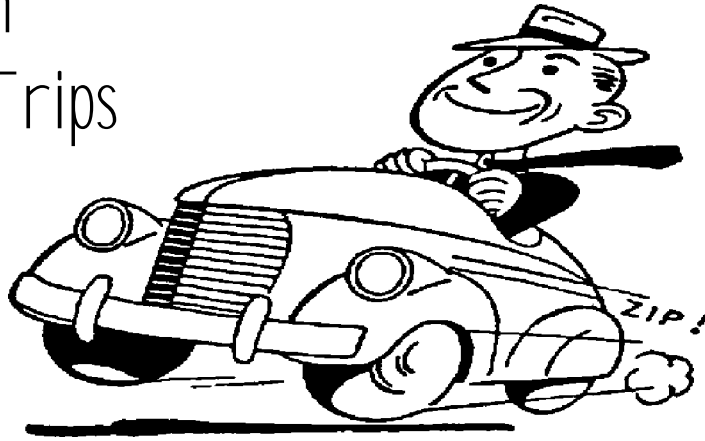
In the episode that I was unfortunate enough to suffer through, I was disgusted, nay appalled, at the treatment that men get in this show. They might as well go through life with a "kick me" sign taped to their backs! We have Ms. Buttlick despondent over the fact that her divorced father is married and she doesn't like her step-mother until later in the episode when they go to what the father refers to as a "chick flick" and catches all the daggers not used on Nicole Simpson for even suggesting that a movie might actually pander towards women. Go figure!

Later on, Ms. Buttlick suggests that her new stepmother read Fauldi's, "Backlash," so as to see how men have oppressed women for all these years. Personally, I think it's about time that we gave all the feminists forty acres and a mule and told them to get the fuck out of our faces. What most people fail to realize is that the feminists have taken all the arguments that the blacks used during the sixties and perverted them to their own cause. I mean, if men were such a problem, would we still exist? Wouldn't there be some feminist scientist that would perfect immaculate conception so as to cut men solely out of the picture, or get solely gay men to be sperm donors? Then they could kill any non-gay males so as to preserve the species.

Oh fuck, I'm rambling again. Oh well, like you're not used to that now. I'd just like to see some more shows like the John Larouquette show, where you have a middle aged white guy, trying to get along with people who continually try to shit down his throat. His constant questioning of racial stereotypes on all counts is a refreshing change that the writers and producers of Blossom could adopt. Then again it might make the show less palatable to the four or five shut-ins that actually watch it.



Zen Road Trips



Sometimes you just need to get the hell out of Dodge, jump in the trusty car and drive like hell. As a public service, I'm recommending places around the world that are worth getting away to...

This issue, we're going to take a look at Edinburgh, Scotland.

Scotland in itself is one of the most beautiful places to go on a road trip. Even if you just take the train around the Scottish countryside, it is so relaxing, it can't be adequately described. The biggest plus is, at least when I visited, was that there are NO PERCEIVED SPEED LIMITS! Well actually, the posted speed limit is 70 m.p.h., but no one seems to get a ticket for speeding. Is that a great country or what? If things ever get that bad in this country, Scotland is on my short list for getting the hell out of here. At least you know how much of your income is being taxed, and the government seem to have a civilized way of telling you you're getting reamed.

Edinburgh is a neat city that you can walk around and see quite a bit without an auto being necessary. Take the obligatory city tour just so you can see what you missed on foot. And if you feel really wealthy, I can highly recommend the Balmoral Hotel. It ain't cheap, but hell, you're on vacation right?

Another wonderful thing is to rent a car and drive from Edinburgh to Loch Ness. Granted it's a 4 hour drive each way and you do have to watch out for the occasional sheep crossing the road, but driving a rented Vauxhall at high speeds on two lane roads - on the wrong side of the road no less (*at least from our perspective*) - is something no road trip junkie can be without! There was also a Gulf gas station which actually had Dr. Pepper in cans - the other item no road trip of mine is complete without...

St. Andrews is interesting, just to say you've been. There was a restaurant called Ziggy's which served food that was similar, or as similar as you can get outside of the United States, to diner food in America. There you could look at rock and roll paraphernalia all over the walls, and get a quasi-good hamburger at reasonable prices. The fries weren't bad, however.

Short of driving through the town and doing some quick shopping for the golf nut in your family, I didn't find much of interest there. The golf museum is interesting, but you can go through that in about 30 minutes. Granted I was there in the dead of winter, so perhaps I didn't see everything that I could have, but I was freezing my ass off!

