

FUNCTIONALLY DEAD

REFORM

JUNE 29, 2020//VOL. II, ISSUE 1



There you are!

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#9isFine

//MATTHEW BRIAN COHEN

If you have a tattoo of the Warren 2020 campaign's Liberty Green hex code, you're probably familiar with Eight Can't Wait—eight police reforms a majority of cities already have in place which have done nothing to curtail horrific and systemic police violence. Not to be out-limpdicked, we're stealing even more focus from Black abolitionists, organizers, and radicals by calling on every police department to adopt our Nine Is Fine reforms.

DEMAND POLICE OFFICERS KNOW
THE MEMBERS OF THE COMMUNITY
THEY ARE INFLECTING GENOCIDE ON



DEMAND OFFICERS SAY
THEY'RE REALLY SORRY
FOR MURDER



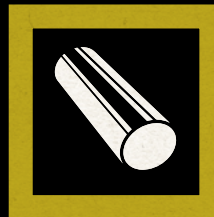
END PARTNERSHIP WITH PIZZA HUT'S
"TEAR GAS 10 PROTESTERS, RECEIVE
1 PERSONAL PAN PIZZA" PROGRAM



IMMEDIATE REMOVAL OF
ALL POLICE OFFICERS' VISIBLE
NEO-NAZI TATTOOS



CEASE CONSTRUCTION
ON THE LITERAL
SCHOOL-TO-PRISON PIPELINES



ALL SERVICE WEAPONS MUST
HAVE A 1 IN 6 CHANCE OF
RANDOMLY MISFIRING



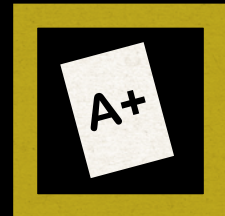
REPLACE THE
"CHOKE HOLD"
WITH THE "HUG HOLD"



INSTITUTE A NATION-WIDE "SLUR JAR,"
DEMAND OFFICERS PLACE \$1 IN EVERY
TIME THEY SAY A RACIAL SLUR



QUALIFY
FOR
QUALIFIED IMMUNITY



1 DEMAND POLICE OFFICERS KNOW THE MEMBERS OF THE COMMUNITY THEY ARE INFLECTING GENOCIDE ON

Studies have shown that officers are less inclined to commit massive human rights abuses when they can put a name to a face. If a patrol officer can say, "Hey, my knee is on Ed's neck—doesn't he work at the Verizon store?" he'll know that he's going to have to also kill Ed's friends and family if he really wants to get away with it. That's usually too much effort for your typical patrol officer, who has the mental faculties of a dog trapped in a hot car.

2 IMMEDIATE REMOVAL OF ALL POLICE OFFICERS' VISIBLE NEO-NAZI TATTOOS

White supremacist iconography has no place on police officers' bodies—period. The last thing a civilian wants to see before they die is a swastika on the forearm of the officer choking the life out of them. Those kinds of racist beliefs belong in our local police forces' hearts and minds, as well as their lower backs and outer groins—not on full display.

3 REPLACE THE "CHOKE HOLD" WITH THE "HUG HOLD"

Police officers are keepers of the peace. They must lead the way with compassion. The "choke hold" that has been used to wantonly murder can no longer be an option. In its place, officers must learn to use a "hug hold," squeezing the life out their victims with not only respect and dignity, but also, with love. Only by literally killing with kindness can we ever hope to achieve restorative justice in this country.

4 DEMAND OFFICERS SAY THEY'RE REALLY SORRY FOR MURDER

After countless murders and abuses by police across the country, suspending offending officers without pay isn't enough. Justice must be served. Officers must say they're REALLY sorry, preferably without their fingers crossed behind their back. Making a face after apologizing, like you just tasted a yucky piece of broccoli, might have cut it in 2019, but this is 2020. We must do better.

5 CEASE CONSTRUCTION ON THE LITERAL SCHOOL-TO-PRISON PIPELINES

For years, cities across America have been looking for a more cost-efficient, eco-friendly way to get Black children fully integrated into our prison system. We thought building a series of human-sized pneumatic tubes that could suck students from the classroom and plop them down into jail cells was the way to do it. But too often, children would get stuck in the tube due to a lack of pressure, terrifying white students who were just trying to learn about democracy. We're calling on Black and Brown students to be detained the old-fashioned way. The half-constructed tubes will serve as a reminder of our shameful past, our shameful present, and our shameful future. Do not attempt to remove our history!

6 INSTITUTE A NATION-WIDE "SLUR JAR," DEMAND OFFICERS PLACE \$1 IN EVERY TIME THEY SAY A RACIAL SLUR

Defunding the police, while a noble goal, will not happen overnight. With a Slur Jar, we can make small, incremental steps to defunding the police in cities across the country, hitting police officers where it hurts them most—their favorite slurs. By 2040, we hope to have hundreds, if not thousands of dollars that we will re-invest in our communities by throwing a pizza party for the good cops who only said slurs a handful of times.

7 END PARTNERSHIP WITH PIZZA HUT'S "TEAR GAS 10 PROTESTERS, RECEIVE 1 PERSONAL PAN PIZZA" PROGRAM

Speaking of pizza, while initially created in good faith, this program has only incentivized officers to use tear gas indiscriminately in order to earn a delicious cheese pizza. Pizza Hut has issued a statement saying they are taking "a long, hard look" at the program, and we applaud their initiative. But until Pizza Hut can commit to increasing the number of protestors gassed to a reasonable amount (20), we must divest.

8 ALL SERVICE WEAPONS MUST HAVE A 1 IN 6 CHANCE OF RANDOMLY MISFIRING

Whether it's a puff of smoke, a squirt of seltzer water, or a flag that pops out of the barrel that says "Bang!", there must be some random chance for civilians to survive a deadly police encounter. By gamifying police violence, we're hoping to turn nightmarish and fatal encounters into silly stories to laugh about—until the next time, that is.

