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# Functionally Dead



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# **“Despite Everything You’re Reading And I’m Saying, I’m Innocent!”**

**by Alan Dershowitz**

//MATTHEW BRIAN COHEN

THE RECENTLY UNSEALED DOCUMENTS which may or may not substantiate claims that suicided pedophile billionaire Jeffrey Epstein forced an underage girl to have sex with me, ALAN DERSHOWITZ, are untrue. Further, **they actually prove my innocence!**

You see, I’ve never met this “Jane Doe #3,” as her name appears in the documents. I’ve posted a list of everyone I’ve ever had sex with on my blog, and Jane Doe #3 does not appear anywhere on that list. If I received a naked massage from someone with as unique a name as Jane Doe #3, I would remember it. While I have previously received a massage from a woman of an undetermined age named Jane, my underwear was on the entire time (except for the time I took it off to adjust my misshapen testicles and penis that looks like a tire iron). You can see for yourself on the security tapes! I filmed the whole thing, as I have filmed every (alleged!) sexual encounter. Why? As part of a meticulous documentation system to assist Jeffrey Epstein in blackmailing a vast array of politicians, princes, and billionaires who participated in child sex trafficking. Unfortunately, you cannot watch the footage, because there was recently a huge grease fire I started in the tape warehouse.

Why did I start the fire? To destroy evidence? Hah! Not a chance you’ll entrap me with my own line of questioning that I am asking myself rhetorically. I started the fire to send a smoke signal to Ghislaine Maxwell to let her know the Epstein problem was “taken care of.” THIS DOES NOT IMPLICATE ME IN HIS TRAGIC AND FORTUNATE SUICIDE. I’ve actually never met Jeffrey, whom I’d describe as a close personal friend and confidant, as this following file proves - <C:\My Documents\Sex Stuff\Weird\Disturbing\Illegal\tire iron\Dersh and Jeff\yikes.jpeg>

The truth is, I only went to Jeffrey Epstein’s pedophile island with my wife and teenage daughter—NEVER alone. I repeat—when girls under the legal age of consent performed erotic massages on my buttocks and groin, MY DAUGHTER WAS ALWAYS PRESENT. I forced her to maintain eye contact with me so she could see how legal it was! The only crime I’m guilty of is being an involved and attentive father!

Why was I on the island in the first place? To **inform Jeffrey Epstein** (whom I’ve practically never met) **it was a bad idea**. I ONLY went to the island to tell him how much I thought the whole concept of a secret pedophile island was a legal liability and that I hated it. I hated it so much, I insisted my name be kept off the flight logs. I didn’t even use my real passport!

So why did I keep coming back? I’ve spoken to many pedophiles and pedophilia experts, and they unanimously agree the only way you can help these deviants recant their immoral lifestyle is by befriending them, hanging out with them as much as possible, and joining them in their activities so you can say things like “hey now, let’s take it easy.” If I wasn’t around Jeffrey (we ran in the same social circles but we were never formally introduced), his (alleged!) crimes would have been much, much worse. QED, the more girls we sex trafficked, the fewer girls were out on the street being sex trafficked by the REAL bad guys. If you think about it, I deserve the Presidential Medal of Freedom!

Do you find this line of argumentation “flimsy” or “damning?” Would you be shocked to find out in 1997, I wrote a column in the Los Angeles Times arguing in favor of lowering the age of consent to 14? I did write this, but only **to test the waters to see who else was down to clown.** >>



>> For God's sake, Jonathan Swift argued we should EAT BABIES (something I've yet to attempt with my tiny yellow teeth, even on purpose). My proposal is much more modest. Legally, I cannot be held liable for anything I say or do or write or molest.

Why am I writing all this? Why am I constantly appearing on documentaries, cable news programs, podcasts, one-on-one Zoom calls, and Flash cartoons on Ebaum's World? Why don't I just do what every lawyer tells his client to do and simply shut the fuck up? Well, there's this little thing called attorney/client privilege. If the client is doing something illegal, YOU CANNOT CONVICT THE ATTORNEY OF THE SAME CRIME. So what if I was complicit? It's inadmissible as evidence! And if that doesn't work, that's why I three-way married Ghislaine and Jeffrey in a secret Mormon ceremony back in 2004. Now, I cannot be called to testify against my spouse(s) for any of their, or my, crimes (alleged! (you cannot sue! (both Alan Dershowitz and the author of this strictly comedic satire piece!))). 🐼

## The BEST LESSONS I'VE LEARNED from the OBAMAS!

//BRADY O'CALLAHAN

### WHEN THEY GO LOW, WE GO HIGH!

Republicans have a *nasty* habit of punching below the belt when talking about Democrats, but Democrats shouldn't stoop to their level! When Republicans call Joe Biden "an uninspiring racist pervert," it's our job to aggressively pretend that isn't true! We should actually call him "the best the party has to offer" or "the most progressive candidate in history!" because he has to be, right? Right!

### HOPE!

Obama won on a message of hope and change (and millions of dollars from Goldman Sachs and JPMorgan Chase). It was truly inspiring, even if nothing much came from it! It's important to convey a sense of hope in political campaigns, since people aren't likely to support someone who promises that nothing will fundamentally change! Maybe we should consider that there's no greater hope than the hope that nothing changes whatsoever! Never give up, I guess!

### THE AVERAGE YOUNG PERSON KNOWS MORE ABOUT THE CEREAL THEY'RE EATING AND THE CAR THEY'RE DRIVING THAN THEY DO ABOUT WHAT GOVERNMENT ACTUALLY DOES FOR THEM.

