STRANGE DAYS INDEED?
Another Original And Exclusive Column From The Mind Of DINO COSTA
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“Most familiar mama…roll”

If you’ve not been able to tell, a personal and significant, radical and refreshing transformation, has been in my midst these past few weeks.

Do you know what I did last night?

I slept in my vehicle.

By choice.

Why?

I’ll get to that a little later in this column.

So I’d imagine that today, you’re probably getting along just fine at your cushy job, with many of you, no doubt, bathing in a feeling of supreme satisfaction, content that your 401K is in good shape and that your Christmas bonus will be arriving any minute now.

I have no such 401K and my Christmas bonus will be waking up on the 25th of December with all of my faculties in working order, Lord willing.

I’m good with this — more than good with it in fact.

Well, I mean, not to mislead anyone, because there are some positives to mention.

Like what?

Well, for starters, I’ve still got my gun and more than enough ammunition to get me through the next few years ahead and this kind of security is worth its weight in gold as far as I’m concerned.

These are both strange times for me — and wonderfully exciting times as well.

Something tells me that 5-years from now I’ll look back at this time in my life and consider it to be the ultimate watershed moment during my days on earth.

A moment when it all started to make sense, a moment when everything started to click, time and space when much-needed clarity and authenticity entered the picture for me.

For it is in this time that I have seen my spirit and soul reborn in ways that have freed me from the psychological prison, released me from the torture and personal tribulation I’ve previously been unwilling to detach myself from.

I’m not sure that there was one singular line of demarcation for me when the light went on and things went from fuzzy to clear, instead, I think it was a collective number of moments over the past few months…years?

We now have liftoff and as I rise above the noise and the carnage beneath me I can see a picture being pieced together that now makes much more sense to me than it ever did at any time in the past.

I’ve been clinging to a system, a way of doing things, trapping myself, while convincing myself that my world and my thoughts and feelings could find compatibility within the construct of a world system that demands my conformity in return for the satisfaction and the feeling of contentedness that you yourself find yourself in while reading this very story.

I’ve asked myself a few important questions along the path I’m now on, one of them being; Just how much am I willing to lose, just how far am I willing to go in order to be the person I want to be?

I’ve been staring at this bridge in front of me for a long time now, I call it; The Bridge Of No Return, and I realized that while I desperately
wanted to cross this bridge, I was hesitant to do so, unsure that I was ready to embrace all that awaited me when and if I got to the other side. However, once I did cross it, a feeling of liberation and emancipation washed over me, something I immediately sensed with the very first step I took on this ground I've never walked on before.

I’ve teetered on the edge for so long, sometimes taking a little step forward to see what it would feel like, this world of authenticity and factuality that I’ve previously been reluctant to embrace, but I always seemed to quickly pull back, turning around, and going back to the safety and the familiarity of The System in place, the terrain where the well-majority of the world enthusiastically walks, doing so in return for the rewards and pleasures The System offers in return for obedience and subservience to it.

This is the very same system that will reward or penalize you yourself, depending on your own obedience and loyalty to the societal code that we wake up to each and every day. But I asked myself another question as I contemplated this significant pivot I was to soon undertake; *Who am I, what is it that I seek, and just who was I trying to please?*

*The System?*

Yes, a *System* that has both helped and hurt me depending on the day, the time, and the year.

As I peered into *The System’s* gears and considered it’s monolithic control, at this point in my life, I felt an overwhelming disgust and repugnance for it like never previous.

The level of malice I continued to feel for this System only grew when I thought more deeply about how this malicious machine chews up and spits out those it no longer wants or needs, how it disregards and eliminates those who are a threat to its existence, and how this *System* changes the rules and tilts the game for its own selfish and unfair benefit as it deems fit, many times without any advance warning.

When you shake hands with *The System* you also sign on the dotted line with your blood, a blood oath, and *The System* doesn’t like it when it feels it has been crossed – and *The System* never forgets.

The construct of this *System*, so utterly vapid, a societal infrastructure where you’re forced to acquiesce to precepts and dogmas, designs implemented that you have had nothing to do with creating, a cultural framework that insists that you bow down and genuflect in front of this cultural establishment.

You’re a worker bee who willingly accepts a certain amount of pre-scripted ideas and thoughts in order to stay in the good graces of those who pat you on your head and tell you that you’re a good boy.

I was involved in the world of Big Media for years and accomplished much during those seasons in the sun, however, I did so only with the approval of my masters and overlords while also allowing them to have dominion over me in any one of a number of different ways.

For instance, when I last worked for *The System* on any meaningful level, I determined that my family’s present and future interests were better off if we were located in the state of Wyoming, rather than in New York, but *The System* told me that if I went ahead with such a relocation that my salary would be slashed by $50,000.

*The System* is oftentimes into assfucking people without any lubricant.
I went ahead with the move anyway, forfeited the money *The System* unjustly denied me and did this with the realization that the company I worked for at the time had personalities and talent spread throughout America – and to the best of my knowledge, none of those people had their salaries slashed because of where they were located.

