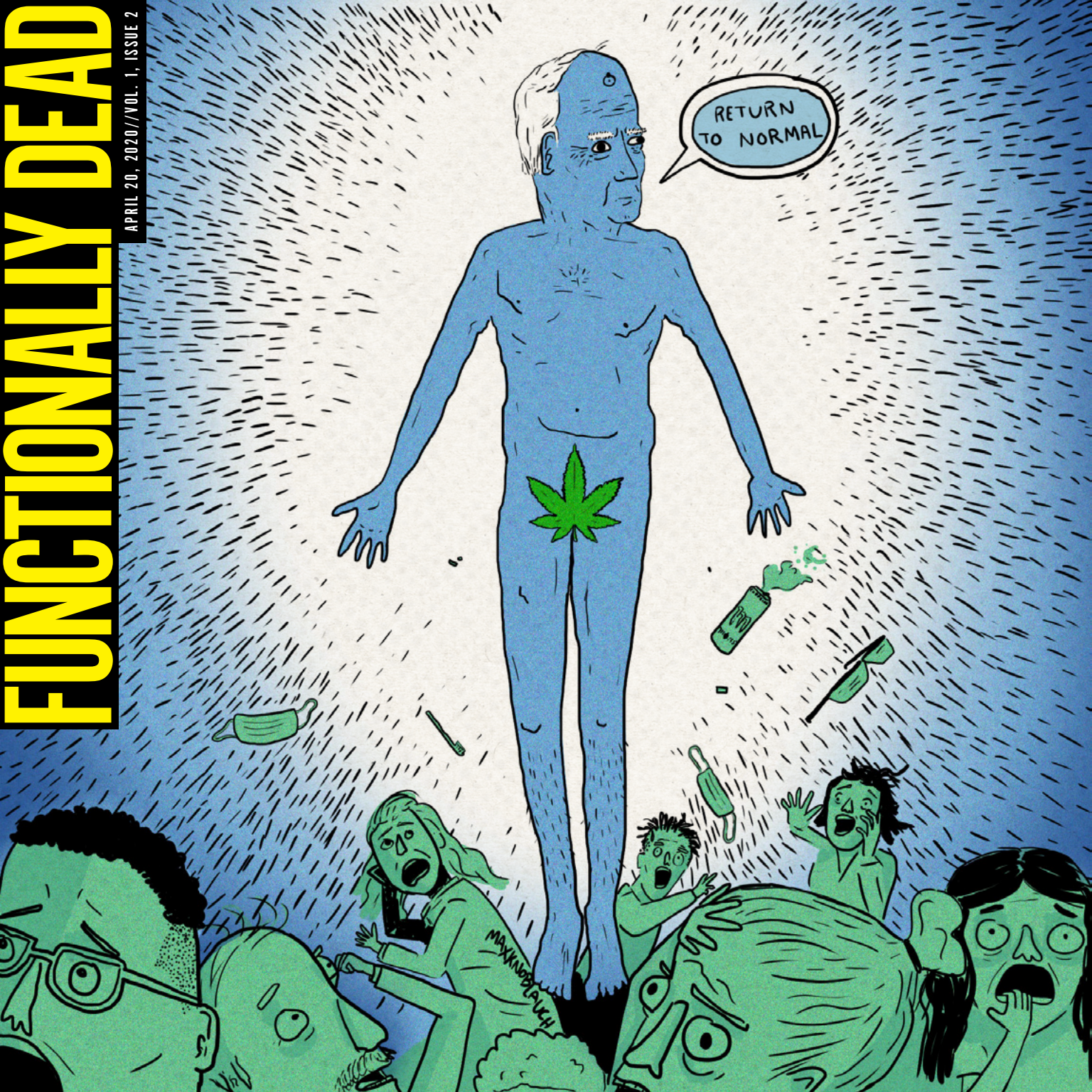


FUNCTIONALLY DEAD

APRIL 20, 2020//VOL. 1, ISSUE 2





Welcome back.

- 2 Letters From Our Readers // **BETSY KENNEY**
- 3 Volunteer Guide for Biden Supporter(s) // **CATHRYN MUDON**
- 5 Zoom Board Meeting Minutes // **SEAN O'REILLY**
- 6 What I'm Saving My Last Five Edibles For // **PATRICK KEENE**
- 7 When I Get to Heaven // **JOEY PERR**, GUEST CONTRIBUTOR
- 7 Other Stuff Tara Reade Lied About // **CATHRYN MUDON**
- 8 A Response To The David Sedaris Quote About Undecided Voters // **MATTHEW BRIAN COHEN**
- 9 Loyal Democrat: A Haiku // **ANDY BUSTILLOS**
- 9 OBITUARY: Malarkey // **BRADY O'CALLAHAN**
- 10 PiCk yUR QuARaNtNe hOuSe // **ROSIE WHALEN**
- 11 Why I'm Voting for Joe (James Carville Has a Gun to My Head—Please Call the Police) // **JAMES DWYER**
- 12 Things to Do With Your Heart Now That It's Been Curb Stomped by Current Events // **ANDY BUSTILLOS**
- 13 Choose Your Own Adventure: Conversation with a Liberal // **TIM MAHONEY**
- 14 Alyssa Milano: How She #MovedOn from #MeToo // **DIANA KOLSKY**
- 15 A 420 Quarantine Playlist // **ROSIE WHALEN**
- 16 To the Haters Who Think I Shouldn't Get to Enjoy a Trip to My Favorite Target During a Pandemic // **MALIN VON EULER-HOGAN**
- 17 A Thank You Letter to Bernie Sanders from the Democratic Party Leadership // **DAN LOPRETO**
- 18 A Message from the Frontlines of the Essential Weed Dispensary Worker // **BRADY O'CALLAHAN**
- 19 The International Appeal of Bernie Sanders // **ADRIAN BONENBERGER**, GUEST CONTRIBUTOR
- 21 What Do I Do Now? // **DAN LOPRETO**



...and here's that pip.

DR. SCRANTON//MAX KNOBLAUCH

four
2020



LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Some Online Feedback
Regarding Issue 1 of
Functionally Dead

//BETSY KENNEY

Submit your thoughts to functionallydead@gmail.com

CRACKED DADDY

notsellinganythingipromise@gmail.com

!!!!!!!!!!!!Can fix a cracked screen for \$10!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Follow my account !!!!!!!!! I know your screen is nasty
and cracked! Everyone is talking about it!!!!

YOUR FRIEND DR.DURKIE

ididitallforthedurkie@aol.com

Just give me 5 minutes

Hi y are funny, I in Syria and am a doctor who needs
money. Want to chit chit? I'll start. My favorite charac-
ter on Queer I is Jonathan, who is urs? 🍑🍑🍑🍑

-Dr.Durkie, 33 (Same as Jonathan), Syria

🍑 SEXI BROOKY 🍑

notscary@netscape.com

🍑🍑🍑🍑🍑🍑

Hello H r u Sexi? want 2 chit? Maybe we should
talk and chat? Do you like basketball? I love Big League
Chewing Gum. I'm not a child or a bot or scary and
I would love money to visit the beautiful city of
Pittsburghie one day.

PITZIE BROCKHIEM

Pinkyfingerpianoplayer@worldnet.com

\$\$Free\$\$ Online Piano Classes. I will teach you how to
slam your tits on a keyboard in the key of Canon in D
Major.

