

Motion Carries! And the Winner Is...

Written by Alex Baer

Thursday, 02 August 2012 18:30 - Last Updated Thursday, 02 August 2012 18:30

We nonpartisan, equal-opportunity critics of political office holders, and the cuckoo process by which self-governance is currently practiced in this country, have, around our own meeting table, been chewing on a particular cud, in between beers, for some months: What to call Republicans that is not as obscene, foul, or belligerent as most everyone would actually like.

Call it a party game that we've been enjoying, somewhat perversely. Republicans started it, insisting on repeatedly calling their opponents the "Democrat Party," making sure they really leaned, vocally, on the "-rat" at the end.

It's all so childish, of course, as is answering back in kind -- which makes it all the more irresistible to tickle, and such rich fodder to tackle, for our discussions down at Hack's BBQ Shack.

We are a loosely-collected rabble of bloggers that hole up at that ancient, ramshackle spot of gustatory delight, in Washington, D.C., where George Washington himself -- and maybe the British before him -- likely had the original pulled pork, baked beans, cole slaw, and cornbread so good you did not think it could exist in this flawed old world.

We online scribes gather at Hack's for sustenance, support, and solace. We also gather to lick our figurative wounds -- along with the salt on the rims of our margaritas -- usually self-inflicted bits of mental shrapnel, souvenirs from tangles with topics we start to care far too much about. Or, just from life in general.

Anyone can be a member of this club, just by periodically writing something online, and doing it for free. Accepting compensation of any kind, even if it were offered, would constitute a move from amateur status to the pros, and we here at Hack's are strictly amateurs, all the way. We hack at life in our own words, and in our own ways.

But, as I said, we were trying to rename Republicans something quite good. This is not an easy task for persnickety wordsmiths who require thoughts and words to be shaped just so.

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One of the top suggestions: *Rethuglicans*, or *Rethugs*, had a very nice ring to it. There's a sense of bully-boy swagger built into this one -- like Willard Romney's gang pinning school peers to the ground while he lopped off their hair, or Willard's playing dress-up, donning cop's clothes, officiously stopping people to give himself a power rush and a cheap thrill.

Retreadlicans made a bid, based on the constant reappearance of candidates who appeared to be the same person, in all 50 states, over and over again, as if issued from a candidate stamping factory, yammering the same talking points, over and over, along with the mantra, "More tax cuts to create jobs! More tax cuts..."

Another one in the lead for a while: *Repimplicans*. No great mystery tracing origins here, given all the money GOP office holders suck up out of bottomless corporate teats, selling special favors to the highest bidders of special interest groups. Those hundreds-of-thousands-a-plate dinners, and all the rest, too -- all while successfully ignoring the plights of their other constituents: everyday working stiffes that were conned into voting for them. At least, those still lucky enough to have jobs.

Repuglican was pretty popular for a while, too -- a whimsical, hybridized construct blending "repugnant" with "Republican," but, there I go -- repeating myself again.

It didn't hurt that all the members voting were big-dog people, and mostly agreed that the Pug is among the least compelling breed -- all right, ugly -- of all the nearly snout-less, mushed-up faces around.

Wanda, proprietor Hack's wife, has not yet resumed speaking to us after we spoke of such things while she brought an order of drinks. Warm beers can now get a quick chill when Wanda goes by. Hack says to give it a couple days. How were we supposed to know she has three Pugs at home?

No idea, by the way, why we're all big-dog guardians. Maybe it's just we're terrified of stepping on small dogs, in the bleary-eyed morning, en route to the coffee pot.

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Anyway, after we took a formal vote, we found a clear winner had emerged, after some jockeying back and forth and -- true to politics -- some side-discussions of favors traded for votes. We're all pleased with the results, and are plotting our next moves, be it bumper sticker warfare, or a campaign of voter education.

The name accurately reflects the unending amounts of time-frittering delays and do-nothing gridlock GOP members have pioneered, and the stubborn obstructionism they have maintained over the past three-plus years.

Republicans have never before said, or kept on repeating "NO!" so many times in Congress, to any and all attempts to run the country, and pass meaningful laws and resolutions that would tackle the country's worsening problems and attempt to provide a hand up to average Americans battered by corporations at every turn.

Instead of attempting to assist average Americans, Republicans instead fought hard to protect billionaires, and corporations swimming in record-breaking profits, from having to pay their fair share of taxes to benefit this country of 311 million people -- not just the few at the top. Even in a time of historically-low taxes, wealthy companies and individuals could only be asked to receive more tax breaks, said Republicans, so that the job creators would create jobs.

Based on the amount of tax savings applied to their wallets over the last decades, we should be swimming in jobs. Instead, we are treated to such patriotic Republican acts as offshoring jobs and profits in the trillions -- hiding opportunity and life from people in one case and hiding the other from any taxation whatever.

Republicans have collapsed companies and stiffed taxpayers with the damages. With Republicans, it's always about privatizing profits, but making sure any losses are socialized, so the people pick up the tab. Add that to bankster raids on the Treasury, and wars that threaten to last decades, not years, and you start to bring Republicans into clear view.

So, you members of the GOP, for delaying and retarding any positive action of any kind, and for blocking activity on all fronts, doing so for more than three years, while pledging no action until and unless that Kenyan gets out of the White House, we low-born here at Hack's BBQ Shack do dub you Republican elitists and those who feel entitled to their plunder, we dub thee *Retardli*

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cans!

Accent on the second syllable, please, you *Retardlicans*, on your new name. Wear it proudly! You have earned it so deeply, fully, and well! You deserve the name, from all your block-headed blockading maneuvers, all your stubborn and meaningless stalling and delays in Congress, all your attempts to slow down and retard all fair efforts to truly govern and do the work of the people.

Somehow, you found the millions of dollars, and the two full weeks, it cost to vote 33 times -- 33 times! -- to repeal the Affordable Care Act, but none of you could muster the energy to vote on even ONE jobs bill in more than three years?

You hoped to crash the economy and force voters into the slaughterhouse of your policies for the enrichment of the few already at the top?

You held, and still hold, the entire country hostage for debt ceiling talks -- acts consistently done under Republican presidents without protest?

You hold up employment, and a chance at life, for millions of Americans, in order to demand one particular man gets fired?

You really are *Retardlicans*, you know -- at the very, very least.

By the way, all you vacuous, self-involved *Retardlican* blowhards -- put **THAT** in your "Democrat Party" name-calling pipe and smoke it.

And remember this friendly advice from us, down at Hack's BBQ Shack: *Don't inhale.*