



Yawny's Digest

SPECIAL ULTRA-VERBOSE ISSUE



Vol. XV, No. 3

"The only function of economic forecasting is to make astrology look respectable." - J. K. Galbraith

May 2022

FDR 2.0 Beta Test Fail

Remember when every libtard news organ in America was calling President Biden the reincarnation of FDR? What was that all about? Of course, some of it was simply Trump-hating DC chundits exhaling in relief. But in retrospect, I think it was just as much about people angling for pork projects that never actually materialized. Rest In Power, blockbuster infrastructure bill

never forget

On the Dem dysfunction front, analysts are split on whether Sinema and Manchin are lone renegade sellouts to their corporate sponsors, or if Capitol Hill is all in on the grift, and these two just signed up to play the heels. Because, as you will recall, last time Dems had control of the executive and legislative branches, they didn't do shit then either—other than pointing a cash firehose at Wall Street. Well, it's not exactly some big secret that Congress doesn't crave transformational change. Right now it seems that it mostly craves censorship, freedom to trade stocks directly impacted by their committee work, and, possibly, more cock.

Speaking of sex work, doesn't *quantitative easing* sound like some kind of BDSM protocol? What's the safe word for QE? I think we never agreed on a safe word, which might partially help explain our current state of affairs.

Internet Rabbit Holes



Wow, **Blackstone** just bought ACC, the largest student housing organization in the country? I smell a predator! Maybe they'll get Jared Kushner to manage the portfolio

LOL REKT

Oh shit. Salesforce bought Heroku?

IS NOTHING SACRED

Goddamnit, Conde Nast has owned **Reddit** since 2006? And its valuation is \$10 billion?

IT'S A FUCKING BULLETIN BOARD

Amazon bought MGM? M-G-friggin-M?

NOBODY TELLS ME ANYTHING

Imagine Normies Simping for Torture

Imagine if some of the fondest memories from childhood—both your own and your kids'—involved tours of a jail. A place where sentient creatures are placed in glass boxes, wire cages, and concrete pens, separated from their families, allies, and the natural world. Imagine if you thought all of that was "wonderful" and "fun" and "cute."

Now imagine if many of the things you most cherish, the things that make your life a little better, like the marvelous medicines that take away your pain, or your gentle hypoallergenic soap with the natural scent, or that good old-fashioned eggs & bacon breakfast, or the cool new threads you just bought at Target or Armani or wherever, were only made possible thanks to the ongoing torture of countless innocent mammals for decades and decades, all held in conditions vastly more horrifying than a concrete jail or glass box.

I'm not judging or telling anyone what to do, I'm just saying wouldn't that be something.

KAISER THE MISER

DIRTY HIPPIE KAISER

STICK IT TO THE MAN

The hippie lifestyle is firmly encamped on the frugal side of the fence. Since working for The Man is generally frowned upon, lifelong bans on excessive showering, laundering, and retail consumption can help offset that dried-up income trickle. And the more you save, the more you have left over for LSD.

RICE BOWL

Healthy, nutritious, and dirt cheap

- Cup of rice: **85 cents**
- Tapatio and/or soy sauce: **0 cents** (freely available condiment packets)
- 2 Tbsp. chopped toasted nori: **5 cents**
- Chopped kale or other greens from your garden: **0 cents***

GRAND TOTAL: **90 cents**

* if you're not growing kale, you're not really serious about any of this, are you? I've been living off the same dumb clump of kale plants for 5 years

You can't spell "TikTok Account" without "cunt"



I don't have a TikTok, because that's a platform for thirsty teens recycling the same tired shticks over and over again: cutie-pie Korean girls posing as jailbait waifu; cutie-pie Korean boys dancing to Michael Jackson; fat-as-fuck cats sitting around while some trap beat plays in the background; and dorky Chads faceplanting halfway through a recycled version of a stunt someone did on Jackass 20 years ago.

