

Legitimate Reasons To Kill Yourself

- 1. Career Failure.** You hate your job, you're going nowhere, you're no good at it, it bores you to tears. And if you consider yourself a "success," well God help you, then you really should end it all now, because your head is 3/4 of the way up your ass, with only the mouth end sticking out so as to (a) greedily suck in more air for yourself and (b) spew out more incidental garbage for the rest of the world to endure. We are all ants pushing tiny little worthless crumbs from Point A to Point B. There is no true success. But failure is real, and the shame and pressure associated with not living up to your promised potential is a fine reason to kick the bucket.
- 2. Chronic pain.** Migraines. Disk problems. Blown-out knees. Sinus infections. All of these work to achieve the same effect: namely, to remind you that your life will never be as pleasant as it once was. True, you will have a friend in pain, someone you can always count on, but you can hate your friends, too.
- 3. A Sense of Justice.** If you were to take all the horrible, hypocritical, nasty things said and done in a lifetime and you tied them all together into one continuous thread, you would have a rope so long that you could tie one end to the moon and hang yourself from the other end. You know that movie *It's a Wonderful Life*, where they take the guy around and show him all the good things that happened to him in his life? Well, if they took him around to see all the *bad* things that happened to him in his life, I bet you 50 bucks he wouldn't have been so jolly fired up to go around kissing every mother, daughter and son on the block.

Uh oh, it looks like I'm giving off cry-for-help signals. Listen, I got a client on the line, I gotta run — I'll talk to you guys later —

California is Weird

Check this out: there's this cemetery out in Colma called Woodlawn Cemetery, right? Well, right next door to it there's this storage facility. And there's this big sign that says SELF STORAGE. Right next to the cemetery! Ha ha! I swear.

On the Positive Tip

Well, so I guess there's a couple of bands I kind of like...also, I'm back to playing a little music again. And, let's see, I liked Pulp Fiction a lot.

Drop the Ball! Good Boy.

Our dog Jasper has been neutered, you know? Well, I had this dream where his balls grew back.

Information Superhighway: The Dork's Turnpike

I am so sick of hearing about the stupid Internet. The Internet sucks. In my opinion, it's basically just a convenient way for lots of Trekkies to get in touch with lots of other Trekkies — without having to tear themselves away from their beloved computer monitors for five seconds or more. I'm really getting tired of all the feature articles and special reports about how the information superhighway is changing the way we work and think, etc. I don't give a shit about the Internet, and I don't know too many people who do either. If you're in school, you get to send free e-mail to your buddies. Whoopee. Beyond that, the Internet is essentially a bunch of sci-fi nerds sitting around in a big library gossiping about their favorite corporate executives and trading computer programming tips.

The other technothing I have no patience for is "multimedia." What is multimedia? I'll tell you—it's cartoons for corporate board meetings. All the executives and managers kept falling asleep at their meetings so some Silicon Valley dorks thought it would be a good idea to show some cartoons to keep everyone awake. p.s. it doesn't work.

As far as multimedia being a tool to help kids learn, that's a load of shit. Kids like computers because the Mario Bros. jump through hoops and alien ships get blown apart, not because the learning process is more fun on computers. You could hammer out the baddest-ass ever CD-ROM about U.S. History where, say, you push a button and Abe Lincoln comes out and talks about freeing the slaves and then you see a little animation clip on slavery and I tell you, the kid would be so bored he'd be fucking jumping out of his skull. If there was anything cool in the CD-ROM, like an atomic bomb blast, the kid would figure out how to do it, then he'd do it a few times, then he'd say "this is stupid" and go back to his SuperMondoTetris 2000.

And speaking of Mondo 2000, the next time you hear someone say "cyber" and they're not being sarcastic would you please punch them in the face for me. Especially if they say "cyberpunk." Anyone who actually uses that term wouldn't know punk if it came down in a spaceship and kicked them in the ass. Not like I'm Mr. Punk Rock or anything, even though I guess I kind of think I am.

