

WORKERS OF THE WORLD UNITE



FULLY FUNCTIONALLY LEAD

MARY Z.
@ComradeMary

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Whatta week.

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//COVER ART BY MARY Z GUEST CONTRIBUTOR, @ComradeMary



I CAN'T STAND ONE MORE
FUCKING DAY AT THIS JOB, SO
**THE TIME
HAS COME
FOR A
GENERAL
STRIKE**

//SEAN O'REILLY

I SAY TO YOU, COMRADES, that there is no lever of power we the working class have aside from the denial of our labor. We've seen the supposedly "democratic" institutions of this country undermine our struggle time and time again. Our only recourse as a class, nay, as *human beings*, is to strike at the heart of capital by stopping its wheels and demanding a piece of this world which so rightly belongs to us. Also, I can't stand one more fucking day at this job, so this is a call for a general strike.

I just can't... I can't do it. If I have to wake up again tomorrow and pretend to be excited about sending "OMG coffee!" GIFs to my coworkers and sitting through the Tuesday morning Zoom meeting again, I'll kill myself... *for the movement*. Going in to the office every day was bad enough, but now my bedroom is an office and there is no escape. Everything—even my multiple gaming monitors—are now subsumed by work. It's a fucking bummer!

As I have said, bourgeois democracy will not save us. We've watched politicians tweet about the urgency and existential threat of climate change while renewing no-bid fracking permits and snidely deriding the "Green New Dream or whatever." Nestle is attempting to privatize water while wildfires rage in the West and hurricanes smash the East. These problems cannot be solved in a Senate controlled by Mitch McConnell or a House of Representatives with Nancy Pelosi at the helm. They can only be solved by the people—and it gets us all out of the house. Aren't you tired of sitting inside all fucking day watching the pigeons on the roof across your street get to fly away as Geoff from Sales fails to do his fucking job again. Geoff, Jesus, let me tell you... God, that guy. I work in Accounting, but even I could... I just... nevermind. Let's just say forced virtual happy hours have me primed to throw a brick through a coffee shop window, light up a Petco, stab a Target, and punch a cop. Oh, and of course also capitalism in general, of course.

The discontent I feel is not because I haven't struck a work/life balance. The dread I feel—like time is nipping at my toes every moment—is not because I didn't finish *The Artist's Way*. It's because this system is sucking every ounce of life out of me. It's not just environmental collapse or Candy's need to "circle back" five times every meeting that requires us to take to the streets. The American empire is in decay and must be allowed to die—much like crazy sweater Friday, or as Pam in HR interprets it: Ugly Fucking T-shirt Day, I mean, c'mon! That is NOT a sweater, Jesus Christ. Have you ever seen a sweater with material that thin... fucking hell. Anyway, our institutions must serve the people, not the bloodless vampires of dead capital. We must be allowed free snacks when we go to the break room. No longer should we have to buy cold cookies from the refrigerated vending machine >>

>> that is slowly killing us with our own money just to feel even a whisper of life at 2pm.

I just can't take this existence in service of Capital anymore. And obviously quitting isn't an option because of health insurance. That's another goddamn thing we should be guaranteeing as a society. Yet one more reason that we simply must dismantle this unjust system. We are naught but slaves to the means of production we should own in common. And honestly, everyone forgot my birthday this year so I didn't even get a shout out on the #birthdaybuds Slack channel.

Fellow workers, comrades, brothers and sisters, our demands are simple: we only want the Earth. We can take it, because it is ours. Flood the streets and show the supposed masters of the universe that WE are Atlas, WE hold the world up on our shoulders, and we must remind the kings and queens and lords of the world that they exist by OUR grace and OUR sweat. They have built their empires on the broken backs of labor... and we REALLY must remind Kelley that she can't just keep putting on her "out of office" whenever she goddamn feels like it. It's beyond rude. We're all out of the office, Kelley! Answer my goddamn email!

**WORKERS OF THE WORLD
UNITE, YOU HAVE NOTHING
TO LOSE BUT YOUR
SHITTY JOB! 🌹**



CITIZENS OF ROME, WE HAVE A PROBLEM ON OUR HANDS. And that problem is you.

You heard me. I, Julius Caesar, Dictator for Life of the great Roman Empire, have been oppressed and marginalized by an angry mob.

Technically, I sit in a position of unchecked power. But what is that power worth if I'm constantly being attacked for making use of it?

Once upon a time, it was safe to sacrifice dissenters on the Field of Mars. Now, I am chastised if I do so much as place them in a sack of snakes. How does one not see that this is like placing *me* in that very sack of snakes?

My choice to wear triumphal dress on non-triumphal occasions has been widely scorned. Why, then, when I criticize peasants for looking poor, is it "uncalled for"? What if I don't have any non-triumphal outfits in my closet? I find these double standards baffling.

I did not know, when I defeated Pompey at Pharsalus, that I would return to Rome only to fall victim to such ideological warfare. I was heralded for crossing the Rubicon and defeating an army of 50,000 men, but now I'm being reprimanded for making a few hundred horses and elephants fight to the death for my pleasure because it's "expensive?" >>

>> Sadly, I fear this is just another example of the out-of-control “council culture” that has come to dominate Roman politics and discourse. I leave for one war and suddenly everything is supposed to be a matter of group consensus? Need I remind you, there’s no “senate” in “dictator!” There’s also only one “I.” And like a cyclops, I need no second eye to see what’s going on here.

What if I would simply like to have a fresh fig from a local tree? Must I now ask Casca and Cassius for permission? Henceforth I will be declaring what is known as “executive hors d’oeuvres” which require no permission from anyone and affirm that I can eat as many hanging figs as I want.

Thrice, Mark Antony has begged me to accept the crown in front of the people. But accepting it would merely be submitting to the will of the growing PC (pro-crown) politics surrounding my rule.

