

Please Do Not Adjust Your Insanity - It's Quite Fine

Written by Alex Baer

Sunday, 18 November 2012 20:39 - Last Updated Sunday, 18 November 2012 22:17

President Obama wasn't really born in Kenya after all. That was just a little good-natured political ruse, for the election, that was all. See, Obama was actually born on Venus.

OK, well, maybe Neptune, at the outside. But it's definitely down to one of those, right there.

Plus, you know what? Obama eats cloned stem cells for breakfast! By the end of this year, it'll be no more bacon-and-eggs for the rest of us -- you mark my words. He'll have us all eating the same glop, and maybe fetuses, too. Then, right after, we'll have to march around every day in socialist parades for an hour or two, singing about how much we love *Chairman Marx and Comrade Obama*.

And guess what -- that's not all! They're putting LSD in the drinking water -- even the bottled stuff -- to keep us woozy, helpless, and off balance, for when the spacecraft land and Obama sells off all the people to the aliens the way we buy and sell cows!

I even *seen* them building holding pens for us, and some kind of factory, just over the ridge, on the other side of the tree line. I'm telling you that *Soylent Green* movie was no movie -- it's a preview of what's going to be, only that's not even half the story.

We're all going to be sold like some sort of hashed-up, mashed-up cat food to the baby-eating, outer-space liberals from Obama's home planet! You wait and see! You wait and see!

* * * * *

I imagine someone will name this type of dementia and derangement before too very long, as this is an era where fame is far more important than achievement.

In the interim, we can toss around a few labels, so we'll know what we're all speaking about.

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Right now, I'm slightly favoring Karl Rove's Complaint, or Turdblossom's Blues, after his election night meltdown, wide-eyed and in fully shocked disbelief, live on Fox. However, Norquist's Dilemma, aka The Poopyhead Funk, or the Curse of the Poopyheads, did make a run toward the top a while earlier.

After all, this latest round of Republican hysteria is undoubtedly linked to a form of psychotic whiplash -- backlash? -- experienced by "Faux News" viewers, following the bursting of The Great Expectations Bubble established by every commentator, pundit, analyst, and pollster they had, doing lush predictions of Romney's infallible, resounding, definitive win over Obama and the Traitorous Forces of Logic & Reason.

Viewers -- basically, all Republicans, everywhere, age 3 and older -- had their hopes built up so far beyond the ability of facts to sustain the weight of that intensively dreamed longing, that the intrusion of authentic political reality snapped many minds. Those that didn't snap cleanly in two, shattered in a million pieces.

The latter will take a little longer to sweep up. But, that's OK. I hear the supply of Thorazine and a rasher of anti-psychotics is holding out fine.

It's fascinating business, though. In a nutshell, Republicans suffered a basic shearing away from our normal plane of existence and awareness, fueled by their inability to handle the truth, their flight from reality catapulting them into the alternative realities of their own fears, fantasies, and fancies.

The pain of not being able to resume another four years -- technically, years 9 through 12 -- of Dubya's policies, this time set in steroids and all the last, wispy, futile restraints removed, created a breakdown of Republican psyches on the order of individual neutron bombs going off in each Republican's stubborn, reptilian mind.

In essence, there was a deep, deep longing that was about to come true, then suddenly crashed, out of reach -- it was not to be! The brain, to protect itself, changed the meat channel to watch something else instead, not the dreaded thing that had come to pass.

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Even simpler? *Big lust. □ Big want. □ Looking good, going to happen. □ No, never, we were fooled! □ Why did Fox -- how could they lie to us! □ Why would Karl... □ Oh, look -- a flower shop and traffic lights! □ I think it's going to be a nice day tomorrow, when the fairies and whales and unicorns come back to pick us up, in Jonah's Fossil Fuel Ark or Noah's Nuclear Submarine and take us back to the underwater forest, don't you think?*

Yeah, only a matter of time before someone comes up with a name for this psychosis, one that'll really stick. I hear that they're trying a number of different therapies now, trying to lure them back to where the rest of us are, using a voice actor that sounds like Rush.

Intermediate step, I hear: he promises them different rewards for thinking certain things that aren't true, going in baby slow steps, trying to lead them gently back onto the right road -- the same way they all got originally detoured before.

* * * * *

Propaganda, you say, these techniques for a cure? Well, sure. I guess. It got Republicans that way in the first place, all right, if that's what you mean. Now that they had a nasty shock and got blown off course, into a painful reality, and are substituting their own versions -- why, we have a duty to take up the same propaganda tools we used in the first place to get them all back, back in line, just like before.

Although, you have to admit, some of these folks are coming up with pretty good stuff that we can use after everyone's back on line again, to help keep our Republican propaganda wars rolling.

Obama, using cold-war-era mind-control tricks to force everyone into the cities, so we can have a U-N-controlled communist dictator at the helm from now on?

You got to admit -- that's pretty rich. Some of our Republican pals got blown *waaay* off course this time. Way further out than just the birther and socialist stuff we've been ginning up the last few years with those stupid 'Baggers.

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Say what you will about being able to easily lead Republicans around on a string like they were all half-filled toy balloons. In the end, you know, there's a lot of raw, natural talent we're seeing pop up here. There could be a really good side to The Great Republican Wigout, after all, maybe...

Hey, just sayin' if **we** don't use 'em over at GOP meme headquarters, the *National Enquirer* sure as hell will. And, you can bet your last alien space baby's solid gold bible on that, Bubba.

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