



Vol. VI, No. 1

Yawny's Digest

"What I like, I lick. What I don't, I kick." —Bon Scott



July 1994

R.I.P. Yawny, You Zero

I'm practically up to my ears in grave dirt, they're shoveling the mud onto my coffin as we speak. I'm kicking feebly, weakly protesting but hell, I'm buried. Above me lies six feet of marriage, house and dog, it's over, I'm over, I'm done with. I'm still alive in the dark and quiet, but I'm barely breathing. I'm under ground, under foot, I'm only waiting for the worms to come and then that will be that.

Twenty-five years ago, at the age of five, I was being hounded by visions of syringes, the sound of the flute and that rag doll on the chair in the corner. But even back then, things looked comparatively brighter. One day my dad said to me, "Son, when you grow up you can be whatever you want to be." I should have asked him if I could be an armchair liberal. "Gee, Pop, y'know, I've been mulling it over and ... I think I'd like to be a nice, quiet, responsible taxpayer. With some hard work, patience and a little bit of luck maybe I could get to the point where I could be a slave to three or four credit cards, a mortgage and the morning papers. Wow! Just think—me, a middle-class wage slave! How about it, Pop? That sound OK to you?"

Sex & Truth in the 90s

It's true that gay men think about nothing but sex all day long. That, and elegant table settings. Whereas I think lesbians are more into like Mexican tapestries and stuff. Meanwhile, straight people eat big bags of potato chips while their Ku Klux Klan robes are in the washing machine.

Yawny's Neighborhood

You go up to the dog park, it's like the Stepford Wives up there. There are these whispering clans of homeowners that watch your every move, smiling sweetly as you walk past, then speaking evil the minute you get out of range of hearing. I wonder what it takes to get inducted into their little freak cult. They haven't asked me to join yet.

But I've see them shunning Tanker's-Mom too. Tanker's-Mom is gruesomely bony so she wears really skin-tight Lycra everything, which all seems to match her fucked-up dental work pretty well. Actually, "Tanker" is the name of her dog; "Timmy" is her son but some relatives took Timmy away from her so now Tanker is basically, well, filling the gap. So check it out, the first time I ever meet Tanker's-

You think I'm being overly dramatic, a crybaby, possibly even a faker. After all, I may not be laying gold bricks in the morning, but I'm not exactly trading food stamps on a street corner for expired Tylenol/Codeine tabs either. "Yeah, so keep quiet," you say. "You don't know how good you've got it. All this phony talk is creating noise pollution."

Bollocks! When you get to the end of the trail and you see how there's only a sheer cliff there, and no turning back, it doesn't matter how many coins you've got stuffed into your filthy little pockets. Rich man, poor man—you're going down.

And you might as well forget about going out hunting for answers; you'll come back with an empty sack. People go to church, they go to psychics and therapists looking for answers and guidance and so on. If you ask me, they're wasting their time. Shrinks are death-chasing hyenas who feed on the wretched carcass of despair. Notice how "therapist" equals "the" + "rapist"? Oh, what's the use, I'm as good as dead, my life is over, my existence is meaningless. Rest In Peace, Yawny, you are a complete failure and a total zero. Amen.

Cute Li'l Names We Call Our Li'l Doggie

J.P., Jay, Jasper Doodle, Super Snooper, Snoofer Nose, Chocolately-eyes, Little One, Baby, Cinnamon Ears, Happy, Happy Dog, Snoops, Snoopy, Pup-pup, Sneery, Him.

Social Studies Pop Quiz

If 1993 was the Year of the Woman, then how come so many "enlightened females" continue to address their fellow "sisters" as "you guys"? It's like, um, excuse me, but could you guys stop talking about your boyfriends for just **one second**?

Mom, she goes off about how Tanker really likes to eat the crotch out of her tights. Which I'm sure is true but I didn't ask to hear that shit. Every now and then I'll see Tanker's mom careening around on her bike, marginally in control of her life.

But the worst was one night when I took Jasper up to the park, and I hear two people arguing behind the dumpster there. Then one of the voices starts yelling. Suddenly, I see Tanker come out of the bushes and I think, holy shit, Tanker's mom is kicking Timmy's ass behind that dumpster. So I hide behind a tree, only to see Tanker's mom come out BY HERSELF. It was pretty screwed up.

