



YAWNY'S DIGEST

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"Children shouldn't play with dead things—like rock and roll"

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Pro Attitudes Only, Must Have Transpo

I just got done playing in this horrible rock band. The rock music industry is a fairly disgusting one, and it just adds insult to injury when you have to lick a lot of buttholes and you don't even get any cash out of the deal. What a waste! Still, if I could do it all over again, I wouldn't change a thing, besides possibly quitting after the first week.

I still don't see why we didn't strike it rich. We had the connections. We had the gear. We had the vehicles. And one or two people even said there were times when the band almost sounded like it could be OK, given some major changes.

Other people said other things, though:

- "I don't think I can watch this."
- "I gotta say, I'm not into it."
- "It's kind of embarrassing."
- "It sounded like you guys were trying to be in a Gap ad or something."
- "None of the parts seemed to fit."
- "Like a cross between Jesus Jones and The The."
- "You need songs."
- "You need to practice."

and lastly, from our soundman: "That was terrible."

Plastic Child Appliance Overkill

We went to Toys R Us and found out we were scheduled to buy about \$1,800 in molded plastic products for our newborn baby. So we had a couple of baby showers and managed to pick up the stroller, crib, portable crib, crib mattress, crib bumpers, car seat, bouncer seat, electric swing, baby monitor, electric thermometer, exersaucer, sleepers, onesies, blankets, hats, boots, mitts, and a wide assortment of other clothes, books and toys.

But we still had a few things left on the list so we picked up the changing station, bassinet, baby bath, toy chest, play mat, crib sheets, bottles, breast pump, painted the baby's room, bought a few more clothes and signed up for the diaper service.

Shit, I forgot the high chair. I'll be right back.



Microbrewery Hoax!

Have you ever had the wool pulled over your eyes? Did you feel like a fool? Did you, too, jump on the microbrewery bandwagon? Now aren't you ashamed of yourself?

People get duped by the seductive, woody beer labels and their studied "North Coast" unpretentiousness...with fake-down-to-earth names like Thunder Log Brown Ale, Beaver Crack Lager, etc. It's all a load of bollocks. And now that you've tasted 100 different "microbrews," admit the facts: they all taste pretty much like someone took a keg of Michelob and poured a sack of sugar into it.

Well, someone is making a fat fortune off of it. They manage to spin the end product as "small" and "independent" but in reality I'm sure there's a vast pyramid scheme in place, with me at the bottom, you just above, microbreweries in the middle and Wal-Mart stockholders at the top.

In conclusion, I'm ready to give up. If you can't trust beer, who can you trust? Certainly not yourself.

My Wife Sheri On: The Jefferson Airplane

"What was their big song, about a rat. A white rat or a horse or something."

Ooky Cooky



You know why yuppies are so soft and mushy-looking? It's their diet. It's a pity that one little Sunday bike ride in Lycra simply cannot make up for seven days of:

- **Breakfast cookies.** Sometimes slyly labeled "scones," "muffins," or—appallingly—"breads."
- **Lunch oil.** 1/4 cup or more, soaking in a sponge, all the while masquerading as "Focaccia."
- **Dinner plate of bacon noodles.** Fancied up to be "little pasta ears with pancetta and cream," and heart-stopping as a hot dog.

The hypocrisy of it all is simply staggering. It causes the mind to reel. It enriches the soul and elevates the spirit.

Manifest Density

America is getting more conservative on illegal immigration. You know, as in illegal aliens shouldn't be eligible for free medical care and so on. I was thinking and it seems like one way to look at it is that it's kind of like in tennis where if you step on the line during your serve, it's a foot fault and your serve doesn't count. You have to serve again. Or you have to go back and sneak across the border again, as the case may be.



Surfers, Fuck You

I caught a lot of shit for selling out our sacred, trash-covered Ocean Beach to the surf media and for writing a lot of superficial nonsense just to earn a few lousy bucks, stroke my own ego and see my image in printed form (cf. Surfer Magazine, Dec. 1996, p.164).

The fact of the matter is, the MAGAZINE called ME up and asked ME for help with their comedy issue. And in fact I was busy with work but I tried to help them out as a fucking favor. So I sent them some stuff, along with a shitty, blurry photo of me on an average-sized wave at Ocean Beach. I thought it was kind of funny since the picture was so bad in a typical Ocean Beach kind of way. If you don't think that's so funny, great, but I don't see what the big deal is. Also yeah, I'm fairly broke and the possibility of earning a hundred bucks or so seemed OK. Just so you know, that's enough to pay about three days' mortgage on my house, assholes.

Qwik-Shower®

Surfr-TimeSavr

What sucks is if you're out surfing good waves and you have to go in because of work. Some guys head in a little early so they can go home, shower and get changed. Mistake! First of all, you bring your change of clothes with you, and you change in the car on the way to work. Secondly, the shower part is total overkill. What you do is get a little cologne and apply it sparingly. There's your shower.

You guys have to learn to spend a little more time charging double-overhead barrels, and a little less time all hung up on trivial issues of personal appearance.

OVER Rated.

