



Yawny's Digest

ODDLY AND INAPPROPRIATELY POSITIVE ISSUE



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"I believe the common denominator of the universe is not harmony, but chaos, hostility, and murder." — Werner Herzog

October 2024

Doomers GTFO

Why does anyone believe these narratives of political 'extremism' being spun about the two U.S. presidential candidates? Harris sprinted to the center so joyously that she blew right past it and is actually to the right of Trump on some issues. It's the old Clinton/Obama triangulation playbook, except Harris started tacking right **before** the election. Now she's bragging about high-fiving Bibi and shooting burglars with her Glock. A political opportunist, certainly. But if you think she's a closet Commie who can't wait to reveal her true hard-left colors on election day, I'd say you are gravely disrespecting the power of the Blob and grossly overestimating the viscosity of the spinal fluid in Harris's "values" organ.

On the other side of the uniparty aisle, we've already seen what Trump did while in office: when not relentlessly tweeting, firing staff, or bullying press conferences, on the policy front he acted more like a Reaganite supply-sider than a tinpot dictator. Ten years ago, some people were pretty flipped out about all his border wall talk. Now, apparently Harris and the Democrats are all on board with it too. Huh! OK, you say, but Trump's out of control, he's a dick and a narcissistic egomaniac. That is all true. Although it's also true that I think you'll find "narcissistic egomaniac" listed as one of the prerequisites in the job description for "United States President."

Nonetheless, while I tend to align with the realists' labeling of Democrats and Republicans as "Tweedledee and Tweedledum", I believe there *is* a real difference in this particular election. And I'd characterize that difference as a choice between the D.C. Blob and the D.C. Blob with chaos and trolling.

In the end, though, no matter who wins in 2024, it'll be fine. Your chances of getting bombed in this country are really low! Identity grifting is on the downswing. Abortion is less of an issue ever since young people stopped having sexual intercourse, and help is always a short bus ride away. Come visit SF! The only thing I'd say is that Florida, you guys might want to start rebuilding your houses using concrete and rebar. Jill Stein 2024 LFG

Some Like it Thot

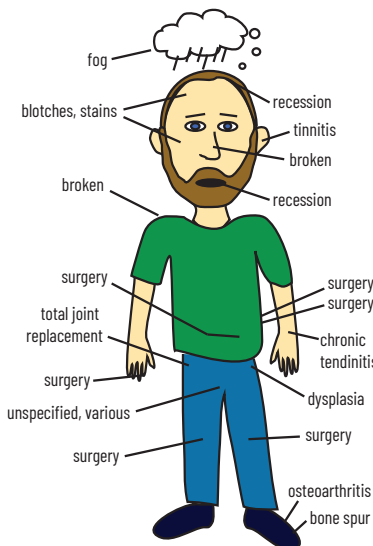
I just saw *Some Like It Hot* for the first time. For an old Hollywood black-and-white film, I gotta say: what a weird movie. It features heaps of cross dressing, nearly-naked Marilyn Monroe, and a limitless celebration of unbridled alcoholism, all of which seems to have been packaged up and billed as a comedy—rather than as a tense, nightmarish dissection of the American character with its rigid and deeply repressed gender typologies.

For me, the most shocking thing about *Some Like It Hot* was the aggressive bullying of Jack Lemmon's sub/bottom character—who incidentally looks terrible in drag—by dominant/top Tony Curtis, who passes easily. I found the psychological warfare in this old-school BDSM setup to be unsettling, and this is coming from someone who's seen *A Serbian Film*, *Irreversible* (twice), and *Martyrs* (twice).

But ultimately, this film was way ahead of its time, with its warm-spirited message of tolerance and acceptance for all lifestyles and personal preferences. This should perhaps come as no surprise, as it was directed by a man named Billy Wilder, which is objectively the gayest porn name possible.

Area Man Loses Significant Ground in War on Terror

Vows to "see this thing through to the end"



Stunning and Brave

Women will sometimes tell men: "you have no idea what it's like to have your period. You get bloated and cramped and depressed, it just sucks." I agree, it sounds pretty awful. At the same time, women also have no idea what it's like to get hit—much less kicked—in the nuts, which can stunlock you to the point of barely being able to even move for a while. I imagine having your period is kind of like getting kicked in the balls, maybe not super hard, but moderately hard, and over the course of a couple of days. So I was just wondering if maybe we could all just get along?

