Six feet apart or six feet under?

Democrats unify amid 45’s zombie apocalypse

by Richard J. Rosendall | rrosendall@starpower.net

There is a Twilight Zone quality to the stillness of our normally busy cities as most of us stay home due to the coronavirus pandemic. Unfortunately, the healthcare providers, grocers, bus drivers, and other essential workers who cannot stay safely at home are not the only ones keeping busy out there.

First among the mischief makers are Trumpists using the pandemic as a pretext to suppress votes, shut down abortion services, and double down on anti-immigrant policies. They distract, divide, and disinform to preserve their minority rule, even as the Red Dawn emails unearthed by The New York Times prove their failure amid a looming health crisis. Ignoring medical experts and intelligence, they have

"Who’s ’They’? We were writing the show. He did that. He did everything...including write the scene probably!"

— Fran Drescher on "Billy Masters LIVE" when I asked who cast her at-the-time straight husband Peter Marc Jacobson as a gay actor on "The Nanny. Why’d he play the role? Check out BillyMasters.com/TV — the answer may surprise you.

find Billy Masters on page 6!
Given the way that 2019 ended for me, I was sure that 2020 would be better. In early December, while I was on a trip back to my hometown of Cleveland, my mother developed a cough, which quickly turned into an almost lethal combo of pneumonia, flu and MRSA. Just before Christmas, as my Mom was about to be transferred from hospital to rehab to begin her two-months long recovery back in Ohio, I side-swiped an SUV in a parking lot on the North Shore.

A week later, my neck and left shoulder stiffened up; soon I was walking like Marv Feldman in Young Frankenstein. After all that drama, I was glad to see the year come to an end, figuring that I had nowhere to go but up.

At first, there were some hopeful signs. My mother made slow but steady progress, and finally returned to her assisted-living apartment in February. My shoulder and neck, after numerous visits to the chiropractor and physical therapist, began to loosen up—and I started back to my visits to the chiropractor and physical therapist, began to loosen up—and I started back to my gym routine. But over the past few weeks, the ground seems to be shifting beneath my feet; I’m standing on tectonic plates slipping away.

Of course, the country (or at least the Federal Government) has been something of a shitshow standing on tectonic plates slip-sliding away. Of course, the country (or at least the Federal Government) has been something of a shitshow—ever since Trump and his posse assumed control.

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My primary fear isn’t for myself, though my inner hypochondriac is getting an aerobic workout, my heartbeat elevating as I read the latest reports: Harvard is closing after spring break, the National Guard is deployed around New Rochelle, New York, and the virus has killed a dozen Seniors in a Seattle-area nursing home. That ties into my greatest fear—that my mother, and many other Seniors in facilities like hers—will be swept up by the tide, their weakened immune systems unable to cope with the onslaught.

Another concern is my lack of faith in the men in charge—the head of the CDC, Dr. Robert Redfield has a record of supporting abstinence as a means of limiting HIV, and connections with evangelical Christian groups. Then the new Coronavirus czar, VP Mike Pence, who doesn’t believe in science, and the Orange One himself, with evangelical Christian groups. Then the new Coronavirus czar, VP Mike Pence, who doesn’t believe in science, and the Orange One himself, who lives in a world of make believe where a vaccine is coming any day and the virus will magically disappear by spring or summer.

In short, the left hand of our government doesn’t know what the right hand is doing, and my heartrate elevating as I read the latest reports: Harvard is closing after spring break, the National Guard is deployed around New Rochelle, New York, and the virus has killed a dozen Seniors in a Seattle-area nursing home. That ties into my greatest fear—that my mother, and many other Seniors in facilities like hers—will be swept up by the tide, their weakened immune systems unable to cope with the onslaught.

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all the flaws in our healthcare system are being exposed: many workers don’t have paid sick leave; parents often send their sick children to school since they can’t afford childcare; many people are uninsured or can’t afford their co-pays. And so the beat goes on, and that drumbeat permeates my days, the soundtrack to my regular routines.