Here's the real reason to feel bad for kids today: crushing student debt, coronavirus, climate change, World War 3...it all pales in comparison to a completely plastic, shallow, unfunny and unoriginal life of perpetual remixes. A hall of black mirrors with No Exit. The good news is I hear that real estate in the metaverse is still really cheap. GO GET IT KIDS

Angry Rebuttal to the Above Pathetic Screed

GenXers are salty because they're bad at the internet, music, and extreme sports. They bemoan today's tech-obsessed screen kids, yet they themselves watched endless hours of insipid TV sitcoms as children. Their idea of rebellion was using an octave pedal on guitar, then getting a job sweeping up at a tattoo parlor. They're sulky quitters who never helped with anything.

Qur'an 4:34 Has Entered the Chat

DAFUQ

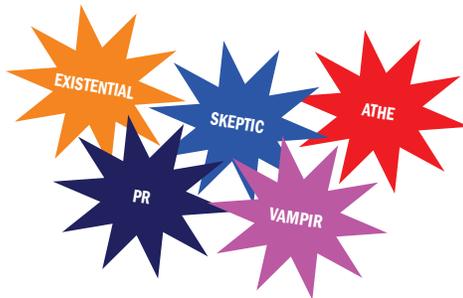
Men are the caretakers of women, as men have been provisioned by Allah over women and tasked with supporting them financially. And righteous women are devoutly obedient and, when alone, protective of what Allah has entrusted them with. And if you sense ill-conduct from your women, advise them first, if they persist, do not share their beds, but if they still persist, then discipline them gently.

It's Howdy Doody Time!

Way back in America's glorious past, kids all knew this corny old vaudeville tune called "Ta-ra-ra Boom Dee Yay." And everyone had made-up lyrics for it like "Ta-ra-ra boom dee yay, my father ran away." Those kinds of ad libs were considered pretty hilarious, maybe even a little bit scandalous, and naughty little ditties like it were greatly prized and distributed through an invisible underground network of 10-year-olds across the USA. I wonder what 10-year-olds do for shock value nowadays. I'm guessing they pass around tentacle porn, or share fisting videos in a group chat. Seriously, if you google "fisting videos," you'll find countless examples of well-produced clips of smiling clean IPA millennials offering helpful hints regarding aforementioned activity.

Don't get me wrong. I'm not trying to kinkshame anyone, and I'm sure fisting is probably super fun and all that. But for now, I'm just gonna keep using it as a metaphor for class struggle if that's ok with you guys.

FAVORITE ISMS



Haters, Begone

After last issue, two completely unrelated readers told me that I was getting "cranky," which suggests some kind of irrational, paranoid, incontinent mindset. Let the record show that I am a positive, progressive optimist who generally supports productive human activity:

Novo Bank
great, free, small business financial services

Voltaren
effective topical NSAID gel

NOW psyllium husk
GI tract savior

Now here's the problem:
THAT SHIT WAS NOT FUNNY AT ALL

Zeitgests (2022 Update)

Boomers	Who gives a fuck
GenX	Fuck it
Millenials	Dude WTF! :)
GenZ	We're fucked
Alpha Gen	That's not a very nice word

We Care a Lot

You notice how nobody gives a crap about Ukraine or COVID anymore? Disaster porn fatigue is all too real, and we're being gaslit from here to Kingdom Come. So...use the force! Instead of lapsing into a semicomatose state of depression, you should try to *feed off the madness* like an absolute fucking psycho, inhaling the shitty air like a dog with its head out the window, because fuck it, you didn't start any of this shit, much less sanction it, and now they're giving you no choice but to try to break the game.

Here are some good parrying strategies to deflect incoming information overload:

- (1) **accuse bias** - always 100% correct
- (2) **suggest a "false" flag operation**. Military, political, personal, whatever. Most things are fake now, so chances are you'll hit some kind of target with this.
- (3) **assert that somehow, somewhere, someone is profiting**. The postmodern mic drop!

