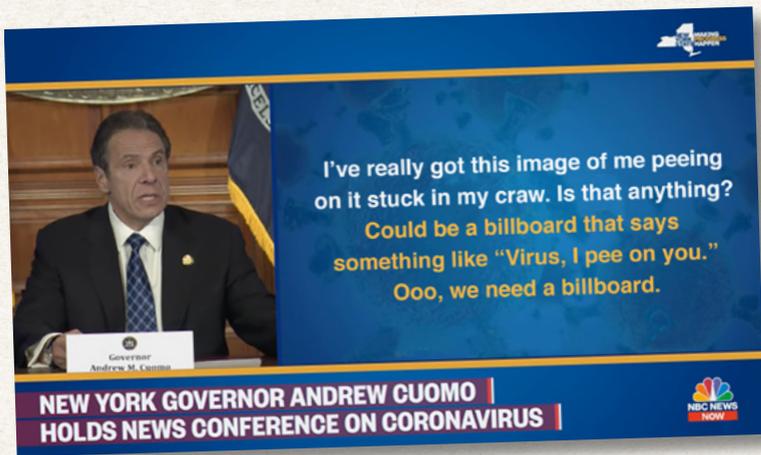


FEB 8, 2021 // VOL. IV, ISSUE 3

Functionally Dead

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FD EXCLUSIVE Governor Cuomo to COVID Task Force: “Have We Tried Peeing on the Virus?”

//JAMES DWYER

FD HAS SECURED ACCESS TO A RECORDING from a recent phone call between NY Governor Andrew Cuomo and his COVID Task Force. The hour-long call is combative at times, with Governor Cuomo pitching several ideas to “get this COVID over with already” to his frustrated team of medical experts. The transcript below includes the conversation in its entirety, minus approximately 25 minutes of minestrone soup sipping at the top of the call:

GOVERNOR ANDREW CUOMO: OK, I’m full. Someone talk. I don’t have all day here. The Saran Wrap arrives in 30 minutes and I want to be ready to receive it. I’ve got a prank lined up for my daughter’s boyfriend. I hate this kid. I can’t stop thinking about him.

DR. SCOTT HAMMER: Thank you, Governor. We wanted to discuss the vaccination roll out. We’re concerned because we’re seeing that communities of color have disproportionately lower rates of vaccination amongst their eligibility group so far. We propose—

AC: Temporary indoor dining pop-ups in every hospital.

Several seconds of silence.

AC: I SAID TEMPORARY INDOOR DINING POP-UPS IN EVERY HOSPITAL. If we’re going to beat this thing, we should consider taunting it, provoking it so it becomes irrational and more susceptible to attack. So, we bring back the indoor dining on

Valentine’s Day, but we take it right to COVID’s doorstep and say “hey COVID, bet you didn’t think you’d see my healthy tuchus enjoying a big old bowl of minestrone, did you, you fucking bitch?” COVID finds itself in a rage, as one does when another man calls you a bitch, and tries to attack these people. Lo and behold, *these* people are already vaccinated. COVID gets tired from all the energy it exerts. It dies a dishonorable death on the hospital floor and doesn’t even get a proper burial. I urinate on its corpse. Off camera. So basically, let’s focus on vaccinating people who want to participate in the ER Dining Program first, problem solved.

SH: With all due respect Governor—

AC: Watch your words here, Hammerman. I came up with this idea while watching Saw. Great flick.

SH: ...we need to prioritize a simpler vaccination plan. I do not believe using high-risk indoor dining to vaccinate people is the way to— >>

>> AC: Have we tried peeing on the virus? Like a jellyfish sting? I've really got this image of me peeing on it stuck in my craw. Is that anything? Is there any way I can do that personally? Could be a billboard that says something like "Virus, I pee on you." Ooo, we need a billboard.

SH: ...that wouldn't do—

AC: No bad ideas! We need to explore all of our options here and get this thing over with fast, because I'm trying to sell a damn book trilogy here, if you didn't notice! We didn't exactly plan for COVID to be surging when we wrote part two! We thought I'd be contracting the MTA to Samsung in February as part of my small business revitalization program! Now I gotta go back and rewrite the whole thing! I want ideas to make this go away faster and I want them NOW!

DR. SHARON NACHMAN: If I may Governor Cuomo, one idea we've been trying to get off the ground are large-scale vaccination sites like—

AG: Yes, like a prison. And then we pull a *Saw* on the inmates.

SN: Governor, we just need to—

AC: Yeah, we do it like the movie *Saw*. I don't know if I mentioned this, but I just watched it. That Jigsaw guy had some good ideas, you hearing me? A shame with the cancer thing. So a prisoner wakes up, uh oh, there's a corpse next to him! What the freaking heck? Wasn't that corpse my living cellmate a few hours ago? That's when the voice-over hits—maybe we get Giamatti—Giamatti is telling him "yadda yadda, you gotta cut this cadaver open and get the vaccine," which is inside! The vaccine has gotta be cold though, so be sure to freeze the body first. We do this, we only have to deliver half the vaccines we promised to the prison population. Two birds, one rock. COVID donezo, capisce?

SN: That would be a heinous—

AC: Ok you know what? Since I'm the only one with ideas here, quickfire round. I'll go first, second, and last: only vaccinate Long Island and upstate NY to create a herd surrounding NYC.

SH: No.

CH: Take every person who's recovered from COVID, gather them in Citi Field, inject them with COVID, creating an army of COVID supersoldiers who are now tasked with fighting the virus using capoeira, the Brazillian art of fight dancing—

SN: Absolutely not.

AC: Ok this is a longer play, but we infect my daughter's boyfriend with the South African COVID variant and just see what happens to him. If he dies, he dies, but if he recovers, we meet at dawn, no weapons, just my capoeira versus his—

SH AND SN: No.

AC: We take all the ice cream trucks that aren't being used right now and commission them to take the vaccine to every block in the city. This deals with the cold storage problem and the issue we're having with people who are unable to get to their appointments further from home.

SN: Didn't Andrew Yang just pitch that? It has some issues but this idea actually has some merit. We've discussed a similar solution where—

AC: But if you want the vaccine, you have to win a banana split sundae eating contest without taking a Lactaid. And no diarrheas are allowed or you're disqualified.

SH: Jesus fucking Christ...

AC: OK, well, what exactly do I pay you people for if you don't have solutions for me that are the same as the ones I'm making up on the fly here?

SN: You actually don't pay us at all. We're an advisory task force doing this work for free.

AC: Hold on I'm getting a text... yep, the Saran wrap is here. I gotta go. I want solutions to beat this virus the next time we meet in person, preferably maskless as I'm using all the masks for my vision board. In the meantime, I liked the sound of the Valentine's >>

>> Day thing, but I'll hedge by opening all indoor dining on Valentine's Day and 150 person weddings can resume in March.

SH: Sir, we do not advise opening indoor—

At this point Governor Cuomo hangs up.

