



# Yawny's Digest

ALL-NEW

SPECIAL

EPSTEIN FILE

ISSUE



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"The only thing that is not kitsch is nothingness." —Michel Houellebecq

December 2025, End Times

## N00bel Prize Trigger Warning

So much spilled ink, so much hand-wringing, about the death of democracy—and the West's slide into autocracy! But isn't that just cheap, lazy think tank framing? Democracy is as alive and well now as it ever was, which is to say, lumpy, asthmatic, constipated, on meds. It has its good days and its bad days.

As for autocracy, the problem is, autocrats need a plan, and they need to stick to it. Trump's advancing age and light dementia, coupled with a naturally vengeful spirit activated by the Blob's ongoing attempts to stymie him, create a more concentrated version of Trump Classic—a sort of vulgar Mad King. In other words, the opposite of a focused ideologue. Is grossly abusing the power of the presidency autocratic? Sure. But there's no discipline, no long game. The only long games Trump plays are real estate and revenge.

A savvy 4D-chess-master-autocrat could certainly execute a long game using chaos as a medium. But don't confuse that with impulsively reversing course based on daily mood and whimsy. One minute it's "end the forever wars," the next we're inking a trillion dollar Pentagon budget, greenlighting attacks on Iran, bombing Venezuelan fishermen. On Monday, colleges are corrupt and woke, but on Tuesday we should import 600,000 Chinese students to save our universities. Tariffs in, tariffs out; period ahh, period uhh.

Now, that guy Stephen Miller probably does have some kind of weirdo master plan encrypted on his laptop. Steve Bannon's plan is printed out in 12-point Arial, hole-punched and tabbed, in a 3-ring binder in a safe in his office. Then there's another plan called Project 2025 sitting in a Heritage binder somewhere. There are a lot of plans. Who knows if Trump was given any copies? Maybe he lost them. *"Documents, the documents—where are they. What a nasty question. Why don't you ask Kristi: do we have any plans. What do you think. We've vetted everything so far you wouldn't believe it. Why do you ask such stupid questions?"*

Granted, there are a handful of ideologues; they're bobbing in a sea of molten gold and human bones, jostling for air in a seething mass of fools, sycophants, hyenas, and grifters.

## Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses

If you ever want to feel better about yourself, why not go hang out in the waiting room of a hospital? I personally recommend the Orthopedics and Radiology departments. Everyone is sitting in there all banged up and demoralized. I like to post up near a wall in the waiting area and do some runner's stretches, maybe a deep knee bend or two. I might fake wince a little, as if I'm rehabbing post-surgery, but really I'm just flexing on all the broken people waiting to be saved by medical professionals.

The irony is that I'm actually quite broken-down myself, and some jacked football player who comes into that same area with a cast on his leg will enrage me with his mere presence. I know that even when the cast comes off, he still has another 30 years of running around, doing drunken backflips in the sand.

Fortunately, while I won't personally be around to witness this blockhead's demise, I can easily visualize its certain outcome even with my admittedly limited powers of imagination.

## Internet Rabbit Holes

—WHITNEY WEBB EDITION—

Public homophobe and redbaiter J Edgar Hoover was well known to friends and associates as an avid cross-dresser and fancier of very young men!

THEY LITERALLY CALLED HIM "MARY"

Jack Parsons, co-founder of the pioneering Jet Propulsion Laboratories, was an occultist who conducted a ritual with Scientology founder L. Ron Hubbard in 1946 attempting to conjure a "scarlet woman" or "Babalon"!

WAIT, HOW OLD IS NICOLE KIDMAN

Scientology later went on to conduct an extensive and successful operation to infiltrate the FDA, IRS, and United States Treasury—arguably the largest such infiltration of US government in history!

IT COMES FROM WITHIN. PAUSE

## Battle of the Sexes Makes Triumphant Return

Yawny: I sometimes get Dua Lipa and Billie Eilish confused.

Wife: What? They are not at all alike.

Yawny: Don't they kind of look the same?

Wife: That's so something a 60-year-old man would say.

Yawny: If Taylor Swift had never existed, the world would be exactly the same.

Wife: What, did you read that on one of your online blogs?