9 QUALIFY FOR QUALIFIED IMMUNITY

Police officers are keepers of the peace. Under qualified immunity, police officers cannot be held legally responsible for crimes they commit. This is unacceptable, unless we can really trust the officers not to abuse it. Therefore, officers must pass a written test before they are given what is essentially a free pass to pillage, rape, and kill. The test will be twenty questions long, true/false, and officers can take it as many times as they need to pass. Tests will be graded through internal review. In the interest of community safety, taxpayers will foot the bill on this one. It costs seven million dollars per test.

BONUS: TREAT ALL CITIZENS LIKE THEY ARE BLACK

Ultimately, we're just going to have to accept that the police cannot be reformed. It is an inherently racist institution established to protect white people's property at the expense of Black lives. But what if everyone is Black? The police must treat ALL citizens like they are Black people. So either they declare war on America as a whole and rule over us with the backing of a unified fascist government and carceral state, or police brutality is solved, once and for all.



The White Devil 3000™

//ROSIE WHALEN

IF YOU'RE JUST FINDING OUT ABOUT THE NEOLIBERAL SCENE'S HOTTEST DINNER PARTY/ACTIVIST HANGOUT, RACE2DINNER—an exclusive evening where RWRW (rich white racist women) pay a shit-ton of money to gather over a home cooked meal and learn how they are complicit in upholding white supremacy in the comfort of their home and/or gated community—you're in for a treat.

Well RWRW, good luck securing a seat to this woke-full romp, because you're already *way late* to RSVP!

Though the typical upper middle-class suburban social dining experience is getting an upgrade, securing a seat at *this* high-status table is increasingly difficult. Beside the fact that the pandemic has made everyone a certified chef and baker, it's also made even the most stubbornly comfortable, whitest of white women submit to the powers of the twenty-thousand dollar dining experience that is Race2Dinner. Buying your way into heaven don't come cheap. Just ask Race2Dinner's founders and clientele—powerful, rich women who tell powerful, rich, white women that they are powerful, rich, white... *and racist*.

Just in time, in fact, as our country is trying earnestly to end the oppressive hand of racial injustice, police brutality, and economic inequality. What better way to say "I'm open to being mildly uncomfortable for two hours" than with an extravagant dinner, wine perfectly aged in a farmer's (market) ass, and dessert cooling on the marble windowsill (something tells me it's blondie bars!).

Your average rich woman's dining table is only able to seat four to eight RWRW. *Let's talk about the complicity in those limitations!* We here at Race2Dinner would like to be more inclusive (to RWRW). Our initiative to bring even more white women with skinny purses and fat bank accounts into the conversation features a table that will seat one million white fools in order to accommodate our ever-expanding dining service (I mean have you seen the news lately?! We are getting a LOT of reservations from guilty ladies).



I don't have the words.

//JIBRI NURIDDIN GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

AS A SOCIAL STUDIES TEACHER, AN EDUCATOR, A BLACK MAN, A THINKER, A WRITER, AN ACTIVIST, A PERSON who's committed my life to creating social change, as someone who feels deeply about the inequalities in our American institutions, it seems like right now would be the time I'd have the most to say.

But nah, I don't have the words. I don't have them. Because when I sit and think and start to write, I feel too much. I think too much, I read too much, I research too much, I see too many inequalities, too much sadness, too much pain, and that pain turns into anger. When I think about Trayvon, Philando, and Breonna, and Eric, George, and the ones before them, the ones we don't know about, the ones not captured on camera, the ones that were covered up, the ones that were silenced. Then I keep thinking, and I think about Fred Hampton, and Medgar Evers, and the black soldiers that came back from World War I to be lynched, and from World War II to be murdered, when I think about COINTELPRO and the War on Drugs, and separate but equal, and sharecropping and owning another human being. Commonly raping your property, and enslaving the products of that rape. When I think, I get angry, and it's that anger that is dangerous, and it is that anger that keeps me from thinking, it is that anger that they will use to characterize me. When I throw a brick through that window. When I've had enough of seeing my people with knees on their necks so I'm not polite when the cop questions me. When I don't move out of your way on the sidewalk. When I don't back down, when I scream at the top of my lungs. When I'm not polite because I'm running late and I am more likely to be fired than you, and more likely to be underemployed, and it will take me longer to find a job where I will make 78 cents to every white man's dollar. When I let the frustration of the world get to me and tell you I don't give a shit about *Game of Thrones* when you're just trying to make conversation. When I show up late to work because it doesn't fucking matter and I don't apologize. That's the anger they will say describes me. That's the anger that will characterize Jibri. Not a lifetime of thoughtful reflection, but a moment of anger that could be my undoing at any

given moment. That anger will remain with me like a stigmata. It will be everywhere I go, it will be what they will whisper about when I step away, it is what they will warn their colleagues about before they know me, it's a label they are perpetually waiting to affix on my black body, so I mustn't ever let it show.

Unless it's in a boxing ring, where they will revel in my capacity for violence, watching me punish another man for their entertainment.

Or a football field, "He's a beast" they will say of my athletic prowess, releasing my anger on the 40 yard line. They will scream and cheer at my flashes of rage.

Unless it's in a movie, when I'm in character, deceiving the audience of how malevolent I can be. They will adore my convincing performance.

Unless I'm in the hood, taking my anger out on other black bodies that share my collective trauma. Focusing my ire on those closest to me, rather than the systems that put us there. They will even make sure I am able to get a gun for that, then loudly lament that inner-city violence, replete with hand-wringing and furrowed brows, feigning concern over neighborhoods they will never set foot in.

Unless I'm in a uniform on foreign soil, aiming that anger far from their institutions. Then they will love my anger. It will be praised and touted, my capacity for violence will be revered. "A true American hero" I will be.

But this anger does not originate from feeling threatened by ISIS. This anger was not borne of the Middle East, not by Bashar al-Assad, Muammar al-Gaddafi, or Saddam Hussein. This anger was brewed domestically. It's not anger over police brutality, though also that. It is not anger over a few bad cops, though it's >>

>> also that. It's not anger over people I know being completely oblivious to the plight of black lives in America, though it's also that. It's this collected trauma, it's the unwillingness of America to take responsibility in any real way, it's the collective ignorance of generation after generation who don't know their own history and adopt a worldview that absolves them of any responsibility.

