



Yawny's Digest

ALL-NEW

SPECIAL

THEOLOGICAL

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"Be fearful when others are greedy, and be greedy when others are fearful." —Warren Buffett

August 2025, End Times

Rainbows & Unicorns

Just curious, why are you reading this? Were you expecting some incisive political analysis? A few savvy predictions for the upcoming months? Perhaps your sights were set somewhat lower—on, say, a microdose of existential dread, or a simple chuckle?

Let's hope it's the latter, because there are no qualified analysts here. The best we can do is repeat the handful of mantras universally known to be true: all governments are corrupt in varying degrees; aging sucks. And that's about it. "People are greedy" did have a brief run as an essential guideline, but in truth, most people are *not* insatiably greedy; it's just that the insatiably greedy ones tend to have an outsized effect on humanity. With that in mind, all those in favor of adding "follow the money" as mantra #3 say "aye."

(Note: some regard the *greed titan* pattern as a feature particular to late capitalism. But even a casual glance at the mad kings, warlords, and voracious aristocracies rampaging throughout human history should dispel that view.)

Anyway, who cares about the big picture. Down at ground level, there's plenty of great stuff! There are roller coasters, skilled doctors, funny memes, delicious meals. It really is all about the journey, isn't it? For example, dabbing is still really hilarious, and a quick shot of that is likely to brighten up anybody's day. Unless you live in Saudi Arabia, where dabbing is illegal. You knew that, right?

Certainly Trump is a bit of a unicorn. He uniquely combines the ignorance of G.W. Bush with Jackson's narcissism, LBJ's ego, Nixon's paranoia. But policy-wise he's maybe not as much of an outlier as people think. His signature moves are mostly garden-variety Republicanism: tax cuts for corporations and the rich, spiking entitlements, etc. Yes, the ICE raids, retaliatory lawsuits, and self-dealings are all very over the top, and tariff flip-flops and the DOGE arc were pretty dumb. But Trump could be Epstein'd out tomorrow, and unless you're an illegal immigrant, you might not even notice the difference. Anyone living in Gaza or Ukraine sure wouldn't. Now, I'll be singing a different tune when they come to rape my IRA, but that's a tale for another day.

Based Cryptopope IV

I must confess to being a little mystified by the popular obsession with the Pope. Of course I understand that he's a spiritual leader, technically a little closer to God than most, but in any event, a person providing moral and ethical guidance for the masses. Rather like the Queen of England, innit? And rather *unlike* our elected leaders, who are understood to be animated primarily by self-interest, and secondarily by an annoyingly pushy collection of special interests.

The more I think about it, the more pro-Pope and pro-Queen I feel. For one thing, they can't be bought and sold. At least I don't think they can, although it would be a lot more modern if they could. Wouldn't it be kind of funny to let private equity invest in a Pope? What about a Pope futures market? I would love to be able to short a Pope someday.

I reckon it would also be pretty entertaining to have a grifting Pope. Like someone who charges admission for visits and speeches. Or a Pope who issues meme coins. Nothing would be less surprising today than to read about a Queen of England meme coin. That would make total sense, and would raise an awful lot of cash.

Internet Rabbit Holes

—INSANITY EDITION—



Egas Moniz, the inventor of the prefrontal lobotomy, won the Nobel Prize in 1949!

THAT ONE AGED LIKE MILK

Ted Kaczynski (the Unabomber) participated in the OSS's Harvard Experiment, which involved subjecting participants to high levels of personal stress and humiliation!

DEPARTMENT OF FAFO

Dr. Harold Abramson, a key figure in the CIA's infamous MK-ULTRA LSD program, was also a consultant at the Chestnut Lodge in Rockville, MD—the exact locale where Joanne Greenberg recovered from schizophrenia, as detailed in her excellent memoir "I Never Promised You a Rose Garden"!

MAYBE ACID REALLY DOES CURE EVERYTHING

Björk CIA Psyop Revealed

I was recently up in Calistoga, and a free spa treatment was included with the room rental. So I went through the whole ritual, and I have to say, I was getting some fairly pronounced West Coast secret society vibes.