*The System* insisted I stay put in the place I was, but this same *System* never offered me anything in the way of incentives or rewards for staying put, they just ordered me to stand still and to not move a muscle.

It was their game, they owned all the bats and all the balls, and thus, they could rearrange the rules of engagement as they saw fit with my own ability to control things being very limited.

Over the last few months, I’ve been waiting and waiting, and then waiting a little more, for a position that I had accepted back in July of this year to materialize with an actual show I was scheduled to host, with *Eleven Sports Network*.

I waited endlessly for this platform to gain clearance, a platform that has been rehashed and discussed countless numbers of times over a collective number of months between an assortment of different people involved in the project.

Nice people, seemingly very good people, well-intentioned people who were enthused at the idea of me hosting this proposed show I was scheduled to do. However, the more I waited, the more this allowed me to think about things, the waiting gave me an opportunity to consider my current set of circumstances as well as my past situations and how this should, or could, factor into my future both short and long term.

Finding myself in an interim position over the last few months provided me with a silver lining, an opportunity to pause and to reflect, a chance to contemplate my past media roles and to candidly ask myself where, or if, I fit in the current construct of Big Media...on any level?

During this time I took a good look around and gauged the direction and flow of what Big Media has become, where it is going, and who fits the profile for today’s successful and acceptable Big Media media representative.

I answered by concluding: Not me.

And now, a review of the options:

Script reading has never really been for me – thus – I immediately eliminated any desire to be an update or news anchor.

I have no interest in appearing in a newscast setting or perhaps being a sports anchor on television, and so that was an area of no interest for me.

Doing play-by-play, although a skill that I’m in possession of and something I can do very well, is likewise an area of the industry that appeals very little to me and so that was never a consideration.

What I wanted, what I’m built for, is being in a studio setting, sitting down with a microphone in front of me and organically telling people what’s on my mind.

This is an environment where I excel, where I have excelled in the past, and where I plan to excel again.

This was to be my role on *Eleven Sports*, a show that was to be distributed on a national level, including on DirecTV, with the profile for this show that would match parameters with my skills as a long-form spoken word communicator.

Afternoons from 4-6P, Monday through Friday.

It was all going to be so exciting...I think?
This was to be my new role – that is – until I took an honest and realistic inventory of myself and challenged myself to answer perhaps the most important and relevant question there was.

While being back on a national platform was something I considered seductive and somewhat noteworthy, one of the things I asked myself was; 

*Would this be enough to satisfy my curiosity with what the world throws my way each and every day?*

How long would I be satisfied under such an environment and under the thumbs of Big Media...as I have found myself in similar if not identical situations previously?

With the anger and frustrations I have inside of me, with all of the injustices I perceive all around me, the double-standards and hypocrisies that are so evident, the things that are so obviously wrong in virtually all sectors of society, things that are flawed and defective, but things that are never allowed to be talked about in a public setting...would such a show on the Eleven Sports Network allow me to go through the myriad range of emotions and opinions I have in lieu of all of the things I wanted to say, things I need to say?

Was my new role on *Eleven Sports* a platform that was conducive to allowing me to disseminate thoughts in all the ways I wish to?

Just how long would my shelf life be in such an environment and how long would it be until I was just too motherfucking real on the air for me to get the hook from someone, finding myself bounced out the door because I insisted on being so real?

The arranged societal grid which is orchestrated and set in stone by those who hold the keys and make the inarguable rules...with all that is on my mind and with all the things I want to say, things that nobody is allowed to say in a Big Media setting, in the end, would this be enough for me at this stage of my life?

I mean, I’ve done this before, I’ve hosted a national radio show, a show that was well received and in recognition of many positive reviews by both critics and fans, what more did I have left to prove on such a level again? I mean, look it, if SXM called me tomorrow then that could change things, but that isn’t happening, and anything less than an uncensored and totally free-flowing environment will position me within the confines of an odious and restrictive media environment that wouldn’t truly serve the purposes for myself nor the platform I would hypothetically go to work for.

And then there was one final question I had for myself.

At this stage of the game, even with my lifelong love and passion for the world of sports...was it *sports exclusively* that I wished to talk about all the time?

Just sports?

At this point, I’d consider that to be a very limited menu option for myself. Is the world not so overly fucked up that it should compel me to want to not only detail my thoughts on the candy store areas of life...but whatever else is out there and is on my mind as well?

When you own the land you get to build on that land whatever it is you wish to build.

I’ve never truly owned the land in my line of work and because of this my ability to build and to construct as I would like to with no interference has always come with limitations.