Books worth buying or burning

Worth buying:

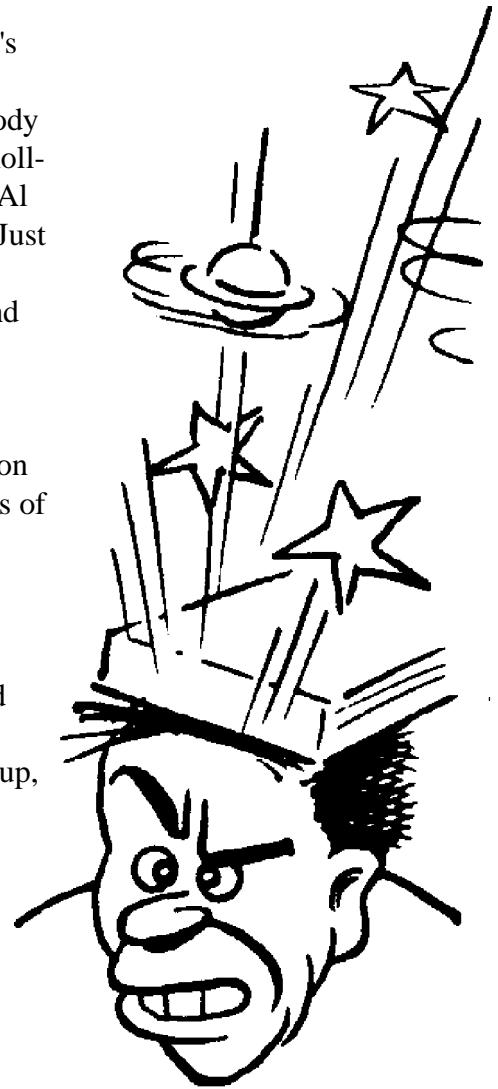
Hunter S. Thompson - *Better than sex*: While I don't necessarily agree with the title, his point is well taken. Thompson has a style that keeps you on the edge of your seat in laughter. This book is almost a logical continuation to *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*. Thompson tracks the '92 election campaign trail and as some sage advice for Bubba. Now if Bubba would only listen to someone besides his wife...

P.J. O'Rourke - Any book he's ever written : O'Rourke is the kind of Republican every conservative kid wants to grow up like. Actually, he's never grown up himself. I get the feeling that he understands the Zen Anarchy concept and avails himself of it at every possible turn. Anybody who can come out of the 70's, work at National Lampoon, write for *Rolling Stone* (they let him get drunk all over the world...), and still call Al Gore stupider than a King Spaniel has my vote for writer of the year. Just the fact that on the *Tonight Show* with Leno he almost had Sigourney Weaver ready to scratch his eyes out because he was a conservative and she wasn't, is enough to respect him. Check out anything he's written, especially *Give War a Chance* and *Holidays from Hell*.

Schneider - *CAD: A Handbook for Heels*: This is the definitive work on being a Cad. Well worth it if you can find it just for the pin up pictures of Tina Louise (*Ginger on Gilligan's Island*).

Worth burning:

Douglas Copeland - *Life After God*: After writing this tripe, he should meet God, the sooner the better. This is the person who thinks that he owns Generation X and all the whining that goes along with it. Grow up, you fuck. Nobody cares what you think anyway.



Health Care Trading Cards

The Second Set



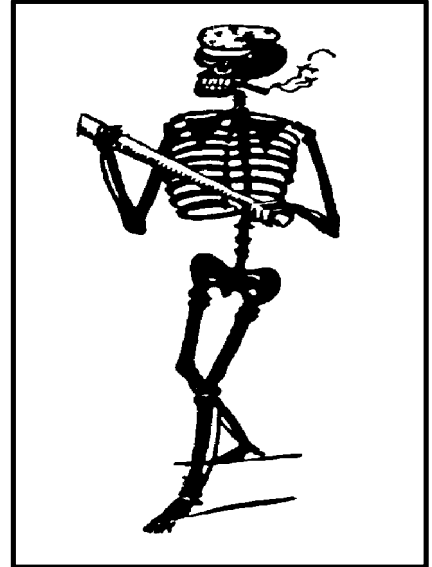
The crack Clinton nursing squad learns how to give shots to the American public.



Due to ecological restrictions, gas powered ambulances have been outlawed. Here is the new push pedal ambulance being touted as a "green" solution.



Members of Congress debate the health care proposal.



A rare photo of a Clinton health care enforcer.



Hillary Clinton, a year after using her own health care system, dispensing FDA and EPA approved food in this photo op.

Collect them all!

White House Productions Presents...



End Page

It's been said that if you don't have anything nice to say about anybody, don't say anything. If that were the case, this would be one god damn silent world, wouldn't it?

Until next time...

