



## **Damn Good Whacking**

**By The X-Man, February 2024**

*Only those who have got no conscience, for how can they be tortured by conscience when they have none?*

*The Brothers Karamazov, The Devil, Ivan's Nightmare*

*Bad people need to pay a price. And the price should be high.*

Billy Summers, from Stephen King's *Billy Summers*

*But never in Thebes or Troy were madmen seen driven to acts of such ferocity against their victims, animal or human, as two shades I saw, white with rage and naked, running, snapping crazily at things in sight, like pigs, directionless, broken from their pen.*

*From The Divine Comedy, Inferno, Canto XXX*

*In their eyes there's something lacking/what they need's a damn good whacking.*

From *Piggies*, The Beatles

A lyric from a bygone age, relevant to our current political environment at the start of 2024: How to explain and what to do about Carnival Barker supporters, millions and millions of them across the United States? Spank em!

No, no one's talking about a real damn good whacking...whack-*whack-whack*...whack-*whack-whack*! Take that, Goobers in MAGA hats! No, no one's going to strike them in any manner, at least not that I'm aware of. I'm certainly keeping my distance as much as possible, although I was recently in a lineup with a proud MAGA person, a beefy pianist with long blond hair, maybe thirty-five years old, wearing a Trump t-shirt at the Putnum House Sunday night open mic in Bethel, Connecticut, fall 2023. Certainly wouldn't try and spank her, trust me on that.

*In their eyes there's something lacking...* That gets to the heart of the matter. The Carnival Barker gives *meaning* to their lives and you can see it in their rabid eyes; man's search for meaning (women's too, of course); hasn't this been a constant theme in the history of person-kind? From our earliest awareness at which we wondered what it was all about. Like *Alfie*, that great Broadway hit, *what's it all about...* Our search for meaning. For millions of Barker fans, he brings meaning with daily resentments and insults, delivered lustfully, relentlessly, shamelessly. Their lives are tough, the Barker followers, work is tough, life's not fair, others are bad; others want *women* to decide if they want abortions; others are out to get them, coming for their guns; what's your grievance, step right up, we got the guy who understands; he'll fight your enemies, so many, everywhere you turn on cable news, the Internet. Makes you feel better you have someone in your corner when your head hits the pillow at night.

Day after day after day, pre-presidency, as President, post-Insurrection, candidate again in 2024 as of this writing in January 2024 (out on bail). Resent them, resent them again, resent some more, feels good, don't it.

The rallies. Freakin screamin' crazy wackadoodles. If only they had girlfriends, a hobby or two, a spouse they loved and who loved them back, at least a little, some kind of peace that would negate their fixation on this most wretched man and the hateful brew of whatever he's serving up on a given day. Could we ask Barker followers to read the indictments? Maybe one of the four? Must be *Cliff Notes* versions somewhere; ten or fifteen minutes should do it, we know they're busy...*See, these are serious charges, lots of evidence here. He could really go to jail, maybe even that Rice Street joint they say is pretty dirty, maybe even dangerous.*

Of course Barkerites are brainwashed, they're part of a cult; un-deprogramable; why anyone would try and have a conversation with them is beyond me. Like the Trump t-shirt piano-playing momma; I sure could have talked with her about the mosquitos buzzing around our legs on that muggy night when we were open mic-ing together. As she hovered near the table on the patio where I sat, draft beer in front of me, I looked at her t-shirt, which read *I Voted for Trump* with a *#metoo*, whatever it was; and seeing me look at the t-shirt-- I didn't say a word, just deadpanned at the shirt, she was wearing it after all, broadcasting to the world her support for the Barker -- she sez to me, she sez, *Yes, it's for Trump*, and I

said *Oh, I was just looking*. And as she was getting her full-length electric piano ready to carry to the stage, she said something like, *with everything that's going on*, maybe a reference to all those darn indictments; and that was that and she proceeded to do an instrumental version of, I forget, but it was pretty good, and the four or five people there offered polite applause, me included.

Could they really just plain like the guy? His rants make them happy, a shot of ecstasy from a charismatic man? A break from the mundane of everyday life, sticking it to the mainstream media and all that.

Pray, dear Barker Supporters, jump on the Peace Train; flip the whole dang thing. Be nice to and respectful of those with whom you have differences, so many differences, we know, but we're people too; we're all in this together, we *can* get along, we *must* get along, we share the same country; it's *our* country, we're all proud to be Americans (where at least we know we're free!). That mean-spirited brew seems wired deep inside of you, right down in the smithy of your soul; what else would you expect after years of Fox News and Barker rallies, the AM radio freaks; you've been traumatized; let us help you.