*The System* knows this and uses it to its advantage.
I consider these radio “programs” hosted by such empty on-air vessels, these
unimportant and feckless individuals sitting behind microphones, all
following the same script, all sounding the same, one-note imposters who
nobody remembers today and who nobody will recognize tomorrow...or whenever
they reach the end of the line someday, all of this is enough to make me
nauseous.
These on-air people are mostly nice scenery, window dressing, actors and
actresses, space and time fillers, non-descript individuals simply
satisfied to be employed who have made the choice to hang around as long as
they can while doing nothing in the process to make a true difference one
way or
another.
I piss on them all.
I piss on them and I piss on the hollow and plastic world they represent.
These people are lacking in so many things – and authenticity is one of
them.
These on-air people have been indoctrinated and brainwashed into a system,
into a world of make-believe, and they gleefully distribute this world of
imitation to the equally brainwashed masses of zombies who listen to them
but who get nothing of substance and nothing of anything that could be
considered to be edifying in return from these on-air automatons.
Fuck them, and fuck those who give them their ears in such ignorant
fashion, apparently so willing to accept the meager crumbs on the plate
that these listeners receive daily.
These are radio listeners, consumers of such flavorless and insipid
“content”, who are apparently satisfied with such inane and redundant
driveling, when in reality, they should instead be utterly insulted by the
lack of sincerity and conviction offered them by such trivial and depthless
on-air offerings routinely disseminated by a host of on-air milquetoast
pussies.
These radio charlatans, many of them with big stages, all of them wasting
the opportunity to transcend the industry, worse yet, they have no desire
to make a significant mark, and even worse, they have no idea how to.
These “radio people”, soulless and feckless individuals and with no
ability to move any needles, each day and night they deliver a
cookie-cutter, formulaic, watered down and predictable presentation with no
heart, no soul, and certainly no conviction other than what The System
permits and authorizes them to say with any meaning.
Look all around you and see what’s in your midst, my friends.
The limp-wristed and faggoty-sounding Colin Cowherd?
Dan Patrick, who is the perfect picture of what Mr. Rogers would sound
like if he did a sports radio program?
Jim Rome, a walking cartoon, a caricature without a trace of realism in
his body?
Damon Amendolara, a say nothing uninteresting borefest of an individual?
Nick Wright, as ill-equipped todo long-form spoke- word radio as anyone I
can think of?
JT The Brick, doing the same juvenile and fluff-oriented radio program
today as he did when he first entered the business 25-years ago.
The entire spectrum of talkers at places like ESPN Radio, CBS Sports Radio, each and every one of them laughably lauded by many within the industry, all of them who haven’t a clue as to what people truly desire to listen to.

All of these people – and more – are nothing more than walking and talking radio mannequins

Chris Russo, who hyenas his way through most programs he does, who offers nothing in the way of variety, who fell ass-backward into a pile of happy shit all those years ago, and then, with his partner, had the number-one-rated sports radio program in New York...running unopposed by any other program for the majority of those years.

For 5-years I found myself on the same channel Russo was on, and with a time slot not nearly as good as Russo’s, I not only ran circles around him.

I was not only the blast furnace of that otherwise boring and monotonous channel – but in addition – if not for me, without the vast amount of publicity and attention I consistently garnered while I was there, that channel would have been kept in mothballs for the most part, just as it is today.

While I was bringing nothing but compelling and entertaining heat every night, the “Mad Dog” was usually found to be consistently mailing in programs, stealing money from those who were paying him, begging for phone callers and threatening to talk about Tennis if none came in, and basically exposing himself by having no interest or ability to talk up the sports scene from coast-to-coast.

Chris Russo is a “Mad Dog?”

Seriously? Never has a nickname been as fraudulently used as this name which was bestowed upon Russo many years ago.

Then there’s his former partner, Mike Francesa, currently a corpse of a talk radio host at this stage of the game, fiddling with his cell phone while he half listens to those who call his program each afternoon, and if nobody did call his program, if he could not count on 75-80 people each day to take up large swaths of content for him each day, this is a man who would be completely exposed as the fraud I’ve known him to be from Day One.

One time when working for The System I asked Francesa’s former producer what would happen if Francesa walked into the studio for a program one day only to be told that the phones would be out for the length of the program that day?

This former Francesa producer told me that Mike would go home and tell the station to call him when the phones were back in working order.

Francesa? A hack.

Put a person in a room with a set of headphones and the ability to change a channel to hear me or any other talker in America all broadcasting at the same time and that person would leave the focus group room by telling the moderators that they preferred my show above all others.

Working the nearly 20-years, where I gave my semi-allegiance to this System, on the other hand, I never consented to play by all of The System’s heavy-handed and draconian rules, which, of course, led to a series of disagreements and feuds, sometimes resulting in a continuation of my on-air show, and sometimes not.

I was never simply content to be “on the air” during my career, and why?

Because my dimensions and characteristics as a talk show host transcended the norms of the industry.

Simply being on the air is more than underwhelming.
Instead, when I left the studio after any show I did, I wanted my audience to remember who they just listened to and what it was that I said...and they did.

Conventional and ordinary I’m not – and for years my shows reflected this and audiences gravitated to the sound of my voice because they realized it was a voice and a style unlike anything else they could compare.

