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Death of the Author? Local Conservative Discovers Posting Racist Memes Doesn't Qualify as Satire

//LIZ WIEST

ASTON, PA - IT IS A SAD DAY for the writing community as local conservative Jax Schaffner was informed by several online publications that simply designing and sharing racist memes does not in fact count as satire writing.

"I can't say I'm surprised, cancel culture is so toxic," he elucidated as he doused a Colin Kaepernick jersey in lighter fluid.

"Snowflakes on the left are just so offended by anyone who is brave enough to stand up for what they believe in".

His mother, Cheryl, whole-heartedly stands by his "artistic endeavors" despite being blocked by nearly a dozen of her fellow LuLaRoe consultants for reposting her son, in addition to a constant barrage of QAnon content.

"I just keep reminding my more 'liberal' friends that it's free speech!" she insisted while blocking the CDC on Twitter. "If they're offended, they should separate the art from the artist. Jax reserves the right to create whatever work he wants with no accountability or consequence! That's why they invented 'death of the author'!"

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The "Death of the Au- >>



>> thor” is a concept pioneered by French literary theorist Roland Barthes and espoused by community college freshman comp professors that maintains an author’s intentions and biography should bear no weight in the interpretation of their writing.)

When asked about the message behind his latest work—a series of Doge memes mocking the Black Lives Matter and Stop Asian Hate movements—he had this to say for himself:

“My point of view is pretty clear, I don’t care whether you’re Black, white or purple: All Lives Matter. Point blank. Period. Especially white and purple ones. End of discussion. And I don’t see any better way to communicate that I personally value the sanctity of literally every life than by making a mockery of the human rights movements denouncing vile systemic murder.”

Given his feeling of being “unappreciated” by the likes of the Internet, Jax informed us that he plans to create a pitch document of a collection of his works to send to Matt Stone and Trey Parker. “Matt and Trey invented *South Park*. They’re satirical comedy geniuses just like me, and I know for a fact they’ll appreciate my stuff!” Jax felt it important to share that he began watching *South Park* at the appropriate age of 11 and remembers thinking Eric Cartman’s portrayal of Hitler was the “funniest freaking thing” to ever grace primetime.

Stone and Parker both declined to comment, but recently announced that a character named Jax will replace Kenny as the one who dies in every episode. ☹



A CHET HANKS JOINT
WHITE BART SUMMER



//MAX KNOBLAUCH

I'M A ROBOT MARRIED TO A WITCH. WANDAVISION MADE ME & MY TRAUMA FEEL SEEN.

//MATTHEW BRIAN COHEN

AS WE ALL KNOW, the best pieces of art are the ones that are literal interpretations of your own life experiences, with no additional metaphor, poetry, or cleverness. So I was excited for Disney+ presents Marvel's *WandaVision*, a show perfectly replicating my lived experience as a robot married to a witch.

The show, like all great shows, is about trauma—the trauma a witch suffers when she is forced to kill her robot husband to save the multiverse from a purple alien, who is also dealing with his own trauma. While some might say that we have taken the concept of trauma and gratuitously exploited it to the point that it has become meaningless, I believe that the amount of trauma a show unpacks is the single most important factor

in determining its quality. And what could be more traumatic than a witch with the power to change reality grieving over the loss of the robot her billionaire superhero friend built? As someone who has lived this exact experience, I can tell you with confidence: nothing.

After a long day of work, there's nothing more relaxing than sitting down in front of the boob tube, kicking my robot feet up on the ol' ottoman, and spending multiple hours processing trauma. Unlike other shows in the past that merely entertained you with interesting, relatable characters in compelling situations, *WandaVision* bravely serves as a replacement for therapy for a nation of emotionally-stunted adults with an appalling >>

>> lack of mental health services. If we're not willing to unpack trauma in our media, how will television executives be able to market their shows as "important," "groundbreaking," and "essential, now more than ever"?

AFTER A LONG DAY OF WORK, THERE'S NOTHING MORE RELAXING THAN SITTING DOWN IN FRONT OF THE BOOB TUBE, KICKING MY ROBOT FEET UP ON THE OL' OTTOMAN, AND SPENDING MULTIPLE HOURS PROCESSING TRAUMA.

What critics who claim that *WandaVision* is "boring," "poorly paced," and "excessively esoteric" don't understand is how important it is that we are finally hearing stories from different voices. For too long, there wasn't any room in our society for stories from marginalized creators, such as the Walt Disney corporation, Marvel Comics, and the younger sister of the Olsen twins. Thanks to Disney's decision to filter every possible story through their preexisting intellectual property, I'm finally able to see myself—a robot married to a witch—on screen. And what's so important is this story of a witch and her robot husband doing sitcom tropes is told authentically. Every character sounds exactly as they would in real life, with interchangeable dialogue that sounds like it's been through six rounds of Joss Whedon punch-ups.

For too long, stories like mine were the realm of children's entertainment. But now, by making the witch that shoots fireballs from her fingers sad sometimes,

grown-ups can enjoy it, too. By using the language of therapy, *WandaVision* writers give weight to such heavy emotional concepts as the bad witch telling the good witch to stop trapping people in an alternate dimension and accept the vaguely British robot is gone forever (unless someone rebuilds him). When the robot tells the witch that grief is like love, but kind of a different form of it, I cried for eight straight hours. Not just because this exact thing had happened to me in real life, but because I had never seen a television show that was willing to talk about concepts like "missing someone" before. We're truly living in a golden age where narcissistic television writers can go to therapy for six weeks, believe they are the first person to ever look inside themselves, and decide that America needs to hear about their banal revelations.

All that being said, I have to admit it took me a while to get into *WandaVision*. The early episodes made me feel uncomfortable. I couldn't tell if that was because I am a robot incapable of generating original thought, or because the writers were occasionally referencing culture outside of superhero movies and I just haven't consumed anything but the same old superhero slop since 9/11. But eventually, it started to feel like every other Disney property released in the past 20 years woven together, and this warm quilt of familiarity smothered over me. Finally, for the first time since the release of the last Marvel property, I was being seen.

