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It's 4:25am and the Kids have woken me up.

This is not overly rare, but this is vacation, and every laying/sleeping surface in the condo is taken up by a different adult sleeping. So, I'm outside, getting to watch some of the sunset. It's not a bad life at all. I tossed the tablets at the kids, and they're being OK. Getting their meds early will probably help once we enter their feeding time.

This trip is now two full days old and I'm loving it. My in-laws live in a freakin' jungle, with Cacao trees and a cow names Peaches, and there are chickens everywhere and banana and coconut trees and on and on and on.

It's pretty incredible.

The kids are being hard, as is often the case. My mom is being hard, but when is she not? Vanessa is having pain issues, but again, when does she not? My health is much improved, though I'm gaining a touch of weight, though this may have something to do with my blood sugar getting to be a little more normal.



I just got offered an article for a magazine! Always fun!

Sitting on the deck of the Condo, I've got a chicken hanging out around, the coffee is good, and I love life.

May 16, Kihei, Hawaii.

Coffee Drank—LION Gold Roast

Cover—Vanessa Applegate generated with WomboDream

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Photo of Cacao by Chris

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Art generated by Vanessa using WomboDream
(Hawaii fantastic)

Photos by Chris

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Care

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She's guilty. Go figure.

Lori Vallow Daybell was found guilty of murdering her two kids—J.J. and Tylee. She also likely killed, or at least participated in the killings, of a few family members.

This story is messed up, and it's worse than it sounds, honestly.

The fact is, these crimes are hyper-focused on, but they're far from the only cases like this. There are more than 9,000 family murders a year. Most, not all, are single murders, and while parents com-

mitt (Fathers more than Mothers, but both happen a lot) most of these, there's no single group that can be singled out. The fact is, poor folks, rich folks, religious folks, atheists, single parents, co-parents, they all commit these crimes.

But Lori Vallow Daybell gets a lot of attention.

There's a whole bunch of reasons why. First, there's the Mormon angle. The fact is, and I hate to admit this, in almost the entire US, there's an anti-Mormon sentiment. They're a weird sect, and they've got the worst parts of Freemasonism, Catholicism, and a whole bunch of Christian Dominionism. Crimes committed by Mormons have always gotten a lot more coverage than others. That's not fair, really; these crimes are committed by people of all stripes, but there's still this stigma.

Lori Vallow Daybell and her most recent husband Chad Daybell ended up radicalizing her, his writings being dark Apocalyptic stuff. It's a crazy thing that radical Mormon sects end up getting so much attention, but here we are. Daybell and then-



Vallow believed that she was a god. That's never a good thing. At that point, she was still married to Charles Vallow, but he filed for Divorce saying that he feared for his family's safety.

For very good reason, it turns out.

Lori's brother murdered Charles, though claimed self-defense. It might actually have been, but it also could easily have been a set-up to make sure it happened.

In September 2019, Tylee disappeared, followed by 7 year old J.J.. Shortly thereafter, Chad's wife died in her sleep. The same month, Alex Cox, Lori's brother, died, though apparently of Natural Causes.

Authorities issued an order to produce the children. Lori and Chad were in Hawaii at that point. They refused and shut the hell up. IN May, 2020, they found the dismembered remains of the kids on Daybell's property. Eventually, Lori was charged with murders, and Daybell would get charged with the murder of the kids and his wife.

If nothing else, this isn't a story of Mormons gone bad; it's a story of radicalization and our collective failure to understand and deal with the entire idea.

-May 17, 2023, Maui Sunset Condos, Kihei, Hawaii

Coffee—LION Gold Roast





On the Matter of Art

Haven't gotten to enjoy much art lately

. The reason, well, timing is a part, but as will be obvious to those who have followed me over the years, zine frequency is inversely proportional to financial health. I did spend some time going over the art of Philip Guston when Bella started drawing and I realized that their stuff reminded me of it. Guston's gotten a lot of heat lately for his works that portray a character in a KKK-style hood, and there's debate over what it means, and even calls for a ban. I get that, though I think it's misguided. Maybe it's just me, but I've always thought that he was comment-

ing on the ubiquity of white supremacy in the art world and was putting it up to the light by presenting it so clearly.

I have always appreciated Guston's work on a couple of levels, more than Lichtenstein, he brought the world of cartooning into the gallery. Somehow, even his Abstract Expressionist works came off as cartoony, and I love that! The Klan images, as they've come to be known, are among Guston's best-known, though I think *The Coat II* at the Anderson Collection, is probably his best work.