When asked for comment, the Governor's office told FD to "take a long walk off the Mario Cuomo bridge." 🤖



PRESIDENT BIDEN SPOTTED IN TRUMP STATUE PARK KISSING BRONZE HAIR OF SHIRLEY TEMPLE //DIANA KOLSKY

WASHINGTON, D.C. (FD) – Newly inaugurated President Biden's latest antics made the rounds on the White House Staff Gossip Discord server this Sunday, following an uneventful first few weeks of Joe thinking about considering rolling back executive orders, tweeting faulty math, and calling Major the Dog "Beau."

An aide close to the President said he walked the feeble elder statesman around the grounds, stopping by the historic Rose Garden—now known as COVID Alley—and pointing out the former occupant's passion project, [the Trump Statuary Park](#).

Erected in haste during the final 48 hours of the Trump administration, the half acre is crammed so full of bronze figurines, it led one D.C. insider to remark that "it's like Edward Scissorhands on really bad acid. I am never, I repeat, never going there again, and you can't make me."

In stark contrast, President Biden seemed to feel at home among the macabre effigies of faded Americana. "Hello you," he was reported to have said to the melted face of Billy Graham. He slithered deftly through the close-knit statues—over two-hundred strong in the dry marsh behind the White House. He "moved terrifyingly fast for a man who is over one hundred years old," an ~~babysitter~~ aide commented.

"Hey, I live there!" he exclaimed upon seeing the White House through the metallic human jungle. He started to amble home, but stopped dead in his tracks when he came upon a statue that one aide described as "a microwaved Shirley Temple."

"Hey cutie," the President whispered, before descending upon her bronze curls. According to reports, he sniffed the girl-statue's hair for over fifteen minutes. The aide allegedly had to lure the President away from Temple's likeness with a half-pack of Fig Newtons and the promise of a warm bath. 🤖



//JAMES DYER

THE TRADE-IN VALUE ON THIS GAMESTOP STOCK SUCKS

//BRADY O'CALLAHAN

I'M FRIGGIN PISSED, DUDE. I had this Gamestop stock for a while and I wasn't super stoked on it. Plus, a next gen stock just came out in November, so I thought I'd trade it in for something new, have fun with that new stock for a while, and then trade in the new stock for my Gamestop stock back. To be honest, I was actually okay with the guys at the stock market telling me they could only give me so much for my used stock, because I figured I could get it back pretty cheap still. They also said I could get 10% off a subscription to *Game Informer*, and sometimes that mag has some cool posters of Master Chief and Sepiroth, and that's worth it to me.

I guess I fucked up.

I got some Blackberry stock and was almost immediately underwhelmed. I thought it was going to be Stock of the Year, and it just wasn't for me. Felt clunky, forced, and rushed. And there was this whole microtransactions thing that just

can't be legal. So I decided to trade it back in for my old Gamestop since I never finished it.

But then they told me that I'd actually be trading it at a huge loss? Ummm... what the hell?

I don't mind taking a little bit of a hit, because it's obviously not like brand new anymore and you have to blow in it sometimes to get it to start, but the guys at Wall Street told me that even after trading in my Blackberry stock, I'd owe like a full shitload of money? This SUCKS, dude! This place is such a friggin ripoff, I hate it.

...THE GUYS AT WALL STREET TOLD ME THAT EVEN AFTER TRADING IN MY BLACKBERRY STOCK, I'D OWE LIKE A FULL SHITLOAD OF MONEY? THIS SUCKS, DUDE! THIS PLACE IS SUCH A FRIGGIN RIPOFF, I HATE IT.

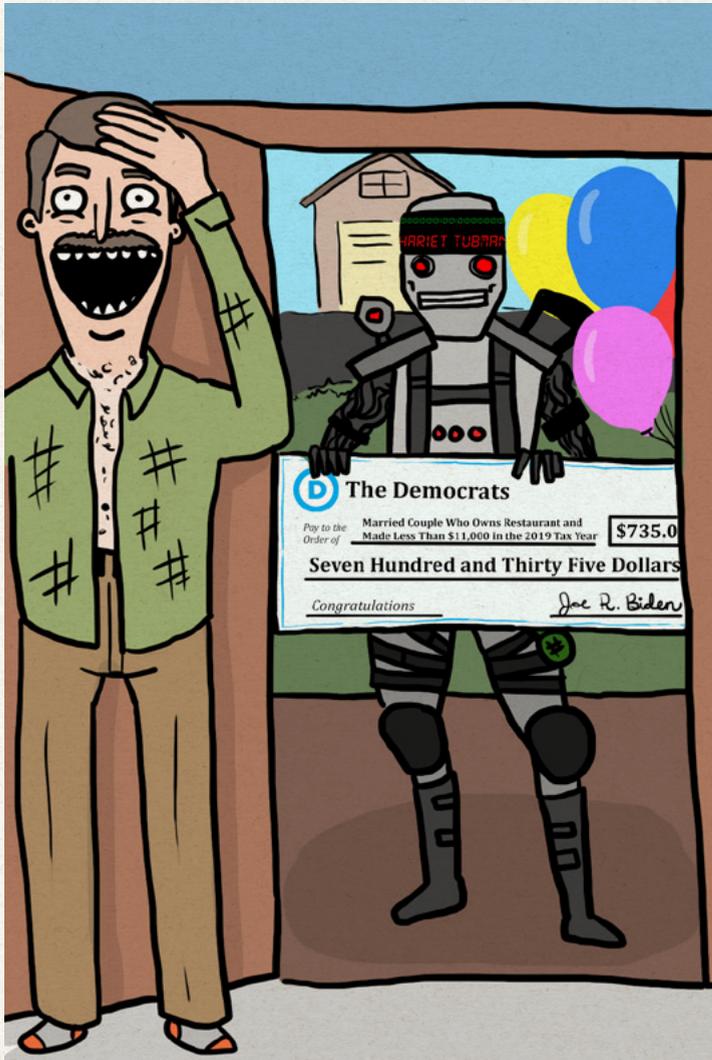
Apparently everyone else got so super into Gamestop like the SECOND I traded in my copy and the value skyrocketed, so all these losers who had barely even heard of Gamestop stock suddenly ruined it for everyone who was super into it even back when there was like Babbages stock and Circuit City and shit.

It wasn't even my Gamestop stock, to be honest. I borrowed it from my neighbor, and I already told him I'd have it back to him next week, and I didn't think it would be an issue, but now I'm totally screwed. I have to trade-in like ALL my stocks, even the ones I really like, just to get this stupid Gamestop stock back for my neighbor, and now I won't even get to get any of the new stocks that are coming out this summer that actually look really cool with vector graphics and 3D blast processing (I don't really get these finance terms but they sound rad as hell).

I'm never shopping at Wall Street again. 🙄

WHERE ARE THE \$2,000 CHECKS? WE'RE BUILDING AN ARMY OF HARRIET TUBMAN CLONES TO DELIVER THEM AS WE SPEAK

//MATTHEW BRIAN COHEN



AS DEMOCRATS, WE ARE ALL ABOUT UNITY. And the one thing that's uniting all Americans, regardless of party, is the question: "Where are the checks?"

