

The clueless derby

Let's have a contest. Let's see who's more clueless—liberal politicians, liberal scientists... or actors. Ready? And they're off!

Sometime soon, Democrat politicians from all over the country will be meeting in West Virginia for a "retreat." The topic of their deliberations will be "how to talk to real Americans" who don't live in New York, San Francisco, or Chicago and who aren't mentally ill.

They're convinced, you see, that they didn't lose the last election because "real Americans" rejected their insane program, but only because they never found quite the right sales pitch for it. Oh, and also the Russians hacked them. I suspect they think all they've got to do is hire somebody to put on a plaid shirt and pretend he's a real American from somewhere in the Midwest, and then he can go into his spiel for the Democrats' DeLuxe Fun-Pack of open borders, Global Warming and a huge carbon tax, transgender bathrooms, importing lots and lots of Muslims without first checking to see they're not jihad johnnies, massive new federal spending programs, Obamacare, and an explosive growth of government power, just to name a few.

They can't believe we were so stupid as to reject this stuff: we really want it, but we're too stupid to know we want it. So all they have to do is not make it look like something a bunch of liberals are trying to force down our throats. Wouldn't you love to be a fly on the wall for one of those pow-wows? "These people! They're so dumb, you can't even trick them!" There has to be a way to work around our deplorable stupidity. As the smartest people on the planet, they ought to be able to find one.

Meanwhile, the European Space Agency has unveiled a plan to

set up a colony on the South Pole of the Moon, a sort of Club Med for ninnies, complete with a “Lunar Temple” and “dome of contemplation.” Don’t even ask what they expect to contemplate. Says the ESA head honcho, the Moon colony will be “a fresh start, a place where there are no social conventions, no nations and no religion, somewhere where these concepts will need to be rethought from scratch.”

Wow, who can resist that? What would it be like, to live with “no social conventions”? I thought we already had a place like that: it’s called Detroit. And no religion! There’s nothing like a “temple” with “no religion” involved in it. Don’t even ask who or what they propose to worship in lieu of God. It’s a bit surprising that this John Lennon wannabe forgot to throw in “imagine no possessions,” either, while he was at it. Just think—a whole colony devoid of all those things that make us human. If that’s not clueless, what is?

And then, a few nights ago, we had the SAG Awards, another confab of back-slapping “entertainers” who, like the politicians that they serve, wouldn’t know a real American if they found one in their breadbox.

Highlighting the affair was “Laugh-In” relic Lily Tomlin, who likened our new president, Donald Trump, to “the Nazis.” I guess she saw some Nazis in a movie once.

Silly Lily was all hot to trot for the next big protest march—they think protest marches full of snarling, cursing leftids will somehow convince the rest of us to abandon everything we hold dear and sign up to be progressives—and was contemplating, without benefit of a dome, “What sign I should make for the next march: Global Warming, Standing Rock, LGBT issues, immigration—there are so many things.” If she was any more persuasive, she could make a living selling salve door-to-door.

So, my fellow deplorables—who wins the Clueless Derby? With

such an embarrassment of poverty, it's naturally very difficult to pick the winner.

I'll understand if you vote it a three-way tie.

I have discussed these topics, and others, on my blog, <http://leeduigon.com>, throughout the week. Please stop by and read! All it takes is just one click to get you there.

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