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YAWNY'S DIGEST



Special Daddy's-lost-his-edge Issue

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"Beauty lies in the hands of the beerholder" —Popular proverb

Hurting Yuppie Breeder-Pit Follies, pt. 2

Yeah, that's right, my wife and I are just a bitch in heat and her mindless inseminator. No sooner is our baby boy crawling around and spreading his cute little baby germs throughout the land than we go and get Wifey in a family way again.

Now everyone's acting like we're totally out of control and fucking 24 hours a day when we've probably only had sex like twice in the last year, and one of them I don't think would even really count. We just happen to be really fertile, that's all.

See, dad, all that pot smoking didn't put a dent in my sperm count. Or if it did, then only the strong survived, so hey! go smoke pot, everybody.

Note: above material contains one (1) joke adapted from an unknown cable TV source, possibly Drew Carey circa 1992.

Hey! Take a RiKKKi Lake Break Y'all

I recently discovered with talk shows that the commercial breaks are actually a very important time, because that's when you can think back over the last segment and rehearse all the cool things you could say if you were there in the studio audience.

It's probably harder than it looks though. How about when the college boys in wire rims get in front of the mic and try to talk slang and show how "down" they are. They'll be like, "Hey, both sides have a point, you know what I'm sayin', which is that if you're steppin' like you're 'all that' well then yo, you're probably doing it for a reason." Meanwhile they're all skinny and have on like a "Meat is Murder" t-shirt. One day some white guy's going to stand up and direct his remarks to "my beautiful Nubian sister," and the whole world will have itself a pretty decent laugh.

Mug 'n' Nuthin'



It's true what they say about the East Coast being smarter than the West Coast. I remember when I moved out West, everyone back home joked to me, "Now don't go all soft out there," and then look, it really happened. I can't think anymore, I can barely put together a sentence. I fall asleep, I get bored. I can never think of anything witty to say.

Knock Knock

What about how old sitcoms eventually all get around to having an "amnesia" episode. You know, Mr. Whiffit gets hit on the head, forgets who he is, does some crazy stuff, then at the end he gets hit on the head again and remembers who he is. Smiles, relief, etc., The End.

I wish it were that easy...I'd keep a lead pipe on my bedside table. One knock in the morning when you get up and—"have a nice day"! Because you won't remember shit. Then once again at night before tucking in, so you don't miss out on the all-night Revenge & Glory Virtual Reality Festival...you know, the one going on inside your brain. Dreams are fun! It's living that's overrated. If life were all just dreams and nothing else, I could see maybe having a change of heart. I could see giving money to charities and all that. So if anyone's listening up there...are you there, God? It's me, Yawny.

More Band Names For Whoever Wants 'Em

- * Hole II Hole
- * Suddenly Stupid
- * Americunts
- * I Give Up Dot Com
- * Single White Fuckface
- * Homo Sapis
- * Jodie Foster's Armpit
- * Li'l Riot Grrrrs

Let's Get a Move On

Last issue I said that I was against multiculturalism but I changed my mind. I realize now that from difference comes tension, friction, guns, shootings, and so perhaps a gradual dwindling in the numbers of persons inhabiting the great green globe.

Therefore, I say, hold on to your heritage, and hopefully this whole thing will draw to a sorry close before long.

I'm thinking of one scenario in particular that might serve as a stage for launching the global war that could one day bring peace to the animal kingdom. It's on a subway platform. Three white ladies are waiting to get off the train, three Chinese ladies are waiting to get on. The doors open...and everyone bumps into each other! See, because the white people expect you to wait on the platform until everyone's off the train, and the Chinese are like whatever, the door's open, everybody go. I think what I'm really trying to say here is that whites are really hung up on bloodless rules, regulations and procedures whereas Chinese are more like a big seething mass of army ants.

SMUSHY RULES

My kid Smushy is pretty cool. He's only a year old, but I believe all that stuff about babies being infinitely wise. Like one day, he took a cassette and pulled out all the magnetic tape, then he got into the bookshelves and threw all the books into a big pile in the middle of the floor. I think he was trying to tell me something: namely, that all art must be destroyed.

Zen Puzzles of the Internet

24 hours in a day, 24 beers in a case. Coincidence?

Why do psychics have to ask you for your name and credit card number?



If Barbie is so popular, why do you have to buy her friends?

Mr. Mom Seminar

John: Boy, Cole's poo is starting to smell really bad.

Jim: Yeah! It gets worse.

John: I know, but...I just think he must have eaten something funky, because this smells *really* bad.

Jim: Yeah! It gets worse.

SURF NEWS

AN ACT OF CONTRITION

I recently came under some pressure from my peers to publicly confess that the reason I surf Taraval Street is because it reeks of that publicity odor my brown nose craves so desperately. Their argument goes something like this: Ocean Beach has 3 miles of good surf, therefore it's no coincidence when someone decides to surf at the exact spot where half the staff of Surfer magazine, Chris Isaak, and all the visiting pros go to surf. My response to that is the following: are you man enough to accept my challenge? Do you dare follow me into the chilly, heaving depths of the ocean blue, with only your wits and a fragile, cracking ego to accompany you? Will you put it all on the line for...for...for ME?

DIRECTIONS TO PASCUALES

Fly into Manzanillo, Mexico, go 1 hour south on Highway 1, turn right at sign for Boca de Pascuales, follow 2-lane road to beach, turn right at stop sign. When you get there, tell the local guys that Pete McCoy and Pete Reich sent you, and that they said it was OK if you brought all of your friends too.



