



RAP = CRAP

You know what, I just have to say that I am really getting kind of sick of hip-hop and rap culture. Sure, I used to listen to Public Enemy and N.W.A. and even De La Soul—back in the fucking 80s. Today rap music sounds pretty much the same. Maybe a little worse. Now it's all "West Coast" style—which means you get all stoned, put on a Parliament record and rap like you're half asleep. Listening to this kind of modern-day Muzak puts me half to sleep and I haven't been smoking pot all day, unlike some people.

They say rap music speaks to the younger generation. Fuck the younger generation! I hate them. Sullen little clones...trying to squeeze a few drops of inspiration from the dried-up teats of yesterday. Is the world really so completely used up that there will never be any more new ideas? Oh wait I forgot, there was the backwards pants thing.

Still, I can only stomach just so many 18-year-olds bragging about how "large" they're living. White, Black, Hispanic...each one more "dope" than the next. Pretending like they're in a gang, or as if "chilling" in a hot tub with 20 chicks running around in bikinis is no big deal. It's so fake.

All that swaggering and menacing posturing gives me a headache. I can't help but feel suspicious and paranoid. However, reflecting back on my youth, I must admit that I too was a punk. In fact, if pressed I would say that the highlights of my adolescence were (1) the time we broke into high school and vandalized the shit out of the place and (2) when we broke into Stanley Gordon's house and he came home while we were still upstairs. I don't think I've ever been so thrilled in all my life. Although the first 10 times I took acid were pretty exciting.

My Wife Speaks Out

"So then I hear Madge telling Sean about what a perfect life we have. You know, it's embarrassing. Plus, it's not even true."

FRINGE Benefits

Jobs with free sexual benefits:

- Recording Artist
- Undertaker
- Day Care Worker

Jobs with free drug benefits:

- Recording Artist
- Corporate Executive
- Latin American President

Note: idea stolen from "Doug" Levin

Chemicals Point the Way to Hope

People complain about chemicals and something all the time, but I would hate to think about where we would all be without WD-40, Bondo and Extra Strength NyQuil.

So and in addition, if you could please give the Nobel Prize to whoever invented the self-adhesive stamps, I think that has done more to relieve stress in the world than some traveling dignitary's speech to a third-world House of Commons somewhere.

That Would Have To Be the Butt, Bob.

Everybody, straight, gay, whatever, they all make such a big deal about people's butts. Some guy is supposed to have a "great butt." You score a "piece of ass." Ect. ect. The point is, for all the idle talk, how many people even butt fuck or whatever, lick the butthole or do anything with it. I mean, if you're a gay guy you might but half the time you just blow each other anyway, or so I've heard.

It just seems to me that with regards to anality, unless you had no other options, you might want to consider implementing a strategy of avoidance. I know a lot of people are going to think I'm some kind of repressed Victorian prude. But I think you all are the repressed ones, with all your naughty little infantile poo-poo fantasies.

BUDGET LIVING with: Kaiser the Miser

Kaiser's Dilemma: Full Strength or Diluted?

• The cheapest martini is just warm gin in a martini glass. Do not chill or shake with ice! The idea here actually seems kind of counter-Kaiser at first, since you're using something at full strength (and thus full price) but the idea is you have to drink it slower since it tastes really harsh, so your dollar goes farther in terms of time.

• The dishwasher and the laundry machine are nice things to have. But goddamn it, always having to buy dish and laundry soap will work your last nerve and soak up all your pocket change. Well, I've got a secret: you don't have to fill those dispenser cups up ALL the way. It's so simple and yet I never took advantage of this little loophole before. Just fill them up 2/3 of the way. Who's going to notice? That means you get one free box of soap for every two you buy. Or, if you prefer to cash in your savings, then at the end of the year you're like, oh, OK, I'll have the salmon special for \$14.95 please, yeah that's right.

