

Republicans: One Size (or Lie) Fits Most

Written by Alex Baer

Wednesday, 29 August 2012 17:17

You may be noticing some of these pieces feel as if you've read them before. In a manner of speaking, you have. It's on the order of one-size-fits-all, since any lie fits almost any Republican, and vice-versa.

Today's example: The Romney campaign is running an ad about welfare that uses absolutely no facts -- just lies. Nothing but lies. The campaign says it's their most effective ad yet, and no, they're not at all concerned the ad has no basis whatever in fact.

A Romney pollster was quoted as saying, "We're not going to let our campaign be dictated by fact-checkers." That level of outlandish, outrageous behavior is simply stunning -- lying, then bragging about it, and then being proud of it, too.

This is not at all like those iffy gray areas that dog campaign promises, the ones everyone knows will likely remain unfilled. This is a candidate's campaign holding out its resume for evaluation, asking the American people to be trusted with a crucial national and world-class role -- then lying on the application for employment, and bragging and laughing about it.

Willard's campaign might as well have announced in an ad, "We have no intention of the truth limiting our message. We plan on winning, no matter how many lies we have to tell you. We have no intention of telling you the truth now, and you can kiss the truth goodbye, forever. Then, once we're in office, you can kiss our big butts, too."

If you think this demonstrates mammothly-sized brassed balls and gargantuan hubris on the scale of small moons, you would do well to remember this is only a small taste of what's in store for you with these folks. Nice and direct: *You have been warned.*

Other times, my written warnings appear here, coated in humor, to help your swallowing continue past the mountain of razor blades and *mouthfuls* of broken glass. The default formula in these pieces is compact, owing to limited space. But, it follows a set trend:

- Republicans say or do something horrific / inexplicable / illogical / weird / manure-headed;

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- Republicans refuse to listen to reason / facts / logic / conclusive proof they are wrong;
- Then, to close, there is a marginally creative or humorous attempt at smacking one's own forehead in disgust / horror / revulsion / despair / closure.

Frankly, and without any tinkering required, it could be the same basic story every single day -- follow the formula and just drop in the correct name and details of the latest Republican offense and outrage.

It would refloat a long-sunken belief in people if Republicans would turn over a new leaf, grow up, start adhering to facts, use logic, compromise instead of halting all action in a bratty pout, stop lying and cheating to get ahead, and, perhaps, start paying attention to the instructions given them by those they always quote as being most holy to them.

But, changes in Republicans will occur *after* that Nigerian prince sends me the final sequence number of the multi-million dollar bank draft that's been hung up in Switzerland, as reward for my sending him money to help dislodge that trillion-kobo check he cut from his country's Exchequer before fleeing.

So, you see, this article format has miles to go before it's put to bed (as it used to be said about newspapers) and/or sleeps and/or is mercifully put out of its / my / our misery.

To make this a little easier on the both of us, then, here is a one-size-fits-most framework piece for the next little while. Barring a global invasion from the alien beings of Betchurazz-Nine, a crack in the world revealing an ancient path to the lizard people of Lemuria, or a national emergency of some sort *not* involving a Kardashian, this should do the trick for a few days.

* * * * *

Sen. / Gov. / Rep. / Judge / Candidate / Honorable / Dishonorable / [Other] [fill in name here] has really put his / her / its foot / hoof (regular) / hoof (cloven) / forked tongue back in its personal mouth. [Note: If there is no mouth, please choose a back-up orifice.]

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And, this is right after he / she / it/ stepped on a sensitive negotiation / the known truth / a secret arms deal / an old friendship and alliance / an important, fleshy, bodily appendage earlier this week.

At a lunch / fundraiser / highly-paid speaking engagement / fire drill / goat rope / corndog-eating contest / [or other PR and media cluster] he / she / it managed to offend / thrill / terrorize / levitate / leave lukewarm / foment treason in the event's hosts / major PAC contributors / national corporate sponsors / bake sale moms / military veterans / The Viceroy of East Outer Cupcake / small children with lemonade stands / untrained, free-range gerbils / members of the current excuse for the press (see previous item) when he / she / it suddenly stood up / saluted / flipped the bird / gagged / fell down / threw up / ignited the staged fireworks too early in the evening program / smashed a bottle of Olde Skullcracker Malt Liquor on the wrong monster truck / dropped trou and mooned the audience, while shouting / screaming / pledging / whining / moaning / crying / pouting / whimpering the following:

"[Feel free to make up something completely outrageous, laughable, devoid of information or truth, and of *Dumb-and-Dumberer*-denseness here, or simply select any memorably jumbled line from Dubya's attempts at speech]."

