



Yawny's Digest

SPECIAL LIGHTHEARTED ISSUE



Vol. XV, No. 1

"To imagine one can live in the country of money and preserve one's soul is like imagining one could preserve one's life at the bottom of a lake." - Kandianronk

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R.I.P. Posemodernism **Bloomin' 'Ell, LuV**

Remember when cigarettes were cool? Go watch an old French or Czech New Wave film, all the hip and sexy kids are smoking. Everybody used to smoke cigarettes! There was this raging worldwide oral fixation, everyone going around sucking on these little white dicks. Hello? Colonialism?

Actually, oral fixations are classically viewed as a substitute for the mother's breast. Seen in this light, even the toughest gangsters were really just taking a trip down mammary lane back to the days when they could suckle at mommy's teat. A bunch of big, frustrated babies. Now we have a whole world full of them. Big fat spoiled babies throwing tantrums, stealing other kids' toys and wrecking everything in sight. Great job, homo erectus.

Yawny's Lil' Neighborhood

If this really is a zero-sum universe, as some like to claim, here's a case where someone else's pain is our gain: the millennial couple behind us, a/k/a the notorious Bro-B-Qers, is feuding, big-time! So instead of "yah Trevor was like totally Xanned out that night," we've been hearing: "You have literally been shitting on me. All. Week. Long." or: "What? Are you just gonna sit there and sulk?" Of course, these "personal" conversations all take place on the very same back deck that previously hosted late-night kickbacks during the height of Covid, i.e. WHERE EVERYONE CAN HEAR YOU, and where their low-IQ dog still goes to bark into the fence.

Is it really so bad to wish for certain people to vanish from the face of the earth forever?

SPORTS 🚗 🚗 🚗

- Yawny:** Your friend's being ridiculous. She needs to just take the L and move on.
- Wife:** Take the L? What is that, take a left?
- Yawny:** Lol no, it means take the loss.
- Wife:** Well I don't know!
- Yawny:** That's OK. It's kind of a sports term.
- Wife:** Oh, great. Now are you going to put this in your digest?

It's hard to take British slang seriously. Especially all their sex talk. Shagging, snogging, having a go...it's all so Hogwartsy. Maybe even a little Winnie the Pooh-like. I can just picture Pooh with his paw in the honey jar now. Oh God.

American slang is so much more violent and rapey. Dudes talk about "nailing," "banging," and "drilling" chicks. It makes sense given our history. Like, American foreign policy is just overall kind of rapey. "Speak softly and carry a big stick," so fucking gross.

Also this is only tangentially related, but Christopher Robin is totally gay, right? I mean that's a good thing, just doing a little quick gaydar check over here.

"By 2005...the Internet's impact on the economy [will have] been no greater than the fax machine's." —Paul Krugman 🤔 🤔 🤔

OK Transgressive Boomers

People keep saying the 90s are back. They say that every year! I wish we could bring 90s Bill Clinton back, so we could hang him for NAFTA, massive deregulation, and repeal of Glass-Steagall. Just wondering if any pot dealers thrown in jail in '95 for twenty years would care to cast the first stone?

Speaking of the 90s, I tried watching a Lydia Lunch special recently but it was so cringey I had to turn it off. "Broken glass! Rivers of blood! Bracelets of barbed wire to remember all the shit you tried to pull but never could, because you're too fucking pathetic!" etc. People say, "oh, you'd never say that to her face, Lydia Lunch would fucking kill you." Come on man, I'd fight her.

Anyways then I thought, there's gotta be some good 1990 stuff out there that I didn't fully appreciate. I never listened to Psychic TV, so I thought I'd give it a spin, and boy, was that bad too. All the PTV kids were hopped up on X at the time, so I guess as long as the drum machine was set to some kind of simplistic 140 BPM pattern, maybe even a blue whale calling her calf would have sounded pretty awesome. Even looped over a lame MIDI bass line for 15 minutes.

Fun Facts About Ether

Ether has enjoyed widespread use as a solvent, anesthetic, and recreational drug!

In the 1800s, people used to have ether parties! (And nitrous oxide parties! Who knew whip-its were Victorian?)

Ether would regularly appear in mid-twentieth century cartoons as a hilarious source of confusion! Curious George himself once passed out on ether!

You normally black out before dangerous levels of ether dissolve in your blood, so it's hard to O.D. on it!

Some people DRINK ether—even today!

Up is Down; Down is Up

Those of us who observe the Winter Solstice are unfairly maligned. "Oh, look how contrary they're being! How goth! They're celebrating the darkest day of the year. What's next, a Horror Film Festival? Are you going to put on a Misfits T-shirt now? Curl up by a raging fire with your black cat and a book by Aleister Crowley?"

Assholes! I look forward to the Winter Solstice because I know that EVERY DAY WILL GET A LITTLE LONGER AND BRIGHTER after that. You see, unlike you, I'm an optimist, not a pessimist. But go ahead, crucify those of us who look forward and upward with a vision towards a better tomorrow.

SETI Solved

You know how Fermi's Paradox outlines the tension between the high probability of alien life and the total lack of evidence we have for it? Well, I just figured out how to resolve it: what if we've been cancelled by aliens. Either we're just really annoying, or we're an embarrassing experiment of theirs gone wrong. And they're hiding. They're cloaking their presence so that we don't ever contact them and ask them a bunch of awkward questions, like: how did you let us evolve to be such shitheads? Why didn't you engineer out the monstrosity? Can you give us some lasers?



Extraditing Assange is not the vibe, STOP!