Son of TOYOTA	
HONDA	MAZDA
CADILLAC	MITSUBISHI
DODGE	BUICK

SURF NEWS

I Want To Live

Sick punishment without cease...triple-overhead Victory-At-Sea for weeks on end. Maverick's just makes me want to throw up. I'm sick of this shit. My "short" board is now a 9'6". Hey, gee, Wally, I got an idea! Why don't you try holding your breath for as long as you can—but do it underwater. OK, now keep holding it for another 30 seconds. Now keep doing it while I hit you. Oh, and here, have a slice of panic, you can wash it down with a jug of salt water when we're all through.

1994 Casualty Report

One broken board, one ripped-out fin, one smashed nose, one car key inside leash pocket broken in two, three broken leashes, one broken leash rope, two ear infections. Future projects include: Hepatitis A and Hantavirus infections from surfing epic sewer pipe runoff sandbar setup at Mori's.

News Flash: Automatic Teller Machines ("ATMs") Now Dispense Cash!

I can't believe people still don't know how to use ATMs. They've been around for like what, 10, 15 years now, and you still got these jerks ahead of you in line who are reading all the instructions on every single screen and taking forever to pick one of the options. Some of these people it takes like 5 minutes for them to get out their cash. God forbid should they have to make a deposit. But the worst is when they're done but they're still fumbling around, taking stuff in and out of their bags, and hogging up the ATM for no reason other than that they need to be more organized and efficient in their day-to-day lives.

When I see someone get in and out of an ATM fast, I go, "Yeah—my man!" y'know, or "Cool chick, she's quick." Then I time myself to see how long it takes me to get in and out. For a cash withdrawal, depending on the machine, it's under 25 seconds door-to-door. If it gets close to 30 seconds, I make sure everyone knows I'm aware of the situation by tapping my foot impatiently, looking all around while it prints out my transaction record. Then the instant it comes out I snatch the receipt and take off running up the street. And I guarantee you that for every dope who's looking at me and thinking "what's that guy's fucking problem?" there's another one going "whoa, that guy rips!"

D.C. Revisited: Once A Shithole...

I was recently forced to revisit the place of my unfortunate conception—Washington, D.C. I grew up there. Not by choice. I have a lot of old friends who still live there...you people know who you are. Alcoholics...perverts...cross-burners. There's nothing to do there so they all break out the brandy around 2 p.m. I think some of them play golf too although I can't be 100% sure.

People don't realize that D.C. is a southern town. It's not Cowboy Southern but it is Backwards Southern. What that means is that the rich people all want to screw their housekeepers. In Southern states, people like to keep things tense between rich and poor, and between different races so that they can all have something to masturbate to.

How to Botch a First Date

It's not always enough just to fart. You have to make a big motion for silence, hold up one finger, fart audibly, and then say "Ahhhhh."

More Male/Female Mysteries Revealed

The thing with cooking is, and I think Pester was the first one to really point this out, is that if a guy has to think of what food to eat, it's OK to make just one thing. Like, you could make a cheeseburger or chili for dinner and that would be it (if you were hungry, you could have two cheeseburgers, or more chili). But a chick has to have like three things, so you could make the aforementioned cheeseburger AND a salad AND a side dish.

In a similar vein, chicks don't eat the same thing twice in a row. Whereas the guy actually prefers to eat the same thing over consecutive meals. So if you order an extra-large pizza and you only eat two slices for dinner, the guy has pizza for breakfast, pizza for lunch, pizza for dinner etc. I don't know what the chick does with the extra pizza but I think she throws it out.

Hail, O Great One, O Blizzard of Ozzy

Show your undying dedication to Satan by identifying the following Black Sabbath lyrics correctly.