Last Monday was a beautiful day, sunny and 74 degrees. Walking around Copley Square after my chiropractor appointment, in which I was turned, twisted, and inserted into traction—which reminds me of some medieval torture device, a modern version of the rack—I was pulled in two directions. On the one hand, I was walking in the sun sans jacket, soaking up some vitamin D and enjoying the novelty of May in March, while humming the chorus of REM’s “It’s the end of the world as we know it, and I feel fine.” But turning on NPR (I’m a junkie, unable to shake the habit as I bounce between On Point on ‘BUR and Boston Public Radio on ‘GBH) there’s a litany of nonstop bad news, of school closings, community outbreaks and the stock market dive.

Meanwhile, the Donald is holding a press conference or making some kind of statement (I couldn’t listen), tossing a word salad that would make George W Bush actually seem literate by comparison—an admittedly low bar. By evening, several older students in my writing classes have emailed to send their regrets, and I wonder whether I will be able to make my next trip to Cleveland, to teach a writers’ workshop and to see my mom.

I’m not panicking and am trying not to be swayed by the general wave of anxiety amplified by the media, my Facebook feed, and my own internal dialogue. I’m still hoping 2020 will be better than its predecessor. For now, I’m taking it one day at a time and when the sun comes out, just getting out for a walk.

Judah Leblang is a teacher, writer, and storyteller in Boston.
Rosendall

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A flash of resistance arose at the White House on April 7 when Dr. Anthony Fauci invoked an earlier epidemic to discuss the unacceptable health disparities in the African American community. “During the early years of HIV/AIDS, there was extraordinary stigma, particularly against the gay community. And it was only when the world realized how the gay community responded ... with incredible courage and dignity and strength and activism, I think that really changed some of the stigma against the gay community.” This he said in front of Mike Pence.

Meanwhile, Democrats have surprised themselves by unifying around Joe Biden four months before their party’s convention. My optimism is tempered by concerns that Biden is showing his age (in contrast to Fauci, who is sharp and vigorous at 79). Yet one Democratic operative I know dismissed such concerns by saying Biden “is looking good in his basement.” That bears a faint echo of the “madwoman in the attic” theme in classic Romance novels.

But not to worry. For one thing, Trump’s daily display of delusion makes Biden’s shortcomings look benign. For another, more and more people tell me they would vote for a ham sandwich or their old socks before giving Trump another term. The prospect of our country’s destruction is concentrating many citizens’ minds.

As for the trolls, authoritarians, and conspiracy nuts planning further mayhem, they are not the only ones with technology and motivation. Those of us with more constructive aims can use our talents to connect in creative new ways.

This was beautifully demonstrated by Broadway star Brian Stokes Mitchell, himself recovering from COVID-19, singing “The Impossible Dream” from his apartment window. Every little bit helps. From our composure under stress to the rule of law in our republic, it’s try to keep it together.

Richard J. Rosendall is a writer and activist at rosendall.com. Copyright © 2020 by Richard J. Rosendall. All rights reserved.

cravenly subordinated themselves to a class, narcissistic fraud who denies reality, attacks the messenger and blesses onto governors and the World Health Organization. Republicans are waging a civil war without guns, yet they cannot govern.

Next are the conspiracy nuts who invent paranoid nonsense, as if not enough terrible things are happening. An example of this is the bizarre claim that 5G towers transmit the coronavirus, the proof of which is supposedly on Britain’s new £20 note.

Then there are the unhinged demonstrations organized by far-right groups. Columbus Dispatch photographer Joshua A. Bickel’s viral photo of protesters at the Ohio statehouse screaming in outrage against quarantines looks like a zombie movie send-up. Consider the contrast: Michigan Gov. Gretchen Whitmer says, “Better to be six feet apart right now than six feet under,” as presidential tweets mock social distancing and appear to encourage armed insurrection.

Talk about bloodshed: Republicans, backed by glh, unqualified TV doctors, have blithely suggested sacrificing the elderly as the price for restoring the economy — as if they are not a significant part of it. Remember a decade ago when conservatives denounced imaginary “death panels” they claimed the Affordable Care Act would create? This reversal shows how lust for power overrides all other considerations in today’s GOP. But as deaths mount and infections surge in different parts of the country, polls suggest most Americans realize that politicized pressure for premature reopening is no substitute for a program of testing and contact tracing.

Put it this way: how quick will you be to return to a ballpark, theater, concert hall, workplace, or restaurant without knowing if the person next to you is a symptomless carrier of deadly infection?

Mombian

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pears and helps them learn to celebrate being themselves. She takes them in a flying car to a nearby library for a diverse and fun-filled story time.

In “Auntie Uncle: Drag Queen Hero,” by Ellie Royce and illustrated by Hannah Chambers (POW) a young boy loves his Uncle Leo, an accountant, and his Auntie Lotta, a drag queen—who are both the same person. One day at a Pride parade, Auntie Lotta rescues a dog, and the mayor plans an award ceremony. Uncle Leo doesn’t know who should accept the award, Leo or Lotta—the friends who know one might be surprised to see the other. The boy helps craft a “fierce” look that incorporates both aspects of his “Auntie Uncle’s” personality. All the friends applaud in a happy denouement.

“Auntie Uncle,” by Sarah Brannen, is a revised edition of Brannen’s charming 2008 book. Now illustrated by Lucía Soto (Little Bee), it still centers on a young boy loving his Auntie Uncle, an accountant, and his Auntie Auntie, a drag queen. All the friends applaud in a happy denouement. Lotta rescues a dog, and the mayor plans an award ceremony. Uncle Leo doesn’t know who should accept the award, Leo or Lotta—the friends who know one might be surprised to see the other. The boy helps craft a “fierce” look that incorporates both aspects of his “Auntie Uncle’s” personality. All the friends applaud in a happy denouement.

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For toddlers and preschoolers, “Plenty of Hugs,” by Fran Manushkin and illustrated by Kate Alizadeh (Dial Books) uses bouncy rhymes to talk with a two-mom family to a zoo and a farm, then home and on to bedtime. One of the moms is a rare example of a children’s-book mom with a masculine-of-center gender expression. The theme isn’t gender expression, though, but rather the love between parents and child, which is evident on every page.

“Pride 1 2 3” by Michael Joosten and illustrated by Wednesday Holmes (Little Simon) is a counting book board set at a Pride celebration, “I parade in the month of June; 2 DJs spin fabulous tunes,” start the rhymes, continuing up to ten. The bright illustrations show a diversity of people and Pride flags, along with affirming messages like “You are magical.”

Dana Rudolph is the founder and publisher of Mombian (mombian.com), a GLAAD Media Award-winning blog and resource directory for LGBTQ2 parents.

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vice president Joe Biden for president. Now, more than ever, our families are wondering where they’re going to get their next paycheck or can they keep their small businesses afloat. They need a champion in the White House, and that champion is Joe Biden.”

Baldwin, the twice-elected U.S. senator from Wisconsin, credits Biden with having “always fought for the bold progressive change that working families in Wisconsin need” and understanding “everyone deserves to be treated with dignity and respect and afforded the opportunity to thrive.”

Recognizing Wisconsin, which Trump narrowly won in 2016, will be a battleground state, Baldwin calls for help in her state to make sure Biden wins in 2020.

“The road to the White House goes right through Wisconsin, and I’m going to do everything I can to make sure Joe Biden wins in November, and I hope you’ll join me,” Baldwin says.

Baldwin is among several prominent Democrats to come out in support of Biden now that he faces no competition for the Democratic presidential nomination. Others are former presidential candidates Bernie Sanders and Elizabeth Warren as well as former President Barack Obama.

