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BERNIE DUNK // MAX KNOBLAUCH



# Eat the Rich

//TO OUR READERS

We present to you an Epistle of Vitriol.

We are a collective of Leftists who have recently found ourselves—much like you, friend—with an abundance of time to properly reflect on the nightmare that is our shared experience. Before our virus overlord descended upon us, we were writers, artists, and comedians working in Los Angeles and New York City. Then two weeks ago, as we found ourselves quarantined and descending into madness... waiting for the presumptive Democratic nominee to disintegrate in front of his Delaware green screen, it dawned on us: some oligarchs are already dead, functionally at least.

As millions of essential workers labor so that our dying planet and its inhabitants may have a chance at survival, we reflected on the putrid, raw malevolence of the American political system and decided to put our hours of quarantine to use.

Consider these pages a conduit of outrage and dark humor—necessary nutrition so that we, like a pathogenic virus a government ignores long enough to devise how to profit from it, may multiply and organize to destroy the vital organs of our anemic body politic.

We're so glad to be with you! Sit back, get a steaming mug of expired beans, switch that unemployment hold music to speakerphone, and get out your magnifying glass—cuz this ride has only just begun.

—*ET*



# JOE BIDEN'S CORONAVIRUS TIPS



//MATTHEW BRIAN COHEN

## SOCIAL DISTANCING

We gotta stay apart from each other, Jack. It's called social distancing. You gotta stay inside and you gotta avoid crowds. As easy as this might be at a Joe Biden rally, you gotta be smart. You can't hang out with friends and you can't sniff your granddaughter's hair, even if her pretty little curls are right up in your face. But it's not just people we gotta stay away from. We also gotta distance ourselves from our past selves and all the awful, disqualifying stuff we said. You gotta keep at least six feet away from the truth, pal. If you gotta lie, lie! It's the only way we're gonna get this Coronavirus out of the White House and put Barack Joebama in for a historic fourth term, knock wood. But stay away from all the stuff you said about how women shouldn't control their own bodies, or how you have no empathy for millennials, or how Anita Hill is one bad mama jama from the wrong side of the tracks. Smells like someone's making toast in here. Can I have some?

## WORK FROM HOME

I get it—not everybody can work from home. If you're a doctor or a nurse or a birthday party magician, you're an essential worker and ya need to be out there on the front lines. But for everyone else—work from home. It may not be easy to transition, especially if you're a Baby Boomer who's been running a Nissan dealership with your ex-wife's uncle, and

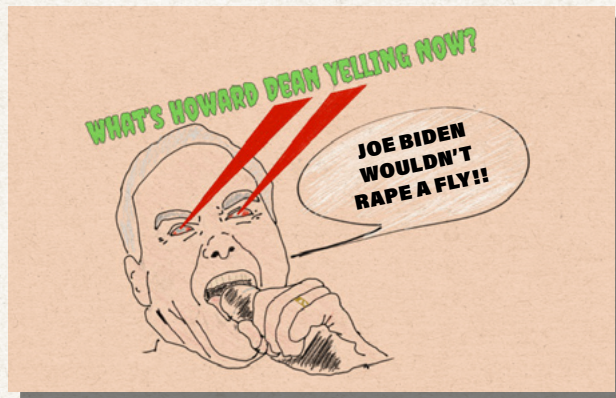
LOOK FAT, LISTEN UP. THIS IS FORMER VICE PRESIDENT JOE BIDEN OBAMA BIDEN. This coronavirus.... ahh. Just thinking about it bums me out. A lot of people are going to die, and not just the ones I sent out to vote for me in the Florida and Illinois primaries. This virus is a real killer. They're calling it the Corn Pop of viruses. Corn Pop of course being a local tough in the Delaware neighborhood I grew up in. This Corn Pop guy, he was no joke. They used to call him the Coronavirus of people. You following all this, Jack?

Anyway, the tiny speaker my campaign staff put in my ear is yelling at me to put out some tips to stay safe in these unprecedented times.

your hatred and distrust of your iPad is tied to the resentment you have for your twenty-two year old niece, but it can be done. When I was co-president with Barack the Last Guy, we bombed all sorts of places without ever leaving the Big White House. We deported a record number of Mexicans, too. It was easy, Jack. No accountability, no risk or personal responsibility, no nothing. I'm really looking forward to that toast. That's the one thing you can't green screen in!

## WASH THAT BLOOD FROM YOUR HANDS

I'm hearing from health experts that the Coronacold spreads through hands. That means handshakes, high fives, and pushing your former Senate aide against the wall and fingering her without her consent is off the table (even if she's >>

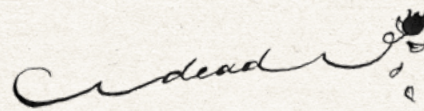




>> wearin' a skirt!). Start washing your paws regularly, too. I already do this, because throughout my career, I've gotten a lot of blood on my hands. But I just wash them and presto changeo, I'm a brand new man. A good hand washing can get rid of everything, from COVID-19 to comments you made praising Antonin Scalia, Dick Cheney, and probably that Nazi doctor who took eyes. Did you spearhead the Bankruptcy Bill that laid the bricks for the '08 financial crisis? Wash up for supper, Jack! Now you're the frontrunner for the Democratic nomination. Were you against busing and friends with Honorary Klansman, Strom Thurmond? Give your mitts the ol' rinse and dry! Now you're going to be the second black president with your best bud Obiden Bama. Were you one of the key senators pushing the Iraq War? Lot of bodies in that one, so remember to scrub up for at least twenty seconds. Experts are saying you should sing a song to help mark the time. I like singing "Strange Fruit." It doesn't really fit the time limit, but you can't help but love the subject matter. If it's not too much trouble, I like my toast with butter and jelly. I'm trying to give my heart a workout.

