

The First Hundred Hours:
A 197😊's 8-Track Anthology
By The New “New Democrats”



Thinking Points, Vol. 1, No. 9

**Prepared by the Republican House Policy Committee
United States Representative Thaddeus G. McCotter, Chair
110th Congress**



Reprise

*Your cares and troubles are gone
There'll be no more from now on...
Happy days are here again
The skies above are clear again
So, Let's sing a song of cheer again
Happy times
Happy nights
Happy days*

**“Happy Days Are Here Again”
J. Yellen and M. Ager**



*Sunday, Monday, Happy Days.
Tuesday, Wednesday, Happy Days.
Thursday, Friday, Happy Days.
Saturday, what a day, groovin' all week with you.
These days are all, share them with me. (Those Happy Days)
These days are all, Happy and Free. (Oh, baby)
These Happy Days are your's and mine
These Happy Days are your's and mine.
Happy Days.*

**“Happy Days”
Norman Gimbel and Charles Fox**



A Hymn to the Choir



RHPC Chair (c. 1976)

If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, the New “New Democrats” (NND) Regressive retrospective 8-Track anthology, *The First Hundred Hours*, is a devolutionary ode to the Rolling Stones’ *Sucking in the Seventies*.

Masters of the Regressive muzak genre, the NND have concocted a discordant retrospective evocative of the later blues work of Clement Valandingham. Heavily borrowed from such seminal influences, this six thousand minute opus is chocked with Twentieth Century collectivist leitmotifs deftly culled from the subconscious of a besotted Alec Baldwin. The resulting Regressive cacophony lures the listener on an all expense paid, one-way ego trip down a dead end street of adulterated disco.

Yes, GOPhilistines will blanch at *The First Hundred Hours*’ multi-billion Euro price tag. But connoisseurs of Regressivism will savor this investment of someone else’s money. Because, unless al-Gore can create the internet, the next Ice Age, *and* a time machine, the NND 8-Track anthology is as close as one can ever again come to being captured by the squeaks, squeals, and scents of the Seventies – “Burn, baby, burn...

“Disco inferno!”

The New “New Democrats”: *We Are Family*



*The 110th Congress:
Welcome to the Bungle*

A dysfunctional devolutionary family rife with creative tension is required to produce abject Regressivism. In this regard, the New “New Democrats” (NND) have bested not only their nearest domestic competitors, such as the Green Party and the five Berkley professors still convinced Gorbachev was a CIA mole. No, Europhiles to the soles of their Prada flip-flops, the NND’s disparate ideological vapors blend and stew in a seething cauldron of incoherence and tribal resentments equaled only by the cabinet of a left-of-center parliamentary coalition government or the skull of a soccer hooligan.



“Blue Dog Democrat” (c. 2007)

Such splendiferous dysfunction in the ensemble stems from two dissonant voices straining to harmonize within the NND: the old “New Democrats” (OND) and the old “New Left” (ONL). Only after acquiring a full appreciation of the OND and ONL’s artful interplay can one whiff Regressivism yearning to belch free.

Let us begin, then, at the end of the beginning...



*Founder of the
"Great Society"*

***Bonanza Annexed by Carter Country:
Lyndon Devolves into Miss Lillian***



Founder of "Malaise"

Red-Staters and Darwinians contest humanity's inception, but they can't argue pre-humanity's conclusion: whether it was by natural selection and survival of the fittest, a meteorite, the hand of God, or the Mastodons' obstinate refusal to embrace climate control and preclude "Global Cooling," the dinosaurs who once roamed and ruled our world did not evolve and are gone.

Not so the hardier specimens of the "Great Society."

Formed to serve as session men backing the pre-post-modernist Yodeling of Lyndon "Jackalope" Johnson, these old "New Democrats" (OND) embarked upon their most ambitious works in the mid-Twentieth Century. Buoyed by a mutual affinity for the traditional tastes of their wholly American audience, the OND surmised their fans would pay a little extra for tickets and discs in exchange for specific venues being enlarged and a few more decibels being added to the band's sound system. Ever sensitive to the whims of public favor, the OND warily avoided affronting their audience's relatively static sensibilities.

Lyndon in the Sky with Diamonds and other period pieces reflected the OND's cautiousness, as the band tightened the tonal lariat of pre-post-modernist Yodeling just enough to turn their fan base blue without strangling it. Abruptly, however, after a lost weekend of incessantly slurping sarsaparilla and yodeling *Jambalaya*, Jackalope raised the stakes. Impulsively, he badgered the band into recording what he hoped would be his epic, but proved to be his undoing: *The Best and the Brightest (A Dirge in B Flat)*.