And now it's time to go on the offensive. Make an email account with a confusing name like `racistfeminist@gmail.com`. Start posting cryptic comments to every forum and video in sight, like "White ppl invented cancer, thank God" or "Trump/Harris 2024". Sometimes I like to play trojan horse: get people to trust you, then POW! just say something really f'ed up. Hope this helps.

Yesterday's "Dinner" = Today's "Food Challenge"

- Canned spaghetti with Vienna sausages (Washington, DC)
- Fried baloney with cinnamon (Delaware)
- Pepperoni sandwich with extra olive oil and provolone (New York, NY)¹
- Large pizza with anchovy, bacon, & feta (New Haven, CT)²

¹ *Todd's oil special*
² *Eugene's salt special*

What Right Do I Have

to complain about anything. I've had more good fortune than probably 99% of people on the planet. Sure, I was born with a few congenital defects, but who wasn't? And sure, I've been cursed with some fatally flawed biochemistry, but who hasn't? Meanwhile, I pretty much scored at the hegemony lottery, with able-bodied white male cis privilege practically blasting out of my asshole.

But the thing of it is, it's my right, maybe even my patriotic DUTY, as an American to complain. See, it's in this thing called the Constitution. And while I'm not some tryhard originalist, I don't believe in gutting the First Amendment either, unlike most of Washington, DC these days, apparently. Free speech is theoretically still A Thing[®], until or unless the Roberts Court gets ahold of it.

In the meantime, just so you know, I'm 30% Ashkenazi Jew, so if you have anything to say about my complaining, which is after all part of my culture, you anti-Semite, I'll fucking doxx you to AIPAC's Twitter. And you better believe DOGE ELON will back me up on this.



Where Does the Day Go?

Item	Hours
Prep & consume food	2
Watch people fight on YouTube	1
Read a damn book	2
Build and submit crossword	1
Pointless research, e.g. how to set up a bitcoin miner	1
Valuable research	1
Do stuff in exchange for money	2
Exercise/corporeal maintenance	1
Waste time on hold with customer service scrubs	1
Study Frank Zappa song and/or drum rudiment	1
Watch foreign film/HBO series	2
Garden duty w/cat auditor	1
Sleep	8

MIDDLE CLASS CITIZENRY RAPED BY GIANT WHALES

If you want to save money, you used to be able to put your cash under a mattress. But now, thanks to inflation, that mattress appears to be infested with a family of paper-chewing rodents.

Well, I guess you could try the banks. They'll put your hard-earned cash into a savings account for you and deliver a handsome 1% return if you're lucky. That's like your bank killing 1 out of the 8 rats living in your mattress. In the meantime, the other 7 rats are still living the dream.

I guess that leaves...tanking markets in either stocks or crypto. Take your pick of PANIC MODE

The hilarious thing is that home ownership and college tuition still require lifetime debt service for all but the ultrarich. And credit cards are still charging 15-20% APRs. So I guess the answer, since Americans don't really go in for austerity programs, is to go snort fentanyl under a bridge.