Mexi-Schmoe

Pete and Sam and I probably went into 50 different shops in Mexico looking for a Chupacabras t-shirt, only to suffer an endless parade of contemptuous grins and head-shakings for all our trouble. As it turns out, Chupacabras had been a big fad about two years ago and then everyone had gotten really sick of it. Now all of a sudden here come some sunburned gringos asking for "anything with Chupacabras on it." I guess that would be equivalent to, say, a bunch of Japanese tourists going to the Gap and asking for Smurfs pajamas. I could see how that might be kind of funny...I guess...if I worked in a T-shirt shop and had shit for brains.

But we finally did find one shirt, and for a while I pretty much though I was #1 when I'd walk around in my Chupacabras t-shirt. But then people started asking me, "Oh, did you get that because of the X-Files?" "Did you see the X-Files Chupacabras episode?" and so on. And I'm like what the fuck? No! I didn't even know they did an X-Files on that. And everyone's like, "yeah right, whatever," as they walk away and laugh. Christ, I was a fool in Mexico and now I'm a fool in the U.S., because everyone thinks I'm wearing an X-Files t-shirt. It's like, I might as well go around sporting a "Wrath of Khan" baseball cap.

SPORTS

My favorite sports star by far is Latrell Sprewell. First he put his hair in corn rows, which is a pretty rad thing for a pro athlete to do, especially when he acts all pissed off all the time. Then his team was getting beat by the Lakers by like 30 points and he was laughing and joking around the whole time. I really like that kind of open contempt for management. But then he pulled the *pièce de resistance* by choking his coach! I gotta say, I'm 100% behind any guy who chokes his coach. I wish I'd had the guts to choke Coach Sandifer, or Coach Saah, or even Coach LaChance. It just never even occurred to me. So instead I went running off into the woods with a bong in my backpack.



Blindfold Test

Sheri opens the office door and hears a CD playing.

- Sheri: What is this? This is like Captain Krinson or something stupid like that.
- Yawny: What? This is *Happy Family*. They're Japanese. God! What did you say? Captain what?
- Sheri: I don't know!
- Yawny: Captain Krinson?...oh, KING Crimson.
- Sheri: Whatever.
- Yawny: Huh, well—that's actually a pretty good guess.

My Literary Idols Tackle the Great Subjects

J. G. Ballard

Q: Do you feel there is a truth to be found, or do you just believe in the general idea of truth, faith, hope—

A: No, I don't.

Louis-Ferdinand Céline

Q: You hate life.

A: Well, I can't say I love it. No. I put up with it because I'm alive and I have responsibilities. Otherwise I'm pretty much of the pessimist school.

Paul Bowles

Q: But you do share some of the basic tenets of existentialism as defined by Sartre.

A: No. He's interested in the welfare of humanity.

Q: [You want to destroy] the world, then.

A: Well, who doesn't? I mean, look at it!



Some people think it's puss to be obsessed with MTV's Real World but I consider it a fairly healthy, normal pursuit. I like to pretend that I'm living in the Real World house. The cool people would quickly find out how cool I was, and the assholes and whiners would not be allowed to be my friend. It's that simple. So you see, I'd be hanging with the cynical British art-rockers, the cynical Irish boozers, the cynical but beautiful lipstick lesbians, the cynical but beautiful black militants and also the cute gay guy. But I'd ignore Judd, Flora, Irene, Andre and Corey.

Smokey and the Booty Bandit

Boy, in California they sure like to make laws, don't they, like this year when they decided to put a ban on all smoking in bars. It's a crazy law, but I think it's great, because it will make a lot of people mad, and after all, that's what the laws are there for.

The problem is, I think that over-legislating do-gooders deserve to be enraged more than smokers, and so I think they should repeal the law in an effort to give the do-gooders high blood pressure in addition to lung cancer via secondhand smoke.

But here's the real crux of the issue: whether or not you're a do-gooder, I think anyone who elects to spend their Saturday nights hanging out with a bunch of idiots in some crappy place *should* run a risk of getting cancer. Chances are you deserve it, because who would want to hang out with the human race. It's lame!

SN Fucking L Suxx!!!

Saturday Night Live is so bad nowadays that no-one even knows if it's still on the air or not. What people don't always realize is that even in its "heyday" SNL sucked just as badly. Chevy Chase has got to be the most unfunny person ever. Falling down stairs is not funny. Popping a carrot in Michael Hutchence's ass while he's swinging from the rafters, now THAT is funny.

Es Muy Difícil También

Trying hard to speak Spanish all the time works like a drain at the bottom of your soul. Our babysitter's Mexican, our housekeeper's Mexican...let's see, for a while we had a Guatemalan gardener. So I guess I thought I'd be Mr Cool and get semi-fluent in Spanish: "Rosa, I am thinking these diaper for back to put the boy." My Spanish is horrible. Just because I've surpassed the average American's level of Caveman Spanish ("Where—food—me") doesn't mean I can't be bored with the whole thing.

In general my advice to anyone starting a new project like learning Spanish is to sort of figure out the basics, then abandon the project and move on to something else. The key is to get out before you reach any level of excellence, or before you can start making money out of it.

Editorial ...

Hey! Who do you think won last summer's Ska Lite Shootout: No Doubt or Sublime? I used to think No Doubt, but now I think Sublime. But what I really like best these days is acid house music. When it first came out 10 years ago I didn't like it all that much but now I'm kind of into computers, so.

You hear a lot of bitching these days about how pop music is in a really weak, uncreative phase. Listen, I think it's fine if people want to miss the days when they and all their friends were in punk rock bands, but I think everyone's overlooking the positive aspects of today. For example, all of today's artists are better dressed. Even in the past two years, just look how far we've come from Alanis Morissette to Fiona Apple.

SUCK MINE



Yawny's Digest is brought to you as a public service from the creators of the popular kids' songs "Bunny, Bunny" and "Inspector Gadget/Inspector Kid." For more information on the Campaign To Smash All that is Good, Right and True, please send a certain number of U.S. stamps to the guy at:

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