We understand you need these checks ASAP and that we promised we'd deliver the checks ASAP, but the Biden administration is committed to being the most diverse and inclusive administration in American history. That's why we're withholding the checks until we have finished our army of *Jurassic Park*-style Harriet Tubman clones to send them out to you. That's right, your stimulus check will be delivered by a long-deceased American hero.

Where did we get the idea to clone Harriet Tubman? When Biden took office, his team immediately got down to business to address the most important issue of the day: getting Harriet Tubman on the 20 dollar bill. But these are bold times, and the President demanded bold action, especially when it came to the important matter of paying lip service to diversity while not actually addressing the systemic racism at the heart of our economy. Sure, we could put Harriet Tubman on some cash, but what if we could bring the hero of the Underground Railroad back to deliver the American people cash*? This was something President Biden mumbled as we were shooting him up with adrenaline before the inauguration. And, like all Biden policies, what was incoherently mumbled becomes official White House policy. >>

>> We're sure you have many questions about how this is all going to work. It's simple. Once the exact amount of COVID relief has been approved by Mitch McConnell, Wall Street, and Joe Biden's dog Major, one of the Johnson & Johnson created Tubmans will show up at your home within six to eight weeks, check in hand. To get the check, you'll need to verify your identity with the Tubman. Simply present your Social Security card, answer her ten American history-themed riddles, and do a few CAPTCHA—then she will gladly hand it over.

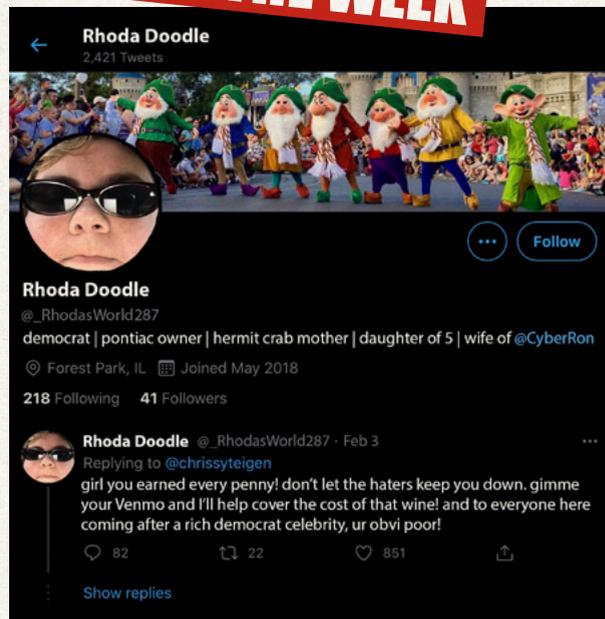
PLEASE NOTE: we are aware of some difficulties with the Tubman clones. Approximately 100% of the Tubmans developed so far have expressed outrage at their pre-assigned purpose and starting wage of \$7.25 per hour (this is the federal minimum and, as far as we understand, the Tubmans should be grateful for this). Approximately 100% of our Tubmans are highly disoriented, unable to adjust to the modern society they find themselves in. Sometimes, this confusion has led to anger, and even violence. Don't worry: the Tubmans are indestructible, and this won't stop us from sending the clones to your doorstep. In the event that your Tubman clone refuses to hand over your COVID relief check until you provide access to a blunt object or firearm, immediately call the IRS. Do not attempt to extract the check from a hesitant Tubman by yourself—for reasons J&J refuses to explain, the Tubmans are experts in hand-to-hand combat techniques ranging from judo to Krav Maga to capoeira, the Brazillian art of fight dancing. They will use your own momentum to take you down and break your limbs in a beautifully artistic fashion. This should only affect a small portion (2-99%) of the Tubman population, however, and we're teaching the Tubmans to trust non-Tubmans as we speak. And despite what you might have heard, negotiations with Harriet Prime—the original Harriet Tubman clone and self-described leader of the Tubmans—are going well. We're confident we can deliver the aircraft carrier she has demanded to fortify her free nation of Tubman clones, which she refers to as "Outer Heaven." While we are still unsure if Harriet Prime has played the *Metal Gear Solid* video game series and is intentionally modeling herself after the character of Big Boss or if

this is just a side effect of the cloning process, we don't anticipate it delaying the process much longer than January 20th, 2025.

There will be inevitable political theatre surrounding "hearings," "massive ethical violations," and "the blowback of a clone uprising," in the years to come, but please keep in mind... we did this because we want to get those checks in your hands the right way, even if it means that way is the wrong way, and especially if that way means you don't ultimately get those checks in your hands at all. 🤖

*means-tested checks

Functionally Dead's Rich Twitter Defender OF THE WEEK



//PATRICK KEENE

Ariel Pink & John Maus

We the People



ALBUM ART BY JAMES DWYER • 2021



By **Grayson-Jack Zeppelin Sheffield**
Contributor

/ EXPERIMENTAL/ROCK

MARCH 1, 2021



After storming the Capitol building together, Ariel Pink and John Maus did what any beloved indie rock heroes would do when caught participating in an armed insurrection against the state—they formed a supergroup. *We the People* is a stunning exercise in pop maximalism.

To those who've been paying attention, it is no surprise that Ariel Pink and John Maus have found a creative kinship. Pink has been one of experimental rock's eminent weirdo geniuses since he first emerged in the late nineties, churning out self-recorded tapes from his L.A. bedroom under his Haunted Graffiti moniker. John Maus has been making erudite new-wave-tinged post-punk since his 2011 breakout *We Must Become the Pitiless Censors of Ourselves*. According to them, the two bonded while storming the Capitol building on January 6, and it was only natural that a musical collaboration should ensue.

Recorded and engineered by Tucker Carlson at his Thin Blue Line Studios in Manhattan, *We the People* is a focused exploration of the joy of patriotism, the perils of censorship, and the biases of the liberal media at large. Pink's signature tape hiss and lo-fi aesthetic is still here, and it's never sounded more vital. On album opener "I Have Evidence of Hunter Biden

Eating Children,” Pink croons “I’d do anything for Donald J. Trump / He’s been treated so unfairly / His patriotism is my guiding light / And I say this quite sincerely”. For a man best known for ironically plundering the sounds of AM radio hits for his entire career, it’s refreshing to hear Pink write from a place of heartfelt sincerity.

Of course, Pink and Maus aren’t afraid to get nostalgic. “MAGA Girl”, the duo’s unique and raucous reimaging of the Van Morrison classic “Brown Eyed Girl”, is a transcendent exercise in maximalism, with Maus adding layers of ethereal synth to Pink’s howling. It’s hard not to feel like you’re falling head over heels for a racist real estate agent from Texas in the Capitol rotunda as the song envelops you.

Pink and Maus went against COVID-19 protocols during the album’s recording*, inviting special guests to drop in on the sessions. The result is a star-studded album from front to back. Florida Congressman Matt Gaetz lays down a groovy, slinking bass line on “Q Drop”. Alex Jones delivers a monologue about World War III with China, speaking over a hypnotic droning tape loop on the album’s title track. “Vaccine Microchip Blues” features Colorado Congresswoman Lauren Boebert on keys, Steve Bannon on drums, and that old lady holding an American flag from the Capitol siege photos doing vocal improvisations.