A strange juxtaposition for a Christian nation.

It is just that, that collective indifference that angers me the most, because it is contagious and it is corrosive. People that don't want to see your experience, don't want to hear your truths, because it's too uncomfortable for them. My truths cannot be true they tell me, because if so that would implicate them, so I'm wrong. My life, my experiences, my traumas, they must not be actual traumas, I must be overreacting, I have to be. The systemic injustices, they're not true, they can't be true, because if they are this country isn't what it purports itself to be. If they're true then I'd have to feel guilty for my role in being complicit. If they're true then this wouldn't be the greatest country in the world. If they're true then I made a mistake in who I voted for. If they're true then my pastor/parents/teacher/mentor/friends are wrong. If they're true then I've done something wrong—that would be terribly inconvenient, you see. If they're true then everyone in America would be growing up with some sort of racial bias, so they can't be true, Jibri.

Sorry, your perceived slights are wrong. Look at Candace Owens, look at Thomas Sowell, look at these very few and select black people who reinforce my worldview and help me feel better about my life. Sorry Jibri, these statues aren't symbols of racism and oppression, it's just history. Sorry Jibri, the murder of black and brown bodies at the hands of the police... this state-sanctioned violence is just overblown right now. Sorry Jibri, all of the news sources, except these very few and select ones that I consume to help me feel better about my life, are wrong. Sorry Jibri, **EVEN THOUGH YOU TEACH HISTORY** I don't see any connection from slavery to sharecropping to segregation to the criminalization of black people to redlining to the prison industrial complex. Sorry Jibri, I was poor too, sorry Jibri I don't see color, sorry Jibri only 3% of white people

owned slaves. Sorry Jibri, I have to believe that everyone has a fair shot, because otherwise I may be benefiting from something I don't deserve and I know I'm a good person and I love Jesus and I pray for our country everyday so that just can't be true.

Sorry

Sorry, sorry, sorry I'm throwing a brick through your window. Sorry I'm burning down your police station. Sorry I'm smashing cars and screaming and shouting. Sorry I don't care anymore and I'm ready to burn the whole thing down. Sorry your institutions depend on inequality. Sorry your wealth depends on my poverty, sorry that I learned in order for you to have more, someone else must live with less. Sorry that you have to underpay your workers to make a profit, sorry that for you to feel powerful someone else must feel powerless. Sorry I did not show even a brief moment of remorse for the torching of your middle-class bastion of quality goods for low prices, and I'm sorry that I won't feel remorse if it happens again. Sorry I can't be your noble savage, who you adore for accepting injustice so gracefully. Sorry I don't have the words to be your good moderate negro. Sorry I don't have the words to say right now because every time I sit to write I get angry, so I guess I just won't say anything.

Find more from Jibri Nuriddin @jibri



//AUSTIN MAIL, GUEST CONTRIBUTION



OH GREAT, NASCAR IS JUST ABOUT CARS RACING NOW

//BRADY O'CALLAHAN

To the Editors of *Functionally Dead*:

Ok, I was fine with you guys having protests and crap as long as I can have much more heavily armed and less-policed protests, but this has all gone too far! NASCAR just announced that they'll no longer allow Confederate flags at their events. Great. Perfect. So I guess NASCAR is just about cars racing now?

All I wanted was to be a little racist at my favorite sporting event (cars racing), and now all I'm allowed to do is watch my favorite sporting event? That's not right. That's not America. That's just cars racing.

When NASCAR was founded in 1948, eighty-three years after the Confederacy collapsed, they focused on Roadster, Modified, and Strictly Stock car races. But now in 2020, they want to focus on policing (no disrespect) fans of a failed, unrecognized republic founded by traitors to America which ultimately lasted 4 years specifically so they could own slaves. Doesn't sound very American, does it?

When my dad took me to my first race, things were simpler: we'd unfurl our Confederate flags in the stands, join arms, raise our voices in support of

our favorite drivers, and get drunk on domestic beer. Now what am I supposed to tell my son? You can still do all of that except for the flag part? I don't think so. That's pretty much just cars racing and sports fans watching the sport.

I don't know why everyone feels the need to bring politics into me bringing politics into sports. Shut up and drive or shut up and continue operating a widely popular sporting organization that must find ways to broaden and protect its fanbase. You don't need to forbid me from waving a symbol of hate and 400 years of suffering for a very specific population to accomplish that.

Look, I'll keep it short and sweet for you. If I can't spend my money and energy on something that has nothing to do with NASCAR and force NASCAR to condone it, then NASCAR can forget about my business. If we can't have that, we'll have nothing. We'll be left only with the entirety of the sport of cars racing.

Conservatively,
Some Angry Guy from *Pennsylvania*,
Famously a State from The Union

The **TARGET** DEFENDER'S Prayer

//JAMES DWYER

Til this Target near the Autozone
Is rid of the tyranny of the oppressed
I swing my Farberwear steak knife
wildly
Til then I shall not rest
Ever this day
I be at your side
"She's 30" someone screamed
I stabbed her (well, I tried)



Hillary Clinton Makes Her First Endorsement of 2020 Backing Second Largest Sandworm from *Beetlejuice*



“HE’S NOT THE BIGGEST, BUT HE’S NOT THE SMALLEST EITHER,” Clinton said last Monday, speaking of the second largest Sandworm from Tim Burton’s 1988 sophomore effort, *Beetlejuice*.

Her endorsement comes at a crucial moment in the 2020 Democratic Primary, where the desert serpent, who has served 207 terms, is facing a tight race against democratic socialist and former death case worker, Juno.

Following ringing endorsements from both Bernie Sanders and Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez, as well as the Dying Families Party and Justdead Democrats, Juno has pulled ahead in District 666, solidifying a rising trend in progressives’ purgatory popularity.