The full spa treatment entails the following: mud bath->hot soak->sauna->blanket wrap. In other words: buried alive->boiled->steamed->mummified. At the end of it all, you're released into some kind of Zen garden, clearly meant to represent Paradise—as if you've just been purified by passing through the circles of hell; or metaphorically dying and passing through to the other side—only to find yourself inside a clutch of hawk-nosed old white men, grimacing about in their white robes like albatrosses. That's right, *old white guys in white robes*. I really felt like I was one degree of separation away from some tangible child trafficking opportunities.

Maybe I was projecting. I don't actually know how connected Northern California is with the transatlantic power core. Do outsiders even trust Northern California? I wouldn't. Maybe this is just an auxiliary unit, perhaps centered around Chevron or Wells Fargo. But I did find it somewhat suspicious that the music of Icelandic drone supergroup Sigur Ros was being piped in, as if to say, *yeah, we send people over to Davos too*.

Deus Ex Maverick

I know the Bible says to love thy neighbor, but what about thy neighbor's willfully bratty, perennially shouting and demanding child? Would it be possible to insert a loophole into *Love Thy Neighbor* to handle this edge case?

Look, I know it's not the kid's fault, not really. True, he does have free will (a little *too much* free will, if you ask me), but in his defense, he's only been around for 4 or 5 years and his behaviors apparently haven't yet been checked by classmates, teachers, grandpa, etc.

BTW parents, if you're going to name your kid Maverick, you are playing God. And I don't mean the benevolent, all-merciful kind of God, I mean the capricious, experimental kind of God. You're being Loki.

BUDGET LIVING

WITH: KAISER THE MISER

DISASTER CAPITALISM

You absolutely do not want to throw away those beans that were left on the burner way too long. You paid for them, right? Good news: pan-burning is not only a valid cooking technique, but instrumental for creating "charred Christmas bean crostini."

Ingredients: pan of overcooked, somewhat dried-out Xmas/lima/runner beans; liquid smoke; lemon juice; minced lemon rind; olive oil; chopped celery; stale bread, sliced + toasted

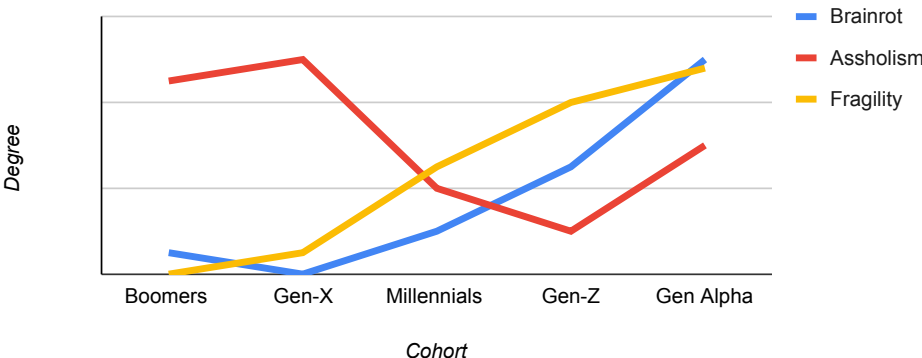
TOTAL COST: \$2.00 / 2 meals

I'll Take A.I. Music For \$500, Alex

You know how in boomer films, whenever they wanted narrative resolve or uplift, they'd play Motown? Then at some point, boomers started aging out, so they began replacing Aretha Franklin's "Respect" with David Bowie songs—"Under Pressure" or "Heroes" in particular, maybe "Young Americans" once in a while—or a sunny New Wave hit, whenever they needed to signal to the audience that everything was going to be all right, love conquers all, etc.

After that? I guess for millennials, nostalgic feel-good anthems might be White Stripes or Strokes or something. I don't know what they're gonna do with Gen-Z kids though. Because trap, and drill, and cloud rap, and even Kendrick are permeated with a fatalistic cynicism, like "nah bro shit is hella fucked up." Even the club bangers tend to go hard like that. Idk, I just can't envision a story arc about the human condition being satisfyingly resolved with "Wet Ass Pussy." On the other hand, maybe that's why I'm not a studio exec.