Look it, don’t blame me because of the fact that “sameness” ensconces the world of talk radio, and likewise, don’t complain to me when taking into consideration the fact that there has been nobody in the business who recognized the one-of-a-kind and wholly unique presentation I provide to my audiences.

Don’t send any blame in my direction that there has been nobody smart enough or who possesses the kind of vision and instincts that would allow them to take my non-duplicatable style and exploit it with tremendous success it would have produced, that it actually did produce, if anyone had the brains enough to understand all this at many points in the past. Had The System known what it was doing, had The System had any real brains, any balls, at this juncture, I’d be hosting the hottest and most listened to sports radio show in America on satellite radio.

Now, you might be able to blame me for being born at the wrong time and you can blame me for hitting the scene at a time where radio presentations such as the kind I offer up aren’t valued the way they once were...I’ll more than accept this kind of blame.

And you could also blame me for not being Dino Costawitz – instead of Dino Costa.

It’s not that I necessarily dislike Jews, in fact, I know and have been in the company of many Jewish people who I like and enjoy to be around. My best friend growing up was a Jew.

My former producer was a terrific Jew.

However, on the other hand, I do wonder how such a disproportionate amount of Jewish representation calls most of the shots in the broadcast and entertainment business.

I do wonder how Jewish domination of the broadcast and entertainment worlds are so thoroughly dominated by Jews when such people represent a mere 2% of the population in America.

However, when it comes to the arena of broadcasting and entertainment, Jews eclipse over 60% of the industry in terms of personnel and management roles...while again, representing an extremely small percentage of the American population.

You might think that’s an antisemitic thought on my part when I mention this?

I really don’t give a shit, and I’ll conclude that it’s a question worthy of exploration – but never a question to be introduced by any talk show host tethered to the world of Big Media...it’s simply not allowed.

Sometimes I’m led to wonder if the difference between Howard Stern and me is something known as a Bar mitzvah?

I had one person who visits my website object to a question I recently posted on my Twitter account when I openly wondered why America never seemed to have any problems with countries in the Middle East until about the year 1948.

If you are unaware, Israel was granted official statehood in 1948 when Jews were given a small piece of land in the Middle East that they have since
I’m not supposed to object to this narrative, I’m not supposed to be insulted by such demeaning bullshit, instead, I’m supposed to accept it, feel the awful guilt, and shamefully walk away.

I love how some of these people demand equality but then also segregate themselves with, for instance, black-only publications, black-only radio stations, black-only beauty pageants, black-only meeting places, black-only college gathering spots, in addition to events that celebrate one specific culture while then making sure to cry racism if I or anyone else wishes to celebrate our own culture.

What if I suggest that there should be more separation of the white and black races?

Here, I’m considered to be a bigot, right?

But recently, former ESPN race-baiter, Jemelle “Thrill” Hill, opined in a story for the website where she now works, that prospective black college football players should eschew any opportunities to play at places like Nebraska, or Ohio State, and instead make the decision to play collegiately at only black schools and colleges.

I don’t agree with this racist bitch...but what if I did?
Jemelle Hill is still considered a respected and erstwhile member of the sports media and she wrote a column calling for absolute segregation when it comes to college football.

Had I, or someone else who isn’t black written similar sentiments, do you suppose we’d be considered “respectable” by the same people who feel this way about Jemelle Hill these days?

Are your eyes open and are your ears being unclogged as you read this piece?

My previous national radio show used to be flooded with phone calls from black people across this country, most of them who told me I spoke common sense when it came to this stuff, hard-working, decent, black folks, who were as chagrined with the various stereotypes and societal conclusions that represented both blacks and whites across America.

I cannot tell you how many black callers to my shows have told me repeatedly that many in their own communities feel entitled and that with all of their bitching and moaning, constantly using the victimhood crutch, with all of the enabling, they get from the Democrat plantation, that this keeps many black folks bitter and broke.

That they considered many of their fellow black brethren to be a disgrace to other black folks.

That they considered many of their black brothers and sisters to be lazy and unmotivated people who sit on their asses and were content to draw food stamps and government assistance for the rest of their lives while passing this system on to their children.

That they were beyond disgusted by the rampant amount of crime committed by those in their demographic and how this was something that was unfairly passed along to them to deal with and how this gives them a bad name.

The notion that something called “white privilege” being real and authentic is one of the most insidious lies ever told and accepted by people – especially other white people.

But “black privilege?”

That isn’t merely a notion, that’s an inarguable fact in many cases.

Black Lives Matter?

Yes, indeed, they do, however, I’m not referring to the radical terrorist group that parades around city streets causing all kinds of mayhem and chaos while spitting out nothing but excuses and ridiculous accusations at anyone who doesn’t feature their own skin color.

All fucking lives matter – no matter the color of one’s skin.

Take your bitter and divisive partisan politics and all the angles you work and feel free to shove them straight up your ass.