This is true! I actually don't know that the government has done *anything* for my generation. They've saddled us with student loans, burdened us with a decaying earth, and stagnated wages while we watch approximately ten people accumulate more wealth than they could ever spend in ten thousand lifetimes! Also, I *wish* I had a car! I'm definitely going to look into government more, because I believe them that it's my fault! And I'm going to erase the dreaded knowledge of cereals from my mind by any means necessary!

### DON'T BOO, VOTE!

It's completely unproductive to whine about the state of the world while doing nothing to change it! My generation rallied near-unanimously around Bernie Sanders and his inspiring message of radical equity, fairness, and shared humanity! So when Obama came out of hibernation to mobilize centrist powers to sabotage the campaign's momentum it was... umm... I'm actually not sure what I learned here? Oh, that's right, it's the importance of voting! But not for socialists—that's the wrong kind of voting! I understand!

### IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO DO THE RIGHT THING!

Barack has recently come out in favor of voting reform and Medicare for All, years after he was in a position to do something about it! He didn't endorse AOC with all those other NYC candidates, though! OK!

### YES WE CAN!

Even if we don't and won't ever! We could!





## *A Few Words From King Paimon* **NOMINEE FOR DSA TREASURER**

//SARAH RAINONE GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

Hi comrades, I'm Paimon, he/him pronouns.

*[Sound of trumpets]*

Oh, man, sorry about that. Ever since a multi-generational blood ritual invoked me into the body of local teen Peter Graham, a small coterie of lesser demons loves nothing more than to punctuate my major life events with the triumphant cacophony of horns. I realize many of us are sensitive to noise, so I'll do my best to rein in this jubilant bunch... or at least have them take things down a notch to a low, haunting drone.

So first things first, I'm honored to accept Corey's nomination for the position of treasurer of the Salt Lake City chapter of the DSA. As some of you know, I have experience managing a budget and also with political fundraising, most recently for the Klobuchar campaign... psyche! (Sorry, couldn't resist.)

While I'm certain my fellow candidate Beth would do a fine job when it comes to the operational aspects of this role, it must be noted that her alchemical skills are woefully underdeveloped. (For what it's worth, that is not Beth's fault so much as a glaring flaw in our severely underfunded public education system. Just one of many reasons we're all gathered here today.)

I do worry that some of you may have heard about all the recent decapitations in my host family's sprawling Arts & Crafts home in the mountains and might have the wrong impression of me.

And so I want to take a moment to be clear about who I am and what I stand for.

For starters, a lot of you have begun referring to me as "King," and I want to nip that in the bud. While it is true that, in a previous role, I reigned over a legion of two hundred spirits, I also am quite proud of my efforts to flatten the organizational structure of Hell so that ALL demons have an equal say when it comes to matters such as bestowing Gifts upon faithful subjects or engaging in Mischief to terrorize those who refuse to bow before The Eater of Souls.

Second, I realize we need to address the elephant in the room: the large group of grinning naked people who follow me everywhere I go. To be honest, when I first encountered them in my host family's treehouse, I found them as off-putting as you. But, as far as I can tell, their interest lies mainly in making sure that my rubied crown sits at all times perfectly atop my moist curls.

*[Sound of trumpets]*

Oh yes, right: some of the naked people also have trumpets. Again, apologies.

Third, I realize that many of you wonder why I, a former King of Hell known for bestowing riches upon the conjurer, don't just bestow crazy riches upon everyone in the world, thereby finally abolishing capitalism altogether? >>



>> To which I say: uh, you do know I'm a demon, right? And I consider myself more of an Elizabeth Warren-style Democrat than a full blown socialist.

So, you might well be wondering, why seek out a leadership position in the DSA at all?

Well even I, Granter of Most Magnificent Familiars, felt compelled to do something as soon as your pathetic failed state started making my job...

so incredibly BORING.

Let me tell you, nothing makes my job easier than late-stage capitalism. Thanks to an economic system that tears its subjects' hearts and souls into ribbons on the daily, a lot of my fellow Angels of Night are more than happy to come to work late, clock out early, and really push it on their vacation days. (I don't want to name names... but okaaaay... of course it's Belfegor!)

But not me. Paimon is a demon who likes a CHALLENGE.

Torturing humans by capturing them in a maddening cycle of pain and despair that they can never escape?

That's MY JOB, University of Chicago School of Economics.

So I hope you will raise your hand for me, Paimon, reanimator of the dead, bestower of Secrets, and decapitator of little sisters... the 2020 treasurer of the Salt Lake City DSA.

[Sound of trumpets]

Okaaaaay, if you want to say "Hail Paimon" a couple of times, I won't stop you. 🍷

*Sarah is a novelist and amateur demonologist @sarahrainone*



//AKMAL TAJIHAN GUEST CONTRIBUTOR @uglystinkybad

## More Weekly COVID Scoldings **FROM MY GLASS CASTLE IN THE SKY**

//JAMES DWYER

I LAY ATOP MY WELLNESS DAYBED (four of the cloned and taxidermied frames of my late dog, Lin Manuel, lined up side-by-side and caked in cheesecloth) with an unmistakable feeling of satisfaction. By the grace of Xenu, I have managed to recover from my third bout of COVID-19 in as many months. This virus is no joke. I call my typist and current (also former) housekeeper Rita (I renamed her after country music legend Rita McEntire) into my crystal lounge and slink from my canine chaise to my hyperbaric chamber. I feel fresh. I feel rejuvenated. I feel... a scold coming on. The time has come, once again, to publicly shame those whom I have caught breaking social distancing rules. Rita, as always, will type while I dictate, because I made the choice early on in life not to be distracted by the perilous urge to learn how to read. Without further fanfare, here are my weekly scolds:

