

# Proof I Need Stronger Medication

*The Political issue, or: Rush Limbaugh can choke on this.*

*Volume four, Issue three.*

Greetings, Readers. I know that I am behind. I am really, really behind. I am so far behind, that my ego is crying in the corner now. Or it might have committed seppuku. Or sudoku. I really should check; it's been quiet for a while.

You know what they say about junior year, and how it really kicks your ass? Yeah, they're right. As I soon found out. The boot-mark is slowly healing. Taking PSEO was a good idea, but it means that I've got to really push myself. And you know how much I hate to do that. I will now release Klaus' First Rule of PSEO: a PSEO class should only be attempted if you actually have motivation.

And here we will pause for a moment of silence, in which we will honor the passing of my laptop. My more dedicated readers will remember that I used this laptop to create proofs six through eight last year. The laptop died unexpectedly after my brother, henceforth referred to as 'idiot-boy', left it on the floor of his room, whereupon it was trod upon in a most saddening matter. Because as we all know, the floor's the best place for a laptop: especially for a laptop that does not belong to you. According to him, it's okay because with the new computer (w00t), he would have gotten it anyways, so what's the problem? Oh yes, I get a new-to-me computer: the family's old iMac. Well, it is still mine, even though it's currently on my brother's floor. I mean, what could possibly go wrong?

Because I don't want to get kicked in the groin, I'm trying to turn this one out as fast as possible. Expect another new issue after winter break. Also, at the rate I'm going, and counting this issue, ten more Proofs and I'll have written 100 essays. What next, you ask? Book, "best of" issue, worldwide fame and glory. And maybe then I'll finally be happy with my life. Make that 'happier'. And one last time, as many of you have jobs and/or significant others who have jobs (and I don't) (☹) donations to the "Give Me Money, Please" fund are always accepted, and as the greedy capitalists say, 'tis better to give to Klaus than to receive his wrath.

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Random thoughts: like a Machine gun set on 'fun'

What happens when 'meat and potatoes' sort of guys became vegetarians? Do they only eat potatoes?

I really like the French National Anthem. It's so... perky. Like, I have no idea what it's saying, but it kicks the shit out of ours.

The University has a students against cancer group. Maybe it's just me, but everytime I hear this, I think of a protest. But you really can't protest cancer, can you? Because no matter what, cancer will be sitting there, plotting, rubbing its oily tendrils together while planning to take out your colon.

I just realized that the last time I got anything even vaguely resembling action, the year had a one in front of it.

Happy like a Can in a kidney store. I mean a kid in a candy store. No clue why my analyst wants me to get at my repressed memories. I repress things for a reason. Let's let sleeping dogs lie on the train tracks.

I hate it when I get floss caught between my teeth. It's like getting screwed over by the BBB, like, how are you supposed to get it out?

I recently read through the Neiman Marcus gift catalogue, or as I now call it, the 'big book of we're rich and you're not'

They stopped selling Kinder eggs in Europe because of a 'choking hazard'. Now they're only in Canada, due largely to the well-known fact that Canadian toddlers are smart enough to not choke on shit.

I don't want to be stuck with a broken-down car, but AAA's expensive. It's so much cheaper to join a gang. 'So I was just about to take out some hatin' bastard when it died on me. 'Cause you can't do drive-bys with the bus.

In response to Dylan's novel of unusual proportions, I have decided to write a book. All I know is that it'll feature a guy named "Tits"

Mahoney. If that's not enough of a reason to buy it, then what is?

They're planning to make the grizzly bears in Yellowstone a 'non-protected' species. I'm personally against this because I don't think we'd want to do anything that'd make them mad.

Whenever Law and Order ends in a death sentence, my first thought is not so much "justice is done" but rather 'wah-wah-waaaahhh'

Whenever there's a serial killer, people look back and say things about how he (always a he) was a bit... different as a child. What about serial cannibals? "Oh, now that you mention it, Jeremy *did* try to eat his brother once, but we assumed it was just a phase; you know how kids can be."

In response to my concern about not having enough time, my analyst suggested that I watch some relaxation tapes. I would, but like, where am I going to have time? It's not helpful to delay.

I saw a bumper sticker saying 'question technology'. Wait for it, wait for it...

I dislike the song 'high hopes'. You know, the one with the ram that knocks down a dam. I, for one, oppose animal terrorism in all forms.