## Sweeps Week Hits Targets, Doubles Down

I really like sweeping generalizations, they're a lot of fun. Here's just one example: I stopped teaching because **Gen Alpha is Cooked**. This conclusion was reached after years of research demonstrating a strong correlation between student brainrot and instructor suicidal ideation. Which is why we're handing the job over to A.I.

If you're a parent of a young one, though, take heart. Unlike Gen Z, I think Gen Alpha kids actually seem pretty happy. They seem post-anxiety, like they've been fed a steady diet of anxiety from such an early age that they've built up immunities. They probably still have that nut allergy thing, but there's a lot of infrastructure to accommodate that now.

I have another theory about anxiety. What if Greta Thunberg swallowed all the anxiety in the world so that the next generation wouldn't have to? She suffered for their sins! Yes, yes, the idea that a youthful German might serve as the literal embodiment of the Second Coming is somewhat problematic. But that's exactly why it's so appealing! Because edgy humor is back, see?

I do wonder if Greta is having any regrets, seeing how washed the youth have turned out to be (*although...does she even know anyone under the age of 45?*) Anyway it sure doesn't feel like we're evolving towards Nietzsche's Overman. It looks more like Orwell got it right, what with Peter Thiel, Marc Andreessen, and Sam Altman gooning all over the planet.

## Dear The Internet: Thanks!

- Human bodies have around 38 trillion bacterial cells and 30 trillion human cells. So in terms of sheer cell count, humans are majority-bacterial
- 30-50% of people carry staph bacteria in their noses or skin surfaces
- The human rectum contains trillions of bacteria, including pathogenic strains like staph and E.coli. Proceed with caution
- Doorknobs can host as many as 10,000 bacterial cells per square inch. Glove W

## Change My Mind

What do they call it when your brain won't retain information that doesn't interest you? I don't mean having a low IQ, I mean when otherwise totally capable humans can't remember, say, a simple sequence of steps for standard CPR, *even after having been trained six or seven times*; or who Timothee Chalamet is married to; or whatever.

Anyway, I'm like that with handling cloth. I can sort of make a bed, but it never comes out very well. Meanwhile, some 16-year-old who never even finished high school can do a perfect job of it in about two minutes flat. I'm completely incompetent at folding and ironing too. With ironing, I can blame a lack of experience, since I've probably only ironed about fifteen shirts in my entire life, because fuck that, who cares, right? But I have no excuse with folding, because I fold laundry every couple of days. Yet the creases remain shitty; the edges have never once matched up on our sheets or towels; and folded T-shirts always end up being completely different shapes and sizes.

Maybe I can claim neurodivergence here. Careful! Without a doctor's note, this could easily be read as appropriation, especially coming from someone with a nearly-empty intersectional bingo card. But hear me out, because I'm not after sympathy, but accuracy.

Facts: I'm a decent sysadmin. I'm often out of sync with "the room." I find too much eye contact to be aggressive. So yeah, I check a lot of ND boxes. But wait—shouldn't I be *good* at folding cloth then? If not, what is it about cloth that's so special? Wait...I think I know what the problem is...cloth is by definition **bOuRgEoiS**—

## I Wanna Bee Sedated

For a good time, try googling "bee decline." Enjoy a thrilling, post-apocalyptic ride through a wacky world of parasites, pesticides, greedy developers, and the threat to all humankind posed by the mass die-off of pollinators. However there's another chilling consequence that nobody ever talks about:

Once upon a time, getting stung by bees was a feature of childhood, like getting spanked. I grew up in a major city, yet my earliest memory was of being stung by "a wasp." I can also remember stepping on bees, and being stung on the arm. Each time it hurt, I cried.

It seems that kids don't get stung by bees anymore. If they did, I think I would have heard about it. No more bees is great news for Protect the Child From All Harm advocates. But for Adversity Builds Character cultists like myself, it may not be a positive thing.

Long-time residents of San Francisco will tell you that it used to be full of eccentrics and interesting people, and that all the new people are bland and robotic. Which is completely accurate! Once can only wonder how much of this new anodyne mindset is due to never having been stung by bees.