**WHILE BRIEFLY BREAKING 'TINE (WHAT I CLEVERLY CALL QUARANTINE)** to attend an underground wine-tasting in Cold Spring hosted by the estate of Raúl Juliá, I stopped into a CVS to pick up some Xanax for the cocktail hour. As I explained to the pharmacist why I personally do not need a prescription for Xanny (what my son Bryson cleverly calls Xanax) by invoking the Julianne Moore pharmacy scene from *Magnolia*, I caught his nose protruding over his mask for a brief second as he spoke to me. Through the mesh shorts I had tied loosely 'round my visage, I screamed "Murderer!! Rapist!! This man must be shot dead NOW!!" and pulled a 3D-printed pistol from my >>



>> Givenchy Baby Seal Capsule Collection Leather Tote while demanding he fix his mask. Shaking (probably due to a pill addiction—all the pharm boys have them), he obliged. He then gave me the Fun Mints (what my ex-daughter Tamantha cleverly calls Xanax) free of charge and asked me to never return. That won't be a problem for me, as I do not patronize known murderers more than twice as a general rule.

#### **I WAS RITUALY SOAKING MY EYELIDS IN A BABY FOOT TREATMENT**

when one of the heavily-armed Blackwater mercenaries who stands guard at my building rang me to say that I had a package waiting in the lobby. I tossed on a silk pillowcase and my mesh mask and headed down to the vestibule in my private, hand-pulled-by-Rita elevator. As the doors opened, I was aghast to find myself in a scene from a disaster film like *Scream*, or maybe even *Scream 2*. A cluster of as many as three people were also in the lobby. Relatively sure that my genetically-enhanced windows to the soul were not deceiving me, I noticed that some were not maintaining a six foot radius. To be certain, I produced my COVID stick (six individual foot-long rulers I (Rita) fastened together end-to-end that I keep hidden in my anus) and entered each person's personal space so I could accurately measure. Two people were only five and three quarters feet apart! They yelled at me for touching the small of each of their backs and getting feces on their toes. I yelled at them for not maintaining a strict six feet of separation. So thrown was I by the debacle that I forgot to retrieve the stem cells I ordered for my smoothies from the lobby, and they expired before I could douche them. *Que sera, sera!*

#### **AS I SUNBLEACHED MY NIPPLES ON THE ROOF OF MY BUILDING**

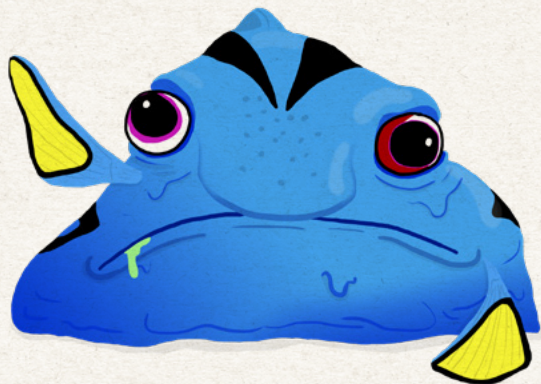
while watching *Kids* on my iPad, I caught a small gathering happening but one roof over. There were two men, one dog, half a bowl of Tostitos scoops, no dip, and NO masks. UNACCEPTABLE. I screamed "I can taste the COVID hitting my overripe teets from here!" but I was too far for them to hear my al fresco scolds. I phoned my good friend Gunther Currywurst, who just so happens to live in that building. I said "Gunther, this is—" but Gunth stopped me right there. He said I had "some nerve" calling him considering the fact that I had accidentally (intentionally) mowed down his now wife ("ex" because I killed her) while taking Ted Kennedy's beamer for a spin on the Cape in the '90s after downing a bucket of clam chowder that had been mistakenly

laced with PCP. Luckily for both of us, I have been patiently sitting on mounds of evidence that Gunty is a pedophile, so I hung that over his head, asked him to once again forget about my unfortunate little oopsie, and kindly requested that he second-hand scold the unmasqued ne'er-do-wells prancing upon his sky floor. He begrudgingly obliged. I hung up, reapplied Country Crock to my dinner-plate areolas, and resumed watching my film (which, if you recall, was Harmony Korine's feel-good debut, *Kids*—I dare you to find a more amusing cinematic moment than Jenny finding out she has AIDS).

Those are my scolds. Now that I've finished another great week of work, I'll be sojourning to Majorca for a jaunt. Technically, Americans are banned from entry at the moment, but luckily I am a citizen of the world, and it should not be a problem for me. Stay safe and stay sane. 💎







## ELLEN SUCKS: *Unpacking Liberals' Cognitive Dissonance*

// CATHRYN MUDON

LIBERALS WERE SIDE-SWIPED BY A RECENT CULTURAL DISCOVERY: Ellen sucks. This psychological shock stems from the cognitive dissonance of liberals' inability to reconcile the fact that a person can have both celebrated aspects of their identity and trash values.

According to *The Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders*, "cognitive dissonance describes the mental discomfort that results from holding two conflicting beliefs, values, or attitudes." Due to modern identity liberalism, the case of Ellen presents extreme psychological disharmony. How could it be possible that Ellen—a rich white woman—is also a monster person?!

Similar questions are common in liberal rumination, as the modern centrist must frequently reconcile two incompatible beliefs and actions. The DSM-5, though, integrates special neurocognitive subsets to fully unpack Ellen-associated dissonance, which include:

*How is it possible someone could be an ultra-wealthy white woman and suck?*

**The J. K. Rowling subset:** ultra-rich self-made white women, believe it or not, can also suck. Particularly when you are vocally and routinely transphobic.

