



# YaWny's Vol. 6 No. 2 Digest

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## Riddler

A lot of girls start off life with all their attention focused on daddy, then at about age 7 they shift it over to horses. That much I can understand. I just don't get how you go from there to being obsessed with dried flowers and old churches. What is it with the chicks and the churches. I can't recall a single vacation where I didn't have to visit at least one run-down piece of shit church at the request of my "better half." Why would I want to see a church? I hate God.

Meanwhile the chick is thinking, how I could be dating such an idiot. It's a problem: men are as obvious as turds, whereas women make about as much sense as the Charlots of the Gods. Watch any relationship long enough, and you'll see: eventually HE finds himself completely baffled as to why SHE "went psycho" on him. You know, she "just started flipping out" for no apparent reason. It's exactly the same point in time when SHE can start accurately forecasting all of HIS lines: "I have a hard time with commitment...I don't even really know what I want out of life. Maybe I just need a little more space," etc. It's all so predictable. It's a shame that even after all that some people still "gotta have it," because in general I think you'd be better off without it.



### Budget Living

with: Kaiser the Miser



#### Kaiser's Clinic

**Fuck health insurance!** The body is a remarkable organism and 99% of the time you can count on it to fix itself. Just a few simple household items will keep you healthy and save countless riches along the way.

**Band-Aids?** Overpriced. Try masking tape. If you're a germ freak, you can stick 1/4 of a cotton ball in there for the gauze pad.

**Stitches?** Don't need to give some med student \$200 for that. Chances are you already have a little something called Crazy Glue in your closet. One of its 1000 uses is as a liquid suturing agent. Great for split fingernails, too.

## Friday's Child

Everyone's all, X-Files, X-Files, and I'm like what, I've never even seen that show. Then about a month ago I was doing some soldering, so I turn on the TV to keep me company, and I see X-Files come on—then I look at the newspaper—it's a fucking Friday night! No wonder I never saw it. Who else would stay home on a Friday night to watch a soap opera besides a Star Trek person. Now they tell me it's on Sundays. That just goes to show I don't even have a clue.

## Industrial Design Awards Pt. 2

★ **The button fly.** Who thought of that? It's more of a nuisance than anything. It's like, hello, there already is a satisfactory product called the zipper which is currently in use worldwide.

★ **Miracle hair tonic.** They're still looking for the ultimate plant to mix in with all the shampoo chemicals. Remember aloe vera? Remember jojoba? Remember egg shampoo? Right now we're trying out this conditioner made from seaweed. It seems to do the job. Although I'm sure you could probably use sperm and it would work just as well. It would certainly be cheaper and I'd bet you'd never know the difference.

★ **Cat litter bags.** I don't know what they're trying to do with that little string stitched along the top but either I'm a total spaz or those things only open the bag about 50% of the time.

## Foreign Mom Syndrome

Do you have a foreign mom? Is she more comfortable speaking Chinese or French than hip-hop or surfer slang? If so, you are not alone. The following are excerpts from actual conversations recalled by members of Children of Foreign Moms (CFMs).

**Mom 1a** "It has been a blessing in the skies."

**Mom 1b** "God, that's rush hour. It's just bumper-to-bumper. The traffic moves in a snail space."

**Mom 2a** "Macintosh computer is more friendly-user."

**Mom 3a** "It's six and one-half dozen of the other."

**Mom 3b** "That was the hair that broke the camel's back."

## Advice Mongers, Heal Thyselves

Everyone's an expert, apparently, on the topic of raising children. "Start buying Pampers now—you won't have time to do it later. No, you have to use a diaper service; you better sign up now, there's a long wait list. Have you taken your dog to the Pet Sensitivity Training class at the SPCA yet? It's going to be difficult for him." My usual response to all this is to murmur and hang my head in contrition. If I were half the man I ought to be, I might come back with something snappier: "Oh, yeah? If I do all that, will my kid turn out to be as fucked up as you?"