We the People may be an artistic departure for Pink and Maus, but it also marks new creative territory for each of them. Though they started their careers as musicians widely beloved by those with good music taste, they continue to play the role of musical and political shape-shifters, conspiracy pushers, and COVID-19 superspreaders. 🧐

Guest contributor
Mike Knackstedt, or
"Portland Mike" as we
here at *Functionally Dead*
lovingly refer to him, lives
in—wait for it—Portland,
Oregon. Find him on Insta
@mknackst

Buy: [Expired Beans Tunes](#)

*The album is dedicated to the three PAs who died during recording (names unknown).



CANCELLED CRATE™

A new monthly subscription box service for the SILENCED someone in your life!

Is Big Brother thought-policing your social media feed just because you posted a picture of yourself with an AR-15 and the home address of a teenager who subtweeted you with a boomer meme? Let our February Cancelled Crate™ help YOU cope with being cancelled! This month features:

ONE ROUND TRIP FIRST CLASS TICKET TO NEW YORK CITY

How on Earth are you going to do your in-studio interview with *Fox & Friends* if you're not in New York? We've got you covered with flights, hotel accommodations, and a \$100 per diem food and tourism allowance exclusively redeemable at Sharro's. Sorry you're having such a rough time!



OAKLEY SPORTS PERFORMANCE SUNGLASSES

You're going to want a fresh pair of shades to keep a low profile in your local lib-infested Whole Foods, and nothing says "I'm trying to hide my feelings" quite like a fresh pair of Oakleys when worn indoors.

Plus, they'll look great in a selfie on your new wildly successful GoFundMe page. What are you raising money for exactly? The First Amendment, of course! After all, freedom isn't free, and neither are replacement Oakley's (for when you inevitably sit on and break the included pair).

SADMAN PROFESSIONAL PODCASTER KIT™

Let's face it: you're still cancelled. That means no one wants to hear or see you... sounds like it's the perfect time for a podcast! Our Sadman Professional Podcast Kit™ includes a Behringer PODCASTSTUDIO 2 USB Complete Podcast Studio Bundle, an iPad Pro, and a year-long subscription to the free service, Anchor by Spotify. You'll be blasting those unpopular views into the ears of every silenced white American man within a week!



A LEATHERBOUND COPY OF MEIN KAMPF

You'll want to study up! The only people who still like you seem to love this shit, and you should take all the friends you can get right now. People are going to ask what the odd-looking leather is made from. Don't answer!



ROLL OF DUCT TAPE

Humans are visual creatures—it can be difficult for them to understand just how cancelled you are without an incredibly obvious, overdone visual metaphor. Luckily, you can place a simple piece of duct tape over your mouth to show everyone that you are being silenced in the same manner as a kidnapping victim, or you can go the full Gervais and use two pieces to form an "X."



THREE MONTH SUPPLY OF THE CREAM FROM BALCO

There's no better time to get big into steroids than right after you've been cancelled. Lie low on social media for three months before showing everyone who's boss with a selfie that makes people think "his skin is going to explode." You may be cancelled, but that doesn't mean you can't make big upper body gains, shrink your legs and watch your head inexplicably double in girth as you laugh at your haters while you skip leg day for life.



PAID ADVERTISEMENT

This Quarantine Valentine's Day, Give Them a Gift They'll Love:

one GODDAmN day aLoNE

//AMANDA PORYES GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

OUR FIRST VALENQUARANTINE WILL BE DIFFICULT as many standard gifts have lost their luster. Over the past eleven months, you've stress-eaten as much candy as you liked, went through a phase of buying flowers every Friday, and can't imagine changing out of sweatpants for lingerie. What you can give your honey is the one thing they haven't had while sheltering-in-place together: solitude. A moment alone. Like, one goddamn second to think, you know? Since you still can't leave your apartment, here are a few creative ways to give the illusion of your absence.

Turn your apartment into a subway car.

Craft poles out of cardboard delivery boxes (we know you're still paying for Amazon) and listen to your headphones. If your partner tries to start a conversation, tell them you don't know what the next stop is. Occasionally roll a Pink Lady apple back-and-forth across the floor. Release one rat into the house. Insist they watch *Bridgerton* on their phone instead of the TV, for verisimilitude.

Revert to being platonic roommates for the day.

Nod "hello" before you go into the bedroom and shut the door. If you must talk to your partner, ask if they were the one to use the last of your oat milk. They'll thank you when they make themselves a sandwich and don't have to first ask you if you're hungry. If you simply must speak to them again, ask them for the landlord's number, since they are not responding to your emails about the bathroom sink.

Pretend to be the rescue dog they've wanted all year.

Dress in felt ears, exchange language for barking, and begin to crate-train yourself. The crate may be uncomfortable at first, but having three cubic feet to yourself will soon become exhilarating. Your sweetheart will forget any weirdness when they get to watch *Bridgerton* with dog-you on the big screen. Dogs cannot object to an ostensibly progressive show infantilizing women's sexuality as nascent heteronormative monogamy. Shit outside and have your partner pick it up for a bonus touch of realism.

Employ a sitcom classic and draw a line down the middle of the apartment.

Use painters' tape in a rose pink to keep it festive. If those very special episodes are true, you are in for a day of the silent treatment, turning up the radio real loud, and Ethel coming over to work on your act. In the end, your partner will thumbs-up and say "Thanks, dude." >>

Surprise them with a break-up-for-a-day.

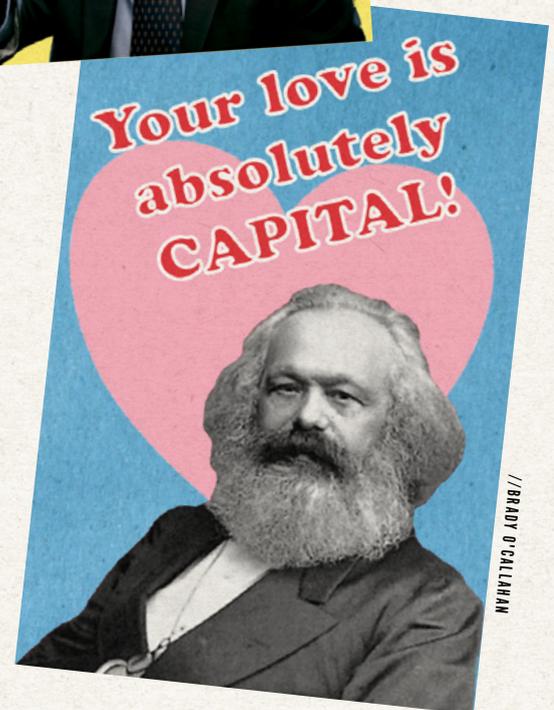
Leave a note saying you are going to your mother's house—just until you figure some things out. Do not warn them of the ruse; part of the fun is their slow progression through the seven stages of grief while you pretend to be a coat rack in the corner. Once the anger and acceptance have passed, they'll be glad to finally watch *Bridgeton* after you refused to even try the pilot episode for the last two months.

Stage your own kidnapping.

