

Helplessly Hopeless

Written by Alex Baer

Saturday, 08 August 2015 14:28 - Last Updated Saturday, 08 August 2015 22:36

I admit it, I am helpless when it comes to commenting on Republicans when they so thoroughly bushwhack (see footnote, later) themselves. They are hopeless buffoons, or to echo the mystic guru of the ages, Bugs Bunny, "What a bunch of maroons."

One of the latest, of course, is Baron von Hairpile, trying to insert both feet, and most of his lower torso, into his mouth -- *ahhh-gain* -- by tangling himself up with a Faux News spokesdroid, in a gushing geyser of unfiltered brain goo direct from Mr. Lip-Spanky's so-called thought-and-speech centers.

Dear me. Go look up what he said. Uck. *Definitely not very presidential, there, Bubba.*

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In *Star Wars* terms, we could re-christen The Donald -- please allow me the honor of *personally* delivering the magnum bottle of champagne over the famous, oddly-coiffed head -- and call him *Bubba Feet...*

Bubba Feet, a strange, scalping headhunter and backward backwoodsman with interests only in blonde pelts, be it his own or anyone else's. The story lineage would be that Bubba Feet is purportedly human, having pulled himself up by his father's stolen bootstraps, and who has a combination of Mad Cow *-and-* hoof-in-mouth disease, and is only very distantly related to Boba Fett, the bounty hunter.

This works right in with the latest from the Bloom County 2015 comic strip, in which Donald followers are dubbed "StormTrumpers."

And, in yet another triumph of serendipity, Bloom County fans have chimed in, adding even more insight to the free-for-all: One notes that "trump" is UK slang for breaking wind, while another notes that StormTrumpers are "all white, mindlessly follow a great evil, and can't hit anything."

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Trump-stormers certainly can't aim their thought processes very well, so it's impossible for them to even *aim* at an idea, let alone hit it.

Myself, I am tempted to go with *sturm-und-trump*, or, maybe, *sturm-und-drang troopers* -- or, to simply jam everything together, ala Germanic compound-word-fashioning, as *sturm-und-drang trumbers*

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* * * * *

When these slapstick moments happen to Republicans -- which is most of the time -- I can't help but laugh at them, while pitying them, even as they get knocked from pillar to post, sailing headlong, far down to the hard tarmac below, far from their self-vaulted heights setting them atop Olympian pedestals, where they and followers have carefully placed them, unbalanced as all get-out.

Talk about schadenfreude.

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In a related sidebar, only Republicans would think of manufacturing a fake homosexual, extra-marital relationship to cover for an actual heterosexual, extra-marital relationship. The thinking here -- if you want to call it, and Trump's spews thinking -- is that a fake, manufactured gay extra-marital relationship, leaked to the press, would make any subsequent press reports about an actual heterosexual, extra-marital relationship seem like a blessing, like a real relief, like a close call with having been found out to be doing something, um, wrong.

Well, who woulda thunk it, from two Michigan Tea-Partyers named Todd and Cindy, who bumped mainstream GOP candidates from state seats in order to grab for themselves both a literal and a figurative legislative coalition.

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It would take Tea-Partying Republicans to consider blaming a gay relationship as being worse than an hetero one, and then banking on using smear tactics and press leaks in their favor.

Well, that figures. The last time Republicans approved of anything gay, it was either about seasonal apparel, during one of the unending Wars on Christmas, or the *Enola Gay* over Japan.

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Call me crazy, but I always want to enshrine such Republican moments in our historical, hysterical memories with mnemonic identifier tokens we can use to recall their full splendor.

The Trump-Kelly wars, for example. This is no longer the age of screwball comedies, so it's unlikely they'll fall hopelessly in love with one another, having initially detested one another, then marry before the election, allowing Faux News a real inside scoop from, *ahhh*, the campaign and White House, and so on.

No, for the Don-Meg Din, I'm thinking something along the lines of:

- *Battle of the Blonde Bimbos!*
- *Holler Havoc, You Hot-Headed Hairdos!*
- *The Void and Vacuum of the Vacant-Headed Vexers!*
- *Squall of the Snippy Hip-shooting Sasquatch and Slap-Happy Hipster Siren!*
- *Helter-Skelter Armageddon of the Skulking Skeleton and the Halter-Topper!*

Something crazy like that, for History, and to fit the crazy of the Right Now.

Shame on me? Maybe -- but, just remember who started the "nuclear" levels of crazy around here, though. Me, I just point out the places where that *nuclear crazy* touched

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down, the scorched-earth places where no one should live for 350-thousand years...

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You know, we could really amp this up by bringing back the marketing of the 50s, when they would trot out all kinds of gimmicks to bring patrons into theaters for all sorts of amusing, non-gory, not-quite-chilling, B-level horror films.

(After all, why not? Have you seen the gimmicks they keep trotting out to keep the GOP seeming to be alive and twitching?)

