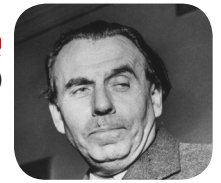




Yawny's Digest

SPECIAL LONG FORM ISSUE



Vol. XVII, No. 2

"It's like we're in this continual nuclear shitcloud of nonsense that just keeps expanding." —M. Taibbi

March 2024

Jeepers. Creepers.

Let's be honest, Apple is pretty creepy. As far as I can tell, it's basically a technocratic cult, like Scientology but with better graphics. Of course everyone loves Apple products, but it's kind of like the family in Texas Chainsaw Massacre 2 who wins the County Fair BBQ cookoff using human sausage. Because you don't *really* know all that goes into the making of Apple products, but you can pretty much expect that some measurable quantity of poor children will die of some sort of poisoning, or be sold to alien researchers, and/or people forced onto the streets and given tranq to smoke in tents because the Apple Vision Pro 2 must launch on schedule. I mean you can't spell *progressive* without *progress*, right? We ♥ Hegel

Also I have pretty reliable information that, upon joining the Apple "family," you have to swear a pledge to Cthulhu and sign a Fight Club NDA that says if you ever discuss the Apple worship of Cthulhu you may be subject to molecular restructuring, to be enforced via mandatory neck microchip to alert Human Resources if and when you ever do talk about the new Cthulhu theology featuring pontificated Steve Jobs. Alternately, at the discretion of the Company, violators of the pledge may be sent to Zhengzhou to perform hardware quality control, after which time the Company cannot necessarily guarantee familial reunification. Policy subject to revision.

Speaking of HR, last time I recommended that everyone get hip and start thinking about *humans* as *resources*. That's actually not that hip, it's really more mid-2000s millennial feel-good company optimization vibes. What's more hip is to get granular and drill down into the asset itself, i.e. the human being. Please recognize that at this critical stage in history, the safest bet for democracy would be to place the psychological and physical health of our citizens in the capable hands of a select central committee staffed by the very best and brightest products of think tank and consultancy group excellence. For God's sake, have a little decency and place some trust in our experts. Remember, democracy is on the ballot and we don't want fascism. OKAY?

Progressive-Industrial Complex Hall of Fame Inductee Celebration

"Providing meth pipes is the same as providing health care."



—Paul Boden, harm reduction advocate

Form Vs. Function, Episode 420

In light of one man's habit of donning a darke woolen watchman's cap;—to mask a tragically advancing condition of Congenital Baldness;—

ACT I

Wife: Let me give you another little tip. Don't pull your hat down so far. You need to fold the brim back more and wear it up higher on your head.

Yawny: Hello, Tim Pool vibes.

Wife: You don't have to look like a dork.

Yawny: So you're calling Tim Pool a dork? That's actually pretty based.

Wife: Who's "Tim Pool"?

ACT II

Student: You look like a robber.

Yawny: How do you know? Have you ever met one? Have you been robbed?

Student: It's just what they look like.

Yawny: Do you even know who Tim Pool is?

Word of the Year Candidates

Ouroboros, jejune, inchoate, egregore

Trolling for Dummies Starter Pack

They say that the best defense is a good offense. Since everything is virtual now, prepare for impending doom by sharpening these rhetorical tools. Think of them as YouTube rudiments:

Technique	Sample Post to Attack	Your Sample Reply
"Imagine" + anything	"Voting has never been more important"	"Imagine voting"
Lethargy/low IQ diagnosis	"Let's go Brandon!"	"If you think Biden is the problem, you haven't been paying attention"
Bot I.D.	"Thomas Friedman has an op-ed on this in today's Times"	"Obvious bot comment"
Obnoxious, abbreviated slang	"Marshall McLuhan predicted all of this in 1964"	"tl;dr" "gg fr cope harder"

Imagine Never Once Engaging in Petty Theft or Arson as a Child and Not Working as a Below-Minimum-Wage Dishwasher at Age 12

I wonder what my students really think when I regale them with tales of preteen life back in the twentieth century. Are they bored? Puzzled? Disgusted? Are they even interested? Because they never say a thing. Of course I know they can't *relate* to any of it, because even the concept of "before the internet" makes absolutely no sense to them. But I still remember the time Mrs. Johnson told us about how her brother stapled her fingers together when they were little, and I thought that was pretty cool.