The above paragraphs are only a few reasons why I no longer feel as though my style and projections are compatible with today’s media institutions…and those media institutions would enthusiastically agree with me by the way.

Good, The System and I have finally found some common ground together.

Yeah, these are only some of my thoughts, some will agree, some will disagree, and some will challenge themselves to think more deeply on shit like this, and hopefully, some brain-dead robots out there will finally wake the fuck up.

But it always comes back to that System, you know?

Think differently?
If you question anything or if you think skeptically about something, if you have the temerity to challenge conventional wisdom or push back against those who set the rules in motion on a daily basis, then you place yourself in the crosshairs of The System...a system that doesn’t much enjoy your dissent.

Question the rules or take issue with The System, and this comes with some potentially devastating consequences.

You see, we’ve been taught, or conditioned, to believe that those who think differently, are a true danger to society, and as such, these people must be ostracized, bludgeoned, and basically censored into silence as quickly as possible.

Those who refuse to be browbeaten into submission by The System are to be castigated and categorized as being nothing more than worthless peons who are deserving of being shunted aside, shunned and scorned for having the gall to question the marching orders given to them daily by the growing numbers of thought-police maggots that can be found these days just about everywhere you look.

Why do I choose to sleep in my car every now and then?

Because, as a former homeless person, and as someone who has refused to buckle to The System many times over the years, I find the exercise of sleeping in my vehicle to be something that keeps me sharp, it keeps me grounded, motivated, humble, and it makes me appreciate the things that I do have.

It reminds me that if push comes to shove I can go places and do things that most people would never even dream of being able to do or deal with.

I can rough it with anyone, I have no reluctance in doing what I need to do in order to achieve what it is that I’m in search of.

Sacrifice is a word in which I am more than well-acquainted with over the years.

When I stop and think about it sometimes, its actually nothing less than a small miracle that I was ever given the opportunity to have my show broadcast over national airwaves at one time.

Earlier this summer when I was driving from New York to my home in Wyoming, I received a phone call from a friend of mine who I had stopped by to see in New York before leaving later on that night.

I told this person it would take me 2-3 days to get back home.

In a benevolent action, this person phoned me perhaps 6-7 hours after I had left to make my way home to see how I was doing?

At the time I received the call I had stopped at a truck stop somewhere in Pennsylvania, got a cup of coffee, took out a pillow, opened my laptop, and made myself comfortable in the back of my SUV.

This was nice, this was...peaceful.

When this person asked me where I was staying that night I told him that I was planning to sleep that night in the back of my vehicle. Then this person asked me if I wanted him to pay for a hotel room for the night?

I told him it wasn’t a question of not having the funds to pay for a room myself, it was more that I wanted to sleep in my car, that it was no problem for me, while also thanking him for a genuinely nice gesture.

You see, I don’t give a fuck about appearances my friends, I don’t care about what others consider to be normal.

Nobody owes me a damn thing, and if my sacrifices at times call for me to sleep in a car, then I’ll do it without complaint.
I refuse to allow society to insult me, to shame me, to disenfranchise me, while posturing like they have the perfect blueprint for successful and proper human living.

All of these people have issues and problems they contend with daily, even as they position themselves in ways that give off an appearance that they have life by the tail and that the world bends to their whims and pleasures instead of it being the other way around.

Hey now, maybe they do have it all mastered?

But even if they do, I want no part of their world, no part of their obviousness, their vanity, these cancel-culture people who relish in attempting to marginalize and minimizing my own life without ever walking a day in my shoes.

They’ll do what they want to – and I’ll do the same.

My transformation that’s in progress, a process that has me excitedly leaving the world of Big Media, or, traditional media, also means disconnecting from much of what society tells us is right and proper.

Keeping up appearances simply to be classified as “normal” not only bores the shit out of me, but it also makes me realize how much I detest their ideas of what is representative of normal or orderly.

Instead, I’ll embrace being ugly or living out the rest of my existence in what I’ll refer to as something along the lines of being unorthodox or atypical.

Because the fact is that I am both unorthodox and unconventional.

Give me the dirt, the grit, the grime, that’s a world I can easily segue to when and if the moment calls for it.

In reading some of my recent columns, or, in viewing some of my more recent Periscope videos, I hope that you can deduce that I’ve truly arrived at the point of not giving a fuck what anyone else thinks about me or how they choose to categorize me.

Bigot, racist, homophobe, intolerant, misogynist, sexist, xenophobe, none of these labels bother me in the least, and so, I encourage you to classify or pigeonhole me as you see fit...none of this is bothersome to me in any way, in fact, I’ll embrace such stereotypes and wear them like a fucking badge of honor.

There’s really only one thing I care about, and that is, I want you to listen to and watch my shows – that’s it.

And in listening to and watching my shows, I could not care less if you like me, love me, or loathe me.

*The System* is all about one thing and one thing only: Power.

The System is run on an engine which attempts to disincentivize anyone from moving against it, diminishing people through a lens that attempts to discredit them while muting them out of existence.