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| 1. "If you want no remorse, change your body to a corpse." | Z. Cornucopia |
| 2. "You're gonna go insane. I'm trying to save your brain." | Y. Electric Funeral |
| 3. "Where can you run to? What can you do? No more tomorrow. Life is killing you." | X. Behind the Wall of Sleep |
| 4. "Rivers turn to wood—eyes melt into blood." | W. Sweet Leaf |
| 5. "You introduced me to my mind." | V. Sabbath Bloody Sabbath |

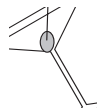
B&Bs: Robot R&R

Have you ever been to one of these Bed and Breakfast kinds of places? That's where a couple of backwoods freaks ruin a perfectly decent house by over-decorating it with their grandma's garbage. Like crocheted things that you don't even know what they are. They're all nailed to the wall. Or there'll be like old fishing nets strung up at random, and maybe a rusted-out wheelbarrow sitting out on the front lawn, just worthless junk that should be tossed.

Oftentimes you'll find that the proprietors aren't people at all but androids. You can tell by cracking a joke or by saying something sarcastic. Notice how they never laugh, or even act like they understand. Another telltale sign is when they put a grapefruit in the oven and serve it hot for breakfast.

Some Things You Can Say To Prospective Passengers When You're About To Drive Drunk

1. I'm a good drunk driver.
2. I'm not that drunk.
3. Drinking doesn't affect me.
4. I drive better when I'm drunk because I'm more careful.
5. Ahh, I'll have some coffee when I get home.
6. Don't worry, I've never been in an accident.
7. You could try to get a cab. But I'm leaving now.



A Messed-Up Fact

You know how the Man messes with your mind all the time? Like with insurance. Which is, by the way, a total racket in the first place, something we would never even need at all if not for the fact that Whitey sues someone every time he trips on the sidewalk in his clumsy white way. Well, get this: your car insurance rates go down when you turn 30—but your health insurance goes UP! It's like, they show you a little daylight to get you to run just so they can slam the door in your face at the last minute. Or, to tell it another way, you're just standing around minding your own business, then you turn 30 and someone cold cocks you but tosses you a cookie while you're lying on the ground, stunned.

Sinking Ships

The Breeders. Joe Pesci. Winona Ryder. Counting Crows. Susan Sarandon. The Beastie Boys. Joe Montana. Beck. David Lynch.



A Thing Or Two About Driving.

Doesn't it ever strike you as funny how you'll be driving along and there's some moron ahead of you on the road doing something really stupid, like stopping in the middle of the road for no reason—and then you'll notice they're driving like a brand-new \$20,000 vehicle? Because to my mind, if you have a good enough job that you can afford a brand new car, you should be capable of driving the god-damn thing. Or, conversely, if you're too stupid to drive a car, how did you manage to earn the money to buy one in the first place?

Some people might say, well, driving a car and working a job aren't the same thing; you can be smart or good at your job but not be all that coordinated or 100% in tune with your surroundings. And I say fuck that, because driving isn't that hard. You look around and you pay attention and you follow the rules and everything works out fine. If you can't do that then I say take the damn car away.

Also.

To all the people with old faded "Clinton/Gore" and "I Believe You Anita" bumper stickers. I'd like to make a suggestion and that is, go down to the hardware store and pick up some single-sided razor blades and acetone. That's what you use to scrape those things off. See, "Have You Hugged Your Kid Today?" is kind of timeless but that other stuff is over with, dated and done. Plus, you lost! Clarence Thomas was appointed for life. And Bill Clinton blobbed his spineless, fast-food, career-politician ass back over to the big soft spot in the center of the political spectrum. You should be ashamed to still be displaying the evidence of how you were duped in 1994 for the whole world to see.

Tip Jar

Listen, from one lost soul to another, I wouldn't turn down a little cash if it showed up in the mail. You know how last time I said "don't worry about the stamps"? Well, that was a misprint. Really, I could use some dough. Who wants to be a patron of the arts? Come on. Have a heart. This is hard work. If you send me enough money I'll keep the sunshine pipeline on full blast, I promise. Hugs,