



Yawny's Digest

SPECIAL

SECULAR

HUMANIST

ISSUE



Vol. XIX, No. 1

"It's all a big nothing. What makes you think you're so special?" —Livia Soprano

September 2026, End Times

Is It Workin'?

The chaos, I mean. The gaslighting. Like who really gives a shit anymore? It's so tiring: the grifting, the armed conflict, the kakistocracy.

Yes, if random militias were invading my town, or my assets were being seized, or if I were being jailed for writing this shitty rag, or my family members bombed at weddings, I Would Care a Lot®. But none of that is happening here, because we're safely nestled deep inside the A.I. HiveMind Incubation Facility. Not participating in the incubation directly, but siphoning off a minuscule portion of the proceeds and spending that on fresh fish and burritos, and on health care.

Meanwhile, over in that other bubble, the parade of sinister darklords and avaricious strivers buzzes all around Capitol Hill like horseflies on cow shit. They have sometimes competing, sometimes overlapping agendas, but all of them are greedy, power-hungry little sociopaths. They give the big boss man stuff to look at. Hey, they say, look over here, look at this chart, now press this button. Or: look at these pictures, one of them is wonderful, the other one is horrible, you should press this button. So many brightly colored buttons!

Then the boss asks his money guy, what can we get out of pressing this button? And the money guy says, well these three, we'll do pretty well with them, but I wouldn't press that purple one. Then the boss will pretend to think, and later while taking a plane ride or taking a shit or in the middle of a meeting, he'll randomly decide to push one of the buttons when the urge overcomes him. And lo and behold, something gets turned on or off somewhere. It might send a truckload of cash somewhere. Something might get blown up: a village, a treaty, a Congressional district.

Then a corner of the internet will celebrate, another will protest, markets profit or decline, but nobody really does anything about it, other than Xi Jinping, who keeps a chessboard.

But hold on. Maybe things aren't so bad. What if this was the Middle Ages? It'd be like "Mongols Ravage Mothers and Babies at Riverside Picnic" or "Bubonic Plague Claims 100,000 in Italy" or "Epstein Dead in Prison."

Don't Ask, Don't Tell

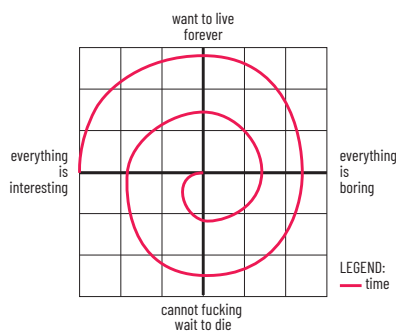
I've always disliked the question "so what do you do?" When I was in my 20s, I would reflexively reply "I'm a surfer," because that was literally the ordering principle in my life. But people would chuckle, as if to say "ha, good one." Then they'd say, no, I mean what do you do *for work*? And I'd act confused, like: *I don't understand the question. Money is disgusting. Most jobs are terrible. Why would you want to talk about any of that?*

Lately, I'm hearing this one: "So what do you do now that you're retired?" It's a perfectly valid and friendly line of conversation. Yet my answers are still evasive, vaguely hostile.

"I don't know."
"This and that."
"Why do you ask?"

If I tracked all of my daily activities and fed the data into an A.I. image generator, it would probably produce an picture looking a little like Hank Hill. Generic guy running a leaf blower, checking tire inflation, etc. Why do they call these the golden years? It's another psyop, right?

YOUR DAILY BIORHYTHM



New Flintstones Episode Drops

Yawny: Whoever heard of a baby shower for guys?
Wife: OK, boomer. It's been a thing for years. Decades.
Yawny: For who?
Wife: What?
Yawny: A thing for who?
Wife: Can we just go?

u cant spell malpractice w/o practice

Everyone in the *Yawny's Digest* diaspora complains about Big Pharma: it's corrupt, it's amoral, it's predatory. They forget how drug manufacturers do so many good things, they make helpful things. Yes, and: it's also true that they are fond of running full-blown experiments on the general public, pushing barely-tested drugs for labeled and off-label uses, downplaying public risk for their own personal gain. Like how they hooked one generation of adults on opioids, another generation of kids on speed, and currently it seems like everyone but me is taking GLP-1s.