While your partner is in the shower, remove any seasonal clothing stored underbed. Throw your short-shorts and tankinis around the room to make it look like there was a struggle. Tuck yourself into the now available fourteen inches beneath the bed frame. In the magazine-collaged ransom note, emphasize you will not be returned unless the money is provided. If you have a fear of tight spaces, go the theatrical route of faking your own death. Once your partner finds a convincing ketchup-covered corpse, don a bedsheet with eye holes and wander around, non-responsive. If your significant other starts to scream at you for not talking to them, don't worry. They'll tucker themselves out and enjoy doing anything they want now that you're dead, although you're pretty sure they'll just watch *Bridgeton*.

Realize we were born alone, we die alone, and closeness is an illusion we rely on as a social species. No physical proximity can change how unknowable our mind is to another. Write this truth on your heart or, I don't know, to your sweetheart in a card? 🧟

*Between her infrequent THOT posts, Amanda is writing a memoir and reorganizing her cabinets for the fifteenth time.
Insta @mermaidinamerica*



//BRADY O'CALLAHAN

functionally dead

Left Feeld



hosted by
matthew brian
cohen

NEW
PODCAST

A lot
happened
this week—
Let's see
how the
Left Feeld
about it.

Hey, while you're reading this, you could be listening to
Functionally Dead's new podcast, available to our \$5 tier
Patreon subscribers... click below to check it out.



[OUR PATREON](#)

THINK LIKE A STOCK

//MATTHEW BRIAN COHEN

AS INVESTORS, I OFTEN SAY that we are actors in the movie that is the economy, that Wall Street is our Broadway put on film, and that money is the diegetic soundtrack to Wall Street. These things have never been more true, especially in these times as populist unrest threatens to destabilize the market and more and more investors are taking one acting class because people at my hedge fund say I don't know how to relate to human beings. So how can we—the investor/actors—play our parts better—in the movie/economy—to make more money—the soundtrack?

There's a quote I like to scream from Robert DeNiro that goes, "the best actors are method actors," and if *The Intern's* Robert DeNiro is saying it, it must be true. So what is a method actor? According to Reddit, a method actor is "an actor that completely loses themselves in their character, you bitch-ass cuck." They literally become their character, often gaining tons of weight, losing tons of weight, or gaining or losing just a little bit of weight. The weight is a big part of it. The reason they are so good at playing their character is they look, sound, and most importantly, *think* like their character. And who is your character as an investor? That's right—I guessed it—stocks. Ergo, be the method actor investor and think like a stock! Right about now you should be thinking "this is all making sense."



KNOW YOUR MOMENT BEFORE

If you want to think like a stock, you have to know your "moment before." There's a quote from Robert DeNiro that goes, "what's my moment before?" The moment before, in acting terms, is the moment right before the scene begins. Focusing on the moment before the scene helps the scene feel more real, or in our case, make us more money. So as an actor-investor that's thinking like a stock, you need to know your moment before. What is the moment before for a stock? That's right—the *initial public offering*. **How did the stock feel then? Undervalued? Overvalued? Did the stock believe it was going to go up or down? What kind of market was**

the stock entering into? If you can answer these questions, you're well on your way to thinking like a stock!

THE STOCK WANTS WHAT IT WANTS

Another Robert DeNiro quote is, "every character has a want in the scene." Essentially, a *want* is what the character *wants* to do in the *scene*. Do they want to get a sandwich, or do they want to make a million dollars, or do they want to kill their parents? Ask yourself, "what does the the stock want?" Does this stock want to be bought? To be sold? To be shorted? Longed? What's the stock (AKA you as the stock) telling you? Everything you >>

>> do with a stock should further the stock's wants. If you're not following the stock's wants, it's time to sell that stock (unless the stock doesn't *want* to be sold, in which case you should buy the stock).

GET SHORTY(ED)

Investors are constantly asking me, the guy who's writing this, about shorting stock, especially now that short selling is in the news. Robert DeNiro has a great quote on this: "I saw the movie *Get Shorty* and liked it OK." This is all to say that shorting stock can be a good strategy if you're willing to approach it like the movie *Get Shorty*—writing the script, looking for financial backers, and getting Barry Sonnenfeld attached to direct. Remember what Robert DeNiro said when I asked him about shorting stock: "how the fuck did you get into my apartment you freak?" And then remember what I said back: "my want in this scene is to get to know you."

MY CLOSING POSITION

If you're confused, relax! I wrote all of this while recovering from a brain injury as a result of Robert DeNiro smashing my head against his entertainment center. I don't really remember what it felt like for me, but I do remember what it felt like for my stock: it felt bad! Finance isn't easy; that's why only the smartest and best people you know are in it. But by thinking like a stock, you too can be the smart, savvy investment actor that makes the money soundtrack sing! 🎵

Salute to Our Inessential Workers

THIS PAST YEAR HAS BEEN HARD ON ALL OF US. But there's one group of people who have tirelessly helped get us through it all: our inessential workers. Though COVID-19 is far from over, *Functionally Dead* would like to pay tribute to these brave heroes of inessential service.

Real Estate Developers

When COVID first hit, all of us were struggling with how to adjust to the new normal, but nobody had a tougher time than our unhoused population. How can you shelter in place when you don't have shelter to begin with? Thankfully, our real estate developers stepped in and graciously closed up their luxury townhouses and overpriced studio apartments, giving the unhoused the largest shelter imaginable—the great outdoors. While some activists wanted to push the unhoused into temporary or even permanent housing, our real estate developers insisted that "out of sight, out of mind" wasn't good enough for our most vulnerable population. By keeping the unhoused unhoused, it forced us all to confront the issue head on and step across the street when the issue made us nervous or just looked all dirty and gross.

Hedge Fund Managers

As the COVID death toll climbed to the hundreds of thousands, many Americans wondered, "how is Warren Buffet's portfolio doing?" Thankfully, hedge fund managers were waiting diligently by their computers to make sure the numbers kept going up for our country's billionaires. It takes a certain type of individual to see widespread unemployment, poverty, sickness, and death and think, "I can make a fat billion off of this." Every day, despite all the moral imperatives, our hedge fund managers chose to look toward the rising stock market instead of any other indicator of a society's health and well being. They choose to see a healthy economy in the economy of their practically infinite net value. It's that kind of optimism that inspires us all. >>



The Kardashians

With the economy on an unpredictable rollercoaster ride and Hollywood production grinding to a halt, you weren't alone if you wondered how America's favorite lime-light business family, The Kardashians, were weathering the storm. Although forced to delay production on their reality empire for at least three months last year, their myriad fashion and makeup brands excelled throughout the pandemic, keeping these millionaires and billionaires (hi Kylie!) afloat. It's the work ethic of these courageous individuals, who despite the constant barrage of fluff news pieces, find the strength to text their momager back as their wage slaves overseas churn out the signature lip glosses that never fail to take our breath away. Bang a pan for Kim!