The kids of today pretend not to care that my brother and I would get kicked out of the house all day on Saturdays so our mom could have some "peace and quiet," or that she'd clang a cowbell to call us in for dinner. Although they did quiet down when I told them we'd get spanked with a ping-pong paddle if we woke our dad up with our a.m. "roughhousing." Getting paddled wasn't really that big of a deal. I mean I'm not condoning violence, but we *were* kind of asking for it.

Sometimes I feel the impulse to tell the kids about some of the actual shit that my brother and I got into later. I know, that would be bad for business. But how much would it hurt to scare them just a little, so we could possibly get a bit more work done? Like a kind of mini Shock 'n' Awe program. Everyone else does it. I mean isn't that the whole point of free hardcore pornography? Youth Control 101?

== SPORTS ==

Which American is responsible for naming *football* and *soccer*? It makes no sense. In *basketball*, you try to put the ball in a *basket*; *baseball* involves safe places called *bases*. But American football only involves the feet like 1% of the time, besides the fact that you need your feet to run around with. You might as well call it heartball, because you need a heart to play. And anyway, there already *is* a sport called football, which actually *is* played with the feet, so wtf? Adding insult to injury, you then had to rename actual football to something else, and you randomly chose “soccer.” What are you, a child?

On the other hand, the name *yoga* is perfect. It sounds like something quasi-mystical, but it's also pretty close to yogurt, which is all absolutely on brand. Yeah, I know, technically yoga is not a sport, but it is a physical activity with challenges, and it's healthy. I'm back into yoga now, despite the fact that I have the flexibility of a sheetrock panel. And I've mostly forgiven it for aggravating my hip dysplasia. Doing yoga might make me soy, but it's also leading me to a full hip replacement, which brings me one step closer to that human/machine hybrid towards which we all aspire.

In the meantime, how fun would it be to troll a yoga class? You'd have to be crafty though. Because despite all their hard work on spirituality and egolessness and being centered, most yoga people are pretty sensitive.

For example, I'd like to try wearing, say, a Cannibal Corpse t-shirt to class. But at the same time be really nice to everyone. How about making a lot of excessive sighing and moaning noises during practice. And maybe periodically interject a “mmmm!” sound at random junctures like Joe Rogan does. I think you could get a lot of mileage out of some oversharing during warmup stretches: “Hi! I'm Sara. I'm an alcoholic!” or “Hey, just curious. Have you ever eaten poison?” Dying your eyebrows an outlandish color could be effective too, as long as everything else is normal.

At some point though, the instructor is going to tell you after class that you're making some people uncomfortable. Then all you have to do is tell her that you're sorry, that you learned your breathing techniques in Nepal from an ancient Buddhist yogi, but maybe this is more of a *franchised yoga chain*?

Boomer Energy Enters Chat

Yawny: The dermatologist was worthless. I'm like, really, why is it so hard to make these dark spots on my face go away? Like you can take a penis and turn it into a vagina, but you can't lighten up a few *skin blemishes*?

Daughter: OK, just...no.

Yawny: What? I'm saying these are medical miracles!

Daughter: (goes back to reading book)

Redpilled Circle of Champions

“If the Nuremberg laws were applied, then every post-war American president would have been hanged.” —Noam Chomsky

What Was That?

📻 STOCHASTIC TERRORISM 📻

Does anyone remember a year or two back when social media nerds started yelling “stochastic terrorism” every 5 seconds? Thank God that seems to have mostly blown over.

In case you missed it, “stochastic terrorism” is just a fancy term for “incitement to riot,” except that it sounds more precise while being intentionally less precise. It casts a wider net on purpose, in order to catch political enemies—mainly Trump, whom I personally dislike, but I might dislike lawfare and chattering class callouts just as much.

The idea behind stochastic terrorism is that since language is powerful but inexact, and there's quite a range of unpredictable possible reactions to your words, you should assume that the worst and dumbest listeners are going to take your words not only completely literally, but to the utmost extremes of violence, mayhem, and murder. So if some pimply incel militia or raging postmodernist dork reads your column or hears your speech, then blows up a police car, it's now your fault.

