


Substantial Disruption



Love and Kisses, America

by Mike Tully

On July 4, 2017, America celebrated its dual independences: from England and from sanity. We earned independence from England 241 years ago through bravery, battle and sacrifice. The other independence – we’re still figuring out how we “earned” that one. But, earn it we did and our achievement was made official on the First of July when Donald J. Trump, the daffy blonde helicopter we made President, [proclaimed himself modern day presidential](#). The President was responding to bipartisan criticism of a string of verbal wedgies he unleashed on two MSNBC cable hosts and CNN. While Hurricane Tweety blows crazier and crazier – witness the [doctored video](#) of him “beating up” CNN -- the Beavis and Butthead-ization of the Executive Branch continues. Exhibit 1 is poor Homeland Security Advisor Tom Bossert, who drew the short straw and had to defend the “beating up CNN” video, stating, “I think that no one would perceive that as a threat. I hope they don’t.” (“I hope I wake up from this nightmare before I die in my sleep!” added his inner voice, sadly.)

Bossert defined “modern day Presidential” as a perpetual motion machine cranking out puerile tweets every time the blonde helicopter encounters an updraft. “I do think that [Trump is] beaten up in a way on cable platforms that he has a right to respond to,” [he told ABC News](#). Really? Trump wants to pick a fight on that playground? Good. Since those are now the rules of engagement, let’s call on the eloquence of the past to engage the Mad Tweeter with historical quotes lifted from the Internet [here](#), [here](#), [here](#), and [here](#). Let’s see how his tweets measure up against these masterworks of the mordant put-down:

Mr. President:

Thank you for your thoughtful tweet. You are not only treacherous in private friendship; you are a hypocrite in public life. You have shown yourself to be a cold-blooded, calculating, unprincipled usurper, without a virtue. You know nothing of commerce, political economy, or civil government. I am sick when I do look on thee, you crafty and lecherous old hypocrite. I’ll beat thee, but I would infect my hands, you bastard brat of a Scotch Pedler, you moral leper. You have no more backbone than a chocolate éclair, like a shiver waiting for a spine. You are a slur upon the moral government of the world. You probably think Sinai is the plural of sinus. If you fell into the Potomac, that would be a misfortune. If anybody pulled you out, that, I suppose, would be a calamity. When you speak, your argument is as thin as the homeopathic soup that was made by boiling the shadow of a pigeon that had been starved to death, while thou art as fat as butter. You are the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril, a lamentably successful cross between a fox and a hog. You are a self-made man who worships his creator and has committed every crime that does not require courage.

Your recent series of tweets contains the worst English that I have ever encountered. It reminds me of a string of wet sponges; it reminds me of tattered washing on the line; it reminds me of stale bean soup, of college yells, of dogs barking idiotically through endless nights. It is so bad that a sort of grandeur creeps into it. It drags itself out of the dark abyss of pish and crawls insanely up the topmost pinnacle of posh. It is rumble and bumble. It is flap and doodle. It is balder and dash. We did not conceive it possible that even you would produce a paper so slipshod, so loose-joined, so puerile, not alone in literary construction, but in its ideas, its sentiments, its grasp. You have outdone yourself. If a traveler were informed that such a man was the leader of the free world, he might begin to comprehend how the Egyptians worshipped an insect. You are the pimp of the White House, thou damned and luxurious mountain goat. You are a Filthy Story-Teller, Despot, Liar, Thief, Braggart, Buffoon, Usurper, Monster, Ignoramus Abe, Old Scoundrel, Perjurer, Robber, Swindler, Tyrant, Field-Butcher, and Land-Pirate. You are as a candle, the better burnt out. Thou art unfit for any place but hell. You are no Barack Obama.

- Love and Kisses, America

Fun Fact: You can send all of these historical insults in only four tweets; three if you edit a couple of words. Try it, send them, impress your friends, including the new ones you make at the Secret Service. If they say you're being too hard on the President, just point out that the targets of many of these insults include America's greatest leaders, such as Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, and Lincoln. That's pretty good company. When he goes low, we go high.