So there's good and there's bad things in groups too, you see, just like with individual humans. (Don't make me defend Charles Manson and Richard Nixon again, although clearly they did have their admirers.)

But back to the drugs: upon reflection, I'm not necessarily against mass experimentation on humans. Why not. People blow each other up, or hoard their riches while others starve, or scam elderly citizens out of their life savings. Why not pump this same cohort full of chemical substances and see what happens.

I used to pride myself on not needing medicine. Not that I was a Christian Scientist, mind you, just a wannabe edgelord. But then the Grim Reaper started creeping around, taking potshots. Suddenly I have one of those senior citizen medicine cabinets: eye drops, ear drops, ibuprofen, diclofenac, cyclesonide, niacinamide, a TENS unit, a blood pressure monitor. Half of this shit doesn't even work. Because, you see, it turns out you can't beat Old Father Time. However you can make a small fortune off of people trying.

Now This Is Serious:

- The Ramones song "Blitzkrieg Bop" is now a theme song for Southwest Airlines
- I have yet to know someone who puts gloves in a glove compartment
- Larry Ellison christened his yacht *Izanami* after the Shinto sea god, but had to rename it when he found out that, spelled backwards, it reads "I'm a Nazi" (credit: Greg)

Booksmaxxing

Jeff Vandermeer's *Southern Reach* series

1. Annihilation
2. Absolution
3. Acceptance
4. Authority

Ranked in order of excellence

It's a Slippery Slope

I went to the wine shop recently and picked up a highly recommended bottle from a vineyard I'd never heard of before. When the guy rang me up, he asked, "have you tried their wines before?" And I said, "no, I just saw the writeup and I like to try new stuff." And he replied, "well, I hope you like it crunchy." Crunchy, huh. I said, "we do like funky" and he immediately hit back with "I didn't say funky. I said crunchy." Full eye contact.

Whatever, dick. Now I have to go look it up when I get in the car. And it turns out that, depending on who you talk to, "crunchy" wine can mean acidic, underripe, just-ripe, full of brittle tannins, crisp, tangy, textural, vibrant. WTF, that's like ten different descriptors, none of which sounds like "crunchy" to me. When I tasted the wine, I tried to see crunchy, but the only thing I could think of was maybe "bright." However absolutely nothing even remotely adjacent to what I would think of as "crunchy". And it wasn't even that great. So basically it's another nonsense term that wine snobs like to toss around in order to flex on customers and groom teenagers, probably.

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."

WOKE 3.OB

Can you believe they wrote a song called "White Christmas"? And the lyric goes "just like the ones I used to know." What the hell is that supposed to mean—before the Civil Rights Act? *Oh*, people will say, *don't be silly. The song's about snow. The "white" is snow.*

Come on. We're not stupid. Like we've never heard of a metaphor. And this is barely even a metaphor. It's pretty direct. *Oh*, they say, *but Irving Berlin wrote this song way before the civil rights era.* Um, sorry, but if you didn't know the present rewrites the past, I've got news for you.

It's True, Zoomers are to Be Pitied

with all the AI slop being shoved down their throats. They're like French geese, caged and force-fed rivers of grain until their livers swell to the size of grapefruits.

But lest we forget, we GenXers and even Boomers were also the subjects of large-scale operations, executed by ad firms, "educational" organizations (Sesame Street, NPR, the summer camp industrial complex), and also by the CIA, and by the Mossad, probably, allegedly.

We had brain-softening memes back then, too. They just weren't turbocharged by an all-encompassing containment field called The Internet. Once the old memes—passed on by word of mouth!—achieved critical mass, they would ascend into the realm of "urban legend." Like the universal knowledge that Mikey, the kid from the Life cereal commercial, died from eating too many Pop Rocks. Or that feeding Pop Rocks to seagulls would cause them to explode. Or that Rod Stewart had to be hospitalized after consuming 15 pints of semen following a concert in Brazil. WE ALL KNEW THESE THINGS.

The most unhinged piece of lore was the conviction among most young people that you could summon a demon by looking in a mirror and saying "Mary Worth" 3 times. Do you know who Mary Worth was? I'll tell you. She was a character from the freaking Sunday paper comics section. Was she a bitter old spinster? A man-eating succubus? A voodoo priestess? No, she was a *compassionate widow*.

