



Vol. VIII, No. 1

YAWNY'S DIGEST lite

Mar 1996



"No meat...just vegetables...nature's bounty!" —Unidentified surfer

Grrls Grrls Grrls!

Hey everybody! Sheri and I are going to have a baby! It's a Now Explosion and we're a big part of it!

Yeah, so I'm hoping that we have a girl, and that the world will be 75% women in 10 years, because I want my little girl to be a lesbian if at all possible and in that case I want her to have a lot of choices. On the other hand, if it's a boy, we'll love him just the same, so long as he's gay.

I'll be so stoked if my kids turn out queer. Queer is just so much better, but lesbian in particular is the best. I can't wait to throw big "coming out" parties for them when they turn 16. They'll get condoms and dental dams for Christmas. We'll all dress up like glamorous stars or rodeo clowns... it's gonna be a lot of fun.

Halloweenie No-No's

I was thinking if you went to a Halloween party what would be the stupidest costume. So I was thinking dressing up as "Wolfman Jack" would be pretty stupid. Don't you? I also think dressing up as a vagina would be totally uncool. You know those frat guys that dress up like penises for Halloween? Being a vagina would be like that but worse.



BUDGET LIVING

with: Kaiser the Miser



Kaiser Van Winkle

One morning, I woke up and went to the store and I saw that a loaf of like Oroweat multi-grain bread cost about \$2.49. I could have sworn that the real price was like \$1.09. So, I'm just going on a hunch, but—have I been asleep for awhile?

Kaiser's Ripoff Alert

The \$1.00 mail-in refund. This is so obvious. The stamp costs \$.032, the envelope say \$.03, therefore the refund is actually more like \$0.65. That's borderline not worth it. I'm not saying don't send in for the refund, I'm just saying, know what you're getting into.

Credit Card Shuffle

I get about ten credit card offers a month. I like to apply for them all, then move all my debt to the cheapest introductory rate. When the introductory rate expires, I move it again. Half of the value here is the cheap thrill of paying off one credit card with a balance transfer check from a competitor, then calling the first credit card to cancel your account. They get all nervous and try to win you back. You can be as snotty as you want to and they'll totally kiss your ass, smiling all the way. Score one for the little man!

TOP 11 UNUSED BAND NAMES

Jason's A-List

- Pink Freud
- Dennis Rodman Band
- The Virgin Gary
- Boycore vs. Funhole
- Fruity



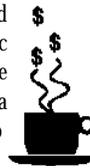
John's A-List

- New Kids On My Cock
- Hot Funeral Face
- Cream Nation
- Stuff 'n' Things
- Switched-On Cock
- Dumb & Dahmer

What's the Deal?

Comedy Workout #41

One thing I'm not into is all this business with the tip jars. Apparently whenever you go into a place to get a bagel or a cup of coffee these days they expect you to automatically dump all your change into their rinky-dink little tip jar covered with bad drawings of flowers in magic marker. "Tips Appreciated—Have a Nice Day." Well, I don't "appreciate" the idea of giving handouts to every fool who happens to work behind a cash register.



The copy shop doesn't ask for tips. The record store doesn't ask for tips. What makes the coffee house so goddamn special? And I'll tell you, I'll be fucked if I'm going to subsidize the eyebrow piercings of a bunch of jerks who moved to San Francisco so they could hang out and sell focaccia bread.

How To Not Get Ahead In the Consulting World

by John Berliner—Time tested and true.

1. Habitually offer discounted rates.
2. Knock a few hours off of every invoice.
3. Never, ever advertise.
4. Avoid having a business card. If asked for one, say that you "left them at home" or that you "just ran out...the new ones are at the printer's."
5. If you do get hired, be sure to let the client know that you don't enjoy your work very much.
6. Never call the client to check up, follow thru or say hello. Instead, sit around and wait for them to call you.