Rigorous Analysis of Sociological Trends



Mann Handled

I'm really trying not to be a hater but guess what, I really hate Michael Mann's films. Who kept greenlighting that guy's movies? I'm guessing maybe Harvey Weinstein. I mean, turgid, hackneyed dialogue. Lines mumbled or bellowed in bizarre, unplaceable accents. Synth washes over blue neon night shots of the city. Tedious chase and stakeout scenes. Incredibly accurate deductive leaps made by otherwise cretinous characters. I could go on. If we can thank TikTok for one thing, it's to ensure that films like Michael Mann's never get made again. Thank God we have comic book franchises, Ryan Murphy, and CGI.

Patriot's Guide to the Holidays

- ✧ Presidents Day - what even is this
- ✧ Valentine's Day - random excuse to gas up gift industries
- ✧ Birthday - reminder for people still on Facebook to send you a pre-formatted note
- ✧ Easter - some Stone Age nonsense
- ✧ 4th of July - endless barrage of banging sounds and flashing lights to petrify your poor house pets
- ✧ Wedding anniversary - find your spot on the overspending-disappointment spectrum
- ✧ St. Patrick's Day - bros get drunk on cheap beer, fight, crash cars
- ✧ Halloween - random excuse to gas up American corn market
- ✧ Thanksgiving - overeat while talking shit
- ✧ Christmas - buy people crap they don't need based on more Stone Age nonsense
- ✧ New Year's Eve - make promises to be broken within 30 days

Activities Available To Dog While Humans Are Not Present

PERMITTED	NOT PERMITTED
Sleeping	Incessant barking
Rodent pursuit	Defecation/urination
Chewing on authorized items	Chewing on unauthorized items
Staring through window/waiting	Harboring unrealistic expectations

I Connected The Dots and All You Got Was This Lousy T-Shirt

It would appear that the two most popular vintage rock t-shirts are Joy Division and Nirvana. It feels like every time I turn around, I see that *Unknown Pleasures* logo on someone else's sunken chest, often with an ironic phrase added. You could pair that logo on a t-shirt with literally any slogan or collection of words, and it would be hip/hilarious. Like "Alcoholics Anonymous," or "TikTok Cooked My Child."



The funny thing is, most young people don't even know who Nirvana or Joy Division were. They just like the logos. Kind of like how back in the day, you might see a girl going to the gym in ponytails, workout leggings, and a Misfits t-shirt. Whereas if she ever saw Glenn Danzig actually at the gym deadlifting, she'd probably be pretty grossed out.

In any case, since we are left on this earth with no choice but to connect the dots, here's your daily reminder that the main connection between Nirvana and Joy Division is that both singers killed themselves. And now these t-shirts are immensely popular. Suicide shirts! Are we Westerners truly locked inside some kind of a death cult? Or is this just another case of the capitalist machine swallowing its own tail—the tail being, in this case, despair at the senselessness of modernity—and repackaging it as hip merch? Are we just one giant human centipede? Making each of us a segment of the Humanity Centipede? O, damn you to hell, ouroboros!



Somewhat Deserving Internet Stars



Abundance!

I occasionally read the *NY Times* to check in on Democratic party strategy. However I also enjoy doing the online puzzles, as a daily form of mental calisthenics—a way to wake up and greet the day while attempting to stave off Alzheimer's and pancreatic cancer. The only dilemma is deciding whether or not to do "Connections" and risk provoking a fit of rage.

You see, the "Connections" puzzle is supposed to test your pattern recognition skills. From a list of 16 items, you're supposed to find groups of four that all share something in common. So you might notice that five items are all, say, blue in color, but you can only choose four. So you select four of them, only to get an error message reading: "Almost! You're one away..." OK, well fuck you, web app, *they're all blue*. My pattern is correct. But I'm supposed to guess which four out of the five blue items YOU are thinking of?