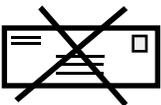
Frida Kahlo. Apparently some free-thinking Art Historians have found a correlation between the monobrow and the fiercely independent artistic interpretation of a culture. Even so, I just don't see what's so great about Frida Kahlo's paintings, which look like any old piece of shit you could buy in Oaxaca for a peso or two. True, they're better than I could do, but twenty coffee table editions of fucking *Rembrandt* is enough to make anyone cry tears of vomit, to say nothing of Frida Kahlo.

Neil Young. "The Godfather of Grunge." Well, he certainly has been influential—he's inspired two generations of scruffy white trash to take the stage, whine and yowl, and play noodly, sloppy lead/rhythm guitar parts. There are few things worse than a bad lead guitarist taking a long solo. For more information on this fascinating topic, see "The Story of Slash" by I.P Daily.

Sandra Bullock. I don't think I need to elaborate.

"Friends." Would someone please tell me: what the hell is that? What is that?

p.s. in regards to "Ellen," same question, thanks.

Please Mr. 
Postman, Blow Me

That whole thing with the postal workers always going berserk and shooting up a bunch of people makes me mad. If anyone should go off and start popping off rounds it's the people waiting in line at the post office. They should be shooting the postal workers, not the other way around. The postal clerks do their best to get under your skin by moving as slowly as humanly possible, then just when things get crowded, they like to close a window or two. Then they look at you like "What the hell are you looking at? I'm taking a break, bitch!" That's why average citizens end up doing things like pissing in mailboxes and sending turds through the mail.

Method #3,016!

I've figured out another way to divide up the world. OK, here it is. There are two kinds of people. The first kind is the type of person with a fairly quiet, polite and sometimes hushed-up sneeze. (Chu!) Those people are generally nice, normal, everyday people. Then there are the people who make a big deal out of a sneeze, by trying to shout something while they sneeze, or by tacking on a big Fowl!, Hey! or Woooah! to the tail end of their sneeze. Those people are the assholes, egomaniacs, braniacs and creative types who run the world, and who ruin the world.

It's Not All Bad

People think being old is so bad. But old people should be stoked because once you get your dentures, all's you do is pop 'em out and suddenly you're giving one hell of a blowjob.

industrial design awards iii

Hey, does anyone out there have a dishwasher? Oh, excuse me, I meant a dish *rins*er. I mean to say that if you don't want little bits of food petrified and glazed onto your eating surfaces, you'd better wash the dishes before putting them in the dishwasher. Washing dishes twice, now *there's* a brilliant idea.

Ávant-Gärbâge

My wife seems a little disappointed that I only listen to hippie freak-out music these days. I think she secretly pines for the blissfully ignorant days of The Pixies, The Butthole Surfers, even, God save us, the Replacements. Now with the light of neo-classical avant-Godspell rock operas comes the burden of knowledge. God damn it, not another double-edged sword.

I'll tell you what, though: regarding so-called "alternative rock": you might think Rage Against the Machine sounds cool now, but I guarantee you in two years you'll be really embarrassed to have that record. (Tip: whenever the subject comes around to music, I like to let on that I'm really into "Race Against the Machine.")

Japanese Made the Shirt We Made the Now Fashion for You



T-Shirts provided by Dirk Ellison of San Diego, CA

Thyssen Olde Haus

Having a house is swell! You get to try out every minimum-wage, lowest-spot-on-the-totem pole job known to mankind, and what's more, you get the added satisfaction of not getting paid for any of it! Remember how in high school the **janitor** was usually some kind of subhuman alcoholic who could barely walk? Here's your chance to reach out and touch that guy. You can start by cleaning out those gutters and fixing the slow drain in the bathroom.

Next, imagine that you're a weirdly ingrown **stock-room boy** with a hormonal zit problem. Now get down to that garage and get to work. Break down those boxes and when you're done you can start organizing those shelves. Here, take a flashlight.

Finally, as your very own **roofer's and painter's helper** you'll want to feel comfortable breathing tar, paint and thinner fumes. After a year or two of practice, I reckon you'll be well prepared to apply all the wrong caulks.

JURY DOODY

Why are there 12 jurors? Who picked that number? It's an even number! which translates into a vast sea of deadlocked jury members holed up at the Best Western. People say, oh, they did that on purpose. With an even number, tough cases go into deadlock, then the jurors have to reason it out and in the end rationality wins the day. I disagree. I think what it comes down to is some people think it's more important to have their way in jury quarters while some people just want to go home and stop losing money by living in a wooden box for two months.

I'm sure every facet of the legal process could be streamlined by a factor of about 50. I'd start by deciding the verdict with a coin toss. To make it more realistic, you could add in the ability to "buy an additional coin toss" for, say, \$100,000 if you didn't like the way the first flip went. They could take the revenue from buying additional coin tosses and give it to charity, or to the lawyers, or whoever.

I Love You All

I'm having a baby, happily married, \$10,000 in debt and the Redskins are winning again! What more could I want? Just the love of my devoted readers. Visit my worthless web page. Sponsor an issue. Buy me a beer. I love you. You guys are the best.

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