It could be that religious right-wingers have a point, in a manner of speaking -- and, no, we're not talking about the sharp, pointy one high atop each GOP member's head. Settle down and think about this, now: It is possible *demonology* offers one of the few avenues of exploration left that may give any satisfaction at all, when it comes to knowing the source for the sudden increases and rise in numbers of so many depraved demons living here among us, spouting such intolerant and unbelievable bile, cloaking it all as God-given, holier-than-thou speech.

Mass hallucination, panic, and hysteria have mostly been ruled out -- but not demon-possession -- as the cause for this sudden, over-the-top burst of sanctimonious, patronizing, priggish-male, little-boy, pig-headedness: The idea that only aging white men, mostly below the old Mason-Dixon line, are the only possible arbiters left alive where women's health care is concerned. Women have a right to be concerned about where this madness is headed, as so much of the lunatic GOP focus has been below women's waistlines, and above the hems of their skirts.

This suddenly weird and creepy lurch -- notable and shocking, even as right-wing behaviors go -- head off into unchartered territory of insanity, breaking new ground daily in a party long absent any level-headed logic or sense in the first place. It was the GOP, you'll remember, not so long ago, that was in total, apoplectic meltdown regarding any hint of a notion that government might dare to get between us and our doctors -- and now, all these lawmaking pinheads in pinstripes want to crowd into each and every woman's exam room, all of them, to a man, dictating instructions to doctors.

These hypocritical, dictatorial little twerps and jerks have inhaled some special brand of Kool-Aid in the back room, not cut with water, but the dry powder taken fill-bore, right from the packets, done up in long lines, right up their noses as Hoovers, using tightly-rolled hundred-dollar bills as tubes, the *fine-grain crystal* taken up like cocaine and snuff: "*Goofy Grape*," or, "*Hilarious Huckleberry*," maybe. Perhaps, *"Orange-You-Glad-You're-Republican-Women,"* and, *"Peachy-Patron-Surprise."*

Little else but full-blown demon possession could account for such intensely bizarre behavior by

these logy GOP louts, usually content-enough to root around in their troughs idly, occasionally squealing their self-importance to what's left of the press and the folks at home by way of teevee.

No, we're not kidding. Not counting CIA black flights to interrogation centers, you have to go back to the Spanish Inquisition to find men more excited at the prospect of conducting legal, viable rape of women, so ready to party and shout, *"Let the torture begin!"*

Now, remember, these are male, GOP legislators -- and, unbelievably-but-true, a few women, too -- who, along with legislative leaders, suddenly started banging away on this same berserk, rotund bass drum, drumming up frantic support, almost all of them in wet-palmed, panicky hysterics. Take a stab at the cause, if you feel like it: *Rogue male opinion leading, Bizarro-world male bonding rituals, not enough aspirin in the lawmakers' diets as absorbed via their knees, maybe, or, run-amok father-figurism, perhaps, it is, simply, Father-Knows-Best-meets-Stockholm syndrome.*

Our money's on demon possession. Clearly, now: someone or something popped the lid off the industrial-sized can of worms and and knocked the lock off Pandora's box, too -- it could have been during the stolen election of 2000, when Republicans crossed over, all the way, to the Dark Side, full-time. The timing would line up: That's about when the GOP slid right off their rails, abandoned their nuts as squirrels, decided not to let their elevators go all the way to the top anymore -- accidentally stranding some of themselves in their penthouses.

Yes, something kicked open the authentic Gates of Hell *(ask about franchise opportunities in Texas, Virginia, Kansas, Arizona, Oklahoma, Idaho, Georgia, and soon, coast to coast!)*, letting in all manner of soul-eaters to occupy minds and bodies of Republican lawmakers, ghost-dancing with half of those in legislative, or sleeping, chambers with various and sundry succubus- and incubus-types. Demons are fattening themselves at a GOP all-you-can-eat, with more-or-less half of the whole body politic, pit-baked or spit-roasted, right on the menu.

It seems 2000 is about right on the figure -- when Republicans flipped their self-appointed, self-annointed halos and lost their lids, slipped out of their hellhound leashes in an orgy of Bush-leaguer pleasures, and it's been hell on this Earth for everyone else since.

The sour, dire irony is that right-wingers have been posing immodestly as highly religious people, despite their showing off their holy, supposed, modesty in unholy and hellish ways, such as talking in tongues, screaming, "You lie!" at a sitting President in a joint session of Congress -- something no human being would do, but something a demon could certainly and very easily so, let it slip as an appetizer, warming-up the crowd for better things to come.

Republicans pose as holy-rollers, bible-toting, bible-believing folk, but act like ghouls and goblins without any souls at all. We could use endless numbers of crates of those alien-spotting sunglasses from *"They Live,"* to help us more easily spot and *really* see the demonic, drooling, filth that's actually hiding behind some of these punk-ass, GOP masks and grins.

Obviously, we won't be needing hostage team negotiators, nor even U.N.-trained, treaty and peacekeeping staff: We will be needing battalions and brigades of white-knuckle-certified, commando assault *exorcists* if we are to have any chance of saving these poor buggers' souls. We'll need wave after wave of seasoned pros, able to evict evil spirits with one throw of blessed water, lobbed in at a tight arc, in a holy hand-grenade, after scurrying up close, if we're to have any chance of reclaiming these formerly, only-slightly-cuckoo, at-times-genteel types from the full-blown, insane monsters they have become by demons inside.

As the GOP blows keep getting lower, moving from soft-core commentary to more colorful, lusty verbiage about whores, their comments all track right alongside those from their favorite, equally-demon-possessed radio and teevee heroes, too: *Devil's in the details, idle hands making work for demons -- congratulations, says Madge, you are soaking and steeping in witches' and demons' brews!*

We need tons of airlifted sea water -- didn't they kill Dracula that way once, or are we thinking of some other Draconian Republican here? -- to spray on them in constant, airborne applications, like Fukushima, but, with much better aim, more like like continual carpet-bombing, some massive water-ballooning free-for-all, done at taxpayer expensive, free, and at no individual GOP lawmaker cost, spent freely, just trying to get their regular knot-headed selves back, set them free from their demons and monsters they are now.

We know from movies that *"Ghostbusters"* can deliver -- but, can they deliver us from this much evil, *heaven's sakes*, from so many demons, from all these heartless horrors surrounding us, and do so, all at once?

Today's GOP atmospherics and histrionics on women's health care and related privacy issues are plain eerie, creepy, and spooky. Many people alive today still remember a time -- pre-2000, when all hell broke loose -- when people of differing views would, could, and did, politely converse without trying to saw off anyone's head if disagreements arose. Any hot-potato-impasses were silently, or by agreement, placed on the shelf to try again later. It was OK to disagree, in an agreeable way, both sides realizing freedom of speech also means the freedom to disagree -- agreeably.

Everyone followed this general rule of thumb without trying to plunge a thumb into someone's eyeball or ear, no single-digit salutes or attempts at a for-real, Three-Stooges-style poke, no fists went flying, no ear-blistering language erupted, nothing much verbal or *un-vestal* or unvirtuous, nothing venal, nothing to go viral about.

But, that was before the demons took over: *Buh-bye, blue sky.*