## Every Hilarious Number Revealed



## == COMBO KO ==

It was lunch time, and I didn't have any leftovers, so guess what I did? I fried up some tempeh in a grill pan, and made up a little sauce using garlic, sesame oil, gochujang, liquid aminos, and peanut butter. Oh, no way, you say, you can't do that. Those things don't go together. Well, guess what, I did, and they do. Not only that, but I finished the dish with BASIL from the garden. Not Thai basil. Italian basil. Delicious! Nutty, zesty, umami. If I'd thought of it, I probably would have added tahini and miso too. Which would have meant that I'd have wantonly mixed in dietary staples from *at least four completely distinct cultures*. Listen, if you don't like it, you don't have to eat it, and, in the semi-immortal words of Ricky Gervais, "I don't care."

## Project Runway: Creepshow IX

Is nobody else disturbed by the perverse pleasure Heidi "She-Wolf of the SS" Klum clearly takes in publicly humiliating Project Runway contestants? She gets this sadistic possessed-doll grin on her face, then initiates staring contests with the designers while threatening them that, very soon, **ONE WILL BE OUT**. And it really seems like she means "out, for good," as in "now you'll really never work in fashion, because you failed and the whole world will laugh at how Michael Kors and Nina Garcia made fun of you and your crappy designs."

One of the great ironies of this show is how arbitrary the judging is. One week a designer is criticized for being boring, told to "go all out" and "take risks," but the minute they do that, the judges rip them for being "costumey." There is also some apparently magic invisible line between "sexy" or "flattering" (good) and "slutty" or "hoochie" (bad), which it seems only Heidi can detect—because most of the time she seems to be dressed **EXACTLY LIKE A HIGH CLASS HOOKER**.

If a contestant does manage to make it to the finals, they and their models have to run the gauntlet past disgusting, leering Harvey Weinstein, who gets to project his rapey aura as a prize for executive-producing this cruel torture pageant. Go ahead and Google "Lucia Evans oral sex" if you want to.

## Internet Betamaxers

AOL, MapQuest, Friendster, Alta Vista, MySpace, Second Life, match.com, the Facebook metaverse

## bro wtf r fruit flies is this shi 4real

Fruit flies materialize out of nowhere. How does a whole gang of them suddenly converge on an apple slice in 15 minutes? Where did they come from? If they're not already inside your home—lurking like spies in the cracks and recesses of what you thought was a clean, safe haven—but are, instead, living outside, how insane is their sense of smell that they can be out in the neighbor's yard like 100 feet away and go, hey guys, there's an apple slice inside that house over there. Then figure out how to get in.

## USEFUL HINDU CURSE

FROM ATHARVA VEDA

*Strike here him that curses us, as the lightning of heaven the tree! He that shall curse us when we do not curse, and he that shall curse us when we do curse, him do I hurl to death as a bone to a dog upon the ground.*

Invoke w/ caution

## HEYYYYY I OHHH, I'M STILL ALIVE

I didn't really like grunge music before, but now I'm kind of getting into it. That's partially a frantic attempt to fill in some holes while there's still time, and partially just bona fide 90s nostalgia. While I might have been listening to Japanese noise, Aphex Twin, and black metal back then, I did truly love the 90s, and based on the comments section of any Pearl Jam, Stone Temple Pilots, or Soundgarden tune on YouTube, so did everyone else.

The funny thing is that so many celebrated singer/songwriters of that era killed themselves—Mark Linkous, Elliott Smith, Kurt Cobain (ALLEGEDLY), etc. I mean if life was so great then, why commit suicide? Could it be that the visionary powers of these poets laureate, turbo-charged by heroin, allowed them to hover above humanity, and in a sense time travel? And so, foreseeing the current timeline, they elected to pull the plug rather than witness global brainrot and a never-ending parade of evil clown presidents? Or was it just the heroin.

## Ask a Zoomer

Q: Why do you sometimes wear medical masks when walking around outside? Did you hear the news that Covid has been over for years, and that even during the peak of the pandemic, wearing a mask outdoors with no humans near you was revealed to serve little effective purpose? Also, you're not even old.