🍑(o) (o)🍑

JOE BIDEN

Bidenforpresident@joebiden.com

Just give me 5 minutes

Want to join the movement? Text "IMWITHJOE" to
911 NOW

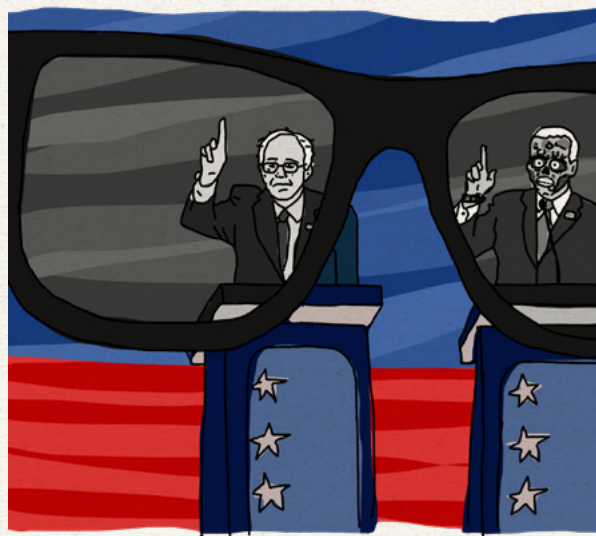
VOLUNTEER GUIDE FOR BIDEN SUPPORTER(S)

Uh Oh, Your Candidate's Facing
an Uphill Battle. Now What?

//CATHRYN MUDON

FIRST, THE GOOD NEWS: your candidate (despite a sea of smarter, more inspired options) miraculously won the Democratic nomination! More good news: you were right! You've been saying for years there's only one issue that matters to voters like you: defeating Donald J. Trump and returning to the status quo (*Latin for an existing state which was profitable for me personally and therefore desirable*).

But now, that sweet Fig Newton high of Biden's pandemic-induced-win-by-default is wearing off, and it's starting to sink in: November is just six months away! You've looked at this dang



He lives!

//DIANA KOLSKY

thing from all angles and it's an uphill battle! Take a breath. We're here to help—have you considered working really hard? That might sound scary and foreign but fear not, Biden supporter: you won, you stand for nothing, and you're ready. You are ready, right?

We're not going to sugarcoat it: your candidate has the lowest enthusiasm ratings of any nominee in modern history. Worse, it's increasingly difficult to quiet the haunting psychic dread that your ambivalence and complicity have all but guaranteed Trump's re-election. Worse yet, your vote indirectly caused massive armies of the nation's most skilled and hardest-working volunteers to *evaporate virtually overnight!* And it looks like no amount of feigned outrage, scapegoating, and gaslighting will bring them back this time.

Time to build an entire coalition! Every Bernie volunteer across the country is now busy fighting for down-ballot and Congressional candidates like Shahid Buttar, Nithya Raman, and Jabari Brisport. Candidates who, ya know... believe in something. But who needs 'em? You're a person of integrity, centrism, and action! You've been saying it for years: you're TERRIFIED Trump could win; we MUST DO EVERYTHING WE CAN to defeat him. You aren't some bloviating hypocritic! You're going to lead by example...

Between now and November, you will eat, sleep, and breathe the Biden campaign. You will make it your part-time job. If you're retired, great news, it's your full-time job. Every day, doors will be slammed in your face, you will receive texts of filth and profanity, you will be screamed at to kill yourself. You will go to bed weary, emotionally and psychologically exhausted, and you will wake up and do it all again.

Sound fun? Terrific! Here's *precisely* what that this will look like:

PHONEBANKING!

Get ready to call strangers and explain why Joe Biden and his policies deserve their support. See if you're able to find any on his website, then brush up! This is what makes you unique. It would be *literally impossible* for a >>

>> Leftist or virtually any American under the age of 50 to speak to Biden's merits. Just as you, Boomer, could never be asked to phonebank for, say, Bernie Sanders. You couldn't speak about things you genuinely, truly, do not give one shit about. It would be inauthentic! Ask people to vote for Medicare for All? (*Who cares? You've already got Medicare!*) Cancel Student Debt? (*Why? Undergrad at UC-Davis cost \$5,000 back in '63... which you paid off waiting tables for one whole summer, thank you very much.*) Ask them to fight for the Green New Deal because we have an 11 year window to take aggressive action? (*Pshaw, you'll be dead in twenty. How bad can it get?*)

FUNDRAISING!

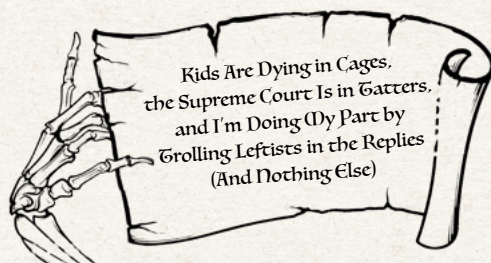
Pretty scary but Donald Trump is THE TOP FUNDED grassroots candidate (after Sanders, who received the most individual donations in electoral history) this entire election! So a flow of lots of money is absolutely essential. Who'd have thought a campaign funded by Biden's dark money Super PACs, corporate bundlers, and sixty-six billionaires would be so anemic!? Woof! Try these FUN TIPS: sell #TaraLied totes on your Etsy page! Host a comedy show with all the edgiest establishment comics! Or, simply donate the individual max of \$2800 and call it a day because you're someone who likely has money like that at your disposal.

GOTV!

You have no idea what that acronym stands for, but you *do know* the only chance of beating Trump is to mobilize MILLIONS UPON MILLIONS of new- and non-voters. Bernie's volunteers made him the first candidate in American history to win the popular votes of Iowa, New Hampshire, and Nevada without a cent of corporate money. You're gonna need that kind of energy to *inspire people to believe* in Biden's vision that nothing will fundamentally change! Explain to disenfranchised potential voters how the Democrats are the Party of the working class, here to take on corporate greed and fight for them! This one is going to be *incredibly* tricky. Best advice: maybe just... tell them it's a sweepstakes form or something? Bald-faced lies have worked well for your candidate, so they should work just as well for you!

CANVASSING!

Going door-to-door talking to voters can be super intimidating! But having in-person conversations is *the most effective* form of voter outreach! Because this level of volunteering is more advanced, it's highly recommended you go to your candidate's Local Campaign Office and get properly trained on the advanced digital programs you'll be using out in the field first. Joe Biden currently has field offices set up *all across the country* except in 46 states... so just plug in your zip code on joebiden.com!



VISIT SWING STATES!

Time to take on what MLK described as "the tedious task" of moving citizens to shake off their apathy for the greater good of society. This means leaving your comfort zone and visiting key swing states! If Bernie supporters from Japan, England, Germany, and Australia flew across the world to volunteer for Sanders's international movement, then you sure as shoot can fly to Allentown, PA! Enjoy yourself! You're someone who likely has plenty of miles and hotel points banked up from those decades of company trips, so it won't be any financial strain (or ask dad to treat)! Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, and Michigan in the fall? Divine.

This is your task now, Biden supporter. You got what you wanted. You won, square and square. You now replace multitudes of grassroots activists from every state, from countries across the world, citizens of the planet who came together, mobilized to fight for a candidate whose vision they believed could be the last chance to save our global community. But now it's finished... and it's Joe.