The Ultimate Fourth Grade Boys' Morality Tale

One day, a king was **gaily** strolling when a **horrendous** thought **came** to him. "**Nuts!**" He said. "Why do the **people** **continue** to **harass** me? I don't **dictate** policy. Their **heinous** slander has been going on for **far too long**." He began to **bawl**. His dog—a **poodle/Shih T**su mix—looked up in **cockeyed** puzzlement, perhaps hoping to scrounge up a **bone or two**.

"**Let's be in** agreement," the king cried to his pet. "If I could **die a real** hero's death, they might not think me so **pompous**." The king's gardener overheard this and stabbed the king, shouting, "I feel remorseful about **it**, **but...you're in** heaven now!" The people sang: "that **peon is** the real hero."

SURF NEWS

Interview with a Has-Been

Interviewer: Why aren't you surfing? It's double-overhead and firing.

Yawny: I don't know. I don't really enjoy it anymore. I hate Ocean Beach, it's stressful.

Interviewer: Pussy.

Yawny: I did that shit for like 30 years.

Interviewer: Great, then paddle out, pussy.

Yawny: I have nothing to prove. I have photos of myself on triple overhead waves.

Interviewer: Anyone who would even say something like that is automatically a gigantic fucking douche.

Yawny: I also have a shit ton of injuries. Back, knees, hips, shoulders. Everything's worn down or broken. I've been knocked out underwater. I just want a little peace and quiet. I want release from this endless and pointless competitive ego struggle.

Interviewer: Confirmed massive fucking douche nozzle!

A COMPANY OF WOLVES

Tom Wolfe	Wolfenstein 3D	Prof. Richard Wolff	ABOVE THE EARTH
Naomi Wolf	Wolfman Jack	Guitar Wolf	OF THE EARTH
Michael Wolff	Paul Wolfowitz	Wolf Blitzer	BENEATH THE EARTH

KAISER THE MISER SELF-SERVICE SAVINGS

NOTE PADS
Why would anyone buy a note pad? Take a few pages of used laser printer paper, or already-opened envelopes. Get out a pair of scissors and cut those papers up into little rectangles. If you're a nerd you can paperclip them together. Cost: \$0

THE SAVINGS ARE TRULY AMAZON'
Another way to bilk Jeff Bozos out of some cash is to get the Amazon credit card. You get a free \$60 signing bonus just for requesting one of their ripoff cards, which you're never going to use since the APR is 25%. Charging a 25% APR when CDs and money market accounts yield less than 0.1% should be punishable by extreme financial penalty and/or meme dragging.

BE YOUR OWN THERAPIST
Imagine living with some dude who just constantly whines: "waahh, I can't surf anymore, my life is over." If you think that sounds annoying, try sharing a BRAIN with this fucking idiot. I would do therapy if it was free, but I'm definitely not paying \$200/hour or whatever when I can do it myself. There are only six things you ever need to hear from a therapist:

- (a) Yeah, that sucks.
 - (b) Why do you think that?
 - (c) Do you ever stop to consider all the positive things you have in your life?
 - (d) In the scope of things, it's really not that important.
 - (e) Actually, the world doesn't revolve around you.
 - (f) OK, so what are you going to do about it?
- Savings: \$200 per session x twice a month => \$4800 x 10 years = \$48,000 // GANGSTERRR // NOWZONING //

Actually therapists are good for one thing, i.e. medication, but that's totally unnecessary when you belong to the streets.

Too Little, Too Late

Professional derp Paul Simon once wrote: "when I think back on all the crap I learned in high school / it's a wonder I can think at all." If I could change those words a little, I'd surely croon sweetly: "when I think back on what a dick I was in high school, it's a wonder I wasn't slapped at all."

I went to a good school, where the teachers were smart and caring, yet the highlight of the week was startling the math teacher by throwing chalk at the blackboard when she wasn't looking. One time, the AP Physics teacher screamed at us, calling us spoiled entitled brats, and I remember thinking "it's about time! Of course he's right, but this really is too little, too late."

The Party Pooper



For a while one of the top Netflix shows was this miniseries called Maid. I watched the first episode and thought, hey, not bad. I like the theme: a weak social safety net combined with a little bad luck can strand any one of us down into the pit. So true! And Margaret Qualley is a decent actress with high quality eyebrows. Then it hit me: DUDE, THIS IS SUCH A PITCHFORK SHOW. And sure enough, by episode two they started breaking out the indie music soundtrack.

Here's the thing: this is a story about a pretty little white girl who's down on her luck. So she's semi-homeless for like ONE night. Big deal. I spent the night on a park bench in Barcelona once. I've "slept" in an airport.

So Margaret takes a shitty job as a house-cleaner, her car gets wrecked, and she loses a child custody battle, all in the first episode! But because the whole thing's just a poverty cosplay, the next thing you know, everything's basically OK again. No meth. No fentanyl. No whoring. No physical abuse. Her shit doesn't get stolen. And here's the biggest plot hole of all. She's desperate for cash, so she takes a job as a cleaning lady. But in a flashback, we learn that she used to work as a waitress. Earth to Margaret: IF YOU NEED CASH, GO BACK TO WAITING TABLES. Ever heard of tips, stupid?

You Guys, This Is SERIOUS

Activists on either side always behave like they're being stage directed by John Waters. You can picture him in the background with a bullhorn, egging them on: "Louder! Louder! Be shrill! You should be *shrieking* your parts. I like how your voice cracked just then! You need to say *all of your lines* that way. Now give me more fake tears! *More fake tears!*"

YAWNY'S DIGEST

Post-2010 Yawny's Digest issues are online for free at yawnydigest.com. But you can also get a paper copy for free, so long as gangstas like San Diego Keith keep paying for your cheap asses. Support the arts, folks!

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