



# Yawny's Digest



## Mangia! Mangia!

In a famous scene from Pier Paolo Pasolini's masterpiece *Salò* (1975), depraved Italian fascists force their unfortunate charges to eat human feces served on fine china with fancy silverware. "Mangia! Mangia!" they cry.

Fast forward to 2016, when good ol' Main Street was told they would get hot dogs and hamburgers with ketchup and fries on paper plates. But when Main Street showed up to the fair, the only thing to eat was shit, laid out on overpriced Trump-branded tableware. "Mangia! Mangia!"

The funny thing is, Main Street seems not to mind. They seem to think it tastes just great. 41% of Americans think Trump is doing a great job—despite the fact that he's pulled a complete 180 on nearly every one of his campaign talking points. But Trump is right about one thing: facts and truth really are irrelevant now. It's all about belief. And by "belief," I don't mean anything religious, or even humanist—like belief in God, or mankind, or a narrative arc bending towards justice, or improvement of the social compact, or, say, science. I mean: belief in boogeymen; wild conspiracies; sacrificial goats; cults of personality; and wild, slashing narratives of hatred and blame. Or just about any ridiculous pattern at all that the cornered, addled, overloaded mind of today can grab ahold of. Mangia! Mangia! I mean... MAGA!

## BFF SHOOTOUT: HUMANS VS. ALCOHOL

Features	Humans	Alcohol
Consistency		✓
Patient Listening Skills		✓
Multiple Flavors	✓	✓
Hugs	✓	
Creative Inspiration Source	✓	✓
Fear Suppressant		✓
Humor (add-on module)	✓	✓
Free/Demo Version	✓	

## INTELLIGENT DESIGN: PRODUCT REVIEW

People say, "OK, if God is so fake, why do you spend so much time talking about Him?" and my answer is that fake things can bother you too. Now let's turn our attention to intelligent design. What kind of right-thinking engineer would purposely construct a creature with:

- ♦ its most critical sensory organs only on one side of the body?
- ♦ an inability to regenerate limbs?
- ♦ a lengthy, debilitating reproductive process easily destructive to mother and child?
- ♦ a propensity towards belief in the irrational and supernatural?

**Final grade:** B+. *Some good ideas here, Creator, but you need to correct some fundamental weaknesses and address several fairly arbitrary design decisions.*

## DIVERSE U.

I never understood the whole notion of people getting depressed when they retire. Because "their work was their life." Do people not have any damn hobbies? I would love to retire, because I'm literally drowning in hobbies. Between surfing, gardening, bass, drums, film, reading, writing, sysadmin projects, and video games, who has time for a stupid job? Hey Jesus, What Would You Do? (a) take a FREE online course on Artificial Intelligence from M.I.T. or (b) sit in a boring ass meeting while a bunch of idiots try to figure out "next steps"?

I wish I had fewer hobbies. I've already had to drop both saltwater reef tank keeping and electronic guitar effects construction. Recently I tried to pick up mixed martial arts, which is a terrible choice for a middle-aged fool with preexisting injuries. Back in the day, engaging in so many parallel interests might confer upon oneself the vaunted title of "Renaissance Man," but I prefer "dilettante." Other, more direct ways to describe this approach would be: "unfocused"; "spreading yourself too thin"; or "not really all that good at anything in particular."

## Doge Gone It

Walking the dog is pretty damned boring, so I had to come up with some activities to while away the time. Like most normal people, the main thing I like to do during idle stretches is daydream. Everyone knows that imagining something is not that different from directly experiencing it, except it takes a lot less effort and you have better control over the final results. I tend to focus on classical human themes such as prestige lost and gained, violent revenge, and the jealousy and remorse of others.



I recently discovered another way to make dog walks more enjoyable, and that is: identifying various wild-growing weeds along the way. Grass or broadleaf? Opposite, alternate, whorled or basal? Lobed, toothed, or entire margins? You see how fun?

Weeds are super varied, and they pop up in the funniest places. It reminds me of my old saltwater reef tank, in which bristle worms, Aiptasia, or even little crabs would appear seemingly out of nowhere. Some of these living surprises can be a delightfully welcome addition, while others are hateful and ugly. My least favorite weed would probably be the dandelion, or any member of the thistle family. Whereas my least favorite reef fish would be the three-striped damsel, because they are such fucking assholes. Anyone who doesn't think a fish can be a dick just hasn't spent that much time with fish.

## Super Dad Punch List

1. **Dad bod** - anti-ripped: can usually lift/push/pull, absent any muscle definition or tone; cute fat cushion envelops midsection.
2. **Dad jokes** - corny, often centered around bad puns. May be slightly inappropriate or centered on bodily functions.
3. **Dad tunes** - inordinately high mix of hard rock, indie, metal, and/or 90's rap.
4. **Dad interpersonal** - cringey attempts at invoking teen slang; occasional ill-advised recountings of past misdeeds; fake accents.