Basso Profundo

Yeah, so I'm playing in this arena-rock band now, except that we play in tiny little clubs. It would be pretty cool except for one thing, and that's that I'm stuck with being the bass player, which is like the guy in high school that no-one remembers his name. Apparently the legacy of the rock bass player is for the most part "non." You know how like in Cheap Trick, it's Rick Nielsen on guitar and Bun E. Carlos on drums and Robin Zander singing but you don't even know who the bass player was. The upside is that the bass player will probably end up living longer.

TRIPPING STORY 25

Scene: My kitchen, 8 of us tripping on LSD, c. 1982

Oteil: Man, the beautiful thing about an orange is ...you look at the sections...and they're perfect, but not all the same...and the symmetry...man, it's AMAZING...it's like love —

My brother: (trying to be helpful) Hey Oteil, cut a fart.

Guidelines For Living

Above all, I feel that one must constantly hammer on oneself without mercy and without end. One must smush one's own sense of self-worth until nothing is left but eternal doubt and empty gestures. For example, you could tell yourself now and then: "God damn! I'm such a hypocrite. I'm lazy, arrogant, weak-willed and sneaky, with few redeeming good points to balance out the bad."

If you aggressively police yourself like this, throwing yourself into mental jail or even solitary confinement at the slightest opportunity, it will help put Earth back on track. See, ambition and egomania have ruined life on the planet for ever. And until Judgment Day comes when the Good Lord reveals the true purpose and order of things, it is all we can do to continually remind ourselves that we are all lower than the shite of the oxen.

Another Art Linde Story

Art Linde sits in a bar by himself. A young woman comes in and sits a few seats away.

Art: Hi!

She: Hi?

Art: I was reading a book the other day—

She: What?

Art: I was reading a book—

She: (irritated) What?

Art: (frustrated) I was reading!

She: You look too old for college.

Can You Help Me?

I might what to write for MTV. If someone knows someone there, could you maybe pass this on and circle this part in red. Thanks.

OK, first here's a script I have for Beavis & Butt-head. Let's say a Cranberries video comes on TV.

Beavis: Do you haf to let it lingarr?
Butt-Head: Yeah, Beavis...do you have to let it linger?
Beavis: Oh yeh, sorry...ummm...what?
Butt-Head: You dumb-ass! It's like, every time I go to the bathroom...to take a dump...it's like, there's something *lingering* in there. And it came from your butt! Didn't your mom teach you how to flush?

OK, then we could have a commercial for Swanson Beef Stroganoff come on.

Butt-Head: He said stroganoff.
Beavis: Yeh. And he said beef too. Before it. Strrrrroganoff. Beef strrrrroganoff.
Butt-Head: Hey, Beavis...do you like stroganoff?
Beavis: Hm! Yeah, I like strrrrroganoffff.
Butt-Head: Yeah...your dad taught you how.
Beavis: Shut up Butt-head, he didn't teach me anything. I kicked his ass.

Great, so also I could be interested in writing for the show "Singled Out." Here are some questions I could think of off the top of my head:

- Shannon Doherty: cutie or snooty?
- When it comes to sex, are you "On Top of Old Smokey" or are you "The Fire Down Below"?
- Cheech...or Chong?

Peter McCoy's Laff-A-Lympics



Q: What's stiff and pink and drives women crazy?
 A: Crib death

It's So Funny Because It's So True

I found another difference between guys and girls. It's that when something breaks, like an appliance or the car or a metal bracket, say, that the guy will start shitting blood whereas the girl might do a few laps around the moon or whatever.

MOVIE ROLES FOR PRE-TEENS

as scripted by The Man

CATEGORY	WHITE COUNTRY KID	BLACK CITY KID
Sports	"Gee, Mister, would you let me ride your pony someday?"	"Ain't <i>nobody</i> dunkin' on my ass, bitch."
Hopes & Dreams	"Mom, we've GOT TO free Willy."	"Gonna get me all kind of crazy gold and a FAT Mercedes with two bitches in the back."
Politics	"They just CAN'T sell the ranch, I know they can't! I won't let them!"	"Niggers about to get <i>paid</i> ."