### FLATTEN THE CURVE

All these policies are inconvenient but necessary if we're going to flatten the curve. I remember when I was fourteen, I was at the pool one time, and this was a whites-only pool. I was one of the lifeguards and I was sitting on my stand doing the backstroke when I saw two white boys kissing. And I was kissing my dad at the time, all slow and rough, so I stopped and asked him, "Pops, why are those honkies swapping spit like that?" And he looked at me, and he said, "because Barack Obama is President." And I tell you what, the curve was flattened that day. Flatten the curve! OK, Jill, bring me my toast! 🍌



## A Quarantine's Prayer

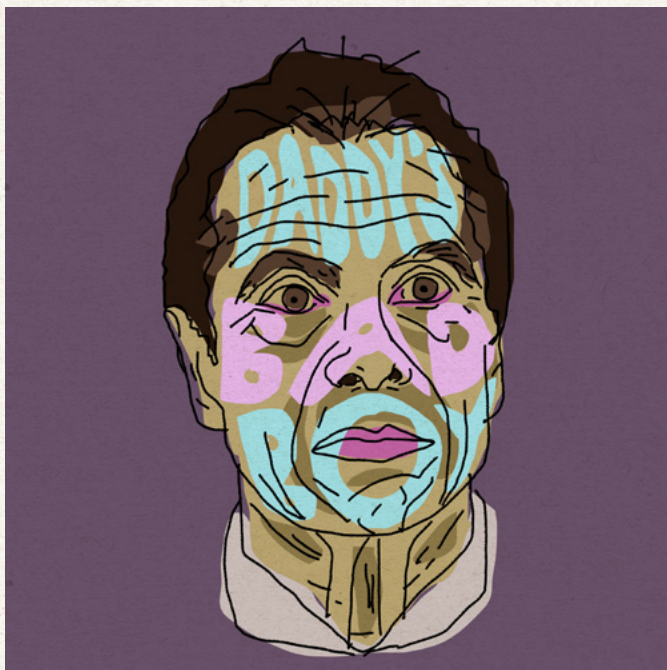
// ROSIE WHALEN



Goddess,  
grant me the serenity to accept  
the shrooms I do not have,  
the courage to forage the woods  
for more shrooms in peak quarantine,  
and the wisdom to not accidentally kill myself  
in the woods because I never went foraging  
with a credible shroom-sherpa,  
and it's actually quite hard to distinguish  
between the perfect psycho-delic mushroom  
that takes you to Cloud-69  
and the one that kills you. :(









# "ARE YOU WILLING TO FIGHT FOR SOMEONE YOU DON'T KNOW?"

Preferably Yes, Everyone I Do Know  
is an Asshole or Moron.

//CATHRYN MUDON

ON OCTOBER 19, 2019 IN NEW YORK CITY, BERNIE Sanders held the largest rally of the Democratic Primary and famously called his supporters to action, asking, "Are you willing to fight for someone you don't know?" My response was immediate: Yes. I'd prefer it, actually, because everyone I do know is an asshole or moron.

Bernie's powerful message that day highlighted the core principles of the #NotMeUs movement: the commitment to solidarity, the appreciation that we are fighting for pursuits of global justices we may not see realized in our lifetime. #NotMeUs encouraged many progressives to view the scope of our shared ambitions and the immensity of work that lies ahead. For me, this was tremendously motivating, because if I were being asked to fight for people *I do know*... forget it. It's simply not sustainable because—and I can't stress this enough—literally every person I know is an asshole or functioning moron, often both.

Conceptually, I understand that decent and smart people exist—I personally just don't know a single one. There is no ego attached to this observation (I very much wish it weren't the case!). It's merely a statement of fact. And I'm no misanthrope; in fact, I'm positive my circumstance is simply a

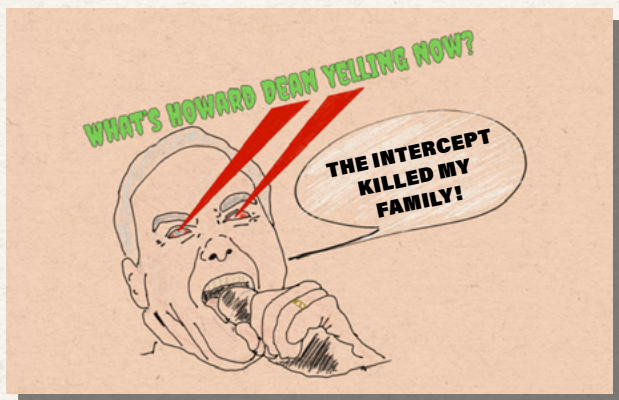
bizarre, statistical phenomenon. To be fair, had Bernie asked his question five, even four years ago, my response would have been more tempered.

Prior to 2015, when social media was a less politicized space than it is today, I genuinely assumed I knew several people who *weren't* assholes or morons. Before the 2016 election, in fact—before Facebook pantsuit groups, Debra Messing re-tweets, the paradoxical coexistence of MAGA and KAG hashtags, and unironic shares of Bill Maher clips—I would have easily believed many of my friends and family were reasonable, curious, generous humans with a shared commitment to cultivating a functioning democracy and habitable planet. >>



*We're all going to die.*





>> Times have changed, though, and were Bernie to ask me to fight for people *I do know*, while fine in theory, it would now prove significantly more challenging. For reference, here is but a small sampling of said assholes and morons:

*MY COUSIN AND HIS WIFE*, a Christian Right fanatic in rural Colorado, who took their entire family to a Trump rally in matching [\*"Jesus Reeses" t-shirts\*](#).

*MY CENTRIST UNCLE IN SEATTLE* who praises super-delegates' power to protect the establishment from grassroots candidates AND wants to abolish the Electoral College for being "inherently undemocratic."