*How is it possible a woman could host a popular talk show and also suck?*

**The Whoopi Goldberg subset:** being a female comedian who was funny in the '90s doesn't preclude you from being a war-monger apologist or a child rapist apologist. You can still suck.

*How is it possible someone could be a feminist pioneer and also suck?*

**The Liz Warren subset:** this is a triggering subset for liberals. Seeking personal gain by masquerading as America's comedy darling or as an actual Indigineous American both suck. Whether your unapologetic selfishness fucks over a writing staff or fucks over an entire political movement, you still suck. A Sanders/Warren ticket would have changed the course of history. She sucks.

*How is it possible someone could do voiceover commercials for big banks and suck?*

**The Alec Baldwin subset:** like Ellen, doing massive voiceover campaigns for big banks sucks (and also takes health insurance-guaranteeing jobs and life-changing income from working-class actors)!

*How is it possible someone could build a successful TV empire and also suck?*

**The Roseanne subset:** this #bossbitch sucks so hard her own show killed her off and changed the title. (Maybe NBC can follow suit and #makeEricEllen!)

*How is it possible someone could be a former Oscar host and also suck?*

**The James Franco/ David Letterman/ Chevy Chase/ Charlton Heston/ Frank Sinatra/ Jerry Lewis/ Whoopi Goldberg and Alec Baldwin 2.0 subset:** we don't need to unpack this one. 🤖



# Dear Jibri

## Ask Your Token Black Friend

// JIBRI NURIDDIN GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

HEY IT'S ME, YOUR TOKEN BLACK FRIEND. You know me. We probably went to middle school together and sat at the same lunch table. I laughed along at the micro-aggressions back in the day, but hey, it's cool. Casual racism has gone out of vogue now, so we're good. I know you have a lot of questions about what's happening right now, and I'm here to answer them. I've spent my whole undergrad experience explaining racism to white people, so no judgment here; just pure, honest answers from your Black Friend™. And if anyone questions you, reference me—I got your back.

### When can I post selfies on Instagram again?

Good question! I know it's a challenging time for everyone. Black bodies are still being incarcerated at record rates... even more so now because of the protests. Every time you turn on the news, something outrageous is happening. Black man arrested for riding a bike in Walmart, Black lawyer arrested for being near a destroyed cop car, the cops who killed Breonna Taylor taking vacations in Florida, the deadly global pandemic disproportionately affecting Black and minority communities because of a lack of access to healthcare and resources. IT IS FRUSTRATING. Take it from me, your Black Friend™—I understand you feel overwhelmed. The last thing you need is to be confronted with the racial injustice you helped perpetuate when you just want to post thirst-traps. Hey, Veronica, look at me—you \*ARE\* looking cute today, OK? You deserve to share that with the world, and the world deserves to see you.



So, here's what we'll do: institute a seventy-two hour waiting period anytime a Black person is killed by police in America. Thirty-six hours for unlawful arrests. If more than one of each event happens in the same week, the timer is reset and multiplied by two. If any three happen in any non-calendar month, a one-week minimum moratorium on selfies is mandated. If none of the above apply, then go ahead, get those likes. You deserve them!

### I want to get involved. What can I do to show my support?

Work to dismantle systemic racism. Call it out when you see it, but first, look at yourself. Educate yourself on racism in America, the ways you may be complicit in it, and how you might perpetuate it. Personally, I find Toni Morrison and James Baldwin very inspirational. Then, work on educating your friends, family, loved ones, and anyone you see perpetuating these systems of oppression.

### Yeah, yeah. Is there anything I can do to more visually show my support?

Yeah, get out and protest! The power of protest cannot be overstated. No mayors want residents in their cities protesting; so it is a very effective way to make your voice heard and show solidarity.

### What can I do other than protest or that other thing to show my support?

Support Black-owned businesses, they're all over the place. Read a few books by Black authors. Toni Morrison, James Baldwin, >>



>> and Octavia Butler are all wonderful storytellers. More current titles like *Between the World and Me* and *The New Jim Crow* are also powerful and informative. Beyond that, you can consider donating to a positive cause like <https://blacklivesmatters.carrd.co/>

**Ooh, yeah that's great. Money's just a little tight right now with COVID and whatnot. What can I do other than educate myself, donate, or protest to show my support?**

Make space for Black and Indigenous voices on whatever platform you may have. At work, in your friend circle, on social media, wherever.

**Hey what about that black square?**

Yeah, I mean, it's kind of performative. I don't think it's necessarily bad. I just think you could do that and any of the other options.

**Ok, I'm gonna do a black square. Thanks!**

I know.

**My Other Black Friend™ said she was sad from feeling the pressure of not doing enough. How do I educate her on what more she can do?**

Ooh, good question. I can certainly relate to feeling exhausted with not only survivor's guilt, but the additional passive pressure of dedicating every second of my life to fighting for a cause. Sometimes I just wanna enjoy *Seinfeld*, you know? But no time for that when you're Black in America. Send your Black friend a polite text of three easy steps.

1. Let her know that you stand in solidarity with her.
2. Acknowledge that you see she's feeling sad from not doing enough to uplift the black community.
3. Show her how woke you are by giving her some suggestions on things she can do to make a positive change in the community, because what we're always looking for is unsolicited advice. Tell her what protests she can attend, spaces she can volunteer at, what causes she can donate to, and maybe even an itemized list of petitions she can sign when she has a free moment between remembering she's Black all the time, talking to Black friends about being Black, watching

the media tell her how unattractive she is, fighting stereotypes of being bossy, aggressive, and angry, making 65% as much as a white man, trying to use her voice to empower others, being polite as to not seem too aggressive, trying to find hair products in a fucking pandemic, remembering to breathe, not breaking down over colorism, listening to your problems like a good friend, and just trying to fucking stay alive.