Capsule Book Reviews

BOOK-WORM
DORK
NERD

P. K. Dick - *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?* ***1/2

A bit wooden, but oh so seminal

P. K. Dick - *A Scanner Darkly* *****

Hilarious, strangely affecting, grim. More existential horror than sci-fi

D. Graeber - *History of Everything* ***1/2

Anthropologists + economists got it all wrong, debt is the key to understanding

D. Parker - *Life Among the Savages* ****

Things were different then, probably better

S. Ammous - *The Bitcoin Standard* **

Hayek was a genius / the gold standard was based / Bitcoin is the answer

C.S. Lewis - *Prince Caspian* **1/2

Make Colonialism Great Again

Only 5-Star Films in Here

* Frownland - worst antihero ever

* Asparagus - hella trippy cartoon

* Spring Breakers - based Harmony

* Martyrs - #1 most unpleasant film

* Solaris - inscrutable existential sci-fi

* Daisies - Czech New Wave mastery

CINEMABOI
NOOB
EDGE-LORD

HOLIDAY HIJINX

A standard journo set piece starts appearing every October. It's usually titled something like "Talking Turkey at Thanksgiving" and it's about what to do when your politically offensive relatives come over for dinner. They always run the same 5 or 10 hack bits about taking deep breaths, modulating your tone, changing the subject, trying to listen, etc. Well, now YOU listen: the holidays are supposed to be fun. Live a little!

Here are some "lean into discomfort" tips for when your cancelled relations come to visit.

If you're a conservative, and your cringey relatives are liberal, try serving Chinese food, but set the table *with forks and knives*. Alternatively, you could do Indian food with chopsticks because you thought "that was right." Definitely put a 2-liter bottle of Mountain Dew on the table. And plastic cups all around. Feel free to kick the dinner off with a prayer, because the holidays are about community.

When it comes to conversation, and "Bad Vlad" Putin's name comes up for trashing, congratulate your guests for *finally coming around to liberal hegemony*, i.e. worldwide white supremacy. Assure them that "a kinder, gentler neocolonialism" was the plan all along, and y'all were just waiting for the libs to get on board too.

Now, if you are liberal and your relatives are conservative, what you need to do is serve good old American burgers and fries. Just make sure the burgers are plant-based, and that the only condiment available is mayo. (Possibly mixed with garlic, which it's OK to let them know is called "aioli.") Do NOT by any means provide ketchup or barbecue sauce. This is important. Also, they should be given a choice between Kombucha or "sparkling" water, because you should not be imposing your worldview on people who might not share it 100%.

If your family has any members of child-bearing age, be proud and vocal in your support for raising strong American lesbians, regardless of sex or gender or what any damn doctor says, because you believe in freedom from tyranny. Any skeptics can be easily won over with some free pamphlets from your local gun buyback program. Remember, the important thing is to build bridges.

Least Popular Instagram Memes @yawnydigest



Local Man Reports Incident of Cosplay Shade Thrown

Yawny: So you like that early 70s vibe. But you don't like Caravan or Uriah Heep?

Wife: I don't know. They all just have that Renaissance Faire thing going on. Like dancing elves or whatever.

NEOCON HALL OF FAME
"There is no such thing as society."
—Margaret Thatcher



"The Ponzi scheme is running out of road." —Mary Harrington

MaidEn Revolution

We have a house cleaning service come every couple of weeks. Young people will declare this to be revoltingly bougie and boomy, but the second they can afford it, they hire house cleaners too. Nobody likes house cleaning unless they're obsessive-compulsive, or on meth, not that I'd know. It seems that broadly speaking, the world can be divided into four camps: the poor; the slovenly; people who are embarrassed by the fact that they have a house cleaner, and try to hide it; and people who complain about house cleaners and accuse them of stealing their shit.

Surf News

One of the few remaining surf-related pleasures is talking to washed-up oldtimers who're even more pissed off than you are.

Rich: I've been surfing Ocean Beach since '67.

Yawny: Wow, that's crazy. I've been surfing here since...I guess 1988.

Rich: Uh-huh.

Yawny (brightly): We probably surfed together at some point. I used to surf Noriega, but I guess I mostly surf around Taraval.

Rich: That's always been the worst spot.

Yawny: Hmm. You think so?

Rich (glares): I KNOW so.

Yawny: OK, still...you probably know Doc and all those guys.

Rich: Transplants! Doc's a fucking kook. I get along with him fine. Me and my guys were the Kelly's Cove mafia. You couldn't surf unless we let you. VF's was a perfect left.

Yawny: Oh was Aaron Plank in that crew?

Rich: Another transplant. Good surfer, but a transplant. Steve and Glen were our cops.