I can only pray that they develop as powerfully therapeutic a show for my sons, a former Nazi supersoldier and a different sort of supersoldier who flies with robot wings because he felt weird about his friend (another supersoldier) asking him to take his supersoldier place. 🤖





BALLER: IOWA MAN SPENDS ENTIRE STIMULUS CHECK ON ONE DENTAL APPOINTMENT

//JAMES DWYER

THANKS TO THE PASSAGE OF the American Rescue Plan Act by Congress in March, Americans who qualify are now living in the lap of luxury as their \$1400 stimulus checks have been deposited to their bank accounts or collected via geo-cache. While some splurged by paying their bills or saving the cash for a future medical emergency, one Iowa man found a way to ball out like no other: spending the entirety of his massive haul on a single dental appointment.

“Nothing more luxurious to me than teeth and tooth-relateds,” said 37 year old Iowa native, Dimp Pud, “so I decided to make it rain at Dr. Lavanos’ office today.”

Dimp was quick to showcase that \$1400 smile for us when we caught up with him in the Pizza Hut parking lot he DJs in on weeknights. His mouth didn’t look at all different from the selfie he AirDropped us just before his appointment, but for Dimp, it wasn’t about the look. “My teeth feel different now, like wetter, but also softer? I think soft teeth are a sign of good hygiene. At least, they are here in Iowa.”

How exactly does one spend \$1400 in a single dental appointment? Dimp refused to elaborate, saying it was a matter of “doctor patience confidentiality (sic),” so we caught up with Dr. Lavanos, who was more than eager to dish. According to Dr. Lavanos, “the teeth cleaning is pretty cheap, but after that, there’s a lot of other bells and whistles we can add. Dimp was in dire need of a

root canal, but he declined anything too medical, saying it was ‘bad energy for me right now.’ So instead, I milked his uvula, massaged his teeth, and applied permanent vampiric tooth extensions to his canines and molars, the latter of which I strongly advised against. But he insisted, and when you’re a dentist, the ethics are far more lax than they are for one of those real doctors, so you just sort of vibe with it.”

Dr. Lavanos issued his own advice on how to best spend your stimulus check. “I would urge people to save it if they can, or spend it on something essential, like a lifetime supply of Jim Bakker food buckets.”

I had one last question on my mind for Dimp Pud and his newly minted chompers, so I caught up with him again at the Pizza Hut parking lot as he was wrapping up his set and struggling to remove an apple from his rear canines to ask: did he have any regrets?

“I wish I hadn’t taken a shit on my creative writing professor’s desk and then pissed my name into the shit my sophomore year of college. I wish I’d piss-written his name in it instead.” I followed up to clarify that I was referring to the \$1400 dental appointment.

“No regrets. Dimp out.” 🤪



Someday

my stimmy will come

WOMAN CAN'T BELIEVE SHE USED TO LEAVE THE HOUSE WHILE MENSTRUATING

//LINDSEY HOPE PEARLMAN GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

CAROLINE SWELL, 32, TOLD *Functionally Dead* Thursday that she “literally could not imagine” commuting into the office on the first day of her period. “Did I actually used to do that?” she asked. “You’re joking.”

We’re not joking. Merely 12 short months ago, it was completely routine for employers to expect people who menstruate to report to oppressive, in-person corporate work environments outside the home. Menstruating workers were expected to sit for hours in uncomfortable desk chairs under unflattering, headache-inducing fluorescents while wearing tight-fitting, button-fly “professional” pants. Shockingly, a face full of make-up and uncomfortable shoes were also, many moons ago, the norm.

“How did I even function?” asked Caroline, curled up on her couch wrapped in a weighted blanket, hot water bottle draped across her belly. Then, with a far-away look in her eye: “Come to think of it, I do recall popping a handful of Motrin and hurtling onto the R train as if >>



>> my organs were not under explosive attack from the inside. Now the journey from my bed to the couch is about the furthest commute I can handle.”

Caroline now maintains her “professional” look over Zoom by occasionally combing her bangs and applying a smudge of tinted Chapstick. Zoom’s “Touch Up My Appearance” function handles most of the responsibility that used to fall on a thick coat of liquid foundation. She admits to applying mascara “on a good day,” but hardly any period days qualify as “good.”

At this point in the pandemic, Caroline has donated her entire collection of “professional” pants to her neighborhood’s “Buy Nothing” Facebook group. “It was a toss up between that and torching all that houndstooth in a bonfire,” she admitted. “If it doesn’t have an elastic waistband, I’m simply not going to wear it.”

Shoes are completely out of the question as well—she now has an extensive collection of hand-knitted slippers which “go with everything.”

“Since switching to work-from-home, it’s not just my wardrobe that’s changed. I’ve abandoned tampons completely for an eco-friendly combo of a Deva Cup and Thinx period underwear,” she explained. “Everything is reusable, it’s so much better for the environment. And I save money, too. Tampons are taxed as a luxury item, and that really adds up without all the freebies I used to take from work.”

“The Deva Cup & Thinx combo is also more comfortable, relatively speaking. But this system is only doable from the comfort of my own home. Emptying out my Deva Cup in the employee bathroom would be, um, a hot mess. Waddling from the stall to the communal sink carrying a cup of my own period blood would be frowned upon, I think.”

**COME TO THINK
OF IT, I DO RECALL
POPPING A HAND-
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AND HURLING
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AS IF MY ORGANS
WERE NOT UNDER
EXPLOSIVE ATTACK
FROM THE INSIDE.**

“Have you ever tried to rinse out a Deva Cup in a no-touch, automatic sensor sink?” she railed. “It’s seriously awkward. Deva Cups were not designed to be waved around hither and thither in order to activate a motion sensor faucet. The countertop would end up looking like a crime scene. Definitely a biohazard, to say the least. I just saw on TikTok that some people are rinsing out their Thinx and using the run-off period blood as plant fertilizer. I’m all for sustainability, but I’m not sure I’m ready to water my

plants with menstrual blood. Also, all my plants are dead.”