I even spoke to a soothsayer who told me to “beware” the Ides of March, when my personal experiences with the Ides of March have been nothing but positive. That’s like telling me to beware of my best friend (Brutus).

My certainty about these matters is the lifeblood of Roman society, and your disagreement is a repeated public stabbing that I was not expecting which makes that blood flow freely on the steps of the portico! (The portico is my honor.)

Thanks to the recent baseless attacks on my character, I have faced animosity from my colleagues in the Senate and threats on the statues of me around the city. I even lost a book deal with Cicero’s publishing house. They’re probably not even going to print another book for a thousand years! Enough is enough.

Before you cast me on the altar of derision, remember that you are each promised 75 drachmas in my will. This is more than enough for every friend, Roman, and countryman to buy a nice memorial Caesar pen. And I promise you that when I die at a very old age of natural causes, you’re going to want that pen.

My wife Calpurnia told me not to come into the office today because of a bad dream, but I will not surrender to council culture. I cannot be counselled. Even now, as I wrap up this letter, I’m hearing a knocking and carving sound at my door that I’m certain is the sound of my senators coming to beg for supplication. I hope to return to a similar apology from my citizens for this veritable assassination on my character. 🙄


Sam Corbin is a New York-based writer and humorist. Her work has appeared in the New Yorker, Vulture, New York Post, and more. Get more Sam @ahoysamantha

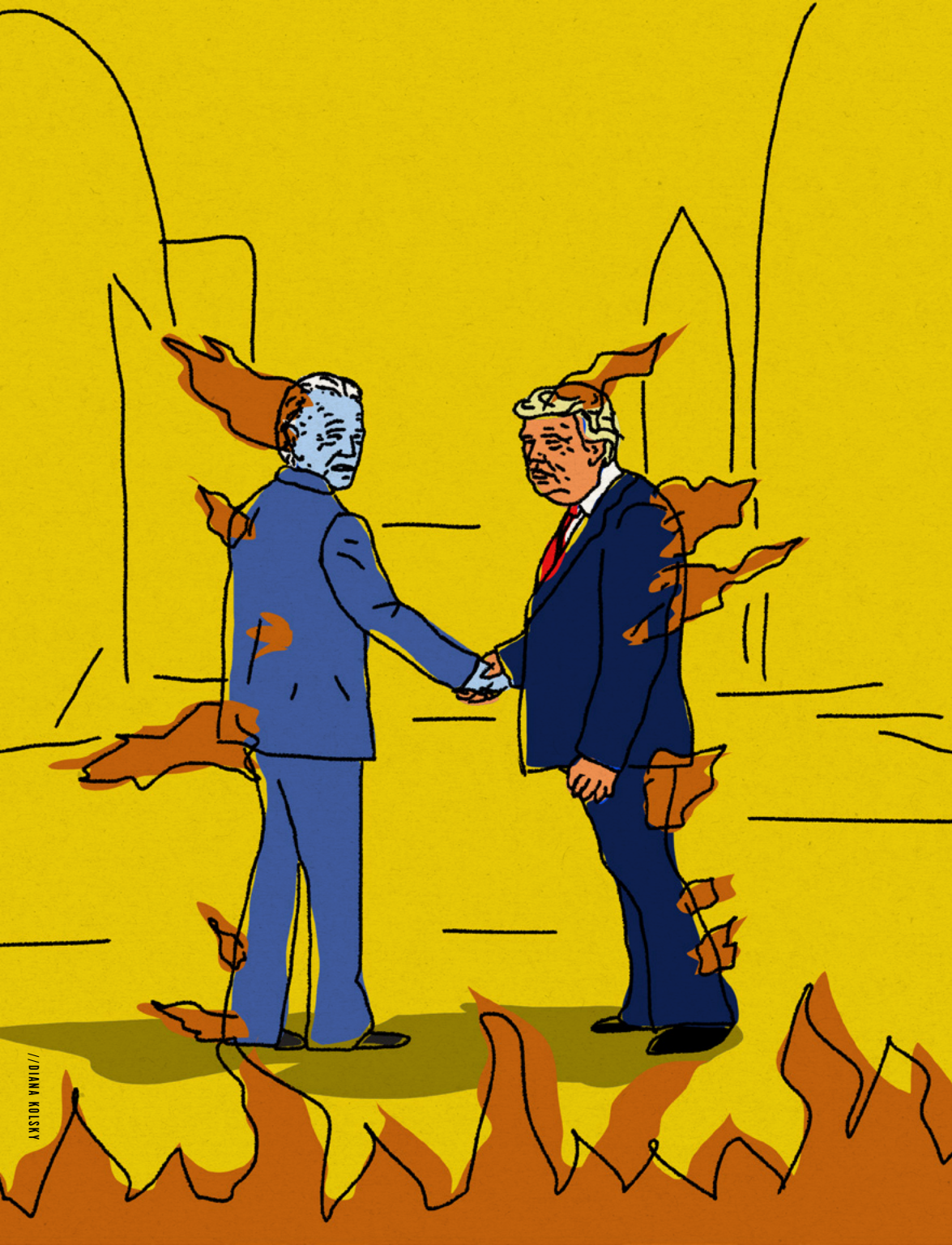
FD EXCLUSIVE

Campaign Insider:

**OUR
STRATEGY
TO BARELY
DEFEAT
THE TRUMP
ADMINISTRATION
DURING
AN
ECONOMIC
RECESSION
AND AN
UNPRECEDENTED
GLOBAL
PANDEMIC
THAT HAS
NEEDLESSLY
KILLED
OVER
A QUARTER
OF A
MILLION
AMERICANS,
OR MAYBE
LOSE,
I DON'T
KNOW**

//THE BIDEN CAMPAIGN

Uh, well... that’s pretty much it. 