Old "New Democrats" Fans Gone Wild (c. 1964)

This eponymous work was neither Jackalope and the OND's best nor brightest, and its impact was meteoric amongst average Americans, in general, who were disquieted and preponderantly opposed to it; and the young, in particular, who were apoplectic and rebelled against it. Throughout the ensuing maelstrom, while the OND flailed and failed to refine and preserve the mass appeal of pre-post-modernist Yodeling, the alienated young formed (what is today) the old "New Left" (ONL), and hurtled forth to displace Jackalope's genre with their own: Agit-Pop.

By the time Jackalope retired to become an itinerant rodeo clown, and the curtain fell on Hubert "Mina Bird" Humphrey's 1968 performance in *Nixon's Revenge*, the panicked OND realized they had to adapt to a hostile environment or become extinct. Cagily, the

OND sought to “co-opt” the prevailing nihilistic zeitgeist by making an overture to their irrational young rivals. For reasons more fully explored later in this discography, the ONL unexpectedly accepted and joined the band. The NND were born.

It was an ugly baby. Steeped in the musical roots of Franklin “Skeeter” Roosevelt and raised on 78 rpm’s like *Grover Cleveland Rocks*, the OND were ostensibly and actually the antithesis of the ONL and its darker tribal rhythms. The OND hoped the uneasy truce between pre-post-modernist Yodeling and Agit-Pop would spur their own evolution but, in essence and consequence, it led to their unwitting devolution.

Early warning signs emerged following the NND’s eagerly awaited debut, *A Whiter Shade of Stale*, which was sold fewer copies than Mel Torme’s soulful rendition of *Sunshine Superman*. Matters worsened when the OND’s preferred replacement for Mina Bird Humphrey – “Muscle Shoals” Muskie – issued an ill-received rendition of Roy Orbison’s



*Lonesome George Points
the way...to the exits.*

Crying. As the pressure mounted to stem the skyrocketing career of the aforementioned Richard “Piano Man” Nixon, the OND could but feebly grumble while the band’s disgruntled ONL members began auditioning for a lead singer more suited to their instincts. The search ended with the NND backing “Lonesome” George McGovern as he strode on stage to debut his swan song, *Alone Again (Literally)*. Mistaking Lonesome George’s lyrics of “Come Home America” for “Go Home America,” the bored audience obeyed. It was a major set-back to the ONL’s quest to alter the band and America’s

direction. (In a curious literary footnote, it is widely rumored McGovern's performance was the inspiration for Larry McMurtry's *Lonesome Dove*.)

Scenting their moment, the OND buffed up their "hip quotient" by starring under the ONL's direction in 1973's original Beltway cast production of *All the President's Men*. Buoyed by rave reviews from the Washington Post, come the Bicentennial, the OND prevailed upon the ONL, and the NND inked a deal with an obscure picker-and-grinner, James "Smiley" Carter. In Smiley Carter, the NND thought they'd found a front man who deftly blended the traditions of Jackalope and Lonesome George. By the autumn of 1976,



*Smiley Carter's
Grinnin' Wheel:
"What goes up,
must come down."*

a string of minor hits – including *Grinnin' Wheel*, *Rare Earth Shoes* and *You Dropped a Neutron Bomb on Me* – led to a triumphal tour of the South and selected Northern states. The November release of the EP *Pet Rock Sounds* was well-received, and recording commenced on a Capitol produced LP.

These fitful, effete sessions spawned a string of disastrous ditties, notably *OPEC My Eye*, *I Shah Her Standing There*, and *He Ain't Heavy, He's My Billy*. The band's ONL members chafed for a new direction. Creditably, Smiley Carter donned a sweater and tried to bridge the divide. The bitter fruit of his labor was the dismal concept album, *The Moral Equivalent of War*. For the ONL, it was the last straw. By the summer of 1980, they tried an abortive side venture with the sodden Celtic tenor *cum* "Swingles Night" chaperone, "Teddy Bare" Kennedy (who had earlier caused a major

sensation and minor traffic infraction with his *Drivin' off the Dock of the Bay*). It was painfully evident to all involved the NND's next release wouldn't be an album. On the night the lights went out in Georgia, Smiley Carter was sacked.

