

The International George W. Bush Laugh-In Campaign

It is time for all people of good mirth on earth to begin laughing at George W. Bush. Hilariously. Uproariously. To utter scorn. He is owed *innate dignity as a fellow-human*, but his political leadership is absurdly laughable – while so tragically deadly! Hereby is called for, that the peoples of the Earth join in an *International George W. Bush Laugh-In Campaign*.

This campaign, designed to deliver the *Last Laugh on Bush*, is to be similar to his ludicrous, self-serving, utterly immoral “War on Terrorism”: it is meant to be likewise worldwide and to hold up for derision every vestige of American self-righteous “superiority”, so nauseatingly adduced by *Ethics-dead* Bush under which guise human rights throughout the earth are massively trampled; thousands of innocents slaughtered; the good earth wasted.

In terms of sheer numbers of victims, *Laughingstock* Bush is the Ultimate “*Evildoer*” alive today. His nation is the “*Final Rogue State*” of this, possibly all, time. His “War on Terrorism” is a gargantuan farce with visions of oil geysers, unbridled planetary economic hegemony, and national and personal glory dancing in *Bellicose* Bush’s inflated Imperial head.

Derisory Bush’s foreign policy is more ridiculous than Hitler’s, since *Bemused* Bush appears to actually believe his own monumental lies. He is consequently potentially more dangerous. His predecessors since World War II in sixty-seven interventions had already doubled the Holocaust slaughter. *Ridiculous* Bush promises to outdo all before him, rendering his gubernatorial death-warrant signings a mere zephyr summer breeze against the Hurricane Killing Frenzy of the International War on Terrorism *Preposterous* Bush has globally in perpetuity unleashed.

The biblical Psalmist would say: “The One enthroned in heaven laughs; the Lord scoffs at [*Presumptuous* Bush] (Psalms 2:4, slightly paraphrased).”

This is a call for the world to follow suit. In Heinrich Böll’s satirical *Doktor Murkes gesammeltes Schweigen* (*Doctor Murke’s Collected Silences*), radio technician Murke invites his friends over to hear what Herr Hitler *really* has to say from the edited-for-broadcast recordings of Hitler’s speeches. What is strung together is a series of silences – the pauses between the absurd cascade of *Hitlercopia*.

Maniacal Führer Bush deserves similar ludicrous lampooning and dismissive derision. What he has to say about terrorism, peace, freedom, democracy, the American way, is monstrously moronic; deliciously derisive; hilariously horrific, ludicrously *lobotomous*!

The idea is simple. This is a call for a worldwide NONVIOLENT “Scorn Bush” campaign, with the following list of ideas, to which may be added endlessly imaginative hilarity!:

- Phone the White House (202-456-1111) between 9:00 a.m. and 5:00 p.m. EST, Monday through Friday, and laugh wildly for 10 seconds. Say before you begin that you are laughing **at** *Bang-up* Bush in his murderous “War on Terrorism” and **for** his multiplied thousands already, potentially millions of, victims the world over. Then hang up.
- Sport a “**Scorn Bush**”, or “**Flush Bush**”, or “**Lush Bush**”, or “**Mush Bush**” or “**Gush Bush**” or “**Hush Bush**” or “**Shush Bush**” or “**Touched Bush**” or? bumper sticker, with the White House phone number (202-456-1111) on it and a call to dial up with hilarious laughter for 10 seconds.

Stand up in any live audience where *Balderdash* Bush makes

- a speech, and laugh derisively for 10 seconds, then leave! (Before the security guards throw you out anyway!)
- Invent your own myriad ways to laugh *Boorish* Bush off the world stage!

WANTED: ALIVE AND LUDICROUS GEORGE WACKO BUSH!

To get you started, please read on:

The Emperor Has No Pants (But Lotsa Cool Missiles and Other Nasty Toys!...)

Once upon a time, there lived an Emperor-in-Waiting. He grew up in a BIG land, of which his part of the country was THE BIGGEST! (And they all knew it!)

His Empire had always been destined for GREATNESS. Its religion was called SELF-EVIDENT FATE. It was a very strange belief that because they first slaughtered most of the people who lived there before them, then stole all their best land, then parked the left-over victims on the remaining dregs, then followed religiously the national law of ENLIGHTENED AVARICE, their god specially smiled on them, and determined to make them GREAT. It was a pervasive mythology worthy of EMPIRE – of all Empires.