// DIANA KOLSKY



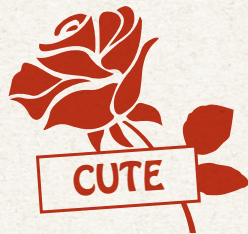
WISH YOU WEREN'T HERE

PERFORMATIVE SOCIALISM FOR THE PRIVILEGED CHILDREN OF THE OBSCENELY WEALTHY

A How-to Guide

//MATTHEW BRIAN COHEN

IS YOUR MOTHER A PHARMACEUTICAL LOBBYIST? Has your uncle worked with the OAS to undermine democratic elections in South America to make way for right-wing coups? Is your father a Saudi prince or some other oil magnate who wields the power to dismember journalists? Before 2015, socialism called for the redistribution of wealth and the transfer of ownership of the means of production to the working class. If your Thanksgiving dinner table is composed of people named in the Panama Papers, it was hard to feel like socialism was for you. How could your father send you to Choate or fund your third stepmother's lavish lifestyle if workers owned their own labor? But now, we're living in the age of the grift! While the masses scramble to scrape whatever filth they can off the bottom of the barrel, you can trade in that silver spoon for a hammer and sickle and scrape with them... as a socialist!



Define Your Socialism

Socialism is more than an ideology—it's a lifestyle brand. And like other lifestyle brands, such as feminism and bohemianism, socialism can be co-opted to mean

whatever you want! Are you a straight, single woman having sex in the big city? That's socialism! Are you a straight single woman who refuses to have sex because it's "emotional labor?" Socialism! Did you vote for Elizabeth Warren, someone who has said she is a "capitalist to [her] bones?" And Yet Socialism Persisted! Love Marvel movies? Hate Marvel movies? Work as a prosecutor? Work as a labor organizer? Are you a vegan? Are you eating raw meat off a living pig? It's all socialism, or maybe it's not—who cares! Socialism is like a liquid—it takes the shape of whatever twenty-five year old Instagram influencer it's placed in.

If people try to correctly define socialism for you, fuck 'em! Don't let other people tell you who and what you are—that's for *you* to do to *them*!



Force Yourself to Be a Leader

Socialist spaces have notoriously been plagued with interminable meetings, pointless subcommittees, and infuriating red tape. That's because you haven't come in and started running these dreary orgs like a business. Sure, you might be posing as a socialist, but don't let imposter syndrome stop you from being an imposter. Who has the blue check mark left over from their digital media job at a failed T-Mobile streaming platform—you, or that grizzled white dude who helped organize auto workers in the '70s? Interrupt meetings to drone on about online grievances, both real and imaginary. Accuse everyone else of being a sex pest to muddy the waters for when YOU are revealed to be a sex pest six months down the line. Shill your #tankytampons with Bernie Sanders' face on them—all proceeds going towards the Socialist cause of YOU. Treat your DSA chapter like your six thousand dollars a month studio apartment and make it your own! >>



Shameless Exploitation

>> No doubt you were affected by the Black Lives Matter protests this summer. Millions of Americans in every state took to the streets to demand racial justice, the defunding of police departments, and the prosecution of murderous cops. At its core, it was a beautiful reminder that despite our government's best efforts, most people are good, and are more than willing to fight for someone they don't know. As a socialist, the question you should be asking is, "how can we transform all this energy into real, meaningful growth of my personal brand if I left the city where the protests are happening to shelter more comfortably in my parents' mansion?" If you don't act now, the momentum will dissipate, and you'll have to find another cause to sink your parasitic hooks into (perhaps climate change, but your "The Earth Is Getting Hotter But My Pussy Is Getting Wetter" OnlyFans photo series did surprisingly low numbers). Remember, it is your responsibility to meme Breonna Taylor until she is indistinguishable from Pepe the Frog. The only way we'll ever see justice is by you breaking 20k followers.



Cast Judgment

Did someone say something wrong or offensive, something you yourself almost certainly said six weeks ago? Is someone too involved in The Work, or not involved enough? Is there a Hispanic person that doesn't use the term "Latinx" or a Black person that didn't capitalize the "B" in "Black?" Never assume good faith—use your position as head white socialist to absolutely scold them into the ground and bury them in shame. Socialism is your brand, and it's important you protect it against anyone else who might be interested in learning and organizing for a better world.



Sell. Your. Shit.

The pinnacle of socialism is, naturally, capitalism. Whether your shit is a Guns 'n' Roses t-shirt with "Bread" written over "Guns," a Marxist thong sewn by Honduran orphans, or a Mother Jones buttplug from Amazon, sell it and sell it

hard. You're a socialist, which means you are a marketer. All the same tactics you used to sell phony body-building supplements or whatever tacky horseshit snake oil you were peddling before you watched George Floyd get murdered by police still apply. None of the profits should go to a socialist cause, nor should you think for a second about how your products are made. You're a socialist, not an ethicist! And hey, rent's due (for your parents' tenants) and a socialist has gotta eat (when your private chef is on vacation). 🍷



INTRODUCING THE LATEST STREAMING PLATFORM NO ONE ASKED FOR:



QUARBY

//JAMES DWYER

QUARBY IS A BRAND NEW STREAMING PLATFORM brought to you by the dynamic, unexpected—and as *The Wall Street Journal* puts it—“unsettling” partnership of Warby Parker and Quibi.

HOW DOES IT WORK?

Even though Quibi is accused of “failing miserably,” we believe Quibi had the right idea when they chose to limit their platform’s accessibility exclusively to your smartphone—we could all use some more phone time. Quarby takes that revolutionary concept one fat leap further by becoming the first streaming platform exclusive to Warby Parker prescription lenses. Remember Google Glass? No? Not even slightly? Google Glass gave users the ability to access the Internet directly through their eyewear. (It also failed.) But what if instead of useful information like directions, trivia, or step-sister porn, we gave you: Quarby Bites? Yum!