Juno’s platform veers sharply to the left of the Sandworm’s corporatist record, pushing free education in the form of *Recently Deceased* handbooks and M4AG (Medicare for All Ghouls).

“She’s very dangerous,” Ms. Clinton has said of Juno, whose constituents lovingly refer to her as Coach, “and nobody likes her.”

Despite his lengthy time as a congress-creature, the Sandworm has been criticized for doing little for the deceased of his district, including voting against funding for local hauntings and accepting large campaign donations from Otho.

The Worm’s polling numbers took a hit after a hot mic caught the limbless incumbent bragging about his summer home in Hell. “I’m rich, and I don’t give a fuck about anyone,” he hissed from his second mouth at a rally hosted by Jeffrey Epstein last Wednesday.

To further complicate things for the striped rascal, unconfirmed rumors have resurfaced that he ate a bus filled with elderly people in the mid-’90s, before taking a shit on an elementary school for blind children.

“He exists,” Clinton praised the Sandworm on Twitter this morning, “and Juno has a hole in her trachea.” Juno clapped back at the establishment Democrat, subtweeting: “The so-called people’s party would rather see us all eaten by gigantic horror bugs than live in a just society.”

Underworld super PACs are boosting the tight race, with the Dying Families Party pledging half a million dollars to oust the sandlubber. On the other side, a group called the Democratic Majority for Israel has reported more than \$600,000 in support for the Sandworm. 🐛

After the first 500 feet I thought, OK, we are really getting somewhere. It hasn’t been the easiest design or construction process. There’s been a lot of emotional labor in getting RWRW to even agree to a really long table—it interrupts their preconceived ‘perfect dinner party’ ideal. >>

A REAL THING THAT OPENED UP WHEN IT WAS 15

COLLEGE POINT, QUEENS 9:02 PM
WHITE NEIGHBORHOOD, 6 POC'S
(1 PUERTO RICAN, 1 DOMINICAN, 2 ECUADORIANS
1 JAPANESE, 1 SPANIARD) 16

STORY BY ANDY BUSTILLOS
ART BY A.T. PRATT
BASED ON STORYBOARDS BY ANDY BUSTILLOS

YA'LL WANNA
RACE TO DUNKIN'?





**DUNKIN'
DONUTS®**



**DUNKIN'
DONUTS®**





Things I Won't be Wearing this Summer

BECAUSE OF WHITE SUPREMACISTS

//SEAN O'REILLY



AN ITEM OF CLOTHING HAS RECENTLY COME BACK INTO STYLE THAT'S PERFECT FOR FAT GUYS LIKE ME who love to party: the floral or "Hawaiian" shirt. It's fun, flowy, and it tells the world how hard I can pound a fruity cocktail! So I decided that this summer, I'm a beefy floral guy. I bought like five of them, each with fun parrots—god, I love parrots—BUT GUESS WHAT!? It's a fuckin' Nazi thing! Literally the same day I had my fashion revelation, I found out about a bunch of Hawaiian shirt-wearing psychos called the Boogaloo Boys.

Frankly, I never want to be in a position to be mistaken for a goddamn alt-right fascist fuck. And neither do you! I've conveniently crafted a list of things not to wear/have/do for all of us, because I think they are—or may someday become—right wing dog whistles:

- Dog whistles
- Cowboy vests
- Anything with an eagle on it (goes double for the retailer American Eagle)
- Shirts that say "Ithaca is gorge-ous" or whatever
- Any and all video game apparel
- Von Dutch Hats (they are making a comeback in hopes of becoming the modern-day Hugo Boss Nazi uniformer)
- Any jewelry that costs less than \$600 or more than \$15
- Socks
- The tactical gear I love so much
- Anything with a Looney Toon on it
- Red apparel with wording that isn't specifically DSA-related
- All badass decals (i.e. snakes, wolves, suns, or any combo of the three)
- Pint glasses with busty broads (sad!)
- Shoulder pads
- Dressing and looking like Vin Diesel (AKA my dreams, once again shattered)
- Tattoos—whether it's a Celtic Cross (peep the byline), runes (just cool), or something innocuous like the number 32, it's eventually going to be a Cryptofascist signifier
- Any shirt with a flag unless related to a sports team, and even then please look at the newspaper every morning
- The company logo for my employer: INtricate CELibrations (we're a fussy party planning operation... it's a whole thing)
- Swords (having them, mentioning them, or using them. No swords, sorry)
- *Family Guy* keychains. Something about committing to the keychain...
- Pith helmets, even ironically
- Displaying any knowledge of what a groyper is (fuck... uh, forget this one actually)
- Daisy Dukes
- Fishing or bowling shirts (really any shirt that says "I'd rather be doing something else")

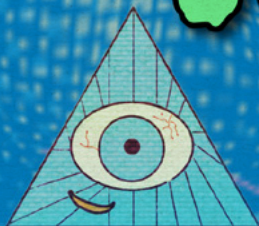
They find it tacky to invite too many people over on the same night (which is for sure causing problems for our million+ guest list). These RWRW are nothing if not consistent when it comes to exclusivity. "What is this, Stanton's 50th surprise party on Muffy's yacht all over again?" I heard one say at an appetizer and lighting concept planning meeting—many women tittered, relating hard to the absurdity that was inviting such an extended group to have a great time together. >>

While by no means exhaustive, if you are a chubby white guy like me, this list will keep you from looking any more like a white supremacist than you already do, just by the nature of your short (or long) haircut and general vibe. 🌿

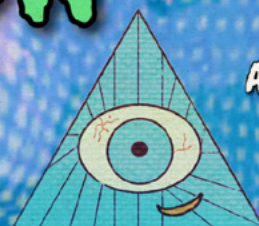
THE ONLY COMEDY & MUSIC FESTIVAL
CHAOTICALLY ORGANIZED BY THE DNC!
AND SPONSORED BY AETNA!