Let's start with, what else, a healthy diet; cut the fat, donuts, pork rinds, *Spam*, whatever. Second, exercise, in whatever way shape or form (Yes, rock climbers who scaled the Capital walls, rock climbing counts as exercise). Third, and most importantly, work your mind into a state of *Awareness*, where the error of your ways will become as clear as the Barker's contempt for the truth, his contempt for you, the useful idiots who want to replace our democracy with tyranny; one man, one rule: *The 2020 election was stolen!* Not sure you really believe the lie, but the Barker says is true, so you fake believing it because your side can't let Biden be president without fighting as long as it takes to get him and all those libs out of Washington? You *can* face the truth, you *can* handle the truth, you *can* change, you *must* change, our country's depending on you; reject the Barker once and for all; admit you've been had, a sucker for a grafter, or rather a *grifter*, *grifter's* the word, a swindler. A sucker suckered by a big old orange grifter: this is how you want to be remembered? We all get had by someone at some point in life, don't we; time to move on, my friend, move on.

Maybe you *can* be deprogrammed after all; look at all the people who've escaped cults over the decades; look at Never Trump Republicans; Lynn Chaney,

Adam Kissinger, S.C. Cupp, the CNN talking head. Tubby (Chris Christie, poor slob almost died when he was a Barker sycophant, getting Covid), Asa what's-his-name; he'll tell you point black the Barker's no good, gosh darn right he won't run as his VP in 2024; Will what's his name, former CIA guy? On CNN all the time trashing Trump. These people are *Republicans*, your party; they fight every day to dislodge the Barker as leader of the party, a party of one, your authoritarian guy, the tyrant-wanna-be, the enemy of democracy.

Can all these Republicans be wrong about your guy? We're talking millions, not as many millions as in your camp, but still: Millions of Republicans really don't like the guy and fear his return to the presidency--he's been out of office since January 20, 2021, as a reminder, maybe repeat that a few times each night before you go to bed, tack it on to the end of your prayers maybe--his return would mean the end of our democracy. We live in a democracy, not an autocracy, where a single person has all political power, elections become meaningless. If this is OK with you, and there ain't no way no one's gonna stop you from loving the Barker, well OK; good luck in November 2024, we'll see you at the polls (Hands off the voting machines!)

For those who voted Barker and still consider him their guy, a great twice-impeached, one-term, four times indicted president, but may be a little nervous about having a president ruling from Rice Street, maybe ask yourself: Can all anti-Trump Republicans be wrong when they say he's a danger to our democracy?

Come on, now, Barker lovers, one and alike. You must believe there's life after you reject him; you don't need him, you really don't. Your transformation will bring you clarity that's clearer, clearer-er than anything you've ever been clear about, ever, whatever that may be. You'll see the error of your ways, and it will set you free from the psychological vice-grips of this magnetic reality TV star.

Now's the time to hit the road to recovery, during and after which you'll discover joys you'd never imagined possible. A wellspring of happiness will swell in your heart like a warm spring breeze.



**Former president Donald Trump gestures at a campaign event in North Charleston, S.C., on Feb. 14. (Sam Wolfe/Reuters), from *WAPQ*, March 19, 2024**

### **Roll Out the Yoga Mat (You'll Have a Barrel of Fun!)**

Roll out the yoga mat, make it right next to a lib, really own that lib; come on now, you can do it. Yoga instructors by nature are beautiful and nice, relaxed, not to mention toned, come on now. Classes most everywhere these days; at strip malls next to gun shops, tattoo and vaping parlors, nail salons, liquor stores, local Republican satellite offices; chain gyms; the good old YMCA, located everywhere across this great land of ours; God bless America and our rock solid institutions like the YMCA. Yoga will relax your mind; relax, tone up, twist into those un-twistable positions as best you can. Feel the release of stress from your body and mind; purge the Barker's presence; ease out those multi-layered thoughts of resentment; *white*

*replacement theory* (no, that might usher in an image of Tucker), *election was stolen, real men don't marry other men...* breathe, most importantly, breathe, like your every breath depends on it. Out with the exhales goes the Barker into the void of a dark place, a dark place you want no part of any more.

Maybe try Rumba dancing; step this way, that way, shimmy your shoulders as you follow the smiling voluptuous dance instructor with hips as shapely as, I don't know, some of those Fox News propagandists are pretty hot, aren't they? Kimberly what's her face? On the Congo Line at Mar-a-Lago...*Cha cha cha!*

Do a round on the machines at the gym; lean muscular beauties strutting from station to station, striding like deer on the treadmill, stepping like they're mounting the beauty pageant podium on the step thing; biking like they're on the *Tour de France* (35-hour work week, retire at sixty-two!); rowing like they're on Harvard's crew squad (where Kayleigh McEnany, a pretty darn pretty Barker loyalist, graduated with a law degree; really smart I hear); a few laps in pool. Everybody's losing weight, building muscle, elasticity, strengthening core, collectively producing good vibes.

