

I'm tired – and it's not for a lack of coffee. Believe me... I'd rather be kicking back relaxing, reading a good book, playing a good game, listening to my music, or maybe just doing nothing other than just having a moment of finding my own personal Zen for a few minutes.

But no, something's been itching at me all week and it finally bloomed full force into this Rant. However, let us have some fun and pull from the movie The Matrix, bring the character of Morpheus into the mix, embrace our geekdom if you will: Start things off right with some red pill/blue pill shhh....stuff. Have Lawrence Fishburne in mind now? Good. Let's "Switch this..."

I imagine some of you out there right now, you're feeling a bit like me. More like feeling a bit like Alice. Hmm? Tumbling down the rabbit hole?

Some of you may know **exactly** what I mean. Some of you may not, so let me tell you why I'm here. I'm here because I feel something. What I feel, I might not be able to best explain, but you might feel it too. You may have felt it before, or recently, that there's something wrong with the world. You don't know what it is, but it's there, like a splinter in your mind, driving you mad. It is this feeling that has brought me to you here on the air today... Do you know what I'm talking about?

If not, let me keep trying.

If so, feel free to nod and smile along.

Even if you're not paying attention to it... it's just at the periphery of your vision... discordant echoes breaking through the white noise of day to day life. You may not realize it, but it's there. What is "IT" you may ask? It's a thousand different things – and you can see it all here on the YSU campus.

Just yesterday, I some guy walking on the other side of the street wearing a Pussyhat as I left the Lincoln Building.

The art of Shepard Fairey and his "We The People" Prints(now I won't lie, I had to do a bit of google-fu to verify the artist) that you may (or may not) have seen in DeBartolo Hall.

And even if you avoid TV like the plague it can be, even those with a highly and rigorously homogenized and sanitized Social Media Feed will still probably end up with likes and shares from the minds of : George Takei (Ta-KAY... and yes I had to google that too), the band Cake, The Daily Show with Trevor Noah, Stephen Colbert, John Oliver, or even good ol' second city itself: Saturday Night Live. And who DOESN'T take a moment to check their phone between classes?

How about sources like the Merriam-Webster (a dictionary and thesaurus)?

And since I'm covering print media (kind of) why not bring up Teen Vogue... or GQ. Why do I even know about Teen Vogue? Hell, the same question could be asked why I know about GQ. The Fashionista Manifestos and their kind are not on my 'to-read' list... ever.

Wait a second... let's go back to DeBartolo Hall for a moment. Other things you may have seen is their "Where will women be in 2117" essay contest thing, hell I might even be misquoting it but in this case, that covers the spirit of things. I don't know the details, but the question, in today's time and place raises an eyebrow. Better yet, let us pair that essay contest with Saturday Night Live.

Right now... Someone out there is wondering Whiskey Tango Foxtrot on this one. Don't worry... Bear with me.

Saturday Night Live. Melissa McCarthy. Catching up? Yup, the skit where McCarthy satirizes Press Secretary Sean Spicer.

Now is where the dots start coming together... provided you're not reading Breitbart or Fox News, references start appearing that our President feels that Sean Spicer was made to look weak. And that's.... Bad. Exclamation Point. End Tweet.

Curious however... we never heard even a peep regarding the exceptionally unhinged 'Fatal Attraction' version of Kellyanne Conway played by Kate McKinnon. It literally flew so far under the radar that I almost had to send out a search party to locate the wreckage.

What's the difference? Let's see... Kate McKinnon acting like last decades' fruitcake getting defrosted in Chernobyl's microwave while wearing nothing but a slinky nightgown and a thin robe... and McCarthy in a suit and tie, professionally dressed... mirroring Spicer pretty much to the Nines.

Power suit equals weakness? Nah, that can't be it. What about Bannon being depicted as the Grim Reaper? Well, some net searching found some reports of discontent on that one. Ok, I understated on that one... more like a scathing tweet about how "bad" the show is... again.

Again.

Again.

But "bad" and "weak" are different. Subtly so, but different.