Yawny's Industrial Design Award

Aluminum foil dispensers, what the fuck. When will they make these things so they work? All I ask is that they (1) hold the fucking roll of foil in the box while you try to "dispense" it and (2) actually cut the shit. I mean this is getting to be ridiculous. It's like, we're coming up on the year 2000 and all. Space age—my ass!

Like a Dog Without a Bone

The relay on my car's horn recently died. So I was driving around without a car horn for a week. Do you have any idea what that's like? When you're in your car, your horn is your voice—it gives expression to anger, good will, sadness and frustration. It says "hello" and it says "fuck you," the only two phrases necessary to conduct life on a day-to-day level. To be deprived of that is like having your tongue cut out, except that it's your car's tongue.

SURF NEWS

Same Old, Say "Mold"

Welcome to Frisco, Land of the 4-month surf season. Ten thousand years from now, I guarantee you it will still be "Winter—good. Summer—bad." What a monotonous routine. Aren't you all tired of it? I am. Well, it's summer time now, so Simon says "poo." Actually, to be honest, I did go down to Puerto Escondido in June where I scored some monster barrels and almost drowned, but that kind of breaks up this pattern that I'm working on here, so for now I'll just leave you with some foggy windy dribbly poo.

1993 Surfer Quotes of the Year

- **Greg Campbell:** "Dude, chicks see my body and THEY GO OFF."
- **Greg Campbell:** "Don't hit the brakes till you see God."
- **Matt Tyler:** "Dude, Kari's been giving me so much shit ... she's just **hassling** me to no end ... hey, this back yard is **ripper**."

Surf Joke

Q: Why do they call that pro football team the San Diego Chargers?

A: Because those guys down in San Diego charge SO HARD, they go off unreal.



BUDGET LIVING with: Kaiser the Miser

Best Of Kaiser, Vol. I

① **Dust-Magic®.** Pluck sock from laundry hamper. Optionally, moisten sock with saliva. Does dusting, bathroom cleanup, removes spots & stains, etc. 100% free. Honorable mention goes out to the free paper towels available at many self-service gas stations.

② **Gas rebate.** The overfill scam. Go to one of these idiotic mom-and-pop joints where they say "Pump gas first—pay later." Pump out \$5.05 worth of gas. Hand them a \$5 bill and say that the pump lever got stuck at the end, so it overfilled by accident, but all you have is a five. Hey, a nickel may not sound like much, but if you did it every day, that's the equivalent of finding a quarter PLUS a dime under your pillow every Sunday.

③ **Free salsa.** You order a burrito. You ask for salsa **on the side.** They give you the little plastic salsa cup, which you proceed to **take home** because after all they do have salsa out there on the table too. After a few trips to the taqueria, you've got a jar's worth of salsa, retail value, oh, \$2.49.

④ **Office Supplies.** In case you haven't heard, they've been giving away free pencils and pieces of paper at the public library. I also got some free advice on cutting home heating costs—and it came from a fucking book!



Garden of Bleedin'

We have a garden out back. Some sick ass shit goes on out there. It all looks fine until you get up close. But once you get down in the weeds and dig up some of that dirt, you find out the real deal. First of all, you find out that "soil" is basically all kinds of animal and insect feces mixed up with miscellaneous putrefying materials. Like to make compost, you put a bunch of rotten vegetables in a bin, then you cover it and let it keep rotting for a couple of weeks. Once in a while you're supposed to turn the compost with a shovel, and then you see the horrifying slithering reality of it all. It's like some guy's brain with some flies and worms and bugs eating it.

Then you got your slugs and snails. This is where Buddhism should draw the line and say, "Now it is OK to kill." You can go about it a couple of ways. The easiest is to put out poison, which also works as an deterrent to the continued living of your neighbor's cat. Or you can put out pans with beer and yeast in them, and the slugs will go in and drown. But then it's like, what about the beer. The surest way, though, is to pick the snails by hand and put them all in a paper bag. Then you get Sheri to put on her heavy gardening clogs and jump up and down on the bag. That seems to work pretty well.