There used to be various ideas floating around regarding agency, choice, responsibility, and also esoterica like constitutional amendments, but seeing how intent is now irrelevant in the modern world, I think it would be safer if you just never said a damn thing.

Will the Circle Be Unbroken

I've flip-flopped on millennials and am now back to being anti- again.

Why? Well, the other day I brought our puppy to the dog park to do her daily fetching routine. But a 30ish couple had camped out right smack in the middle of the field with a whole fancy picnic spread and games and stuff! To make matters worse, these beery narcissists began throwing a baseball back and forth dressed basically in their underwear. Being soft and clueless, they kept blowing both the toss and the catch, so the baseball would go whizzing past people's heads, confusing dogs, etc., and altogether causing a major disturbance because these two people had zero perception of their surroundings and their effect upon it. So I started throwing *my* dog's ball ever closer to their picnic spread. But they didn't get the hint. Even after a German Shepherd strolled over and ate their cheese, their frolicsome provocations only seemed to redouble in force. That's reason #1.

Number 2 is that I just saw the dumbest movie ever made. It's called *Horizon Line*, starring two empty millennial actors, one of whom is Allison Williams from *Girls*, who's I suppose vaguely appealing in a CGI-generated sort of way. By which I mean: her acting powers have the emotional range of a hair dryer on “low” setting. I won't spoil the wretched plot or its ham-fisted execution for anyone who is greatly amused by incompetence, but I will say that the whole reason I watched it in the first place was because the Netflix algo recommended it when I searched for “horror.” And it was horrible indeed, just not in the way I was expecting.

Internet Rabbit Holes



How is bass master Larry Graham actually Drake's uncle!

MAKES SENSE BUT STILL

Imagine living in a country where the two biggest lakes are called Titicaca and Poopo!

LEGENDARY BOLIVIA

Not only can you eat dirt, but some cultures regularly incorporate it into their diet! The technical term for that is *geophagy*!

I BET THAT SHIT DON'T INTEREST YOU



Yawny's Neighborhood



Conservatards like to dunk on San Francisco as a prime example of how bad stuff happens when progressive policies are enacted. It's funny, because my neighborhood is really peaceful, with wide, tree-lined streets devoid of trash. Everyone here is polite and friendly. I shop at the organic grocery three blocks away and grow my own vegetables and herbs on our back deck. Just about everyone seems to have a dog, or a lemon tree. And this isn't even the fancy part of town.

Of course San Francisco's seedy Tenderloin district is indeed chock full of sidewalk feces, empty syringes, and humanoid zombies, but why are you there? I say if you're trying to buy drugs from a total stranger on the street, or only willing to spend \$20 on a hooker, you probably deserve to step in a little poo.

Conversation Starters

"SO OVERRATED"	"SO UNDERRATED"
Prince	D'Angelo
Radiohead	Granddaddy
Lana del Rey	Grouper
Ginger Baker	Christian Vander
Can	Typographica

Killing Time in the Crystal City

I grew up in Washington, DC, and never gave much thought to the nearby Virginia suburb named Crystal City. That's not a nickname, by the way—it's on all the road signs, Google Maps, etc. Anyway now that the Pentagon and the DoD and PBS all have offices there, and Boeing HQ is there, and since I found out there are a bunch of underground tunnels connecting all the buildings, I feel like the whole idea of calling it Crystal City is just the Blob rubbing our noses in it a little. You know? Like ha ha, yeah, welcome to Oz, look, it's the magical land of the Crystal City, where the wizard lives. Or wizards. And as you know the "wizards" are little paper-pushing office virgins directing drone bombs with their Playstation controllers.

Arlington National Cemetery is nearby too. I'm not sure if there's a tunnel connecting it to Crystal City, but I do know that JFK and RFK are buried there, and JFK reportedly had an addiction to *CRYSTAL* meth. So—

Booze Cruisin'



Americans worry a lot about alcohol intake. That wasn't always the case. I used to have this saying: "half of San Francisco is in AA, and the other half should be." But that was only to get some cheap laughs, because I honestly didn't care. Most of us actually preferred how "off" everyone was around here. Times certainly have changed. Now people wear yoga pants to the store, and doctors hound you relentlessly about how many drinks a week you have. I happen to know that's only because Big Insurance's AI correlates alcohol use with poor health outcomes, but correlation is not causation, b*tches. Ultimately this whole soft prohibition really just boils down to a business optimization rather than any genuine concern for my personal well-being. Because if my doctor was a real one, she'd go have a beer with me. Not that I'd necessarily want to, because she seems like kind of a med school dork. In any case, they're all living rent free in my head now: if I have, say, a glass and a half of wine, or a little tumbler or two of whiskey while cooking dinner, the next morning I'm thinking I should probably cut back.