When Robert Arneson paid tribute to Guston by casting and painting one of his amazing ceramic pieces, he used an image of the hooded figure, smoking a cigarette. Arneson, himself a somewhat controversial figure for some of his subject matter, did a fine tribute in the style of Guston, but in three dimensions.

Figuring out how to present Guston's work in today's environment is difficult, and it's one of those cases where I really believe that the recent move towards less text on the wall is a really bad idea. We need more explanation, more words, more expectations on the audience, but we'll never really get that until we stop letting educators dictate what curators should be doing with their content. Confrontation is a part of the art world, and always has been, and yes, it can rip open healing wounds, as it were, especially for those in marginalized communities. I say presenting and explaining is the way to go, though being clear it ain't for everyone.

- May 17, 2023 at the Maui Sunset Condos, Kihei

Coffee drank—LION Gold Roast





A Day or Two in Maui

On the third day, I walked into the Pacific.

The first day was mostly about the flight, about exploring, moving in, connecting with the new environment. The morning of the second day was different, it was the day that felt like there was nothing to do but what we wanted to do. That was what I wanted for my vacation. That is what I needed from this week.

The kids fell asleep about 9 the first night, and at 6am, JP woke up and wandered into our bedroom. He was hungry, and my Mom woke up and made pancakes. We all got up, I made and drank coffee.

Lots of coffee.

Mom had bought a French Roast Kona, which is fine with me, I like a good dark roast. But Vanessa is not a fan, and being with the love of my life meant I was duty-bound to buy some lighter roast coffee. I went to Safeway with my Mom on the way home from my In-Laws.

I should describe that place, called Polo's Farm. It's a semi-hippy commune, which shouldn't be a

shock for a family that lived on The Farm for ages in the 70s and 80s. They grow everything, and have chickens and a cow named Peaches. The kids loved running around, and though not much was ripe, we had some fun cherries and picked some cacao. It was fun, but it was after that we headed to get the coffee.

LION coffee is really good, and the Gold roast is delightful. It's exceptionally flavorful, and while after the French Roast I needed to drink cold water, it's got subtle flavors I'm not nearly sophisticated enough to understand. I just know that I like it.

OK, so after we took a look around at in-laws' place, we headed to the Garden of Eden. It's a piece of property where they shot a good chunk of the exteriors for *Jurassic Park*, and you can see where the helicopter flew up in the opening shots. It's truly beautiful, and the hike, somewhere about one mile, was just tough enough for me, my Father-in-Law with lung issues related to long COVID, and my kid with cerebral palsy. It was a motley crew, but we did it, and Pat showed us all the plants around. It's good to have a local.



JP, Mom and I headed back to the condo (where I wrote a lot of the last issue of *Claims Department*) and JP grabbed his iPad. This was perfect, exactly what I needed—rest. Vanessa, Bella, Uncle Karl, and her Dad headed to see sea turtles, hike to a waterfall, and enjoy the views.

But only after we stopped at a food truck—Island Taco.

Semi-permanent food trucks are a big deal in Hawaii, and in Haiku, there were a few. The Greek one was closed, but a Hawaiian Mexican stand was open, so we went there. The kids had tacos in corn tortillas. Me? I had the shrimp plate.

The Shrimp was very well cooked, though there were only four of them. There was cabbage and black beans, which I don't normally like, but it was really nice. The highlight of the meal, though, was the turmeric rice. I'd never had it, and it wasn't turmeric to the face, but it was sly and delicious and soft without the mush I sometimes get from Food Truck rice.

Back at the condo, we settled in and





then made the steaks (which I wrote about last issue) and then Vanessa came home and we ate as a family. The sad fact is we don't get to eat together often. We usually have to have two or three different meals between us. Bella will sometimes only eat Quesadillas; JP won't eat cheese. I have to have lean meats, and mushrooms, Vanessa won't be home until just before the kids go to bed, or will have eaten a late lunch. This night, we ate together, some of us standing, but at least three of us at the table at a time, which is as good as we get!

After that, I wrote, Vanessa generated some art (one of which I used for the cover) and I thought about a few things. We've got an important *Journey Planet* coming up and I'm thinking about how I'm gonna get it done in a three or four day turn-around. Sometimes we bite off a lot more than we can chew, and an automatic grinder is basically what I become!



We got to bed a little early, and I finished the last issue, laid in the cover for this one, and then went to sleep.