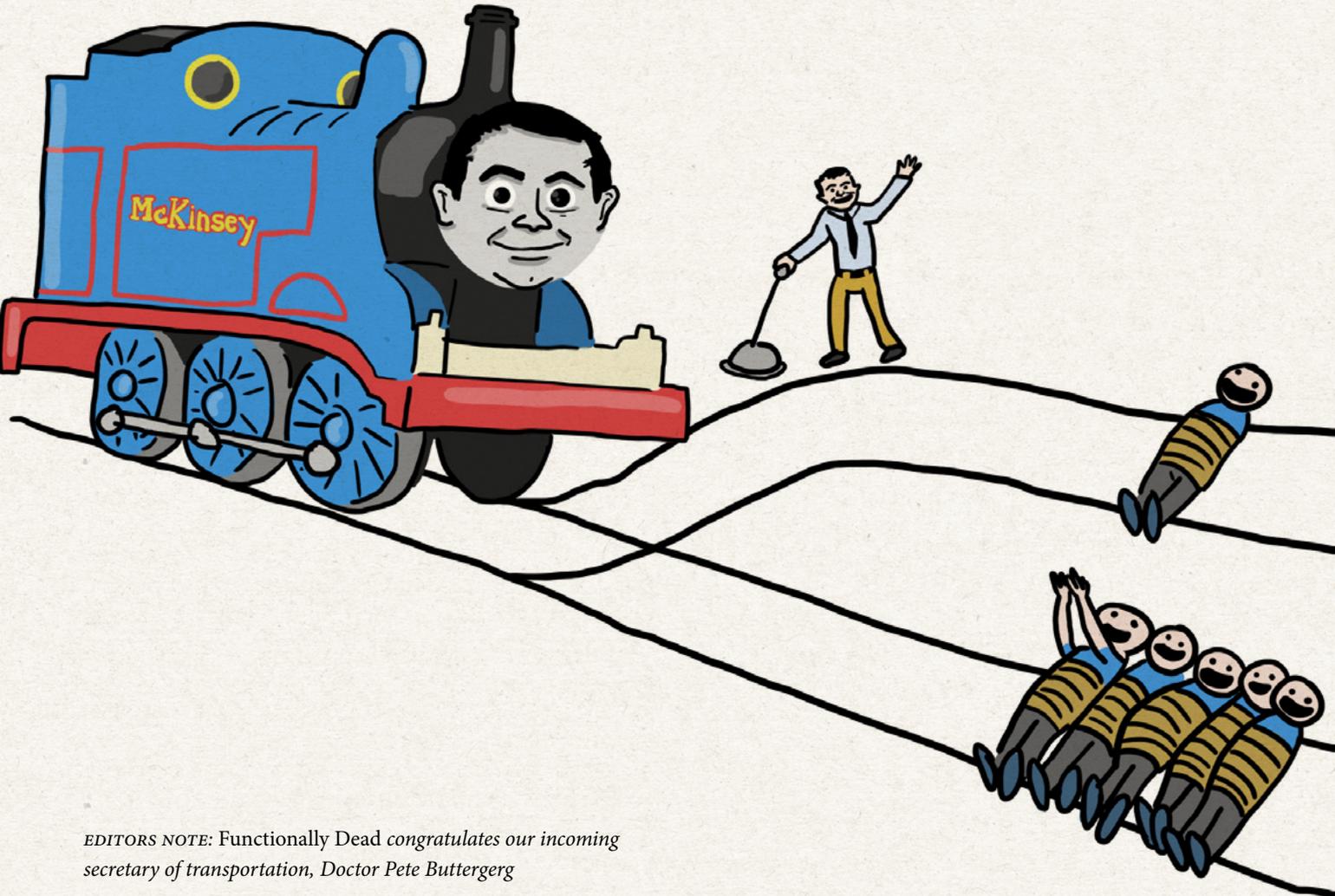
The Owners of Major League Sports Teams

For many, one of the first realizations that we were in for a terrifying new reality was the day the NBA halted all basketball operations and suspended the season in March 2020. As their loved ones slowly succumbed to the virus, many Americans wondered "when are they going to start playing sports again?" The principal owners of major league sports teams heard their clarion call and more importantly heard the deafening silence of athletes not risking their health to slam dunk a home run from the 50 yard line. We salute you, major league sports team owners! Without you, there would not have been yet another Dilly Dilly Bud Light commercial at this year's Super Bowl.

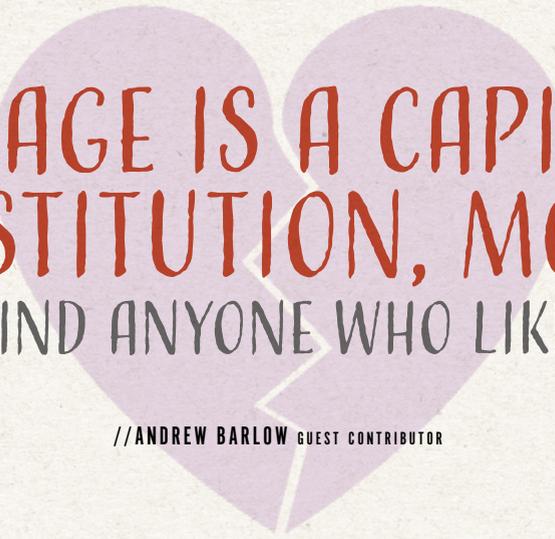
You

Yes you, the podcasting, Twitch streaming, Twitter shit posting hero who is reading this right now. Nobody, and I mean nobody, is more inessential to our national economy than you. Finish the bottle of Seagram's you were nursing and heat up your third frozen burrito of the evening—you've earned it! ♡

*Had to have high, high hopes for a living
Shooting for the stars when I couldn't make a killing
Didn't have a dime but I always had a vision
Always had high, high hopes*



EDITORS NOTE: Functionally Dead congratulates our incoming secretary of transportation, Doctor Pete Buttergerg



MARRIAGE IS A CAPITALIST INSTITUTION, MOM

(AND I CAN'T FIND ANYONE WHO LIKES ME FOR ME)

//ANDREW BARLOW GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

Dear Mom,

As Valentine's Day approaches, I must let you know that I will, once again, be spending Cupid's day alone. Furthermore, I have stopped dating entirely, as it can only lead to marriage, one of the most toxic institutions that capitalism has wrought. I know what you'll say: "you deserve to find someone who loves you for you," "marriage and children can bring a new perspective on life," "I think you're just depressed." These lies stop now.

Let us break down the elements of capitalism's greatest deceit: A Loving Marriage. Even before that first date, capitalism has us jumping through hoops in its twisted little game. To attract a mate—a potential spouse—I must fan my feathers like the noble peacock. My plumage knows many names: Tom Ford, Supreme, Mossimo. To lure the love of my life, I must suck at the teet of the fashion bourgeoisie, feeding their wealth by purchasing the most stylish trends. According to capitalism (and most of my friends), I dress like a "teenage boy." I liked Superman in high school and I like him now. Why would I throw away this shirt?