Snot-Nosed Punks

What's this new trend with teenagers talking like their noses are all stuffed up? It's weird. At first I didn't notice, then I realize all the kids at the bus stop talk like they have head colds. Then all of a sudden it's everywhere. That guy Telly in the movie "Kids" does it, and the rapper Notorious B.I.G. does it, and there's even a guy on the Real World that does it. It seems like it's supposed to be (a) a gang thing or (b) a basketball thing. That's what they all think is cool. It's like, great, first the baggy pants, now the stuffy-nose accent. If you ask me, if I had to come up with a motto for 1996, it would be that teenagers should be stopped, not stopped up.

PSYCHEDELIC SPIEL

Oh, I'm so cool, I go around through the used record bins. I find the obscure stuff and then brag about how awesome it all is, when what I really mean to say is how awesome I am.

- ★★★★ 1/2 Japanese—*Half Men Not Beasts*
- ★★★★ Yoko Ono/Plastic Ono Band—*1st*
- ★★★★ Ruins w/ Derek Bailey—*Saisoro*
- ★★★ Jefferson Airplane—*After Bathing at Baxter's*
- ★★★ 50 Foot Hose—*Cauldron*
- ★★ Gong—*Angel's Egg*

I Luv My SUV

The stupid thing with the sport utility vehicle phenomenon is that you see every other dork driving a Landcruiser or Pathfinder around town, but you never see even the tiniest bit of dirt on them, i.e. there's no intention of taking them off a paved road, i.e. there's not really any need for that shit. Whatever happened to Volvos? A lot of dummies out there could be saving themselves a few thousand bucks, then you know, put it in a mutual fund or whatever. I mean, my wife and I own a 4WD Isuzu Trooper, but that's irrelevant because I also wear heavy work boots to the beach.

But 99% of America isn't buying any S.F. urban boot crap. I think they should bundle sport sandals with sport utility vehicles, and offer it as an option like A/C because why not put together a package deal and move some fucking products.

★ DE LA JOE ★

MIDTOWN "DADDY"

RUSSIAN CHICK TO JOE: "DA, ZEP"

She: Oh, Led Zepp-e-lin. I like them very much. I especially like the record, "Steps to the Sky." Do you know it?

Joe: "Steps to the Sky"? What, you're thinking of the cover for "Houses of the Holy" with the people crawling up the stones there—

She: No, no. Steps...stairs to the sky.

Joe: Oh, you don't mean...you can't...not "Stairway to Heaven"?!! Oh, Jesus fucking Christ.

RE: RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS

"If they spent as much time on their music as they did on their sit-ups, maybe they'd be on to something."

BLIND MELON O.D. O.K.

"Shannon Hoon...more like, Shannon Who? I mean, no disrespect, but really, who even cares. I never got the whole Blind Melon thing. I don't know, music these days is like...it gets you thinking, maybe the Bible was right after all: "The Weak Shall Inherit the Earth."

Delivery Guys 'r' Spys

Did you know that package delivery guys get bonus commissions for hassling ordinary citizens. Notice how they park in front of your house and then go for a walk up the street just to bug you. Or how on the day you're supposed to get a package, they'll wait and wait until the second you leave the house, then once you're gone they'll sneak up and leave a note on your door: "Your package could not be delivered because blah blah blah." I'm not saying it's some kind of conspiracy or anything, but it is another example of institutionalized harassment of everyday people.

Henry A. Berliner, Jr. Seizes Digest Crown

My dad (not his real name) officially made the history books with the top Digest contribution to date. His offer/bribe beat out the previous leader, Art Linde, by a mere 50¢. The spirit of competition is part of what makes this country great. If you would like to sponsor an issue, send \$\$\$ or stamps to:



1206 Di amond St.
San Francisco, CA 94131