And that's when a 7 year old wandered in at 425 in the morning, saying they couldn't sleep anymore.

I know I'm supposed to get up, make them a breakfast, engage with them, or have them lay down, rub their back or something to encourage them to go back



to sleep, but instead, I threw their iPads at them and said that they could play *Goat Simulator* until folks were awake.

They were quiet for about an hour. I heated up the coffee. It was gonna be a long day.

It was gonna be a long Anniversary Day.

That's right, on May 17th, 2014, Vanessa and I headed off to the MoMA Sculpture Garden and got married. It was magical, and this trip was part of celebrating it, along with the kids' birthday.

I went out and sat on the patio. It was early, so there were chickens roaming around in the courtyard while I drank my coffee and wrote the first pieces for this issue. I started listening to my podcasts, and I realized that this was the life I would love to live, and I'm 50 in a little over a year, and while there's no way in Hell I'll ever be able to retire, this would be what I'd want—typing on a patio table, chickens running around, coffee coursing through my veins.

I am a lucky guy.

After we all started to get up, Vanessa decided it would be a good time for a morning swim, JP and Bella wanted to keep playing and started eating breakfast, Eggy in a Basket for Bella, a pancake and some POG (Pineapple Orange Guava). They ate pretty good, which is a lot more than they usually do. I made my meat mixture, ground turkey with shiitake mushrooms and carrot and cabbage shreds with a ton of seasonings. It was tasty, if a bit one-note. We ate and I wrote and I applied for a job in Palm Springs and then went for a walk with Bella to the beach. It

was lovely getting to walk together, and since their meds had kicked in, they were pretty calm and mostly listened when I gave instructions, which can be rare. I have a hard time with Bella often, but this was nice.

After we got back, Mom and I headed to Long's, where I got my prescription which was good as I ran out of one of them that morning and only had one of my Lipitor left, and then headed back home, where the kids were doing their travel study works. It was a quiet day, so Vaenssa and I headed to a few Thrift shops, and then to lunch at a place called

Fork and Salad. Vanessa had a Thai Salad, but me, I had the Lamb Chili.

Now, I've made Lamb Chili, usually mixing it was bison or beef, but I've never gotten this much flavor out of the meat, and the entire production was spicy and lovely. It was so good, that after Vanessa had a bite, after having completely devoured her salad, she ordered her own bowl. It was amazing.



We headed back, the kids were playing, JP with Karl throwing a Frisbee. With his CP, it's hard for him to do any sports, but he always gets out there and tries, and I love him for it.

Then, I headed to the water.

Those that know me well will be full aware of my anxiety. I know there are thirteen variety of harks that can attack in less than two feet of water, six live in Hawaiian waters, two, the Tiger Shark and the Bull Shark, are responsible for a majority of shark attacks world-wide. These are the two I'm scared of, especially in murky waters.

And the water was murky.

Now, it's not as bad as it seems. I know this, and I let my kids go out with their Mom and Uncle into the waters. Where we are isn't great for sharks. Off of Kihei, there have been two attacks over the last year, one fatal, though both in deeper waters further off the beaches. There's not a lot of food in the area where we are, so there's not a lot of reasons for sharks to travel these waters. The two shark attacks here were Tiger Sharks, most likely, and they're the ones that scare me. So, I stayed close to the shore, and eventually just started beachcombing on the very edge of the surf.

So much coral.

Bella loves the coral, and will pick up any piece that's not bleached by the sun already. Some of that washes up, but not a lot. Mostly, they're just skeleton rocks of various sizes.

My favorite thing is coconuts.

Three of them washed up on the beach, and I collected them and examined. One was mostly complete, the other two had been cracked, and it looked like one might have been opened by a turtle, because the interior had obviously been chewed by something about 8 inches in. I love that!

We got back inside, washed up and rested, and then got ready for our anniversary dinner. We got dressed up fancy; or at least Vanessa got dressed up fancy and I threw a sweater vest on over my shirt. I looked respectable. We went to Wailea and first stopped at a Chocolatier, where we had to pre-dinner truffles. We headed next door for Greek food at Pita Paradise, which had amazing kebabs and hummus to die for. I loved every bite.

Back home, we got in just as the kids were going to bed. A great day, and tomorrow was their birthday!

But
more on that
next time.

-May 18th,
Maui Sunset
condos, Kihei,
Hawaii

-Coffee
Drank—Kona
French Roast







The Superstar is dead.