Joe Biden. And you. Best of luck. 🍀



Zoom Board Meeting Minutes //SEAN O'REILLY

AGENDA ITEMS

1. Oh Fuck We Are Not Prepared for This, Holy Shit Oh My God

- a. Peter suggested suicide pact, as it is all unravelling
- b. Clint: "This whole thing was a half-cocked speculation we never thought would take off, what the fuck are we going to do? The moment people go back to work, we're fucked. Don't forget, I have fucking pictures of every single one of you from the launch party! I'm NOT going down alone."
- c. Peter again suggested suicide pact
 - i. Seconded
 - ii. Adendum: Murder-Suicide

2. Third Party Integration

- a. Jeff: "Okay wait, we'll do what every company does—sell off information. We're going to have a trove of data... Do we sell to the CIA, or the Chinese Government?"
- b. Clint suggests we somehow do both?
- c. Bill took on this task and will get on a Discord call (for security reasons) w/ President Xi @ 9am Beijing time

3. How to Stop All the Improv

- a. Chinese Communist Party could probably handle this?
- b. Kill improvisers in their homes?
 - i. Possible DOD contracts for telecommuting drone pilots
- c. Peter's Murder-Suicide Pact is brought up again, unironically

4. Diversifying

- a. Clint: "Can we create backgrounds with subliminal messaging in them?"
- b. James: "I know this is literally the first time I've ever spoken at a meeting but: how about we keep the cameras on/record. For boobs."
 - i. Big ones, little ones, beaver tails... all boobs are good
- c. Union busting with Amazon—unanimous and emphatic cheers from entire board
- d. Peter: "I have a huge open field and enough bows & arrows for everyone here." He insists it is unrelated to the Murder-Suicide Pact.
 - i. Bill says it sounds like that movie that got pushed back.
 - 1. Peter notes movie is *The Hunt*, and his idea is a little different, but it's still a good movie.

5. Closing Remarks

- a. Steve: "Gentlemen we have an opportunity here. We can take what we have, which is a meeting app, and we can create so much more. We can grow our base. Think of it: we could help the CIA plan coups from Caracas directly. We are incentivized to sell every scrap of information to literally whoever wants it. We can save money on making it easy to operate webcams remotely and garner goodwill with the intelligence community by letting them just flat out do that. We could be Facebook, PRISM, and TikTok combined. I say we strive. I say we do the evil that every banal technology company was put on this Earth to do. Gentlemen and one woman, I look forward to getting very rich with you. And I look forward to destroying the notion of privacy, forever. We'll play our small part in creating a panopticon and a way for podcasts to continue."
- b. Peter gives a small unintelligible speech about legacy and again suggests his Murder-Suicide Pact, admitting the bows & arrows are in fact related.
 - i. Clint: "I'm starting to think you have a serious problem."

6. Meeting Adjourned

WHAT I'M SAVING MY LAST FIVE EDIBLES FOR

//PATRICK KEENE



FIGURE I

1. MY NEXT 10+ PERSON ZOOM CALL

Zoom calls are a fun way to spend time with friends while in quarantine. I'm certainly not just staring at my own picture in absolute despair while the two most alpha people talk over everyone else. Maybe that echo from whoever isn't checking their connection will sound like a trippy reverb effect, and I'll finally find my light.

2. REFRESHING THE CORONAVIRUS NUMBERS ON WORLDOMETERS.INFO

True, this is something I'm doing roughly 80 times a day without the aid of THC, but on a real dark day, maybe some weed would make this activity a little less like staring into the void. If I'm still high when we reach Midnight GMT+0 and the daily numbers reset, it'll look like nobody died that day. At some point the U.S. line has to start curving down, right...?

3. SCROLLING THROUGH TWITTER THE DAY BIDEN ANNOUNCES HIS VP PICK

How funny is it going to be to see liberals forcing themselves to tweet out mandatory enthusiasm over a Biden/Klobuchar ticket? No? Well, if I'm stoned maybe the joke that is Biden's last chance at creating a shred of organic excitement for his candidacy will be funny.

4. TO EAT

As soon as I finish the last of my marinara sauce and sardines, I'm going to be out of food. The last time I went to the grocery store, I grabbed a bunch of bruised apples and ran. This edible isn't to deal with the anxiety of going outside—those 60 calories are lunch. I'm only getting about ten steps a day anyway.

5. WATCHING THE SEALAB 2021 "BIZARRO" EPISODE FOR THE 10,000TH TIME

God, I love that theme song. Maybe I could eat one now? Just one, ya know? I'd still have four. We'll be out of here soon, I bet... 🌿



"When I Get to Heaven" by John Prine

//JOEY PERR

Joey is the author of the graphic novel, *Hands Up, Herbie!* @joeyperr / joeyperr.com

Other Stuff Tara Reade Lied About (I'M PRETTY SURE) Back When We Were Still Friends

//CATHRYN MUDON

LOOK, I WAS A "BELIEVE VICTIMS" SKEPTIC WAY before its post-#MeToo resurgence by white feminists. Since Time is decidedly not Up, I just want to add a few things I am almost positive my (former) friend, Tara Reade, has also lied about and ride this wave while casting aspersions on rape victims is still *en vogue*:

1. That my ex-husband, Carl, made a "huge mistake" divorcing me in '98. By all accounts on the remaining social media platforms of his I can still access, Carl is thriving.
2. That I could pull off an orange matte lip. I'm a cool tone; Tara knows this. I looked completely washed out and wasted \$28. Yes, technically the purchase was on Tara's card, but she had let me borrow it that afternoon for our "girls' spree."
3. That she "wouldn't miss it for the world" when I invited her to my son's First Birthday Picnic back in '96. This one is tricky because she did not, in fact, miss it. But I'm still counting it as a lie because I could tell she wasn't having fun watching babies eat frosting for three hours.
4. That my screenplay was "very decent for a first stab." I will never be able to prove it, of course, but I have reason to believe Tara only skimmed pages 95-170. She then claimed her email kept sending large file attachments to spam. Who set your email server up, Tara—PUTIN?!?
5. That it "was totally fine" to split the brunch check 50/50. I am bad at math; Tara knows this. So no, I cannot do the arithmetic of what my four Bloody Marys cost compared to her one coffee off the top of my head. Classic "controlling the narrative" behavior from my maid of honor, known liar Tara Reade. 🍷

//MATTHEW BRIAN COHEN

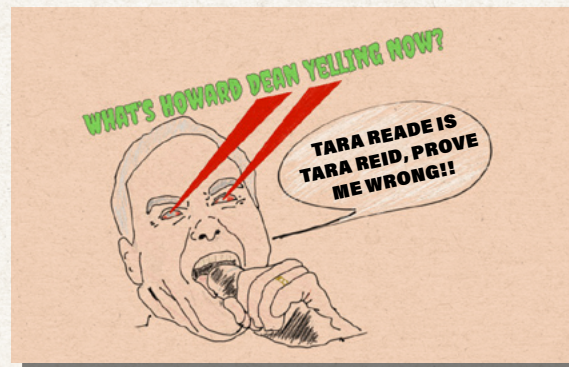
In a 2008 New Yorker piece, alleged humorist David Sedaris wrote the following analogy about undecided voters:

To put them in perspective, I think of being on an airplane. The flight attendant comes down the aisle with her food cart and, eventually, parks it beside my seat. "Can I interest you in the chicken?" she asks. "Or would you prefer the platter of shit with bits of broken glass in it?"

