

Another Slow Rush to Judgment

Written by Alex Baer

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Once again, Republican party opinion leader Rush Limbaugh leads the way for all who lend him their ears -- you'd have to, of course. He's deaf from all the drugs that he took. To get back at us for his lapse in judgment, his slow-catching-on, he's been lashing our ears all along, trying to blow them out on us, too. He's been showing the party faithful how to be virtuous, how to be courageous, how to verbally lash a young woman. Finally, he hit an uncalled part of our ears, got a reaction -- we are suddenly surprised.

Oh! Rush has been banking fortunes out of shoveling crap into our ears for some time. We give him permission to do so every time we turn on the radio, invite him in for a while. He's at home money-grubbing, spewing lies, and whipping out racist slurs, but Rush is flexible. He's added a new skill: Skinning a young woman alive, using only sharpened words. Quite a demonic resume you have there, Rush. Happy with your list of achievements? He laughs us off, of course, all the way to the bank.

Oh, sure: He slowly and reluctantly nudged out a couple of half-assed, half-hearted apologies -- Rush, on display once again as a puzzled child, one hand in the cookie jar, the other hand busy electrocuting a cat, parents looking on, wondering why any apology should be required of him. *He's the great man of Republican radio fame!*

Well, don't fool yourself about this troll: The only thing caught his attention was the hemorrhage of clients bleeding from his fat list of suckers. Money slipping away is what caught his heart-strings, not any sudden pangs of humanity, no overnight installation of heart.

You remember Rush: *Sent his maid out to score him some drugs and take the wrap.* You know Rush: *"Barrack the Magic Negro," anyone?*

Having any trouble tuning him in, nice and clear, on your Clear Channel channel, alleged humans paying him gold bricks to be a human broadcast-manure spreader, catch you right in your ear? Here are some more hints to help you remember Rush, the enviable big man of our times, and some of his most cherished moments of racist hate-mongering, some of his finest bowel-explosions sent into our air:

"We need segregated buses... This is Obama's America." "A Chavez is a Chavez. We've always had problems with them." "Have you ever noticed how all composite pictures of wanted criminals resemble Jesse Jackson?"

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There's more. Here's one about Latinos: "You're a foreigner. You shut your mouth or you get out." Or, about African-Americans: "They're 12 percent of the population. Who the hell cares?" Or, Latinos, again: "Let the unskilled jobs that take absolutely no knowledge whatsoever to do -- let stupid and unskilled Mexicans do that work." Or, this one, especially vile, in Rush's Hall of No Shame: "You know who deserves a posthumous Medal of Honor? James Earl Ray [confessed killer of Martin Luther King, Jr.]. We miss you, James. Godspeed."

Imagine mixing God into that hateful speech, you religious Right morons -- you are dead wrong. But, it's what Rush and Republicans do, it's one reason why he's still there on our air -- some people actually identify with this crud, somehow believe it to be funny. If any doubt needs removing, here's one more -- this comment, made to an African-American woman who had called his show, heaven knows why: "Take that bone out of your nose and call me back."

So, just checking in: *How's your memory? □ How's the lining of your stomach, how are your ears?*
Remember Rush now, this phenomenal waste of human organs and skin?

Just imagine explaining all this to one of the Founders, Benjamin Franklin, let's say. "Well, Ben," you'd start to say, "in America, we love having our heads dipped in fat buckets of excrement all day by a disparaging, rich, blimp -- and we'd all love it, and couldn't wait for more." Plus, you would add proudly, "The excrement dipper would be paid vast ransoms, too."

To stun Ben a little more, already doubled over, checking the fine print in the U.S. Constitution, you'd chime in, "And, you know what? The courts have already sided with Fox, long time ago, sayin' that nobody had to bother with the truth when sayin' things on the news!" Ben's almost down for the count. *Go ahead: □ Tell him this is all happening right on the public airwaves, of We the People, in America, and has been going on a long, long time.*

Every single woman, every single minority member, every single civilized human being, should fall on Rush like so many bricks, forcing a collapse on his house of sludge. You don't like being fed feces, don't like chewing on those lies? *"Tough beans, bucko -- that's all we got in stock for the likes of you,"*
Rush would say to your face,
given half a chance.

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Of course, you could always invest in your future: Take some time to boycott and blast every last one of Rush's advertisers, then turn off that fetid lump -- and, in the peace and quiet, gather your thoughts and your strength, go blast the FCC, go blast your Representatives and Senators, tell them to get liars and blowhards like Rush and Fox off American air, so you can breathe cleanly and deeply and well once more.

Or, just do as Rush would tell you, in between foot-long cigars: Go pound sand into yourself, go pee up a rope. Meanwhile, every single day, he will pour a bucket of guts on you and laugh like a maniac. He gets a check every single day, more than a hundred thousand bucks every single, stinking day, gets a hundred grand to pour his stench and entrails and slop all over you, every day. Plus, Rush gets to laugh at you, too.