JUST FOR LIBS

AUG 17-20
IN MILWAUKEE
AS THE CITY BURNS



//POSTER ART BY JAMES DWYER



PELOSI ROAST BATTLE * KEY & BIDEN * WHOOP! GOLDBERG

SHORT FORM IMPROV WITH AMY KLOBUCHAR AND THE SALAD COMB PLAYERS * THE CROOKED MEDIA TOAST OF AETNA
CARPOOL KARAOKE LIVE WITH ROBERT MUELLER * ELLEN DEGENERES DOES AN HOUR ABOUT PRISON
AMERICA'S NEXT TOP DEM VP HOSTED BY HEIDI KLUM AND MARIO CANTONE * MIDDLEDITCH & SCHWARTZ

HANNIBAL BURESS GIVES A TED TALK ON LANDLORD'S RIGHTS

AL FRANKEN * ELIOT SPITZER * ANTHONY WEINER * HARVEY WEINSTEIN

COMEDY BANG BANG FEATURING NEERA TANDEN, JAMES CARVILLE AND EMO PHILIPS

AN ENTIRE EPISODE OF SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE VIA FACEBOOK MESSENGER FEATURING MUSICAL GUEST THE FOO FIGHTERS

CHRISSY TEIGEN'S TWITTER ACCOUNT * THE BONES OF JOHN MCCAIN

DJ PREZ TWEETY * BRADLEY WHITFORD SHAMES US * YOU KNOW WHAT, FUCK IT...MICHAEL RICHARDS

AMY POEHLER FLUSHES HER SWIMMING POOL LIKE A TOILET * JD & THE STRAIGHT SHOT * A SINGLE JOHN LEGEND SONG

NANCY PELOSI'S FAMOUS CHARACTER "FAT PERSON" * A LIVE STAGED READING OF THE DISNEY+ ADAPTATION OF RODHAM

FRACK RACE LIVE HOSTED BY RUPAUL AND THE REMAINS OF DAVID H. KOCH

A 3-HOUR SLIDESHOW OF ALT-COMEDIANS TWEETING "FUCK YOU" AT DONALD TRUMP * WE FORCE KATHY GRIFFIN TO APOLOGIZE AGAIN

VULTURE'S NEW LIBS TO WATCH SHOWCASE SPONSORED BY PFIZER * MEGHAN MCCAIN'S TEARS * TED DANSON CARRIES MICHAEL BLOOMBERG IN HIS POCKET

ANDY RICHTER'S ONE MAN SHOW "THE REPLY GUY" * THE ENTIRE CAST OF NBC'S PARKS & REC SUCKS OFF JOHN KERRY * LENA DUNHAM

FEATURING ART INSTALLATIONS BY: JIM CARREY, THAT ONE SHEPARD FAIREY OBAMA POSTER,

THE LEFTOVER STOCK OF CLOSED PIER 1 IMPORTS STORES

OFFICIAL PARTNERS

Raytheon



theranos



MY ACTIVISM EXPERTISE

(From Someone Who Decided To Care Three Weeks Ago)

//CATHRYN MUDON

THIS IS A MENTALLY AND PHYSICALLY EXHAUSTING CHAPTER in our nation's history—a pivotal point of historic transformation as America finally begins the centuries-overdue process of dismantling systems of racial and economic oppression. So as a white person who has been paying attention to the world for almost three weeks now, I'd like to share my activism expertise. I would strongly encourage those of you who are new to activism to incorporate the following:

TIP 1.

SEEK OUT WISDOM FROM BLACK LEADERS:

a huge part of my personal activism, not just this week, but for all three weeks, has been reposting MLK quotes *after* reading them instead of before. Lots of them. Even the dense ones I have no historical context for, like this:

"The mission to which they call us is a most difficult one. Even when pressed by the demands of inner truth, men do not easily assume the task of opposing their government's policy...Nor does the human spirit move without great difficulty against all the apathy of conformist thought within one's own bosom and in the surrounding world. Moreover, when the issues at hand seem as perplexing as they often do in the case of this dreadful conflict, we are always on the verge of being mesmerized by uncertainty." MLK urged "leaders to arouse their people from their apathetic indifference.... In the past, apathy was a moral failure. Today, it is a form of moral and political suicide."

Wow. This passage really resonates with me; apathy truly is a poison to democracy. I cannot tell you how tedious it's been begging people to care as much as I've been caring for, again, going on three weeks now.

TIP 2.

SOCIAL MEDIA POLICING: ("policing" is not ideal phrasing, but in my usage it's actually a very positive thing that I would *not* abolish) The primary function of social media right now is simply for us allies to listen, learn, and use our platforms to amplify Black voices and causes. I, however, like to take it a step further in my personal activism: as a white person, it's important that I police non-Black people's content and tell them which Black voices they should and should not be amplifying. Not all Black voices are created equal; in fact, several must be censored. And I'm not doing The Work unless I'm sitting on my couch, privately messaging other white people about which Black leaders they should not be reposting. There are so many Black activists, it can be hard to know which ones white people should be trying to cancel. >>

At 1000 feet?! Even I thought this table was long enough. Then Joe Biden proposed increasing the police budget by \$300m and the white guilt I had kept at bay by contracting someone else to build this huge ass table came gushing back in. Many older RWRW realized squirting to Joe Biden was a mistake... and thus more reservations were made. It'll be hard to parse all of the self-obsessed sob stories at once, but that is what bullhorns are for. >>

TIP 3.

SHOW UP: everyone knows attending protests is a powerful way to stand in solidarity with marginalized communities and offer yourself as an accomplice and ally to Black protestors, but most importantly it gives you the opportunity to memorialize your performance through Instagram. As someone who has been to fiveish demonstrations this month and ever (one only partially counts because it turned out to be an especially vivacious wine-store event I sort of just got swept along in), my expert advice is: wear a mask, know your rights, and document everything. As Rosa Parks said, “the revolution will not be televised.” That’s why it’s imperative you post every march you attend, might attend, or forget to attend on social media. I spent *years* muting any and all content that was political (because before recently when everything was pretty much fine, posting about politics was, like, too much) and unfollowing my politically-vocal friends with abandon. The last thing any of us wants, and I think Malcolm X spoke on this recently, is to come out on the other side of this having lost followers. So my expert advice is to curate your content in a chill way that makes calling for revolution less divisive.