## When Do Bad Things Happen?

Bad things can happen either (1) **when things are already going badly**, OR (2) **when they're going along quite well**.

(1) **If things are already going badly**, then you think, Jesus Christ, what next? On top of everything else, now *this* has to happen. I can't believe it.

(2) **But if things are going along quite well**, then you think, goddamn it, just when life was starting to get tolerable. Why does everything have to get ruined?

## MY DAD'S LATEST WEST VIRGINIA JOKE

Q: What do the Unabomber and a West Virginian have in common?

A: They've both been fingered by their brothers

## SURF NEWS

### Crowd Control

You don't have to punch people to thin out a crowd; it's easier to just make a total ass out of yourself. Make your general vicinity an unpleasant place to be. I'll share some of my personal techniques then you can adapt them to fit your own personality. First off, sing Rush songs in a loud, wavering falsetto. Number two, when a wave comes, start screaming out the names of TV anchorpeople. "Go left, Elaine Corral!...Hey, coming down, John Tesh, yeah!...Barrel!! Dennis Richmond!!!"

Number three, ramble on and on about various unsavory topics. It's best to use a foil, a "straight man," to get this job done right—preferably Pete McCoy. Casually tell him in a voice loud enough for all to overhear: "Dude, man, I got reamed out so good last night. You know Brian Baker? Fuck man, that guy is so cute!" It doesn't really matter what you say just so long as you talk a lot and make it all really intimate: "Dude, I'm tripping so hard right now! I took a LOT of X this morning...did you see Models Inc. last night? It was so rad. Dude man, WHAT'S UP! Hey, my mom's coming over for dinner. You want to come over? You could fuck her. We're having tuna casserole. WHOA! look at that seagull. Hey, guess what, my dog ate a whole corn cob last night...dude, check it out, I got herpes."

## You Say It's Your Deathday...



It's a funny thing with birthdays. Every year you're supposed to celebrate the day of your birth, as if you're renewing your lease on Earth for another year. But see, unless you're some kind of dope smoker or ew-wow Christian, I think it's pretty hard to think of each new year as a new beginning, another start of a wild and wonderful crazy joyride through a year of life. Quite to the contrary, it would seem more natural to sink into the couch and pensively muse, "Well, I'm one year closer to the end"—which in fact *does* strike me as an adequate excuse for a few martinis. Therefore I propose that we change the name of the day from "birthday" to "deathday." What do you guys think?

And while we're on the subject of birthdays, they say do unto others as you would have them do unto you. Well, I would have them do unto me the courtesy of ignoring stupid holidays and not making me feel guilty for forgetting them all the time. It seems like every time you turn around there's another damn holiday jabbing you with a hot poker.

What people seem to lose sight of is the fact that holidays are just another tool of the Man to control you and shape your mind and perpetuate his consumer-based capitalism by making you buy saccharine cards and useless gifts and by having you pay for hollow, expensive long-distance phone calls. I'm not against sentimentality *per se* but it's true that there are only so many hours left in the day after naps, cocktails and other. Anyway, if you send me an e-mail, I'll insert your name into my calendar database and have it send you a note once a year, if that's what you really want out of life.

★ DE LA JOE ★

**BATTLES IGNORANCE**

**Joe's Secretary :** Who's in the Sex Pistols?

**Joe:** Well, Sid Vicious was, and Steve Jones and Paul Cook, and of course John Lydon—you know, Johnny Rotten—

**Joe's Secretary :** Wait a minute, I thought Neil Young was Johnny Rotten.

## Fly By Night, Away From Here

No two ways about it, flying is a royal pain in the arse. I used to get loaded whenever I flew anywhere but then I discovered books and stuff. The boredom is lethal but your fellow passengers are actually your #1 source of problems when flying. If you get on a flight that's only half full, consider yourself luckier than Major Nelson. Unfortunately, that is the rare day indeed.