Or, you could try and sympathize with her and think for a moment how exhausting it must be to feel like you're responsible for fighting a system that's created to oppress you every single day of your life.

**Why did Black people in South Carolina vote for Joe Biden?**

Great fucking question. I must admit I didn't make my Black delegation meetings recently, so I don't know if anything has changed since last month. Since Black people are not monolithic, I'd have to ask the voters of South Carolina. Without asking them individually, I can surmise that South Carolina is a conservative state, so it would follow that its citizens are generally more conservative, not just its Black citizens. Joe Biden is not only a conservative candidate, but also a well-known entity who worked with President Obama for eight years as Vice President. When you live in a state like South Carolina where the median Black household income is half of the median white household income, has a poverty rate twice as high for people with your skin color, in a country that actively suppresses your votes, your access to information is limited. Also, you're likely disengaged from politics due to decades of failed policies. Not to mention that name recognition is significantly higher for Biden than a formerly independent Vermont senator whose platform the deeply-entrenched DNC works diligently to suppress, outside of your liberal, privileged bubble. So I guess they missed all your fire-ass retweets of Bernie Sanders memes and dunks on Mayor Pete.

**OK, what if I do post that selfie BUT it's of me doing the anti-racist work of watching Hamilton on Disney+?**

... 🧐

Find more from Jibri Nuriddin @jibri



# The Good\* Little Billionaire

\*Well, as "good" as we could  
find. We REALLY tried!

But what if I told you that  
not all billionaires are bad?

"Billionaires are bad," they say.  
"They hoard their wealth, benefitting  
no one but themselves."



Have you ever heard of the  
Good Little Billionaire?





The Good Little Billionaire lives in a modest\* home.

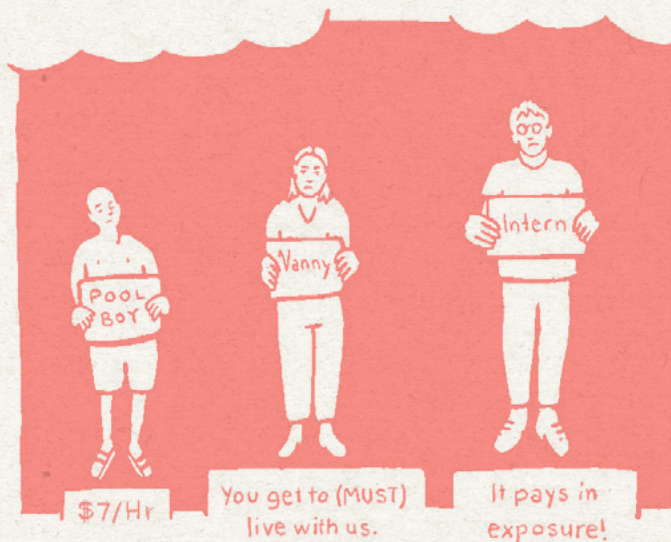
\* seven bedroom, nine bath, three squash court.



Each day the Good Little Billionaire wakes and greets his staff.



after breakfast, it is time for the Good Little Billionaire to create some jobs.



The Good Little Billionaire always finds time for wisdom.





And through that wisdom, the Good Little Billionaire makes sure to give back to those in need.



It is important to the Good Little Billionaire to remain politically active.



After a long day of making an impact on the world, the Good Little Billionaire still dares to dream.

Text by James Dwyer  
Art by Joey Perr





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# QUIZ: WHO THE "THEY" ARE (THAT MY DAD'S FRIEND LILIAN KEEPS TALKING ABOUT)

//TIM MAHONEY

"IF YOU HAVE EVEN HALF OF A HALF-BRAIN, YOU KNOW THAT THEY HAVE US RIGHT WHERE THEY WANT US."

This must be true, because my dad's friend Lilian said it to me with a level of assurance and conviction matched only by Tyler P.—a cool kid in ninth grade who told us the girls' bathroom had a couch *and* DirecTV because of their periods, of course.

The bad news? It seems likely that They are doing a lot of evil and bad things, because the smartest, loudest people in our lives are telling us about it all the time! The double-bad news? If you're not super, super smart, you may not be 100% clear on who exactly *They* are. The good news? You can test your knowledge of the They, right now!

## WHO IS THE THEY?

1. "They are making it so everyone has to have a computer chip in their hand."  
A) Hockey Stars  
B) Computer Chip Salespeople  
C) A Talking-Dog Who Is Inexplicably Your New Boss  
D) Jews
2. "They are running up the numbers so we're all over the place like a stork with its head in the clouds."  
A) Inventors of Fun Games  
B) Evil Doctors  
C) A Court-Room Full of Your Exes  
D) Jews
3. "Yes, that's exactly what They want: for everyone to eat grey sludge and wear the same grey clothes."  
A) Bad Nutritionists  
B) That Same Dog Who Is Now Your General Manager  
C) Your Neighbor Jeramie  
D) Jews
4. "Look it up. No, just look it up. It's all there. They don't even try to hide it."  
A) Varsity Basketball Coaches  
B) Geologists  
C) Squarespace Help Agents  
D) Jews
5. "That's why I don't eat that stuff. Oh, it's terrible for you. I don't know how They eat it all the time."  
A) Hang-Gliders  
B) Bus Drivers  
C) The Same Dog But Now He's Taken Control of Your Family and They Love and Respect Him More  
D) Jews

How did *you* do? Remember, don't share the answers! That's what They want you to do. Like my dad's friend Lilian always says: "Here, write this down: GOOGLE.COM WELL POISONING 2020 TRUE LIKE IN MEDIEVAL TIMES." 🐼