Its slogans were:

- MIGHT IS RIGHT
- WE ARE RIGHT (THEREFORE)
- VIOLENCE IS REDEMPTIVE (IF DONE BY U.S.)
- ONE NATION UNDER THE GUN
- IN GUNS WE TRUST

The young Emperor grew up VERY religious. In fact, his was the first Empire actually to capture the national god, tame him, and put his son into a box draped with their flag. Millions every Sunday flocked to replicas of the box and learned year-in, year-out, from inspiring lectures that this god and his son made the sun rise and fall on their land. And if god made it so happen for them *there*, the religious leaders argued, why shouldn't he do so for them *everywhere*? So it was no surprise that their national slogan was: THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S... AND THE FULLNESS IS OURS!

One of the most noted religious leaders the world over for promoting this understanding was Evangelist Willy Wafer. He spread the Good News of their land's SUPERIOR WAY around the globe. His message was simple, straight from HOLY WRIT: "*For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.*" Now, there was a small-print footnote after "world", "whosoever", "perish", and "life": except America's enemies. Only a few disputed the legitimacy of that exception clause. It was not in the best manuscripts. And it meant that everywhere their religion went, sacrificial lambs were sure to follow. Multiplied millions of them in fact around the globe since and from the last GREAT WAR. (And before.) But Evangelist Wafer always said, "Evangelize or pulverize".

One day in his devotional reading, despite its being in all the best manuscripts, the young Emperor read in HOLY WRIT the most disturbing words ever: "LOVE YOUR ENEMIES". Now this was beyond imagining to the young Emperor. It went against absolutely everything he had ever been led to believe about GOD AND COUNTRY. But there it was, in Gothic *American*. He turned, as he always did in such crises, to his favourite Uncle, Sam. And he soon had the explanation: "You see, son," Uncle Sam explained, "that was meant for all the *other* people, but not for those – U.S.! – blessed with SELF-EVIDENT FATE. We're the GRAND PREDESTINED EXCEPTION. We're *manifestly destined* to do whatever we want, for we're NUMBER ONE! God wouldn't bless U.S. in fact if we didn't do unto others what we'd cry foul if done unto U.S.. That's the genius of SELF-EVIDENT FATE that befalls only U.S., EMPIRE SUPREME, as it has graced all Empires before U.S. The LORD be praised, who signed onto our agenda right at our nation's birth when we first slaughtered the Brits, then the Injuns, then the Mexicans, then.... Well, let's just say we've never looked back since. And that's what makes U.S. supreme! LOVE, you see for U.S., son, means NEVER HAVING TO SAY YOU'RE SORRY. NEVER HAVING TO JU.S.TIFY ANYTHING. EVER (RE)DEFINING JUSTU.S. ACCORDING TO NATIONAL SELF-INTEREST."

It was a stirring lesson, one the young Emperor never forgot as he emerged into Emperorship.

Another time, in a personal audience with Willy Wafer at the sacred WHITEWASHED TOMBSTOMB, the young Emperor heard it explained that all those other uncomfortable texts such as "do to others only what you would have done to yourselves", "turn the other cheek", "love does no harm to the neighbour", "overcome evil with good", "live a life of love", "love keeps no record of wrongs", "go the second mile", "do not resist an evil person", "do not take revenge", etc., etc., etc., though they were univocally pervasive in NEW COVENANT HOLY WRIT, were contradictions to NATIONAL POLICY, and thus utterly dismissible. Besides, they were just metaphors, Willy convincingly explained, for the rightfulness of Empires is to do just the opposite. And since god was fully in the employ of the Empire anyway, Willy went on, HOLY WRIT did not in fact *mean* in their case what the plain text said anyway. (This did not stop Willy from otherwise continuing right on thundering repeatedly in every CRU.S.ADE, "HOLY WRIT SAYS!!!" in contradistinction to the LIBERALS who did not say "HOLY WRIT

SAYS”, though might have done its bidding, granted, at times nonetheless... And no one in the Empire doubted it because Pope Willy said it! Nor did the almost Emperor.) He learned that day from Evangelist Willy his own favourite paraphrase: “SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS EXULTETH THE EMPIRE!”