Lo and Behold

For some reason, I looked up the word "dilemma" in the dictionary and lo and behold it was right after the word "dildo," which just happened to catch my eye. Well, it said in there that a dildo was a "penis substitute for vaginal insertion" which I think is just so biased and unfair. Plus, it's sexist! Who's to say you couldn't put a dildo up your ass? You could give a dildo a *blowjob* if you wanted to. I bet you 10 bucks there's a whole niche of people out there who are into that. You could probably get in touch with them through the World Wide Web.

Now, Then [?????????]

I want you all to think about this whole "life" thing one more time. Consider wretched childhoods, dreary jobs, smashed hopes and dreams, etc. Now then—are you really going to sit there and tell me with a straight face that it's all been worthwhile?

Match Game '96

How about when you're walking along and you see some pasty white couple wearing matching outfits. Even if it's only a matching sweatshirt, you can't help but stop and stare and think, "hey, look, it's the sissy and dork show." Who else but clueless white suburbanites would be such idiots. Unless it's a Chinese family but then it's only because they had a sale on something at Target Drug so they bought eight sets for the whole family. Then it's just kind of cute, in a patronizing "Westerners rule" kind of way. However, I don't think it's so "cute" that Chinese food sucks so bad.

SURF NEWS

Surfing Is Boring

I guess we had some waves this year but overall it's been kind of hurting. The sandbars are weak. Nothing really big and clean. I have to say that I'm starting to question the validity of the whole surfer lifestyle, given all the rigmarole you have to go through to get a decent wave around here. Either it's small, and then you may as well be home in bed resting, or it's life-threatening, which is sort of a dubious way to pass your day. I'd much rather use that time to study some electronics schematics.

I don't even care though, I think I've proved my point over the years. And that point is, that East Coast transplant wannabe big-wave riders like me may have shitty style but at least we'll occasionally paddle out and take off, rather than jawing away up on a sand dune, hanging out at the surf shop or driving up and down the coastal highway until the sun goes down.

You Can't Touch This

Here's a nifty way to undermine someone else's credibility while simultaneously boosting your own. The next time someone else says, "Oh, God, so-and-so is such a dick," pretend to be sympathetic by looking down gravely then uttering these magic words: "Yeah, well, he's just really *insecure*." The thing is, no-one can disagree with it because it's always true. AND, you end up looking so wise for casually offering up such a piercing insight. Once you've planted the suggestion that so-and-so is "insecure," the whole world will forever after stroke its chin and think, "Huh!...well, I guess that would explain a lot of things."

Masturbation Fantasy Challenges

Advanced Set

1. Nun with Coke bottle
2. Mom and Dad, in the act of conceiving you
3. Ultraman
4. Headless dog—fuck in neck socket
5. Sexy venetian blind
6. Cornholing Christ while still on the cross, Mary Magdalene watching and weeping

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

1996 Revised Edition

Chumly...Mr. So-and-So...Peabody...A Certain Someone...Clown Lips...Mr. Dilly-Dally... You Know Who...Dancing Brows...Himbody.

OUT ON THE SCENE, MAN, THINGS CAN GET A BIT DICEY

by Nancy Boy '96

While out and about in New York City, man, last week you'll never guess who I ran into? Did you guess it?—ah, the beautiful, vastly underrated Molly Ringwald. Somewhere past the drink 5 mile marker, I found it no great feat to intrude upon her personal space, offering up several clumsily constructed yet sincere morsels of admiring praise. To which the still-lovely Miss Ringwald responded with backward step and fearful gaze. Surely this was to be the end of her, then? Knifed to death in some out-of-the-way West Village bistro, before her international comeback could be salvaged? By some normal-looking dude in designer clothing? But it was not to be. Shortly after overcoming her initial alarm, Molly (for so I called her) accepted a glass of sangria from our party and thanked us sweetly, touching fellow drinker (and Loaded reader) Jaipal's shoulder in the process! The next day we just had to go to Barney's.

Supercool Chinese Business Names

Taken from the 1996 San Francisco Yellow Pages

Plumbers	"Urgent Rooter" "Beaver Plumbing"
Roofers	"Excellent Technical Roofing" "Mr. Patch Roof"
Gen. Contractors	"Wood Construction"
Restaurants	"Asian Restaurant" "Pot & Pan"
Laundry Services	"Chinese Hand Laundry Association" "Soaps Laundromat" "Spwash-Coin Laundry"

Another Groundless Source of Tears

You know how people sometimes say they have to save money "so they can put their kids through college"? Well, that's great and everything but it doesn't cost *that* much.