Maybe this New Puritanism is just another version of coastal elites vs. populists. On the one hand, you got your Healthcare Industrial Complex wagging prudish fingers in your face and giving you lectures while rawdogging you on prescriptions, premiums, copays, etc. On the other hand, the Right to Rage still courses through the blood of everyman. So it's the people against the experts once again. Sadly, the last time the people and the experts came together was for the opioid epidemic, which kinda got out of control.

I will admit that T.h.e.y. also have me beat on the whole youth/health obsession. That's wedged in my head too—I've had an ongoing midlife crisis for about the last 25 years. I just wish America would drop the whole trying-to-arrest-time-in-its-tracks thing, because we keep losing. Sometimes it feels like the tide is turning against the youth/fitness fixation, and if so, I say good riddance because I hate exercise, it's so boring.

Of course I always feel better after exercising, and I know it's beneficial to your body and brain, but good lord, the tedium. I feel like there should be a goal or game or product attached to all physical exertion. For instance, you direct your energy towards planting corn that you intend to sell or eat. Or you get a map of all the steepest streets in San Francisco and color each one with highlighter pen after riding your bike up it without stopping. If exercise doesn't have some kind of a hook, I'm not really that down.

What is this shit? All those sun-kissed octogenarians in Cyprus have been drinking wine constantly since they were like ten years old, and they can still cut tile, behead chickens, basket weave, etc. If you ever want to feel better about yourself, go visit Europe and see how those motherfuckers drink. Go ahead, pick a country, any country—except maybe Holland or Switzerland, you'll probably get a good scolding there for something.

Out of Step With the World

If this piece of paper you're holding in your hands had an IMDB rating, it would be one of those 5.5 scores, thanks to a bunch of weirdos and/or personal friends giving it a 10, and just as many people one-starring it:

"I have no idea what these references are"	"Incoherent"	"Showoffy, but no real substance"
"Derivative, outdated bitching"	"Tryhards are so cringe"	"Is this supposed to be funny?"
"Self-indulgent"		

So what. Listen, you could spend an entire lifetime on, say, only Israel-Palestine, and your brain would still be an addled, confusing mess. Now multiply that by about a billion.

What I'm saying is, I can't keep up. I can't even keep up with my **Substacks!** I'd like to see *you* try to read Lee Fang, N.S. Lyons, Matt Taibbi, Matt Stoller, Sam Kriss, Mary Harrington, Niccolo Soldo, Paul Kingsnorth, Seymour Hersh, Aaron Mate, Katie Herzog, and Jesse Singal every damn week. *And* follow the Weasle, MMAGuru, Money Moicano, GenoSamuel2, and StormSurf podcasts. While trying to catch up on the 500 essential novels you never read and the scores of classic Ozu, Bergman, Tarkovsky, or Varda films you haven't seen yet. Time is running out.

And by the way good luck trying to make up your own jokes, it's actually not all that easy



"Retirement is stupid." —Ben Shapiro

I SWEAR TO F***ING G*D

Now that I'm mostly retired, I can't imagine going in to a stupid job every day. There are two basic reasons to willingly enter a modern workplace: (1) in exchange for money, and (2) to collect anecdotal data and hilarious stories about your co-workers. Fortunately I believe I've amassed enough of both to last me for the rest of my days, depending.

I used to think sitting on a jury would be a fun thing for retirees to do, but I just got called in for jury selection and apparently it's even more boring than a job. It seems like a lot of sitting around and waiting while other people do things in another room. In other words, kind of like a music recording session.

