

Opinion

Funny it isn't; fascism it is

By Mark Drolette

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October 17, 2005—It's been a long time since I've burst out laughing at anything George W. Bush has said, even though practically everything he says is laughable. Since yucks are few and far between these days, though, I tend to grab 'em no matter the source, er, source.

When I read the headline of a recent [article](#) by Associated Press writer Tom Raum—"Bush: U.S. Foiled at Least 10 Terror Plots"—I couldn't contain the chortles. (Then again, the claim could be true if Dubya means his administration aborted 10 of its own schemes.)

One can clearly see Bush is out to sea. Yes, I know, he always has been, but now he is so far out there he can't even be seen without, say, a high-powered telescope, but pretty soon he'll finally dip below the horizon and then even that won't help. Anything is liable to pop out of the Defensive and Deluded One's mouth at any moment. What's next: "Bush: I Am Not a Human!" or "Bush: I Mean, an Animal!" or even "Bush: Whatever I Am, Quick, Give Me Another Shot"?

Per Raum, here's another Bush side-splitter:

"The militants believe that controlling one country will rally the Muslim masses, enabling them to overthrow all moderate governments in the [Persian Gulf] region, and establish a radical Islamic empire that spans from Spain to Indonesia."

Stop it, George; you're killin' me! (I guess that's all part of the routine, though, of someone whose really bad act has been slayin' 'em to the tune thus far of 100,000-plus Iraqis and nearly 2,000 U.S. soldiers.) This is priceless stuff, to be sure, but, seriously folks, if there are truly any "militants" stupid enough to attempt semi-global conquest, then they're dumber'n a sack full of Ws and no threat to anyone. (And still half a planet shy of Bushco's ultimate goal.)

Why these recent ultra-desperate one-liners from Bush, one may wonder. Well, there *are* all those rumors swirling about his swilling, so it could be the booze, I guess. Frankly, though, I can't decide whether I prefer Dubya drunk or dry. In the end (which is where we all get it anyway and how), I don't really think it matters, for he's already wrought so much destruction, because at this point it's like asking if one would like to be doused with gasoline or kerosene before the match is lit.

I will spare you the boorish details, but I know a lot about drunks, besotted or sober. The overriding factor in an alcoholic's life, the primary driving force unless some sort of true recovery occurs (which comprises a helluva lot more than just stopping drinking), is extreme self-centeredness: it's all about him/her/it. (I had to add a category to include Dubya.) Knee-jerk defensiveness and grandiosity are part of the deal.

You can *feel* it, almost, with Bush: he drips with unending self-pity. Remember his pervasive petulance during the first "debate" with John Kerry? Or the way he acted entirely put-upon, as though he personally had been horribly inconvenienced, when he finally emerged from his hidey-hole to try to defend his indefensible non-response to Katrina?

Then there's Dubya's "God and me are supreme buds" bit. One doesn't have to be a drunk to be delusional enough to contend God whispers smiting orders into one's ear, but it doesn't hurt, either. Claiming a divine hotline is the perfect excuse: all angles are covered. If something's successful, it's God's will. If it's not, it's God's will. (This only seems to work for certain parties, though, like fundamentalist nutjobs and American Boy Kings. Do NOT try this at home; none of my three ex-wives ever bought it.)

So it's possible Dubya's outlandish assertions ("Bush: I Have an I.Q. Over 70!") are alcohol-related, but they're far more likely connected to his abysmal poll numbers. Fear-inducing distractions have always worked before for Bushco, so why not try them again, only using bigger and dumber ones? ("Bush: U.S. Spoils Plot by Big Ol' Monsters!")

Whatever drives his shtick, his time as his fascist masters' funny front man could be short. (Speaking of fascism: I wish more people would these days. For those who claim it's a "debate stopper," I ask: *What* debate? You mean there's debate going on somewhere in this wretched land and I've not been invited? There *is* no debate. Most importantly, fascism is not "coming," it is not "around the corner," it is not creeping outside in the bushes [although Bushes have a lot do with it] waiting to crash through the window at any moment to strangle the life out of you and your family; it is *here*, and has been for some time. I beseech thee: Call it what it is, and often.)

Okay, well, so I got that out of my system. Anyway, as I was saying before I so rudely interrupted myself, the oblivious Bush has served his string-pullers well, with his malapropisms, weird grimaces, mangled syntax, bicycle pratfalls, stupid faux president pretzel tricks and corny nicknames all providing great, distracting entertainment to the millions of Americans tragically born without brains (also known as "Republicans"), but he's always been expendable if he ever became more trouble than he's worth. That point may be approaching.

If he's disposed of (which, really, is a long shot at best, but it's always fun to dream), he'll most likely be eaten by his own: fellow worms like Dick Cheney, Donald Rumsfeld, and even his dear old poppy—America's real power players.

Then again, history is full of the unexpected, so we'll just have to wait and see whether the curtain(s) call for Bush's Bottomless Barrel of Boozy Buffoonery rivals, say, the bang-up finish of another fascist class(less) clown, a fellow by the name of Benito, to whom whose closing audience gave the ultimate heads, er, thumbs, down at his farewell performance at the Piazzale Loreto in Milan.

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