70s Revival Enigmas

1. How come they treated Jimmy Osmond like he wasn't really an Osmond? Was he illegitimate? Like in the Osmonds cartoon, Jimmy would fuck something up and the rest of the band would get together and sing "One bad apple don't spoil the whole bunch, girl." As if to say, yeah, Jimmy's a goddamn idiot, what can we say—but check it out, we got Donny. I mean, Jimmy might have been a little chubby and all, but what the hell? My personal theory is that he was adopted.

2. **Jesus Christ Superstar. Godspell. Hair.** What was up with that. Christian hippies—two-time losers! "Hair" was by far the worst: skinny white freaks jumping around with rainbow Afro wigs on. I remember a couple of cheerleader nerds at school making a giggle-stink about some "masturbation" song in it. As far as I'm concerned, NOTHING a skinny hippie in a rainbow Afro wig says is gonna be funny. That fucking movie put me to sleep. Come to think of it, I fell asleep in Led Zeppelin's "The Song Remains the Same" too—although, to be fair, I had probably just smoked a fat bowl of seeds and stems mixed with crushed Qualuludes ... no doubt out of a \$2 wooden pipe ... down in the "Snake Pits" under People's Drugstore. That guy Matt Robson ruined my life by taking me down there and getting me high for the first time. He's dead now. Ha!

Yet More Fun With Party Small Talk

☛ **The Party Pooper.** a/k/a "Downer-Syndrome." Two prime examples of the Party Pooper in action are: (1) **the sugar-hater** and (2) **the nice-weather-hater.** These work equally well at both the prissy repressed white-collar office and the hipster poseur party. Thus, (1) when the go-getter secretary comes up to you and obscenely leers, "There's birthday cake in Conference Room B," put on a blank expression and politely state, "Thank you, I'm not interested. I don't like sweets." Or (2) when the pierced-lipped, cats'-eye-glasses-wearing scenester offers an inoffensive "Don't you love this hot weather?" greet it with a fake story like: "Actually, this spot here on my hand was diagnosed as pre-melanoma, so I really have to watch it. I guess I'd probably prefer it if it were cloudy."

☛ **Get Mr. Cool.** One way to spike a boring party's punch bowl is to let the air of of some cool guy's mega ego. Motorcycle guys especially are notorious "mirror faces." Try going up to one of these guys and asking him if that's his "minibike or whatever" and could he move it off the sidewalk, please. Or if he came in driving like some stripped-down muscle car, tell him his car is "really cute." Like, "I love your Camaro. It's **really cute.** Y'know, that whole mid-70s look is so **in** right now."

★ DE LA JOE ★

UNPLUGGED

JOE VS. THE SECRETARY

Pam, I need you to send this fax out right away please. Excuse me? That's not your job? Tell you what. Let's try something. How about you take the naughty little Sybil, and put her back inside. Now, bring out the good secretary Sybil and let's see if she'll help us send out this fax, OK?

JOE VS. THE SHALOM BROS.

Mr. Shalom: Well, Joe, we've thought about your offer. You're coming in at around the 2.7 range, but we're thinking more along the lines of somewhere in the neighborhood of 2.4. What do you think about that, Joe?

JOE: Well, with all due respect, I'd have to say that's not the kind of neighborhood I want to move into.

JOE VS. THE MAILROOM

Jesus Christ, where the hell are these guys, I gotta get this package out. Yo! Does anybody work here? Hello? Car 54, where are you?

Kiss Me, I'm Alcoholic



There's an old saying, "En vino veritas," meaning "In wine there is truth," in which case I guess I'm addicted to truth. Not tons and tons of truth, mind you, just a little bit of truth in the afternoon and then continuing on in a steady trickle until bedtime. I don't ask for truth while working; I am satisfied in the knowledge that work is stupid, boring and antithetical to all positive aspects of life. And to partake of truth while dying at work would muddy one's concentration and interfere with the evil necessity of accumulating money to survive. At such times one's eyes should be closed to the truth.

Drink my friend, from the can of truth: these things of which I have spoken will become as clear as the rushing waters of a mountain stream.

I'm Sorry. I Miss You.

I just want what everyone else wants—to be loved and to feel needed. I'm sorry. I promise I won't ask for the stamps anymore. But please, please write to me. I'm so lonely out here. They don't read the newspapers and I'm frightened. If I try to be better, will you try to write me? Thanks a lot.