Menstruating from home does have some drawbacks. Caroline has resorted to sitting on a towel to protect her custom upholstered West Elm furniture from a “leak situation.” “I selected this cream-colored palette for minimalist relaxation, not a 24/7 work week. I paid, like, several thousand dollars for this sectional and chair combo. Can you imagine if I bled all over this? This living room is my entire world now.”

The interview was cut abruptly short when Caroline had to take a call a full year into a global pandemic from her boss who wanted to know why everything on his computer had a slightly bigger font. 🧐

Lindsey Hope Pearlman lives in midtown Manhattan with her boyfriend, her houseplants, and the ghosts of industrial capitalism. Instagram: @lhpification. Twitter: @lhpistweeting.



Andrew Yang's GUIDE TO THE BIG APPLE

- 1 PHANTOM OF THE GOSHDARN OPERA! HE'S SO SCARY! BROADWAY, BABY!
- 2 UM, HELLO... THE YANKEES!? BATS, BALLS, AND—I THINK—HOT DOGS!
- 3 THE GHOSTBUSTERS FIRE STATION. THIS IS WHERE I'M GONNA LIVE AS MAYOR!
- 4 SHAKE SHACK. O RLY? YA RLY! I CAN HAZ SHACK STACK?
- 5 HOBOKEN! DID SOMEBODY SAY MORE AFFORDABLE RENT?!
- 6 THE BRONX! MAN I GOTTA CHECK THIS OUT! WHO'S WITH ME?
- 7 DO YOU MIND IF I SWING BY MACY'S TO GRAB SOME WHITE BUTTON DOWNS REAL QUICK? NO TIES THOUGH, HAHA.
- 8 JERSEY CITY! DID SOMEONE WHO WAS PRICED OUT OF HOBOKEN SAY MORE AFFORDABLE RENT?!
- 9 EMPIRE STATE BUILDING! LIKE THE GREAT EMINEM ONCE RAPPED, I'M IN AN EMPIRE STATE OF MIND!
- 10 STATUE OF LIBERTY! A GIFT GIVEN TO US BY THE FRENCH TO COMMEMORATE OUR INDEPENDENCE. IT'S THE ORIGINAL NFT!
- 11 LOOKING FOR A SLICE OF PIZZA?! ME TOO. I CAN'T FIND A SINGLE PLACE THAT SELLS ONE.
- 12 CARNEGIE HALL! IF YOU PRACTICE HARD ENOUGH, THIS IS WHERE YOU END UP. OR POSSIBLY BUSKING ON THE SUBWAY. ART IS WORTHLESS!
- 13 THE BRONX ZOO! IT TURNS OUT THIS IS AN ACTUAL ZOO AND NOT JUST A DEROGATORY NAME FOR UNDERFUNDED HOUSING PROJECTS. WHO KNEW?!
- 14 GAY STREET! THIS ONE SPEAKS FOR ITSELF LOL! SHOUT OUT TO THE LGBTQIA COMMUNITY!
- 15 THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE! DID YOU KNOW THIS BRIDGE IS ACTUALLY IN STATEN ISLAND? IF YOU BELIEVE THAT, I'VE GOT A BRIDGE TO SELL YOU IN BROOKLYN! SERIOUSLY THOUGH, WHEN I AM MAYOR I WILL SELL THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE TO ELON MUSK FOR \$85 MILLION IN DOGECOIN.
- 16 THE DUNKIN DONUTS INSIDE SECAUCUS JUNCTION! DID SOMEONE WHO WAS PRICED OUT OF JERSEY CITY SAY MORE AFFORDABLE RENT?!

"Take it from me, a guy who fled the City when the pandemic hit!"





What's So Funny About Kids in Cages, Kamala? Ask a Comedian!

//BRADY O'CALLAHAN

WANT TO BE A BIG hit at the water cooler but aren't sure what everyone else is laughing about? Worry not, friend! Simply reach out to me, a comedian, and I'll explain whether or not something was truly funny or if your friends are pulling one of those pranks where they see if you're so weak-willed and afraid of being the odd man out that you'll follow the crowd to an embarrassing extent.

This week, we're talking politics!

Dear Comedian,

I don't get why Kamala laughed when asked if she would visit the border soon after photos surfaced of over-packed detention centers. She was in Florida promoting the passage of the COVID relief bill, I guess, but this seems like a reasonable question? Did I miss the joke?

YES!

This is actually an incredibly funny joke from the Vice President, BUT it does require some context.

What you need to know:

- Barack Obama fostered a hostile environment for refugees by deporting more people than any prior administration and building the immigrant detention facilities that became famous under the Trump administration for caging children, something they've done since their inception under Democrat rule.
- Liberal Americans expressed outrage and horror at the inhumanity of the practice of caging children and family separations under the Trump administration. Kamala Harris called the treatment of migrants at the border a "crime against humanity."
- Democrats Joe Biden and Kamala Harris campaigned and won the 2020 election on a promise for return to humane and moral rule.
- Children continue being kept in cages, despite campaign promises. Deportations continue undeterred. Cages are rebranded as "Overflow Facilities." >>

Here's why it's funny:

Comedy is all about setting expectations and subverting them. Knock knock jokes succeed because the initial response suggests a normal respondent but the “who” that follows subverts that expectation. The chicken crossing the road to get to the other side takes a meta approach and subverts our expectation for a more clever punchline.

In the same way, Kamala Harris and Joe Biden sailed to victory on the idea that the monstrous treatment of migrants at the Mexican/American border would end. Our expectation is that they would do what they promised. They subvert our expectations by continuing the dehumanizing practice of family separation and caging children seeking refuge in a nation where their lives are not in immediate danger.

Pretty funny, right?

But Kamala doesn't stop there! This joke has layers!

When a reporter asks her, “Do you have any plans to visit the border?” our expectation, given all the background, is that she likely would visit the border to address the troubling lack of change that was promised, just like we'd imagine the President not tweeting out a message in Creole telling Haitians to stay in their own damn country (Joe's got jokes too!). Additionally, our expectation is that the reporter is competent in their job, asking a reasonable softball question that requires a “yes” or “no” response. Kamala manages to subvert BOTH of these expectations simultaneously by replying “not today” and laughing.