During these difficult times, it’s more important than ever that we practice extreme self-care, hydrate, and, above all, *vote!* (Unfortunately, I did not know about voting back in March when my state held its primary, though in my defense, technically no one told me about the primary because all those volunteer texts were annoying so I never read them.) Burnout and fatigue are all too common in the activist community, take it from me. So please reflect on these easy tips and let them guide your own journey for the next three, four max, months until we get this whole systemic oppression headache sorted out. 🍷

THE HOTTEST SEATTLE SUMMER SYTLE IS

THE C.H.A.Z. C.H.O.P.



CAPITOL HILL
BALLARD

RUDY'S
Barbershop

WEST SEATTLE
BELLEVUE



MINNEAPOLIS MAYOR FAILS TO ABOLISH POLICE, *But Very Excited to Attend Dartmouth in the Fall*

//DIANA KOLSKY

“BOY OH BOY, AM I EXCITED!” I’m sitting across the table at a small diner with Minneapolis’s boy mayor, Jacob Frey. He’s pumped as hell, and why shouldn’t he be? Just this morning, the sixteen-and-a-half year old graduated early and at the top of his class from Wilson High School. *And he has a party to go to tonight.* “I’ve never done sex, but I saw a breast once in a book,” the Eagle Scout says earnestly over a glass of whole milk on ice. “I’d love to see two at the same time.” He tries and fails to wink, but his goofy demeanor and mild acne can’t dull his bright smile.

Frey and I chat all things Jacob—High School: *pretty easy*. Girls: *on the brain*. He tells me he’s avoiding getting too attached to any local girls so he can head into New Hampshire this fall with his options open. Eventually we come to Abolishing the Racist and Violent Minneapolis Police Department. It’s obviously a touchy subject for the lil’ politician, having only a few weeks ago been booted out of a Black Lives Matter rally after being handed the microphone and admitting to the crowd that he is opposed to defunding the police.

“Well, I guess that’s one thing I can’t do,” he mutters, slurping his milk. I feel bad—he’s clearly a child—but I press him as to *why*. He is the mayor after all. Frey fashions a tiny paper airplane out of a sugar packet and sends it sailing across the formica table. Real mature. I ask if he’s scared of the police, and he shrugs, not making eye contact. “They’re bullies,” he whines. “They, like, *kill people*.” His awkwardness quickly turns to terror as stinky teen sweat beads his brow.

I flag down the server and order him a hot fudge sundae. They know each other. She compliments his graduation speech; he blushes and thanks her. When she skips off, he moves a stack of

diner menus onto his lap. Uh-oh. I pretend to look at my phone while he eats his sundae and chugs the rest of his milk. I try to ask about the police again, pointing out that his fear of law enforcement should ostensibly support him *wanting* to abolish the militarized blue mob, but he bangs his little fists on the table and screams, “I don’t wanna talk about that!”

Finally, Jacob orders a strawberry milkshake to go and insists on paying, telling me for the fourth time this afternoon about his booming paper route—*never missed a day!* I offer to drive him home so he can change his pants before the big party, but he refuses. I watch him as he jumps on his Huffy and bombs down the street. I get into my Civic and slowly drive next to him on the suburban road. Rolling down my window, I attempt to encourage him: “Hey buddy, I believe in you. I bet if you put your mind to it and work really hard, you can abolish the police when you’re older.” He makes a sharp left, spilling his milkshake onto the small path he rides away on between houses. I pull over and step onto the sidewalk, where now only a yo-yo lies in the nearby grass, having fallen out of his boy pants as he sped off into the summer heat. ☠

YOU BETTER GET ME THAT SECOND STIMULUS CHECK, CHUCK

//BRADY O'CALLAHAN

Dear Senator Schumer,

Like many in our community, I was hit pretty hard by the economic shutdown due to COVID-19. I was let go from work. I lost my employer-sponsored health insurance. The \$1200 stimulus check and expanded unemployment benefits have helped keep me afloat during this scary time. I've learned that some of your colleagues are fighting hard to end those benefits and stamp out the possibility of a second, potentially increased, stimulus check.

I also just learned that Cameo is now offering celebrity Zoom calls, and Jeremy Piven is only charging \$15,000 for a 10 minute session.

I need that second stimulus check, Chuck. And I'm not going to lie to you; I'm going to put it towards getting that Zoom call with Jeremy Piven.

I'm asking for you to fight your hardest to guarantee these benefits for some of our most vulnerable citizens right now. I know you and your colleagues are currently trying your best to make sure a second stimulus check doesn't materialize, in favor of handing out \$500 billion in secret funds to giant corporations. But... don't. So many people can't afford rent or basic amenities right now. I surely can't afford to throw away \$15k on what is sure to be an awkward stalemate of a conversation with Ari from *Entourage*. That second stimulus check would certainly make it a little bit more possible.

Haven't you ever wondered what Lloyd's up to? If Turtle were an animal, do you think he'd still be a turtle, or something else? Would Ari Gold be a turtle, too? Why is the show called *Entourage*?

I wonder about these things every day.

While I have you, would you consider a third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and maybe seventh round of stimulus checks? Perhaps we could save time and just have the second stimulus check be for \$15,000 or something like that. Keep my neighbors housed. Keep me on Zoom with the Piv-man for ten minutes. Everyone wins.

I want to ask Jeremy Piven what Adrian Grenier is like.

Thank you for your consideration,
Brady O'Callahan

P.S. Okay, I'm just gonna throw it on a credit card, but I *will* be needing that check to chip away at my already towering student loan, medical—and now Cameo—debt.