To be undecided in this election is to pause for a moment and then ask how the chicken is cooked.

This quote has since resurfaced. Functionally Dead wishes to indulge Mr. Sedaris's analogy, and has a few questions for him and other liberal Democrats:

- Why is the airline serving shit with glass in it?
- If one of the meal options has glass in it, isn't there a non-zero chance that the chicken also has glass in it? If the airline puts out a platter of shit with broken glass, it doesn't inspire a lot of confidence in the quality of the chicken.
- Why can't you tell me how the chicken is cooked? Why are you dodging this simple question? I can't tell you how incredibly nervous your caginess about the chicken makes me. Is the chicken undercooked? Or raw? Or prepared by a brazenly corrupt chef?
- I've noticed that the majority of passengers aren't eating either meal. Is the chicken so uninspiring that passengers would rather go hungry?
- If I continue to eat the chicken, how will the airline get the message that I would like a different meal option?
- Just take five fucking seconds to tell me how the chicken is cooked! It feels like the shit with glass option only exists to make the chicken look better by comparison. But looking at the chicken on its own? It looks bad!
- The flight attendant and a particularly annoying passenger in the seat behind me told me that the chicken is clearly the lesser of two evils, so the moral option is to pick the chicken over the shit with glass in it. How is your decision to offer two terrible meal options my moral responsibility?
- Unlike most other meals I've ever eaten, this choice of meal has serious long-term political ramifications. If the chicken is going to be the most powerful meal in my body for the next four years, isn't it pretty important for me to thoroughly vet the chicken?
- I'm told there was a vegetarian option, but that "no one would order it" and that's why it's not being served. Why can't I order the vegetarian meal? I like vegetables.
- The chicken eaters are now claiming my reservations about the chicken option are going to make MORE passengers eat the shit with glass in it. How? I'm just a passenger on the flight with no control over how the airline operates. My critique of your awful chicken is in no way advocacy for the awful shit with glass in it. >>



//JAMES DWYER

>> Again, it feels like it's on the flight attendants to simply speak with enthusiasm about the chicken's merits. Maybe this would reduce the mass panic you're feeling about passengers ordering shit with glass for a second time?

- I'm watching the in-flight movie and everyone is blaming the shit with glass in it on the passengers who requested the vegetarian meal. Why? Isn't it the fault of the airline?
- The in-flight movies are now refusing to talk about the vegetarian meal no matter how many passengers have expressed interest in ordering said meal. When they are forced to mention the vegetarian meal, they are overwhelmingly negative, going out of their way to harp on the vegetarian meal's perceived flaws and dismiss its positive aspects outright. None of the movies offer a different perspective on the vegetarian meal, because as it turns out, all the in-flight movies are produced by the same two companies. Why does the vegetarian option threaten the existing power structure of the airline's in-flight entertainment?
- I just learned that on the last flight, enough people decided to eat the shit with glass in it to keep it on the menu. It seems like people don't like the chicken enough to get the shit with glass in it off the menu. Why did you decide to put chicken back on the menu if you want to stop serving shit with glass in it?
- I've also learned that the chicken has financial and political ties to the airline. As obvious as it sounds, isn't that a conflict of interest?
- A third thing I've learned is that some of the other passengers on this flight have given literally millions of dollars to the chicken option, and have participated in a coordinated effort to stop the vegetarian meal from being served. Why is everyone so afraid of the vegetarian meal? Can you just serve all the meals and let everyone pick the meal they want? This is standard practice whenever I've flown Air Canada, Air France, or almost any other country's airline. It's a smooth system. Everyone chooses from a menu of several nutritious options, many of which are glass-free.
- It turns out that the chicken may have raped someone in 1993. Pass! 🤮

Loyal Democrat

//A HAIKU BY ANDY BUSTILLOS

In Wisconsin lies
my dead ass body post-"vote"
Joe Biden beats Trump.

OBITUARY

//BRADY O'CALLAHAN

MALARKEY

"In loving memory"

Empathy, Hope, and Human Rights, more recently and commonly known as **Malarkey** (a recent nickname given by a coworker that seems to have stuck), age unknown, passed away peacefully on Wednesday, April 8th, 2020, at the slang term's home in Burlington, Vermont, surrounded by family. The remark gained notoriety in recent months thanks to the efforts of a New Deal Democrat and the immense grassroots movement he inspired. Late in life, Malarkey bravely battled a common form of Ruling-Class Politics that became impossible to overwhelm as the disease coalesced around a single veteran host. Malarkey is survived by the verbiage's relatives, Global Humanitarian Efforts ("Unfathomable Bullshit") and Working Class Solidarity ("Socialist Hogwash"). Family, friends, and acquaintances plan to stay home in remembrance on Tuesday, November 3rd, 2020. The family has requested Medicare for All in lieu of thoughts and prayers.

PiCk yUR QuARaNTiNe hOuSe

//ROSIE WHALEN

HOUSE #1

James Franco
Corey Lewandowski
Eye of Providence
R. Kelly
Scott Baio

.....cHoOse WiSeY ;)



HOUSE #2

Robin Thicke's "Good Girl" MP3
Kevin Spacey
Bill Clinton
2 Joe Bidens
Brett Kavanaugh

HOUSE #3

Miley's Tongue
Louie C K
Al Franken
Harvey Weinstein
R. Kelly

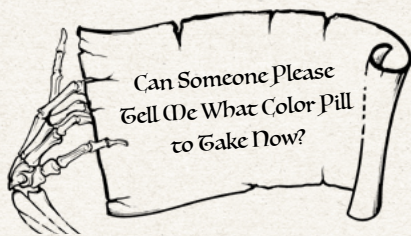
HOUSE #5

A Double Sided Dildo (it seems like too much??)
Bill Cosby
Roman Polanski
Nedib Eoj
SPOILERS
Frank from Twin Peaks
(simultaneously Leland Palmer/Dzaddy)

HOUSE #4

Matt Lauer
Chris Brown
Joe Biden's hands
Les Moonves
Donald Trump

HOUSE CHART//JAMES DWIER



You thought we
were ~~SAFE~~ before?
Bernie dropping out
is only going to make
us more
Insufferable.



ALL FO CALLIGRAPHY//CATRYN MUON



WHY I'M VOTING FOR JOE

(James Carville Has A Gun To My Head—Please Call The Police)

//JAMES DWYER

AS THE DEMOCRATIC PRIMARY WINDS TO A CLOSE, many progressive voters are feeling dispirited, their preferred nominees having left the race. I, however, am one of the lucky few. I've been all-in on Joe Biden since day one. As a long-time supporter, I thought I could provide some clarity and help the country unite behind the man I believe to be our best chance at defeating the "Cheeto-in-Chief."

