

## Update from the Asylum

Written by Alex Baer  
Saturday, 11 August 2012 12:10

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Well, how about that: An always-blindfolded Willard Romney has finally chucked a dart at the photos staff had taped up on the wall, picking a running mate: Rep. Paul Ryan of Wisconsin.

OK -- so, checking the scorecard: That makes a presumptive presidential candidate who's had everything he's ever wanted from the moment of birth... to a veep wannabe who has a burning need to take everything else left away from absolutely everyone else. *Perfect!*

Note to Republican Party: Stop pussyfooting around and get on with it. Get real -- rename yourselves the Great American Fascist Faction (GAFF) and get it over with. It's been one lock-stepping gaffe after another with you boneheads, and it's showing no sign of any let-up.

Truth in advertising is important, especially when it's the only truth that will ever emerge from your new super-Dud Duo, Lie-Man and Fibbin'. But, then, that's probably what all your flip-flopping is about -- an attempt to be partially truthful, sequentially, if only in pieces, here and there, now and then, off and on, with a little of this and a little of that.

We already know that you and Republicans -- sorry, GAFFers -- have no actual plans to govern. You've all proven it endlessly already, in the last three and a half years. The sum total of espoused and demonstrated governance has been to fold your arms, plant your feet, and say "NO" over and over again -- setting an all-time historic record of saying no.

(Note to GAFF: Could be your tag-line ticket here -- "Just say 'no' to governing." Thing is, your constituents may ask why on Earth you want the jobs so bad if you want to do less than nothing once there. Well, how about "Just say 'no' to sane government?" *Hmmm*. OK, scratch all this. We'll get back to you later.)

We're all kind of surprised you haven't threatened to take the Capitol dome and go home until or unless you get your way.

You've all but threatened to hold your breath until that black man leaves the White House. It's a

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shame you haven't done so. Fainting a few times, and sharply striking your heads on the marble rotunda floor, might knock a little sense into each one of you -- goodness knows it fled a long time ago.

So, having no ideas whatsoever how to run a country, it's no surprise you've presented no clear plans or details of what *else* you would do differently or instead. It's no wonder you have to continuously appeal to the emotions of your base, and get them fired up on Bibles, guns, abortion, and thinly-veiled racism.

Oh, almost forgot: And the right of absurdly wealthy people -- humans and corporations -- to pay no taxes whatever, as you yourself secretly hope to become one someday. Either one. Human or corporation, doesn't matter which, as you say.

It might be interesting to ask you how you hope to someday grow up and become a legal filing -- that is to say, a corporation -- now that they have been ruled people by those fabulously non-activist, merry right-wing pranksters in SCOTUS.

Relax, we won't ask you. Thing is, that migraine's not been getting any better since learning you're spending \$77,000 a year, Willard, for maintenance of that equestrian habit. Or how much you spent going to London to horse around and insult your kind hosts -- our best friends, over there, on the other side of the pond.

Or the amount of cash you've got hiding from taxes, parked offshore -- after doing the same to jobs that regular Americans once had before your vulture crew at Bain landed and dined.

Or how many mansions you're up to now. Or how many hundreds of thousands of dollars your wife has enjoyed in a monthly budget to help run them, along with her personal herd of maids and staff -- you know, all that support in money and people that allowed her to stay home with the kids.

It was such a good idea for your rich wife, but, for moms of much more modest means, for them, your advice is to simply, "Squeeze out your pups in the field, then get back to work!"

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--right?

Between the belief that you and your wife have that it's "your" turn to be President, and your right to say one thing but do the opposite -- that's some sense of entitlement you've built up, there, Bubba. Then, as you'd say:

*In poor people, any sense of entitlement -- that is to say, any sense of obtaining services fully paid for via payment of taxes -- is so gauche, but in those who have been rich since the instant of their conception and their inception of breath, it is simply so... so **right**, that entitlement birthright!*

(Psst. Willard! Is the real reason you refuse to release your tax returns to us -- you know, the "you people" out here -- because you've been short-sheeting your accounting bed as an officer of your cult that demands 10% of your take?)

Well, whatever. You make it too easy, all of you. When you're a hypocrite and a liar, you have no room to hide, and no cover for your perpetual sins. The cycle of sinning, begging for forgiveness, and re-sinning as fast as possible, must have you spiritually spinning faster than wood on your master's lathe.

But, you never know: Relying on the awareness, memory, and attention-span of American voters will probably allow you to garner plenty of ballots, if only from tradition, as not many of voters are paying much attention to tracking any facts or keeping score of any truths. That'll be a big plus for you on voting day!

When you have no ideas to appeal to the mind of voters, the only thing left you have going for you is yanking hard on the prickly emotions of the masses, and hope that will do the trick.

*"That Kenyan in the White House with no birth certificate -- he's really an alien from the planet Boogeyman-Three! □ He was actually hatched, not born! □ He drinks goat's blood for breakfast! He's coming to get your Bibles and guns with his nukular flamethrower! □ He's really only a foot tall -- the real one's inside, running the meat robot that everyone else sees!"*

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You know, you might want to adjust your tinfoil, tri-corner hats, and not wear out that knee-jerk connection from over-use -- you might want to use those knees for walking again, someday. Or for crawling on, back to your base, begging for something like forgiveness.

Rep. Paul Ryan from Wisconsin? That's the best you could do, Willard?

Wisconsin, the formerly mostly-sane state, now a surprising home of the Koch Brothers' office boy, Gov. Scott Walker, and home of the ongoing death knells of collective bargaining -- unions that birthed the middle class?

*Willard, Willard: If you're going to throw the fight, you have to make it less obvious. □ We know you have nothing to offer here, but Paul Ryan, for heaven's sake?*

*Why not just pick that eternal whack-job, ol' Crazy-Eyes Bachmann -- the space cadet with the room-temperature IQ who somehow made it onto the Intelligence Committee, of all things -- and really announce it in style, put it all up in lights, that you're throwing in the towel?!*

Well, any job worth doing is worth doing right and well.

And, you have done well, Willard Mitty Romney, with your choice of running mate -- fronting one of the least talented, intelligent, and capable candidates since Dan Quayle -- and in removing all doubt that you are a psycho elitist who has no business representing this country in any way, shape, form, or fashion.

Well, at least you and Ryan have one thing in common now, besides being on the same ticket: You both have an uncommon need for approval and power, combined with an uncommon lack of grasp of any real facts. Great going, and great combination, you two. *Oh, yeah!*

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We can see all those big, foam hands in the crowd now, and some cheesehead hats, and choruses of "*We're Number One!*" and shouts of "*USA! USA! USA!*" while the crowd paints its assault rifles and banana clips red, white, and blue.

Now, if you'll excuse us, the remaining part of the population of the country, the people still sane, will be over just here, updating our long-form resumes, trying to get into Canada -- just in case your boys manage to hack-and-hijack enough voting machines to steal this election.

We'd much rather head farther north and freeze our *electorates* off this winter, rather than keep getting these perpetual, flash-frozen cold chills from you, Ryan, and this new GAFF party.