Yawny: Well. I guess I'm gonna paddle out. Have a good one.

Rich: Yeah. (walks back to car)

Based Historian Hall of Fame

"We decided to do massive social engineering at the end of a rifle barrel. We tried to create a planet that's filled with liberal democracies. And it failed. And that's where we are today."
—John Mearsheimer 

The Party Pooper

It's time to dunk on something that *I* really like for a change. I just binged all eight seasons of Dexter. Throughout the course of the series, you discover that: Dexter's mom was murdered, the detective who hated him gets murdered, his department captain gets murdered, his neighbor gets murdered, his brother's a serial killer, his dad committed suicide, and yet...Dexter's not a person of interest? Maybe Miami police work really *is* just a bunch of all-night coke parties.

Then there are Dexter's romantic interests. He has a fling with a homicidal maniac, but "ditches" her—hehe—and marries his long-time girlfriend who promptly gets murdered. After that, he dates a few different serial killers. The last one's a smoking hot blonde whose "wanted" picture is all over the news, yet she doesn't bother to put on a damn wig or sunglasses, or stay inside the house, or do any other commonsensical thing that your average fifth grader would know to do.

I'm all for suspension of disbelief and poetic license and all that, and I have no doubt that Dexter is an allegory for something, but if you're telling your allegorical tale in the form of a police procedural, then you should maintain at least a thin veneer of plausibility.

If that all sounds like a bunch of grad school nerd shit, let me just wrap up this critical review by noting that actor Michael C. Hall also gives off very strong gay cruiser vibes, making his string of hot blonde GFs even less probable. All in all, highly recommended!

Who U Gonna Call? Grift Busters!

You know how Western Civilization is this whole big hot mess of greed, idealism, inventiveness, and stupidity, built upon a bedrock of violence and lies? Well, do yourself a favor and look up the case of Ed and Lorraine Warren, America's real-life ghostbusting con artists. They claimed to be self-taught paranormal investigators and demonologists. How the fuck do you teach yourself demonology? But here's the kicker: they were responsible for spawning not one, not two, but three "Conjuring" movies, AND three movies about that stupid Annabelle doll. I know, it's fucked up that I used to have recurring nightmares about a Raggedy Ann doll, but that doesn't prove shit.

Paul Krugman Has Not Approved This Message.

Go ahead, invest your life savings in NFT's, i.e. Not Fucking anyThings, but if you're more interested in winning a speedboat race through the waters of capitalism, I strongly suggest you go on Shark Tank with this hot business idea:

Spanx are a rapidly growing market. Half of the population over the age of 50 wears them, thanks to decades of beer and french fry deposits, not to mention the typical childbearing hormonal holocaust. And now listen very closely, for I'm about to tell you that designer and/or graphic print and/or spotted jungle cat pattern Spanx varieties would sell like fucking hotcakes. I mean, even I would wear Spanx if they were emblazoned with a Magma logo pattern.

Other idiots may be onto this idea already, so you'll have to up the ante. Some pitch riffs:

- ☞ Old people think Banksy is cool, so license some images of his and make "Spanksies"
- ☞ Create gents' model with inside pocket for holding timed-release topical Viagra patch

Shark Tank likes to see financials, so here goes: manufacture 100,000 Spanksies in Malaysia for \$5 apiece and sell them for \$25 in the U.S. for a cool \$2M gross. Got that? Production costs should be fronted by investors, who are promised a healthy return right before you buy a fake passport on the dark web and move to the Maldives for ever.

Epitaph Contest

Listen, I know none of you are gonna come to my funeral. I'm not that deluded. But the least you can do is help pick out a tombstone. Please vote at yawnydigest.com/gb for:



Also, stamps are two for a dollar now, WTF. Won't you help the Digest community with a modest tax-deductible donation? It's so nice when people still care a little, like Dave does.

Venmo: @yawnydigest

Address changes:   @yawnydigest
info@yawnydigest.com