Thus did the "Me Decade" dawn on a dejected, internally disputatious band. Both the OND and the ONL struggled to find a singer capable of meshing their styles and mastering an audience. Of the band's two wings, the ONL appeared in the least enviable position, due to their ill-starred attempts to discover a singer who could replicate the heady, if ephemeral, success of Jackalope Johnson. But this appearance was deceiving. Having tasted the dizzying nectar of Yodel mania, the OND, alone, felt the ache of falling from the heights. Excruciating, too, was the gnawing fear their attempt to defeat evolution by incorporating the ONL's apparently faddish Agit-Pop had not saved the OND from their day of extinction, but merely delayed it through devolution. Stalled at this creative impasse, the band's very survival hung in the balance when, revoltingly, the scales were crushed beneath the cowboy-booted heel of modern GOPhilistinism.



New Left “Student” (c. 1968)

**“Clean for Gene” Goes Gucci:
Radical Chic Devolves into
Respectable Regressivism**



New Left “Activist” (c. 2007)

He was everything the NND loathed: a Bing Crosby crooner who started his career as Errol Flynn’s Art Garfunkel an insipid lyricist who made even George M. Cohan gag; and the leader of the GOPhilistine posse come to corral them. When he first burst upon the scene, the NND guffawed at the thought this lineal descendent of Rutherford “B. Goode” Hayes and Herbert “Hummer” Hoover could ever find an audience. But the laughing stopped when it became clear “Rockin’” Ron Reagan – who’s *Don’t Give up on U.S., Baby* went triple platinum – was not merely out to challenge the NND; he was out to crush them. Worst of all, he was succeeding.

Having once survived the short-lived GOPhilistine onslaught of Barry “Bopper” Goldwater, the wizened OND held their sway over the band’s lead singer slot, while its febrile ONL band mates busied themselves with screeching, “Rockin’ Ron will drop the bomb!” Fortunately, aside from a few in Grenada, the only bomb proved to be the NND’s latest lead singer, “Sleepy” Walter Mondale. Shell-shocked but still standing amidst the rubble and reverberations, the ONL waxed nostalgic for the Agit-Pop zenith they achieved before signing on with the OND.

It was a storied past, some of which occurred. Emerging from the shadowy underground of their parents' basements, the ONL stormed the barricades of American culture to eradicate it root and branch, and get a good review in *Le Monde*. Cloaked in the mists of their unbridled destructive lust and impish sandals, the ONL's archetypal anti-heroes, the ilk of "Dear" Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin "Sandwich," expended their artistic infancy exhaling hit after hit of "Agit-Pop." The sweetly perfumed plume bedazzled their peers and put these feathers in their red berets: *Yippie Days Are Here Again; Che You, Che Me; The Rage of Aquarius*; and *Even Mao Girls Get the Blues*.

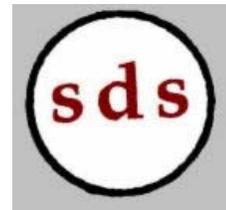
While by no means modest, the ONL's initial rush didn't eclipse the reality these hits were nothing more than minor indie releases, the vast majority of which had been intermittently recorded during impromptu jam sessions held in the offices of Artist and Repertoire Presidents like Columbia's Grayson Kirk; and performed before single digit crowds at intimate venues ranging from an acid-soaked Smothers Brothers concert to a Weathermen bombing (the notable exception being 1968's "street theater" engagement in Chicago).



The Old "New Democrats" and the Old "New Left" announce the birth of the New "New Democrats": It was an ugly baby.

This peaking and crashing took its toll and, though their hearts would always beat in time to the Samba-Balalaika fusion of the Fidelistas, the ONL came to crave a broader appeal and steadier bread. Ultimately, when the OND offered up the poison fruit of collaboration, the ONL had the munchies.

Tramping down Haight-Ashbury's memory lane in 1984, the ONL confronted the irony it was now the section of the band facing extinction, and had to devolve or die out. Fortuitously, their pioneers' flickering lava lamps lit the way: Rubin Sandwich devolved and sold out; Dear Abbie didn't and died out. The counter-cultural coin toss bounced Rubin Sandwich's way, and what followed was a monumental rationalization which produced an uncharacteristically logical decision. Instead of storming the institutions of American culture, the ONL would earn enough bread to buy its admission into these institutions and decimate them from within. Hadn't respectable Regressivism been the archetypal impetus to joining with the OND to form the NND in the first place? Sure, the results had been disastrous – like a blind date between the Great Society and the Students for a Democratic Society – but the concept was sound. After all, in 1968 they went “clean for Gene” and it almost worked (even if they didn't). What's more, with Rockin' Ron crooning atop the charts, the ONL understood how, having nothing, they had nothing to lose. Never being ones to mistake facts for truths (because their college Anthropology professors had taught them truth died with God in a hit and run accident on the Autobahn), the New Left traded their tie-dye for hair dye, took the great leap forward, and commenced their devolution from radical chic to respectable Regressivism.



*Old “New Left” Fan
Badge and “Seed Sorter”
(c. 1968)*

Euphoric at the thought they had won the band's internecine struggle, the OND were blissfully tone deaf to the revanchist backbeat thudding beneath the ONL's postiche of respectability. Embracing their psychically reinvigorated and sartorially revamped

comrades, the OND assented to a compromise candidate for lead singer, Michael “Doo-Wop” Dukakis. Though a traditionalist at heart, Doo-Wop Dukakis was well versed in the, as yet, elementary lyrical phrasings of the nascent respectable Regressivism movement. This volatile tonic, which had yet to settle, provoked some modest critical acclaim with the issue of the double A-Side *Please Come to Boston Harbor* and *The Duke of Churl*. But subsequent distillations of their musical elixir fell flat and public balked at the cacophonous NND efforts of *Endiver Down* and *I Wanna Tank You*. When George “Sushi” Bush’s novelty song *Freed Willie* nosed out Doo-Wop Dukakis and the NND in a 1988 listeners’ choice poll, the singer was dismissed and the band focused on perfecting its new mix.

It succeeded with a bang.

“Wee Willie” Clinton, a sub-par sax blower and sometime husband from parts down south, was half Smiley Carter, half Jerry “Moonbeam” Brown, and all Elvis “The Pelvis.” Sometime around early 1992, under murky circumstances the band has refused to discuss without its lawyers present, the NND stumbled upon Wee Willie gigging for a free pedicure (with hot pink polish) at a Little Rock brothel. The OND were initially put off by Wee Willie’s ribald backstage manner and open fly; but the ONL fawned over the moody messiah who could absolve their radical sins and redeem their faith in respectable Regressivism through the amazing grace of getting elected. Any lingering doubts the OND had quickly vanished when Wee Willie hit the stage, where his superior showmanship blazed like a canker sore. After a gripping encore of *Don’t Pull Your Love*, the NND offered him a cocktail napkin contract. Wee Willie signed in lipstick on the spot.



Sushi Bush's eclectic tastes cooked his career.

This cock-sure incarnation of Wee Willie and the NND steamrolled over Sushi Bush and strew hit after hit throughout a two year run of original classics and contemporary covers: *Lying, Waiting, Hoping; Smoke on the Whitewater;* and *One Poke over the Line*. Critical acclaim spewed forth from every font of enlightened opinion – *The Los Angeles Times, The New York Times,* and *High Times*. Ominously, though, unbeknownst to all but a small Neanderthal cabal lurking in the bowels of the Rayburn House Office Building's garage, a punk-edged GOPhilistine band was sharpening its chops to give Wee Willie and his playmates the bum's rush off the national stage. All these savage GOPhilistines lacked were a record deal and a Wee Willie misstep.

The misstep occurred following the NND's raw live recording of *You Don't Bring Me Gennifer Flowers (Anymore)* b/w *Me and Mrs. Paula Jones*, when the band hiked disc and ticket prices upon its more fickle fans. Pouncing with rat-like agility, the GOPhilistines' Rayburn garage band – Newt World Order (NWO) – penned a contract with America Records and hurled its incendiary manifesto, *Full Frontal Newtity*, squarely into Wee Willie and the NND's laps. As Wee Willie and the NND vainly tried to gingerly tamp the flames, the manifesto ignited a public clamor. By January of 1995, with their world turned upside down, the usurped NND muttered in awe at the rapidity of NWO's ascent to superstardom.

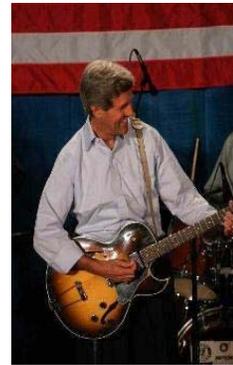
Only Wee Willie kept his fears – if not his libido – in check. Stealing a page or three from NWO’s song book and slathering them with his own primordial flavorings, Wee Willie chicken-wired his band together through these fallow years by covering such Seventies standard as *Afternoon Delight*, *Let Your Love Flow*, and the notable original *Stoop! In the Name of Love*. Even a resurgence of his baser backstage proclivities didn’t stop the public from carrying a torch for this amiably Regressive rogue, as Wee Willie annually (and despite all evidence to the contrary) garnered the fans’ votes for “Best Gender-Neutral Singer.” These plaudits were not without their down-side, for they thumped the bruised ego of the NND, which was biennially losing to NWO in the vote for “Best Backing Band/World’s Tallest Midgets.”

Sadly, all things, including Wee Willie, must pass. So, when his wife and the United States Constitution (in order of priority) forced him to exit stage far-left at the end of his eight year contract, a satiated Wee Willie Clinton could gaze back over a whirlwind career, wherein he outsold and out-lasting his fiercest rivals, including the founder of NWO, “Nibblin” Newt” Gingrich. Rocked by the loss of their beloved lead singer at the height of his fame, the NND became acutely aware they had yet to dislodge the remnants of NWO from the public’s hearts; moreover, the leery band wondered if Wee Willie’s understudy, “Lesley” al-Gore, would prove a suitable replacement.

Their fears were well-founded: despite bigger sales for his album *A Horse with No Shame*, Lesley al-Gore was slighted by the critics in favor of “Furious” George Bush’s less popular, Flatt and Scruggs influenced *The Callow Rose of Texas*. As a result, the new

Twenty-First Century found the NND lagging in the public's favor and without a superstar front-man. Compounding matters, Lesley al-Gore never recovered from the trauma of his defeat. Riding to a Buddhist convention in his chauffer driven SUV, Lesley al-Gore's consciousness was raised about the specter of global warming when an oldies station played *It Never Rains in Southern California*. Vowing one day it would, Lesley al-Gore quit the band to serve as a shaman's understudy.

Mourning its near miss with Lesley al-Gore, the band irrelevantly stewed in a Jacuzzi of vituperation until Furious George unexpectedly stumbled with the releases of *Iraq and Roll (Part 2)* and *Ball and Cheney*. Given the uncertain times and the public's shifting moods, following a brief ONL infatuation with the torch song shouter "Tonsils" Dean of *Key In, Log On, and Blog Out* renown, the NND coalesced around Jacques Kerry who, while not an



*"Jacques & Roll":
Peace, Land and
Baguette*

accomplished musician, could belt out a few heavily sanitized sea shanties in their original French; and, more importantly, could discern the difference between Halliburton and Halle Berry. Hoping Jacques was fit for the duty of knocking Furious George from his perch and shipping him to a country with lax ethical restrictions on human experimentation, the NND commenced laying down rhythm tracks for his stilted Country and Western effort *I Forgot to Remember to Baguette*.

On his end, Furious George was already over-dubbing his album. In the late summer, his internet bootleg release of *(Theme to) The Loathe Boat* swiftly blew Jacques Kerry and the

NND out of the water. Flushed with artistic triumph, Furious George vowed to push his fans to the limits of surrealistic Tex-Mex fusion by doing exactly the same thing he'd done for the past four years – with just two teeny-tiny exceptions. He had resolved to finish mixing down his dual secret albums *Guitars, Private Accounts and Hillbilly Music* and *Take Another Peso My Heart*. Engrossed in this abstruse indulgence, Furious George was caught as flat footed as a Yeti on *Dance Fever* by the universal condemnation of his *Iraq and Roll (Part 3)*. In the end, it seemed the only thing Furious George had pushed to its limit was his audience's patience.

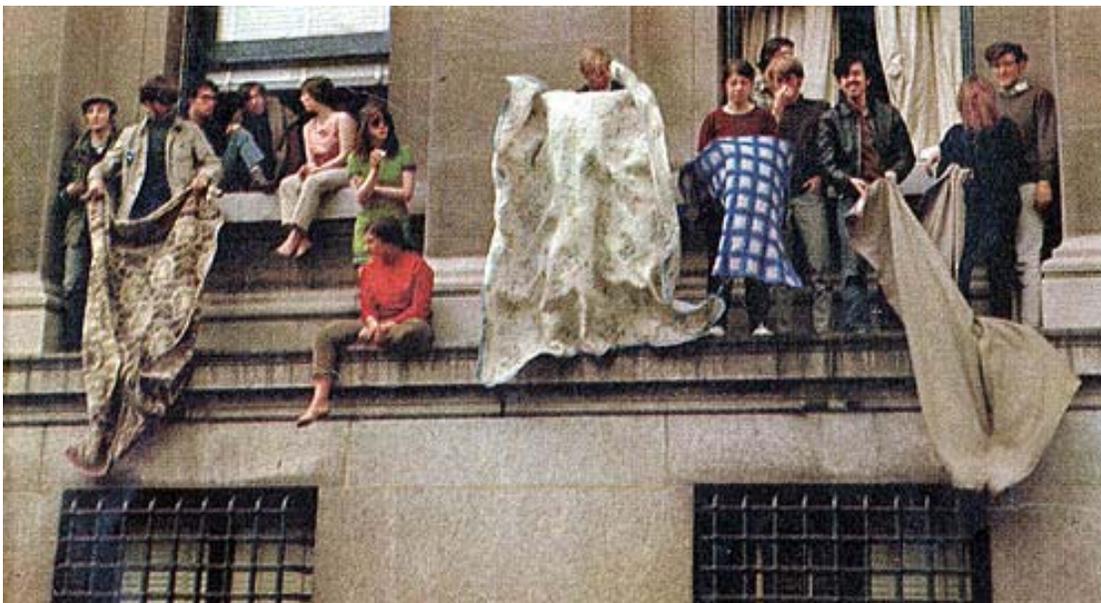
The surviving members of NWO were faring little better. Creatively spent, NWO had long ago ceded its cerebral lyricism to the more visceral Furious George, and ridden his *Iraq and Roll (Parts 1, 2, and 3)* craze for all it was worth. When the fad finally flopped, NWO was hung over with little to show for its lack of effort, save for a handful of somnambulant re-mixes – *Take the Money and Run, Sir Duke* and *Folsom Prison Blues*. For the first time in twelve years, critics and listeners began to ponder the unthinkable: Was NWO on its way to history's bargain bin?

Burned by false hope too many times and still lacking a lead singer, the NND busied itself cutting tinny Regressive instrumentals the likes of *Harry That Weight* and *Nancy Whiskey*. Ironically, NND's lack of a coherent lyrical message was just what the doctor ordered to fill the void left by the demise of Furious George and NWO's sway on the public's allegiance. Gradually, the NND gleaned the only thing worse than their decision to devolve was the expiring GOPhilistines refusal to evolve. After postponing lead singer

auditions to begin composing an all-instrumental album, the NND belly-flopped onto their karmic surfboards to hang ten on a tsunami.

Cunningly timed to hit with the wave, in early October of 2006 the NND released the devolutionary tour de force LP *Rahma-Lama-Ding-Dong*. Track by track – from the pure *joie d’vie* of *Jumpin’ Jack Spratt* to the mischievous subtext of *Ranged up in Blue* to the alpha-omega/Abbott-Costello finale of *Tyrannosaurus Retch* – this utterly Regressive work was less an artistically polished album than it was an orchestrated primal scream. Convinced it was trapped in a leaky lifeboat atop the tsunami’s crest, an enraged public pricked up its ears, liked what it didn’t hear, and tossed NWO overboard.

And the fully devolved NND’s “Glory-less Revolution in Regressivism” was regnant.



The New “New Democrats” take office (January 2007)



*Conqueror of Fascism
and Imperialism*

Darwin Undone: FDR Devolves into Fonzie



*Conqueror of Pinky
and Leather Tuscadero*

Gracelessly lunging to leverage their return to public approbation, the NND hurriedly compiled a Seventies Regressive retrospective 8-Track anthology, *The First Hundred Hours*. Both a harkening back and a harbinger of things to come, this magnum opus announces the NND is hell-bent to return America to Happy Days. True to their word, these fully devolved and totally committed Regressives have already started a “New Direction for America”: Backwards. Still, the question remains as to which Happy Days are here again – the “Kick Axis” 1940’s starring a Real Old Democrats’ legendary lead singer named Skeeter Roosevelt or the “malaise” addled 1970’s starring a retro TV sit-com hoodlum named Arthur Fonzarelli?