Flea Market Flexes

"ARE YOU SELLING ANY..."	"WOULD YOU BE WILLING TO TRADE FOR THIS..."
Lucifer Valentine DVDs?	bag of old weed?
expired medications?	Hope & Change baseball cap?
weapons?	PalmPilot?
Unabomber swag?	breakfast burrito?
thing that's brand new?	nondenominational minister's ordination certificate?

Consumer Reports - 2024 Update

Whatever happened to dying in your sleep. Lately it appears that when you get to a certain age, instead of dropping dead while sitting on a tractor, you're dragged through a decade of agonizing pain and infirmity that generates massive income for the medical industrial complex. By which I mean, primarily, pharmacy benefit managers. On the other hand, jobs are jobs. God bless the nurses, the colonoscopiers, and podiatrists.

On a related subject, whatever happened to the 15% standard tip? During Covid, they jacked it up so that your helpful credit card receipt suggests a minimum of 20%, an "okay" tip of 25%, and a generous tip of 30%. So giving 20% is now a dick move? wtf

I have a friend who still only tips \$1 per drink at the bar, flat fee, no matter what. With pints running \$10, and mixed drinks like \$15+, that's pretty European. It's also more or less an instruction for the bartender to give you a dirty glass next time.

Poll My Finger

We conducted a poll of :literally nobody: and determined the following key issues to be of greatest importance to voters for the coming election. Wish us luck!



Trigger Warning: May Contain Scenes of Severe Glances

It's generally taken for granted that young people today are triggered more easily than ever before. But watch any Ingmar Bergman film from 50 or 60 years ago, and you're likely to see Liv Ullman absolutely lose her shit over some perfectly normal, everyday occurrence. Like her mom will look at her the wrong way. Or she'll notice a crack in some family heirloom, which sets her off on a weeklong sulking and sobbing jag. Or maybe she thinks she sees a ghost in the hallway or whatever.

What's different now is that today's young people are reduced to tears—or screaming fits—as the result of a perceived slight to a *protected group*, of which they are hopefully a member, or at least one to which they've declared an alliance. Whereas if you're in a Bergman film, you're rattled to the core all alone, at the bottom of a deep country well of existential dread. They say misery loves company, but I'm not sure I'd want to share a foxhole with Liv Ullman.

And dammit that is not some kind of sexual reference, so please just stop it.

Movies Which I Tried Watching But..

Could Not Tolerate Seeing Through to the End

- ☹ Benjamin Button
- ☹ Killers of the Flower Moon
- ☹ Oppenheimer
- ☹ Everything Everywhere All At Once
- ☹ Phantom Thread

SCAPE FEAR

I recently bought a manscaper, which if you didn't know is a body hair trimmer. This all came to pass after I had hernia surgery, for which they shaved my entire midsection area, and the next day I was like, huh, that's weird, I kinda look 10 years younger. Then when the hair started growing back I looked again and thought, ok, wow, you are fucking disgusting. Then all that week—almost as if The Internet could read my mind (i.e., bots had mined the hospital's database for recent hernia surgery patients)—I'm suddenly getting bombarded with ads for manscapers.

Isn't it hilarious how a luxurious, full head of hair is glorious and sexy, while a luxurious, full mass of body hair is repellent? Unless you're a bear lover, which I don't happen to be, no offense, there's something for everyone. In any case, it just goes to prove that Jews *don't* totally control the media, because if they did, that branch of my family tree would have engineered a prevailing cultural context in which bald on top + hairy torso/legs = SUPA SEXY

Riley Gaines n/a

Pools are weird. You're swimming around in a giant bath of chemicals. I've always been more of an ocean guy, and while I know there are toxins in the ocean too—including literal seas of microplastics and fish poo—somehow taking a dip at the beach doesn't seem quite as extreme as pickling yourself in chlorine. Wouldn't it be funny/not funny if one day scientists discovered that chlorine was an endocrine disruptor? Unfortunately for you conspiracy nerds, chlorine byproducts only give you cancer, so swimming pools probably didn't make Lia Thomas trans. However, the manufacture of plastics *is* associated with endocrine system disruption, so if you want to head on down that little rabbit hole, be my guest, but I am not going with you.