Some of these came to me for the next Republican Presidential Duh-bates:

- *No one will be seated during the harrowing "Psychoanalysis of the Republican Party and its Denizens" segment!*
- *Bonus! Come see The Jellyfish People! They have no spines! They are opaque! They are malleable, able to be endlessly remade and reshaped to suit any occasion! They can be easily nudged where you want them to go by anyone's offer of cash-flow extremes!*
- *Free burial insurance if anyone should stroke out from any candidate saying anything even marginally rational, worthwhile, or intelligent!*
- *Free mental asylum care for any Republican who goes insane -- more than usually insane, for a Republican, that is -- during the very high stress of this very lowbrow debate!*
- *Trained medical staff will be available in the lobby for the duration, holding the big campaign contributions bucket for you, while you bend down and hurl comments, epithets, abuse, and the contents of your stomach!*
- *Free hand-holding and "dear-dear" saying, should anyone say anything at all which personally upsets your personal world view, personal religious view, or anything which otherwise might imply YOU ARE WRONG!*
- *Religious counsel will be available for the entire duration, to help explain why it is that God won't do as you personally think right... won't strike some people dead at your urging.... why it is that God allows so many terrible things to happen to so many God-fearing people.... and why it is that God continues to allow thought and reason and science to play so much bigger a role in society now than it used to, back when everyone was really, really happy, when there were serfs and slaves, and when labor was free, or at least very reasonably priced.*

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And so on.

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Footnote: *bushwhacking* is a word which needs to be updated in dictionaries to *dubyawhackin g*, to reflect occasions in which high office is hijacked from voters' hands via a high court, or when someone does nothing at all -- or maybe reads to little children -- during times of great urgency and emergency, and/or when acting upon known and verified lies, thereby incurring incredible depths of devastation and destruction.

And/or when retreating from important matters to constantly mess about with tangles of bush-and-brush on your property.

And/or when someone takes 879 days of vacation in an 8-year period -- which works out to about 110 days a year, which itself works out to 30% of every single one of the days available in a regular, math-based, non-leap year.

And/or when someone passes out, losing consciousness, after a run-in on a couch with a feisty pretzel.

There are all sorts of ways we can make dictionaries more educational -- and far more fun! -- than they are currently viewed by most non-word, and non-idea, people. Call it a sideways trope of this century's trend to make all articulate speech obsolete, by reducing all words of daily use to one syllable -- or, via the new trope, to one *syb*.

- (Don't believe it's a trend? Go read some literature from the 1800s, and see how rich the vocabulary was, and how complex the conveyed ideas and sentence structures were, before teevee settled in to addle our brains and puree our thought processes into desiccated, freeze-dried, sound-bite packets.)

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So, when you go to look up *dubyawhack* in the future, you could learn many new things, such as a new description for mis-speaking -- an event which is itself troublingly similar to choking on a pretzel and losing consciousness, while walking or talking. This could be confusing, having a *dubyawhacked* *dubyawhack*,
so, there would have to be strict standards in place to avoid self-referential definitions.

Dubyawhack can also mean brand new things, and how they might be accomplished, DIY-style, such as *putting food on your family*.

The best new use of updated dictionary services would be come in its helping to categorize new descriptions for situations which were previously difficult to define or sum up, such as *watching-self-rewinding-while-you-watch* behavior-- the art of double-reversing while going forward, such as in this quote: "I don't like to put words in leaders' mouths. I don't particularly like it when people put words in my mouth, either, by the way, unless I say it."

(Pressing for a *doubletaked dubyawhack* entry would be pushing things, I know.)

Dubyawhacking can also apply when brand new spit and polish is applied to rusty old quotes, such as this gem: "There's an old saying... that says, fool me once -- shame on -- shame on you. You fool me, you can't get fooled again."

Uhm. Yes, well: *Easy for you to say*.

Me, I'm already helplessly hopeless. I see almost everything anymore as being one vast *Pool-pah*, as devised and explained by Kurt Vonnegut, according to his fictional "Books of Bokonon."

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Kurt explains that Pool-pah is translated both as "wrath of God" in the Books, as well as, um, a storm of, uh, not Stormtrumpers, exactly...

More like what happens if tornadoes and hurricanes were made up of septic systems and sewage treatment plants. That's one hell of a storm.

So far, though. it's been one hell of a Republican *Duh-bate* season, too.

Resources:

Dubyawhacked by a pretzel: <http://articles.latimes.com/2002/jan/14/news/mn-22490>

Until the dictionaries act: <http://www.dubyaspeak.com/>

More foot-in-mouth disease: <http://tbo.com/ap/trumps-redstate-invite-pulled-after-remark-about-fox-news-kelly-20150808/>

Bloom-n-madness: <https://www.facebook.com/berkeleybreathed/photos/a.114529165244512.10815.108793262484769/1019198748110878/?type=1&theater>

Pleasure pulled from misfortune: <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Schadenfreude>

Sturm-trumping -- the early daze: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sturm_und_Drang

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Republicans at play: <http://www.detroitnews.com/story/news/politics/2015/08/06/recordings-state-rep-asked-aide-hide-relationship/31269315/>

Pool-pah and the Books of Bokonon decoder rings: <http://www.cs.uni.edu/~wallingf/personal/bokonon.html>