At the same time, the solution will regularly include categories like "words that rhyme with fancy desserts" or "Batman villains." What the? Is this puzzle specifically designed for Ezra Klein?

I'd like to make some category proposals. How about "French progressive rock bands" or "Things that can kill you." Let's send *that* Connections puzzle over to Wyna Liu and see how well she does. She'll probably cheat and feed the data set to ChatGPT.

BLACK MIRROR B-SIDE

People have been calling me the wrong names lately. First, Trina's mom called me "Eddie," then my neighbor called me "Dave." Admittedly, I do look like an Eddie or a Dave, and my real name is equally generic. But after a certain point one wonders: am I so forgettable? The answer is of course "yes," but fortunately, none of that ultimately matters.

Americans are so obsessed with individualism. They're always off on this quixotic quest to "discover" themselves, to learn more about their inner workings and motivations through therapy, self-help, medications etc. in a never-ending search for self-knowledge. I don't know, it seems like a lot of work. And for what?

I wish it was the future when you could just pull up your profile and see all your genetic markers, not just the ones that predict the probability that you'll like cilantro or go bald.

Also in the future you'll be able to subscribe to the massive database storing every event that ever happened to you, with all events ranked by impact / significance.

Then, since your event log and DNA profile are being constantly processed by an AI engine, for an additional fee you can generate a pretty good explanation as to why you never lived up to someone's expectations or were afraid to take risks or whatever. This all would save a lot of time and trouble, and a lot of grasping amateur art in the process.

Future would-be psychoanalysts could just take up zookeeping instead, or lawn and garden maintenance. Or they could become religious prelates, which might be a better fit. Unless—wait, is AI taking the priest/rabbi/imam jobs too?

Tesla Chainsaw Massacre

There are so many Cybertrucks tooling around! Why are they so popular out here on the West Coast, when Elon is literally the poster boy for liberal ragebait?

The answer is that liberals are generally tech positive, and it would seem that the Cybertruck was designed by Elon's son in Roblox. And all liberal kids play Roblox. It turns out that, like the proverbial broken clock, Donald Trump is sometimes right: in this case, "everything's computer." And as far as Roblox vehicles go, the Cybertruck isn't bad. I mean I had a shitload of Hot Wheels back in the day so I can't really talk.

Harmony Korine Films, Ranked

1	Julien Donkey-Boy	Channeling Herzog
2	Gummo	"Slackers" on bath salts
3	Spring Breakers	Brainrot phase begins
4	Baby Invasion	Epic Gamerrot
5	Trash Humpers	VCR garbage aesthetic W
6	Aggro Dr1ft	Miami ketamine cyberrot
7	The Beach Bum	McConaghey stonerwave
8	Mister Lonely	Yeah sorry no

The Daily Grind

My wife thinks it's "weird" that I obsessively weigh myself and take daily blood pressure readings. I don't think it's so weird. People check the weather every day; why not check your body's weather. Hey, Alexa: add 'rectal thermometer' to my shopping list.

Apparently others think it's "weird" not to take a shower every day. Are you aware that Gaia is weeping inconsolably right now? You never thought for one second about conserving Earth's precious lifeblood, yet you're calling *me* a sicko?

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"My life is a mediocre piece of shit." —A. Donut

'Tis But Child's Play

They probably don't play Duck Duck Goose or Musical Chairs anymore. It's just too easy for someone to get hurt—by which I mean, of course, get their feelings hurt, which could mean a lawsuit, or at the very least social media ostracization.

How is it then that piñatas are still a thing. What kind of morality is represented by a piñata? You begin with an effigy that is literally hanging from a tree. Everyone takes turns hitting this hanging corpse with a giant stick until its guts spill out. Then everyone fights over the guts. It's ghastly, like something out of the Brothers Grimm, or a training exercise for a paramilitary career.

Come to think of it, Pin the Tail on the Donkey is pretty fucking out there too. There are just so many levels of wrong with that one.