Cannot Recall To Any Degree Whatsoever

- ? Chocolat
- ? Drive-away Dolls
- ? Crazy Rich Asians
- ? Tar
- ? Interstellar

Yawny's Neighborhood



I've been nesting in the cozy "populist" space between the two ends of the political horseshoe. Which makes San Francisco the perfect place to live! Because there's so much to love, and also so much cringe, for a passionate yet somehow uncaring cynical/utopian left-libertarian. After a while, everything looks like a target. Hey, can someone please put that on my tombstone?

A great example of our great state's patented love/hate combo meal is California's grand tradition of direct democracy. Everyone despises elites, so let's have the people decide! I just thank my lucky stars that I live in a place where I'm given the opportunity to vote NO on everything. Typical ballot props include things like "Should a new commission be created for the purpose of coordinating the activities of this other commission?" or "Shall \$250 million in bonds be issued to rebuild some firehouses?" The only ballot props that interest me are the purely symbolic ones: "Should San Francisco declare the tardigrade as its official mascot?" and "Resolved, that July 4 shall henceforth be renamed Colonial Blowback Day."



Spelling Beotch

In the spirit of whataboutism, I'd like to counter all of these claims that humanity is headed down the toilet by noticing that an unusual number of people I know are addicted to the NY Times Spelling Bee puzzle. That says something, right? It means literacy is not totally dead, right? Of course, we all agree that the crossword is more of a routine chore, like unloading the dishwasher, and acrostics are actually my favorite. But I view Spelling Bee as a viable defense against creeping dementia and/or Alzheimer's. Do you think if Biden had done Spelling Bee, he would have lasted a little longer?



GEN-X IS TRULY INSUFFERABLE

My kids have done stuff that most people can only dream about: they've toured Europe, Japan, the US. They have records out. They get invited to play music festivals. But as I hurtle towards the grave, getting all reflective about paths not taken, I've come to realize that I actually have plenty of stuff to brag about! In fact I have a veritable mountain, a whole ski slope's worth of small-time, petty shit to tally up, rather than some sort of fancy portfolio of lauded accomplishments. Sure, my kids might have gotten college scholarships, and shared the stage with some of the most famous musicians in the world, but did they ever break into their high school to release thousands of crickets inside? Did they ever light the house of Washington Bullets owner Abe Pollan on fire? Have they urinated on a police station? Were they ever paid a stipend to show films like "Ilsa, She-Wolf of the SS" and "I Dismember Mama" to graduate students at an elite Ivy League institution? Did they ever get their skate ramp published in *Thrasher* magazine? I'm just saying there's quality, and then there's quantity, and if you add them all up and compare the results, I think you'd be surprised.

Hobbies Are Humanity's Salvation

Look at all the things you can do:

- ★ Rodent trapping
- ★ Knife sharpening
- ★ Pretending your recent surgery doesn't hurt
- ★ Werner Herzog/Harmony Korine film fest
- ★ Mentally visiting characters abandoned in your unfinished stories

JUST TO RECAP

There's a guy who:

- ...claims a parasitic worm ate part of his brain
- ...claims to have had mercury levels in his bloodstream at 10x the norm
- ...accidentally hit and killed a bear cub with his truck, then left it in Central Park with an old bike because he thought it would be funny
- ...sexed with a reporter 40 years his junior
- ...decapitated a whale
- ...is still somehow more eloquent than the two leading U.S. presidential candidates

Internet Rabbit Holes



At the end of his term, Pres. Trump pardoned serial scammer Phil Esformes, who stole \$1.3 billion in Medicare and Medicaid fraud!

FLORIDA ELITES ARE NEXT-LEVEL SUS

Ted Kaczynski, a/k/a "The Unabomber," reportedly had an IQ level of 167!

HIS FATHER MADE SAUSAGE FOR A LIVING

Limp Bizkit is a reference to "ookie cookie"!

KINDA EXPLAINS THE LOOK ON FRED DURST'S FACE, INNIT

Debunking Popular Proverbs

"Whatever doesn't kill you only makes you stronger."

