

We Bee Havin' Fun Yet?

T-20 +/- To The Epic Conclusion Of The Great
American Shakespearean Shit Show.

———— www.verrystablegenius.com ————

The Above Site Was Launched Recently, Which Is The Culmination Of Intermittent Work Dating Back To The 2016 GOP Convention In Cleveland. If You Choose To Visit The Site — Which I Don't Recommend — You Will Be Greeted By What Was The Most Adorable 6-Pound Pissant Yorkshire Terrier Imaginable, JAKE! Within The Twelve Subject Headings Are More Than 200 *Bits*, As I Think Of Them, In PDF Plus A Dozen Or So PNG, JPEG Files And The Like Under The Web Pickings Heading. Think Of This As A *Pre-Introduction*. The Introduction Heading Itself Contains The Project Directory And Two Introductions — One Short, One Long. There One Can Read About Me, And The Genesis And Purpose Of My LEETLE **TRUMPY** PROJECT.

I Am Now Going To Engage In Some Spitballing Across A Range Of Topics. In Fall, 1981 Upon Graduation I Was Hired Into The San Francisco Office Of A New York-Based Employee Benefits Consultancy. Across The First Twenty Years Of My Career, I Was In (And Out Of) New York Regularly. I First Became Aware Of **Donald Trump** Via The Work Of The Legendary Village Voice Investigative Journo, The Late Wayne Barrett, Who Died In January, 2017 The Day Before **Trump's** Inauguration. *Barrett Was On Trump's Corrupt Skanky Ass Right From The Get-Go, Much Like Stink On Shit.* Giuliani, Too. (Check Out Mr Barrett's Bibliography On Mommazon.) In My Own Observations Of **Trump**, Especially In The Mid-To-Late Eighties, I Immediately Formed A Firm Impression Of Him As A Bullshitter's Bullshitter — And An Irredeemable **ASSWHOLE**.

My Initial Impression Has Only Deepened (And Hardened) Over The Years, Right To This Very Moment. Regarding The Campaign, **Trump** Looks Less A *Presidential Candidate* Than A Delusional Carnival Barking *Used Car Salesman* — And Not A Very Good One. I've Been A Voracious Reader Throughout My Life Across A Broad Range Of Subject Matter. In Addition To Mr Barrett's Body Of Work Re **Trump**, I Wish Every Voting American Would Read Niece Mary L Trump's Incredibly Aptly Titled 2020 Book, TOO MUCH AND NEVER ENOUGH: How My Family Created The World's Most Dangerous Man.

Should You Peruse MY LEETLE **TRUMPY** PROJECT To Any Extent, You'll Quickly Surmise (Correctly) That As I Approach The Completion Of My Sixty-Eighth Year In This Realm aka Turning Sixty-Nine, That I'm Not Exactly Werkin' With A *Full Deck*. That Said, I Happily Maintain The Delusion That It's Sufficiently Full For My Increasingly Limited Purposes. The Contempt, The Disdain, The Disrespect, And The **MOLTEN H-A-T-R-E-D** Which I Harbor For **Trump** Is Unlike Anything I've Ever Experienced. Permit Me To Put A Finer Point On That *Emotion*:

Straight Up, Flat Out, Plain & Simple:

I H-A-T-E THIS MOTHERFUCKER AND EVERY GODDAMNED THANG FOR WHICH HE STANDS AND OTHERWISE REPRESENTS.

Well, I L-O-V-E This So-And-So And Every Gosh Darned Thang For Which He Stands And Otherwise Represents.

Yeah? Good Riposte, E-van. Too Bad You Didn't Think Of It, Bonehead.

'Nuff Said — Enough Wasted Energy / Emotion On **Donald**. Next I Wish To Practice Some Of My Unwashed Horseshit Politics. One Of My Longstanding Theses Over The Past 40 Years Is That The GOP Has Enabled And Otherwise Cheered The Hollowing Out — In Favor Of Manufacturing In China (And Elsewhere) — Of Large Swaths Of The Blue Collar Middle Class All Across JD's Beloved Midwest. And If I Had My Personal Slice Of The American Dream Torn Asunder By The Corporatocracy And These **GOP Cocksuckers** Who Serve Them On Bended Knee, I'd Have Likely Been Receptive To **Trump's** 2016 Pitch.

[Ed. Note: More To Come Later, Maybe.]