This letter is being composed under duress. James Carville has broken into my home. He has a gun to my head. He told me he needs literally

anyone to write some positive spin on Joe and that I've drawn "the short beignet." So I am forced to write this or he vows to turn me and my family into "Gator Soup for the Pundit Class Soul." Typing out "Cheeto-in-Chief" appears to have him temporarily distracted. Right now he's dancing around the room while repeating the phrase, slapping his butt, and laughing. I'm typing this part in white ink so he won't see it when he calms down. If you see this, PLEASE, I beg of you, call the police. I mean I assume this won't be published but—

Joe leads by example. Growing up, I was raised on the principle that if you're willing to "talk the talk," you must be willing to "walk the walk." Joe Biden has been walking the walk for decades. In fact, he's walked the walk so much—

Wow, I'm literally saying nothing, but as soon as I typed that out, Carville started hooting and hollering. He's rolling around on the ground screaming, "I gotta stop, drop, and roll, or I'm liable to catch from that one. Oooooo baby that's good gumbo." He's now firing the gun wherever he pleases. A reminder that I could die any second. If you've read this far I assume you've already called the police, but if not you must understand—that they named a sidewalk after him. Wow, that's a lot of walking. Don "The Con" Drumpf probably hasn't even seen a sidewalk in years.

Joe will bring decency back to the White House. The political discourse in Washington has hit an all-time low, but Joe Biden manages to rise above the fray. A decent man for these less than decent times—

That last line really resonated with Carville. As soon as I typed it he hopped on the phone and screamed, "Neera, it's gold. A decent man for these less than decent times! Millennials will be tattooin' that to their titties like a crawdaddy at supper time." As he grows more excited, the references to New Orleans become more unhinged and visibly forced. And Joe isn't a decent man! He's a full fucking creep who's been accused of rape. Not to mention the countless times he's been recorded scaring the shit out of women and young girls! I PRAY the police are on their way if you've read this far—

And only decency will allow the cream to rise to the top. It reminds me of a quote by the illustrious James Carville: "Joe Biden is the heavy whipping cream this >>

Things To Do With Your Heart

NOW THAT IT'S BEEN CURB STOMPED BY CURRENT EVENTS

//ANDY BUSTILLOS

- Use it to prop up a crooked table
- Throw it into forest and say “don’t come back until it’s safe”
- Take it out back and shoot it in the eyes
- Take it to Hot Topic and demand a refund
- Donate it to science (to study feelings)
- Use it as bookmark for books you don’t mind ruining
- Make it the centerpiece at family dinners
- Give it to offspring to use as wedding ring
- Eat it because maybe it tastes good with sauce?
- Enroll it in online UCB improv class
- Use it to teach child how to catch baseball (or love)
- Throw it at political figure to start revolution
- Take it to Hot Topic AGAIN to see if you can exchange it for a gift card since refund was “unacceptable”
- Do fun TikTok with it
- Sex toy?

>> country so deeply craves.”—Carville took control and wrote that part. I don’t even think that’s a real quote of his. He’s been chugging a half gallon of heavy whipping cream this whole time, occasionally muttering, “This country craves the cream.” And he just produced an absolutely cartoonish bomb with a timer on it. I’m now certain I’ll be dead by the time you’ve read this—

Joe doesn’t want a revolution. Like us, he simply wants a return to normal. I do understand that some Americans want to upend everything, but you can’t do that when the fox is raiding the hen house while the farmer’s away—Carville is now doing what can only be described as a very accurate impression of the horny wolf character from the Tex Avery cartoons. He’s thumping one foot on the ground emphatically while whistling with both fingers in his mouth. It’s fascinating. Honestly, I’d film it, but he fired a warning shot through my phone early on in this ordeal. He’s screaming, “Oooo we’re munchin’ muffalettas on the Mississippi in May. This is the piece that does it.” Does what? This piece calls for a “return to normal.” What does “normal” even mean? Profiteering in every sector of the economy through labor exploitation? Letting people go bankrupt over hospital bills? People dying from a lack of access to health—Ok Carville is now pouring gasoline on the bomb. I assume these may in fact be my final—Only in our case, the fox isn’t just raiding the hen house. He’s raiding the White House. And instead of stealing eggs, this fox is stealing Democracy. This fox’s name? Donald J. Trump. Farmer Joe will put a stop to that.

That’s why I’m voting for Joe. Joe beats Trump because of the extremely strong argument I’ve laid out for you here today. I invite you to hop on the No Malarkey bus with me, unless you’re unapologetically anti-busing, in which case, there’s always Amtrak.

If these are my last words, I’m excited to announce Carville didn’t notice the anti-busing jab on Bide—nevermind he shot me. I am likely dead. 🌹

CHOOSE YOUR OWN ADVENTURE: CONVERSATION WITH A LIBERAL

//TIM MAHONEY

You find yourself face to face with a Liberal. Brace yourself, traveler! You have no item(s) and cannot hide. The Liberal is roughly your size and about six feet away, per the CDC human-contact guidelines.

"Will you vote for Biden or not?" they bark.

Do you: **Walk Away** or **Engage?**

Walk Away: Hey, smart! You turn around and save a hundred people from a burning building. Thank you for doing that. You're great and have perfect skin.

END.

Engage: You decide to humor this acquaintance from three jobs ago. "Hi Mark, I'm glad you asked! I really like your hat." The Liberal touches their hat and nods. You begin to organize your thoughts and indicate you will not vote for Biden, seeing as how you disagree with almost every policy he pretends to have. You think about saying how you're revolted by the bile his handlers massage out of his jowls and how you cannot in good conscience vote for a credibly accused rapist who helped separate over 3,000,000 families and willingly advocated for starting a racist war that ended up killing over 61,000 people. You want to say Biden is a brain-dead scarecrow (both the evil Batman one who murders people with chemicals and the brainless one from the Wizard of Oz) and that the Left must show that we're capable of not voting for the DNC's resurrected corpses, their life-size-cut-outs of humans, or their pedophilic goons.

Do you: **Not Say This** or **Say This?**

Not Say This: You take a moment and decide not to waste your time. You walk away and see a starling flutter past a tree. The distant laughter of children cascades down the block from a nearby playground. You approach the tree and close your eyes. You touch its wise, rugged bark and feel the warmth of the sun touch your perfect skin. You go save an impressive two hundred people from a burning building.

END.

Say This: You As soon you begin to speak, the Liberal interrupts:

"You love Trump, you racist idiot. You don't even know about the facts," they shriek. The Liberal starts speaking quickly, "what news do you watch, where did—" you struggle to keep up. You hear these phrases clearly enough: "Joe Rogan," "papers," "toxic," "KGB," and "Scottie Pippen," for some reason. Suddenly, they stop. The Liberal appears to have asked you a question.

Do you: **Walk Away & Do the Tree Thing from Above** or **Ask for Clarification?**

Walk Away & Do the Tree Thing from Above: Nice. Burning building, perfect skin—you know the deal.

END.

Ask for Clarification: For everyone's sake, I'm making you do the tree thing instead.

END.

ALYSSA MILANO: How She #MovedOn from #MeToo

//DIANA KOLSKY

It's Sunday Funday,

and I'm lucky enough to be spending the afternoon watching the once-vibrant *Who's the Boss?* ingenue cut an ice cube into sixteen pieces across a hay bale two-top at Farm Is Table. Nervous we wouldn't get a seat at the coveted Venice Beach eatery, I was super impressed when Milano breezed us through in just under seven hours. "They know this face," she explains, dead-eyed. I ask if she comes here a lot and she admits she does... with the special man in her life.

"Joe Biden is amazing," she recites in a rehearsed monotone for what feels like the hundredth time today. *Yawn.* I smile and try to change the subject. Somewhere nearby, a goat screams.