Superstar Billy Graham's real name was Eldridge Wayne Coleman. I'd have changed it too. He was a bodybuilder, a training partner of Arnold Schwarzenegger, and a shot putter in high school. He was a three-time world champion in wrestling, and one of the most influential wrestlers ever.

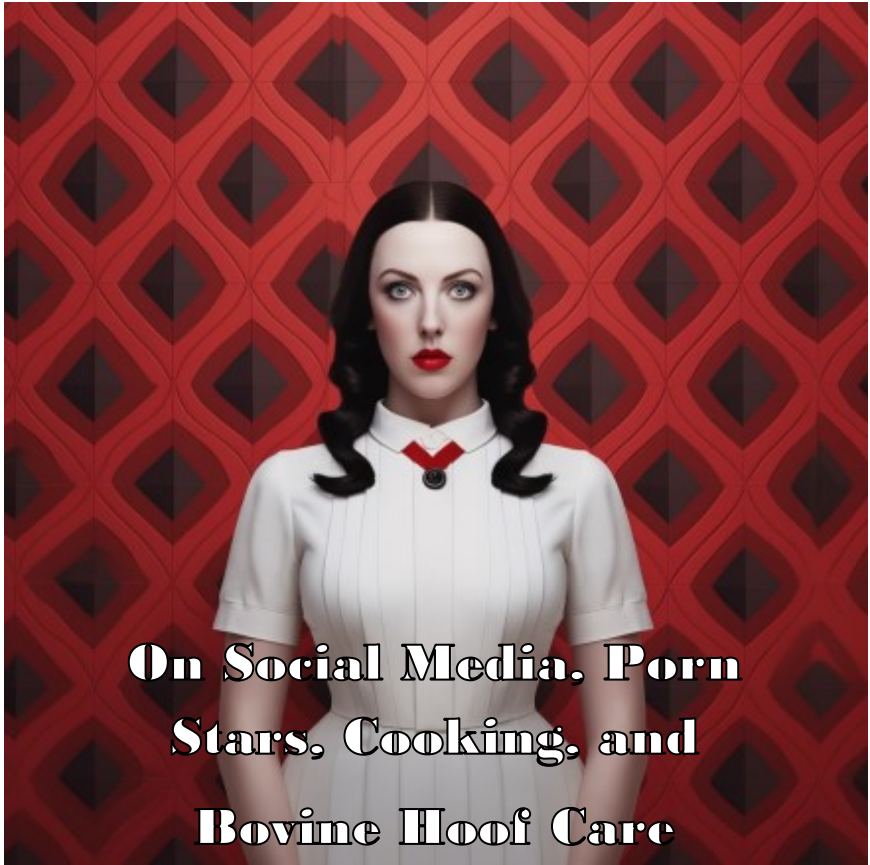
He basically ushered in the 1980s WWF.

While his heyday was in the 1980s, though he had a couple of decent runs in the 80s, it was his look that influenced wrestlers ranging from Hulk Hogan and the Road Warriors to Triple H and John Cena. He wasn't the first to use steroids, but he was the first to make it a part of his entire presentation.

- Written May 18th, Maui Sunset Kihei

-Coffee drank- LION Gold Roast/Kona French Roast mix





Angela White is a porn star.

There's nothing wrong with that, but she's also a lot of fun. I started following her on TikTok and she was incredibly funny. Yes, she's amazingly easy on the eyes, and yes, she's got that kind of body I find most appealing. That's not the point here. Australian, she's very much the opposite of the other major porn star I interact with on Social Media, Arabelle Raphael, who really wants to post mostly non-porn stuff but knows that her audience wants more of the sexy stuff.



Still, they're both a lot of fun to follow on social media, and while they both embrace their sexuality, it's fascinating to see the ways that they give glimpses into their lives.

Now, people will often weaponize likes on Twitter and other social media. D-Von Dudley, a wrestler and kinda a jerk according to folks I know, likes porn, and gives likes on Twitter. Since he's a big deal in some circles, folks started capping those and posting that he was morally corrupt.

Ummmm... he's a wrestler. He lies for a living.



I like a lot of porn videos that pop up from my friends on Twitter. I'm friends with a bunch of porn stars on Instagram and TikTok. And while yes, while I do like porn as much as the next guy, I really follow them for the same reasons I follow anyone—because they're interest folks who can provide fun content and discussion. That's a big part of my Social Media, and someone's job usually doesn't effect my following them too much.

Unless their job is hoof-maintenance.

