



1-800-EAT-SHIT

What is the deal with the "if you are calling from a touch-tone phone, press the 'pound' key now"? What is that, the pound key. Who came up with that. I bet you a lot of people would hear that and just hang up. They'd be all, "I think you need a computer hook-up for this." Also the "star" key doesn't look like much of a star to me. They should just make it easy and put like a smiley face on one key and a sad face on the other. Then they could say "Enter your social security number now, followed by the sad face key."

There's a lot of these official words that no-one knows what the hell they are. Like I saw this sign yesterday that said: "This water is not potable." Now watch, some French tourist is gonna think, "Oh, that probably means 'This water is not poisonous'" and then he goes to fill up his Evian water bottle with it. Europeans think they're so cool with their casual attitudes about everything. You know, they shit squatting down into holes in the floor over there. I'm not joking, they really do.

Overheard in a Walgreen's Drug Store

Old Man: Where are...crackers. Cookies.
Sales Girl: Oh, they're over here. Did you want them with cheese?
Old Man: (pause) Yeah.
Sales Girl: Well, we have every which kind you could want.

Sinking Ships II

Macauley Culkin. Veruca Slut.
The entire cast of "Twin Peaks."
And, finally, at long last, Aerosmith.



O. Hey, I Just Had a Literary Thought—

I remember in grad school, there were like the trendy types who bitched a lot about how literature reinforced the status quo and kept rich white people in power. Which is true and stuff, but then these guys who were complaining about it were rich and white and in the English Lit. program and so it's like hey smarty, look in the mirror, what side is your bread buttered on.

But then there were like the studious old-school types who were into "close reading" or whatever. Like this one professor named David Marshall who tried to kill my Master's by almost flunking me because I didn't give a shit for his class and handed him in a piece of shit paper. His idea of reading was

Sheri Evans Irritation Tactics, Lesson #1

Kick off your insulting comments with bogus disclaimers. My favorite is "No offense to so-and-so, but..." as in: "No offense to your friend, but he's really unattractive." Variations include "Don't take this the wrong way, but..." and the old standby, "Nothing personal, but..." It really adds insult to injury when you tell someone, "Nothing personal, but you have bad breath."

I.D. O.D.—Man 98, Me 0

Remember how when you were a teenager, you'd try to look all tough and "street" when you bought liquor so that you wouldn't get carded? Then sometimes you'd get nervous and it would show through and they'd bust your ass. It's funny, it's exactly like the Kinks said in that song: "Paranoia may destroy ya." But even when you're past the legal age, you get worried, because if you're asked to show your I.D. everyone in line stares at you, assuming you're breaking the law or trying to pull a fast one and so then all of a sudden you're suffering the public scorn. Some people will even laugh at you secretly, like it's such a burn on you to get carded.

Well, the other day I got carded at Safeway because I was wearing like this wool knit cap and some plaid grunge shirt and I had left my gay little glasses at home. Never mind the fact that I'm 31 and I'm fucking half bald and the guy who carded me was maybe 17. At first I was pissed but then I thought, how can I turn this thing around so I end up the winner? "Well," I thought, "It's all a fucking game with the man—so let's play ball. From now on, I'm going to TRY to get carded every time." Which of course never happened. So then I just felt old. The Man wins another one—big surprise.

to get all upset about certain words and then go look up their original meanings in the Old English Dictionary. And at the time I thought it was a boring way to live but what the hell, who cares.

But reflecting back on it now, I'm all, what the fuck. I mean, whatever the word meant 2000 years ago doesn't mean much of shit now. They didn't have Candlebox then and we don't speak Greek now, so what the fuck? It's like, "Yes, hello, this is a person-to-person call from the year 1995 to David Marshall. Do you accept the charges?" I think the guy was just bitter because he had this big old beard and he had probably just realized he'd spent his entire life in a library and was bummed.

Stand-Up, Throw-Up

What is the deal with stand-up comedy? I'll tell you what the deal is. The deal is to get up on stage and lay an egg. Who's in charge of hiring all these loser white guys? Why is anyone paying attention to them? They should be at home masturbating. They tell the same crummy jokes over and over, about blind dates and socks disappearing and so forth. But the real problem is in the delivery. They all have that annoying college-boy style. Whatever happened to that guy Steven Wright? He was good. He had delivery. See, because delivery is really what you want to concentrate on because if you might have something OK to tell it but then when you say it's all in how you do it that counts for the most.



Don't you find it a bit ODD that if you were talking about some girl and you went, "She is such a cunt," everyone would be like, whoa, harsh, that's a little extreme. Whereas if you were talking about some GUY and you said, "That guy is such a cunt," people would probably laugh. I don't know, but it seems pretty unfair to me.

If you want to be taken seriously, the two main things you can call a guy are either a "dick" or an "asshole." Of the two, I think I would rather be thought of as a "dick," because in many ways a "dick" is just an "asshole" with a little more flair. Some people still use the term "fag," but it's not a very 90s way of doing things. However, I think in many areas the term "jazz fag" is still acceptable, so like if you said, "Well, I guess he's all right, but he seems like kind of a jazz fag," I think even a lot of PC liberals would kind of snicker.

SURF NEWS

Yawny In As New Mr. Photo Whore

I've been getting a lot of heat from the guys lately about being such a big surf photo whore, kissing ass to photographers, then getting enlargements made and putting them up in the surf shops, etc. Well, they may be right and all, but they gotta realize I'm old and may not be able to do this much longer. I gotta have some proof to show my grandkids that I didn't spend the 10 best years of my life just looking at a wall. On the contrary, I can show them that I was riding a little piece of plastic around in the water while wearing a rubber suit.