Toning your body creates chemicals in your brain spurring a calming exhilaration; at some point, *Bam! Bang- Zoom! (To the moon Alice!)*...a thread of thought emerges and jolts you: *Wait a minute; this guy's mean, greedy, two-faced, a coward, a liar (well, you knew that), a bully, makes fun of people with disabilities...take a deep breath here...conman, misogynist, cheated on wives, wants to appoint himself dictator, destroy Constitution...For the life of me, do I really support a tyrant-wanna-be as our leader? How'd I ever fall sway to his...his...charisma? OK, so his TV show was fun, but....What a sucker I was, but a sucker no more I'll be. He really don't give a Rat's Patootie about me, about nobody. No more rallies, no more ten-dollar donations, no more Sean, Laura, dorky Jesse.*

## **Barker Dopes**

### **Dispatch from September 2021**

Carnival Barker Dopes are everywhere.

Why, I'm asking on Thursday September 9, 2021, a grey and rainy morning, why can't we split the United States into two countries: Republicans and everyone else. I know I know, there are Carnival Barker supporters in every state. Not like the

Civil War with clearly defined borders, South vs North. Sure don't want another Civil War or anything approximating it. Sure don't want another insurrection, although many of the sad sack revolutionary posers and armchair tough guys are either behind bars or waiting for sentencing/pleading/trials (**Note: A few gals in the mix; more than nine-hundred in jail as of January 2024**). For perspective, we have much more to fear from mass shooting gunmen in grocery stores, bowling alleys, restaurants, schools, churches, the work place, parades, well, you know, 21<sup>st</sup> Century United States.

We're stuck with Republicans. Republicans are people, too. They're stuck with us. They have a right to be here as much as the rest of us (assuming immigration papers are in order). And if you don't like it, leave the country. Go to Canada like the draft dodgers did in the Sixties and Seventies. Mexico's a big country with tons of beautiful beaches, cheap living down there, beautiful women of course.

The good news for me is the Nutmeg State is a Democrat-dominated state (as are bordering New York, Rhode Island and Taxachusetts; although there's no shortage of Barker Dopes in New England and New York State, New Jersey too).

The differences between Republicans and so many of the rest of us are so profound—how profound are they?--couldn't we start a dialogue about splitting the country in two? Not gonna happen, at least not in my lifetime. So what can we do?

In a show of meeting halfway with Republicans, let's start with acknowledging a few good things which came from the Barker's four years in office:

**#1: Spicy on *Dancing with the Stars*.** Never would he have achieved the notoriety which landed him on this iconic program seen by people around the world. Who would have thought the pudgy little squirt had rhythm. Before that we had *Saturday Night Live's* motorized podium skit. Attacking the press in a motorized podium. Never been a funnier late-night episode, I say; one for the ages. For the record, I did not know Spicy was in the Air Force reserve, good for him, a real Patriot; we needed to be lied to about the size of the inauguration to show just how tough the Barker's crew was going to be with the press. Spicy's hour had come, by golly, and he did not disappoint. Kept lying and lying; the Barker must have showered him with *thata-boys* indeed. And he never went away; last I checked,



scrolling with the TV remote, Spicy had his own show. *Hey Hun, the Spicer Show's on; could you grab a few Bud-Lite's from the fridge?*

**#2: The *transparency* of Barker Dopes.** Nothing subtle, they're out in the open, a 24-7 social media frenzy. Basking in resentments, drawn to charismatic demagogues, maybe a fan of *The Apprentice* show; great TV, wasn't it Rupert, you wrinkled old codger you! Would we have known how widespread misogyny is among Republicans had the Barker not green-lit it, from the *Grab em by the...*comment to *bleeding from somewhere*, to the department store rape case. Real men aren't afraid to be misogynistic, like our guy, the Barker. So many misogynistic men. Can a woman be a misogynist? Let's ask, I don't know, Dr Ruth? Is she still around? Please don't tell me she's a Republican.

No, I won't get vaccinated, no I won't wear a mask; Dr. Fauci this, Dr. Fauci that. No, I don't have anything better to do. The irony of freedom; it's even for society's wretches who would try and destroy the democracy which provides it to them. The election was stolen. Stop the Steal, storm the Capital. I love Donald Trump, I'd have his child, I love him so, I will travel hundreds of miles to see him speak....Tax cuts, supreme court justices, build the *Wall*, throw illegals out, lock up the Clintons, at least Hillary, I'd cross the Mississippi for Trump...

***Ronald Reagan Republicans Singalong...All together now...***

*Tax Cuts/Supreme Justices/Throw illegals out*

*What the heck do we care if he's a stinkin' lout!*

*Tax Cuts/Supreme Justices /Throw illegals out*

*What the heck do we care if he's a stinkin' lout!*

*Roe-Wade Thrown Out/You bet it's not women's call*

*Take our cue from high above/Now let's complete that Wall*

Barker Dopes, Barker Believers, all over this great country of ours. Here in the Nutmeg State, about 700,000 people voted for him in 2020. That's a lot of fellow citizens in my home state, and I drive all over Connecticut on any given weekend, although not as far north as Hartford or east toward the Ocean State

these days (except for a Super Geezer baseball game one summer's night, see Part II).

Yes, I've taken to name-calling. Dopes, all in good fun. I'm sure they have no shortage of names to call me (no threats though, please). I do think they are dopes, it's a word that sprang to mind this morning as I sat down to write and the subject veered to the sorry state of American politics and the danger our democracy faces from...and there sprang the origin of this idea: Republican are Dopes, all of 'em, the whole dang party! You could argue if they're such dopes how'd they get their guy elected President? Republicans are smart as a whip, they know what they're doing, and you underestimate them at your own peril. I must be a left-wing socialist who wants to redistribute wealth (feel the Bern!); free stuff for doing nothing, thirty-five-hour work week (union, can't touch me); let women get abortions, no questions asked; let illegals in, more free stuff for people who don't deserve it. *This country was built on hard work...*

### **Man Sits in Bar with Barker Dopes**

Man: *Why do you like Trump?*

First Barker Dope: *Do I think he's a good person, well, not really. Do I like his tax cuts? You betcha!*

Man: *So you don't really like him, you know, as a person? You know, a little misogynistic, cheats in business, lies a lot, but you like his policies?*

Second Barker Dope: *All politicians are cheats and liars, why are you trying to get us to say we don't like Trump? It don't matter. You can't get over that he beat Hillary; he was president for four years and moved this country in the right direction, get over it. Like what Mulvany said at the press conference during the first impeachment...get over it.*

Third Barker Dope: *Why do I like Trump? Because he'd never tell me to wear a mask or get a vaccine. I don't want no government bureaucrat telling me I have to wear no mask or get no vaccine. This isn't a police state, screw them. Who does Fauci think he is.*

Fourth Barker Dope: *The democrats stole the election and he has the guts to call them on it. The whole mainstream media is against us normal white people who*

*don't live in liberal cities. He's sticking it to y'all for us, that's all. I'd drive across the country for one of his rallies, Make America Great Again, baby! Just got a Trump bobble head in the mail, twenty bucks; damn right it's worth it.*

And there goes the giant statue of Robert E Lee in Richmond, Virginia, hoisted off its pedestal and taken who knows where. That's gotta kill the Dopes. Cancel culture and all that. Pretty soon we'll be taking down statues of, I don't know, must be a statue of Rush Limbaugh somewhere. Or that Ku Klux Klan fella, the one who looks like he had plastic surgery, pasty face, like he's wearing makeup, runs for president every four years, at least he used to.

### **New Names**

Splitting the United States into two countries would require new names. We'd have to do away with the United States of America, not such a bad thing; countries have come and gone over the millennia; why should we be immune to this geo-political constant? Look at Europe, for one. Poland today only emerged after World War I; the Balkans, former Yugoslavia, broke into six countries during the wars of the 1990s; Macedonia is now North Macedonia; Italy wasn't the New Kingdom of Italy until 1861 (thank you Wikipedia). What's all this talk about American exceptionalism (from the Left and Right). Talk about hubris.

How about, for the Dopes, *The Republic of Forgotten White People*; maybe something more subtle. And the other country? *The Inclusive States*...Just throwing a few possible names out there. We could have a contest; winners whose names are chosen get, I don't know, a Disney vacation in Orlando paid for by the State of Florida? A trip into space with Richard Branson, maybe William Shatner? A guest appearance on your choice of *Tucker Live from Budapest* or Anderson Cooper's New Year's Eve celebration in Times Square? (Gay Republicans welcome, sorry Mr. Pence).

*As long as there have been Trump rallies, there have been roadies who follow him from city to city. Some have called themselves the "Front Row Joes," like Sandra Kiczenski, whom Trump called up to the stage in Anchorage in July because he liked her shirt covered with his face. Friday's rally in Wilmington, N.C., was her 69th. Richard Snowden said the Wilmington rally would probably be his last, capping 80 events in 28 states across seven years. During his speech that night, Trump called out a few women from North Carolina who he said had been to 92 rallies, earning*

*them a special invitation to Mar-a-Lago...The crew of crowd-control staff — male and female body builders in tight, silky green polos and black pants — keeps a close watch on the Negative48 group, telling them they can't block the aisles with their dancing and, in Wilmington on Friday, working to head off another scene of index fingers pointing to the sky.... "Together we are standing up against some of the most menacing forces, entrenched interests and vicious opponents our people have ever, ever seen," Trump said in his speech Friday. "Despite great outside dangers from other countries, our biggest threat remains the sick, sinister and evil people from within our own country."*