But, as FATE would have it, the Emperor-in-Waiting finally became the new Emperor, and shortly afterwards had his mettle supremely tested. For one eleventh day of September the UNTHINKABLE happened: it *was* done unto his nation what had been done constantly and ubiquitously by it to others. It was wrong and horrific nonetheless. But the Emperor, reared in the WILD WEST where the BIGGEST and FASTEST GUN always ruled, and MIGHT EVER RIGHT, declared immediately, “WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE!” No due process. No court hearings. No fair trial. No international law of any kind. Just EMPEROR FIAT and INFINITE JUSTU.S... The Emperor knew right away who was guilty, or at least that, like the ancient Incas, a sacrificial victim must urgently be found. GOD AND COUNTRY demanded it! And said culprit and all his sidekicks *must* die! “*For God so loved U.S.*”, he intoned, slightly changing the original text, though none of the faithful noticed.

Uncle Sam had indeed taught Emperor *Bushwhacker* (for that was his telltale name) well. The young Emperor had already in his training for years presided over the most killing jurisdiction in the whole civilized world, following this time to the letter what was not in the best interpretation of HOLY WRIT: AN EYE FOR AN EYE, A TOOTH FOR A TOOTH. He became renowned for his commitment to RETALIATORY DENTISTRY, and personally trademarked the TOOTHLESS GRIN look on all his victims, duly photographed posthumously like BIG GAME trophies, and subsequently dissected for science following their ju.s.t, lawful and humane (of course!) immolation.

After the UNTHINKABLE happened, big-time retaliatory slaughter was called for – “INFINITE JUSTU.S.!” he declared! (Thus coining the phrase. Though not for long. His advisers transposed his true meaning into “ENDURING FREEDOM” – how sweet the sound – and not a little duplicitous. Soon though, a national folk song was created from the slogan, popular still to this day.)

And so the night came that the Emperor stood proudly before the EMPIRE MOBSTERS, all democratically elected sycophants, and declared to the world that he would get his man, dead or alive and launch OPERATION INFINITE JUSTU.S.. It was a stirring speech, punctuated by many standing-ovations, that some, such as the former FIRST LADY, gagged at, but still repeatedly unbent the knee.

During the speech to the world though, a strange thing began to happen, missed, amazingly, by all the cameras trained on the Emperor. But not by the TOP GUN’s young son, who by special permission was in the audience right at the front.

The very first time the Emperor declared the UNTHINKABLE had happened because “they hate our freedoms”, the young boy’s line of vision was riveted, by a sudden movement, to the Emperor at the first of no less than twenty-nine standing ovations. The

son caught a savage upward jerk below Bushwhacker's belt, like a missile silo suddenly thrusting aloft from the ground.

And so it continued with each successive bold claim about the Empire: *its nobility, its honour, and its greatness. Its steel determination to do JUSTU.S., to win, to be and to be seen to be always (in the) right! To stand for freedom, democracy and human rights. To be the world's leaders in warding off and punishing evildoers. To fight to root out terrorism everywhere in the world. To be the EMPIRE-IN-SHINING-ARMOUR to destroy at a moment's notice all EVIL EMPIRES. And "God bless our nation!" finally at the end. Etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc. AD NAUSEUM!* The little boy would have been yawning profusely, but for the fascinating action below the belt he was catching. Twenty-nine times the *Pinocchioesque* upward thrust occurred. The little boy knew. He counted. He was utterly captivated and transfixed.

Then, just as he mouthed the word (for he had been sworn to strict silence!), "Twenty-nine" in response to the ferocious phallic phenomenon fantastically fulminating, his mouth fell open even more, as suddenly the belt and pants came utterly undone!

Strict rule of silence or not, the little boy blurted out in one long *ejaculative* spurt during a pregnant pause in the Emperor's speech: "THE EMPEROR HAS NO PANTS!!!" Then he added, as if to some imaginary friend next to him, but heard that night around the world through satellite networks and everywhere in the sacred chamber: "(BUT LOTSA COOL MISSILES AND OTHER NASTY TOYS!...)".

The little boy was given a sentence of 300 years for his impropriety, with possibility, though little hope, the Judge said, of parole at half-time. He got off lightly, for he had done his crime in a non-immolation district – one of the few such jurisdictions remaining in the Empire.

As to the Emperor and his elected sycophants, and worldwide welter of wanton wanglers, they either looked the other way, or *simply refused to see*. And Bushwhacker stealthily did up his pants.

Which is perhaps the only moral of the story.