More than likely you'll be sharing your personal space

## Another One For the Ladies.

You know what, even with all the new faces you see every day I still think Christy is #1. I mean, I do like Amber and I think Shalom is really beautiful but Christy is still the most elegant. One thing I can't figure out is how come Cindy's still around. I mean I can see Isabella like the older lady like the older lady Cindy's still trying to pass herself off as some kind of style maven and I'm sorry but she just is not. Ditto for Claudia, I mean she's cute in that Barbie doll kind of way but get over it! Plus they haven't changed her look in like 5 years, it's like, "Excuse me, but do you think that look could be a *little* more tired?"



## Haven't You Noticed:

- ♥ That you never see Liz Smith and Andy Rooney in the same photograph?
- ♥ That the word "cornucopia" is rarely used without being preceded by the word "veritable"?
- ♥ That there's an animal protein called **creatinine**?

*Deb Bishop contributed to this article.*

## Poo Fighters

What's the most embarrassing thing that could happen to you? Well, for starters you could flood the toilet at someone else's house. Have you ever done that? You're all, "Uh, hey, do you guys have a plunger? I think there's something wrong with your toilet. It's not flushing or something." Everyone tries to pretend like it wasn't their shenanigans that clogged the damn thing in the first place. Chuck Hunter flooded our toilet once and then tried to pretend like nothing happened. Oh, really? It's stopped up? No, I didn't notice anything.

The whole pooing process is kind of a weird scene...it's "weird science." I kind of wish you could just take a pill instead. It seems like a big waste of time...unless it turns you on because you're some kind of pervert. One time I guess a guy followed me through the library and into the men's room so that when I went up to the card catalog he sidled up to me and murmured, "I saw you crapping." New York City, 1985, swear to God.

with an ancient Chinese snuffler, some square multimedia jerk tap-tap-tapping away on a laptop, or worst case scenaro, a sleepy-kins with no scruples about cozying up to your shoulder in mid-flight. An equally rotten deal would be a pair of children seated fore or aft of you. I know this fate to be unpleasant, having once been a participant in the uneasy dynamic myself, i.e. in the role of the giggling, farting, seat-kicker and -climber traveling with a brother who was even worse.

## Supercool Chinese Business Names #2

Research by Rhonda Clark

<b>Hair Salon</b>	"Hair of Fashion" "Surreal You Hair Design"
<b>Sundry</b>	"Ho Ho Cleaners" "House of Boutique" "Heel & I Shoe Repair"
<b>Tropical Fish</b>	"Lucky Ocean" "SF Ocean Queen"

## HERstory

For a long time I had this great idea to do a special "ladies" issue. I kind of had a hard time putting it together. I guess you could say I failed. Or you could say that I got started, then I farted. My trouble is that even if I tremblingly acknowledge the overall superiority of the female species, I still don't see what's so funny about sneaking little chocolate snacks, who has a bubble butt and who has a flat butt, or least of all what is so amusing about variations in penis size. If I had to pick a term, I'd say that my penis size is "unremarkable." I don't know, is that funny. So what. I've had no complaints.

## I GOT BITTEN BY THE LOVE BUG!

God has done so many terrible things. That's why I litter and spit and do other things to harm the earth, which is his. Every opportunity should be taken to mess with him because he does the same to you and more. The sad fact is, however, that you could get a thousand Mike Tysons, put them in a circle around God and have them all smack him as hard as they could and he would just laugh. The punches would tickle. *That's* the kind of shit that drains my resolve. In spite of that, you still gotta have your self respect so I say do what you can, get in some digs, every little bit helps to ease the tension in your soul.

## Woman-About-Town Miss Liz Dunn

dominates the patron pool at this point! Come to think of it, everyone who's ever worked at Smith & Hawken has been so nice to me, I think I'll have to order a wicker basket! So do you think you all could help me out with that? If we all work together, I think we can keep hope alive. Please send your stamps or cash contributions to: