

ORBED GENT

Rush Limbaugh is that rare animal, a conservative ‘mooner’ — a very cheeky impertinent arrant conservative. And liberals do not appreciate interlopers. It is decidedly gauche to moon a liberal, even a gamy liberal. It’s Shylock offering you the pound of flesh you hadn’t banked on. Or the suggestion at potlatch time that the fillets aren’t fresh.

Because the stage has been a liberal redoubt, sturdy tolerated players like the Good Samaritan can be good, even genial if not dapper, but never broke and certainly not impudent. Thus conservative laden farce is a contradiction in terms. Satire of Satire is hard at the best of times and hopeless with an amateur. You can make a monster ass of rectitude, but you can hardly expect the monster to take it lying down. Hubris may be bad, but mooning like sex, is part of the interminable feast. Thus, to see Limbaugh grimacing with possible cause at the (former) Surgeon General, Joycelyn Elders the Good, fulminating over the lack of impregnable condoms, non-lethal bullets and safer guns, is the kind of youthful solicitude not described in *Catcher in the Rye*. As socialists are custodians of improvement, it’s in poor taste to upstage a left-footer. And unstinting self-promotion is as bad: the doltish cutup is simply not in the script! It’s Falstaff upbraiding ‘cousin’ Hal and living to tell about it. It’s Malvolio sporting a new tailor and scenarist. It’s Lear taking a rain cape and cutting the allowance to Goneril and Regan. It’s Lord Queensberry leaving Oscar a cheap cigar instead. Not since Leonard Cohen discovered Federico Garcia Lorca has the world of progressive surety tucked in with such resignation. The spectacle of the cheeky conservative or Republican is no longer deliciously low. Vide ‘The Donald’ — Donald Trump. The pushy pundit, let alone an industrial strength windbag, purloining the renegade schtick, offends a

lot of progressive people. It's the gross thing to do. It's the killjoy heresy of saying 'no' to smart urbane people. It's the humanist's nightmare — the insinuation of hierarchy, the clustering of humans according to *esprit* and *hutzpah*, making it irresistible if not folly not to join in. It's given *flagrante* a heads up in Politically Correct usage.

The ample bum's rush.