The laugh is somewhat difficult to decipher, but, in my expert opinion, it works either as an acknowledgement of how funny it is that the Democrats who promised humanity have chosen violence instead OR a subtle signal that the reporter's reasonable question is ridiculous and incompetent. Both subvert our expectations, and both are very funny.

To summarize:

Kamala Harris has herself and the rest of us rolling on the floor laughing by promising a better world but refusing it outright. It's funny that Americans have trusted centrist Democrats once again, despite all of recent history illustrating why they shouldn't.

If this sounds bleak, it kind of is! And that's actually PART OF the joke! Kamala's got a dark sense of humor, like the Joker. 🤡



functionally dead

Left Feel'd



hosted by
matthew brian
cohen

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

Topic of
the week:

**MATT
GAETZ**

Hey, while you're reading this, you could be listening to
Functionally Dead's new podcast, available to our \$5 tier
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[OUR PATREON](#)

I Was a Disney Adult Before Star Wars and Marvel Made It Less Creepy

//DIANA KOLSKY



AS DISNEY BECOMES MORE AGE-DIVERSE, many are flocking to its expanding catalog. With franchises like Star Wars and Marvel now under the Disney+ umbrella, there's a lot to offer an adult looking for world-based entertainment. *WandaVision* is the latest craze, complete with dramatic adult topics and storylines. No thanks. I would like to go on record to say that I was a creepy Disney adult long before it was cool.

I have been obsessed with Disney for as long as I have been an adult. The day I turned eighteen, I wasn't registering to vote or heading down to Johnny Punch-dick's kegger to take body shots off his alpaca. I was decked out in my best Peter Pan unitard in the last row of a TWA flight en route to Disney World. The combined smell of the bathrooms directly behind me and the drunk man vomiting next to me couldn't dampen my spirits: I was going home.

"Hotel room for one!" I scream-sang as I skipped across the highly polished floor of the Walt Disney World Dolphin Hotel. I felt truly in my element among the pastel people who all turned to smile upon me as I rolled my Pluto suitcase across the lobby. I could have sworn I saw Princess Jasmine blow me a kiss from just beyond the fountain. All my favorite characters that I consider dear friends in one place—it was almost too magical to handle.

It turns out the Dolphin was out of my price range and reservations had been booked solid for three months, so I wound up >>

>> at Buster's Value Emporium forty minutes from the magic, but I was up at 4AM to make sure I didn't miss a thing. From my first spin on the teacups surrounded by other peoples' children, to eating a huge rainbow lollipop while dancing my way through the palace at Magic Kingdom Park surrounded by other peoples' children, to fistfighting an eight year old who cut me in line to get a photo with Minnie Mouse surrounded by other peoples' children, I was hooked.

From my first spin on the teacups surrounded by other peoples' children, to eating a huge rainbow lollipop while dancing my way through the palace at Magic Kingdom Park surrounded by other peoples' children, to fistfighting an eight year old who cut me in line to get a photo with Minnie Mouse surrounded by other peoples' children, I was hooked.

I have returned to Disney World every year since for a whopping thirty-one trips in my forty-nine years on this godforsaken planet. It was at Disney I married my beloved husband Krud in my best Belle dress (luckily Krud is a dead ringer for the Beast <3), surrounded by families with

kids that we don't know. It was at Disney that my feline septuplets were born*, named of course for the Seven Dwarves. It was at Disney I divorced Krud after falling in love with one of the pirates of the Caribbean. And it was at Disney I begged Krud to take me back after a cast member informed me all of the pirates were animatronics (so lifelike!). Krud and I were remarried while sailing the Seven Seaways Waterway past the culturally insensitive and outdated cultural jubilee of It's a Small World. When we consummated our remarriage with a platonic hug, other peoples' children stood and clapped for us.

Disney truly is the most magical place on earth. Everything else is terrible. It's the only place I feel safe as an adult in this cruel society. I have no place in the home, the boardroom, the park, the grocery store—only the world of Disney feels right. Jeans chafe my calves, while vegetables burn my tongue. Only head-to-toe cartoon-inspired spandex and a bushel of candy will do!

Where Krud and I used to be the only childless tourists promenading through our Walt Wonderland, hand in hand with Snow White in the Germany Pavilion, now droves of grownups pour into my sanctuary to eat protein-based meals and smoke cigarettes near the Star Wars Millennium Falcon: Smuggler's Run. As the masses of normies find their way to Disney through a broadening inventory of age-appropriate entertainment, I say this: do not forget us, the creepy adults who have always loved Disney. We will die

in this castle, and I don't mean that metaphorically: I'm going to auto-asphyxiate myself on Splash Mountain and I've already bribed one of the groundskeepers to hide my body inside the statue of Joe Perry at the Rock n' Roller Coaster. 🤖

*we were banned for one year after the cat incident, but absence makes the heart grow fonder—we took two trips the next year to make up for our lost Disney time



NY GOV. CUOMO ACCEPTS EMMY AWARD IN THE CATEGORY "OUTSTANDING DEFLECTION OF A NURSING HOME SCANDAL BY BEING A HORNY FREAK – LIMITED SERIES"