*MY FORMER BOSS IN NYC* who "liked" a viral tweet about microwaving food for 44 seconds as some meaningless gesture of (I guess?) patriotism to the neoliberal fantasy that is the legacy of Barack Obama.

*MY TRUMP-LOVING HIGH SCHOOL AP HISTORY TEACHER* who reposted a low-res image of the Battle of Normandy with the text, "Never Forget the War We Fought to Defeat Fascism"...but with the word "fascism" Photoshopped to "socialism."

*MY OLD IMPROV TEACHER* who, just weeks ago, shared his GoFundMe to raise \$1050 to finish his ornate #YangGang neck tattoo.

*MY DAD* who cc'd me on "FWD: Emergency Delegate Math," which explained: "Biden is sinking ship, must drop out... Biden transfers delegates to Dick Cheney... Cheney recruits Cuomo VP...(Obama calls on DNC to change the by-laws so Cheney can forgo change-of-party requirements, which might RISK ALIENATING moderate Republicans!)... Cheney/Cuomo ticket gets 40% of New York...they head to convention with plurality!... it's literally the ONLY chance the party has left to make sure Bernie—err, TRUMP doesn't win!"

*MY FRIEND* who retweeted, "...Biden's a rapist. Trump is also a rapist. So why not vote for the rapist with better policies?" when a very viable, non-rapist (IF THAT'S YOUR BAR) candidate is still in the race!

The list unfortunately goes on. This is why, if given the choice, I have a strong preference to fight for someone I do not know. Of course, massive armies of willful idiots, ambitionless centrists, and unapologetic bigots' lives will be improved by the Left's work and the inevitability of social programs they neither want nor deserve in the process. But I will happily continue to fight tirelessly so that millions of Americans I will never know may benefit from the Green New Deal, Medicare for All, Cancelled Student Debt, restored DACA rights, Tuition-Free Public College, and the Abolishment of ICE.

I will fight for them. Not the assholes and morons I know. 🍌





Dear Functionally Dead,

My name is "Hey Buddy," and I am a dog. I'm writing this at 2pm while my dad? Owner? What do you call the guy who loves to grab your dumps? Whatever, woof woof, he's asleep. Anyway, he used to go out the wall hole when the light got hot and leave me to lay down in weird uncomfortable positions all day. (e.g. under the couch w/ dust in mouth and eyes or by the door so when it opens it decimates my skull). Now he sits all day on his "watch out for my laptop" and eating "this food's not for you."

Here are other weird things I noticed:

- Walks are now 8 times a day and he cries whenever he sees another dump-grabber
- Bed is crunchier than ever due to "watch out for my laptop" juice
- He never comes out of bathroom wet anymore
- Looks me in the eye, woof, everytime he goes to fridge and says, "don't judge me"
- Mailman came and he barked louder than me
- Stared at dog food like he was gonna eat it for a while until I woofed and then he gave it to me
- Started doing the thing where he gets on his knees and talks upstairs, hasn't done since 9/11
- Keeps lying to everyone on Zoom about what he's been doing all day (crunching sheets)

Any advice is appreciated but ultimately misunderstood because woof.

Face licks and paw kicks,

Hey Buddy

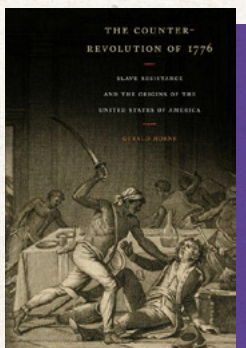




# Reading at the End of the World

//DAN LOPRETO

For those aiming to avoid escapism and prefer to stare this monster we call Our Current Situation straight into the eyes, here is a non-fiction book recommendation. Don't forget that buying directly from a publisher's website or through IndieBound.org is way better, for a host of reasons, than ordering from Amazon.



*The Counter-Revolution of 1776:  
Slave Resistance and the Origins of  
the United States of America*

BY GERALD HORNE  
(NYU Press)

WHEN THE *NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE* launched the 1619 Project last summer, thousands of readers were forced to grapple—many for the first time—with the notion that slavery played a substantial role in the development of our political, economic, and social institutions. Controversy ensued, some healthy and some less so. A handful of prominent historians jumped into the fray by contributing a super negative assessment of the project. Historian David Waldstreicher provides the basic contours of the debate in a magisterial essay in *Boston Review* (quoted below).

These orthodox historians vehemently disagreed with the argument that some of the American revolutionaries “fought to defend their property in slaves from a powerful imperial government” and that “defending slavery was a primary motivation for independence in 1776.” Part of the pushback involved the fact that these ideas were not being put forth by historians, but rather journalists at the Times and sociologists and other scholars. It was the Historians vs The Rest. But Waldstreicher points out that this is simply false: “on the other side of this debate is a growing number of [historians]—Woody Holton, Annette Gordon-Reed, Michael McDonnell, Gerald Horne, and myself, among others—who question the establishment view of the Revolution and the founders.”

Indeed, there are historians who have made the slavery/American Revolution connection before, yet for the most part their work was scarcely mentioned in the reams of commentary following the release of the 1619 Project. Here I suggest just one book from this group, to get a taste of the history that some eminent historians would rather ignore. 🍷



# BUDDY, I'M NOT EVEN GOING TO READ KING LEAR DURING QUARANTINE.

//BRADY O'CALLAHAN



WE'RE LIVING THROUGH UNPRECEDENTED AND SCARY TIMES. COVID-19 is on a steep trajectory toward overwhelming the world, bringing with it unparalleled suffering. We've been instructed to shelter in place, staying put in our homes unless absolutely necessary for food, medical attention, or critical work. This leaves many of us, including myself, at home with some free time. Many have noted that William Shakespeare used his quarantine time during the plague of 1606 to write *King Lear*.

Buddy, I'm not even going to READ *King Lear* during quarantine.

Are you fucking joking me? We're in the middle of a global pandemic, and you want me to create my masterpiece?