WHAT’S A QUARBY BITE?

“Quarby Bite” is the ultra-cute portmanteau we slapped together for our content after countless hours of market research, exhaustively asking focus group after focus group if the name “Quarby Bite” is “engaging” and screaming at anyone who said “no” or went for a second La Croix. Each Quarby Bite is a fully-produced, no-expenses-spared, delectable content “bite” with a maximum length of 66.6 seconds. Whether you’re chowing down on the Quarby exclusive 95-part Quarby Bite feature *Dentist Day* by the Lonely Island, or looking to unwind with some lighter Quarby

Bite-fare like *Regina King*—a still photo of Regina King that slowly zooms in while a barely audible rendition of Enya’s *Orinoco Flow* plays for 66.6 seconds—we’ve got you covered.

IS QUARBY DANGEROUS?

Yes.

WAIT, REALLY?

When you watch any content on Quarby, the app takes control and completely blocks your ability to see through your Warby Parker frames. There is no way to stop a Quarby Bite until the 66.6 seconds have passed. Quarby is best used alone in a dark, padded room, securely strapped to a chair and under the direct supervision of our doctor (downloaded separately). We understand most people do not have access to such a room or the bandwidth necessary to obtain said doctor, so we encourage Quarby users not to worry about “safety” and to instead engage with Quarby in the way that makes them feel their most scared and out of control. Perhaps take in a Quarby Bite while driving, performing triple-bypass surgery, or even while filming a brand-new Quarby Bite prank show. Full disclosure: we were warned >>

>> that bringing Quarby to the market will kill millions, and yet, we did it anyway. Edgy!

I DON'T WANT THIS.

We love to hear that! Whether or not you want Quarby, you will be forced to engage with Quarby, so we are unconcerned!

EXCUSE ME?

I won't! If you've bought a pair of Warby Parker frames in the past 10 years, Quarby will be automatically uploaded onto your frames via satellite on January 1, 2021. There's nothing you can do to stop us. We are Quarby. Nom nom. Mmm that's a goooooo Quarby Bite.

THEN I'LL JUST GET NEW GLASSES.

Nom nom nom, Quarby.

IT SEEMS LIKE YOU CANNOT POSSIBLY
MAKE MONEY DOING THIS?

It does seem that way. Luckily for us, the only thing our board of directors cares about is making sure the early investors in Quarby are able to generously cash out as we go to market. We don't care about the content, the creators, the staff who spent countless hours gluing their hair back onto their heads, or anyone else. Even if Quarby lives for less than 66.6 seconds, we will be satisfied.

YOU'RE NOT JUST TRYING TO CIRCUMVENT
UNION REQUIREMENTS BY CREATING A
WEIRD NEW FORMAT LIKE QUIBI, ARE YOU?

Haha.

OK, I HAVE ONE MORE QUESTION—

Actually, you don't. We're done answering your questions. Quarby is happening whether you like it or not. Be sure to follow us on Twitter @Quarby for updates, @QuarbyBite on Insta (use #nomnomquarbysnack on all your Quarby selfies for a chance to win Lasik surgery in one eye), and our meme account @QuarbyIsMeme that we pay fledgling comedians in piss and retweets to manage for us.

YOU'RE PAYING IN PISS?

Trust us, any water-based liquid that could potentially satiate thirst will skyrocket in value in the next fifteen years as the climate apocalypse worsens. Be sure to store the piss in a refrigerated environment!

We look forward to noshing on a Quarby Bite with you in 2021.

Nom nom. 🐼





I Didn't Know How Horny I Was Until Tom Perez Slipped Right Into My DMs:

a poem in decasyllabic verse

//DIANA KOLSKY

I TYPE THIS POEM FROM BENEATH THE FRIDGE:

Well, just another COVID Wednesday—
Or Tuesday, who the fuck knows, even cares.
I work remotely; I drink constantly.
My dog used to lick my toes to make sure
I was not dead. Today, I tried licking
Her clawed feet, but it turns out she was dead.
Her time had come, her basic needs not met.
I felt nothing burying my Donna
(named for the square rich girl in La Bamba)
beneath the floorboards. Tell-tale heart? But no.

That is to say this year, it has been hard.
The shenanigans I've pulled just to feel.
Deep on a bender a few weeks ago,
I threw myself off the roof and landed
In a pile of trash in the weird courtyard
Of my rent-controlled digs. I laid in old
Whopper wrappers for hours or days until
The Filipino family up in
3H heard me moaning in the rubble.
Agapito nailed me right in the tits
With twenty Legos before I came to.
I then dragged my load down out of the muck.
Eventually I found the cellar door.

I slimed my way beneath the building, back up
To my residence. Thank god I did it
As I had some emails to attend to.
Bed, Bath & Fuck Off sent me a coupon.
(Looking forward to a cozy coffin.)
I was about to guzz yet another
Miller Lite tall boy when my Dell ding-dong'd.
Delightful missives from more soulless bots?
My warm tall boy, he do overfloweth.
I husked my ass right over to receive, my life:
A monotonous hellscape of despair.

Eyes rubbed, click-click. "From: Tom Perez," it read.
I'd gotten electronic mail from Joe,
Nancy, even Bernie before I was
kicked off his mailing list, repeatedly
I asked for those donations back to pay
My accumulating, uncancelled rent.
But the Chair of the DNC? Never
From Mr. Perez, that tall drink of silt.
He implored me, a woman with a dog
Dead under her rented linoleum
To vote. Hovering over the subject
My taint a'twitching. Asking, not telling.
Sticky sweat rising from my bony back.
Polite, yet familiar. Lil' forked tongue
(I fell mouth-first off a cliff in fourth grade)
Darting, wet the place where my face meets mouth. >>

My Earthlink petticoat (Garfield PJs).