Dr. Yawny's Korner Boogers—Why Not, and Homosexuality—Why

For a second there I was wondering what the big deal was about eating boogers. Because half of them are way back there and getting soaked by head cheese and dripping down into your throat anyway. So why not? Although I personally don't eat them.

But if you think about it, boogers are mostly dirt from the air, trapped by your nose hairs. Your head cheese does its best to neutralize the germs, but for the most part boogers are meant to be picked and wiped, not eaten.

So in effect you don't eat boogers because they're germly and you might get sick. Just like how you're supposed to wash your hands after taking a dump. In fact, it turns out that the reason for a lot of weird hang-ups about things is because once upon a time people figured out that they might make you sick.

Similarly, homosexuality was originally taboo for a specific reason: less dickpuss translated to fewer babies, threatening the survival of the human species. But nowadays there are way *too many* babies, so in my opinion we should be encouraging homosexuality—in schools, prisons, mental wards, wherever. Come to think of it, if everyone were gay, eventually the species would dwindle down to zero and there would be no more sorrow and misery.

How I Came To Own a White Zombie CD

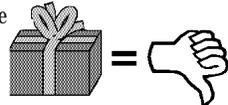
It was basically peer pressure. This guy Michael was trying to qualify for some kind of bonus with the Columbia House Record & Tape Club so he kept pressuring me into buying something. One day they ran a picture of White Zombie in their catalog and I said Sean Yseult was cool. So then I ended up buying it because it was only like \$4.99.

But if I had stopped to think about it, I never would have bought it, because here's why: take a Lower East Side glam-metal B-movie horror-punk band, move it to L.A., and what do you get? DANZIG! That could have been a Danzig album! The thing is, though, I still like White Zombie even though all their songs sound exactly the same.

Oh well, who *doesn't* like a lot of stupid stuff? Royal Trux for example. I don't know what's worse, the fact that their new album sounds like The Black Crowes or the fact that I really like it. It reminds me of all my favorite high school bongs. I guess it all goes to prove that punk rock has come full circle to where being a drugged-out rock superstar loser is where it's at. It also just shows what a bunch of hypocrites we all are, in particular me.

Gift-Giving Is SO Uncool

I must be the only one in my family who doesn't like to exchange presents... except possibly my brother, but that might be because he lives in Hawaii and I think the only stuff they have for sale there is like coffee and golf balls. But if you have to give a gift, I don't see what's wrong with giving cash, because then if everyone gives, it's like you come out breaking even in the long run. What gets me is when you have to buy the token gifts that you know they're never going to use. I understand that pointless consumption like this drives the American economy, but it also drives me up a wall.



Like with my wife Sheri. I mean, I love her to death, but you know, we should just abolish the gift-giving. Because let's say I get lucky and actually buy the exact thing she wanted. Well, then it's not much of a surprise, except for the fact that I did something right for a change. But when I get the wrong thing, one of us has to return it and she just gets the store credit and buys whatever she really wants anyway. It seems like a lot of extra work. Anyway, bye.

Here Are Top 5 Foreign-Manufacture T-shirt

Have you ever been to a foreign country and seen how people will go around wearing dumbass T-shirts like with Care Bears on them and stuff. And not even know. Well, what's even better is when they make their own T-shirts that try to be all American but just botch up the translation. So that only the Americans who are traveling abroad are dialed into how clueless the rest of the world is. So it's like I was saying before, the whole world really IS there just for the amusement of American citizens, as most of us have long suspected.

The following are some actual in-circulation T-shirt designs spotted "overseas":



Submissions by C. Freeman, G. Laughlin, J. Berlinger

★ DE LA JOE SR. ★ (GOD) FA THER

ON THE SUPER BOWL

Joe Sr.: "I don't like that Frank Gifford."
Fran: "He used to be a big football star."
Joe Sr.: "Aaah. Someone oughta give that guy a football and let him run around the stadium until he drops dead."

ON MARLON BRANDO

Fran: "Look, it's Marlon Brando."
Joe Sr.: "Fran...he's a hell of an actor, but the guy's a flip-out."

ON THE MTV GENERATION

"Look at these kids...it's a disgrace...they're all heavy metaled."

GLOBAL MELTING-POT STEW RECIPE

Bring a rich broth of White European murderous greed to the boil. Add several countries' worth coarsely chopped untreated Mexican garbage. Pound 10 million seeds African-American violent resentment in mortar and stir into broth.

In a separate hemisphere, fold 1/4-world minced Chinese humorlessness into a commercial preparation of Japanese resolve. Add teeming Indonesian desperation to taste.

Gradually add Eastern mixture to pot until Western flavors are almost drowned out. Sprinkle on Brazilian aggressiveness until out of control. Serve over international cable network with memories of yesteryear on the side.

This Issue Brought To You By Pete Scaturro

You guys are lucky I got a sponsor for this issue, because that's why the tone of this Digest is so upbeat. See, if everyone were to sponsor just one issue of the Digest, it wouldn't be so negative all the time and the world would be a better place overall. I'd give you Pete's address so you could write to him and thank him, except I know no-one would. But see, I'm not whining about not getting some kind of NEA grant or anything. I'm an American and a self-starter and I'm relying on the private sector to fund the arts. I didn't design the system but by God, I'm willing to live by the rules if everyone cooperates.

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