Most are far too intimidated to fight back and to tell *The System* to get fucked.

I give more of a pass to those in occupations that have nothing to do with the broadcast and entertainment business, because such people in other lines of work need to at the very least, give the appearance that they’re playing along.

These are folks who are able to give off the appearance that they are living life in lockstep with the non-negotiable societal edicts of the day, while on the other hand, knowing that they can also live a life of anonymity that protects and inoculates them from the heavy-handed
consequences of stepping out of line by employing any one of a number of subterfuge tactics that keep them out of harm’s way.

But those who are employed by Big Media?

On-air individuals?

These are people I have much less respect for because of so many of the reasons I’ve already mentioned.

Regurgitating the dogma that Big Media and the world of entertainment insists on is something I’m not willing to be a part of ever again.

In my newly reborn spirit, I’m in the midst of authoring a masterpiece, something of exceptional meaning, something irregular from what’s considered regular, something that at the end of the day, on principle, if nothing else, I can feel good about, justified and satisfied with my contributions to the sphere of righteousness and relevance as I see it.

I’ll also choose to believe that more and more people these days are actually waking up from the comas they’ve been in and that they’re refusing to blindly follow the lead of their societal-masters.

That more people are rejecting what they are told is right, knowing in their hearts that it is anything but right while searching out voices who more embody their thoughts, feelings, and ideas.

Unfortunately, such people are few and far between these days.

Who am I, and who will I be?

A conduit and a voice for the truly disenfranchised and marginalized, shining a spotlight on the injustices, the hypocrisies, and double standards, exposing the myths, pulling back the curtain and revealing the ways in which things are truly orchestrated, talking about the inconvenient truths that are routinely swept under a carpet as the social engineering process to control your thoughts and ideas goes on without interruption.

Homosexuals?

Lesbians?

Transgendered people?

It’s not that I dislike homosexuals and lesbians so much, rather, its that I vehemently disagree with what I consider to be a lifestyle that promotes filth and deviancy, people who inculcate society with demands that intimidate and brainwash people into believing that they should be seen as completely normal and wholesome – when in reality – such a lifestyle has proven to be a pathway to sickness and death, with a spread of diseases that have led to premature deaths numbering in the millions over the years.

Who is going to be honest enough to tell you these hard truths?

Dan Patrick?

Colin Cowherd?

Chris Russo?

Russo is someone who torches others for not sticking to sports...while then going on endless tangents about non-sports views whenever he feels the urge to.

Why anyone would promote such an obvious and inarguable human life degradation lifestyle is beyond my comprehension...but you’re told to promote it, demanded to endorse it, demanded to march alongside the rainbow parade and to advocate for this lifestyle that is so unnatural and non-compatible with God’s intended world of procreation and spreading life to all corners of the world.
However, many do promote it, blindly, because they don’t want to hurt anyone’s feelings and because they somehow think this is going to place them on the right side of history.

Fuck all that too, I say.

Hurt feelings?
Let’s rationally think about that one.

Put your cock up the ass of another man, do it with relish, you will probably encounter a host of health issues employing such sexual behavior, it’s also very possible you might die from such an act but do it anyway, you have my support, even as I’m in possession of knowledge that tells me what you’re doing is wrong and possibly deadly to you and to others by extension.

But I’ll ignore this because I don’t want to hurt anyone’s feelings.
A heroin addict puts a needle in their arms each day because it makes them feel good.

Would the same people who ignorantly support and endorse the grotesque act of homosexuality, would they likewise promote and endorse heroin abuse?

What am I missing here?
Again, the above paragraphs, filled with my most candid thoughts, are completely out of step with today’s societal influencers and totally incompatible with today’s commercially driven media system.
This is obviously me dissenting from the "carved in stone" societal script, and, of course, in doing so, I must be punished as a message and as a warning to others.

Okay, I’ll take my medicine gladly, now, if you don’t mind, I’ve got a show to do.

On the other hand, the outrage culture can go fuck itself, because, as I think I’ve already mentioned, I truly don’t give two fucks.

I have made mention previously that with my upcoming platform, you will hear me talk about things and say things that I’ve never talked about nor spoke about before.

It has to be this way I’m afraid.

The cult of political correctness needs a true adversary…and so here I am.

Sports, yeah.

But Politics, and this thing we call Life…and Everything In Between.

Will feelings be hurt?
I’d say there’s a very good chance of that happening.

When you’re prepared to take a flame thrower to most of what’s considered sacred and “normal”, hurt feelings will probably be on the list of emotions that some will be feeling.

This won’t be a show that appeals to the masses, the plugged-in zombies who take their cues from what the media tells them, or, what those who have written about concerning the history of world events has told them, presenting history in ways that are not to be questioned or challenged in any one of a number of different ways.

Heaven forbid that in the year 2019, someone such as myself, someone with a lot of existential angst in many instances, a white male no less, be permitted to take the stage articulating views that oppose and confront what is considered to be a host of conventional norms around the world, eh?