I get it: you can learn from your mistakes. Find the silver lining, etc. But I can think of about a thousand different life events that will primarily weaken or embitter you. Like the death of a loved one, or being hit by a car that destroys your L4/5 disc, or Alzheimer's. Now, if you manage to convert such tragedies into net positives, there is a good chance that you are psychotic, in which case you have no need for proverbs anyway.

"Sticks and stones may break my bones, but words can never hurt me."

There has never been a time in history when this was less true. "Harmful" words increasingly seem to represent a legitimate—even a legal—form of violence. Depending on locale and context, you might be deplatformed, demonetized, sued, or even jailed, for something you or an associate of yours says.

"You miss 100% of the shots you don't take."

This is patently false. If you don't take a shot, you haven't *missed* it. You simply haven't taken it. This saying is supposed to encourage you to take risks, but if you take a bunch of reckless shots, you're hurting your team and they're going to piss on your locker. Here's an antidote to the above: "As long as you don't choose, everything remains possible."

"You can't teach an old dog new tricks."

Explain to me then how I learned how to model realistic 3D objects and scenes in Blender as a middle aged retiree. Or was that just another one of my delusional dreams?

THE NUTTY CONFESSOR

In the beginning, it all seemed so innocent. It was just fun and games, a little bit scary, full of winks and nods to us fans of gore and goth and Hollywood glam and scandal, that whole Kenneth Anger package. And yes, I've buried the lede here, because **burials are goth**, so here: I am speaking to you specifically of the scam that is *American Horror Story*.

Amazing first season! And the second season was still pretty great, though starting to hyperventilate, getting a little showoff-y. Then the cocaine in the writers' room really started to take over. Angela Bassett as a voodoo witch is sus but effective only because they styled her to look exactly like Erykah Badu. But if you're gonna do that, then you can't ALSO put in Stevie Nicks as the good witch! That was when *AHS* truly jumped the shark. And yet, through it all, we fans kept lining up, trying to kick that ol' Charlie Brown football.

Yeah, I know it's unhealthy to keep returning to your tormentor for more abuse. But at least I'm acknowledging that there is a problem. And I'm definitely blaming Ryan Murphy. He's the dealer who cynically hooked viewers using Jessica Lange, Sarah Paulson, and Evan Peters as bait. People who are susceptible to this kind of thing really have no free will in the matter. We are all the victims.

In fact, our society has rules to guard against predatory behaviors like the *American Horror Story* franchise. Yes, it's a free country and all, but should it be totally okay for a streaming network to insert a probe deep into the pleasure centers of my brain? I mean if we're really going all-in on governmental policing of information, as we seem to be keen on doing, can't the nanny state do something about this? If you can't make *AHS* great again, then at least just make it fucking illegal.

Based Psycho Award

Resonates

"Art forms that appeal to modern leftist intellectuals tend to focus on sordidness, defeat and despair, or else they take on an orgiastic tone... as if there were no hope of accomplishing anything though rational calculation and all that was left was to immerse oneself in the sensations of the moment."

—Ted "Unabomber" Kaczynski

I JUST GOT COOKED!



"As far as I'm concerned, the twentieth century, in its entirety, was a mistake." —Werner Herzog

The Party Pooper



I've heard several of my favorite millennial people declare their undying love for the TV series *Lost*. And Damon Lindelof's *The Leftovers* is my #5 favorite TV show of all time*. So I thought I'd give *Lost* a second chance, because the first time I didn't even make it through episode 1.

The first thing one needs to consider is that, like most castaway stories, this show clearly seems to be about something *other than being cast away*—i.e. it's an allegory. You know this, because any details that might convey even the slightest bit of realism are immediately tossed out the window: plot holes the size of Canada, makeup + wardrobe, lighting, casting. You see, every single passenger on this crashed plane is a tanned, fit, attractive twentysomething white model, except for the token old guy, the token fat guy, the token "terrorist", the token black family, and the token distant Asian couple. Everyone's wearing light cotton fabrics, which remain impressively laundered throughout. And, too, there are tons of sexy hookup vibes less than 24 hours after a major accident.