Laid unconscious in a pile of wet trash.

Blue. Maybe it is a stroke. Remember:

(writ on my Nokia Blaster 6.) 🦴

>> Went into my 50yr old husband's bedroom and found him wearing his Notorious RBG t-shirt. (That's not unusual; his first wife loved '90s East Coast rap and he wears it a lot to be passive-aggressive.) What is unusual is he's wearing my RBG crocheted collar from Etsy, black fishnet gloves, and slamming a gavel onto his naked knee softly murmuring what I think I make out to be the dialogue from his favorite scene from *West Wing*.

I love my feminist husband.

My 4yr old just heard the news. She's confused. "There have only been four Supreme Court Justices in US history, and a very important historic female figure died today, honey," I explain.

"Mommy...can you name a single other female SCOTUS Justice, living or dead?"

"Of course not, sweetie."

Just explained to my (freaky radicalized) 16yr old step-daughter, fighting back tears, that RBG did not live to see the first female President.

"I guess we're gonna have to dig up her corpse and prop up her bones for Ivanka Trump's inauguration in 2024," she said.

At least that's what I think she said. I have MSNBC on full-volume 24/7.

"What's RBG doing tonight, mommy?" my parrot asked me, a tear rolling down her feathered face.

Well, right now her BFF, Scalia, is probably taking her to the opera, or showing her around his old haunt, Bohemian Grove, enjoying a ritualistic mug of boar's blood just like the night he died.

...And then, as if cued by an invisible avian orchestra, my parrot began to sing the ENTIRETY of Puccini's *Tosca*. I wept.

Woke up and went downstairs. Someone had arranged our alphabet fridge magnets to say, simply, “RBG.”

“Who did this?!” I screamed, shaking my triplets as hard as I could, with a mixture of confusion and delight.

"God did, mama," my youngest (2 1/2 weeks) said. "She's sitting on the Supreme Court in heaven now."

I remembered later that I arranged the magnets that way a year and a half ago as an intention for my “frail but firm” target weight of 102lbs. But still, I'd like to think God was working through me then, as he does through all women.

My 18yr old just asked what that rumble was (it was an earthquake). I told him it's RBG arriving in heaven being greeted by other celebrities:

"Welcome to heaven, RBG. It's me, your Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. Hope you're hungry—Anthony Bordain is cooking. Typically his policy is No Reservations, but he said we can make an exception just this once."

"I would like to see my friends and family," RGB says.

Jesus gives a hardy laugh. "I'm afraid that's not possible. You'll be spending eternity with celebrities such as The Big Bopper and character actor Taylor Negron."

"I understand," RBG says meekly.

RT if you agree!

RBG may be gone, but her spirit is alive in all of us. It's time to fight as if our lives were at stake—because they are. And by fight, I mean vote for President. And as for who I'm voting for? Let's just say it's going to be the same person I was already voting for before this.

RT if now you DEFINITELY aren't going to vote for Donald Trump or Mitch McConnell now. We're gonna burn the system down by participating in it to a minimal extent!!!! 🇺🇸



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A GUIDE TO COURTING UNDECIDED VOTERS

//BRADY O'CALLAHAN

	THE YOUNG VOTER	THE DIVERSE WORKING-CLASS VOTER	THE RESISTANCE LIBERAL	THE NEVER TRUMP REPUBLICAN	THE HARCORE MAGA FAN	THE GIRL READING THIS
WHAT THEY WANT	Green New Deal, Medicare for All, Free College for All	Medicare for All, An economy that works for the many and not the few, Police reform	A more polite war criminal in the White House, Promises of a better future whether or not it comes to pass, Brunch	A return to form when Republicans oppressed people a little more quietly, Fascism, Mr. President to read my op-ed and say hi	Fascism, an End to SJWs, Mr. President to notice me and say hi	Whoa is that a rose emoji in your Twitter bio? haha cool!
WHAT THE DEMOCRATS OFFER THEM	Contempt, Ridicule, Vote Shaming, You'll Take It And Like It Attitude	\$15/hr (unless we need to redirect funds for a Wall Street bailout), "Black Lives Matter" spraypainted on the street cops continue to abuse Black Lives Matter protestors, Nothing else	A more polite war criminal in the White House, Promises of a better future whether or not it comes to pass, Brunch	A return to form when Democrats oppressed people a little more quietly	Contempt, Ridicule, a Basket, Let Them Get COVID and Die Attitude	What if we kissed at the DSA meeting, haha just kidding...
WILL IT WORK?	No	Not as much as they need it to	Yes. These voters aren't actually in danger of being undecided	There's a 20% chance they'll think about it before voting for Trump again	What do you think?	Unless? ;)
WHAT THE REPUBLICANS OFFER THEM	Contempt, Ridicule, General Shaming, Take It Or Leave It Attitude	Lies, the Fleeting Feeling of actually winning for once	Lower taxes and a strong police presence to protect their wealth—uh oh...	Ease of siding with party over person	An illusion of patriotism concealing utter contempt	The GOP is evil but Democrats are also bad, right? haha, I'm a bad boy too but in a fun safe way. I foster a one-eyed pup named Doggy Parton
WILL IT WORK?	No. These kids likely feel as though the system is designed to prevent real change and that the odds are stacked against them as both parties tell them they're crazy for wanting things every other major nation	Honestly, it might in some cases. Most likely these people probably just won't vote	Republicans aren't wasting a sliver of brain space on these people outside of ridicule	Yeah, it probably fucking will	Yeah, this one's in the bag	I make this zine with some other cool leftist friends you should check it out haha



//AUDREY STANFIELD GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

“Sorry, I actually can’t make the Zoom meeting today. I forgot I actively do not like you.”