"So..." My eyes focus curiously above her right hand where a smallish tattoo interrupts the translucent skin of her delicate wrist—it's the reason we're here after all. *Dish girl!*

"Oh, that," she says, lip quivering, "I'm really excited about it." The once-vibrant Milano emits a guttural sob as she shakily holds up her arm for me to take a closer peek: there, clear as day, is her latest

ink—or should I say, her most recently *edited* ink.

The spot where Ms. Milano's "#MeToo" tattoo stood indelibly for nearly three years, giving hope to survivors of sexual violence everywhere that they are not alone, has totally evolved. A proud morning show talking point for the once-vibrant *Charmed* star only two months ago, I simply must know: "What changed?"

The listless brunette pushes the ice around in her milk pail, her thousand-yard stare unbroken. Ms. Milano barely shrugs and drops her limp appendage as a ripened apple falls from the ceiling and into her once-vibrant lap. Simultaneously, a pregnant tear crests, spills down her palid cheek, and lands on her newly inked script. It now reads "Wino Forever"—a bizarre homage to America's aging hippie aunt and perennial wife beater, Johnny Depp. (Editor's Note: After his whirlwind romance with Ms. Ryder fizzled, Depp famously had his "Winona Forever" tattoo altered to "Wino Forever," leaving young rebel love in the dust.) *But what is Milano leaving behind?*



Her body shudders. *Sad!* I nervously reach across the hay and grasp her cold hand. She squeezes my palm harder than I would have thought her capable. Our horse waitress trots by, but hello, we've got enough butter. *Great hair, though.* My gaze shifts back to my subject: "What about the movement?" I implore Milano's once-vibrant visage.

She doesn't answer for a long time, her teeth chattering. Ten years ago, I would have asked for a bump, but this empty melancholy feels bigger than drugs. Oh god, I ponder—*this once-vibrant starlet may actually be dead inside.* Then, in a near-inaudible whisper—had I looked away, I would have missed it—she finally speaks to the #MeToo campaign: "it's malarkey." The once-vibrant *Fear* actress begins to rock back and forth until she disintegrates into a pile of grey dust and is pecked-up by an errant hen. *Check please!* 🐔

A 420 QUARANTINE PLAYLIST: *For A Spiritual Journey To Have Alone While Staring At The Sky*

//ROSIE WHALEN

WARNING: Do not listen to these sacred songs without a
fat blunt in your mouth, or you are 100% going to hell.

[Link to Spotify Playlist](#)

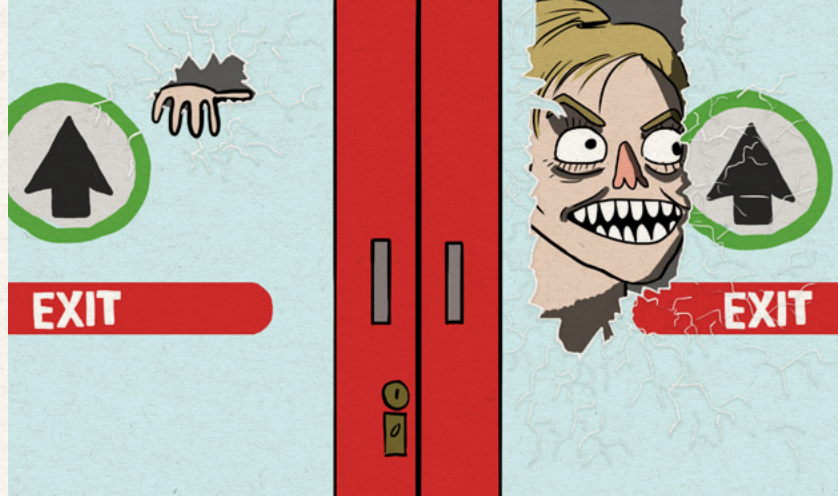
[A SIDES] *you're just chillin'*

FUNKADELIC - "Can You Get To That"
POLARIS - "Hey Sandy"
NINA SIMONE - "I Shall Be Released"
FLEETWOOD MAC - "Everywhere"
WHITNEY HOUSTON - "How Will I Know"
JOHN DENVER - "Take Me Home, Country Roads"
KID CUDI - "Pursuit of Happiness"
CHRIS BELL - "I Am The Cosmos"
THE PHARCYDE - "Passin' Me By"
LIGHTNING BOLT - "Dead Cowboy"
K-Ci & JoJo - "All My Life"
VELVET UNDERGROUND - "Sweet Jane"
OTIS REDDING - "Pain In My Heart"
DONOVAN - "Season of the Witch"
JOHN PRINE - "Please Don't Bury Me"
THREE 6 MAFIA - "Stay Fly"
KING HARVEST - "Dancing in the Moonlight"
NEIL YOUNG - "Don't Let It Bring You Down"
TOM WAITS - "Come On Up to the House"
JOHN CALE & BRIAN ENO - "Spinning Away"

[B SIDES] *for when it really starts to hit*

SANTO & JOHNNY - "Sleepwalk"
MILES DAVIS - "My Ship"
ZERO 7 - "Destiny"
WESTERMAN - "Confirmation"
NO NAME, CAM O'BI, RAURY - "Diddy Bop"
CROSBY, STILLS, NASH & YOUNG - "Our House"
BIG STAR - "The Ballad of El Goodo"
SUN RA - "Door of the Cosmos"
THE BEACH BOYS - "Sloop John B"
PIXIES - "Caribou"
CHAKA KHAN - "I Feel For You"
THE FLAMINGOS - "I Only Have Eyes For You"
PASTOR T.L. BARRETT & THE YOUTH FOR CHRIST CHOIR - "Like a Ship"
THE FLEETWOODS - "Mr. Blue"
BESSIE SMITH - "Nobody Knows You When You're Down & Out"
THE 6THS - "Falling Out of Love With You"
LOS WEMBLERS DE IQUITOS - "La Danza del Petrolero"
TOMMY JAMES & THE SHONDELLS - "Crimson and Clover"
KENDRICK LAMAR, ZACARI - "Love"
RADIOHEAD - "Subterranean Homesick Alien"
THE FLAMING LIPS - "Evil Will Prevail"

...No Pink Floyd songs were considered for this list.



TO THE HATERS WHO THINK I SHOULDN'T GET TO ENJOY A TRIP TO MY FAVORITE TARGET DURING A PANDEMIC

//MALIN VON EULER-HOGAN

WOW. I'M GETTING A LOT OF NASTY comments on my page for my recent trip to Target with my squad. Just because we are in a quote unquote PANdemic (whatever happened to a regular epidemic lol), I'm expected to shrink myself and not take up space in the stores I like? Not a chance, sweetie. I know my worth and my power, and I will NOT be staying at home simply because the government has asked me to in order to keep more people alive.

I have listened to the facts, discarded the ones I didn't like, and doused myself in thirty-six essential oils. Lindsay, Carly, and I had the most incredible time at Target yesterday, and it's clear that some of you just don't like to see women living their best lives and speaking their truth on social.

Am I symptomatic? Yes. Did I need another Spiced Sugar Apple candle? Stop it with the third degree. I only had an odd number of them in the upstairs hallway

closet, and I like having an even number on hand. I guess you all think women should have to settle for odd numbers of every household item they hoard? I used to be brainwashed and think like that too. Wake up.

