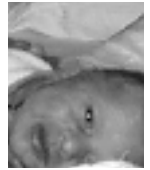




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YAWNY'S DIGEST

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"Bitch! I'll break your collarbone!" —Greg Campbell, to Yawny

Good Luck Parenting, Vol. I

The problem with having an ugly baby is that people don't even feel sorry for you. Which is funny, because if you have an ugly baby, it's not really your fault *per se*, I mean you did all you could.

On the other hand, let's say you break your leg. In this case, chances are it was your fault because you tried to do something rad and found out that you were too old or uncoordinated, e.g., you were a spazz and fell off your bike. Yet people will still cut you slack for all your clumsiness: "oh, that sucks, getting around on crutches is a drag. I feel for you."

Do you see the inconsistency? People despise you for things that aren't your fault at all. But in the end I don't really blame people for seeing ugly babies and thinking *their* baby won't be as ugly. It's just another example of the human heart's tendency to blacken with loathing and spite, and of the human brain's tendency to writhe and conjure alternately smug, jealous and vicious thoughts. Personally I am secure in the knowledge that my sperm has produced a healthy, happy male, whereas my collective readers' sperm has for the most part not produced jack shit as far as I can tell.

TORTURETIME

- "Hold the Line" (Toto)
- "Rich Girl" (Hall and Oates)
- "Gangsta's Paradise" (Coolio)
- that "Scooby Snacks" song

Special Chick Menu!

- Olives in a little bowl
- Nice fresh bread
- Pepper Brie on assorted crackers
- Arugula, gorgonzola, apple and walnut salad
- Cappellini with smoked salmon in saffron butter
- Nonfat sorbet
- Little tea-cakes

Smart Ass Daddy

People think single relationships are funny but not parenthood. Like there was that Steve Martin movie, but it sucked. I found some funny things for parents to say though. Thirty-something women suffering from "baby-clock" alarm bells are always coming up and checking out the damn kid. How old is he, is this your first, etc. I like to pop their balloons with a nonchalant attitude: "Aw, it's just a fucking baby."

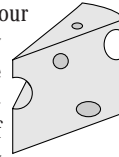
Foreign Mom Syndrome, continued

Everyone's poo-pooing the devastating effects of Foreign Mom Syndrome. Personally, I blame F.M.S. just as much as the excessive teenage drug use for my lack of drive and poor social skills. Here are more shocking examples of the fantastic utterances of an acutal real-life Foreign Mom, as recorded by her own son:

- "Oh, they live way out in the boondogs."
- "I slept wonderfully all night. I was out like a log."
- "She always comes dressed from head to tip."
- "Well, I don't really like liver steak, but I like it when it's on a cracker, you know, duck *patio*."

Mon Chi Cheese

People always say, "so who does your baby look like?" And it's hard to say because the truth is he looks like one of those plastic troll dolls except without the electroshock hair. I wonder if other parents are surprised when they find out their babies come out looking like gremlins, smurfs, Yoda, E.T., cabbage patch dolls, or monchichi dolls. Because I was kind of surprised.



HOT Wired Yawny

I finally figured out something worthwhile to do with the Internet. I have a regular Internet account, see, for my e-mail and for getting the buoy reports, etc. Then I have this lame AOL account to accommodate all my lame AOL clients. So what's cool is that whenever I log on to one account, I try to send e-mail to the other one. Then from the other account I can reply back to my first message, or send a new one if I want, and that way I'm always getting new e-mail!

This has nothing to do with a lack of things to do with my day, or low self-esteem or anything. I just like getting e-mail, that's all!

Say What You Want, Capitali\$m Works

1. I don't give a shit about other people
2. I want more stuff
3. I feel good when I buy things
4. I like to take in a movie about poor people from time to time
5. I think homeless people are basically a drag

Dela-Whore?

Apparently—or so I'm told—I spent approximately 45% of my teenage years hanging out, getting high, vandalizing stuff and surfing crappy East Coast waves. Some people might look back at that time and say, "My God—all that time—all those years—just imagine where you could be now if not for your wasted youth." I think that's a good point, but I think a better question is: "Sounds like you were on to a good thing. Why'd you decide to turn into a boring old piece of shit?"

I remember one year the hot spot was John Pavlick's house in Milton, Delaware. Downstairs we younger dudes would load "consecutive" bongs to a relentless George Thoroughgood soundtrack, while upstairs the older guys would gang-bang this chick Robin from the Camelot trailer park. Her nickname was "The Screamer"—I'm not kidding! Ask anyone from Cape Henlopen High.

I was pretty nervous about what would happen if I got tapped to go upstairs. It made me smoke more pot. (In a side note, my earliest forays into the realms of sexual activity were presided over by an inexplicable, nagging fear of impotence! What do you make of that? I'll tell you, junior high school is absolutely the worst. America is still #1, though.)

SURF NEWS

Surfer "Soul" Train Out of Steam

I like the "soul" surfers who don't subscribe to the mainstream surf publications on principle. Those guys are great because the second they walk into any surfer's house they're sneaking all kinds of peeks at the latest mag sitting there on the coffee table. They make a lot of snorting, contemptuous noises to cover their tracks but who's fooling who. People do the same thing with porno. They pretend they're not into it but you leave them alone for a minute and they're all over it. Wait a second, hold on here—am I saying surf mags are like porno mags? Why, yes, yes I am!