My gut says that it's the genderbending of having a female portray Mr. Spicer.

So... woman equals weak.

Thus begs the question, English and Communications Department in DeBartolo Hall... Where will women be in 2018? We haven't even hit that arbitrary media lauded date of 100 days in office. How about the three hundred sixty fifth day?

Wait... how about three days from now? Mr. Commander in Chief is holding a rally in Florida this Saturday at 5pm at the Orlando-Melbourne International Airport.

Now, don't get me wrong... this is not a rally of someone else's that He is going to speak at for some great societal or political cause... this a rally. for. The. President. That's it. Pure PR shenanigans.

Sure, I'm all about politicos going out and being with their people... their constituents. Hells I applauded YSU's Student Government Association the other week – these people put it in their own rules that they HAVE TO spend time, each week, with us – their fellow students. Yet, this rally isn't the opening of some big new factory to show off new jobs saved or created.

He's holding it at an airport.

(Sommmebody's flights getting delayed that day.)

It's like some 8-year-old told him to go have a commercial, shake some hands, and kiss some babies so that people may not associate the words Travel and Ban in the same sentence anymore, well, as much.

Yet, I digress – even while pointing a finger at the “weaksauce” level.

Weak. Does woman equal weak? Thaaaat's a damning question.

However, personal anecdote time... I know many of you may be familiar with the term Drag Show... or Drag Queen Show. Or think of Robin William's 'The Birdcage' for those who live under a rock.

I'd bet many of you may not be aware of a thing called a Drag King show.

Drag **King**. As in King of the World, Kingpin, King Tut, King Ruler of Male presenting persuasion.

Back when I lived in Akron, I was lucky enough to be able to attend a Drag King Show – and holy shhhhhhhh-nap. This was some hardcore freaking rocking, and even with the show being a decade or so ago, I *–still--* remember one of the acts just completely *killing* ShineDown's FourtyFive – and for you close minded individuals, she was a little pixie stick slip of a thing... but damn... amazing show.

Seriously. Bucket list this. Awesome stuff.

Anecdote time over... but where in anyone's mind does the imagery of “weak” come in with a description of some person who happens to have lady bits (past present or future) rocking it out to ShineDown?

Go ahead. Take a moment.

Still nothing? Same here.

Now, some of you may be thinking (or saying) that I'm comparing apples to oranges. Some of you might be calling me some tree hugging heathen that has no grasp on the nuances of politics. Well, at least you'd be right on the tree hugging heathen part.

Let's take this a step further... are women in uniform weak in our executive office's eyes? Try calling to any of our past, present, and future female members of our military weak. (Good luck with that one) How about our female police officers and their fellow officers of the court? How about women firefighters... who choose to run INTO a burning building? How about someone calling your sister, your niece, your wife, your girlfriend weak? The only place the phrase "Weak and Powerless" only works in this serious list of questions is to the unmasked one of: What is the name of an "A Perfect Circle" song.

So yes, I'm tired. I've done what I could to keep this from sounding like I preaching from the blue or red side of the isle, because this isn't a question about D or R, Red or Blue... it's about respect.

You know what? Since this rant has been building for some time, let me even throw a personal slant on this one: I'm also pissed off for purely selfish reasons too.

Yes. Selfish reasons.

It goes back to my rule #1: Know yourself. I prefer the company of independent free thinking individuals – be it a group of guys I hang out with and geek out to Dungeons and Dragons with or with anyone I choose to spend time with, be it intellectually, socially, or romantically.

And sorry, I just can't get behind the idea of letting... how many years? ...of both men AND women's blood sweat and tears get swept into the recycle bin.

Weak. Ha. We're all human. Weakness happens. But 'weak'? ... to call out a single group and call *them* 'weak'? That's the only weak thing here, damnit.

Oh. Oops. I almost used alternative facts there for a second. My D&D gaming group currently sits at 3 guys and 4 girls, so please excuse my overgeneral use of the phrase of "a group of guys".

Might as well end on something actually...

Weak.

[[and that's Switch This. <micdrop>]]