Endorsements for Biden continue to pile up. One prominent LGBTQ group that has yet to endorse him, however, is the Human Rights Campaign, which had stayed out of the 2020 primary. The Blade has made multiple requests for an update from HRC on its endorsement, but has obtained no new information.

Baldwin endorses Biden as her name has appeared on several media lists as a potential choice for his running mate in the 2020 election, which would lead to her becoming vice president if he were elected. Biden has promised his selection for a running mate would be a woman.
These are wacky times. We’re staying home, we’re bored, we’re left to our own devices—or running to CVS to buy batteries for our own devices! It’s also a time for reflection and re-evaluation. Sexy Daniel Newman from “The Walking Dead” made a confession. “I’m a TOP. I’m too lazy to bottom!” Ah, but there’s a catch. “I’m also super attracted to Tops so I guess whoever is strong enough and can pin down the other wins that night,” he smiled a pay-per-view special. Or maybe Danny hasn’t doused...yet!

Meanwhile, the cousin executive has gotten Chris Cuomo to rethink his priorities. “I don’t want to spend my time doing things I don’t think are valuable enough to me personally. I don’t like what I do professionally. I’ve decided...I don’t value indulging irrationality, hyper partisanship. I don’t think it’s worth my time.” Among things he doesn’t want to spend time on, one of them is, “Trump...who we all know is full of shit by design.”

At this time last year, we pretty much knew what was what with the Jussie Smollett “incident”. We’d gone through ups and downs, highs and lows, triumphs and tribulations. And now, another twist. According to questionable reports, Jussie allegedly frolicked with one of those Nigerian brothers who “attacked” him. “Page Six” reports, “They used to party together and he had a sexual relationship with [Abel].” They went to this affluent Chicago bathhouse multiple times and they had to show ID.” Riddle me this —where is this “affluent Chicago bathhouse”? Cause, I know bathhouses, and I wouldn’t call any of them “affluent”.

You might have missed this story — Queen Latifah came out. Well, kinda. She was on Jada Pinkett Smith’s “Red Table Talk”, and talk turned to celebrity crashes. “I like the girl. She’s a Brazilian model,” she said, referring to Adriana Lima. “Oh, yeah, that’s my crush. She’s mmm, that kinda mmm! Yeah, she got FIRE! I like her. That’s my right girl there.” If we only knew how Latifah’s purported girlfriend Eboni Nichols feels about that.

Here’s what I get out of all the Aaron Schock criticisms—you’re all jealous of his looks, his body, and the people he sleeps with. I have a hunch if I asked any of you to get specific about your gripes with his politics, it would be a mighty short list. Yes, he’s quarantining in a fancy-schmancy Mexican resort with a group of hot gay boys. And, yes, it does kinda look like he’s on the set of a Bel Ami flick with six guys all named Vachel! And, yes, one of those hot guys with single-digit body fat is paying all the bills. Jealous? I think I can answer that —yes. Do any of us really care if he’s quarantining or not? No. Do we care if he’s wearing a medical-grade mask or the mask from “Eyes Wide Shut”? No, I am, however, perfectly content to drift off to sleep picturing Schock as a human Lazy Susan. So let go of the jealousy. And if you’d like to see every inch of that Lazy Susan (especially when it’s aroused), check out BillyMasters.com. You’re welcome.

Week three of “Billy Masters LIVE” has been a banner one. It kicked off with our very own Judy Gold and Varla Jean Merman. Let me warn you —while Varla was in full regalia, Gold was deathly ill and had just come from being tested for Covid-19. And yet, the show was hysterically funny, while also filled with great insights.

On Thursday, we had the fabulous Fran Drescher! She may have noticed, I’m only booking people I personally know and like. So if you ever wondered what Fran is really like, check out this episode. She’s everything you want her to be...and more. The stories we got —it was like friends chatting in her living room (which we kinda were). To top things off, I surprised her with even more people she loves, including her ex-husband Peter Marc Jacobson, her first agent, Dan Guerrero, her attorney, Mark Sendroff; and the incomparable Lainie Kazan (who showed both her mother and her aunt). To get every drop of the tea we spilled, watch the full show at BillyMasters.com/TV.