My guy, if anything, I'm going to watch Netflix.

I understand the impulse. We've been conditioned under capitalism and the gig economy to believe that any ounce of "free time" should be used constructively to better our lives and standing. I could probably sit down for a few hours a day, knock out a few pages of my pilot, and have something finished in a week. I could.

Ain't no way in hell I will.

Let's be honest: I'm no William Shakespeare, and neither are you. And even he only wrote *King Lear*, of all things, during the pandemic. We're not even talking about *Othello* for Christ's sake. We're talking *King Lear*. I don't even know what that's about. How good can it really be?

SparkNotes says it's about a once-great political dynasty that dissolves, hurling its entire empire into chaos and cruelty and ultimately revealing the insignificance of authority. Sure, sounds "fun." Maybe I'll peep it one day.

But you can bet your ass today's not that day. I just read a whole page on a website, and I'm tired. To be honest, it sounds like a fuckin' downer. The government is bungling yet another disaster response, and I kinda just need to not think about that, or anything, for a little while. And I'm sure as hell not going to sit down and write some creative project about how bad my life sucks right now.

*Tiger King* looks kind of fun, though.

So you can go ahead and work on your novel or whatever. Sir Patrick Stewart, keep doing your sonnets. Ellen DeGeneres, you're probably up to something, too. Fine. That's great. I'm not going to do it. I wrote this whole-ass essay already, and I didn't even want to do *that*. Also, please don't expect me to read/watch/hear your little project in the near future. I'm not even reading Shakespeare, and he's supposed to be really good. 🍷



To the residents of apartment buildings 3014, 3015, 3016, and 3017:

I hope this note finds you in good health. This is truly a terrifying time, and I pray you are stocked up, safe, and able to socially distance.

This letter, which I have delivered to every apartment unit in each of the buildings on 30th St. concerns the outpouring of support I have witnessed so many of you give to the essential workers and first responders living nearby. It is so heartwarming and inspiring to see so many of you come out to your balconies and windows and give these brave, heroic workers your applause and gratitude as they come and go from their grueling shifts.



That being said: You can do that for me too you know aha : )

As you probably are aware, I am your neighbor/landlord Ken Balls. I am also the director of the medical claims committee for Aetna. I have been working my ass off these last few weeks, and nobody has clapped for me even once. It's gotten to a point where I'm like - okay, maybe they think they *can't* clap for me, haha, you know?

You can totally clap for me! Especially when I am outside smoking my huge cigarettes in the middle of the street on one of my loud business calls, or when I am getting into my Lambo and punching the gas so fucking hard, peeling off to my office in Midtown to help people get partially covered for unavoidable medical tragedies.

Another appropriate time to clap for me would be when you are dropping off your rent checks. I am working when you are dropping those off! I don't get to take off from that! You could clap through the little door flap after you shove the check inside, or you could record a video of you clapping and send it as an attachment in an email to me if you pay online.

I am trying to not let it hurt my feelings, but I can't help but feel a little rejected when I see basically every tenant of mine going hog wild for the exhausted workers returning from their low pay, life-threatening shifts, when those same tenants have never once gone hog wild for me. : (

Because it's like, listen, I love the clapping and it's inspiring and we should do it for sure. But I actually *don't* think we should do it if we aren't going to do it for *everyone*, you know?

Last I checked, Rita in 3016 5E (who is a phenomenal resident and obviously is working so hard at the hospital) isn't the one fixing the leak in your ceiling. Obviously I'm not doing that either, but I do pay someone to do that if a judge requires it.

Or Mitchell S in 3014 2A? Just because Mitchell works graveyard shifts at the grocery store doesn't mean he deserves balcony clapping more than anyone else/me! And it definitely doesn't mean we can't still laugh at him for starting that small fire in the laundry room last summer, hahah! Remember that? That was Mitchell S! Do you see how crazy this all is to me?

Also, I find it a little odd how everyone in 3015 is suddenly obsessed with AJ in 1B because he comes back from his shift at the restaurant with food for older residents. Meanwhile, absolutely NOBODY touched the spinach artichoke dip I left in the 3015 lobby yesterday morning. Still avail!

Seriously what the HELL is going on! Haha!

So, now that you have read this: I invite you all to clap for me tonight. I will be standing out in the street while the essential workers and medical professionals switch shifts and if you are clapping at that time, you will be clapping for me too.

Stay safe,  
Ken

RENT IS DUE AT MIDNIGHT



# How The Fuck Do You Only Spend \$1200? I'm Jeff Bezos, And I'm Honestly Asking.

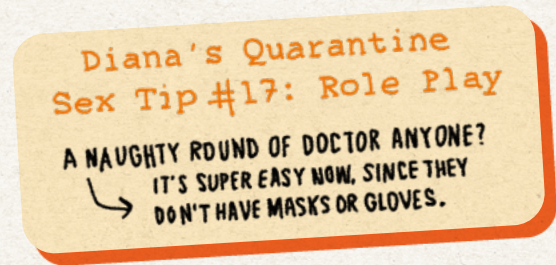
*An Open Letter to Every Fucking Person  
Who Can Read by Jeff Bezos*

//JAMES DWYER

**I**N CASE SEEING MY NAME TWICE BEFORE THIS SENTENCE wasn't enough: I'm America's Zaddy, Jeff Bezos. As the coronavirus crisis jack-hammers on with no end in sight, I've been keeping Tabs<sup>1</sup> on the federal government's efforts to stimulate the prostate of the non-Amazon economy. The American people have no ability to weather this storm on their own without the assistance of the federal government or the miraculous interference of a billionaire insane enough to give people free money. Luckily, Big Guv' stepped up to the plate when President Trump signed off on a \$2 trillion stimulus package known as the CARES Act. I'm gonna be real here. Initially? This thing rocked my prostate til I passed out. I won't bore the average dirt pusher reading this from the bottom of their pig trough with the nitty gritty, but there's enough kickbacks here to plug my rich, labor-suffocating ass. However, the big story for everyone else coming out of this horny bill is that every American making \$75,000 or less (whaaaaat??) gets a check for \$1200. And so, I've dictated this open letter to Alexa's hotter, smarter cousin Ali-zon because I simply must know:

*How the fuck do you only spend \$1200?!*

¶I mean, it's only TWELVE HUNDRED DOLLARS!! I once spent \$15,000 alone at a Pizza Hut before I went vegan. And twice after. As soon as this news broke I made my girlfriend stop taking a shit mid-coitus so we could board my survival yacht to avoid what I thought would be wide-scale riots. But alas, no riots yet. I truly don't fucking get it, and I'm designed to comprehend this shit. My "brain" was engineered in a lab by a crack team of scientists at the Wharton Business School. So I should be able to fathom a single scenario where a human person manages to spend less than \$1200 in a single day, or, hell, in a single purchase. So... how is this even possible? Please. Explain it to me or the venture capital processing unit where my brain should be will blow chunks until I die.



¶I'll try it again right here. Let's go through a typical day one of you might have: You get up. You realize there's no milk in your house, so you hose off in the kitchen sink, toss on some medical socks and jog to the grocery store around the corner in Every City, USA. What a lucky day! Milk is on sale. Love a good milk sale. Sale price? \$3600. You've already spent three times the amount you received from your one-time stimulus check and all you have to show for it is a six pack of milk before you've purchased your morning Maserati. If \$1200 can't cover a typical milk purchase, how do our lawmakers expect people to pay their rent? How will people pay their utilities or make payments on their credit cards? Will they even be able to afford the monthly *Washington Post* >>



# Suitable Covid-19 Mask Alternatives

//ROSIE WHALEN

LET'S FACE AN UNCOMFORTABLE TRUTH: many local shops and online retailers are void of the supplies we need to help curtail COVID-19, so I took it upon myself to ask an expert in collecting props from movies (I live with the guy. What can I say?!), "What regular, everyday, household items would make acceptable substitutes for an industry standard N95 respirator? The results from my roommate may shock you:

## The floating plastic bag from *American Beauty*

Oh my god, have you seen this scene in the early '00s film *American Beauty*? It is absolutely ridiculous! I'm sad that I probably wanted to fuck the character who filmed a floating plastic bag drifting towards the sky for hours, but that is neither here nor there. The point is facts is facts: putting a plastic bag over your head would indeed cover your face. *4 stars—that's a mask, baby!*

## The huge boombox in *Do The Right Thing*

Okay, I was kind of skeptical at first. How do you wrap a huge boombox around your face? The truth is I had just never tried before, because I never needed to. Now I realize I had really boom-boxed myself into a corner, because this is a great mask. Big. Industrial. Plays cassette tapes. Cool! Wipe clean with a Clorox wipe (i.e. whatever wet movie prop you have lying around) after each use. 3 stars—only because I still got COVID-19 wearing this. It's NOT a perfect/tight seal. However, it does play Seal's "Kissed by a Rose", so *OK 5 stars, actually?*

## Leatherface's face from *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*

A complete no-brainer. In the early, quaint days of COVID-19 spreading, did the news lie to us by telling us masks did nothing to protect us? Yes. But to their credit, they never said NOT to make a mask of human flesh and wear it over our own faces... That's on us! Look, I don't have to kill anyone or skin anyone's face off, because I have the original Leatherface mask from the movie. Clearly I don't have a motive to kill my third roommate for his skin no matter how annoying he's been about keeping fucking clean... Jesus Christ, wash your fucking hands! Anyway, I will totally and completely give you a full year's supply of toilet paper if you kill him and hide his body somewhere that will not link him to me. Please. This mask is actually the most breathable and lightweight of the three options, and probably so is Justin? Go get'cha self some Justin skin! His music sucks! His friends suck! His hands is dirty—no one will miss him. *5 stars—IRL Face/Off! WE'VE BEEN WATCHING SO MANY MOVIES, HA!*

>> subscription they don't recall ever signing up for? The people demand straightforward answers from our law-makers who seem to be deeply out of touch with the plight of the working class. As everyone's eventual employer, I want you to know that I, Jeff Bezos, see and hear your screaming COVID-riddled asses. (Both my vision and hearing are that of a grey wolf thanks to the HGH.) I am looking out for you... from a safe distance aboard my yacht until Cormac McCarthy's *The Road* comes to life at which point I will be forced to escape aboard The Space X "Life Capsule 1" with Elon Musk, Bill Clinton and Jeffrey Epstein (JK, we've all seen the footage that proves Jeffrey Epstein is dead).

¶ In the meantime, don't worry about me. I mean pre-Rona? I was cumming gold bars while my employees filled their diaps with piss and shit as the overseers yell "TORO" at them on the warehouse floor. Post-Rona? Let's just say I won't need to re-up on my subscription to Hims to keep these gold loads flowing in buckets. I have you—The People—to thank for that. I mean, the sheer amount of you who panic-bought Wet Ones and Omaha Steaks in bulk as the movie *Contagion* blasted out of your Amazon Prime player to juice your pussies and dongs full of Corona? Staggering. All I urge you to do: keep on buying. And I'll keep pressing our legislators to get more money in your hands by penning open letters as I sit perched on the lip of my sensory deprivation tank (as long as it remains a financially viable solution for me). Good luck out there, scum fuckers. 🤪

<sup>1</sup>Tabs is the name of my legal man slave who is tasked with consuming the news for me and regurgitating it into my baby bird brain.



NORMAL, OKAY  
THOUGHTS

I KNOW \*EXACTLY\*  
WHAT PICTURE  
I'LL POST  
WHEN I START  
EXHIBITING SYMPTOMS.

