

Super Tuesday & Our Next Thrill

Written by Alex Baer

Monday, 05 March 2012 16:07 - Last Updated Monday, 05 March 2012 16:08

It's been one *wimpering* bellow and *simpering* cacophony after another with these guys, all this empty and *voidful* claptrap called the GOP candidacy, or coronation, or whatever half-baked appellation you'd care to make of this clammy, hammy, clambake. Now, to steal a dribble from basketball, welcome to Super Tuesday -- March Madness, Republican Style! This is a most appropriate banner to stretch over these four lame and leftover horsemen of the GOP Apocalypse, all saddled up on their pygmy ponies, ready to joust with feather pillows.

In the English language, it's a shame we aren't allowed to add exponents to some descriptors, can't add a "power" sign at the end. We could not create this in current grammar: "Newt is a liar, cheat, and a sneak thief ^ 56," which would be saying Newt's to the power of 56 in terms of *liar-cheat-sneak-thief-iness* times itself -- 56 times in all. Just as five-squared means five times five, Newt to the 56th power would mean, *well,* a wet cleanup on aisles 5 through 9,472, *at the least.*

Before we get cocky with this stuff, it is vital to remember that trying to divide by zero will still cause a shift in The Force and a nasty rift in Time. But, it should be theoretically possible to envision personality traits and actions increased exponentially, as a way to truly see into any candidate's soul. If you're going to go there, a wet-suit-under and a HazMat-suit-over is the way to go. And, where Newt's involved, just flee and never look back, else you'll be turned into a pillar of Callista.

Meanwhile, Willard the Odd is still straining everyone's credulity, and bookmakers' faiths, as he crawls out of Michigan, head between his knees, trying to get more blood up into his head. As hometown hero parades go, this one fell like a four-ton souffle. Well, what could you expect, buckethead, saying American car makers should just fail and go broke -- especially after getting such a sweetheart government bailout deal for yourself at Bain? *The GOP Hyprocrite Sweepstakes has so many excellent contenders this year!*

Then, of course, there's making your dog ride on top of the car with -- and as -- the luggage, and killing companies just to make you some more dollars, and on and on. You should check your magic Mormon undies before Tuesday's results, make sure you've got some

Depends (R)

pool-sized liners in there -- it may not be pretty, where you're headed. Oh, and, don't hunch over like that -- makes you look even more like the vulture capitalist you are.

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We're all still trapped in the Land of Truly Strange and Superstitious Tidings, where a new blast of *Shock-and-Aw-Shucks* back-slapping will erupt anew, where God will be flailed about in two-fisted earnest, where Bible-thumping of all kinds will be set off like nervous, slap-happy hiccups, while pot lucks bubble away in *Crock-Pots (R)* -- so, good luck, all you GOP-ten-stater crackpots, all over this nation!
Your performances are always such a crock!

And, what to do with Uncle Ron? Is he here, trying to hold down the grass and make a path for offspring to run, or just what? Ron slipped more than a disc out from under his plank when, as a doctor, he suggested uninsured people in emergency rooms just go somewhere and die -- a stunning trade of Hippocratic oath to do no wrong, flipped on its posterior, to join the Hypocrite GOP Choir, singing the same old song: *I Got Mine, So Go Screw You*. Ron: Your 15 is over.

Seems as though we should be able to rewind a graduation diploma over a statement like that, as it seems Ron's better suited as a de facto undertaker: No longer much interested in keeping the living alive and above ground, moving around, up here. And, if *that* could be done, we should also then be able to take Mormons to task, too -- invoke whatever *god-swill* or God's Will is needed to make them stop hijacking the supposed souls of the dead, from one cult, however populous, to another cult, however less populous, via posthumous baptism, and without anyone's permission. You Mormons, take notice: Stop spiritually hitchhiking, stop surfing on other cult's claimed souls -- you keep doing these things, going on as you are, you are headed for one *unremittingly* intense smoting and smack-down event from on high, or up from down low. Whichever. Maybe both.

Now, then, we hear Ricky's still got the dry heaves and feeling queasy about that same JFK speech he said made him want to vomit -- an action nicely reciprocated by anyone still sane in this nation, made severely, *vomitrociously* ill by this sweater-vested *Twinkie (R)*. Oh, sorry, Ricky -- *didn't know your mom still dressed you - our bad*. Still, permanently doubled-over we are, physically ill about this yahoo, and laughing ourselves even sicker, double-parked in the fictitious *Vomitorium* over this preposterous, outlandish, even-more-fictitious Santorum.

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Makes us wonder what we will do for cheap thrills, how we'll get laugh-faced exhaustion, when this never-ending-story of Republican neo-con-job inanity, insanity, and neo-theocratic obsession has finally -- *hallelujah!* -- played itself out...

Across town, ideas are being brainstormed: *Celebrity Shark Wrestling? American Idyll? Survivor 200 BCE? Dancing with the Nuclear Codes? □ Gladiator Jeopardy? Soylent Babylon 3000? □ Commander Jekyll and Mrs. Hyde? Spelling Bee of the Stars? □ Who Wants to be the First Trillionaire?* Can't wait to see what's next, as soon as this one wraps up, this season of Political Fear and Loathing, GOP-Asylum-Style. *Must-see-to-believe* TeeVee, this GOP.

Unfortunately, Super Tuesday coverage is available in all areas. Watch at your own risk. Check local listings for channels to throw your shoes and dinner at. □ Facepalms not included.