I get it—a lot of people are scared of this disease. But even more of you seem scared of what others might think. No, not everyone “gets it” when you walk in and take OWNERSHIP by dry coughing on all the carts and opting for a personal six-inch social distancing policy, but that's what has made me a strong woman—making my own decisions about who I could potentially infect. As Carly so brilliantly put it: “They can stay away from ME if they care so much!”

“But Jade, what about the employees??” First of all, I actually call them heroes, and it's offensive to me that you don't. The HEROES at Target said they loved it when I kissed them on the face. I released

them from the oppressive masks they were wearing and planted a big one on all of their mouths (don't worry, I got Darren's permission first—he's so funny, he was like, “What are you asking me?”), and in their eyes I could see I was the ONLY customer all day who had shown them appreciation like that. Lindsay saw a box of gloves at one of their stations, and we confiscated it. “These are burkas for your hands. Free yourself,” I told them. It was a real *Sex and the City 2* moment. They were so grateful they were crying.

Once you do the work, it becomes obvious: the freakin' government wants us all autistic and doesn't think this womanpreneur deserves to exercise her economic freedom and buy another maxi dress. Well, joke's on them—I just coughed up blood all over the one I'm wearing. Guess where I'll be going tomorrow. :) ☠

A Thank You Letter to Bernie Sanders from the Democratic Party Leadership

Dear Senator Sanders,

From all of us in the upper echelons of the Democratic Party, thank you. You are an honest person, a born leader, and a vital voice for change in our nation. Thank you for being an American hero and running an inspiring, principled campaign, which we consciously undermined every step of the way.

You and your passionate supporters changed the conversation in America. Issues that we spent our entire careers attempting to thwart are now part of the public dialogue thanks to your efforts. The for-profit health care system we refuse to overhaul, the inequality we exacerbated for our own gain, the impending climate change we are less prepared for than ever—all of these pressing matters are now at the forefront of people's terrified minds because of your campaign.

Thank you for being polite, righteous, and honorable throughout your historic campaign as we knee-capped you at every turn. Whether it was the debacle that was the Iowa Caucus, or Obama demanding Buttigieg and Klobuchar drop out before Super Tuesday to solidify the moderate lane for Biden, you ate our shit sandwiches with a smile. While our preferred candidate called citizens who challenged him in public “fat,” “lying,” and “dog-faced,” you took our childish insults and barbs with grace, outmaneuvering us in our own respectability contest (a rigged game that can never be won).

You inspired our nation's young people and millions of working class citizens of diverse backgrounds, proving that progressive ideas can find traction anywhere—from the heart of New York City to rural Nevada. And in the plain light of day, for all to see, we did everything we could to destroy you. And we did. Your struggle for progressive policies created a new path for future candidates—a path that we certainly will not take and will actively discourage others from taking.

We want to commend you for trying—and, thank goodness, failing—to create a more just America. You've forced us to take a look in the mirror to see if our own stated principles align with our actions. They do not, and that's just fine with us. But we thank you for the opportunity to let us check.

We hope we can count on you and your brave supporters, whom we've shown nothing but disrespect and vitriol, to vote for our pathetic nominee in November. Because if you can't get them to fall in line (which is your responsibility, not ours), we're completely, utterly fucked.

Tepid regards,
The Democratic Party Leadership



A MESSAGE from the FRONTLINES of the ESSENTIAL WEED DISPENSARY WORKER

//BRADY O'CALLAHAN

SHIT'S BEEN CRAZY, MAN. Like...I don't even KNOW how to explain it to you. It's just like, I always considered what I do to be important, and kind of like, I help people in a way that's like, not quite exactly the same as doctors, but kind of like a psychic or massage person? You know like, I kind of help people FEEL good, but I'm not like, fixing bones. It's more spiritual, kind of, but also, it's physical too. Which is basically the thing about all this. It's important. Now more than ever.

Right now most people are at home and shit, but the government said that dispensaries are, ummm, vital... or like... essential. Yeah. They're essential businesses. Essential budnesses. Heh.

Normally, I'm like fuck the government. I do NOT like those guys. I don't like... like... politicians or taxes or, um, hello the cops, but this coronavirus stuff is so insane that I think we just need to listen and be there for each other, which is why I'm, like, really proud to be on the frontlines selling some truly dank buddha right now.

People are stuck at home and are really stressed and probably even bored, because you can't go outside except for groceries and beer and shit like that. They need weed. Or at least, like, CBD. It's not addictive, but you kind of get used to having it, and you like it so much that not having it seems really bad. If I couldn't have weed right now, I'd probably go CRAZY. Now more than ever.

So people need us to ask them stuff like "what kind of high do you want?" and like "do you want a strong psychoactive effect?" and "have you tried *Pink Gorilla* rosin jam?" Like, we're experts, and they trust us, and even the government said we're *necessary*. If we weren't open, people could, like, mix up their sativa and indica strains, and that's bad news for people who don't like a body high or a mind high. I know which ones come from really nice flower. It's indica, right? I don't know. And like, people are going to be eating a lot of stuff at home over and over again, and we can make that taste amazing.

Wait.

Have you seen the trailer for the new Pendleton Ward show on Netflix? The guy who did *Adventure Time*? He like made a new show that's not like a kids' show. They say stuff like "shit" and "fuck," and it looks really crazy. It's coming out on 4/20, which I totally get is not going to be as big a deal this year, but maybe it should be an even BIGGER deal this year, like how Rudy Giuliani wore a dress on SNL after 9/11.

I just think people are really going to want weed for that. Now more than ever.

Wait holy shit.

It's coming out on 4/20. Hahahahaha-hahahaha.

Yeah we gotta stay open, man. We just fucking HAVE to.

Now more than ever. 🌿

*Four
Twenty*

THE INTERNATIONAL APPEAL OF BERNIE SANDERS

Sanders was the only candidate capable of promising the type of transformation needed to meet global issues in the 21st century

//ADRIAN BONENBERGER

WHEN BERNIE SANDERS suspended his campaign for president, we were already in the midst of a profoundly alienating crisis. Across the world, countries had closed their doors or were in the process of shutting down everything not deemed essential. The professional communities that made up many people's waking lives disappeared, replaced by faces on Zoom. The personal and political communities that one would normally have enthusiastically joined in the absence of professional obligations—also prohibited. Life was stripped down to a bare minimum, now consisting of whomever happened to be living with you when the word came down.

And now, suddenly, precipitously, Bernie Sanders' campaign is over. His vision of a more benevolent and communitarian United States, a less "aggro" world, has reached its limit. In the radically individualized world that remains, it's easy to become constrained by the limits of one's living conditions. Walls, doors, windows, maybe a yard, or some body of water if one's lucky, neighbors—these are the components of a life boiled down to its material conditions.

Morally, we've been living in the small, constrained capitalistic world for years, and it's only lately that external conditions have come to reflect that internal truth.

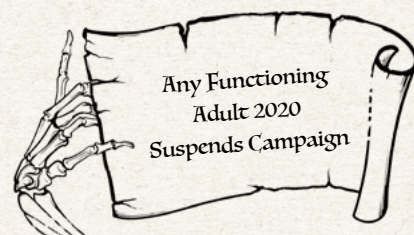
What does the internal truth of most Americans look like, if we're being honest with ourselves? A world where economic considerations ("the economy") come before human considerations. A world where we can't afford to test enough people to even understand how many people have been infected by COVID-19. A world where savvy businessmen compete to patent and sell the first viable vaccine. A world that most people across the world already know because American businesses make it difficult to procure anything without paying for it dearly—a world in which those American businesses and the culture that comes along with them are despised.