*NY Times* September 27, 2022

### **On Behalf of the World**

How could anyone pretend to speak on behalf of a world of eight billion-plus people? Same for individual countries. The United States, the world's largest economy on which so many depend for their livelihoods, here and around the world. Here live about 330 million people (illegals included?). Fifty states, countless counties, municipalities, unincorporated whatever. Puerto Rico and Guam. Weather for every occasion: Alaskan Arctic cold, summer breezes on the Upper Peninsula; blazing heat in Death Valley (and just about everywhere it seems in summer 2023, global warming's really happening, mega dittos!); singing John Denver's *Rocky Mountain High* in the, well, Rocky Mountains; sailing in the Gulf of Mexico listening to *Margaritaville*; lying on the beach in Boca Raton doing nothing at all; hiking in The Badlands with a trek to the presidents' granite heads (why can't we carve Trump's head up there?); shirking corn in Vermont listening to Phish; strolling through fields of grain in the Kansas prairie listening to *Dust in the Wind*; pumping iron on Venice Beach in the City of Angels listening to the Doors' *Soul Kitchen*; making it in the Big Apple as a Broadway stage hand, *Hello Dolly* on house music system; trading pork belly futures in the Windy City and heading straight for the bar at four for happy hour, Huey Lewis' *I Wanna New Drug* on jukebox; surfing in Hawaii, Don Ho playing on beach; dancing salsa in San Juan; canoeing on the Potomac in Our Nation's Capital, listening to *This Land Is Our Land*.

### **We the People (from 2021)**

We the people of the United States, Americans, naturalized citizens, Green Card holders, including pending applicants, we will not be defined by the media's

presentation of what happened in 2021, the big stories, projections for what's to come in 2022. I will, however, for my part, be closely following the indictments of the Carnival Barker and as many of his merry band of lapdogs against whom prosecutors will be securing convictions. Central to the defense of our democracy, our freedoms, privileges, responsibilities, is making those who would steal our democracy accountable. They tried to steal the election, my vote, your vote, if you don't care, not much we can do for you.

### **How We Got Here**

#### **The Big Bang, Asteroid Hits Mexico, Human Beings Emerge, Rise of Civilizations**

Fast-forward to 20th Century...The Great War, The Great Depression, World War II, Rock-and-roll, The Sexual Revolution, Disco, The Great Recession, The Great Regression, The Great This, The Great That, The Carnival Barker Beats Hillary in 2016, The Carnival Barker Loses, The Great Insurrection...And now, ladies and gentlemen, what's next?

What a bunch of morons, as dangerous as they were, the organizers, plotters and media collaborators of the insurrection. Rudy! (Who's gonna pay his legal fees?) Hannity! (I can lie to them and they know it and they still tune me in, God bless America?) Tucker! (at twenty-million a year, apparently what he made at Fox, he'll be fine, probably happy as a clam.) Bannon! (Podcast going strong). Eastman! (doughy dork of a man, it seems, what do I know; maybe he does triathlons). The Dirty Trickster with tattoo of Nixon on his back. (Always a great tan).

#### **Girlfriends for Barker Dopes**

*Abetted by a posse of low-rent lawyers, craven lawmakers and associated crackpots, Mr. Trump schemed to overturn the 2020 election by illegal and unconstitutional means. When those efforts failed, he incited a violent insurrection at the United States Capitol, causing widespread destruction, leading to multiple deaths and — for the first time in American history — interfering with the peaceful transfer of power. Almost two years later, he continues to claim, without any evidence, that he was cheated out of victory, and millions of Americans continue to believe him.*

--Jesse Wegman, *NY Times*, November 24, 2022

That's a lot of Americans. Millions and millions all over the place; every state has Barker dopes who believe him when he says the election was stolen. Or they say they believe him because it's what they want to believe?

I'm not worried, disgusted, yes, worried no. The best they had was January 6, 2021? Sorry; as far as revolutions go, this was pretty feeble in the long run, compared to coups and revolutions over the centuries. (*Dopes unite...you have nothing to lose but your...high-speed Internet connection?*). If you're gonna take down the government, well, you don't give up half-heartedly, return to your hotel room and motor on back to East Podunk to a comfortable life. You didn't even hang Mike Pence for chrissakes. (Who was that portly old guy manning the Pence gallows? Who made the thing?)

I still think a lot of these guys would have had something better to do if they had girlfriends, nice girlfriends. It was a male dominated event, yes? How many women were in the mob? Do we have an estimate of the man-to-woman ratio in the mob from the reams of video from that historic day? (Any gender fluids there? Non-binaries?) Men were more inclined to storm the capital than women. The old testosterone theory, men want action, a little rough-and-tumble action! *We're going to the Capital to overthrow the government, let's go guys, bus leaves at nine, hotel checkout at noon, bring your bear spray.* The good news is, as of this writing (January 2023), more than nine-hundred Barker Dopes have been or are being prosecuted. A handful are serving time, including the Q-Anon fella wearing the costume topped off with a horn who requires a special diet. Republicans sure know how to turn out a crowd, don't they. Would couch-surfing right-wing Internet tough guys try another takeover? Let's not forget some actually know how to fight. A guy from New Jersey now in jail ran his own martial arts studio; I read it in the paper. He could probably take you down with a single kick.

### **Hope for Humanity**

There's no hope for humanity, we're gonna blow up the earth or otherwise destroy it. We keep killing each other in wars, mass shootings, Europe's largest nuclear power plant might get blown up, then what happens? Extreme weather producing wildfires and hurricanes, floods wipe out entire towns. Killer plagues and viruses. Demagogues adored by tens of millions. Barker Dopes not only support their guy, they like him, they love him. The lies, the bombast, the golfing, the suits, the

orange, the sticking it to the mainstream media... you tell me. Keep your friends close, your enemies closer, I guess. I know enough to know they're the enemy within and must be defeated at the polls.