The 'sex and so much more'show was hosted in the same venue as a meeting of CPAs. What could possibly go wrong?

Well, I'm running on empty: let's move on.

## Number one

You know what I like? World War Two. It was one of those feel-good wars. It did exactly what it was supposed to do, and it had one of those enemies that people love to hate. Actually, three of them. Really, that's the reason I'm not going to consider myself a pacifist: one day you might wake up and think "damn. I need a war". I'm not willing to rule it out as a viable option to kill people. Because lord knows there aren't enough ways to do that on a large enough scale to make them UN wimps take notice.

But for there to be a feel-good war, there's gotta be a feel bad war, right? You know, the ones the nation shakes its head at, the ones the anti-war protestors conveniently allude to. The ones history doesn't cover.

I realized this while looking back at the history class rubric. It covers the basics: Revolutionary War, Civil War, that one we fought against Spain, World Wars aye and double aye, and abruptly ends at 1964. Because, as far as our senile grandparents are aware of, nothing happened after 1964. I'm sure you all know what we're missing, right? Yes, Virginia, we're skipping over the war of 1812.

Okay, and here's a little history lesson, which I'm giving on little to no research. So basically, this is like all my other papers, only I've stopped bullshitting myself. All I know is that it was in 1812, or thereabouts. And the White House got burned down by Canadians. Yes, that's right... we got our asses handed to us by a nation that's now pacifist. And they got as far as Ohio. Well, we did end up winning the war, but we still don't talk about it too much. People tend to get angry about having their symbol of national pride demolished: that's why the ancient Greeks fell into ruin: the Parthenon got asploded. Or maybe it's the modern Greeks. And really, I'm only claiming that the Greeks are all angry at people, because I found a hair in my Falafel. That Damn Falafel king is probably angry about how his empire's symbol was lightly destroyed by invaders, who decided that it would be a good place to store dynamite.

But enough about the Greeks. (Or as I now call them, the falafel ruiners) what matters is America! Because Gall-darnit, we're the best nation in the world. And we have God on our side, so it's okay to do what we do best. And I'm not talking 'bout no pre-emptive invasions, or stealin from the po and giving to the rich. I'm talking about us being a symbol of freedom to the rest of the world. And we need to defend that freedom by getting rid of it: that way the terrorists can't take it away from us. (don't ask questions boy, just nod and agree)

It's okay to gloss over those parts of history we don't like to talk about: Iran-contra, Vietnam, mass slaughter of Native Americans, and the bay of, uh... ham. You know why? Because we're America. Even when we lose, we win. And that gives us the right to re-write those sticky little instances, those stnanks. Just like drunk karaoke at uncle China's wedding, certain parts of US history should have their Sony Betamax tapes erased. So let's all raise our glasses and enjoy a tall frothy glass of amnesia.

We drink to forget things like, you know, um... Prohibition.

## Number Nine

Okay, after the ill-fated Psyklaus-psyhic hotline, I resolved that I wouldn't make any more predictions. Now, I'm going to have to rescind that promise. I really should've seen it coming. (Which may be why it went belly-up) Now the prediction that I'm forcing myself to make: At some point within our lives, there will be a revolt/uprising/revolution in this country. And I get fifty bonus points if it happens before 2025.

Now you're probably wondering how I came to this conclusion. And let me just tell you, homemade absinthe is a dangerous, time-consuming, and difficult process. You're much better off with 3 amphetamines, and then spinning around till you fall. In reality, I just looked at my history textbook... while I just so happened to be strung out on old-school Sudafed.

Anyway, I'm compiling Klaus' brief list of signs preceding revolt.

1. Entrenched rich-poor gap, and lack of upward mobility. Let's see, are the rich getting richer? Check. Poor getting poorer? Yep. Harder to get rich, while easier to stay wealthy? Arguably true. I'd call this one fulfilled.
2. Falsified elections. I'm not allowed to say **Y**, but if it was true **E**, it'll **Show**.
3. Lessening of civil liberties: well, I don't want to sound like a Complaining Carl, but I don't feel any safer. Funny how Patriot Act contains 'riot act'. Check, and double check.
4. Large numbers of disenfranchised. In this case, it's a majority or near majority, if you actually count the votes. (I know, we lost. Rightfully so, for once.) This exact same thing happened in France, pre-revolution. The poor people were all angry about not getting a voice in government. They were sort of 'le screwed', as it were. I'll call this a check, but only because the republicans have the Supreme Court, White House, Senate, House and Montana. And the media. But everything else is fine and dandy-ish.
5. Polarized discourse. Black and white, good and bad, Starsky and Hutch. One side is right, one is wrong. Guess which is which? Check.
6. Global instability. Okay, with France in a state of le Grande Rage Against le Cars, and Kyrgstn lmst n nrchy, 'll sy chck.

