



Yawny's Digest



Vol. IX, No. 2

"The problem with life is, unless you're in trouble, it's boring." —C. Fuhrman

SPECIAL MOM&POP ISSUE

June 1997

Flavor-Flake Pop Pop POP

Everybody likes to pipe up on the subject of "diversity"—singing praises of "the cultural melting pot," "influx of ideas," "multiculturalism," etc. I've been thinking about it and I still can't see what's so great about having a whole bunch of different cultures all jammed together. It actually seems to make people pretty mad!

I will admit, variety *does* keep your mind off of things like death and pestilence, but it's tiring. I'm looking forward to the day when all the "melting" is done and everyone looks and acts more or less the same. I know the end result will be somehow "American," but I kind of wish it would turn out either Japanese or Swedish.

Of course, no matter how much a culture totally stabilizes, the fashion industry will never cease its endless little cyclings. The current trends are still the "jailhouse" look and the "I snort heroin" look which I hope don't last much longer. Apparently when people say something "has flavor," they really mean it "radiates hostility."

I never totally went in for that whole "gang" look, although for a while there I guess I was trying to pretend like I was in touch with popular fashion a little. Then I realized that everyone just thought I was gay. Which is fine, but kind of like, "mixed messages" coming from me. So now I've gone back to dressing with no flavor at all, which I like better. I bet that if everyone dressed with no flavor, people would fight less.

ELECTRONIKKKA'S MOST WANTED

Which kind of "electronica" do you guys like the best? I like the kind that sounds like video game music the best, because it reminds me of the time I got my school's all-time high score on Ms. Pac Man.

★ DE LA JOE ★

OFF SABBATICAL

N.Y.C. SALOON SMALL TALK, JOE-STYLE

"So I'm standing by the bar and there's this fish tank with little sharks in it, see, and this fuckin' drunken bum comes up and he says, 'Say! are theez sawlt wawter oah fresh wawter?' So I turns to this guy and I says, 'Who the fuck do I look like, Jock fucking Cousteau? Now get the fuck outta here.'"

Dear Baby, I'm Sorry

I take back what I said last time about my baby looking like a plastic doll or dungeons and dragons type of thing. Now I think he looks more like a real living creature, not some kind of fantasy object. In particular, I think he resembles a combination of an old man, a mole and a miniature demon.

SPORTS



I like to watch basketball on TV. It's odd, because I pretty much hated sports in high school. I mean, skateboarding, surfing and trashing my mom's bike are *sporty* I guess, but that's different from the whole team-coach-shower scene, which, I feel, kind of pushed me into the whole drug scene.

Another funny thing is that I find myself rooting for the teams with the most white guys. What's funny about that is that it's not because I think white people are superior, but in fact the reverse: white people are *inferior*, at least when it comes to basketball. Really what it comes down to is that I'm sick of being embarrassed all the time.

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

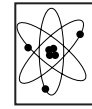
Smushy, Choo-choo, Little Him, Peaches, Colio, Squirmius, Notorious K.I.D.

How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bong

I don't know if anyone's noticed how the system is totally rotten and designed to keep a certain slice of society healthy & wealthy at the expense of all else?

Well, it's true—the world *is* run by a corporate elite, and the people in charge of U.S. Domestic Control are the men from the insurance companies. Is that necessarily bad? Well, not if the insurance companies are headed by Gandhi and Mother Teresa. p.s. they're not.

All this talk is boring. But it gets exciting when you're in a car accident. Then you find out that your back hurts but your auto insurance won't cover it because you didn't request a separate line item for "Medical Payments." Your health insurance won't cover you either because you were in a car accident. You're thinking, what is this piece of shit policy? and then you see that your health insurance doesn't cover work-related accidents either. Hey! you've been paying a couple of rich guys \$2,500 a year to cover you in case you're hit by lightning on your day off.



Industrial Design Award

Dolby Noise Reduction. Everyone records with Dolby noise reduction *on*, then when they play back the tape they take it *off*. What a joke! You could just as well fiddle with the treble knob a little. Folks, I'd like to initiate, here and now, a grass roots movement to rename the Dolby noise reduction feature the "Treble Boost/Cut" feature. Would you sign my petition? Thanks.

GOOD LUCK Parenting, Vol.2

I feel sorry for women because they suffer from a crazy pathological desire to have kids then suddenly bing-bong!—uh...honey...I think there's some kind of *burden* in the crib. Fortunately, women's bodies produce a special enzyme that causes the eyes and ears to glaze over with a gooey film, chemically masking the enormity of it all.

(Ladies: Beware the day the film dissolves, your eyesight is restored to normal, and behold! your daughter's a hot 12-year-old slut hissing "I hate you, you fucking bitch" as she slams the front door on the way out to go smoke pot with her friends.)

I feel equally sorry for men because they're stuck with the lovable little brats even though they don't have the biological urge to reproduce or to "father" a child. At least I don't. I *do* have biological urges to drink beer, to get rad and to fix broken electronics stuff, but I don't feel any innate need to soothe screaming infants for hours at a time.

In the Name of the Father

Scene: Yawny is walking his dog and pushing his baby down the street. A white van slows down and the driver rolls down the window.

Driver: (heavy Irish accent) Hey, ya fuckin' fag!

Yawny: (incredulous) Excuse me?

Driver: Yer a fuckin' fag! That's not yer fucking baby!

(*driver pulls away*)

Yawny: Hey! Hey, come back here, you fucking pussy!