Isn't It Weird That

Just about the entire modern world marks the passage of time using the Gregorian calendar. That's the system that counts the number of times the earth has gone around the sun after a certain middle eastern carpenter was born. No offense to Christians, but the vast majority of people in the world do not actually believe that Jesus was the son of God, so using his birthday as a baseline seems a little arbitrary.

The whole month system is pretty dumb too. "Thirty days hath September"—what is this, Beowulf? But what gets me is the weird arrangement of 12 random blocks of days, all of various lengths, seemingly without rhyme or reason. I read that alternative calendars have occasionally been proposed, but cutting over to a new system would present a logistical nightmare. So we're left with this shitty legacy scheme failing upwards through the ages, like the imperial measurement system.

Or, like the entire illogical and ugly English language, which is now the default language for all business and diplomacy, despite being riddled with inconsistencies and exceptions, and lacking any positive sonorous qualities. And how is it that the Valley Girl accent won out in the end? How did that tone become normalized for young women? Am I the only one who feels suspended in the ether, midway between "I want to live forever" and "kill me now"?

Did You Pray Today?

People always say, "oh, you like animals better than humans," or "if you went to Ivy League schools, why are you so dumb?" Due to their essential truthiness, I cannot effectively parry such attacks, so my suggestion to anyone seeking a proper response would be to go straight to the source. Ask the Almighty Creator Himself—if He exists, which I highly doubt.

Go ahead, go on and ask Him: *why did you make that guy?* If you do get His attention, I could suggest some follow-up questions too, like, *why are you killing off our friends, caring and loving parents, at age 60, in the golden years of their lives?* Or maybe *why did you allow a teenage boy's index fingertip to be sliced off at work, thereby preventing him from ever becoming a decent bass player, when he was only filling in for a co-worker as a favor?* I'd also be interested in hearing *why, if you embody divine justice, aren't you striking down social media influencers with righteous bolts of lightning?*

It is sometimes said that without evil, we would not appreciate goodness in the world. That may be true. But even if you think of adversity as a kind of *faith test*, my feedback for the test administrator is that you don't have to take everything to 11. Not everything needs to be an AP exam. Instead of rampant ethnic cleansing, you could just have, say, a kid egg your house. Then let the kid come over later and say, *I don't know why I did that, but I'm really sorry, I'd like to clean it up for you and I'd like to walk your dog for you too because I feel really guilty.* And we'd all recognize that there's a path of good and a path of evil, and we would all learn the lesson, but nobody would get hurt, certainly not murdered or maimed or scarred for life.

But whatever, bro, "you do you," as they say. I guess you have the right to remain inscrutable in your mysterious ways or whatever.



omg u guys i couldn't even finish any of these books lol

Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy	Cringe Vonnegut wannabe
Kindred	Oprah Book of the Month Club vibes
The Dunning-Kruger Effect	Swedish millennial niche L
The Fall of Hyperion	Nerd alert

Brothers and sisters, I also had to lay down Whitney Webb's exhausting organized crime/CIA/Epstein book at p. 250, despite it being ultra based. I love piling on circumstantial evidence as much as the next guy, but we all have our limits. Good lord, woman, have you ever heard of an editor? Speaking of editors, why do sci-fi best-of lists continue to glaze Robert Heinlein. *The Moon is a Harsh Mistress* was okay, but *Stranger in a Strange Land* was so awful. I didn't finish that one either.



You Gotta Be Cruel to be Kind

With each new issue, another subscriber bites the dust, and another postage stamp is saved from a pointless fate. This is not about money. The core issues here are *sustainability* and *caring*. This is about people wasting very expensive color laser toner and Hammermill 90g Bright White paper, and most of all, subjecting unpaid staff to the excruciating, back-breaking labor of folding everything up all nice and neat and stuffing it into an envelope, when you don't even read the damn thing. So if you received *Yawny's Digest* for a while and never once made a peep, not even to send an email or DM saying "got the new issue," let's just assume you're bored or irritated by the content. Now excuse me while I go kick a few people off the mailing list. This issue was proudly sponsored by... Tina B!

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