



Dead End Friend

I'm not sure, but I think the general consensus among a lot of my friends and acquaintances is that I'm kind of a dick and not all that funny after all. They won't tell me directly but I'm pretty sure it's true. But see, the thing is, I've kind of gotten used to people talking a lot of shit and lying and I guess I feel more comfortable around that kind of behavior. When people aren't total dicks to each other I guess I think they're a little out of touch with reality.

My specialties are backbiting and letting people down when they think they can count on me. I'm not proud of it but I don't care either because it's not my fault. I learned it from Charlie Freeman and Jim Weber and Rob. Those guys showed me the ropes. In high school, we'd be like, Hey, Jeb, let's do "Wipeout." Then the next day we'd play the tape for everyone in the school and roll around on the floor laughing because his drum solo sucked so bad.

So now it's like, I consider a friend to be the kind of fellow who will tell me, "as a surfer, you're nothing special," or "that's a shitty bass line you came up with." It's important to always be sniping and demoralizing those who are around you, and a true friend will always remind you of your worthlessness.

Sample Art Ideas.

- Dig a huge hole in the desert and fill it up with purple marbles. Then hang a piece of plywood on a gallery wall and call it "Untitled (Desert With Marbles)."**
- Take a crap in the bathroom of the Louvre, and consider it an "installation." Once it gets flushed, say *that* was the whole point.**
- Go around town with a picture frame around your neck.**
- Take a picture of a famous painting, but leave the lens cap on. Then hang the photo facing the wall. Call it, say, "Mona Lisa Twice Obscured."**
- Run for U.S. President as "ART."**

Family Values

My brother was the baby and my sister resented how he got all the attention, but he made up for the perceived inequality in several ways.

- Firstly,** By stabbing her pet goldfish through the eye with a pencil.
- Secondly,** By smashing her on the head with a judge's gavel that was lying around.
- Thirdly,** By seeking out her Chrissy doll and pulling out the adjustable hair so it could never grow long again.

Ma Bell, Got the Ill Communication



You know what? Every time you give out your goddamn name and phone number, it gets put on a fucking mailing list and sold to a bunch of dorks in a sucky marketing department somewhere. Then they call you up and interrupt your dinner to ask you for money.

The problem is, you can't just cuss them out or hang up on them, because they have your name and phone number. They'll make sure you get multiple copies of some dollhouse catalogue for the next few years. What the hell? You have to listen to some long-winded spiel. God save you should you actually become interested in getting gypped by one of their phony schemes.

However, if you're feeling a little *sportif*, you might have a bit of fun. Tell them you can't give them any money but would they like to listen to you masturbate? You don't need a credit card because all your expenses are handled by the Church of Satan. Ask them anxiously, "This isn't the Unabomber is it?" "Is this the Unabomber?" "Are you sure you're not the Unabomber?" "If this is the Unabomber, you know, I know who you are. I'm not afraid of you anymore."

Dear God,

Why am I the only one who drinks coffee and gets sleepy? Also, not to get off the subject, but can you not hit me please?



Your Fan, Yawny

HELL-TH FOOD HOAX

I don't go in for all that health food store junk. Whatever they give you there, it just makes you weaker and sicker. If you don't believe me, go to a health food store and see for yourself. Notice how everyone's all gnarled and spotted-up-looking. They don't look very "health"-y, I don't think.

It's easy to see how a bunch of hippies could fall for some forest-picking nonsense—it's not their fault, their brains were softened from years of reading *Rolling Stone* magazine. But now it seems like half the world is convinced that any problem can be solved by brewing a special tea, or by taking vitamin supplements. It's like, herbs and pills: "eww, wow, man." Although, in defense of where hippies are coming from, you really can't argue with a mixture of Jack Daniels, Quaaludes and weak acid at a Jefferson Airplane concert. I imagine that would be rather like floating up to heaven on a beautiful summer's day.

Here's Another "Tip"

Last issue Sheri offered some valuable pointers on how to annoy people using ordinary conversational techniques. But here's what else you should do: you should repeatedly use the phrase "quote-unquote." Because the first time you say it, it pretty much goes by unnoticed. But the second time, the other person will begin to suspect you of assholeism. Watch:

- THEM: So, what do you do?
- YOU: Oh, I'm a quote-unquote "artist."
- THEM: Ha ha. So, are you showing your work.
- YOU: Yeah...I'll be doing a show at a quote-unquote "gallery space" next month.
- THEM: (to themselves) Asshole.

It really helps if you use the little bunny-ears hand signals whenever you say "quote-unquote," and say the quoted part in an overly sarcastic voice, like you're calling into question every assumption that anyone ever had about the world we live in.

Sylvester Stallone in: INVIGORATOR III

I did some research for this lady on pacemakers. You know those things they put in your heart to give it a jolt now and then. Anyway, these companies all try to come up with catchy names for all their different pacemakers. Like one really popular model is called the "Prelude" which is funny for a couple of reasons. Number one because it sounds like they couldn't think of a name so they just copied it off of a Honda Prelude that was driving by at the time. But also because a "prelude" is a little piece of music that comes *before* the main part...so this is like, your pacemaker is a "prelude" to what? a heart attack? your funeral? the afterlife? It's actually kind of morbid.

The other model names I like are the Cosmos II and the Sensolog. I could say about why I think those names are funny but I kind of have to go.