-Audrey, 32

“Sorry, I actually can’t make the Zoom meeting today. I have a small window to stare out of from 2:00-4:00PM and then my toilet needs me for the rest of the day.”

-Francis, 60

“Sorry, I actually can’t make the Zoom meeting today. I just downloaded a seventh incredibly stupid fucking game on my phone and unfortunately it is the only thing I have the attention span for right now.”

-Violet, 19

“Sorry, I actually can’t make the Zoom meeting today. Turns out I can’t afford the internet anymore.”

-The 8.4% of Americans who are still unemployed due to the pandemic and have yet to see a second stimulus bill passed

“Sorry, I actually can’t make the Zoom meeting today. I’ll be drunk by... *looks at bare wrist* ... six months ago.”

-*Insert Any Name Here*

“Sorry, I actually can’t make the Zoom meeting today. Looks like I’m going to need the full day to prevent the passage of literally any legislation during a pandemic.”

-Mitch McConnell, 78

Sorry, I actually can’t make the Zoom meeting today. If you look at the fake “Zooms”—and they’re very big, very large “Zooms.” It turns out, these “Zooms,” we have—we have to wake up and “Zoom”—and they’re huge, nasty “Zooms,” the real Zooms out there—for the people, Bob. Anyway, I’m up on the ninth hole.

-Donald Trump, 74

“Sorry, I actually can’t make the Zoom meeting today. I think my computer has a virus?” *viciously closes and reopens Papa John's Pizza box.*

-Tyler, 21

“Sorry, I actually can’t make the Zoom meeting today. I forgot I don’t give three flaccid fucks about your “Wellness Through The Power of Crystals” workshop, you money-grubbing, soulless vessel of a human being (but yeah I’ll be there next time).”

-Paige, 32

“S0ry 1 C&nt M8k Z00\$ 2D, >44{^^”

-Elon Musk, (Age is a Construct, Time is Infinite)

“Sorry, I actually can’t make the Zoom meeting today. Gotta let Paul pet me a little too hard before watching him have another very vocal meltdown.”

-Lola, Paul’s Cat, 6 Months

“Sorry, I actually can’t make the Zoom meeting today. I’m getting an abortion,”

-A completely normal and warranted response from literally any woman of any age at any point and time, ever >>

>> “Sorry, I actually can’t make the Zoom meeting today. Today’s the day I finally get to the bottom of figuring out how my wife’s vagina works.”

-Ben Shapiro, 36

“Sorry, I actually can’t make the Zoom meeting today. I don’t get reception in my parents’ guest room’s atrium.”

-Every New York transplant under 30

“Sorry, I actually can’t make the Zoom meeting today. I’m going live on Instagram with a new, very lazily and poorly-written original character monologue—also there will be some singing no one asked for. It will last for three hours and be viewed by approximately 7 people (including my manager) for the first 2 minutes.”

-Literally Any Creative, 18 to far-too-old-for-this-shit

“Sorry, I actually can’t make the Zoom meeting today. I have to side-eye my second grader to make sure he’s not dabbing on Tik-Tok and actually watching his math class.”

-Susan, 37

“Sorry, I actually can’t make the Zoom meeting today. There’s no hot spots under the George Washington Bridge.”

-An Unemployed Renter, age unknown

“Sorry, I actually can’t make the Zoom meeting today. I’m putting together a long list of reasons I cannot attend the Zoom meeting today.”

-Brian, 45 🧐

Audrey Stanfield is a NY actor and comedian. Follow her @audreystanfield in Insta

What I’ve Learned from Smoking Weed Once and Watching *The Matrix: Reloaded*

B Y E L O N M U S K

//JAMES DWYER



I have just finished smoking a high-end pre-roll of Cannabis Indica while watching *La Matrice Part Deux*, aka The Wachowskis’ Homeric exploration of the mind-body problem that would have René Descartes’s skull rolling in its display case at the Musée de l’Homme: *The Matrix: Reloaded*. As the tetrahydrocannabinol coursed through my veins and this grand masterwork stimulated my cerebral cortex, I could not help but notice some things that surely no one else has noticed until now. All credit and attribution for these original musings of the mind to myself, Elon Musk, and all future capitalistic enterprises launched from these musings are property of The Boring Corporation. >>



>> Is Anything We Perceive Real...

We all know what George Berkeley would have to say about this one (lol amirite doge). I've long been a skeptic of Berkeley's notion of immaterialism despite having read none of his works... until I saw the car chase scene in *The Matrix: Reloaded* while I was stoned to Dante's seventh circle of hell. In that scene, one can witness a homo sapiens transforming into an agent, the emergence of two literal "ghosts" that can pass through other cars, and the Christ-like Neo fighting them all off like they are but air. The very Newtonian principles which we take for granted are but an illusion. Nothing, perhaps, is real after all.

If nothing exists but what we perceive, then we can literally do anything, as long as we change those perceptions. We perceive a table, and so it "exists." We perceive that murder is murder because we perceive that people are alive and life has value. If people are only there by our perception then they do not really exist. As a result... I would like to announce that I will be producing a new TV show called *The Running Man* based on the movie *The Running Man* where people are rounded up, tortured, and executed live on TV for your entertainment. It's morally OK, because they do not exist. Coming to CBS fall 2021 (with host Howie Mandel, who, due to his role in the cartoon *Bobby's World*, has transcended reality itself).

Perhaps, you are just a program...

"I am but flesh and blood. I am no program," you say. Haha. You know who else says this? A program designed to believe it is but flesh and blood like The Merovingian in *The Matrix: Reloaded*. And I, in turn, have programmed your mind to question the very sake of its existence. So, if the human mind is but a program, if each sensory input is by design, then the program itself can be corrupted, hacked, changed. I have crudely reprogrammed my brain to be "high" and "utterly enlightened," for instance. One day we will have more refined programs that can allow humans to take flight. This gave me the original idea to implant large

computer chips directly into people's brains. The Boring Corporation is working on this now and will release the first "hacked" human being in 2022. Have you ever seen a person "blue screen of death?" It's absolutely fascinating.