### **Girlfriends for Insurrection-minded Dopes**

Tucker taps into the lust for hatred, or is it just hatred; hatred's a kind of lust you could say, a passionate representation of one's angry feelings, something like that. Good old Tuckers got sacked from Fox but he sure made his mark, didn't he. Didn't he say men need more testosterone? I disagree; they need *girlfriends*, Tucky, at least the men who used to watch you do. We assume most are straight given the anti-gay sentiment in the Barker camp. (Let's not forget it's not too late to change your evil ways and admit your choice of the gay lifestyle is sinful; the former vice-president supports anyone willing to see the error of their ways).

What we need's an army of girlfriends for single Barker Dopes and their buddies; it could help in our fight to save our democracy, knocking out some of the hardcore audience tuned in every day to the Barker and his media lackeys. Come on girls, turn these fellas' lives around with a little romance, do your part to save our country. *Rosie the Riveter* for the third decade of the 21st Century. Behind every rehabilitated Barker insurrectionist-wanna-be is a good woman. Behind every Fox/AM radio grievance-filled dork who's found other ways to occupy his time, a good woman. Women can bring out the best in men:

*If you only got to know him, he's really a good guy; he was lost at the time, angry, frustrated. You know how men can be when they're frustrated, they take it out in all kinds of negative ways, even violent sometimes; they need a release from all that pent-up anger. Trump gave him that, an outlet for his frustration. And he and his buddies loved his TV show back in the day...*

**Girlfriends for Barker Dopes** we'll call it. We'll need a budget. First and foremost we need to pay women to lure these fellas in and hook them; this will be a covert operation. Maybe a CIA program. Women would proceed as they see fit, their method, whatever it takes and whatever they feel comfortable with, to get a targeted dope to reject the Barker, Fox and AM-Grievance Radio. In a best-case scenario, as the love bug hits, the afflicted will see the error of his ways and a new relationship is born. Many examples over the centuries show women turning bad men around, and in the process starting meaningful relationships with them. Take

for instance, I don't know, there must be plenty of examples. Once it was clear the dope was off the Barker, the woman could wean herself off the dope, assuming she hadn't really fallen in love with him, per terms of the assignment.

The magic of romance, the warmth of an embrace, cuddling up on a Friday night with a nice lady on the couch, watching a romantic comedy, and before you know it the transformation begins: *She loves me (well, treats me real nice, and man can she cook!); sure beats wasting my time with the Trump guys, and all that playing soldier with rifles outside the courthouse.* Even if we get just a few men to see life's better, a whole lot better, detached from the Barker, that's a victory for us.

The Girlfriends would be dispatched to high-density dope populations. Let's say a town has dozens of single guys who wear MAGA hats and go to bars where they watch Fox News. That community would be targeted with newly trained Counter-Dope Girlfriends.

### **Guidance for Girlfriends**

**Note:** These are just suggestions. Remember the goal is to wean these poor fellows off the propaganda machine and get them to realize they're being lied to and used as useful idiots; it's all a big con and Trump doesn't give a toot about them or any of their sorry-assed friends. No small chore, we understand. You're entering a cult environment.

#### **Aggressive Approach**

*Hey Big Boy, why ya wasting your time watching that pretty boy Tucker; we could make beautiful propaganda together, just you and me, how about it? Meet you at the diner Friday night? Just you and me, Big Boy.*

#### **Rationale Approach**

*What's a nice guy like you doing watching Fox News? Sean Hannity? He's a lyin sack, if you can't see that, well, you seem like a smart guy, what happened to you, if I may ask. Come on, let's have a beer at the bar.*

#### **Sexy Approach**



You're on your own on this one; use your feminine charms to get close to him and when the timing's right, pop the questions: *Why do you watch those bozos on Fox News? Listen to those liars on the radio? You're such an attractive guy, but, I have to tell you, it's such a turnoff knowing you watch these people...*

### **An open letter to Tucker (written before he was sacked)**

*Thank you, Tucker. You're so handsome and well-spoken, and tough, you don't mince words, you talk tough! I bet you're strong, I bet you go to the gym. Tucker, I think you're the toughest of all of the Fox commentators. Your giant photo in Times Square makes me shiver, makes my heart pound. Tucker, oh Tucker, for President! You look in good shape, not like Hannity, old and fat, his face a plump contorted mess; I thought he went to the gym, karate or something. Bragged about his routine being so much more vigorous than Obama. Needs some aerobic work, cut down on fatty food. Maybe the Gutfeld fella can take his place. Thinks he's funny, well, I guess he is, sure has a lot of time to fill with insults and cheap shots. Or straight propaganda, ball-faced lies, mean and insulting and snickering. People like sleazy entertainment – lying and backstabbing and all that on the reality shows, been a few decades now. The Fox News clan's just another sleazy show; except of course they helped organize an insurrection and want an authoritarian state to replace our democracy; they are multi-millionaires with all this power; who cares what government we have...Sorry Tuck, got off the subject there.*