## T.V.O.D.

In these twilight hours of the empire, I hope you all are enjoying the Golden Age of Television as much as I am. I would suggest that you enjoy it while you can, because it's not going to last. But in the meantime, I particularly appreciate sticking it to the insurance and auto industries by watching bootleg streams free of their shitty advertisements. Shouts out Project Free TV.



The show my household liked best last year was the apocalyptic doomsday feature **Mr. Robot**, with its insane hacker protagonist, psycho hot chicks, and shadowy corporate puppetmasters. **Westworld** ran a close second, with its insane hacker protagonists, psycho hot chicks, and shadowy corporate puppetmasters.

I suppose you've noticed how all the great programs of our time are either dystopian metaphors for the human condition, or meticulously detailed depictions of subcultures (**The Wire**, **Sopranos**). Even **House of Cards** and **Homeland**, silly as they can be, are basically right on the money: DC is run by a bunch of ethical cripples, asshole megalomaniacs, and craven cowards. I should know, I grew up there. Though in my defense, not by choice. If they had asked me "where would you like to be raised?" I think I probably would have chosen Malpais, Costa Rica instead.

I sometimes wonder: if I were born in, say, Phoenix, would I still have turned out to be a lazy, impotent narcissist? Or just a dumbass meth addict? Or are the two functionally equivalent—one version clutching hipsterdom, the other hoarding chems? See America! See how much we can all learn from TV?

## Coast v. Coast Slang-Off

West: "Bruh you tryna slide thru tonight."

East: "Bet. Gonna be lowkey brick tho fam."

West: "Yo don't be cattin out like last time. That shit was hella cutty, you dippin out with the trees."

East: "My guy, you buggin. I got mad guap for that pacc, son. Deadass."

## 1-800-WE-R-FUQD

The fun thing about psychological disorders is that most of them are clinical diagnoses— i.e. there's no blood test, but if you meet like four out of eight super-vague criteria, you can help yourself to a healthy dose of victim status, courtesy of your newfound condition. Most criteria for psych disorders could easily double as "symptoms of human existence." Take, for example, these four **randomly selected signs of clinical depression**:

- ✓ Depressed mood, such as feeling sad, empty or tearful
- ✓ Insomnia, or increased desire to sleep
- ✓ Fatigue or loss of energy
- ✓ Trouble making decisions; trouble thinking or concentrating

Come on folks, the above also pretty accurately describes a state commonly referred to as "living." Most people probably feel like this at least 50% of the time. Am I right?

Every so often, though, you meet somebody who is so miserable that they do nothing else but shit on everything and everyone else, and you think OK, that person might be in a different category. They might really be mental. Or...they might just be a total piece of shit. Like people who spend all their time internet trolling, or drunkcalling old girlfriends to stalk and threaten them. And how about that asshole on the freeway in the red sports car.

Do you ever think, "wow, if I found out that person was dead, I would be so glad?" or "you know, if that guy's car just flipped off the side of the road and blew up in a canyon below, I would say he totally deserved to die, and I would laugh?" I definitely think that shit sometimes. Is that bad?

I would never actually kill someone, because I might get in trouble. But what if you had a wish-granting genie? If it only gave me three wishes, I wouldn't use one up on a murder, but if I had an infinite-wish genie I would certainly wish that a few people in particular were dead.

See, now technically I'm displaying signs of possible schizophrenia or borderline personality disorder, so could somebody PLEASE send some Xanax my way? For Christ's sake, my HMO doctor is stingy as fuck.

## Election Day Jitters

**Lisa:** I see you voted already.

**Yawny:** Yeah. I actually voted for Jill Stein. I know she's a total kook, but I just figured, California's obviously going to Clinton, so I can vote however I want. And I thought maybe the Greens would have the best chance of getting that 5% to qualify for public funding. I really just want to break up the same-old, same-old duopoly, you know?

**Lisa:** Mmm. Well, your secret is safe with me!

**Yawny:** That's OK, I don't mind telling people.

(5 minutes later)

**Middle schooler,** pointing at Yawny:  
You voted for Jill Stein!

## MacNerd Throwback Center

- After Dark screen saver
- NOW Utilities
- Nisus Writer
- FAXstf
- MacDraw/MacPaint/MacWrite
- Canvas
- Adobe Type Manager

## Teachable Moment #37

Dec. 11, 2014: Yawny informs a class of seventh graders that the Japanese word for potato is "potato-ru."



## YAWNY'S DIGEST

A million thanks to you generous supporters from the January issue. The pathway to heaven is now clear for Jono, Catharine, Beth, Keith, Steve, Ellen, and Claudia. And the rest of you can just go to hell. Because those people paid for your stamps. But if you think this cheerful, breezy throwback to simpler times writes itself, then by all means do not send a dollar or two via PayPal to:

[yawny@spamtrench.com](mailto:yawny@spamtrench.com)

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