When dating, capitalism once again spits in my face, a face that just wants to be lovingly caressed. Each encounter, I flush dollar after dollar into the capitalism toilet like little turds never to return: bye-bye! Horse riding packages in Central Park, designer perfumes, flowers picked by indiginous children, and more. Just to display the level of affection I have for a person that I couldn't live without? Who makes me feel whole inside, who really gets me? Boo, I say! B0000! Lenin forbid I plan a low-cost quiet night in with my better half. I

dare not draw her a bubble bath lit by vanilla bean candles. I certainly hope she doesn't soak as I cook us a beautiful vegan risotto with asparagus and mushroom, all from our local farmer's market! And in no uncertain terms may we enjoy a wonderful dinner conversation, then make love in front of the fireplace before we fall asleep holding each other... but NO! Of course not. Capitalism says "you're thinking way too far ahead, bud, just be yourself," and "no place you can afford in New York City has a fireplace, Andrew."

And of course, there's the wedding: a lynchpin in the capitalism grenade that is marriage. On this day, the plutocrats rear their gold-plated assholes to shit gold bricks on me. Did you know if I ordered a Strawberry Shortcake floral arrangement for a birthday, it would cost one third as much as that same arrangement for a wedding? The same goes for all the items on my "Perfect Strawberry Wedding" Pinterest board. I dream of exchanging vows through a rendition of "Strawberry Wine" I've been polishing at open mics, but people keep booing and avoiding eye contact with me at the bar afterwards... and also the capitalism reasons!

Now married, we live in a trap set by the ruling class. Day in and day out with the same person, with someone who cares for me in a way no one else ever has. Terrible. And then we buy a home. Perfect—now the bankers have us by the neck under the cruel mortgage that allows us to buy our dream house, replete with a basement my love allows me to have as my "Fortress of Solitude," a place where I can wear my Superman shirt and play with my dolls in peace. No partner would embrace that part of me, let alone play the role of Darkseid, because the free market does not demand it. Then we bring two perfect souls into this world, two more drones for the zillionaire class. Capitalism ensures I must break my back to provide for my loved ones. Before bed, we all share my favorite midnight snack, peanut butter and mozzarella sandwiches. And no one thinks it's gross!? Mom, can't you see how capitalism has made this impossible?

Marriage is designed by the ruling class to control the proletariat. Capitalism wants me married off to keep their sick little machine running. But I won't do it. I won't suffer heartbreak after heartbreak to end up "happily ever after" as a cog, wedded into the machine of neoliberalism with a beautiful soul who I would do anything in this world to see happy. Instead I will die alone. As Karl Marx intended.

Love always, your single socialist son,
Andrew

P.S. Happy 40th Anniversary to you and Dad! Your love is an inspiration to me!

Dr. Jill Gave Me CPR, and I Died for Seven Minutes

//DIANA KOLSKY

I RECENTLY HAD THE PLEASURE of visiting the White House on a homeschool trip with my Aunt Waldingo and my twin brother Kurtothy. I had trouble focusing on the monuments to colonialism, however, feeling a bit famished as I made my way across the highly-polished floor of the crypt. I reached into my bundle for a snack, only to find I'd eaten up my Cheeto cakes and drunk all my nonalcoholic bathtub gin. Oh well, I'd eat when I got back to Eugene.

The Presidential oil portraits started to blur as I rounded the bend into the Grand Hall. The voice of Aunt 'Dingo saying "Teddy Roosevelt was a Cuban spy" was distorted as if travelling through eight feet of Jell-O. Mmm, Jell-O. I sure was hungry. And thirsty. I saw what I thought was a water vestibule and made my way over, dragging Kurtothy with me (we're conjoined). As it turned out, the so-called drinking fountain was a bust of Martha Washington—I found out the hard way having pulled down my raccoon pelt mask and suckled on her cold brass teet.

"What are you doing, loser" Kurtothy whispered harshly. It was then that I fainted—having accidentally sucked her statuesque areola clean off—pulling our

dual body down onto the shiny marble floor. Somewhere, through the thick air and prestige, I heard the click-clack of expensive shoes making their way toward me and then the voice of an angel: "What's happened?" I was able to crack one heavy eyelid and peer up, and there she was—the most beautiful person I had ever seen—our fair FLOTUS, Dr. Jill Biden. Her bleached hair sat lifelessly on her shoulders like heavenly straw, her baby blue get-up reminded me of the sea—would I ever get to visit the ocean? Or would I die here in the White House with both Aunt 'Dingo and Kurtothy screaming, "she's choking!"

"Move over, I'm a doctor!" she sing-sang in a lilting siren's call. 'Dingo and Kurtothy parted deeply like my albino white hair does in the temperate Oregon morn, and the angel grew closer. That's when Dr. Jill performed CPR on my dry mouth. She pinched my snubby nose and exhaled her celestial wind into my conjoined triple lung. So far, so good, but then—"1-2-3"—she pumped hard on my shoulders rather than my chest, and the sprite-assisted breathing was unsuccessful, probably because Martha's metal nip was still having

its way with my throat. Both the azure-clad cherub and my cursed family grew far—far—farther away as I slipped into the dark, murky grave of public death.

I saw my parents waving goodbye the day they left for the circus; I saw my pet weasel Carmine eating my pet snake Balzac; I saw my handsome homeschool mate and neighbor Igor telling me math was the devil's language—how patient was he; I saw the hole in my backyard where I buried my deceased pets and the little trinkets I didn't want to share; I saw the slice of vegan cherry pie I enjoyed on my last birthday. Such a full life I had lived! And now I could rest.

Suddenly my lurid visions began to play in reverse, speeding up, faster faster, until...

I shot up like an electrocuted meerkat to find myself in a hospital bed, perhaps the same one our former leader had writhed in with the corona sweats. 'Dingo was at the foot of the bed and Kurtothy was by my side (duh). "Where is she?!" my eyes welled up with angst. "Who?" 'Dingo asked. "My angel in blue," I replied hastily, "the one who gave me mouth-to-mouth..." my voice quaked in disbelief that anyone should not know of whom I spoke. "Oh, Jill Biden?" asked Kurtothy, "turns out she's not *that* kind of doctor, and we died for seven minutes."

The dried spittle-encrusted stannic breast summit resting next to my bed told another story however. Dr Jill may have killed me for seven minutes, but she restored my faith in women. 🙄



Teen Militia Member Weighs Pros and Cons of Listing His Oath Keepers Affiliation on College Application

//CAMILLE TINNIN GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

Pros

DEMONSTRATES MY TIME MANAGEMENT SKILLS: I've balanced school, ROTC, and militia all four years of high school, took many AP classes, and maintained good grades.

EXEMPLIFIES MY COMMITMENT TO CIVIC ENGAGEMENT: Between this and my summer internship with Senator Ted Cruz, I think I have shown my ability to work both within and outside of the system for positive change or positive keeping things the same as they've always been.

HIGHLIGHTS MY COMMUNITY SERVICE: Last summer, I volunteered my time to protect federal buildings from Antifa. So I understand how the radical left shows respect for our national treasures.

SPEAKS TO MY LEVEL OF DISCIPLINE: I willingly joined a group with a very specific and potentially honorable code of conduct and live by that standard. Even though I am not (yet) in the military, I took this oath to serve and “protect the Consti-

against ALL enemies foreign and domestic” and to “obey the orders of the President.” Most kids my age are off drinking and spraypainting dicks on lockers—I hold myself to a higher standard of only spray-painting dicks on the Capitol building.