I don't know how it happened, but one day I was scrolling through TikTok and a video popped up. It was a guy with a knife who was trimming away



cow hoof horn to uncover a cavity beneath. It was incredible! I watched it and then followed, and watched an hour of those videos. JP and Bella will watch with me most mornings, and they love them!

And yes, they do watch the TikToks from Angela White and Arabelle and Larkin Love and any of the other porn stars I follow. TikTok has rules against nudity and they typically don't go overt, and since I watch with them, any time it gets a little blue, I swipe to the next. I'm pretty sure that's what us parents should be doing.

JP loves the steak videos, I follow a couple of



butchers and get fed the Steak Channel and other meat-related videos. Bella likes the ASMR and Dance videos, which I also love. I'm mostly into the Horror Community, paranormal, and True Crime stuff.

I think that we'll see more and more mainstreaming of porn stars, though some platforms are blocking the heavier sex-based content. It happens, but the key is they're on there to both promote their jobs and their lives, to interact both professionally and personally, and that's something we should consider before trying to ban them.

-May 18, Maui Sunset, Kihei, Hawaii

Coffee drank—LION Gold Roast







There is a *Madonna* every ten years.

In the 1980s, our *Madonna* was *Madonna*. In the 1990s, it was *Kylie Minogue*. In the early 2000s, it was *Britney* or *Christina* depending on who you talked to.

In the 2010s, it was *Lady Gaga*.

I fell hook, line, and sinker for her work. It's easy to see why; she hits all my buttons. She can sing, she's got an artsy sensibility, she loves *Jeff Koons*, and she's smart. Super smart.

Her music is slightly more artistic than *Cook-iecutter Pop*, but she's accessible to a mass audience. *Gaga* took her name from the work of *Queen* known as *Radio Gaga*.

Her first full album, *The Fame*, introduced her to the world with the best run of 4 opening songs on a first album.

Just Dance hit all the notes that you need to make an impact with defining a sound. It's *electronica* in the dance mode, but it actually focuses on her voice. This hits a rare note that shows there's far more beneath the surface, but also doesn't feel like it's dumbed down. It's a good intro.

And *Love Game* is an even better slide in. The opening line to the song “Let’s have some fun, this beat is sick, I want to take a ride on your disco stick” hits the exact right note. In a way, she’s Cole Porter, but the sexiness is far more overt. This one’s a different tempo, and one that really puts out for solo dancers in the club.

Then we come to the major, the biggest and more important of the songs on the album—*Paparazzi*. The history of pop music has few songs that say as much about being a pop star than Gaga does here, and when she hits like this, there are literally none better. This explores not only what kind of monster Fame can be, but why we still need fame where we can get it.

The final of the first four is *Poker Face*. Read one way, it’s a story that talks about how relationships are gambles, but moreso, how a gambler’s reaction to love is different. Read another, its about how toxic love can be between thrill seekers. It’s layered, and I love this song so much.

Lady Gaga is also a fully weaponized video machine

While *Poker Face* and *Paparazzi* are both great



videos, it's the video for *Alejandro* that really hits every possible note, There's the visual design, layered theory of Catholicism, BDSM, queer culture, and militarism. It's basically *Like a Prayer*, but given over to a harsher time, and more decadent time. The fashion here, Alexander McQueen, Armani, Atsuko Kudo, Calvin Klein and more. It's a visual feast, and when it gets to be just Gaga dancing and singing in the best Liza way possible,

Her video for *Telephone* with Beyonce is not as visually stunning, but it does show that she understands storytelling. I believe that it was the *LA Times* that said that it was Gaga that knew the symbiotic relationship between image and pop music better than any of her generation, and it showed when she went and became friends and collaborators with Tony Bennet. Never let it be said that she doesn't have chops, and she held her own musically with him. Her handling of duets is really smart, her performance of standards leaves little to be desired.

My favorite performance of hers, though it little seen. Gaga played a vox and piano version of *Speechless* at the VEVO launch party If you ever want to understand her deep groking of music, this is the video that shows it best.

And she toasts Jimmy Iovine in the middle, and nothing is better than that.



That's the Fourth Coffee issue!

Hawaii, as you can probably tell, is great! A wonderful break, and a generally good time. The next issue won't be as quick as the last couple have been, but it won't be too much longer. I got that issue of *Journey Planet* to work on!

I had the best BBQ Pork Belly, and even better was when I diced a few pieces of it up, sauted some Shiitakes, and then tossed them together. It was amazing!

If you want to tell me something—
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