While the 1933-1945 “Happy Days Are Here Again” of Skeeter Roosevelt retain a limited melancholy appeal to the OND who, ideally, would return America to the 1960’s of Jackalope Johnson, these years hold no appeal for the more cosmopolitan ONL who, ideally, would return America to the 1990’s of Wee Willie Clinton. Luckily, devolution resolved this dilemma.

In the decades following their NND merger, both the OND and the ONL mutually devolved beneath the weight of having to accommodate the other's antithetical agenda until they both discovered an uneasy common ground: the "Happy Days" of the 1970's. While their audience contemptuously recollects the decade, the NND's twin pillars each



*Piano Man Nixon in
Happier Times*

find something to treasure. The OND fondly recalls Smiley Carter's early hits as a pre-post-modernist yodeler; and the ONL fondly recalls their maturation and emergence as an equal partner in the band during the waning years of Smiley Carter's run up the charts. Most importantly, however, both camps in the NND revel in their shared destruction of Piano Man Nixon.

Thus, in a case of poetic justice, the NND's dual and often dueling camps have collectively, if unconsciously, compromised on dragging America back to the "I'm OK, You're OK" Seventies.

Nevertheless, speed bumps remain on the road to *Xanadu*. The NND still lack a lead singer, and a raucous, potentially divisive audition process is expected. Secondly, having resurrected themselves through atonal instrumentalities, even if the NND find a singer, they might not find a voice. Thirdly, because success breaks as many bands as it makes, there is the distinct likelihood the NND's coalition will prove unable to contain the burgeoning egos and impulses of its OND and ONL members. Finally, what will be the audience reaction to the newly formed GOPhilistine group *Ronald Reagan's Lonely Hearts Club Band*? Only time and a listeners' poll will tell.

Fate, too, may throw one more wild card on the NND's granola and Chablis littered table. Despite the consensus assumption, there exists no hard scientific data conclusively proving the NND have fully devolved. Can they pull a genetic jack-hammer from up their sleeves and drill through evolution's rock bottom? The Regressive mind numbs with pre-historic potentialities!

While this question malingers unanswered by sound science or a resolution of the Harvard faculty, Americans may still eagerly anticipate a nakedly brazen and ruinously Regressive NND devolving America back to the brutal state of nature extant at the dawn of creation, when primitive man crawled forth from the soupy primordial ooze to shake his booty at Studio 54.



The New "New Democrats" shake their booties (November 2006)

The First Hundred Hours: The 45's



Precious and Few: Americans do not have government because of their rights.

Americans have rights because of their government.



For the Love of Money: Like all other forms of property, Americans' hard-earned money is not their property; it is the property of the federal government.

Thus, government is not the fiduciary custodian of Americans' tax dollars;

Americans are the temporary custodians of government revenues.



Free Bird (Live Version): Ergo, if you love something, make it free by buying it with someone else's money.



Sometimes When We Touch: If it ain't broke, fix it until it is.



I'm Leavin' It All up to You: When you do break it, blame someone else and complain they aren't fixing it fast enough.



Magic: There is nothing government can't fix.



Do It ('Til Your Satisfied): Do unto others and accuse them of doing it unto you.



You Needed Me: Federal governmental regulation of anything and everything is not a first resort or a last resort. It is the only resort.



Joy to the World: Because taking something from somebody and giving it to someone else has proven so wildly successful in promoting and perpetuating tranquility in America's inner cities, the redistribution of wealth will also create world peace.



Mr. Big Stuff: The greatest threat to world peace isn't bin-Laden. It's Bush.



American Woman: America is another nation in the world, not the greatest nation in the world.



Love Will Keep Us Together: There is no unifying American culture born of the citizenry's voluntary acceptance and adherence to the God-given, self-evident and inalienable rights and concomitant duties expressed in the United States Constitution. There is merely an amalgamation of cultures, each of which possesses a unique claim to victimization, excepting of course white males who go to church two or more times a year.



Bad Blood: In our free republic founded upon self-evident and inalienable rights endowed by our Creator, there exist no objective, universal truths, only subjective interpretations of events – unless a federal judge says otherwise – save for one indisputable evil:



You're No Good: Republicans.

The First Hundred Hours: The LP's



Tear the Roof off the Sucker (Give up the Funk) – Rules and Ethics

Reform (c. 1977-1978): Ever seeking to burnish America's prestige in the world, the NND produced "Korea-gate." Co-written with the South Korea Central Intelligence Agency (KCIA), this excursion into internationalism involved foreign agents "recruiting" Members of Congress to sing a different tune regarding their opposition to the oppressive regime of President Park Chung Hee; and to put a coda to Piano Man Nixon's plan to withdraw one-third of the American troops from the Korean peninsula.

