

Advice Column: Ask Your BFF (Best Fascist Fanny)

Dear Best Fascist Fanny:

I'm hoping you can settle a dispute between my husband and me. Some new friends recently moved into the neighborhood and we were delighted to discover that they share the same political beliefs we do. We have invited them over for a meal this weekend—and there's the rub. My husband wants to go all out and serve them dinner on our Nazi china, whereas I think that's moving way too fast. This has quickly become a major bone of contention between us. Help!

—Flummoxed in Biloxi

Dear Flummoxed:

Ah, yes, the age old question: When we meet another like-minded couple, do we dive right in or take it slow? *Führer* knows that initial rush of emotion can be just *so* exciting, but it does come with pitfalls. Why, just the other day my husband and I had some new pals over for coffee, Donna and Steve. There we all were, extolling the virtues of our Great Leader and his magnificent detention policies—but when Steve said, "I dunno, I feel kind of unsure about what this means for the rule of law" — I mean, talk about a Fascist *faux pas*! We got them out of there faster than you could say *Blitzkrieg*!

Now I myself tend to go for a more subtle approach, that is, I have the good china discreetly displayed adjacent to the dinner table. Because, after all, isn't that what we all are? Nazi *adjacent*? Hahahaha!

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Dear BFF:

I'm ten and I'm having a fight with my best friend Gretchen. She says she knows our black friend Kayla is inferior, but she still likes her curly hair. I say if Kayla *is* inferior, that means her hair is too. What do you think?

—Meg in Lincoln

Dear Meg:

I must say, it hurts my heart when the Aryan people renounce their own beautiful, flowing, straight, golden, superior hair to worship at the false idols of other races'

subhuman hairstyles. But I'm so glad you wrote to me at your young age, because it's never too early to start your indoctrination education! You should see this, not as a bitter fight, but an opportunity to raise your friend Gretchen's consciousness. Extol the virtues of your whiteness and blondness every time you meet. You could even make a T-shirt to wear around her that says, "Say it loud, I'm White and I'm proud!" (Isn't that a song? If it's not, it *should* be!)

P.S. If you're not naturally blonde, talk to your mother.

P.P.S. Don't worry about Kayla. In American culture, no matter what she does, her kinky hair will be a guaranteed burden for the rest of her life.

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Dear BFF:

My family gatherings have become very difficult lately. Some of my siblings are done with Trump now that he's turned his back on QAnon, while others are sticking by him. The decision on whether to watch Fox or One America News is becoming a nightly squabble. We can't even have Uncle Mitch in the same room as Dad or it comes to blows. These political extremes are tearing our family apart! What can we do?

A.N., Billings, Montana

Dear A.N.—and does that stand for "Aryan Nationalist"? ;) —

At times of political polarization, it's important to remind our family members what we all truly do have in common. In moments of conflict, you can constantly promote messages of harmony and unity, saying things like, "We play *all* kinds of music in this family—Country *and* Western!" Or, "We may not have *all* the Epstein files yet—but at least we've still got our *guns!*" And even after that ritual tussle for the remote, once everyone is settled down, you can reassure them, "I'm glad you solved that. It's good to know that blood is thicker than water—especially our pure, *pure* blood."

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Dear BFF:

I've been dating this guy Melvin for a few weeks now. He's pretty nice and all, and we get along great, but the other day he let slip that he's an entertainment lawyer and his mom is Jewish. If I keep dating him, will I be contributing to the scheming, treacherous Jewish control of the media?

—Confused in L.A.

Dear Confused: Yes.

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Dear Fascist Forward Fanny:

I love your column and all, but I must say, I feel like it's a bit much with the whole "Fascist" thing. I'm a MAGA guy, and I do put America first, but I don't consider myself a *Nazi*! Don't you think you're taking it a bit too far?

—Mike in Minnesota

Oh, Mike, Mike, Mike. I know that the journey of political self-discovery is hard and long. It can be difficult sometimes to really be true to our deepest, most authentic selves. Getting in touch with our inner Himmler really *can* be scary. I know! I've been there. But it's okay. America is a great country where we have the freedom to exclude and scapegoat and demonize others we don't like—now more than *ever* before.

My hope for you is that one day—and, Trump willing, not that long from now!—when you are terrorizing a funny-looking neighbor in their home; or leading a pogrom with a torch in your hand; or even just passively watching the army round up undesirables on TV without any restraint—I hope you will stop, and remember me, and remember this letter. And as your foot comes down on that alien's neck, or you watch those books go up in flames, or as you listen to our Great Leader declare martial law once and for all, I hope you will shake your head, and chuckle, and say to yourself, "Good golly, what do you know? That Fascist Fanny *was* right, after all."