// DYLAN RUAN GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

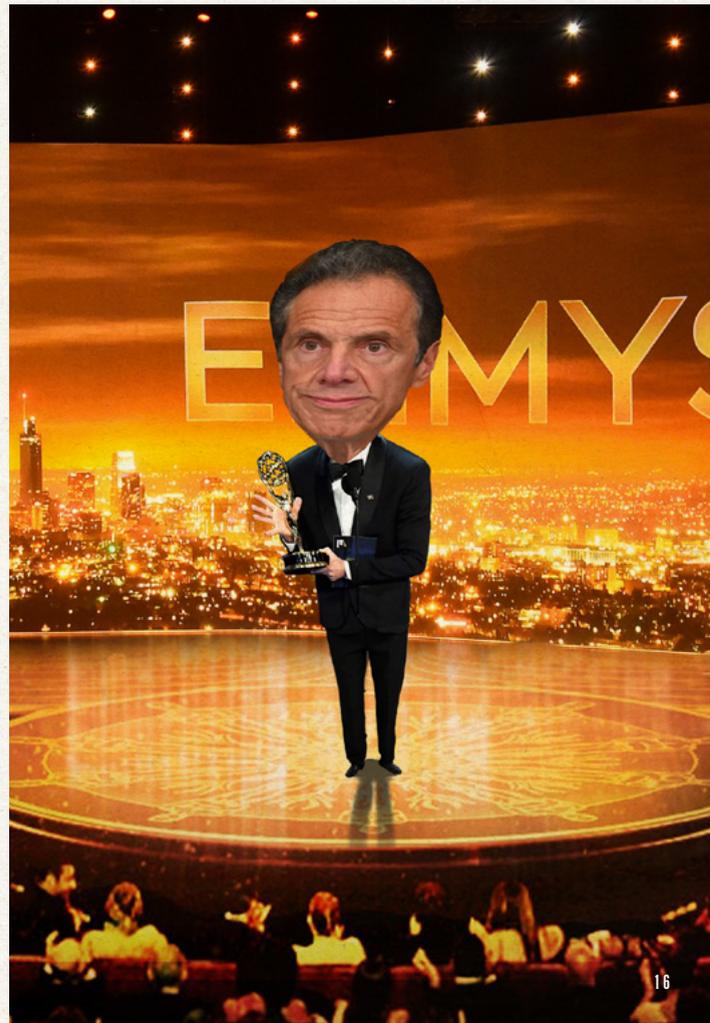
WE, THE 73RD PRIMETIME EMMY AWARDS, are pleased to present Governor Andrew M. Cuomo of New York with this award in recognition of his flawless media manipulation to focus on his horniness instead of the thousands of nursing home deaths that went unaccounted for in his office's initial reporting.

Last year, the Academy awarded Cuomo an International Emmy Founders Award for his daily coronavirus public briefings, ushering him into an upper echelon of past recipients, such as Kevin Spacey (we fixed that one), and Bill Cosby (haven't fixed that one yet—one day!).

Recently, Cuomo has become better known for being a desperate creep than for the almost 4,000 deaths that he concealed from public scrutiny, all while publishing a book about how he "knocked coronavirus out of New York harder than Aaron Boone's walk-off home run in the 2003 ALCS." This, we believe, is his greatest achievement yet.

Instead of having dead grandmas and dead grandpas and dead great-aunts on our TV screens, we were treated to primetime coverage of Cuomo's breast fondling, his droopy pug-face, and him wanting to "hug someone," as long as "someone" is a young woman with an absolute dump-truck ass. And while these instances of sexual harassment have been widely condemned, the Academy found it illustrative of Cuomo's great aplomb. >>

// MAX KNOBLAUCH



...WE WERE TREATED TO
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HIS DROOPY PUG-FACE, AND HIM
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AS LONG AS "SOMEONE" IS A
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ABSOLUTE DUMP-TRUCK ASS.

>> "The Governor's unwillingness to resign even in the midst of colossal failures is a display of real steadfastness," said International Academy President & CEO, Bruce L. Paisner. "He's the definition of *New York tough*. We almost paid attention to the fact that he rewrote official counts of coronavirus deaths, but he distracted us from that by being a real horny freak with no game. Plus, those nipple rings? That's what the Academy likes to see."

It's an open secret in Hollywood that securing an Emmy takes much more than being "America's Governor." It involves significant amounts of backdoor politicking. Luckily for Cuomo, he found a powerful lobbyist in the likeliest of places: his brother, CNN's Chris Cuomo.

"C'maaaahn. He's my brothaa. Sure, we argued on air about who momma loved more, who got to lick da pasta spoon, or who wields more parasocial influence over the emotionally bankrupt and spiritually impoverished American people," the younger Cuomo said. "But we're brothaas. C'maaaahn."

CNN, a network that had the foresight to prematurely lionize Cuomo in 2020—even as New York City rocketed to becoming the global epicenter of the pandemic—also praised the governor for his media manipulation, and for his unquenchable thirst for pussy, which in turn helped their bottom line.

"The staggering number of allegations levied against Governor Cuomo is tragic, indicative of his abusive and psychosexual treatment of staff, and ratings gold," a spokesperson from CNN shared. "After President Trump left office, we got desperate. The nursing home scandal wasn't salacious enough. Turns out this country really, really hates old people."

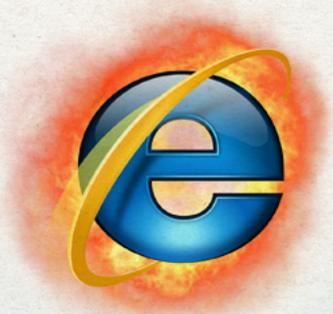
Upon receiving his Emmy, Cuomo gave a stirring speech onstage.

"I'd like to thank all of the Cuomosexuals, my brother Chris, my father the bridge, and the thousands of Resistance liberals on Twitter who have stood by my side during this difficult time and stopped sharing the *New York Times*' report on my pandemic cover-up scandal," said Cuomo, raising his Emmy in the air. "One of the most useful skills a future president can have is the ability to shift the narrative. I think I've proven tonight that I have what it takes to win in 2024."

Cuomo had many reasons to celebrate, as he swept every nominated category and took home three more Emmys in addition to his victory in Outstanding Deflection of a Nursing Home Scandal by Being a Horny Freak – Limited Series. Other categories where Cuomo emerged victorious were Outstanding Host of Slashing Medicaid During a Pandemic; Outstanding Lead Actor in Refusing Federal Funds During a Pandemic; and Outstanding Political Posturing Leading to a Vaccine Distribution Bottleneck – Dramatic Special.