This is sure to upset / disappoint / dismay / loose traction / create slippage / make tracks / neutralize / neuter / insult / flame the butt cheeks off any number of critics / pundits / staffers / fellow Republicans / the Koch brothers / church-sect-cult members / personal family members, in-laws, and pets / Karl Rove and Grover Norquist, the hottest newlywed couple in the beltway.

In the words of E.B. White / e.e. cummings / J.R.R. Tolkien / H.G. Wells / A. C. Clarke / P.G. Wodehouse / E.A. Poe / H.P. Lovecraft / Hal 9000 / [other - your pick]:

- "Politicians -- you can't live with them, and, as I understand it, it's still illegal to stuff them into steamer trunks and mysteriously lose them at sea."
- "If it wasn't for manufacturing our truths from reworked lies, or torturing logic for the fun of it, or jumping to the wrong conclusion, we Republicans would hardly get any exercise at all, aside from constantly running our mouths."
- "There's no telling what's going on upstairs with these people -- or, for that matter, why they're not upstairs as well, instead of bothering everybody down here."
- "Why can't we Republicans learn to say, 'Look -- just lock me up before I lie / swindle /

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cheat / foment war / make a power grab / commit treason / jeopardize my marriage / jeopardize your marriage / jeopardize multiple marriages / go for the permanent gridlock record next Tuesday / abscond to Fiji with my very personal assistant and my campaign cash?"

- [Other; recheck Dubya's speeches for filler, as needed.]

Meanwhile, his / her / its boyfriend(s) / girlfriend(s) / boyfriend(s) and girlfriend(s) has / have made an appeal for him / her / it to support gay rights and adopt the babies they have all created together, mostly unknown to the American people / local TV station / radical right-wing activist radio / Vegas bookies / rabbi-priest-clergy-cult leader / voodoo expert and witch doctor / pilates instructor / opponent's legal team / any friends still left.

Floored and devastated by the news of the sordid leak, he / she / it confessed to relations with Rush Limbaugh / a fascination with black velvet paintings / a fresh commitment as a lifelong Ayn Rand apologist / a renewed vigor as a lifelong Ayn Rand debunker / a long-term failure in anger management / funny business with applesauce and whipped cream / an abiding love for the "dogs playing poker" tapestries.

He / She / It vowed to begin life as a switch-hitter / stop trying to live a closeted life as a ringtail duck / slip over the edge any day now / step out for a quickie whenever possible, and with *whoever's* interested / hurdle over to the dark side, A.S.A.P. / begin a new life in South America as a castanet carver / cross over into the idealistic land of milk and honey / go utterly berserk without warning.

In the end, Republicans always say they want their mommies / their mojo back / full government benefits and pensions regardless of what happened / Sarah Palin's personal cell number / all the incriminating pictures and videos back this time from you-know-who / a pound of flesh from everyone involved / one last really nice romp in the hay before they must resign in shame and disgrace, if somehow actually able to perceive those emotions.

It's all sad but true / weird but expected / tragic but still laughable / hilarious and so predictable / strangely comforting / uncomfortably disquieting / in the end: Just like a Republican, don't you guess / know / imagine / bet / expect / suspect?

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Time for this one to say "Goodnight," and farewell / gimme five / good luck / good riddance / happy trails / it's booty time / sweet dreams / *Baaaaa-baaaa-Luuuuuu!* to you, Gracie / Bob / Solanda / Jimmy-Steve / Buttons / Princess / my fellow Americans / Hercules / members of the academy / Mr. Wiggles / you gorgeous thing, you.

It may be time to wake up and smell the burnt croutons / coffee / karma / scent of personal failure / terror in the air / the warm-up stake-burnings right outside your window / the musky fragrance of many horses pulling all those guillotines up to Capitol Hill.

Not only that -- there goes the Mr. Clean / Mr. Plumber / Mr. Goodwrench / Mr. Nice Guy / Mr. Donut / Mr. Coffee / Mr. T vote, right down the drain, and with it, a valuable lesson we politicians can all safely write off, into the history books / record books / into the "How Not to Run a Country" manual / into my next book deal -- never once questioned by police or held to account for any of my actions as a valuable and valued, and yet still humble, servant of the People.

Lying around with the Romney campaign:

http://www.huffingtonpost.com/2012/08/23/mitt-romney- n_1836139.html