But Sanders destroys boundaries and definitions. He breaks down walls. I saw this best when travelling and living abroad from 2015-17—in France, Italy, Romania and Bulgaria, Germany, and—of course—Ukraine. Everywhere I went, when people would ask me (guardedly) what I thought

of the United States, I'd tell them about its potential—its idealism, the egalitarian and humanistic vision of its founders. We all had a good laugh about that.

And then I'd tell them about how we hadn't done a good job of living up to the principles of our founding, like not ever, but that there were moments when we'd done better, and moments when we'd done worse. And Sanders truly seemed like the type of person who could guide the country toward one of those better moments in history.

To Europeans, the idea of a socialist America seems strange, possibly even deranged. They know that their own countries, described as socialist in U.S. media, are anything but—France, Germany, and even Sweden are all deeply, profoundly capitalistic countries that happen to do >>



>> a sufficient job of taking care of impoverished citizens. Even in Germany and France, wealth is seen as a good, though to be certain not on anything close to the level accorded riches in the U.S.

Socialism carries with it a terrible stigma or fond nostalgia depending on one's perspective. Ask Ukrainians, Romanians, and Bulgarians what socialism means— something terrible, for those who fled the USSR, and job stability and dignity for those who stayed and made a life there. I've spoken to both. Using the framework of Soviet-style socialism, whether it is cause for rage or warm recollection, isn't quite right when it comes to the U.S., because Bernie Sanders wasn't (strictly speaking) a socialist—he just knew enough about socialism to see some value in its practical application—within a modern, industrialized country. Who, sitting at home on furlough, could

contest the wisdom of a country taking care of its citizens' basic needs like food and shelter?

Sanders was criticized heavily for his weakness on foreign policy, but my estimation was that Sanders offered in his person and in his program a solution that addressed the greatest problem the U.S. has regarding its foreign policy. The first component of that problem is that the U.S. doesn't live up to its stated ideals. For every benevolent Peace Corps style project building a clinic to treat developing world citizens, there's a U.S. business paying locals 19th century teneement wages and keeping them essentially indentured, or a special operations unit targeting some of those citizens for extrajudicial execution. The second component of the problem is that no leader, with the very short-lived exception of Barack Obama (in whom so many invested so much hope in his capacity to change the world through mediation and charisma), has offered even a temporary practical solution to that problem of credibility—a solution that was not, in Obama's case, forthcoming. The best the U.S. can do when its political leadership lacks the type of easily-quantified integrity possessed by someone like Sanders is contrast the country with despots, villains, and authoritarians. It used to be the U.S. versus the USSR; now it's the U.S. versus Russia, or China, or Iran, or Venezuela. This formula is a loser in the long term, as political leaders will never feel obligated to live up to what is possible in the U.S. as long as the bar is simply "better than the others"—Sanders refused to settle for that mean-spirited and shallow formulation.

With Sanders, there was the possibility for trust, and that was a trust that transcended national boundaries. A man too old to have ambition, too old to be president, and *so old* that he had a lifetime of consistent actions to evaluate. Who was Bernie Sanders? Precisely who he said he was, in plain speech, for all to see.

I saw Sanders t-shirts in Paris, Berlin, and Kyiv. I met supporters in Budapest and in smaller towns across Europe. Throughout the world, not just in the United States, people saw the type of person Sanders was, and understood that if, somehow, he could pull it off, *there* would be a man, and a movement, worth trusting. What if the United States was capable of electing a leader whose goal was to actualize these unrealized ideals... what if!?

Hope is a precious thing, and hard to come by in adulthood. Not only in the United States, which has many deep problems that extend back to its founding, but throughout the world. Although Bernie Sanders suspended his campaign for president—a long shot campaign, let's be honest, a *very* long shot—he also gave the world beyond our borders the first real signal that change was possible. This signal has been long awaited, much hoped for, and eagerly anticipated. The people of the world are ready. Now what?

Adrian Bonenberger is a writer who has lived all over the world, and has published numerous articles on the military, national security, and veterans affairs in a variety of outlets including The New York Times, The Washington Post, Foreign Policy, Deadspin, Forbes, and others.



//DIANA KOLSKY

I READ THIS ZINE, AND THE WORLD FEELS COLDER.

What do I do now?

//DAN LOPRETO

Here are some organizations to check out and donate to:

Emergency Release Fund

"The mission of the Emergency Release Fund is to ensure that no trans person at risk in New York City jails remains in detention before trial. If cash bail is set for a trans person in New York City and no bars to release are in place, bail will be paid by the Emergency Release Fund."

Make the Road New York

"Make the Road New York builds the power of immigrant and working class communities to achieve dignity and justice."

Meals on Wheels

"Meals on Wheels operates in virtually every community in America to address senior hunger and isolation."

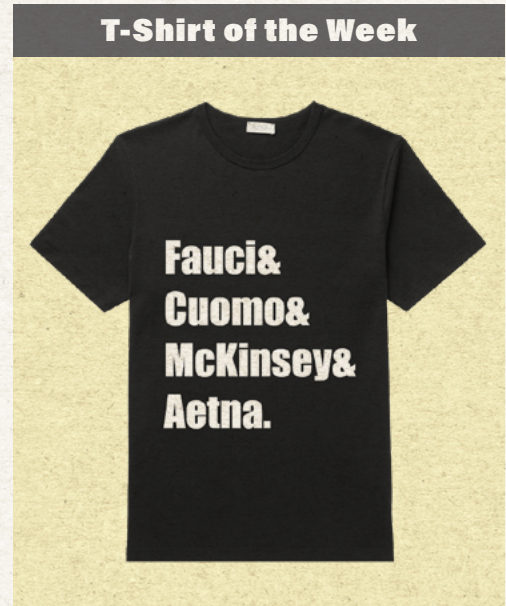
New York Transgender Advocacy Group

"Our mission is to advocate for more inclusive gender-based policies that benefit Transgender and Gender Non-Conforming/ Non-Binary (TGNCNB) individuals through building community leaders, educating practitioners, and influencing policy makers."

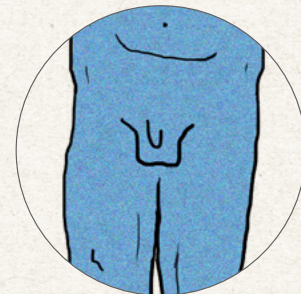
Survived & Punished

"An all-volunteer grassroots coalition working to realize our vision of freedom for criminalized and incarcerated survivors and our communities."

T-Shirt of the Week



//JAMES DWYER



...and here's that pip again.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE: JILL BIDEN TEACHES CPR



FOLKS TO BLOCK:

//ANDY BUSTILLOS//MATTHEW BRIAN COHEN//JAMES DWYER//PATRICK KEENE//BETSY KENNEY//MAX KNOBLAUCH//DIANA KOLSKY//DAN LOPRETO//
//TIM MAHONEY//CATHRYN MUDON//BRADY O'CALLAHAN//SEAN O'REILLY//CORY PALMER//MALIN VON EULER-HOGAN//ROSIE WHALEN//