When the first White Devil 3000™ prototype arrived at one host's home, she "nearly had a heart attack," fretting over matching china. I had to explain to Karen that it *does not matter* if one set of chinoiserie is Pearlwhite, and the next is Willow patterned—plate diversity shan't halt our fight against racism. She had to admit she's new to hardcore dinner party activism. She hasn't read all the books... She hasn't had to step up and let go the fantasy of a million coordinating plates. Hell, until now, the most people Karen had served beef tenderloin with wine sauce to was three couples from the Club! >>

WHITE IDIOT: A WHITE PERSON'S GUIDE TO FEELING BAD ABOUT RACISM (AND STOPPING SHORT OF ACTUALLY DOING ANYTHING ABOUT IT)

Defund the police. Abolish prisons. Give reparations. All tangible actions and policies we could enact to help achieve racial equality. But what if you're a white person who doesn't want to do any of those things because they would threaten your wealth and power?

In *White Idiot*, you'll learn all the skills every white person needs to circumvent guilt and shame about racism. Centering a millennia of oppression around your individual actions and ignoring the intrinsic way capitalism feeds off white supremacy to provide a perpetual source of cheap labor has never been so easy, or available in paperback!

Learn these important White Skills:

- Apologizing
- Over-explaining
- Sniveling
- Apologizing for your initially poorly-worded apology
- Deflecting
- Wallowing
- Navel-gazing

Best of all, it's written by a white author, so you won't have to leave your comfort zone or learn anything about Black people or their history!

"This doesn't scare me at all!" —Suburban Mom

"I'm mandating all my employees read this so I don't have to make any structural changes!" —Bosses

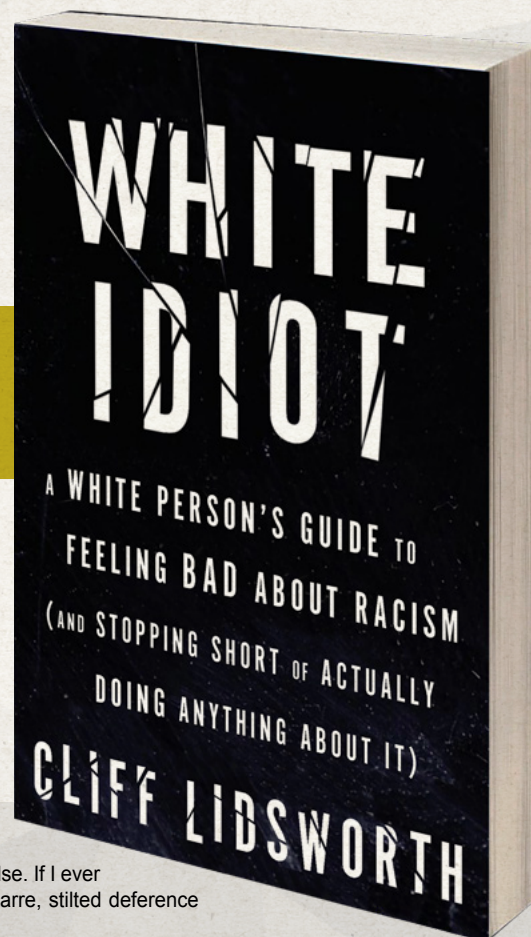
"Takes everything I loved about sending 'thoughts and prayers' after a mass shooting and applies it to race relations!" —Senators

More praise for *White Idiot*:

"I went from someone who insisted I didn't see color to someone who sees color above all else. If I ever encounter a Black person in my day-to-day life, I'm confident I could treat them with a bizarre, stilted deference that's both dehumanizing and off-putting."

"My company is ninety-five percent white. I was about to just hire more Black people at increased pay, but instead, I read *White Idiot*. I realized that, as a white person, feeling vaguely upset about racism is the best I can do. Now, when I interview a Black person, I'm able to sympathize with them about how hard they have it, and how unfortunate it is that I control the means of production due to the color of my ancestors' skin."

"Martin Luther King Jr. once said, 'Racial segregation as a way of life did not come about as a natural result of hatred between the races immediately after the Civil War... the segregation of the races was really a political stratagem employed by the emerging Bourbon interests in the South to keep the southern masses divided and southern labor the cheapest in the land.' That's all well and good, but I'm from the North, and I'm not interested in bourbon. *White Idiot* conveniently ignores the socioeconomic and political aspects of racism, so I can skip the protests and organizing to sit at home and feel bad."



//MATTHEW BRIAN COHEN

**ORDER YOUR COPY OF *WHITE IDIOT* TODAY FROM AMAZON,
OR ANY OTHER CORPORATION THAT'S FIRED A BLACK EMPLOYEE FOR ORGANIZING TO ACHIEVE BETTER WORKING CONDITIONS**



JUST SAY YES!

July Horoscopes with Nancy Reagan

// KOLSKY & MUDON

Functionally Dead is honored to have the ghost of former First Lady Nancy Reagan doing our horoscopes this month. A huge believer in planetary predictions herself, Mrs. Reagan consulted famed astrologer, Joan Quigley, while living in the White House. As Ronald slipped deeper into Alzheimers—especially in that dicey second term—Nancy knew she had to bust out the big **guns** missiles to counsel the President and serve her country.



Cancer

(June 21-July 22)

Rose-colored Chanel Glasses

I'M NOT JUST A FORMER CANCER ON THE (SO-CALLED) MORALITY OF AMERICA, I'm also one astrologically! I used my manipulative wiles to toy with poor handsome Ronnie for sport until he was so turned around he couldn't find the doors in the Oval Office (could have been the holes in his brain, but I like to think it was me). Use *your* natural sneaky ingenuity as you navigate these troubling times. Are bad people burning police stations? Perhaps toss on an all-black ensemble and go set off some fireworks—it couldn't hurt to stir the pot and speed up getting those fetching boys in camouflage into the streets to keep the peace.

We all know my Ronald proudly perpetuated the “welfare queen” stereotype of single working-class Black mothers. Well, Cancer, you're the queen this month, honey! As the zodiac's crab, you normally prefer to side-step conflict, but power through head-on to preserve your white privilege on the (sea)food chain this month. Relax, you've earned it—let the seeds of misogynoir planted by my husband do the work as they continue to target Black communities and ravage social programs 40 years later!