The Price is Right: 25¢ City Values

10 minutes downtown street parking, 5 pieces gum, a pencil, 4 miles' worth of gas, 30 seconds low-res peep show, 1 1/2 turns on pinball machine

Yin/Yang... Yoyo... Uh-oh

Date: Mother's Day, 1997

- Me: What's it like being you? Is it stressful?
 Sheri: (emphatically) Yes!
 Me: But isn't it exciting too? I mean because it's up and down?
 Sheri: No! I mean...well, sometimes.

FORTUNE COOKIES by Billy

- ★ He who laughs last thinks slowest.
- ★ We have enough youth, how about a fountain of SMART?
- ★ Warning: dates in calendar are closer than they appear.
- ★ Hard work is an investment in the future. Laziness pays off now.
- ★ Always remember you're unique, just like everyone else.



Dah, Surfspotting

Surf spots all around the world have the same cheesy names. There's always some "Little Pipeline," a chest-high beachbreak. Or "Privates," a weak little point/reef for guys who can't handle the real spot 1/4 mile down the road. Then there's "Secrets," the most crowded spot in the area, and "Ins and Outs," a shitty wave messed up by backwash. Why don't they ever have interesting names like Chicken & Egg, Vortex of Death, Hum Jobs, Tuna Boat Flip Loaf?

Costa Rica: Clone Kidz Romper Room Idyll

Say—if you want crowded, head-high mush, why not just stay put at your mom's house in Florida? FYI, you guys, there's 20 other countries with surf in Latin America. And guess what, the beans, rice and fish are all prepared exactly the same in all of them!

Would everybody now please whistle the tune of "Monkey See, Monkey Do" while we all goosestep down to the local surf shop to buy some T-shirts and window stickers. So listen kids, instead of Costa Rica this year, why not just set up a tent in your backyard, save yourselves \$1000 and go buy some dope like you're supposed to.

Surfer Quote of the Year

"This is a house of testosterone, not pusstosterone."
—Greg Campbell

— WANTED. — TRUANT OFFICERS.

What's the deal with when you're walking around at 12:30 in the afternoon and you notice that the streets are crawling with teenagers? Any normal American 15-year-old let loose on the street is likely to be getting high and looking to break or steal something...especially when he's got a few chums in tow...but just because it's normal doesn't mean it shouldn't be suppressed and controlled.

My solution: bring back truant officers, and equip them with stun guns. Remember when Clinton said he wanted 100,000 new officers on the streets? Even though that was a big fat lie, maybe a few guys quit their jobs thinking they could be one of the 100,000 new cops. So I'm thinking maybe they could help out with the hooky problem.

Hey, I got more ideas. Say a kid gets caught more than once, you could handcuff him to his school desk. Then you could make him wear a Golden State Warriors jersey, which is the modern-day equivalent of a dunce's cap. See, I remember high school as being one long string of humiliation rituals and I don't see why the teenagers of today should get off the hook just because they wear "hip hop" gear or whatever it is they do.

Tom Curren: The Yawny Interview

- Yawny: So, Tom, how's it going? I hear you're moving to L.A.
 TC: Dude, I am so stoked. It's going to be so killer. Huntington just goes off, it's so insane, the place is just the full bomb.
 Yawny: What have you been up to lately?
 TC: Aw, you know, shredding by day, kicking by the tube at nite, busting out the Pictionary if need be...scoring the killer grinds down at the sub shack...you know. The bros down there have me styled so heavy it's unreal!
 Yawny: Is it true you've started your own clothing company?
 TC: Oh yeah—it's gonna fully dominate, it's called Heavy Currentz. We got the raddest sickest designs. And the sweetest! Gore-Tex snowboard jackets. Dude, you gotta check it. It's situation semi-out of control.

Why did you fall on that last wave?

- Your foot got tangled in your leash?
- You need wax?
- You're getting hungry?
- You were too far inside?
- The crowd is really bugging you?
- You think you're getting tired?
- A boogie boarder?

Rock Music Discovery Channel

- I just found out the bass player for Foghat was actually really good! (No-one ever noticed because the guitar player and the singer were so bad.)
- Talking Heads accidentally made a great album once! (Fear of Music, 1980)
- Sebadoh accidentally wrote a great song once! ("Brand New Love," 1991)
- Tom Waits can be very annoying!

The Discreet Charnel-House of the Bourgeoisie

Now that I've successfully infiltrated the bourgeois lifestyle and thoroughly examined it from the inside out, I believe I'm ready to file my preliminary report. As it turns out, normal family life proves to be, as previously suspected, a bait-and-switch setup.

The basic M.O. is, they lure you in with fancy prizes and holographic images, then after a while you realize that the prizes are all gone, or that they're fakes. So you have to settle for chores.

But if you try to escape, they start jabbing you and poking you, to keep you stuffed spitefully inside your little shit house. It's a little like the skinhead cults where once you join, they make you kill people and burn stuff but you can't leave the cult because then they'll kill you. See, and it's in The Man's interest for you to keep suffering, because then you have to keep working for him in order to make the payments on your ineffective medical treatments.

In light of these discoveries, I've decided that what has always been popularly referred to as "living"—patios, station wagons, blenders—should probably actually be called "dying," which you will please bear in mind when I exult, mid-barbeque, "Ain't this the death!"

Happy Hour

This is the part where I normally thank this issue's sponsors and do a little gratuitous God-bashing in the process. A toast, then, to Greg Brannock from The Landon School in Bethesda, MD; and if everyone could please insert a short "Fuck you, God, for putting Yawny in another car accident" passage into their prayers tonight I'd be much obliged.

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