## Things to Do in a Waymo

- 1 Get it to play "Cars" by Gary Numan
- 2 Start feeling yourself up and moaning and see if it does anything
- 3 Start shouting OH MY GOD and see if it does anything
- 4 Make it go around the block 25 times

## Struggle Session

I spent some days trudging through Karl Ove Knausgaard's sprawling autobiography, and I absolutely plan on never finishing it. I skipped Book 2 entirely after 150 pages, because it's so boring. The guy's whole life is pretty boring!

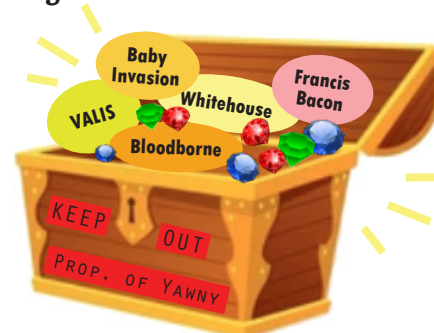
Yeah, we get it: your dad was a dick, you became semi-alcoholic to cope (which is, pro tip, a feature of living, not a bug), and you like New Wave music. Then you develop a weird obsession with wanting to be a writer. So naturally your response is to spend thousands of pages telling us about all the completely normal things you do, like buying books and arguing with your bipolar wife.

Listen, I get that the "struggle" is in large part the attempt to make a normal life interesting or meaningful. But that doesn't mean I need to read about it. My friends and I did a lot of hilarious and reckless shit that was probably not meaningful, but must surely be a lot more interesting to read about.

Like for example, one time Knausgaard and his friend accidentally lit a tiny offshore island on fire. But my friends and I accidentally lit a HOUSE on fire, and it belonged to Washington Bullets owner Abe Pollin. Can you see how this is already so much better? Or what about the time another friend and I put Elmer's glue all over our faces and went to see Black Flag at the 9:30 Club. Before the show, Ian Mackaye came up and asked if we wanted to contribute funds to Minor Threat's upcoming tour, and we pointed out that we had glue on our faces. >Mic drop!< Or who can forget the time a bunch of us broke into our high school and released hundreds of crickets inside. Pow!

Admit it, that stuff is way more entertaining than anything in six books of Knausgaard. *The guy never even crank called anyone.*

## Edgelord Treasure Chest



## omg u guys i couldn't make it past the halfway mark of these films

Sinners	Why does Michael B. Jordan have to be in everything
Holland	Why does Nicole Kidman have to be in everything
28 Weeks Later	Why do zombies have to be in everything
A Minecraft Movie	There are even zombies in Minecraft wtf

## To Boldly Go Where No MAN

What's up with all airline pilots sounding exactly the same. Are the messages from the "captain" AI-generated? If so, I demand to know why these generated voices aren't slightly sexy like they are with phones. The industry-standard pilot's voice is relaxed, slightly Xanaxed, vaguely millennial. I guess they want us passengers to relax too, not get all hot and bothered, but come on, throw us a bone once in a while.

Not only do pilots all sound the same, it turns out they all look the same too: slim, white, 40, trim mustache, 5'11". I'm not hating necessarily, these guys seem to know what they're doing, but it's just kind of odd because it feels like they were all cloned from the same Petri dish. Maybe I've been reading too much sci-fi lately. But seriously, where are all the women pilots? Are they being held in a dungeon somewhere?

There is one slight variation on the cloned pilot template. Once in a blue moon, you'll get an amateur comedian pilot, which creates in me a weird mixture of surprise, cringe, and paranoia. Like dude, if you're not gonna be a sexy AI bot, could you just fly the damn plane please? I'm always praying to the other passengers "don't laugh at his jokes. Don't encourage him." But they always do. Enablers! These pilot-comedians seem like the types to have their own YouTube channels, but you can't even go and troll their comments sections because you're in airplane mode.

## Werner Herzog Quote of the Month

"I'd rather die than go to an analyst, because it's my view that something fundamentally wrong happens there."





## Sci-Fi Quote of the Month



From "Exhalation" by Ted Chiang

Pretend that you have free will. It's essential that you behave as if your decisions matter, even though you know they don't. The reality isn't important; what's important is your belief, and believing the lie is the only way to avoid a waking coma.