# Federal Troops: Eat, Drink & Play

## LIKE A PORTLANDER

//MICHAEL KNACKSTEDT, GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

AS THE BLACK LIVES MATTER PROTESTS IN PORTLAND enter their third month, DHS has deployed ICE, U.S. Marshals, the Border Patrol's elite BORTAC team, and Blackwater contractors to "quell" the unrest in the City of Roses. Each night, men with necks twice the size of their heads beat, gas, pepper spray, and disappear protesters into unmarked vans. That's hard work! Even occupying military forces need to practice self-care. Federal officers can—and should—"Keep Portland Weird" and blow off steam during their off hours in one of America's top mid-tier cities. Here are just a few little bits of Portland that should pique the Feds' interest:



**Culture:** Despite Portland's reputation as a tolerant, artistic, progressive paradise, Oregon was founded as a white supremacist haven, so federal officers should feel right at home!



**Food Carts:** Before nightfall rolls around and it's time to mercilessly beat the Wall of Moms within an inch of their lives again, stop by any of Rip City's restaurants on wheels. Check out the Third Avenue food cart pod for a wide selection of vendors. Tacos, sushi, bi-bimbap—a veritable smorgasbord to fuel your unpent aggression toward anyone resembling your mother.



**Cocktails:** Stumptown is full of hip, quirky cocktail lounges. Sip on a daiquiri on the patio at Rum Club while ignoring the logic holes in the latest Jordan Peterson.



**Hiking:** Portland is nestled next to the Columbia River Gorge, a scenic place to breathe in some fresh air—a luxury you don't extend to those leaf-blowing dads you bomb nightly with CS gas—and fail to feel empathy for other humans.



**Shopping:** Throw a flashbang in any direction and you're bound to hit one of Portland's unique boutiques with hand-crafted clothing, home goods, and more.



**Coffee:** Portlanders are serious about their coffee. Stop by Coava and pick up a honey lavender latte made by the protestor you maced and shot in the chest with a rubber bullet the night before. (Pro tip: Keep an eye out for errant drops of blood in your cuppa!)



**Bicycles:** You can get anywhere quickly on PDX's many bike paths and greenways. Rent a bike and feel the wind in your shield while ruminating on the sacred constitutional rights of statues and courthouse buildings.



**Books:** P-town is home to Powell's City of Books, one of the nation's largest and most popular bookstores. This full city block of books is the perfect spot for briefly considering buying a self-help book about anger management before bailing on the idea because thinking about your emotions is terrifying. You're a federal agent, not some little bitch with a badge. Plus, there's a new Jordan Peterson!



**Before You Leave:** Own the libs one last time by tear-gassing Mayor Ted Wheeler on national television again for good measure. Don't worry—he's built up a tolerance from directing Portland police to indiscriminately gas his own city for 60 consecutive days before you even arrived.

Get more Michael @mknackst on IG



# Joe Biden Enrolls in RISD Summer Art Program, Learns to Draw Clock for the BIG TEST

//DIANA KOLSKY

PROVIDENCE, RI - College Hill was abuzz this past weekend as word spread that a new artiste had joined the summer session annals of elite art school RISD (pronounced *Rizz-dee*): disastrous three-time presidential nominee, Joe Biden.

After a recent string of bizarre and shaky public appearances, Joe will most likely be tested for dementia this autumn to prove to his donors he has the bare level of competency needed to provide corporate tax breaks and deregulate the last remaining shreds of our shambling economy. One of the many demands of the cognitive exam is to properly draw an analog clock. Normally, this would be no problem for ol' Scranton Joe, but as it turns out, Jill can't do it for him this time. Thus, the architect of the Crime Bill is going back to school and ready to tackle his toughest challenge yet.

Rumors of their geriatric classmate were corroborated as many art students identified Mr. Biden in attendance at their Tuesday and Thursday Drawing I block, despite his use of a fake name—"J'Obama,"

and disguise—a tiny purple beret and a marijuana cigarette packed with dried oregano he attempted to smoke before inadvertently setting an easel aflame.

"How the balls do ya draw a dang... the tire with the numbos—you know the thing!" he was said to have shrieked at an empty chair during the instructor's introductory lecture.

The pressure on Joe is no surprise given that the election looms less than three months away. "Both Biden and Trump share the same right-wing politics and laissez-faire approach to their constituents' material conditions," said one senior Biden advisor, who spoke on the condition of anonymity. "With only Joe's dementia differentiating between the two, it's vital that he shift the narrative away from his own rape allegation, contributions to the carceral state, perennial attempts at cutting Social Security, and opposition to Medicare For All and legal marijuana, by instead proving that his brain works good."