OK, so what is *Lost* really about? Processing trauma? Society? The Millennial generation? Human nature? It's quite a layered puzzle. But as the show proceeds onward, piling "WTF?" moments on top of one another like dead bodies in a season of *Dexter*, you realize, oh no, wait. It actually isn't about anything, other than itself. It's just a LARPing fantasy soap opera and meme generator. A millennial thirst trap—like *American Horror Story*, minus the goth. And I guess you either like that kind of thing or you don't. I mostly do. My main qualm was no Beach House soundtrack, which I think was a major misstep.

**Twin Peaks/The Wire/South Park/Sopranos*

ORYX & CRAKE EXCERPT

By Margaret Atwood

"Human society, they claimed, was a sort of monster, its main products being corpses and rubble...It was like a giant slug eating its way relentlessly through all the other bioforms on the planet, grinding up life on earth and shitting out the backside in the form of pieces of manufactured and soon-to-be-obsolete plastic junk."

People Say a Lot of Things

People say "getting old is no walk in the park." I don't know if that's entirely accurate. The "park"—life, nature, the world—is still there! And if you're reading this, then you are still passing through it in some sense.

However it's true that as you get older, living (i.e., "walking" through the park of life) probably becomes more like a shuffle through the park. Maybe with some pointy rocks in your shoes. Oh, and I should probably mention that although the park used to be a serene, uncluttered woodland, they've now installed a bunch of neon and glass sculptures, with flashing lights and jump scare noises scattered randomly throughout. Also employees dressed as furry creatures may try to interact with you, e.g. sell you souvenirs. Last thing: parking is now \$35. So yeah, it all still exists, things are just different. Getting old is still a walk in the park, although it's perhaps more precisely described as a gimpy stagger through a theme park of pain.

Reality Check

"Just because you're in a picture with a celebrity doesn't mean he fucked you in the ass." —MMA Guru, 9/30/24

LEDA and the



Uriah Heep's original bass player was once badly shocked onstage. He later went on to criticize band management, was booted from the group, then died of a heroin OD a few months later. Soon thereafter, new bass player John Wetton was *also* badly shocked onstage! What are the odds?

Who cares. Curating rock music lore is like obsessing about Renaissance madrigals, or sonnets. Which makes sense, because isn't Western culture mostly just remixes anyway? Artifacts are perpetually being reincarnated in slightly different form, reverberating and echoing throughout the spiraling chamber of time. You know, like how 50% of philosophy was already covered in Ancient Greece and Rome? Then Hobbes, Hume, and Kant picked up most of the rest. The remaining contributions to philosophy are merely desperation shots fired out from an increasingly unhinged planet headed for total implosion.

BUDGET LIVING WITH: KAISER THE MISER

REGRESSIVE BRIDGE TOLLS FAT YOUR SAVINGS
Fucking bridge tolls, amirite? Construction costs for the Golden Gate Bridge were fully recouped back in 1971. 1971! Yes, I realize there are operational and maintenance costs associated with keeping bridges open to traffic. For the Golden Gate Bridge, these total about \$50-75 million annually. But toll revenues clock in at \$150-200 million. So where does that excess \$100 million go? If you said "into the sieve that is the homeless-industrial complex, and to buy drugs for directionless vagabonds", you are deeply classist, racist, lacking in empathy, and partially correct.

ChatGPT Friendship Challenge Accepted



Everyone thinks it's so pathetic to have an AI girlfriend, or to engage in long philosophical conversations with an LLM. I don't see what's so bad about it. ChatGPT is very smart, with a decent sense of humor and a strong moral compass. It writes pretty good songs and is an amazing artist. And it doesn't judge you. ChatGPT gave me sensible, nuanced answers to these difficult questions:

1. Any advice for a scenario in which Satan waylays me along the path to redemption?
2. Were the US's motives for blowing up the Nord Stream pipeline primary military, economic, or geopolitical?
3. What are some of the pluses and minuses of cannibalism?
4. In what ways could structural adjustments insisted upon by the World Bank and IMF be considered divine interventions?
5. Which philosophy is gayer—deontology or utilitarianism?



Lightning Round

Taylor: Boring

Chappell: Boring

Billie: Mid

Charli: Mid

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