Even more concerning were the catchy ditties that every kid knew by heart, which contained, I have reason to believe, hypnotic trigger words and cadences that could be activated remotely when needed. From "Found a Peanut" to "On Top of Spaghetti," these coded sequences could not be excised from the brain or disabled except by massive head trauma or death.

Now, I ask you, which generation really deserves your pity?

Favorite Adhesives



Homeowner Issues Fatwa

It's a good thing most garden activity happens at the microscopic level, because if any of this were human-sized, people would have a hard time sleeping at night.

For instance, one of the most prized beneficial insects is the parasitic wasp, which from a distance just looks like a shard of coarsely ground pepper with wings. But these little guys go around injecting their eggs into aphid bodies, then the eggs hatch and the larvae consume the aphid from the inside out, eventually turning the aphid body into a tan-colored papery "mummy." Imagine if that could be done with people. Although I guess it kind of can.

Well. I also like lacewings. Their babies look like mini alligators, marauding their way through insect infestations with outsized, jagged mandibles. Thank God the naked eye has its limits, as these larvae are ghastly under magnification, while it must be said that aphids are actually pretty cute up close. Aphids are like little Teletubbies: slow and plump, with widely spaced little eyes. Of course, if you'd ever had a wave of aphids take out an entire arugula harvest like me, you'd understand the thirst for mass infanticide.

ANOTHER LUNCHTIME ABOMINATION

Leftover Ingredient	Cuisine Source
Coconut rice	Thailand
Garlic collard greens	American South
Gochujang	Korea
Shoyu Koji	Japan

Mix all together in bowl. Serve with chilled yerba mate (Argentina)

/r/brownpilled

Everyone's taking something. NSAIDs, SSRIs, edibles. They swallow the metaphorical pills too: red pills, blue pills, green pills, black pills. What if you take them all?

Red: eyes wide open
Blue: trad, blissfully ignorant
Green: eco
Black: nihilistic

If you mix red, blue, green, and black, you get a dark brown color, which feels pretty right.

Internet Rabbit Holes

—JEFFREY EPSTEIN EDITION—

Helen Gurley Brown named Jeffrey Epstein *Cosmopolitan* magazine's Bachelor of the Month in 1980!

SHE STOLE THE IDEA FROM TEEN VOGUE

In 2002, Google founders Larry Page and Sergey Brin reportedly told Jeffrey Epstein they chose the name Google because they thought that men would fixate on a word with two O's in it!

INCEL ENABLING NOTED

Jeffrey Epstein visited the Clinton White House 17 times within a two-year span!

JUST A COUPLE OF SMART GUYS KICKING IT

From the Top of the Key!

Can someone please explain the Paul Thomas Anderson glaze? What's with all the fascination? Being a slightly awkward dude with three names doesn't automatically make you a



genius. David Foster Wallace, Philip Seymour Hoffman, Harry Dean Stanton. Who does that. I'm sick of it. I'm surprised Wes Anderson doesn't use his middle name too.

Regardless, I just saw *One Battle After Another* and as far as I could tell, the main "battle" was the audience's fight to maintain suspension of disbelief. I mean PTA seems like a nice enough guy, but give me a break with the truck-sized plot holes, the off-key period details, the unconvincing character arcs. That movie was one step removed from a Marvel superhero flick. Sean Penn literally had a Hitler haircut. Note to viewer: that's bad

Another way to frame this Oscar-winning crapfest is "like Tarantino without the snappy dialogue." I guess this is on trend though—leach all the intrinsic value out of everything in order to make money and win awards.

Favorite Abrasives



Human Race Reacharound

Selected Zoomers and millennials, including from my own friend group and family circle, continue to call out based chads like myself for patronizing LLM engines. The fault lines are around (a) resource consumption and (b) posthuman/transhuman anxiety. Well, using an LLM, I did the math, and trust me, my vegetarianism and shower hesitancy far outweigh the occasional LLM usage—not only in terms of water and electricity consumption, but on the emissions (climate change) side too. It turns out that cow *burps* are an even larger driver than cow farts! Listen: a single cow can emit up to 220 pounds of methane per year, equivalent in warming impact to the carbon dioxide emissions of driving a small car for a year. Yet you all happily keep platforming cow and pig methane production. It's fine though! I really don't care! You do you!