## Caption Contest



## There's More to Sucking Than Siri

How is it that Apple's text input software gets worse as time goes on? Every time I try to type in anything more complicated than "fr" or "ong," my stupid iPhone decides to randomly change my words into gibberish, or into words that don't fix the context in any way. It won't correct 90% of the most obvious typos! And sometimes when I try to go back and correct a typo myself, it erases the entire word instead of just letting me fix that one letter. Half of the time it won't even let me click inside a word!

I thought modern software was supposed to learn from our patterns. I thought that was the deal: we let you surveil us and record every single move we make, and in return your interface becomes more helpful, easier to use, and tailored to our personal habits.

Oh, I know, "*these are first world problems.*" Okay, but what are we supposed to do, complain about third world problems? That would be condescending and elitist. And anyway these are increasingly becoming all world problems. You can't even take a shit without a smart phone anymore. Besides, we pay a lot of money for these devices. The customer has a right to complain.

## As You Know, You Can't Spell Secretion Without Secret

Many humans like to collect, then consume, animal secretions. Not the animals' flesh, mind you, but their secretions. From the organism's mouth may come honey, or bird's-nest soup; from the teat, milk and cheese; from the anus, civet cat coffee. OK, technically that's an excretion, but still. While conceptually it might seem a touch odd for a species to capture other creatures' bodily productions, because that suggests a vampire pouring blood into a wine glass and drinking it as part of a formal meal, none of this should come as any surprise. For humans ALSO experiment on dogs in laboratories, and kill each other on behalf of their preferred ghost. And really, ingesting animal fluids, no matter how viscous, is probably a step above eating catfish or oysters. Which is more or less the equivalent of dumpster diving in fetid, murky waters.



So yeah, I really want to know what Apple's specific interest is in screwing with us on this front, i.e. aggravating us via text input trickery. My top theories are that they're trying to (a) gaslight users into upgrading for \$800 in the desperate hopes that doing so might fix the problem; (b) depress productivity to keep interest rates low; or (c) dull the minds of the masses to make us more compliant with the burgeoning AI management layer. Like, is this Revenge of the Nerds 3 or what.

I'll readily admit that the above impotent screed was produced using tech products from Adobe. But you know what's such a sick burn? When I quit my job at the insane asylum, I took their Adobe Creative Suite license with me, because I knew they were too lame to know how to use any of it. Well, ever since then I've been running a Windows box which shockingly still supports the old InDesign, Illustrator, and Photoshop packages. Mind you, if I'd succumbed to Adobe's licensing racket, I'd be \$5000+ in the hole by now for software subscription fees. Instead, I am dancing. Extortioners! Did you think you could defeat me? p.s. Adobe's CEO made \$54 million in 2024. Suck it

## Surf News

### Surfing in the Golden Years:

#### Endless Summer Myth Debunked

- (a) degeneration of muscle mass & tone
- (b) diminished reflexes
- (c) joint wear/failure
- (d) degraded eyesight
- (e) enhanced vulnerability to cold water

### Brian Wilson Turns Over in Grave

I was recently talking to someone who grew up in Southern California, and I asked him, "so you're not a surfer?" and he said, "No! I hate surfers. They are the absolute worst." That got me thinking.

## Dare to Be Distant

People, i.e. my wife, will often say that reality shows like Project Runway, or the "Survivor" type programs, or the antique roadshow and hoarder programs, are intolerable because they're so formulaic, they're just the same thing over and over again. What the critics keep forgetting is that falling into an abyss of numbing repetition is the GOAL.

Sure, based Rogan bros can get into their hyperbaric chambers, or cold plunge baths, or, God forbid, gooner ecstasy states, and then go and brag on Reddit about how transcendent their awesome experiences are. But I maintain that you can achieve similar levels of blissful elevation by wrapping yourself in a cocoon of endless synthetic dramas. And this practice is not as hard on the body as drugs or video games. Regardless, the goal is avoidance, don't you see? Deferral and dereliction of duty, and annihilation, if only for a short while, of any thoughts of worry, sickness, or mortality. Karl Marx famously decried religion as the "opium of the people." How dare you deny anyone their rightful share of opium.

## This Issue Sponsored by AIPAC

Since this publication doesn't write about Gaza or the West Bank too much, do you think maybe we could get a roll of stamps from the Adelsons? Holla atcha boi Miriam!

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