

More Loud Noise from the Boys in Illinois

Written by Alex Baer

Monday, 19 March 2012 18:38

The music is "Illinois Blues," by Skip James, or, maybe it's "Illinois," Dan Fogelberg's way. The mood is very much indigo in some quarters, but Illinoisans know to move fast, clear the streets. Coming to town is the circus, a revival tent meeting with live snakes, a carnival, and a four-way shoot-out, all rolled into one! And, as an added attraction, an escaped zoo of mainstream media chimps will come swooping and swamping on in, as high-profile distraction, caging townfolk in all alleyways, getting up close and personal, pointing mics in faces, mining hard for snappy sound bites and local flavor. *Beware your favorite diners, next couple of days.*

Best to make like a tumbleweed, just roll on, keep out of the way -- here comes more empty thunder raining down on you, rolling across everything, smashing into your towns: *It's the Dark Horse Riders of the Grandiose Oblivion Plague Party, and the runners-up Pinheaded Primary Parade!*

Last we looked, we'd successfully off-shored these light-weighted limelighters, off and away, on their sunny Puerto Rican vacations -- how nice, they can write it all off as being so hard at work. Too bad there isn't a *Poltergeist, Illinois*, to welcome them, looks like they're *baaaack*.

However, things may still be abnormal in Normal, non-standard in Standard, unequal in Equality, eerie in Erie, flighty in Birds, grating in Bone Gap, and a might-bit prickly under the saddle in Burr Ridge, the way these candidates flood and burst into town. There could be bogeymen in Golf, some despairing in Good Hope, or sharp, poker-faced business in Bluffs. We could all be detained in Libertyville, gridlocked in Carlock, but, we can try to get clear in Muddy, restive in Energy, downright industrious in Industry, and, *um*, undaunted in Dix.

Despite all the superficial, artificial hoopla, it's upbeat in Downers Grove, unduped in Dupo, fair enough in Justice, studious in Campus, tearful in Joy, gung-ho in Lake Ka-ho, only *so-so* in Paw Paw, but stalled out, up on the lift, in Mechanicsburg just at the moment. By contrast, in Menominee,

Ma Nah Ma Nah

is what everyone's still singing and humming like happy, excited Muppets this week.

In Hooppole, who can know? There may be some clanging around in the margins of error here, as the population was 204 souls here in the 2010 census, up from 162 just ten years earlier, a 20 percent spurt in growth, not insignificant, you know. Wiki is mum, but it may have been the

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hoop-pole industry -- pieces used in barrel-making and such -- that gave the town its name. *Who can know?*

Meantime, in Cave-in-Rock, originally a stronghold for outlaws and villains of all kinds, such as river pirates, bandits, gangs, and highwaymen, traveling road-show candidates should feel right at home on these roads, no need to cave in to, or rock, anyone's demands. So far, in Gurnee, there's no hospitalizations to report. And, we can always hope Republicans will not opt for scorched-earth policies in Burnt Prairie, Coal City, and Coal Valley -- or, that it won't get too burnt-orange in Vermillion or Orangeville. However, things are looking up, even rising, in Phoenix, and are just fine in Ripley, believe it or not. In Sleepy Hollow, things are just right and comfy, and everyone's all high and dry, all squared away, in Round Lake.

Some residents in the cities of Kansas and in Vermont, Illinois, report fleeting feelings of being a little misplaced, while citizens of Karnak still feel the occasional urge to walk like an Egyptian, 26-plus years, post-Bangles, no less -- insisting they themselves are *not* in *de Nile*.

Buckle down in *Richview*, though, you'll likely get run over by running millionaires and even richer folk than that, just imagine: You have to know the Big Money Show is heading straight at you, from your town's name -- you'll soon be swarmed, jammed, and chock-a-block with grinning types dying to get your invaluable views, want to know what they can do for you, and please elucidate your *rich views*.

Stonefort, Stone Park, and Stonington, too -- along with Rock City, Rockdale, Rockton, and Rockwood, knock on wood, thank you all for being such a foundation of strength in such shaky times, you regular Rocks of Gibraltar, you!

Should be sunny enough for cake on the lawn in Versailles, peaceful in Warren, no cannon fire. Wonder Lake could be miraculous, but, in Winnebago, be ready to hit the road in an instant's notice. And, in Viola, relaxing flowers and bowed string instruments are welcome accompaniments, what a relief, along with Worth: a treasure-house of virtue and value.

Well, there you have it, everyone -- the nation sends you its best wishes, hope you are not too inconvenienced with your deluge of home-invasion robber barons -- *whoops, guests!* -- there, on your home turf! Be alert for marauding bands of hand-shaking, arm-grabbing,

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hand-pumpers, trying to ratchet up your votes. Hope you are braced for impact.
You might want to hit the emergency klaxon about now, sound collision, dead ahead.

So concludes this attempt to meet a challenge and win a small bet -- a coffee, a doughnut -- payable on conclusion of any GOP political piece anywhere close to upbeat. We'll stop soon, lest we violate the terse terms, but conclude with a couple stray thoughts, as some solace and salutes for those brave Illinoisans in harm's way the next couple days.

One is by H.L. Mencken: *"A politician is an animal that can sit on a fence and keep both ears to the ground."* The other, Charles de Gaulle, from across the pond: *"Since a politician never believes what he says, he is always astonished when others do."*

And, for a truly fascinating tale of hoop-poles, along with some remarkably sage advice, c. 1893, from The New York Times:

<http://query.nytimes.com/mem/archive-free/pdf?res=F00E1EF83F5A1A738DDDA90B94DF405B8385F0D3>

Reminder to candidates: *Yes, the "S" is silent -- sets a fine example, doncha think?*