And... I'm spent. I know, I couldn't get ten, let alone seven, but I'd say we're at least close to something close to rebellion. And it doesn't matter who wins. Demographics\* being what they are, the voice of the people won't shift more than a 45-55 split either way. (\*I'll explain this if asked). If things stay the way they are, a revolt is less than three elections away. 20 years is enough time to get militant. (It's about a generation).

But what then? If there is revolt, I'd recommend staying away from anything that can be described as 'burnable' 'smashable' or 'milk of the capitalist'. I know of a close "bomb shelter", so it'll be cool. I don't even know who'll win, because one side has all the assault weapons/ army tanks on their side. But to be fair, the communists, revolutionaries, and people imprisoned on islands run by an unknown government force have a pretty good track record in terms of revolting and killing people, so it'll certainly be an even match. I know people who'll give good odds either way.

For more info, dial 1-900-psy-klau(s). \$1.90/ minute. Visa accepted.

## Cooks of Capital Hill.

I couldn't think of a number for this one. Even if I could, it wouldn't matter, because it'd be obscure enough that nobody'd get it. Incidentally, it's *Revolution #9*, if you were confused about the last essay.

Okay, I did some thinking, (while stone cold sober, I assure you) and I have come to the conclusion that the government is the agent behind the Anarchists' Cookbook. Yes, I do have a copy. Arrest me, I dare you. It's not like I use it to kill people, or anything other than research for this proof. It's hardly good bedtime reading. The plot is dry, dialogue contrived and grammar spotty at best.

First: why? What possible use could the government have with anarchists? I fully maintain that anarchy is just a phase, like puberty, that many adolescent boys go through. They're hard-wired for rebelling against 'the system' because they're so misunderstood, and just wait until they take control, then you'll all blahblahblah.

By providing a 'instruction manual' for 'destruction' provides a 'sort' of calming me'chan'ism. Like nuclear warhead full of handguns, you have it so you don't use it. And let's be honest. When was the last time you heard of somebody using it to kill people? Google news couldn't find any. And that's worldwide. Truth be told, the Government has done more harm to civilians than the cookbook. \*Cough\* School Of The Americas \*cough\*. Sorry, I've got hippie pacifist flu. But it's in remission. (It lost its stash)

It's not like the anarchists' cookbook is really the great Satan of cookbooks. (That goes to Lucifer's *666 30-Minute Meals*) There's actually very little that can cause widespread misery, let alone dismemberment. To be perfectly correct, most of the formulas in the cookbook are rather apocryphal indeed. (Woot hotwords) I adamantly claim that I had nothing to do with that fireball. Assuming you don't die making one of the three things that might potentially maybe almost kill somebody, you still need a lot of it. Basic anarchist math: an ounce of thermite is still only an ounce.

Okay, if not widespread dismemberment, what do you have? Well, maybe four ways of making a mailbox explode. Really the only thing that most people can actually *do* is the 'dry ice plus water plus bottle combine screw on and run' gag. However, my lawyers tell me I am not at liberty to discuss how one goes about performing this "dangerous" activity. Pity.

You know what most of the cookbook is? How to rip off a system that went obsolete decades ago. I'm talking Bell systems. Now, due to the fact that it's no longer analog, it's as valuable as a hat full of cafeteria sweepings. But you know who really hated good ol' Ma Bell? Yep. Bob Dylan. The government hated it too, but its antitrust suit couldn't hold a candle to Jimmy's protest song '*mmmeh zeesh th' phoh, bleh stehhh me gref. (or maybe grezh)*'. Which urged people to, ah... grasp the fez? Cheese the fuzz? In any event, a certain cookbook teaching folks how to rip off Bell would assist in bringing it down on its knees. The government's goal complete, all in a groovy, grassroots sort of way.

Fuck. I said Groovy. My damned flu's back. Where's my Sudafed?