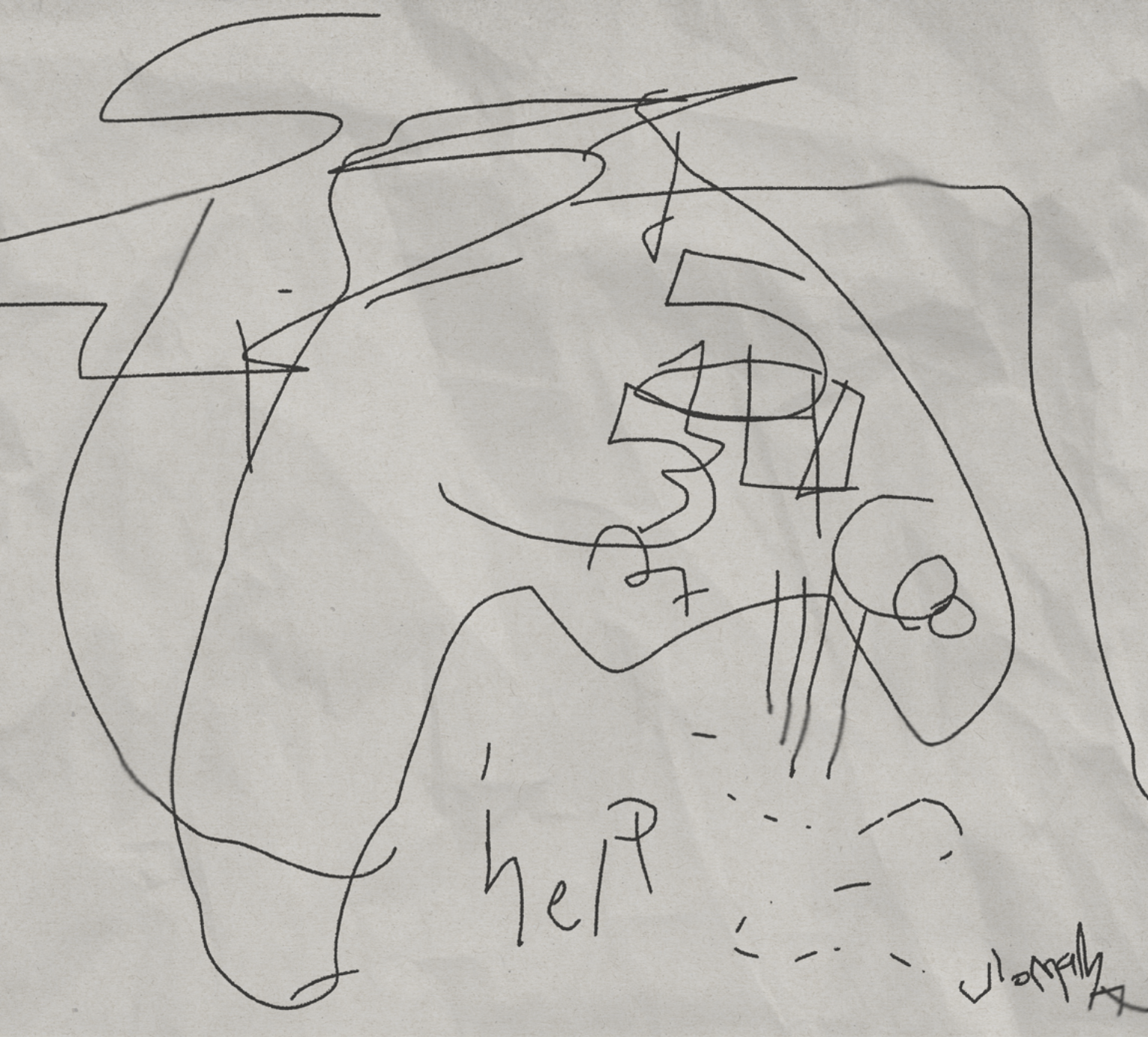
Biden's recent enrollment in the world-class art school is not his first attempt to wrangle clock-drawing. Aside from a few trainwreck appearances, the Delaware senator has been notably absent from the public eye. Perhaps it's because he's been painting. Documents—or more accurately, sketches—have surfaced linking Biden to eminent street artist Shepard Fairey, from whom Joe was allegedly taking one-on-one courses to learn how to draw not only circles, but other basic shapes as well.

A Biden aide relayed the following quote from Joe regarding this private conservatory: "We paid through the end of the year, but he doesn't come around any more... because I kept bugging him to paint me like Obama. He said, 'No black-face, Joe,' and I said, 'yes we can, fairy-boy!' Ah, we had fun." The prematurely-halted private sessions shed light on Joe's recent art school admission.

*Functionally Dead* was able to gain exclusive access to RISD's Carr Haus Café by purchasing a chai latte. The coffee house and hangout features some select summer students' over-sized sketches on the north wall by the restroom. There, between a large life drawing of an exaggeratedly distended scrotum and another of a bowl of rotten apples hangs a piece of newsprint with "J'Obama" scrawled in the bottom right hand corner. To reference Dali here would be a disgrace to the masterwork on display. The interrupted lines evoke the disturbing abstraction of a mind gone wrong; the numericals conjured have never been seen before by the human eye. The piece's overall impression is deeply affecting in its bewilderment—life is a twisted clock highway, and Joe wants to ride it all night long. Whether a voter is disgusted or delighted by his artistry, Joe's expert rendering makes one thing clear: with skills like these, he won't need to cater to progressives to win or lose—he'll just have to draw. 🍌

*(Hold onto your ass and turn the page if you dare.)*





FD EXCLUSIVE: "Clock," c. 2020. Democratic Presidential Nominee Joe Biden, b. 1942, Scranton, PA. Charcoal on newsprint.



# WHY AREN'T MILLENNIALS EXCITED ABOUT GETTING PISSSED ON

//MATTHEW BRIAN COHEN

Whether it's having children, owning a home, or saving for retirement, millennials just can't seem to get it together. But beyond these superfluous things, a disturbing trend has emerged—millennials do not want to be pissed on.

In a recent survey, a whopping eighty-five percent of millennials said they would “strongly oppose” getting even a tiny dribble of Baby Boomer piss on their heads. Even more said they had “zero interest” in ever getting pissed on by a Boomer—even if done out of spite.

What gives?

One expert cited the millennial generation's sense of entitlement. “Millennials are the ‘me first’ generation,” said millennial expert Dr. Frank Wallaby. “There's this notion of, ‘why should I let you piss all

over my head? What's in it for me?’ They fail to see the big picture—that I want to shake the last little dribbles of piss my dinky cock has to offer right on the crown of their stupid heads.”