### **Letter from a Friend of Tucker**

#### **(also written before he was sacked)**

*Bro, what happened? Dinner with the Hungarian strongman in Budapest? Tucker, Dude! We had such high hopes you'd make something out of your life. We thought we'd be proud of you. Look what you've become: right-wing propagandist, racist, Carnival Barker loyalist, although I guess you really hate his guts? What do you believe, Tucks? We know, being a multi-millionaire must be nice; buy anything you want, what a provider to your family. But look what you've done. Tuck, it's not too late to write a book about how it all went so wrong (automatic best-seller, you can be sure of that). Re-emerge as a foil to your old colleagues and corporate lapdogs. Convert to something. Get the bow tie back. Ivy League professor maybe Honorary degree. Start with night courses. It's not too late to do us proud, Tucker boy.*

The Murdochs, as we know, provide entertainment which generates lots of revenue (\$787 million judgment, ouch! Any insurance cover this?) That's the corporate way, as amoral as, well, the folks producing Fox News going home at night enjoying all the freedoms of the democracy they are subverting in their day jobs and making reams of money. What do they tell their kids? Well, with a fat salary and the trappings of being rich, who cares what the kids think. You want morality, go to church (temple's OK, maybe not the mosque). Give people freedom in our place and time in the third decade of the 21st Century and scores chose to follow Tucker. Hang on his every word, believe his lies or know they're lies but it's what they want to hear –*we white folks being replaced...all these Mexicans coming over the border want free stuff...election rigged...*

### **Singalong with Republicans**

A flock of birds peck away on my front lawn at 10:17 a.m. and, bam, just like that, off they zoom into the white-grey day, a simultaneous split-second liftoff. The flock follows; the leader makes the call, let's get out of here, and they follow. That's how it is with the Carnival Barker and his fanatical followers: A friggin flocka sheep, follow-follow-follow, *bah-bah-bah*, they adore the guy. Why try and figure out why? Vote Republicans out of office, far and wide, every state, every county and unincorporated township. From sea to shining sea, vote da bums out.

Comparing Barker followers to a flock of birds is being unfair to the birds. They're just surviving, eating, mating, fleeing from predators, dying, repeat. Human beings, well, with free will and all, the ability to think, consciousness, that which separates us from the other animals, at least as our conceit has it. Well, the followers at some point decided to follow the Barker; they made a conscious decision to join the cult, spew hatred online, attend rallies, vote for him.

*Hey, this guy with the orange hair is pretty funny, makes sense to me, my buddy used to watch his TV show. All these black people and Spanish people and Muslims in the country, we're getting overrun. Yeah, send the Mexicans back home, lock up that crook Hillary, lock her up. God damn limousine liberals.*

### **Evangelicals**

It's Christmas morning, we're all Americans on this day. Well, no, that's July 4th isn't it? Maybe Thanksgiving? Christmas still a big deal for millions of people--believers and non-believers, agnostics, but not atheists, at least practicing atheists, although atheists don't practice their non-belief in the way people practice their religion, do they? I do not believe in God (or is that *A God*) is a belief, yes? You believe in not believing (but believe you me not in a foxhole). The United States is a very religious country; churches, mosques, temples, shrines, stations of the cross. A land of widespread religious freedom and worship; not even the Barker and his lapdogs ever challenged the country's right of freedom of worship, did they? Heck, the evangelicals helped get him elected. The Orange Jesus sent from above to save us from people who support abortion and all the other horrible positions sinful liberals have; gender neutral, sex changes, homosexuals...*Teaching that all these patriots were slave owners; that's not the whole story; what haven't we done to give blacks a shot at the American Dream? Trump was the Chosen One of the hour to deliver us on the political front; don't bring up character, please, trust us on this, the grab em by the and his other inappropriate behavior, all that's been forgiven; you'd rather have Hillary in the White House? Go forth in peace to love and serve the Lord, vote for Trump...*

And they did, by golly, and he and his followers wrecked havoc on the people and their land, sowing division and hatred, threatening their freedoms, but it was the Lord's will.

### ***Singalong with Republicans***

#### ***Getting to Know All About Them***

The days of the great *Sing-Along-With-Mitch* are long gone; you sure don't hear Mitch on the radio these days (maybe an oldies station here or there? A *Sing-Along-With-Mitch* Sirius station?) How about in the spirit of learning to get along with each other in our polarized society, we reintroduce *Sing-Along-With-Mitch* with you-know-who as leader of the gang. (Still minority Senate leader as of this writing, although brain freezes recently a little worrying). Let's say Democrats of all stripes, the Squad, Bernie Bros, Obama (who has shown he can indeed sing), President Biden, Mayor Pete, and other notable Democratic leaders--the Clintons?--well, let's not carried away--they all band together with Republicans. How about Mary Ham, the cable news star with the big mouth; a few rabid liars from Congress, let's say

wrestling coach Jim Jordan; the wretch Margery what's-her-face; Matt, the guy from Florida who faced a sex-with-minor charge, had mug shot taken for drunk driving, all that behind him, seems like happy guy, sure is confident speaking up there in Congress, taking down McCarthy; he can probably carry a tune; Moscow Mitch himself of course and to even it out, bigly Barker nemesis Liz Chaney.