The ceremony concluded with the annual "In Memoriam" segment, which featured a slideshow of the 13,000 nursing home residents who perished under Cuomo's leadership during the coronavirus pandemic. The audience booed and vomited as they were forced to look at so many old people. Cuomo, however, was not found in the audience. Instead, the governor was seen near the coat check looking up an Emmy statuette's dress and asking if she'd ever been with an older man. 🤔

Dylan is a writer and DEI consultant in Los Angeles, CA. Send him targeted online harassment on Twitter at @djsoppingcart



Bill Gates: The Person You Can Most Trust to Solve Climate Change Is Me, the Man Behind Internet Exploder

//MATTHEW BRIAN COHEN

I AM GOING TO BE BLUNT WITH YOU: we are currently in the midst of a world war. No, it's not against China or Iran or one of those countries that's profitable to bomb, but against greenhouse gases and carbon emissions.

As I said recently on Reddit, the message board where you can give gold to a post that's sufficiently racist, we are going to have to look to radical solutions to the looming climate crisis. Not radical in the sense of a wealth tax, the Green New Deal, ending American imperialism, or reducing the outrageous consumption of precious natural resources by billionaires and multinational corporations—radical meaning we are going to have to turn to Big Tech to make the world a better place, just as they always have. And who better to lead the fight against climate change than me, the man behind Internet Exploder?

When I was the CEO at Microsoft, I used my extraordinary intellect to solve the big problems facing the general public. In the early nineties, I took one look at the Internet and said, “there has to be some way you can exploder all that.” And voilà, Internet Exploder, the web browser that

never worked right, was born. Internet Exploder was the solution to the question, “how can we make browsing the web feel so repulsive that it slows down the rate of Internet adoption by at least 15 years?” It's that kind of out-of-the-box thinking that made Microsoft unanimously loathed, and it's the same kind we need if we're going to have a fighting chance against climate change. We need someone as clever and innovative as me to come up with the Internet Exploder for the ozone layer, the prevailing issue surrounding climate change in 2021.

Mankind has never faced an enemy quite like climate change before. We need to bring together the top minds from all across the globe, such as me, the guy who made a web browser that was so bad it forced the government to break up my monopoly. Think about it—if Internet Exploder had worked even one iota better, people would have just grudgingly accepted its ubiquitous presence in their lives, like they do with Comcast and those boxer briefs with the giant dick holes in the front. But no, my browser was so slow and crashed so often that the government had

to intervene. They said “enough of this,” slapped me on my boney little ass, and sent me on my merry way so they could get cracking on the Bush tax cuts. That's the kind of person who needs to be at the forefront of this existential threat.

I'm not saying it's going to be easy. It's going to take every ounce of talent, gump-tion, and ingenuity I have, and without the profit motive I had back at Microsoft, it's going to be extra hard to muster up the desire to do anything. But rest assured, you're in good hands—Internet Exploder hands. And not just Internet Exploder hands, but Windows Visto hands, the Zude music player hands, Clipsy the Microsoft Ossoff Assistant hands, and the original Xbox that broke if you tried to play *Morrowind* hands. Together, with me making every important decision, we can blue screen of death/red ring of death climate change. You're putting the future of our planet in the hands of a man that, in the most charitable reading of things, was friends with Jeffery Epstein for years and never thought anything was weird or wrong. And nothing should make you feel more at ease. 🙄

WE SAT DOWN WITH THIS ACTIVE SHOOTER TO GET HIS TAKE ON GUN CONTROL

//OWEN MARTIN GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

“The only way to stop a bad person from buying groceries is a good guy with a gun!”

—JEFF BRANSON

HOW DOES ONE COME TO a *true* understanding of any subject? Isaac Newton tells us that every action has an equal and opposite reaction. Between any two forces is a center where balance can be achieved. This fundamental symmetry brought about a new understanding at the base of the world, so when Jeff Branson, age 23, open-fired at my local Kroger, I knew I had to hear him out and find common ground. He may have had the gun, but compromise is the very heart of America.

Crouched behind the bananas, I shouted, “Sir! What are your opinions on universal background checks?”

“A lot of people drown in pools! No one checks to see if you can swim before you buy one!” His salient yet tangential point rang in my ears, or maybe that was the hearing damage from Branson unloading his hand cannon into a crowd of cereal browsers?

I stepped over the body of a young woman bleeding on the floor and shouted back “and what about an assault weapon ban?” A

fresh barrage of gunfire turned the bananas into a gyre of flying yellow peel confetti as I sprinted over to the ethnic foods section.

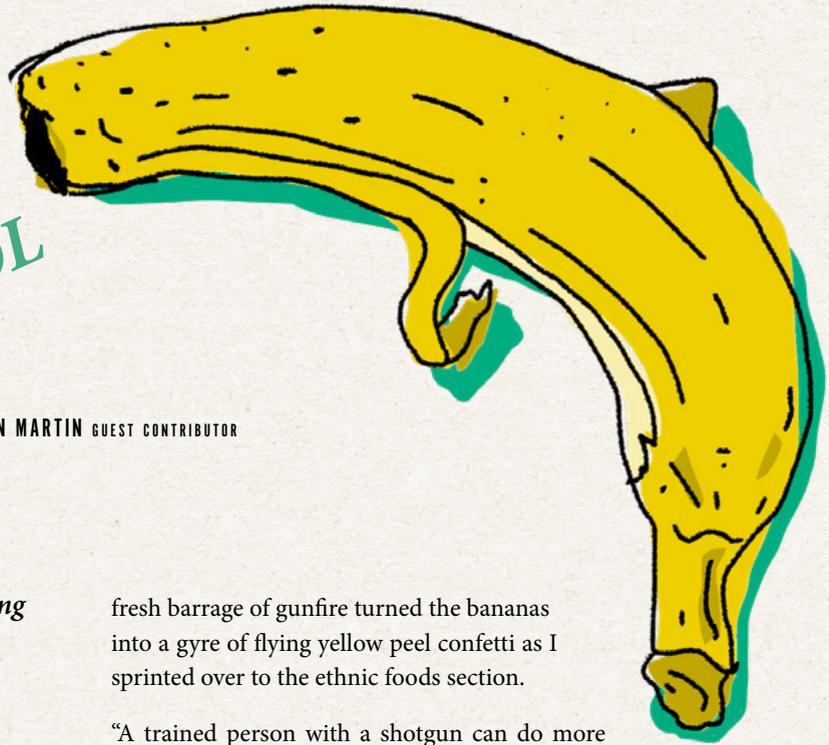
“A trained person with a shotgun can do more damage than an idiot with an AR-15!” It was not lost on me that the shooter himself was brandishing an AR-15. Even in a moment of supreme panic and fear, a good self-deprecating joke still got a rise out of me.