SURF NEWS

Pete Was Pissed

Pete was pissed because we went up to Point Arena and I got a lame barrel right in front of him. Even though it was a weak East Coast bend-over-at-the-waist-as-the-lip-is-barely-cracking kind of maneuver, at least I didn't flash the peace sign or make any howling noises. Nonetheless, when I was paddling back out I thought to myself, "dominator."

Pet Starz 'R' Us

All my pets have their own TV shows. I should know, because I did all the theme music and the titles, plus I do most of the scriptwriting and directing, although I try to let them fill out their roles with as little external interference as possible.

The cats' show is called "Budster & the Princess." It's about a younger cat who's kind of fat and kind of a pain, but kind of lovable too, and he's always bugging this older cat who's prissy and stuck-up, but they have to live together, see, so they just make the best of it.

The dog's show is called "Jasper" and it's pretty much just a vehicle for the superstar dog to get in a lot of screen time. The plot always follows the same formula: there's this really cute dog who does something bad, like chewing up a pillow or breaking something, then the people get mad at him but in the end they forgive him because he acts like he's sorry and he's really cute. Then the camera zooms in on the dog's face with a big shit-eating grin on it and the show ends. Anyway, both shows are killer, and they're total hits.

I'm Fairly Certain



Hey, you know that guy Trent Reznor from Nine Inch Nails? And how he has this like "depraved doper" image and all. Dude, check it out—Al Jourgenson from Ministry has done SO much more dope than Trent Reznor it's not even funny. I swear, that's the guy who should be famous: Al Jourgenson. It's like, he earned his stripes. I mean not that I would know, since I never tried heroin. Although I'm fairly certain that I would like it quite a bit.

H O T T O W N ?

You know how they say San Francisco is a hot town for puss—because they're so many gay guys here? Well, it's like, yeah, but look around you, it's like, "born in a barn." I mean the chicks are just not all that hot. I mean, I know I'm no feast for the eyes myself, but I don't go around saying "San Francisco is hot, it's got Yawny" or whatever. I think a lot of guys go gay because they move here and they find out that all the chicks are hurting.

Body-Modification Buttafuocos

I think body piercing and tattoos are just plain funny. I especially like it when San Francisco "piercing artists" talk about the body as a playground, or the body as an art medium. They go on and on about neo-tribalism and new primitivism.

You know who takes this kind of crap seriously? The same kind of people who move to San Francisco. It's a lot of second-rate poststructuralist mumbo-jumbo for ex-punk rockers and college dropouts. Because the bottom line is that most people get pierced because they think it's cool and they don't have a clue. Or they're bored. I mean, it's just fucking jewelry. Which is like whatever, I'm not into jewelry personally, but my wife is, so...I mean not cock rings or whatever but...I guess I just disagree with that a little silver ring somehow makes you Mr. I'm-Shaking-Up-Society, even if the ring does go through your dick.

Real World Round-Up

MTV's The Real World is my favorite show by far. I think everyone is pretty much in agreement that the San Francisco one was the weakest. None of the characters were even at all anything, except some people said the black guy, but he was "on the positive tip," which basically means he was a big puss. And Puck was such a little poser. I kept hoping that Judd would try to fight Puck, but Judd was too puss. He was all scared of The Puck. The only one who stood up to The Puck was Pedro, who is now dead. If I'd have been on that show, I would have kicked Puck's ass, if I weren't such a puss, although I'm too old to be on the show anyway.

The Tale of the Platter

People might say, "oh, all your life you've had everything handed to you on a silver platter." And to some extent it's like, yeah, OK, white, male, affluent family, college education, etc. But let me ask you this: what if all of a sudden you take away the silver platter? What if you take a lab rat and give him rodent pellets every day for five years and then suddenly you stop giving him the pellets? Is that fair?

★ DE LA JOE ★

LODER-HATER

HIStory: PUSStory

"Michael Jackson bought the Beatles collection so he could ruin some of the greatest songs of our time. Jesus, fucking RINGO had more talent than Michael Jackson."

HOOTIE & the BLOWFISH

"Those guys are ugly. Why do they show themselves in the video? It's a bad move. You know? Who wants to look at that?"

Yawny Mixes Business With *Pleasure*

Monday morning. The Client calls Yawny from her car phone on the way to taking her 10-year-old kids to school.

CLIENT: Listen, I have some data I'm going to need to get to you this week.

YAWNY: OK.

CLIENT: Did you have a good weekend?

YAWNY: (pauses) Yeah.

CLIENT: How is your music thing going?

YAWNY: Oh, pretty good. We're finishing up our demo tape. We're going to shop it around.

CLIENT: Oh, that's great. Listen, what does it sound like? Is it rap?

YAWNY: No, it's...it's pretty much rock.

CLIENT: Uh-huh. Well, let me ask you. Does it sound like...Danny. Danny! What is the name of that group?

2 KIDS IN BACK SEAT (chanting): Green Day! Green Day! Green Day! Green Day!

CLIENT: "Green Day." Does it sound like "Green Day"? They want the CD.

YAWNY: Uh, no, not really, but...I guess.

Why Is Arthur Linde #1?

- (1) he sent in the most money
- (2) he quit his job
- (3) Art Linde was a toilet for Halloween once. We were about ten years old. For some reason there was an extra toilet seat in his garage so he took it and put his head through the seat hole and wore it around his neck. The best part was, he didn't add anything to the costume: that was it, just the toilet seat. When we got to a house, if they didn't seem to notice or care about his costume, Art would brightly offer: "I'm a toilet!"



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