We'll call it, *Sing Along With Mitch and Joe*. Our message to the world: *See, World, America can get along: Both political sides are making music together.*

Who will lead the singers? How could we not ask Paul McCartney. If he's not available I don't know, Paul Simon? Maybe a modern day singer, Taylor Swift? Let's let the congressional gang figure it out on their own. For starters, how about some good-old singalongs from days gone by. *Tiptoe Through the Tulips*, with Marjorie whistling the lead; *Home on the Range*, even millennials recognize this one...*all together now*. How about a few Seventies ditties, *American Pie*? Jim Jordon in wrestling uniform takes the lead. No, wait; the lyrics might be too thought-provoking, maybe if we stick to just the chorus; people from all walks of life and political persuasion sing those lyrics with no consideration for what the writer intended them to mean. *Drove my Chevy to the levy and the levy was dry...is as American as, well, apple pie. Gosh-darn right I'm driving an American-made car.*

There's plenty of musical talent packed into the halls of Congress and throughout the greater D.C. area; we don't need to limit this to my suggestions here. How about McCann, the former Barker counsel who tied up the court case about someone lying to someone about something, or was it the Barker asking McCann to lie about something? It was about lying, what else would it be, but the case got tied up in court and who knows how it stands. McCann plays guitar in a 1980s cover band, sings too, he had anyway, according to Maureen Dowd of the *NY Times*. Let's get him in the band. There'd be a CD box set collection, vinyl with liner notes and photos; a timeline of Mitch's rise from whatever he rose from to his perch as the most powerful Republican after the Barker (Spineless wretch McCarthy as of this writing still out as Speaker; no Speaker, no problem). A perfect birthday gift for your Republican uncle who always makes a scene at the Thanksgiving dining room table, Christmas, too. *...are you telling me Hillary Clinton isn't a crook? ...Oh, let's drop it, Merry Christmas Uncle Chester...* Politics is just a game, sometimes a dirty and violent game, but after the game, just like in the world

of sports, at the amateur and professional level, everyone shakes hands and we're all friends, we're all in this together.

### **Bozos**

There are, I have no doubt, lots of bozos all over the world. For those who don't know, Bozo was a clown. I remember watching his TV show as a kid in the early Sixties. Actually, "He was introduced in the United States in 1946, and to television in 1949, later appearing in franchised television programs of which he was the host, where he was portrayed by numerous local performers...Bozo TV shows were also produced in other countries including Mexico, Brazil, Greece, Australia, and Thailand," says Wikipedia. I think even young people would understand *Bozo* as an unflattering designation; let's say, someone who's not too bright and inclined to do stupid things, like attend a Carnival Barker rally, even bring the kids along.

### **Barker Musings**

#### **(Written before insurrection)**

Nineteen dead in tornados in the South. Barker still president, Republicans still control Senate, Fox News still broadcasting lies, although let's remember many viewers of the *opinion* propagandists are white men, many of them old, not long for this earth. You could say we've survived Trump and we're three years and almost three months in. He's been impeached, he's been mocked every day and night since his inauguration by dozens of media outlets with millions of viewers around the world, and his lackeys in the government haven't been able to stop us, censor us. We've fought him every day and will continue to until he's out of office. Imagine how good we'll feel when he's finally out of office! There should be parades, celebrating in the streets, shouting from rooftops; the plague of the Carnival Barker finally cleansed away. Even if he ends up as a host on Fox and stays in the media landscape, he's no longer president.

*The former mayor and current election-lie propagator, campaigning Sunday in a Staten Island ShopRite supermarket for his son, Andrew Giuliani, in his New York gubernatorial bid, was chatting with a small group of shoppers when a worker approached him from behind and gave him a clap on the back...Surveillance footage showed the backslap — more than a pat but less than a shove — apparently startling but not harming the 78-year-old leader of the effort to overturn the 2020*

*election. The employee appeared to direct some words at Giuliani — witnesses quoted him as saying, “Hey, what’s up, scumbag?” — and the video ended with security leading the man out of the picture and Giuliani pointing an index finger at him.*

Dana Millbank, *WAPO*, June 28, 2022



**Supporters of President Trump try to get inside the Capitol Building, January 6.  
REUTERS/Stephanie Keith**

*Damn Good Whacking*, copyright 2023 by Rare Mood Media, Norwalk, CT 06851

[www.xaviercronin.com](http://www.xaviercronin.com)