MY VIRTUAL BACK-  
GROUNDS NEVER  
GET A BIG  
ENOUGH REACTION  
ON ZOOM...

IT'S OK  
IF I GO TO  
THE PARK

CYNTHIA NIXON MAY  
HAVE ENDORSED  
BERNIE BUT I  
KNOW MIRANDA  
WOULD BE A WARREN DEMOCRAT.

I WANT TO SUPPORT  
THE AMAZON  
WORKERS ON STRIKE,  
BUT MY GROCERY  
STORE RAN OUT OF YEAST...

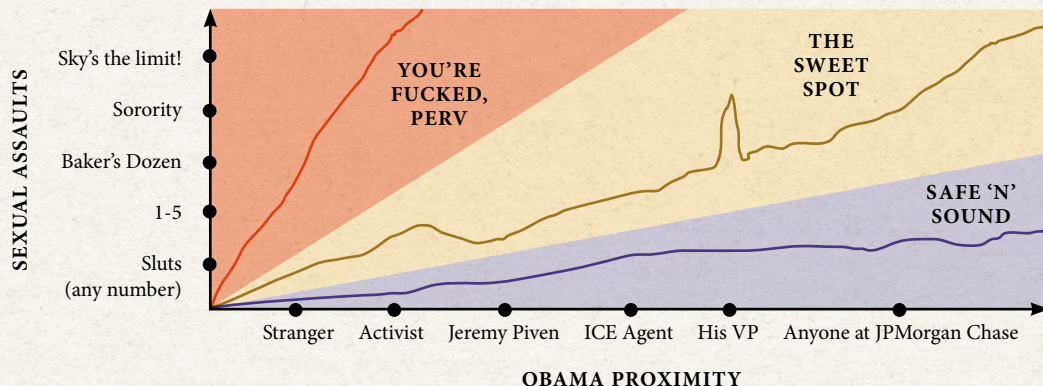
NOW THAT I DELETED  
ALL MY #METOO  
TWEETS, THEY CAN'T  
BE THROWN IN  
MY FACE BY ANTI-BIDEN TROLLS.

DO YOU THINK EVERYONE  
SAW MY DONATION  
ON THE GOFUNDME  
FOR MY FRIEND'S  
MEDICAL DEBT?

I WOULDN'T CARE EVEN  
IF HE WERE A  
BRAIN DEAD  
RAPIST! VOTE BLUE  
NO MATTER WHO!

# "Who's OK?"

SEXUAL  
ASSAULTS  
TO OBAMA  
PROXIMITY:  
A REFERENCE  
CHART





## KEEP THE FIRE BURNING: *Love Advice From Dr. Terry Firewood*

//MATTHEW BRIAN COHEN

HELLO! MY NAME IS DOCTOR TERRY FIREWOOD, and I'm here to answer all your questions on love, sex, and matters of the heart. Me? I've been married to the same wonderful woman for nineteen years, and we're still going strong! Every marriage has its ups and downs, and we've been through it all. I like to say I have a Master's Degree in Love and a PhD in Sex! In reality, I am a stay at home husband who has taken one Macroeconomics class at Ramapo College. But you know what they say—you're as much of a doctor as you feel! Let's get to our first letter.

*Colleen*

Dear Terry,

*My husband has a chronic listening problem. Despite telling him a thousand and one times, he still thinks the garage is for his stupid hobbies that he picks up for a few weeks and never touches again. I need to park my car, Terry. Can you tell him not to leave his woodworking shit everywhere? I almost tripped on a goddamn bandsaw when I was coming in with the groceries. Clean that shit up.*

Signed,  
Jeanine

OK, so this letter is my wife. Looks like we got a little "Escape (The Piña Colada Song)" situation here. Hi, honey! I will certainly let "your husband" know how you feel about the garage, haha! But it's

important to remember that stay at home husbands need personal projects to feel useful. Otherwise, their chronic anxiety might flare up, and we wouldn't want to have a repeat of the Memorial Day BBQ of 2017 where your spouse screamed at your sister that he felt useless and unloved and then cried all over the potato salad. If I can try and step back and look at the situation objectively, maybe your husband's woodworking is his way of trying to show affection? After all, didn't he make you that lovely spice rack? I also think it's unfair to say that your husband "abandons" his personal projects. Yes, the ham radio, the banjo, and the dried and cured meats might not have stuck, but I urge you to remember that imposter syndrome is very real, even when it comes to hobbies. And it's "Doctor Terry" when you're writing into my column. We talked about this. Thanks again, Jeanine!

*Colleen*

Dear Terry,

*If you bring your laptop to bed one more time I'm going to scream. I have to be up at six-fifteen tomorrow so I can take the dog to the vet before work. I don't know how someone can type so loud on those soft laptop keys, and it feels like you're holding it so the light shines directly into my eyes. I'm this close to making you sleep on the couch for the next month and a half. Knock it the fuck off.*

Jeanine

We've got another wife letter, gang! I definitely feel a lot of anger coming from you, Jeanine, and I want you to know that your feelings are valid. But let's remember that your husband is a writer, and a writer writes, always, and if a writer is not writing, he starts to focus more on his lack of financial success, his inability to hold down a job, and how he cannot accomplish even the simplest of household chores without assistance. Also, I cannot take Biscuit to the vet because of my motion-induced anxiety. Even the thought of traveling makes me nauseous, and we don't want a repeat of the Christmas when your dear husband vomited in the Miata on the way to your sister's. Threatening to make him sleep on the couch could drive him to leave for good. >>



Ceeee

Terry,

*You forced me to read your response to my last letter, and for once, I think you're actually making some sense. I'm leaving you, Terry. And I'm taking Biscuit. God, just writing those words gives me a sense of relief that I can't describe. It's like the floodgates have been opened and I can finally begin expressing the frustration and sorrow I've felt for years. You made me feel like a prisoner in my own home, in my own mind. I lost my ambition, my sex drive, my sanity—for what? Some misguided sense of keeping things together so I wouldn't be like my mom? Every time I came home from working a double and your chubby face asked, "what's for dinner?" a piece of me died. I'm done dying, Terry. You'll be hearing from my attorney.*