Now I realize that much of what I’ll be talking about, no matter the subject or content will be seen as a dog whistle for something like “white supremacy”, and I realize that some may be speed dialing the Anti-Defamation League
as well as the Southern Poverty Law Center while they're reading this piece, but again, I need you to get it through your thick fucking skulls, that not only do I not care about any of that, but let me also tell you that I’ll email you the telephone numbers to both of the aforementioned organizations to help make that job easier for you.

This entire process has been more cathartic and more satisfying for me to go through than any words may truly be able to express. Those condescending and morally outraged, elitist fucksticks who are out there, can loathe me with as much energy as they can possibly muster, in fact, knowing that they do raises my level of testosterone to record levels. I just hope they know that the contempt I hold for them is far greater than any disdain they’ll be holding for me.

Exposing these sanctimonious bastards is something I’m looking forward to as the days draw nearer to my debut show. These scumbags have turned society on its head making the world an unrecognizable place, they’ve torn down and destroyed various institutions and traditions, pillars of society that they’ve wrecked in exchange for the introduction of a world that makes less sense with each passing day, a hostile and angry world, a world of less redeeming value, a world that they’ve brought to heel under their totalitarian philosophies.

Nearly 50-years of backward ass progressive thought has been implemented on a large scale across America and the resulting consequences is a country completely unrecognizable from its former glory. Big Media is as complicit in this as anyone else. The System spits out feigned outrage on nearly a 24-hour basis, employing an endless amount of rage-oriented news designed to provoke the masses, promoting along with it, a hollow and meaningless, plastic-oriented culture, a stage of true make-believe presented as reality.

Of course, its all bullshit, a battle for not only your mind but for your soul as well, and the minds and the souls of the next generation, your children and grandchildren.

Ingrain these vicious and morally corrupt ideas in the kids at first opportunity, lure them into this bizarre and completely corruptible world, take their minds hostage as early as possible and then watch as they do the same one day with their own offspring.

There plan is nothing short of evil.

Wash, rinse, repeat.

These are devious cunts we’re dealing with, folks, and if we don’t rise up against them the curtain will soon drop and the game will already be decided...and not by us.

These parasites who are invading our country? These third-world cave people, many of them with IQ’s that don’t exceed 65, many of them pillaging our land, taking root in our towns and cities, enabled by our Government and given money, medical care, and a host of other goodies?

The sell-out of America and the actual end to America is not far off, you can believe this.

All we seem to have in the public sector are excuse-makers and enablers who place the interests of Americans second and third.

Excuse-makers and victimhood rats.