Here's a typical college fund: \$5 of Busch beer per day x 250 days a year = approximately \$1,250. Books = \$0. If they want to read so bad they can go horse around in a public library somewhere. Instruction = \$20/month cable TV x 9 months = \$180. Total cost: \$1,430, or roughly two rather modest methamphetamine deals.

If it seems like I'm sour on college, it's only because I'm bitter about being an Ivy League flop, a prep-school failure, a schoolmarm's dreams gone sour.

YAWNY FLAMED ON LINE!

So I was poking around the Internet and I found this thread debating which guitar players were good and which ones sucked. All I said was that Slash from Guns 'n' Roses was one of the worst. No big deal—I certainly didn't think anyone would bother to give this patently obvious statement of fact more than a moment's thought. But I was wrong—I got FLAMED! Now *this* is some funny stuff:

From: EC05RV@EAST-01.NOVELL.LEEDS.AC.UK
To: SFYawny@aol.com

Fuck your shitty ass comment Slash. The day you can ever reach his neck the day frogs grow hair. Slash has created his own original style which no guitarist can beat. ~~May~~ ~~may~~ not be very smart but when it comes to guitar playing he is one of the best. Besides who the fuck are you to comment on his guitar playing you shit! You probably can't even hold fuckin' guitar. Slash wanks all over your fuckin' face guitar-wise you low-life!

Then, two days later:

Listen you pussy ass shit head, Slash is the essence of the guitar world. Just one question What the hell are you doing in the guitar section if you know jack shit about guitar. I'll give you head start, the instrument has 6 strings. Figure the rest out fuckface!

Culture Is So Fake!

Entertainment:

Jerry Seinfeld always has hot chicks on his show that are really interested in him. What is that. If I were a hot chick, I don't think I'd be into Jerry. I'd be more into Elaine. As a rule, I think all hot chicks should be lesbians just to irritate everyone else.

Sports:

The refs are so obviously paid off. They never call shit on Michael Jordan or Charles Barkley, or on the Dallas Cowboys. All the big endorsement players are so Teflonized it's crazy. It's like, in any given football game, there's someone committing a holding penalty on *every single down*. Then all of a sudden, out of the blue, you get this random flag for holding. Nine times out of ten it's against the Redskins. It pisses me off how America has turned its back on the 'Skins because that's fucked up.

The Body Rots, The Spirit Shudders



It was a little disconcerting to discover the rotting smell lurking inside my ears. See, I have my chronic ear infections and so I'm always sticking my fingers in there to test for the presence of water. It's better if they stay dry, so I monitor their status not unlike using an oil dipstick except the logic is reversed. Anyway, if you smell the finger, you pick up a somewhat musky odor not unlike the anal scratch finger aroma that you all are so familiar with.

They say the human body is so perfect and amazing, God's supreme creation, etc. All I know is that my lower back is basically a jangle of inflamed nerves and my ears smell like shit. Way to go, God. Really good design. Oh, by the way, thanks for the pain.

Yeah, so what's up with everyone having herniated disks? Supposedly a lot of back problems are due to the changing work habits of today—more sitting down, for example. Well, that "explanation" can only provoke a rather sarcastic remark from me: "Yes, it only stands to reason that too much of the *sitting position* could potentially destroy a *perfect organism* designed by God in his own image."

Miss Joyce Felton...

...sure is an angel. She is just the sweetest little thing. I mean really. True, she would still have to cough up an additional \$25 bucks to beat out my dad for all-time top contributor to the Yawny's Digest, but that's probably because you take more pity on your own son. Anyway, she really is a doll. Hi Joyce! Oh, and say hi to Gabby too! You guys!

Yawny's Digest
1206 Diamond St.
San Francisco, CA 94131
(SFYawny@aol.com)