Jeanine

Initially elated to finally receive a letter from a reader who is not my wife, upon a closer read, it has become clear that this is not from another reader coincidentally named Jeanine, but in fact from the Jeanine who is my wife. I have a professional responsibility to print this letter, though it is causing me to come undone at the seams. For the first time in my month-long career as a love advice columnist writing entirely on spec, I am at a loss for words. I never thought I'd be the one needing the advice! I can feel my heart beating faster and faster—it's like it's trying to escape my GD chest. I guess you're not the only one who wants out, Jeanine! Haha! Hahaha! Hah! 🍷



## The DNC Shortlist To Replace Biden's Crumbling Husk at the Convention

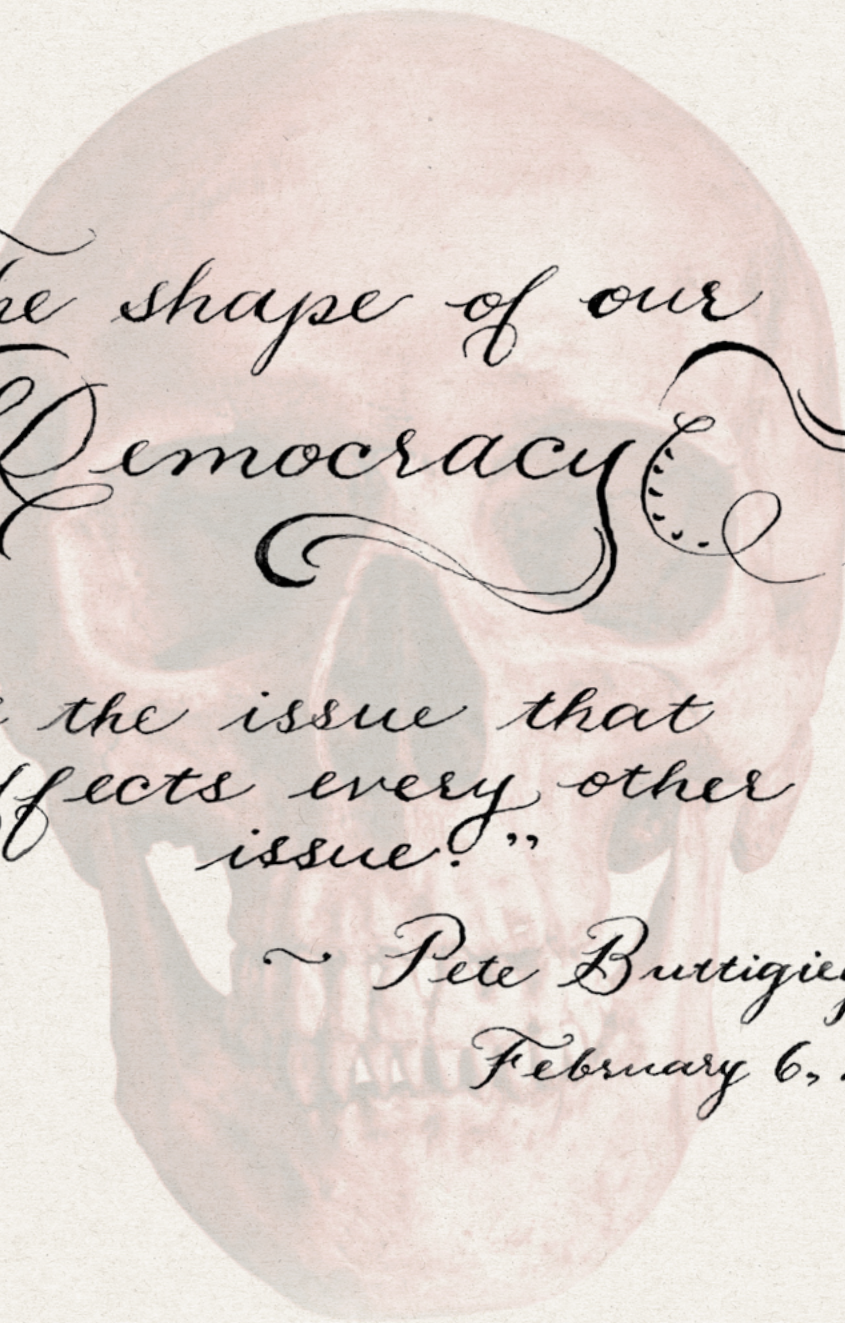
//THE FUNCTIONALLY DEADHEADS

ATTENTION GOSS GHOULS! ACCORDING TO FUNCTIONALLY DEAD's most soulless sources inside the catacombs of the DNC, Dem leadership is concerned that the rubber bands holding Biden's long-deceased corpse together could snap any day now, forcing the DNC to replace him at the convention with the most unpopular candidate they can muster. Preparing for this eventuality, Tom Perez is circulating the following shortlist to Democratic donors:

- Amy Klobuchar
- Kamala Harris
- Chasten Buttigieg
- A low-res screencap of The Pelosi Clap™
- Rod Blagojevich
- Bo—The Obama Family's 12 year old dog (aw!)
- Mark Cuban, Kevin O'Leary & the Shark Tank Trio
- The Shadow app
- A low-res screencap of Pelosi ripping up Trump's State of the Union address
- Chrissy Teigen's husband
- The Unredacted Text of The Mueller Report
- Host of "The Weakest Link," Anne Robinson
- A low-res screencap of Pelosi helping the poor  
(note: this one would have to be Photoshopped, I know a guy)
- Eliot Spitzer
- A loose pile of unmarked bills
- The Board of Directors of Fannie Mae
- A Cuomo Cousin (isn't there a Larry...?)

