

Radio Rope-a-Dope Rush

Written by Alex Baer

Saturday, 03 March 2012 11:10 - Last Updated Saturday, 03 March 2012 11:11

"Prostitute" and "slut," new low-blows for Rush Limbaugh, leveled at a female student. Now we know how low you can go, Limbo. Now we know how tone deaf a millionaire radio lummo can be -- although, to be fair, Rush blew out his hearing long ago from drug abuse: Had to get implants to use as his substitute ears, while earning millions making sounds. That should help you understand his negative ability in clear thinking and in making good, capable judgments.

Now, a wake-up call has been clocked straight at Rush, with two sleep-products providers breaking the nightmare of advertising on his show. You should call up and visit Sleep Train and Sleep Number, thank them profusely for starting a mini-ripple of standing up for sanity, for voting against this pinheaded prattler's program of hate-mongering, deception, and lies. With any decent luck, and, with plain decency, other advertisers will also flee, sink this tempest in his own teapot, this Tea Party collaborator.

Georgetown University law student Sandra Fluke's daring offense, that shifted and shoved Rush into a corner, helpless, where he had to slug his way out? What wild, jaw-dropping outrage could have triggered such a pernicious, vicious, two-fisted attack on a woman student by Rush, such a *big, big man* on the national radio campus? *This is it:* Going out of her way, doing what she considered her civic duty -- testifying on Capitol Hill about women's access to contraception. *Nothing more.*

Rush sounded collision, hit all his *Panic* and *May-Day* buttons, scrambled his fighters, shoo'd off the bombers, punched up the codes on his nukes:

The Evil Gummint

was about to insist all employers act the same, be fair, offer access of -- gasp! -- contraceptives to employees in their health insurance plans, should they wish them.

Said another way: □ The request was for equal time, guys, for those little blue pills always covered in

your

plans.

Of course, for Republicans, this meant only a Holy War would do -- but, not a full frontal assault, not yet.

First, let's crank up the Limbaugh Fog Machine: And so, Rush mounted a *liberal* attack on that simple verdict of

Let's All Play Fair

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, turned it into chum for Rethugs in the water. The policy, of course, has set off the too-predictable, red-herring ballyhoo for GOP place-holders now in office who want to charm voters back home with a scene of

hot-button-red-meat

foray, being seen tearing unafraid into the fray, ripping away at such horrendous horrors as fair play.

Sidebar: It's 2012, and any talk about equal access -- equal *anything* -- still ignites and plunges some people into Beserker furies. You want to know why all the

Outer Spacians

haven't yet landed, given sign of greeting? Look at us, now, look at Rush: They wouldn't touch us with a

10-merg flotbarz

, not on a bet.

They

are intelligent life, after all.

Meanwhile: Rush is playing *to* his audience, tossing in scraps of flesh, into the bloody water. He's playing his audience, too, like he's the new owner of Gabriel's trumpet, playing his listeners the same way a cheap suit plays *you* -- rides right up on you in back, in the end.

President Obama did a good and kind thing: He called and spoke with Ms. Fluke, expressed his disappointment she was subjected to that attack. We all wish he had said: "Sorry you had to endure, in national media, a distribe like that blubbery blabbermouth's spewing-spree. Rush is always shooting off his mouth like that, in unwarranted attacks, using that unregistered weapon he so purposefully guides it to be." That would have been much more satisfactory.

But, you give someone 50 million dollars a year to vomit out rabid fog and toxic talk, you've just given that *someone* 50 million reasons a year to get carve close to the bone, make sure your ratings stay high, make sure your insults always sting like salt in paper cuts, sting like iodine in razor wounds. *Gotta wonder if Clear Channel still think he's a bargain, \$400 million for that 8 years extension of air abuse?*

All this furor could be Baby Dumpling's planned pouting, more posing for press and pics. Could be ratings are slipping, so, time to crank up the *offensively-offensive* machine, fine-tune some

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theatrics,
right into some innocent bystander's eye, send up a sharp cry!

fly a stray dart

Rope-a-Dope Rush is the way this self-inflated clown has always looked, now more than ever: Forgot his fancy footwork. The *big, big man* takes two, hard, mighty swings at a young woman -- this oversized lug is off-balance -- by more than the usual amount.

In an earlier era, Rush might have been introduced to some walking-on-air time, fit out with a piece of rope fit for a dope, near a big tree, been invited out to party and play by family and friends of the woman he verbally battered so bravely. As sad and pathetic Rush is, we should wonder who is sadder: Many of us are the ones who gape and listen to his sludge, somehow attracted to the massive car wreck that is Rush, deer in his headlights.

He is tolerated only for his ability to give cash on command, and is milked by many hands up and down the line, from listener to CEO. Why else would such filth be encouraged and permitted on our airwaves? Why else would such a useless lump of stale flesh be pumped up larger than life, allowed time to be a coy jabber, be allowed time for his demented jabber?

Hurry in! □ See and hear the show! □ Look at the Blight on this Land! □ It's El Limbo! □ How low can you go? □ Come look at a dope on a rope! □ Come see Rush modeled in soap -- soap of a dope on a rope!

Any volunteers to help this jerk wash his mouth out with some of this soap?