One Fine Day

- Nate: Pete man, I'm worried about Mike. He's getting lock-lock.
- Pete: Lock-lock?
- Nate: Yeah, he was freezing up bad, man, he wouldn't take off on anything out there.

god damn it, another parenting article

People say raising kids is hard work. Well, they're right! It's a pain in the ass and a fucking bore. Nothing personal against the kids, you know, it's just that the work is so goddamned tedious. Feed, burp, change, bobble...ad nauseum...I think newborn babies should be raised by machines. Machines could do the work more precisely and babies don't need love right away so it would be OK. They could turn them back over to you at about six months. Also the machines would never get mad.

Hangin' Backstage with the Blues Explosion

YAWNY: So you're doing a video with Weird Al?

RUSSELL: Yeah. What about it?

YAWNY: I don't know. Nothing. I didn't know he did other people's videos too.

JON: What are you talking about?

YAWNY: Huh?

JUDAH (enters room): What the fuck!

Sports Interview

Yawny: So, how are you preparing for this week's upcoming game?

Star: Well, basically, you know, you just take it one game at a time and you come out and you give it 110 percent.

Yawny: A lot of people say they think this team has a good chance to go all the way this year. Can you comment on that?

Star: Oh, most definitely, you know, we got some good people and we feel we can go places with this team. You get a few guys to step up their game a little and who knows. As long as we show up with our game face on that's all we can do and hopefully in the end we come out on top.

This Is a Song of Hope ❀

The environment you grow up in is pretty important, but I think your genetic lineage is too. Take me for example. I personally am composed of the following formula:

50% Scandinavian (chronic depressiveness)	+	25% German Jew (persecution complex)	+	25% British-Irish mix (uptight alcoholism)
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Now that we have a kid who combines the above recipe with an equal measure of good old Midwestern can-do, I'm hoping he'll have his shit together enough to actually jump off the Golden Gate bridge, instead of sitting around and idly dreaming about it.

Top 5 White Trash Bumper Stickers

DADDY FARTED AND WE CAN'T GET OUT!

HORN BROKEN WATCH FOR FINGER

Crack Babies Need Guns Not School Lunches

I Love Animals—They Taste Great

Don't laugh—Your daughter could be in this vehicle

SHIATSU SHITS ON YOU

Shiatsu massage is kind of annoying, huh? They feel around for all your sore spots and just needle the fuck out of them. Really, it's like the fly who attacks the open sores of some guy nailed to a tree.

Mac Geeks Suck, Swallow, Gag



The only cool computer nerds are the ones you never see because they're down in a basement somewhere—working on math problems, eating pizza, building letter bombs. By contrast, Mac Geeks seem to apply most of their computer-based talents towards the rather daunting task of dining in trendy overpriced bistros.

Mac Geeks have this term "guru." Instead of sitting on a mountain and dispensing wisdom, a Mac "guru" tells you what versions of all the crappy buggy software out there can mix with all the other crappy buggy software to make cute little smiley faces appear on your computer without having the whole thing lock up.

Mac geeks also like to follow corporate hirings and firings, IPOs and rising and falling stock values. They're actually a lot like sports fans—obsessed with meaningless stats, personnel moves, etc. The main difference is that Mac Geeks are weaker and drink less. Oh, and just for the record, I'm talking about myself again, in case you didn't know.

Further Difficulties of Flying

Do people just get stupider all the time? They get all up in arms about Ebonics being a cop-out but watch them get on a plane and try to find their seats. It's a fucking joke! Let me give you all a hint: The seat numbers are IN ORDER. That's a system they installed to help you find your seat more easily.

Pursuant to the seat-finding ordeal, the average jerkwater suddenly finds himself stuck in the aisle, confronting a brand new quandary, often phrased internally in the form: "shoot, my bag...uh...I'd sure like to sit down...but if I put my bag...how am I going to...maybe, is there a stewardess...huh..."

Finally, I now call on God above to help he who has managed to seat himself and stow his carry-ons. God, give him the strength to remember if the seat goes forward or back during takeoff, the acumen to identify and refuse to press the button turning on thy neighbor's reading light and the power to consider properly whether thy neighbor would mind if his seat belt straps were sat upon by some stranger's smelly ass.

Print Shop Street Smartz

Scene: Speedway Print Shop

Clerk: Hey, it's an amphetamine nation, right?

Me: Huh? Oh, uh yeah, I agree, definitely.

Clerk: Gotta have that Shell station coffee. And it's only getting muddier.

Me: Right. Oh—wait—you mean you don't have any like Spinelli or Starbucks cafés around here?

Clerk: Yeah, like I don't have other things I could be doing with my half an hour lunch break. You know? It's like, what am I getting paid for? It's bullshit. This is fucking bullshit.

How Ya Like Me Now?

Once in a blue moon people might wonder why I act like I think I'm so cool and superior when I'm obviously not and the answer is that I don't know why. You can go ahead and act cool and superior back, all I ask is that you not be mean to me.

♥♥ I Wuv U ♥♥

❀ Lindsey Stevens ❀ Debbie McCann
❀ Kit & Margaret (again!) ❀ Pete & Laura (again!)

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