These fuckers need to get off their lazy asses and stop with all of the complainings and learn to do something besides making excuses.
But no, instead, let’s ignore facts – while we ignorantly embrace feelings.  
Fuck that.
Yeah, well, of course, I’m a racist, and yes, if you’re white like me you understand that you’re considered to be a racist as well, an oppressor, someone who owes the world something while the world is allowed to take everything from you with no questions asked and no arguments from you.  
Fuck that as well.
Not in my life and not on my watch.
We’ve got an attempted Presidential coup currently ongoing, just the latest attempt by these whacked out of their minds liberals to steal back the White House, they’re now 3-years into a non-stop childish temper tantrum, however, like all of their previous attempts to forcibly remove this President, this one too will fail horribly.
After this impeachment bullshit has been concluded the Democrats will go back into their laboratory to plan their next sinister plan of action, realizing that defeating Trump in 2020 is an impossibility given the current field of candidates and the lack of ideas they offer.
However, as I’ve been saying, when and if Hillary enters the ring, I’m afraid that all bets are off.
People shit on the streets of San Francisco without penalty.
Meanwhile, the city of Portland resembles any one of a number of places in North Korea.
Los Angeles is fast becoming the next shithole city in America with illegals by the thousands moving in every day and with a homeless population that’s well out of control.
Meanwhile, across the Atlantic Ocean, London has already become a shithole, lost its British identity in many ways and has what the police and people refer to as; “No Go Zones.”
These are pockets of places in London where only Sharia-Law Muslims are permitted, where honor killings take place, and where if you’re not a Muslim and you enter, there’s a great chance you’ll be leaving with a toe tag on.
More and more people seem to be leaving their homes or emerging from their underground sewage pipes residences looking as though they’re living on bath salts these days.
High school teachers are fucking their students, students are fucking their teachers and teachers are caught on film beating their students senseless.
Is the National Basketball Association too black?
I don’t think so and I find the question absurd.
But then why am I constantly asked to consider whether or not Major League Baseball is too white by a host of writers and commentators over the last several years?
It’s too late to save this world or this country, but if I’m going down with the rest of you, I’m going down swinging.
Normal is out – abnormal is most definitely in.
Have you ever seen pictures or images of a Homosexual Pride parade?
Now, with a straight face tell me that what you’ve seen should be explained away as “normal.”
Society and The System are run by berserk cults.
Six-year-olds are beginning to transition to the other sex – or so they think they are.
But some parents refuse to label their child as a boy or a girl until that child gets to be an age where they can make up their minds themselves. A cashless society in on the horizon and I’m here to tell you that your chip may be implanted tomorrow down on the corner of Crazy and Insane. The coming staged alien invasion is just about ready to hit and just about the entire world will buy into this massive hoax, a sinister plan ushered in by the global elite intended to bring you to your knees while surrendering every sovereign right you still possess at this time. Jeffery Epstein is far from dead, he’s alive, kicking, and being protected somewhere over in Israel. Prisons across America are releasing inmates by the thousands making our streets even more unsafe and susceptible to more violent crime. Artificial intelligence is on a fast track to further make our society less personal and less polite. NASA is a lying and deceptive group of people who take their marching orders from the Global Elite. By the way, I’m not alone in questioning the deaths of 3 Astronauts in the Apollo 1 fire back in 1967, a check of the records reveals that some of their families of these dead actors are equally as skeptical and still in search of answers to questions they still have to this very day. If you think that man ever set foot on the moon may I suggest a great doctor I know? What’s it been, 3 years now since the United Kingdom voted to leave the European Union? Where are we with all of that these days? I only have a few days left in Twitter jail, yes, I’m afraid that in this area I do have a record to show for. However, social media, like a lot of other things, can go fuck itself. If I could make social media disappear tomorrow I’d do it because it is one of the worst things ever invented. Fuck social media, if not for my upcoming show I’d never be on Twitter and my life away from that cesspool social media platform for nearly 6-months was nothing less than bliss. To be involved with social media is oftentimes a reality that keeps you in a non-stop state of distraction. The superficial nature of social media, Twitter, Facebook, and whatever else is out there, kills brain cells and it compels you to live in an Online life that is superficial and unrealistic far too often. As if we don’t have enough people in this country high on drugs all day to combat the presence of depression and ADD, social media has probably been the root cause of many people who have fallen victim to such maladies, but Big Pharma doesn’t give a shit about any of this because social media is sending more and more people their way with each passing day. Social media, in all its forms, is more hollow and unfulfilling than most radio programs out there today. To think that my former producer, Andrew Caplan, he got to work on the most rip-roaring good time radio show in history (mine) for a few years, and now poor Caplan has to sit and listen to Damon Amendolara each day on CBS Sports Radio. Someone, please rescue Caplan and release him from the sentence he’s currently serving. America is dying on the vine and Americans have never been more miserable.
But buck up people, and just head down to your nearest Starbucks to order one of those Pumpkin Spice Latte’s, that’ll make you feel all better.

Trump can’t save you any better than any other previous president could.

Only Jesus saves.

This is the anything-goes culture, the age of moral relativism. If it feels good then go ahead and do it no matter the consequences.

Just make sure that whatever you do, that you denounce that prick Dino Costa at every turn.

Silly rabbits, you can denounce me all day and all night long, unfortunately for you, I’m not going away.

You want me gone?

I’ll make you a deal.

Get on the phone with God and tell Him that in return for my son’s life I’ll gladly sacrifice my own.

If you can do that and negotiate such a deal successfully you’ll finally be rid of me.

Short of that, you’re stuck with me until the Almighty calls me home someday.

By the way, why are there so many commercials on television these days featuring interracial couples?

If I didn’t know any better I’d think that someone is trying to send a message, or, at the very least, attempting to brainwash the masses with more of that social engineering bullshit.

Where have all the real men gone?

I see these skinny-jean wearing pussies and I see the way that fashion has cut men’s slacks these days and I can’t help but think that the fashion community is trying really hard to make men look like women.

I’m all for Toxic masculinity and I say that the world needs as much of that as it can get.

Hey, by the way, I’ve never actually seen the show and have no plans to do so anytime soon, but why is it that every time I’m watching an NFL game on Sunday’s and I see the latest promo for a CBS show called; “The Neighborhood”, why is just about every one of these promos seems to be designed to make the white people in this fictitious neighborhood look dumb and stupid?

The Jews run Hollywood, right?

Well, they are also the biggest purveyors of porn in the world as well.

Cock suckers.

These Zionist fucks need to be brought down – and soon.

Zionism, by the way, has not a thing to do with traditional Judaism...just thought I’d throw that in there in case anyone got the wrong idea.

Then again, I could not give two fucks if anyone got the wrong idea.

I don’t give a fuck about anything...although I think I’ve already alluded to that a few times already.

I know you’re all bored out of your minds, I know that there’s nothing out there for you, nobody who speaks your language, nobody who is willing to take a stand for you, nobody with the balls to speak the stark truth without apology, nobody who is willing to take on the global establishment while shoving truth and reality straight up their asses until it comes out of their eyes, and nobody with less to lose in doing all of this than me.

The show is coming, motherfuckers.

Prepare for battle.
So it is written.
So let it be done.