Leo

(July 23-Aug. 21)

Nancynomics

Ferocious Leo, wield your power with pride (hetero, please). Some of that brazen leadership and prosperity is bound to trickle down to the lower-class signs.



Virgo

(Aug. 22-Sept. 22)

Control Freak

If my experience as First Lady taught me anything, it's that intel is overrated. When my Ronnie ended the Cold War, he didn't dilly-dally in facts and figures—he simply crushed multiple left-wing governments with threats of horrific violence and economic collapse. What fun we had!



Libra

(Sept. 23-Oct. 22)

Help Is (Not) On the Way

With Venus in retrograde this month, Libra, you'll have to get a little more creative in the bedroom! My sexy ReeRee used to say, "the nine most terrifying words in the English language are: I'm from the government, and I'm here to help." Come up with your own terrifying neo-con word jumbles and see where the night leads!



Scorpio

(Oct. 23-Nov. 21)

You Ain't Black(hole)

Joe Biden ain't the only Scorpio struggling this month, and also all the other months. Sometimes it feels like your universe is spiraling off into a dark void of nothingness—just let it happen. Resistance (like I warned Carter at the 1980 debate that Joan Quigley scheduled to ensure optimal numerology) is futile.



Sagittarius

(Nov. 22-Dec. 21)

Manifest Destiny's Child

Now is not the time to hide your gifts of gab away. My Ron was the "Great Communicator," and you'll never live up to him, of course. But you should try. We have to stop the Soviets.



Capricorn

(Dec. 22-Jan. 19)

All Wives Matter

Ah, the sea-goat. What even are you? Judging by Jane Wyman (Ronnie's first wife), you are a known witch-whore. If I find any more photographs or paintings of your likeness, I'll burn them. You have been warned.



Aquarius

(Jan. 20-Feb. 18)

Hostage Negotiation Station

Dear Ronald was such a successful leader because he too was a balanced, visionary Aquarius! Word to the wise, sweet Airhead, be careful of getting your "heart and intentions" confused with "facts and evidence," like my poor wittle Wonald did in that sticky Iran-Contra debacle.



Pisces

(Feb. 19-March 19)

Method Acting

My gorgeous Ronaldo's birth chart had Chi-ron in Pisces—strong, but emotional when the director asked him to pretend to be. He could do anything, even run a country while suffering from advanced Alzheimers. God bless him, and God bless America. Oh, calm down—your month will be fine!



Aries

(March 20 -April 19)

Burn Baby Burn

If anyone knows a Red Scare, it's you, Fireball! Back in the '40s, I couldn't find work after I was mistakenly put on the Hollywood blacklist because another actress with my name was a Trumbo-Lawson sympathizer! Use your intuition, Aries—Leftists are everywhere, and they will ruin your life.



Taurus

(April 20-May 20)

A Bull in a China Shop

A woman's pride (hetero pride, you freak) is her home. That's why I limited my public support of drug stigmatizing and criminalization to only half my schedule, spending the rest of my time reupholstering everything Ronnie Red (a gorgeous crimson) and buying legions of fine china. All in a day's work.



Gemini

(May 21-June 20)

Abolish AND Reform

Your duality is getting the best of you, vapid Gem. Like fellow twin-faced psycho, Dr. Jill Biden, you can't seem to keep it together as these clowns take to the streets. Even if you're not married to the modern architect of the carceral state by way of the Crime Bill, best to lay low this month. Pro tip: treat July like we did the AIDS crisis—mock, deny, ignore.

I READ THIS ZINE, AND BIDEN STILL WANTS TO GIVE POLICE 300 MILLION DOLLARS.

What do I do now?

//DAN LOPRETO

As mainstream outlets debate how to reform police departments, here are some organizations and people to check out who are putting forth an abolitionist approach:

Critical Resistance

"Critical Resistance seeks to build an international movement to end the Prison Industrial Complex by challenging the belief that caging and controlling people makes us safe. We believe that basic necessities such as food, shelter, and freedom are what really make our communities secure. As such, our work is part of global struggles against inequality and powerlessness."

Project Nia

"Project Nia was founded by Mariame Kaba in Chicago, Illinois in 2009 with the goal of ending youth incarceration through transformative justice... Project Nia is a grassroots organization that works to end the arrest, detention, and incarceration of children and young adults by promoting restorative and transformative justice practices."

Derecka Purnell

"Derecka Purnell is a human rights lawyer, writer, and organizer. She works to end police and prison violence by providing legal assistance, research, and trainings to community based organizations through an abolitionist framework."

Charlene A. Carruthers

"Charlene A. Carruthers is a Black, queer feminist community organizer and writer with over 15 years of experience in racial justice, feminist and youth leadership development movement work. As the founding national director of BYP100 (Black Youth Project 100), she has worked alongside hundreds of young Black activists to build a national base of activist member-led organization of Black 18-35 year olds dedicated to creating justice and freedom for all Black people."

Ruth Wilson Gilmore

"Ruth Wilson Gilmore is Professor of Earth & Environmental Sciences and American Studies at the Graduate Center of the City University of New York, where she is also Director of the Center for Place, Culture, and Politics. She writes about abolition, racial capitalism, organized violence, organized abandonment, changing state structure, the aesthetics and politics of seeing, and labor and social movements."

As an unpaid intern for the Race2Dinner/ Race2Brunch franchise and firsthand observer of white guilt gone corporate, I take comfort knowing that though the pandemic has ravished the job market for thousands upon thousands of workers, it looks like I'll be in (unpaid) business for years to come. 🧟

Hit us up at
functionallydead@gmail.com
and peep more issues at
functionallydead.com

IN THE NEXT ISSUE: HOW TO DO MAIL-IN VOTING (USE STAMPS)



They're all dead. They just don't know it yet.

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//ROSIE WHALEN//