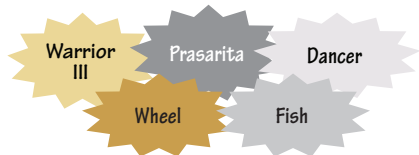
I did find it pretty surreal when all 150 of us potential jurors had to stand up, raise our right hands, and say "I do" together in unison in response to some official courtroom proclamation read aloud. It felt like some kind of bizarre pagan worship ritual. How could that goofy little pantomime be something that's legally binding? Then the judge is flexing on us like "well, now you have all sworn an oath, therefore any answers you give henceforth are subject to the force of the law, qua qua qua." But you could always say later, "I never said 'I do'. I kept quiet," or claim that you couldn't hear the bailiff, or that you raised your *left* hand. They can't prove shit.

Do you guys ever sing the Star-Spangled Banner when they play the national anthem? I don't even want to stand, much less sing along—not because I'm anti-American, or trying to make a statement or anything, but all that stuff is just kind of embarrassing.

Favorite Yoga Asanas



Least Favorite Yoga Asanas



BUDGET LIVING WITH: KAISER THE MISER

BUDGET SANCTITY

Did you know that you can get ordained online in literally 30 seconds? Yes, I know "literally" is used without discretion or care by millions of inarticulate teens daily, but I timed the process. Not only is ordination quick; it's free. In exchange for the complimentary holy credentials, the ministry tries to trick you into buying some merch. Which you can do, and some of it looks dope as fuck. Especially the robes and ornate shawls. It's basically like the Halloween Superstore, but for real.

However this is a Kaiser the Miser column, so there's no need to buy anything. As far as I can tell, the "Minister's Collar" is just a strip of white cardboard stuck in the neck of a dark button-down shirt. You can easily imitate one of their tacky certificates using that bootleg copy of InDesign you stole from work back in 2010. If you have a home laminator LIKE A BOSS, then you have an ID card too. And just like that, you've saved \$50 on an Ordination Premium Pack.

CONCENTRATE ON THIS

The best products are the highly concentrated ones, because they last forever. The cream of the crop is **Liquid Smoke**. Just a few drops in your mashed potatoes or cooked greens buys you authenticity for pennies on the dollar. Next up is **bitters**: just add a dash to any cocktail, or even water. Instant elegance. Number 3 is **Trader Joe's laundry detergent**. I've been milking the same \$6 jug for like 3 months, wtf

CHEAP THRILLS

- * Throwing batteries in the trash
- * Eating with a knife
- * Misgendering other people's pets

Catching Up With Catch-22

Why didn't anyone tell me *Catch-22* is one of the funniest books ever written? I knew it was iconic, but I'd never read it before, mainly because it was required reading. Also I had this idea that it was just grim, and not grimly hilarious. I wish I had known.

Without *Catch-22*, there probably would not have been any Dr. Strangelove, or M*A*S*H, and possibly not even a Commander-in-Chief named George W. Bush either. Because that guy is 100% a character straight out of the book. Sometimes life does imitate art. Not to mention the fact that *Catch-22* seems to be where the Axis of Evil writing team got their whole "you're either with us, or with the terrorists" shtick.

Still the Reigning King of Cultural Appropriation

My family thinks toast with peanut butter and chopped kale is "weird." You know what that means: time to double down. And you might as well loot some ancient civilizations while you're at it.

First, try spreading **doenjang** on toast. I call it "Korean vegemite" which is already a W. But to be honest, any kind of fermented bean product will work. And no matter what fermented bean style you choose, just go ahead and call it "Asian vegemite" since apparently nobody on the left, right, or center has any objection to lumping 4 billion people from disparate cultures and languages together and calling it a "community." Extra appropriation points for stealing the "AZN" spelling.

Always remember, the important thing is to remove the food item from its traditional context and press it into the service of your good ol' Western breakfast. Japanese miso is actually my favorite toast spread, but unfortunately I believe that's already been coopted by the foodie network. Hai!

What else? I've done Indian daal with arugula on seeded sourdough and it wasn't bad. I guess that should be called Colonial Open Faced.

But it's time again to level up. next time the wife is out of town, I'm making **tempeh asada**, rolled up with **jalapenos** and **pico de gallo** in a sheet of *Pillsbury Crescent Roll* dough. Pop that baby in the toaster oven and—bam! Cradle rock style! Spread some butter on it, maybe drizzle some maple syrup. You already know that shit is fire, or should I say FUEGO

In Closing

"The thing is, you guys, the world is extremely fucked up."
—UFC Ex-champ Sean Strickland

We salute this issue's heroic sponsors,
Jason and Beth !

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