We seek "Truth" but... what IS truth...

And no... I'm not talking about a *semantic theory of truth* (wink wink Saul Kripke nudge nudge). We have an inherent belief that there is "truth," but... when Agent Smith reveals he is a rogue program that can make infinite copies of itself, independent of its original purpose and can... leave The Matrix... does that not dismantle the entirety of epistemological arguments in support of "truth" that can be quantified? What if YOU are not the YOU that you KNOW to be but instead are a husk that has been corrupted by a rogue program? What if that program is better than YOU were? I am proud to announce that we will be releasing a "personality replacement patch" that anyone can purchase and download directly into their brains by swallowing a USB drive by the year 2023.

Even programs can be horny...

le epic.

Socialism is Lame

I actually didn't see anything in this movie that quite said this, but when Neo was talking with The Architect, I sort of zoned out for a while. Full disclosure: I am very high. I'll be releasing a book called *DOS Capital in the Twenty-First Century* (disc operating system meets cash-money meets now) to be released Spring 2021 as a critical response to Thomas Picketty's *Capital in the Twenty-First Century*, in which I argue why income inequality is necessary and how I, Elon Musk, am like Neo for Capitalists. For now, I am going to lie in my sensory deprivation tank as Grimes lulls me to sleep with one of her lullabies. 🧠



The
**BARACK
OBAMA**
CHARTER
SCHOOL
for
**ADVANCED
CENTRISM**

//MATTHEW BRIAN COHEN



BOCSAC

Barack Obama (Netflix's *American Factory*) is proud to announce open enrollment in the Barack Obama Charter School For Advanced Centrism. As our public school system continues to deteriorate beyond repair, the solution is clear: a for-profit charter school run by the nation's foremost strike-breaker, Barack Obama. At BOCSAC, your child will get a centrist education in:

MATHEMATICS

"We are putting forth reforms to incrementally get one tenth closer to $2 + 2$ being 4 by 2055. Some thug schools might want to rush to arrive at 4, but that's not being realistic. At BOCSAC, we're moving peacefully closer to 4 than any other math class in history. The arc of the moral universe may be long, but it bends toward 4."

CHEMISTRY

"In chemistry, we believe in science, and the science is clear: two parts hydrogen plus one part oxygen equals water. We do not deny the ample evidence that water is real, as it is in our drinking fountains, our toilets, and our water heaters. Our teaching staff is committed to informing students about the existence of water, and, when they get thirsty or question why we deny the existence of 'Flint, Michigan,' we encourage them to vote."

SPANISH

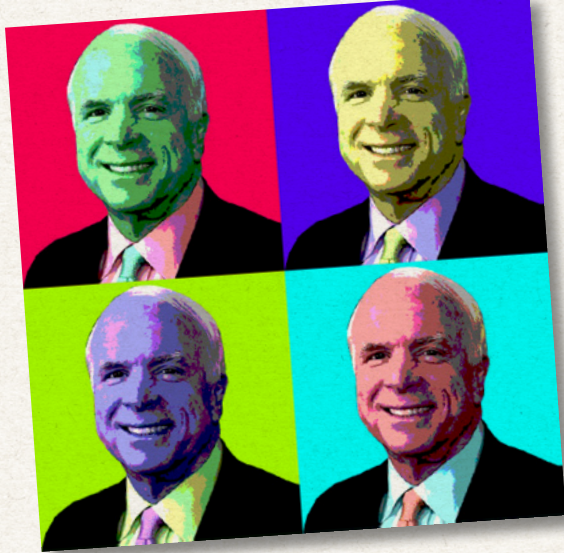
"Learn just enough broken Spanish to pander to voters. We'll show you how to roll your r's and mask your contempt for anyone who makes less than fifty thousand dollars a year in an accent that isn't yours. ¡Es very bueno! Taught by the recently-unemployed Joe Kennedy III with a 4-second guest appearance by [Hillary Clinton](#) proclaiming simply: *Basta.*"

LITERATURE

"Despite our ideological differences, Big Brother is undoubtedly one of the many heroes of 1984. While we don't agree with all his actions, you cannot deny the strength of his convictions and the respect he commands of his followers. He is a good man at his core, and Orwell is clearly trying to say that if there were more people like Big Brother, the Party wouldn't be so Orwellian."

ATHLETICS

"We unequivocally believe that Black Lives Matter. We also believe our wrestling team needs to get their butts in some sweatsuits to shed fifteen more pounds before their meet tomorrow. We also believe our girls' soccer coach, having concluded our investigation with compelling evidence that the team continues to win."



JOHN MCCAIN LIBERAL ICON

//KYLE EWERT GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

WE ALL REMEMBER THE LATE SENATOR JOHN MCCAIN as a principled Republican senator who bravely served his country as an elected official and a veteran. While some on the Left have tried to desecrate his memory by highlighting his “voting record,” “actions,” “words,” and “beliefs,” we Democrats (and Never Trump Republicans) know that John McCain is a true liberal icon and one of the few sensible moderates who put country above party. As such, we’ve curated a list of rebukes to some common leftist critiques of McCain:

Denounced the use of “enhanced interrogation” tactics, like waterboarding, but then voted for a bill that only prohibited the military from using these tactics. However, it had been the CIA who was in fact using these methods of torture.