SPOTLIGHTS MY INITIATIVE: I volunteered to take over the Oath Keeper's Facebook page when some members were unjustly booted from the site on January 7th for ALLEGEDLY creating additional fake profiles using stock images of Black men just to agree with their original posts. I have improved the page by incorporating more memes, but obviously not any of a certain mitten-clad socialist.

DEMONSTRATES FREE-THINKING: Inspired by my brothers and sisters in arms, I started an Oath Keepers group at school for other service-oriented classmates. Most of the meetings it's just me and our faculty advisor—the School Resource Police Officer—and a bunch of other students protesting; I can withstand their taunts and will not fall for their peer pressure to accept what they call “truth.” >>

Cons

THE OATH KEEPERS STORMED THE CAPITOL: Ok, yes, three people who were affiliated with The Oath Keepers were arrested for alleged “conspiracy” and “destruction of government property” but that doesn’t mean we all participated in the patriotic events of January 6th. Plus, it is clearly in our bylaws not to overthrow the government. Since our members agreed to these bylaws, there is no way that anything they did can be construed as “conspiracy” or “sedition” or “overthrowing the government” or “treason.” Actually, given the strong legal argument I’ve produced, this is a pro.

OATH KEEPERS ARE PAINTED AS A MONOLITH: You really shouldn’t make assumptions about people just because they are affiliated with a far-right militia. Not everyone went to D.C. for this patriotic protest, but I am sure all of them wished they could have been there. About half our members who weren’t there as private citizen-patriots had to work—the law won’t enforce itself! Honestly, now that I think of it, this level of solidarity the Oath Keepers show is a good thing. Move this to the pros.
#NotAllOathKeepers #DayJob

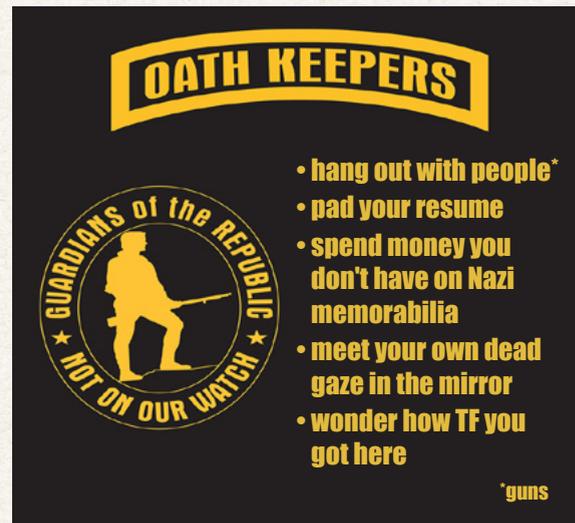
PERSECUTION OF OUR MOVEMENT: It is such a double standard, but I will no doubt be persecuted for my affiliation with The Oath Keepers. When radical Antifa terrorists do the same exact thing that we did, but different and for very different reasons, nothing bad happens to them. Do people even remember last summer? I sort of do! Did anything happen to those violent leftists other than free van rides home? I haven’t looked it up, but I doubt it. Compare that to being allowed to go home after storming the Capitol and then have an FBI agent show up at your house to question you weeks later, interrupting your Zoom class and embarrassing you in front of Jenny who you were finally going to ask to wear your QAnon pin... although Jenny did turn out to be a Biden Bro. Perhaps the persecution of this movement has helped me avoid some big time red flags. Hmm... yeah, this one is a pro, too.

NEGATIVE IMPACTS ON MY EDUCATION/CAREER: Admissions officers at these colleges might be Antifa or commies or

socialists and discriminate against me for my affiliation with The Oath Keepers. Potential employers may find themselves unwilling to hire someone affiliated with The Oath Keepers. It could be very hard to find a job out of school. Ugh. No one has ever been more marginalized today than white American men who believe in the Constitution, freedom, and unbridled access to military-grade weapons. I freaking love my access to weapons, and it is not something I am willing to give up. Maybe I don’t want to be in college and jobs alongside these wimps. I could be dodging a bullet, so to speak. Add this to the pro pile.

Well, time to go work on my college admissions essay, “What I’ve learned from Benito and Francisco: How to be a real man, beat Communism, and have fun doing it.”

Camille Tinnin lives in Saint Paul, Minnesota with her husband and two fabulius cats named Freya and Froyo. Follow her @camilleigh on Twitter and Medium for humor, rage, and cat pics.



I READ THIS ZINE, AND IT MAY TAKE SEVEN YEARS TO REACH HERD IMMUNITY.

What do I do now?

//DAN LOPRETO

As we are overwhelmed with (mostly terrible) news about the vaccine rollout and continue to figure out how/when life will start to resemble 'normal' again, here are some useful resources:

COVID EXPLAINED

"COVID-19 is confusing. We are here with facts about the virus. How does it spread? How is it treated? Who does it affect most?... We are a team of researchers and students at Brown, MIT, Harvard, Mass General and elsewhere. We care about getting information out there."

CENTER FOR INFECTIOUS DISEASE RESEARCH AND POLICY, UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

"[A] global leader in addressing public health preparedness and emerging infectious disease response.... CIDRAP is tracking and analyzing the rapidly evolving novel coronavirus (COVID-19) pandemic. The CIDRAP COVID-19 Resource Center provides a deep well of information for public health experts, business preparedness leaders, government officials, and the public."

CORONAVIRUS RESOURCE CENTER, HARVARD MEDICAL SCHOOL

"In December 2020, the FDA granted emergency authorization to two COVID-19 vaccines. At least two other vaccine candidates are close behind... [here] you'll find answers to common questions all of us are asking. We will be adding new questions and updating answers as reliable information becomes available. Also see our blog posts featuring experts discussing coronavirus and COVID-19 and our glossary for relevant terms."

OFFICE FOR SCIENCE AND SOCIETY, MCGILL UNIVERSITY

"[A] unique venture dedicated to the promotion of critical thinking, science communication, and the presentation of scientific information to the public, educators, and students in an accurate and responsible fashion. With a mandate to demystify science for the public and separate sense from nonsense, the Office has a history of tackling fake news in the world of science well before the term 'fake news' even existed."

FAQS REGARDING SARS-COV-2 VACCINE, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

"Columbia University Irving Medical Center (CUIMC) is a clinical, research, and educational enterprise located on a campus in northern Manhattan." CUIMC has conducted numerous town hall-style panels that explain the latest research on COVID-19 and the vaccines. The town hall videos can be watched [here](#).

Peruse more issues of Functionally Dead [here](#) and if you're interested in contributing, [check this out](#).

IN THE NEXT ISSUE - AGAINST THE PAW: KAMALA'S DOG ARRESTS JOE'S DOG



FOLKS TO BLOCK:

//ANDY BUSTILLOS//MATTHEW BRIAN COHEN//JAMES DWYER//PATRICK KEENE//MAX KNOBLAUCH//DIANA KOLSKY//
//DAN LOPRETO//TIM MAHONEY//CATHRYN MUDON//BRADY O'CALLAHAN//SEAN O'REILLY//PRIYA PATEL//ROSIE WHALEN//