

Symbols of Idiocy



by Lee Duigon

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Every major moment in history needs a symbol that fixes itself in our minds and sums it all up for us. We have the image of SloJo Biden falling up the stairs to Air Force One, but I think we need a few more.

Ah! Here's one.

Hobnobbing with our totally daft head of state, Commerce Secretary Gena Raimondo, fantasizing about wiping out the coal industry, assured the eventually unemployed miners that soon we would have “solar installations for abandoned coal mines” Yowsah. [“We’re going to do solar installations on an industrial scale for abandoned coal mines”](#).

What did she mean by that? Are they going to put solar installations on top of the coal mines? But you don't need coal mines for that; you could do that anywhere.

Solar panels contain highly toxic materials, posing a problem for safe disposal when the panels burn out. Well, okay: when that happens, simply bury the used-up panels in the mines.

But why wait till then? Why not **install the panels underground in the first place**? She didn't say that in so many words, but what else could she have meant? Underground solar panels! What could possibly be a more telling symbol for this whole Green New Deal boondoggle? They may not generate any power underground, but at least they'll be safe!

And here's another.

A couple of tourists in West Virginia recently suffered the embarrassment of having their electric car run out of juice. They would have been stranded, but for [half a dozen kindly miners who pushed the car up to the charging station at the mine](#). The car couldn't be towed because the electric cars have plastic undersides that fall to pieces if you try to tow them.

Now that's a symbol, isn't it? We don't generate enough electricity to run our electric cars. But that's no problem—you just get out and push them. And if you never re-charge your electric car, you'll never have to rely on that boo-hiss fossil fuel that has to be used to provide the electricity.

Not only that—but if everybody's electric car has to be pushed by human beings at only a mile or two per hour, think of the impact on highway safety! No more fatal accidents, unless they accidentally push you off a cliff. No more five-car pile-ups. Sure, it'll take you practically forever to get anywhere; but if it saves ONE life... (I put that in because that's what libs always say about their insane public policies.)

But look, we want to get rid of privately owned cars anyhow, and who's going to want a car that has to be pushed all the time?

And who says the plebs really have to go anywhere? If it's not in walking or bicycling distance—stay home! That'll really cut down on traffic jams. Naturally, our Necessary People who are not just “useless eaters,” as the World Economic Forum likes to call us, will keep their limousines and private jets. Can't hitchhike to Davos, can you? Who would be so mean-spirited as to begrudge them their little luxuries? It's a small price to pay for an ever-expanding government.

Heck, there ought to be a postage stamp with a picture on it of those miners pushing the conked-out electric car up a hill.

As an image, it's right up there with the Marines planting the flag on Iwo Jima. It memorializes a folly so sublime, so all-encompassing, so maddening, as to inspire future generations, and even our own generation, to eat bugs, and go to bed at sundown because, after all, who really needs electric lighting? And then we'll see about doing without air conditioning.

I don't think I want to imagine any more of this.

Governed by idiots... It's not so funny, after all.

I have discussed these and other topics throughout the week on my blog, <http://leeduigon.com/> . Click the link and drop in for a visit: no one has to know. My articles can also be found at www.chalcedon.edu/ .

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