Yes, torture is unquestionably evil, but evil is a spectrum! Wouldn't you want an environmentally friendly form of torture over one that burns fossil fuels? What is more renewable than water? So yes, when a bill came to the Senate explicitly banning the practice for the CIA, McCain didn't vote to ban them from using waterboarding, because he (probably) saw the importance in being green with our torture! Through the right lens (maybe a few lenses), you could say this paved the way for the Green New Deal.

Received contributions from Charles H. Keating Jr. while his financial institution was under investigation and intervened on his behalf, leading to the Federal Home Loan Bank Board backing off the investigation.

Obviously we're all about grassroots donations these days just like you. Wouldn't you want your money going to candidates who are

going to fight in your best interest? Well, that's all Keating was doing. He gave a grassroots contribution much bigger than you ever could to ensure Senators did what he wanted! He really cared! In that way, John McCain was a phenomenal public servant. May we all get enough money to sway our representatives!

While running for President in 2008, one of his supporters called Barack Obama an “Arab” to which McCain said “No, ma’am. He’s a decent family man [and] citizen that just I just happen to have disagreements with on fundamental issues, and that’s what the campaign’s all about. He’s not [an Arab].”

Listen, you can't turn a Republican into a Socialist overnight! You've got to meet them where they are. If McCain had said the woman's comments were “Islamophobic AND inaccurate” he would have lost her forever! So you throw her a little Islamophobia bone as a treat so that you can maybe have her Islamophobic vote down the road. Like John McCain, we shouldn't assume the worst of this openly hateful woman. I'm sure she is out there officiating gay weddings now and definitely not a QAnon stan! >>

>> He was anti-choice and wanted to appoint anti-choice Supreme Court justices as President.

Hahaha, it was a joooooooke. He was on SNL a lot, so you know he was funny! A liberal icon would never REALLY be anti-choice. We should not trust the record of this great man and should instead trust the baseless image we project onto him!

He voted to advance the repeal of Obamacare twice and then voted against the final repeal bill. However, he voted for Trump's tax bill, which attempted to destroy Obamacare.

The Left wants Medicare for All. Ok, fine but we cannot get there until we tear down Obamacare to make room for it! Sure, McCain never supported a single-payer healthcare system at any point, but c'mon...he was so nice to his friends across the aisle! You know he would've eventually come around.

Sarah Palin.

She was only the 2nd woman ever nominated for Vice President by a major political party! Tell me that's not progressive! Even when representation is an exploitative, performative tapestry hung in an effort to gain an advantage in an election that you're losing, it's STILL representation. It was a huge victory for identity politics—I mean, feminism—so long as you didn't listen to most of the words that came out of her or any other Republican's mouth. And he knew you shouldn't! That's how you know he cared!

McCain supported the Iraq war.

You know who else supported the Iraq war? Joe Biden. You're telling me Joe Biden is some kind of conservative in liberal's clothing? Fat chance! Even Donald Trump says Joe Biden is in bed with Antifa and brunching with Marxists, so there!

Donald Trump has also publicly stated that he wants to put an end to the U.S.'s endless wars...so in a way I guess HE is a liberal icon, too...

(DISCLOSURE: THIS ARTICLE IS SPONSORED CONTENT FROM THE LINCOLN PROJECT. TO LEARN MORE ABOUT THE FORMER BUSH ADMINISTRATION'S EFFORTS TO LAUNDER THEIR RIGHT-WING OPINIONS THROUGH THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY, SMASH YOURSELF IN THE FACE WITH A BRICK.) 🗿

Get more from comedian Kyle @kyleewert



I READ THIS ZINE, AND THE STOCK MARKET STILL ISN'T THE ECONOMY.

What do I do now?

//DAN LOPRETO

Here are a few organizations that analyze the real economy, not stock cycles and S&P 500 returns:

[Economic Policy Institute](#)

The Economic Policy Institute (EPI) is a nonprofit, nonpartisan think tank created in 1986 to include the needs of low- and middle-income workers in economic policy discussions. EPI believes every working person deserves a good job with fair pay, affordable health care, and retirement security. To achieve this goal, EPI conducts research and analysis on the economic status of working America.

[Institute for New Economic Thinking](#)

Founded in the wake of the financial crisis in 2009, the Institute for New Economic Thinking (INET) is a nonpartisan, nonprofit organization devoted to developing and sharing the ideas that can repair our broken economy and create a more equal, prosperous, and just society. To meet current and future challenges, we conduct and commission research, convene forums for exchanging ideas, develop curricula, and nurture a global community of young scholars.

[Economics for Inclusive Prosperity](#)

We live in an age of astonishing inequality. Income and wealth disparities between the rich and the poor in the United States have risen to heights not seen since the Gilded Age in the early part of the 20th century.... This is a time when we need new ideas for policy. We think economists, among other social scientists, have a responsibility to be part of the solution, and that mainstream economics—the kind of economics that is practiced in the leading academic centers of the country—is indispensable for generating useful policy ideas.

[Center for Economic and Policy Research](#)

The Center for Economic and Policy Research (CEPR) was established in 1999 to promote democratic debate on the most important economic and social issues that affect people's lives. In order for citizens to effectively exercise their voices in a democracy, they should be informed about the problems and choices that they face. CEPR is committed to presenting issues in an accurate and understandable manner, so that the public is better prepared to choose among the various policy options.

[Political Economy Research Institute](#)

The Political Economy Research Institute (PERI) promotes human and ecological well-being through our original research. Our approach is to translate what we learn into workable policy proposals that are capable of improving life on our planet today and in the future... Since its founding, PERI has become a leading source of research and policy initiatives on issues of globalization, unemployment, financial market instability, central bank policy, living wages and decent work, and the economics of peace, development, and the environment.

Hit us up at functionallydead@gmail.com and peep more issues [here](#).

IN THE NEXT ISSUE: WHY A "DIRTY BOMB" WAS NECESSARY FOR OUR GENDER REVEAL



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//