“An interesting point, sir!” I chuckled and ducked behind an adult diaper display.

“All guns can kill!” the shooter continued. “Fundamentally, what’s the difference between one and many?”

Just as I was going to regale him with an interesting detail from my university course in cultural anthropology, the salsas exploded sending shards of glass and an aromatic melange of red and green sauces flying. It was then I realized that I knew exactly how to reach across this shrapnel-filled aisle.

I dashed into the baking section and came across an elderly man who was bleeding from the leg, crouched by the flours >>



JUST AS I WAS GOING TO REGALE HIM WITH AN INTERESTING DETAIL FROM MY UNIVERSITY COURSE IN CULTURAL ANTHROPOLOGY, THE SALSAS EXPLODED SENDING SHARDS OF GLASS AND AN AROMATIC MELANGE OF RED AND GREEN SAUCES FLYING. IT WAS THEN I REALIZED THAT I KNEW EXACTLY HOW TO REACH ACROSS THIS SHRAPNEL-FILLED AISLE.

>> to stand. His desperate eyes met mine as he held a finger up to his lips. Just below his plea for silence, he held a young injured girl in his arms. But the logical and reasonable must never be silent!

“Thoughts and prayers,” I said to the man and girl, knowing that was all I could possibly do.

Branson rounded the corner. Now eye to eye, man to man, chest to barrel, I could smell his hesitation.

“How would you feel about a gun buyback program?” I asked. “Not on the federal level, but on a state by state basis.” A puzzled look crossed his face. This was the moment. I reached out my hand as he lowered his firearm and shot me in the legs twelve times.

As he shot low, I knew I had gone high. There in a growing puddle of my own blood amongst the mingled screams and thunder of gunfire, I couldn't help but wonder, am I a hero for examining his reasons and challenging his rhetoric? I don't think that's for

me to say. All I know is that there is nothing in this world that well-reasoned bipartisanship can't solve. 🤖

NOTE: THIS ARTICLE HAS BEEN PUBLISHED POSTHUMOUSLY FROM THE NOTES OF THE AUTHOR. FUNCTIONALLY DEAD HAS REACHED OUT TO ALL OTHER INDIVIDUALS MENTIONED IN THIS ARTICLE FOR COMMENT AND HAS RECEIVED NO RESPONSE.

Owen Danan Martin is an Albuquerque-based actor, writer, performance artist, and DM. Follow them on the Twitter @DogNotFromSpace for further instructions and on the Instagram @OwenDananMartin for some N I C H E CONTENT.