Looks like it's anybody's game, but our money's on a Spitzer/Pelosi Clap ticket! 💀





“The shape of our  
Democracy

is the issue that  
affects every other  
issue.”

~ Pete Buttigieg

February 6, 2020



# QUARANTINE

*Horoscopes* // DIANA KOLSKY



## Aries

(March 21-April 19)

*Table for 1*

**HAPPY BIRTHDAY, BITCH!** You're alone, and you're eating chili out of a can. Fight the urge to kill yourself. No one will find you until July. :/



## Taurus

(April 20-May 20)

*Where the Heart Is*

This is your time to shine, sweet homebody. Take a break from being everyone's rock to throw one through the window; you're still here. And you're eating chili out of a can.



## Gemini

(May 21-June 20)

*And Twinzzzzzz!*

Your duality serves you well in captivity. Go grab the two mason jars you got at Hailey's wedding and fill them all the way up with boxed wine. You're eating well tonight, win some Gemini—it's chili. (Out of a can.)



## Cancer

(June 21-July 22)

*Me Time*

You're deep. You're emotional. You're manipulating... chili out of a can, to eat.



## Leo

(July 23-Aug. 21)

*Roar*

Your raging ego *could* take this quarantine particularly hard, but don't despair! Tease that luscious mane, put on a red Sharpie lip, and attack that can of chili like only you can.



## Virgo

(Aug. 22-Sept. 22)

*A Big To-Do (List)*

A nit-picking cunt by nature, you're texting 692-692 back with suggestions on how they can be more "on point." de Blasio has yet to respond. Rude. Next up: Kondo'ing your canned goods. Treat yourself to some chili. You've earned the whole damn can.



## Libra

(Sept. 23-Oct. 22)

*Commitment Issues*

Let's be real: you're usually a charmer, but this month you're all over the fuckin' place—in the bathroom, then back in the hallway, circling into the kitchen, back to the hallway again... what to do? Take a deep breath, open the sad cabinet you call your "pantry" (cutel): it's chili time.



## Scorpio

(Oct. 23-Nov. 21)

*Ur Horny*

Being inside all day is hard. So hard. Long and hard. Time to rub one out. Rub two out, even. You've worked up quite the appetite. Finish with some drugs 'n' chili out of a can.



## Sagittarius

(Nov. 22-Dec. 21)

*On Your Terms*

Slick talk won't do you any good—you're alone in your apartment, and Cuomo will personally shoot you if you leave. Fuck it. You didn't want to go out, anyway. You're actually kinda hungry... Yeah! You could go for some fuckin' chili out of a fuckin' can!



## Capricorn

(Dec. 22-Jan. 19)

*Heart Song*

Love is in the air, darling goat! Wait, nope, it's just the smell of chili wafting through your fourth floor walk-up. Do ya still have a can of chili in your shitty kitchenette? Eat it.



## Aquarius

(Jan. 20-Feb. 18)

*Food for Thought*

These endless days spent indoors have blocked your channels, but the planets are finally with you, my waterbearing friend! Open your mouth to open your mind: fill both with chili from a can. Don't even heat that shit up—you're much too creative.



## Pisces

(Feb. 19-March 20)

*Cold Fish*

Your sensitive skin has been bruised by these perilous times. The sickness and worry all around have caused you to curl back into your emo shell. It's OK to retreat, but ya gotta eat. Get the can opener: it's tuna time. 🐟



# I READ THIS ZINE AND FEEL SIGNIFICANTLY WORSE.

What do I do now?

//DAN LOPRETO

Here are some mutual aid projects and resources to check out:

## [Mutual Aid 101 from Waging Nonviolence](#)

*“As the government response to the pandemic falters, mutual aid projects—a staple of social movements for decades—are rising up to meet people’s basic needs.”*

## [The Justice Collaborative](#)

*“We are creating this Response & Resources page to share essential information, proposed policies, and other resources for activists, public officials, and journalists...”*

## [Volunteering & Mutual Aid Directory](#)

*“Use this site to find opportunities for supporting your local community during the COVID-19 outbreak.”*

## [Community Resource Map](#)

*“Map created by GroundBreakers to spotlight & connect community efforts in response to COVID-19. Each point links to local resources: blue is student initiatives, green is fundraisers, orange is mutual aid networks, and purple is student meal relief.”*

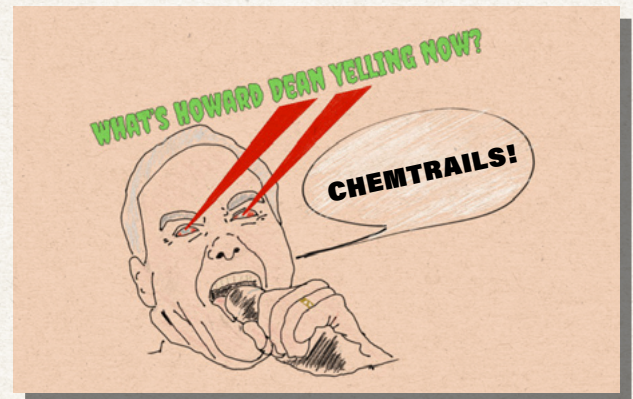
## [Freelance Artist Resources](#)

*“This list is specifically designed to serve freelance artists, and those interested in supporting the independent artist community.”*

## FD Tattoo of the Week



Submit yours to [functionallydead@gmail.com](mailto:functionallydead@gmail.com)



//JAMES DWYER



IN THE NEXT ISSUE: THE TRUTH ABOUT EPSTEIN



NOW THAT YOU'RE DEAD, WHAT ARE  
YOU GONNA DO WITH YOUR LIFE?

FOLKS TO BLOCK:

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