Speaking of spilling tea, you know that Jennifer Lewis is one of my best friends. And she’ll be on “Billy Masters LIVE” on Tuesday, April 21st. Needless to say, the opinions of Miss Lewis are hers alone and are no reflection on Billy Masters Multimedia. The one thing I can promise is that it’ll be memorable. You won’t wanna miss this!

While I’m riding out the pandemic in Boston, Prince Harry and Meghan are in Los Angeles. And they’re actually pitching in. The royal twosome volunteered at Project Angel Food, which prepares and delivers food to homebound people who are either medically or financially in need. Harry and Meg volunteered in the kitchen on Easter Sunday and then returned on Wednesday to deliver meals in person. We’re told the idea was Meghan’s, who wanted to show Harry LA through her eyes. The organization’s executive director said, “They were extremely down to earth and genuinely interested in every single person they met.” Since I know you’re wondering, they delivered 20 meals. That may not sound like a lot, but lemme ask you a question —how many meals have you delivered? So, good on them. If you’d like to make a donation, check out AngelFood.org.

Remember last week when I criticized the Musicians Union for mixing plans for “Celebrating 25 Magical Years of Disney On Broadway” to be streamed as a fundraiser for Broadway Cares/Equity Fights AIDS’ Covid-19 Emergency Relief Fund? Well, in light of all the criticism, the union changed its tune —and, yes, that’s as ironic as it sounds! I also told you that the Actors’ Equity union halted Red Bull Theater from live streaming a reading of “’Tis a Pity She’s a Whore”. They, too, have acquiesced. The theater’s managing director said, “It took us a little longer to get started with this programming than we had hoped, but we’re thrilled to have worked out the kinks and are ready to move forward.” I dunno about you, but I like a few kinks. That reading airs on April 20th on RedBullTheater.com.

The LGBTQ community is doing what it can to make Joe Biden our next president (which, given the current situation, sounds like a really crappy job). On April 23rd, a star-studded online fundraiser called “A Fabulous Evening with Vice President Joe Biden” will be streamed. Some of the guests will include Kristin Chenoweth, Melissa Etheridge, Billie Jean King, and Billy Porter. With two Billys on the bill, they clearly didn’t need me.

Our “Ask Billy” question comes from Kurt in Phoenix. “Is Dan Renzi [from ‘The Real World Miami’] now a nurse? There was someone who kinda looked like him on with Rachel Maddow last week.”

Yup, that was him. Since his time on MTV back in 1996, Dan has gone through a plethora of professions, until he stumbled upon what he really wanted to do —help people. He’s been a nurse for almost a decade and has most recently been living in Kansas. However, the moment NYC became ground zero and the need for healthcare workers became dire, he immediately uprooted himself and went to pitch in. Some of the experiences he related to Maddow were sobering. “If you told me that not too many years after I graduated that I would be living in a hotel in New York while I was putting bodies in body bags because this mysterious virus was mowing down everybody’s grandparents...how do you process that?” Again, the new normal.

When a reality star is making a difference, it’s definitely time to end yet another column. While people are bickering about being bored, I am anything but. Obviously I’m still writing this column, which you can read weekly on the ever-popular www.BillyMasters.com —the site that never sleeps. And then, of course, there’s “Billy Masters LIVE”, which you can watch every Tuesday and Thursday at 3PM Eastern on our YouTube Channel —Billy Masters TV. Lots of you are watching, but subscribing is what gives us the power and flexibility to bring you more. And if you have a question, drop a note to Billy@BillyMasters.com, and I promise to get back to you before that “Walking Dead” star proves he’s no Lazy Danny! To my fellow Albanians, “Kredit ungjall”. To the Greeks, “Christos anesti”. And to everyone else, remember, one man’s filth is another man’s bible.
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