“There's no work ethic or ambition. There's this expectation that you'll just float through life without streams of hot piss dribbling down your forehead,” says Angela Schulway, a 72-year-old former piss enthusiast at IBM. “Time to wake up and face the piss music. You're gonna get some piss dribbled on you, and that's just life, even though it wasn't my life at all.”

Another reason for millennials' waning piss enthusiasm is shifting generational priorities. Millennials are spending more time pursuing hobbies and hanging out with friends, and less time camping under the urinals at Fenway Park. “If you're not where the piss is, you're not gonna get pissed on,” says piss scientist David Gaffney. “We might live in the information age, but piss doesn't travel well across the information superhighway,” he said. “The piss is there, millennials—you just have to work for it.”

“There's so much piss out there,” said Alex Murasco, author of *Urine America: How Millennials Pissed Away The American Dream*. “In the course of my writing, I spoke to dozens of Baby Boomers who are regularly drinking gallons of water and chomping on pounds of raw asparagus. There's more piss bursting through America's urethras than ever before,” he said. “Where are the millennials? At home, do

ing memes with the doors locked, refusing to let me come in and piss all over them.”

If this trend continues, Murasco warns, Baby Boomers will soon find themselves without anywhere to deposit all their piss.

“I've got all this piss in me,” says Matilda Sullivan, CEO of GoldnShwr, a venture capital firm that invests in cutting-edge piss tech. “It's dull and yellow and thick. These millennials are killing the piss industry. I mean, where do they think all this piss is gonna go? The toilet?” she sighed. “My piss business is toast.”

While some millennials have reluctantly taken minimum wage jobs as human toilets, they're not exactly thrilled about it. “I went to college for graphic design,” said Caitlin, 30, who has been freelancing as a piss-catcher for the past decade. “I'm not using those skills at all.”

“Growing up, we were told to get good grades, go to college, and we were set,” says William, 35. “But now, my parents are demanding I let them piss all over me.”

“That's your problem,” interrupted William's father, as dribbles of piss squirted out of his dickhole and splashed on William's hair like little yellow raindrops. “You think you're entitled to the luxury of dryness? You're gonna be drenched in my piss until the day you die.”

“Or the day you die,” William muttered.

“No, son. Unlike you, I can afford health insurance.” 🦋



# I READ THIS ZINE, AND HOUSING STILL ISN'T A HUMAN RIGHT.

What do I do now?

//DAN LOPRETO

Here are some organizations to check out:

## Right To The City Alliance

*"Right To The City Alliance (RTTC) emerged in 2007 as a unified response to gentrification and a call to halt the displacement of low-income people, people of color, marginalized LGBTQ communities, and youths of color from their historic urban neighborhoods. We are a national alliance of racial, economic and environmental justice organizations. Through shared principles and a common frame and theory of change, RTTC is building a national movement for racial justice, urban justice, human rights, and democracy."*

## Upstate-Downstate Housing Alliance

*"The Upstate-Downstate Housing Alliance is a diverse coalition of tenants, homeless people, manufactured housing residents, and advocates from across New York. We represent New Yorkers from every part of the state: Long Island, New York City, Westchester County, the mid-Hudson Valley, the Capital Region, the Southern Tier, the Mohawk Valley and Western New York. We are united in our fight for stronger tenant protections, an end to evictions, and an end to homelessness in New York."*

## Jane Place Neighborhood Sustainability Initiative

*"[H]ousing rights organization committed to creating sustainable, democratic, and economically just neighborhoods and communities in New Orleans. For nearly 10 years we've worked to increase the range of affordable housing options available to low and moderate income residents and advocate for housing justice across the city. Our mission is to transform unjust housing policies, discriminatory practices, and inequitable development schemes."*

## Eviction Defense Network

*"EDN is a 501(c)(3) community based nonprofit. We are a social entrepreneurial agency dedicated to closing the access to justice gap for families facing eviction in LA County. Without our services, Angeleno families go to court unrepresented. 99% of them lose their homes, and find themselves in search of housing with an eviction on their record and a debt to the landlord."*

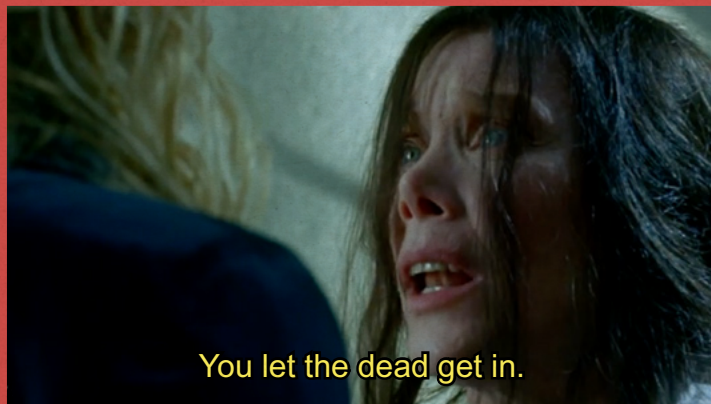
## Impact Lebanon

*"We aim to enable the Lebanese community to mobilize more effectively; share knowledge, resources and expertise and make activism accessible, impactful, and sustainable for the Lebanese diaspora. We are collaborating with Baytna Baytak to fund their efforts in sheltering people affected by the horrific Beirut port explosion."*

Hit us up at [functionallydead@gmail.com](mailto:functionallydead@gmail.com)  
and peep more issues at [functionallydead.com](http://functionallydead.com)



IN THE NEXT ISSUE: ANIMALS PLAN MASSIVE PARTY AS FALL OF MAN SPEEDS CLOSER



You let the dead get in.

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//