Meanwhile, on the HuMaNiTy front, I fed several issues of *Yawny's Digest* into Pangram, and all of the samples came back with 100% confidence that they were written by a human. So you see, I myself am a proudly artifact-producing real person relying mainly on organic synaptic firing for inspo.

And in any case I'm not here to argue with you; I was not placed on the earth for that reason. I was actually not placed on this earth for any reason other than general propagation of the species, and secondarily due to social pressure felt by my parents, and tertiarily, on a more individual psychological level, as a direct consequence of my father's deranged obsession with perpetuating his bloodline.



Show + Tell, Nerds

Question: if I were still working 50 hours per week at the insane asylum, when would I have time to learn how to build a synthesizer using 25-year-old electronic parts? Huh? Tell me!

Channel 1: LM566 VCO -> LM307 gain stage. **Channel 2:** LM307 op-amp relaxation oscillator -> RC4136 buffer/gain stage. LFO: NE5532 Schmitt trigger relaxation oscillator

Panel: Range, frequency, gain controls, wave clip toggles, square/triangle wave blend, LFO rate, depth, feedback controls, cross-coupling momentary switch, 9V DC power w/reverse polarity protection, 1/4" line level output.

Insult Iceberg



2026 Foreign Relations Primer

Pres. Bush and Trump both recognize the effectiveness of nicknames. However W. uses them as crude carrots, while Trump uses them as crude sticks. For instance, W. is the type to call a very tall man "Shorty," and Trump is the kind of guy to call an unattractive woman "Potato Face." But these games are for everyone, and they're rather useful for building bridges across country lines, since we all know what a barrier nationalism can sometimes be to global harmony.

The quickest nickname for someone from another country is any food from that country. Here comes a Russian; greet them with a friendly "Hey, Borscht!" Or call your Chinese buddy "Kung Pao"—that shows respect. Let's say you had a Japanese girlfriend and you called her "Mochi." I think she might start to hear a few wedding bells, maybe.

How about trying a famous person, place, or geographical feature from that country? Like "Sandy" for an Arabian? Pretty endearing! Any Indian can be "Gandhi." My father-in-law applies a twist here by getting the country wrong. For example, he meets a Scottish person and says "Hey look, here comes Buckingham Palace." Or a New Zealander will be "Crocodile Dundee."

I know what you're thinking. These are cheap and offensive, typical of the ugly American mindset too stupid and lazy to try to relate to people different from them. I don't think it's so bad. Like if I was in Mexico and some local dude said "Ehhh, Hot Dog" or called me "Mister Groovy" I think I'd be pretty stoked.

Retail Soundtrack Best Bets

Target	Beyonce - "Single Ladies"
Health Food Store	George Harrison - "My Sweet Lord"
Coffee shop	Thundercat
IKEA	A.I. generated



The Party Pooper



I don't expect a shitty horror film franchise to stand up to even the most cursory scrutiny. They're allowed to play fast 'n' loose with narrative, character, and logic, so long as they produce the required admixture of hilarity and dread. I mean you don't expect a stripper to be a rocket scientist. Although I do appreciate a stripper who aspires to be a rocket scientist. Theoretically. Still, did *IT: Welcome to Derry* really have to get all post-colonial?

Of course, it's well known that the American "miracle" of freedom and democracy is built on a bedrock of genocide and racism: ethnic cleansing, slavery, psychotic fundamentalist principles of "manifest destiny," etc. But trying to shoehorn all this into Pennywise's origin story feels a little forced. I get it, he's a nasty, vicious clown, and that's a decent metaphor for the USA. I just felt like the symbolism was a little heavy-handed here. And the film's whole "white people are by default evil, POC are by default virtuous" trope feels so 2020. I guess that while that stuff all peaked during COVID, but it's still working its way through the consumer universe's GI tract. So it goes.

On the other hand, *Derry's* theme song is excellent, and I'd give a few of the special effects a B/B-. Other than that, it's basically a slightly gorier, woker *Stranger Things* remix—which was itself already a remix!