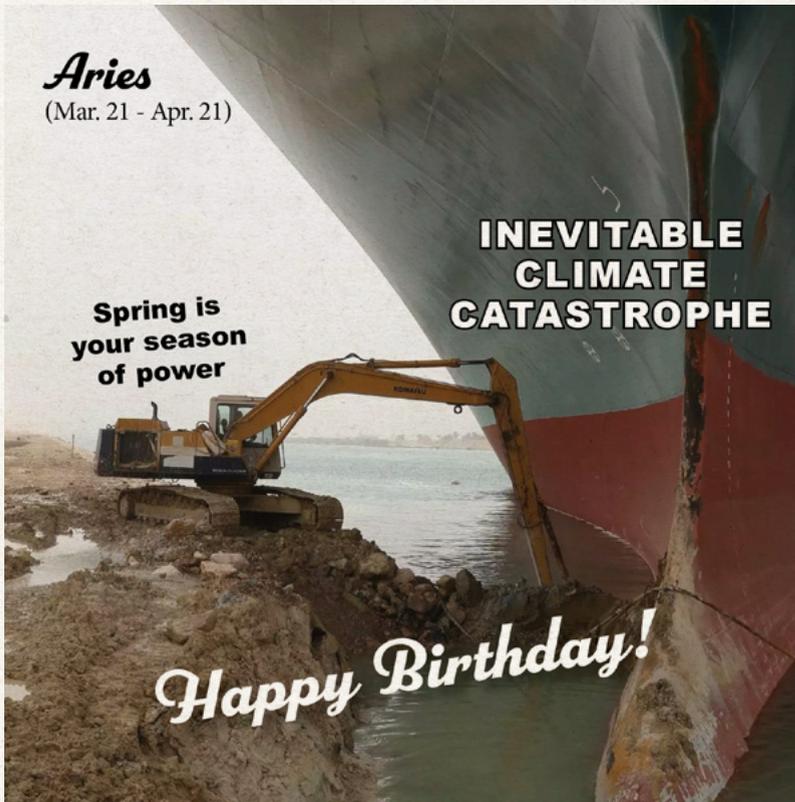


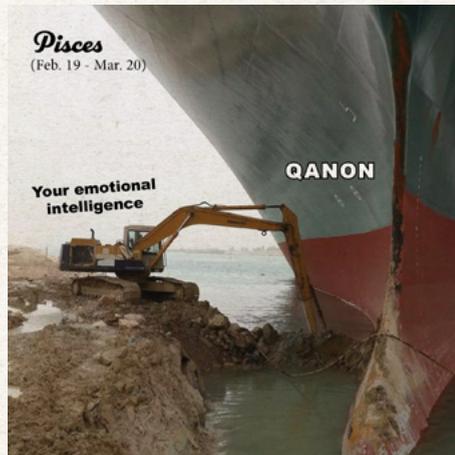
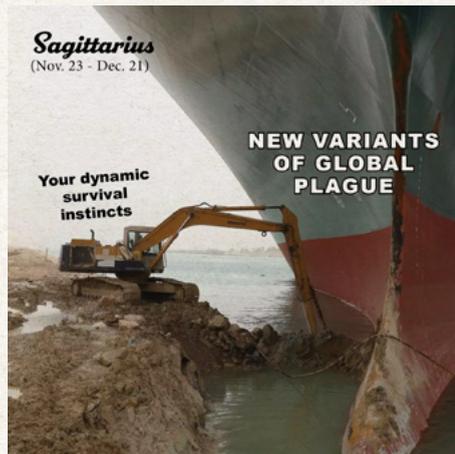
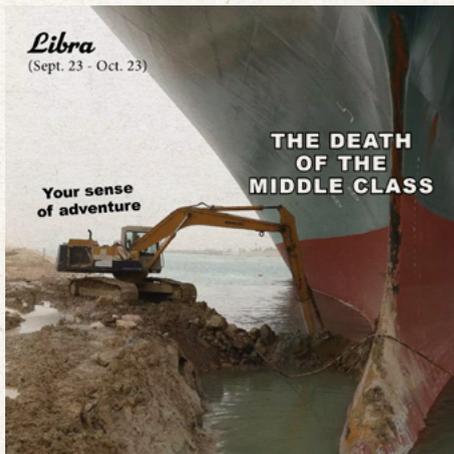
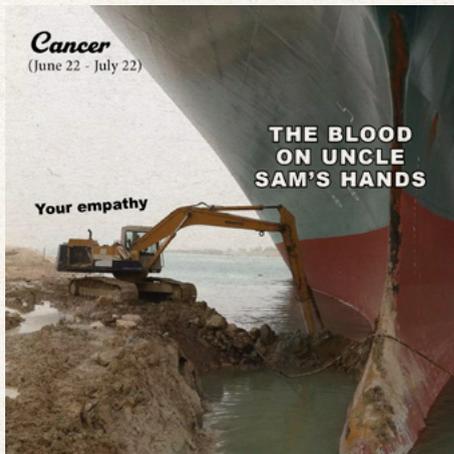
APRIL HOROSCOPES

Between a Canal and a Hard Place

//DIANA KOLSKY

HAPPY SPRING, EVERYONE! With more daylight and the bloom of the year upon us, it's a great time to remind yourself that your innate, *Ever Given* talents are no match for the global machine of imperialism and its impending doom for 99.9% of our planet's denizens. The meek shall inherit the Earth, and what a burning tire fire we are the collective heirs to, indeed!





I READ THIS ZINE, AND AMAZON WORKERS ARE PEEING IN BOTTLES.

What do I do now? // DAN LOPRETO

Here are some informational resources on the union push in Alabama:

WHY FORM A UNION AT AMAZON? (BAMAZONUNION)

“Having a union at Amazon would give us the right to collectively bargain over our working conditions including items such as safety standards, training, breaks, pay, benefits, and other important issues that would make our workplace better. Amazon sometimes addresses issues at work but it’s all temporary. A union contract is in writing, negotiated upon, and Amazon would need to legally follow the guidelines and there are mechanisms to hold them legally accountable to us as workers. There’s no other way to have this type of relationship with Amazon outside of having a union.”

DISPATCH FROM ALABAMA: THE BIGGEST AMAZON UNION DRIVE YET (LABOR NOTES)

“If enacted, [the Protecting the Right to Organize (PRO) Act] would ban many of the union-busting tactics Amazon has employed, including captive-audience meetings. And it would promote favorable conditions for organizing—for instance, if workers got a majority signed on union authorization cards but then lost the election, the union could be certified anyway if the employer’s unfair labor practices might have swung the outcome. Win or lose, the organizing drive in Alabama has provided inspiration to workers across the country.”

AMAZON’S UGLY ALABAMA UNION FIGHT COULD BE THE STRUGGLE THAT ALTERS THE GREAT DISRUPTOR FOREVER (FORBES)

“‘This is really not about money,’ says Rebecca Givan, a labor relations professor at Rutgers University. ‘Workers are unhappy with the total control Amazon exerts over their work, whether it’s extreme surveillance, the quotas and the speed or the inhumanity of feeling like they are managed by apps.’ While the outcome is unlikely to be known until at least next week as ballots are being counted, the effort is widely seen as a potential catalyst for similar efforts at other locations.”

ALABAMA COALITION FOR COMMUNITY BENEFITS (JOBS TO MOVE AMERICA)

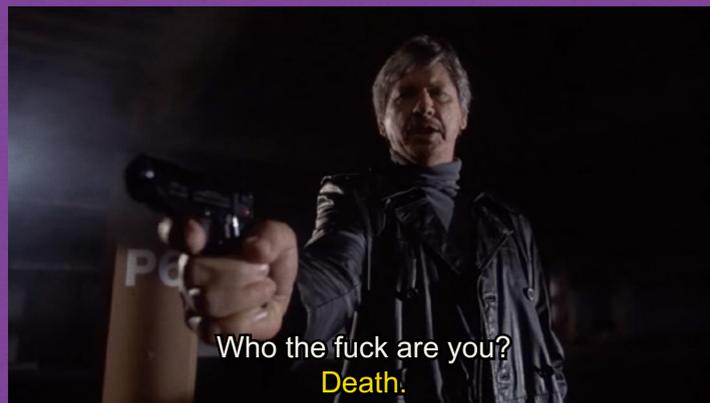
“Did you know that our federal, state and city governments spend a combined \$2 trillion per year purchasing goods and services to keep our country running? Jobs to Move America believes in the power of these public dollars to foster a cleaner environment and fair jobs in the communities that need them most. Your [support](#) will help us empower workers and communities by funding research, communications, policy work, and community organizing to transform public purchasing for the most public good.”

SUPPORT ALABAMA AMAZON WORKERS

“Amazon is doing everything it can to stop the union, the Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Union, from winning. Amazon is holding mandatory closed-door, captive-audience meetings during which managers spread lies about the benefits of unionizing. Amazon is posting misinformation about unions in bathrooms, break rooms and across the internet. Workers face growing intimidation for defending their rights to demand a union contract. [Join](#) the growing movement in solidarity with Bessemer Amazon workers.”

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

IN THE NEXT ISSUE - ANDREW YANG ON BUDGET CRISIS: "I LIKE TURTLES"



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//LIZ WIEST//