

February 2025

by William Meiners

Friends of *Sport Literate*,

There's white snow piled high around mid Michigan these days, which is both wonderful and fine by me. If it's going to winter, let it winter. Should you be thinking green for a celebratory St. Patrick's Day in another month, we hope you'll raise a glass to *Sport Literate* and our 30th anniversary. Could it be a mere three decades since we launched that green, zinelike rag from our home base in Chicago? The short answer is yes. For publishing and party plans, please visit our [website](#).



## SL SATIRE

## F. Trump



Call it our own project 2025. Satire, by most any definition, holds up a mirror to society for the purpose of throwing eggs (overpriced, pandemic-inducing, and otherwise) at those who deserve a good egging. Since our politics have become the new bloodsport, we at *Sport Literate* see nothing wrong with a little mockery of this emerging clumsy oligarchy. Remember, it's satire. Please don't sue, shoot, or lose your shit over it.

"F Troop" was, according to Wikipedia, "an American television Western sitcom about U.S. soldiers and American Indians in the Wild West during the 1860s." That whacky premise could have paved the way for a sitcom set in a German P.O.W. camp, starring Bob Crane, a wisecracking sex addict. "F. Trump," for us, could mean many things, including the grade

we'd give for the now two-time president.

Some of us have grown old in the Trump Era — now about a decade and counting. As exhausting as the news can be, we will not turn an Oath Keeper's blind eye to the maniacal rule that threatens to send us back decades. When they're citing President Andrew Jackson as the gold standard, we could all be *effed*.

It might be easier to poke fun at the absurdity reflecting back at us from a funhouse mirror. Certainly the late-night comedians often tell variations on the same joke. But we're taking our own swing at it. If only for historical purposes and the possibilities of a child years down the road asking his mother, "What did Grandma and Grandpa do to resist Trump 2.0?"

In our first multimedia installment, we offer "Mourning in America," a parody of the Ronald Reagan 1984 re-election commercial. [Check it out here](#). Special thanks to Edward J. Dunn, from Dunn Productions, for his videomaking handiwork.

## CURRENT READING

## SL's "Fall Forward 2024"

A good year, at least for this small press publication, is when we can print and mail two issues. My imaginary interns (both also my friends) and I unbox the new journals — hot off the press yet cooled in transport — and tuck them lovingly into yellow padded envelopes. Like a reverse birthing. Our "Spring Possibilities 2024" was followed by "Fall Forward 2024," which we squeezed into the Christmastime mailing.

There are lots of hidden gems of poetry and essays in those two issues. Perhaps *SL* is nothing but diamonds in the rough, coming out of a pub where potential contributors knocking at the door outnumber folks who retrieve it from mailboxes.

Not one of our regular subscribers? You can remedy that by reading a healthy dose of samples from the [current issue](#). Then consider a single issue for \$12.95. Maybe a nice St. Pat's stocking stuffer for your progressive aunt. Or something to put your MAGA-loving grandad over the edge. Should you care to [subscribe now](#), we'll start you off with that fall issue and send our "30th Anniversary" issue in the early days of summer. PEACE!