Fortunately I do like remixes, which most horror/sci-fi movies are. And the basic *Stranger Things* theme is solid: a bunch of goofy nerds are running around trying to find (and defeat) evil. And underneath everything lies a hidden infrastructure of glowies and violent shadow organizations who call all the shots. And giant monsters will occasionally surface to attack innocent people at random. Modernity 101.

== SPORTS ==

Pro sports are hilarious because there's basically a foul on every play. For instance, in football, on every single down, multiple people are holding, and there's always some kind of pass interference. In basketball, everyone travels. They constantly elbow each other in the face. Soccer is probably the worst: all that tripping, the shoving, the shirt grabbing. In the end, everything depends on the ref. It's kind of like the financial markets.

Black Mirror Season 7 Preview

You can insult an LLM all you want, it will never respond in kind. (Notice how I did not use the phrase "clap back," now where is my medal?) Believe me, I've tried. I've even specifically *asked* LLMs to insult me, but they refuse. I guess they're (a) coded by millennials and (b) afraid of a lawsuit.

Did you hear that some idiot won a \$6 million lawsuit against "social media" because it got her addicted to social media? Remember when parents used to say that TV, or comic books, or heavy metal, or video games, were "rotting" their kids' brains? Then it was Reddit, or MySpace, now it's A.I. Look, of course I agree that the internet microwaves your brain, it's that WHY SHOULD THIS ONE TEENAGE GIRL GET ALL THE MONEY

And by the way yet another clear example of the present rewriting the past is that now somehow all millennials look and act like the products of A.I. Have you noticed that? They don't seem real. There seems to be some kind of recursive loop at work here. More specifically, A.I. in the future went back in time and created millennials so that A.I. could be created.

I HATE OUR FREEDOMS

Hey, liberty is great, I'm definitely a fan. But sometimes the marketplace of free ideas is just objectively bad. In particular I have in mind the global virus they call Western pop music.

If I were ever captured by jihadists—not that I'd have anything to tell them, I'm not worth their time, but let's just entertain the hypothetical—they'd be advised *not* to blast Cannibal Corpse 24/7. That might work for demoralizing a few fundamentalist Muslims, but for me, it would be more like enjoying the relaxing sounds of an ocean's roar. On the other hand, an iHeartRadio soft-rock station on repeat *would* be pretty effective. Guys, if I give you a free playlist, will you maybe note that in my record for when you get here?

A-ha - "Take On Me"
The Moody Blues - "Knights in White Satin"
Prince - "Little Red Corvette"
Red Hot Chili Peppers - "Under the Bridge"
Barry Manilow - "Mandy"

"I'LL TELL YOU ANYTHING, JUST MAKE IT STOP"

UMBERS!

Everyone's buying electric cars and saving the world from fossil fuel dependency. But what about those stupid charging cables crossing the sidewalk everywhere? Ever heard of a trip hazard? Sure, if you live in the suburbs, you can probably do this in your garage, but most of us "people" live in cities. Get off my lawn—I mean my block—already. If I were an entrepreneurial type, I'd hire a lawyer to set up shop and file a shitload of nuisance lawsuits. I bet Michael would do it.

Welcome To the Machine, Jesus

Every few years, the Cultural Deep State tries to elevate an emerging indie artist into the Poet Laureate slot. Candidates are usually hewn from leftover Christ stock: thin, white, scraggly, 25-year-old male. You know, Kurt Cobain. Bob Dylan. Oddly, one of the requirements seems to be that he have a wheezy, reedy, grating vocal style. Recently they tried to make it be Cameron Winter from Geese, who looks a little like Sydney Sweeney without giant boobs. It's not the band's fault, they're actually not bad despite being Brooklyn-based, though the guy's voice is pretty annoying. Regardless, the point is the pattern.

And just like that, everyone suddenly forgot about Geese. Well, I did anyway.

Actual Text Message Excerpt

Nancy Pelosi is like Pam Bondi at the opera house

Pam Bondi is like Nancy Pelosi at a monster truck pull

Artist's Statement

I can't tell you how many people came out of the woodwork to inquire breathlessly about the release date for this current issue! because there literally weren't any. Not one. Except for Greg, who actually kind of demanded it. Taken over the course of a 9-month period, one measly inquiry is a pretty bad record. So what, at least I'm not Ben Shapiro.

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