Just as it is today, however, convincing a Democrat to oppose an American troop withdrawal anywhere in the world (including the United States) would not be easy. To facilitate this joint venture, then, in addition to large campaign contributions to members of Congress, an absent-minded individual named Tongsun Park "misplaced" envelopes chocked with \$100 bills in Congressional offices; and, in a quaint gesture, on junkets to South Korea Congressional spouses also found similarly "misplaced" envelopes. The public disdain for this unseemly show was matched by a critical panning by the Justice Department, which lodged complaints against members of Congress for bribery, conspiracy, acceptance of illegal gratuity, mail fraud, failure to register as a foreign agent, and income tax fraud.

Following a deliberately prolonged investigation spanning a year and a half, only one NND Congressman pled guilty to a criminal charge, and just three NND Congressmen were reprimanded by the Ethics Committee (the mildest possible form of punishment for a member of the House). One member, Representative Edward R. Roybal (D-CA), was slated for censure until the NND majority realized this tougher punishment would make the pool of punished Congressmen insufficiently “diverse” (nee “racist”). Ultimately, in the wake of the Korea-gate scandal, the NND obstinately refused to enact any ethics reforms.



Finally, in a foreshadowing of Sandy “The Burglar” Burger’s hi-jinx, upon learning a member of his staff was being investigated in the corruption probe, the former NND Speaker/Co-Lead Back-Up Vocalist, Carl Albert, hastened to defend the integrity of “The People’s House.” In the nick of time (i.e., moments before a subpoena was issued for his own records), Speaker/Co-Lead Back-Up Singer Albert sidled over to the University of Oklahoma archives and removed several potentially incriminating documents. Sure, House GOPhilistines demanded a special investigator be appointed (ala Watergate) to investigate the scandal, but the NND blithely yawned and refused.



I’m Gonna Love You Just a Little More – PAYGO (c. 1976-1980): In 1976, Smiley Carter crowed his next record would include the elimination of the federal deficit. But to the dismay of his audience, in 1979 Smiley Carter recorded a \$27.7 billion federal deficit; and in 1980 he recorded a \$59 billion federal deficit.

Smiley was perplexed. With the steadfast support of the NND, he had signed six tax increases into law, but the burgeoning budget deficit continued to grow. The economy did not. With his fan base deteriorating, Smiley Carter's public career – not the deficit – was eliminated.



Take This Job and Shove It – Raising the Minimum Wage (c. 1977): On October 20, 1977, Smiley Carter penned H.R. 3744 and raised the minimum wage in four stages: from \$2.30 to \$2.65 by January 1, 1978; \$2.90 by 1979; \$3.10 by 1980; and \$3.35 by 1981.

In contrast to the ear-marked exemption of 2007's *Tuna-gate (Samoa of the Same)*, H.R. 3744 also provided small business relief by exempting all American enterprises from paying the minimum wage increases if earning less from sales than \$275,000 by July 1, 1978; less than \$325,000 by July 1, 1980; and less than \$362,500 in 1981.



Right Back Where We Started From – Medicare Part D Government “Negotiations” (c. 1977-1980): With his Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare decrying how hospital costs were escalating by \$25 million per day, in 1977 Smiley Carter proposed price controls for and federal regulation of hospital construction; however, the NND Congress refused to play along and the concept went nowhere. By 1979, as the band's OND and ONL were fraying over whether Smiley Carter or Teddy Bare Kennedy would be its lead singer, the NND was forced to postpone (until at least 2007) its health care EP, *O Canada*.

While the historical record is blurry, it appears Teddy Bare Kennedy and his non-drinking buddy from the House (the falsetto back-up singer, “Huffy” Henry Waxman) immediately wanted to produce a universal coverage health care duet, *The Sick Bed of Cuchuliann*.



This concept envisioned compelling employers to pay for the poor, disabled, and the elderly; and requiring heavy regulation of what the insurance industry, hospitals, and physicians’ could charge for their services. Further exacerbating tensions within the band, Teddy Bare and Huffy Henry opposed Smiley’s phased catastrophic coverage plan, because they believed it would remove the impetus for the creation of a comprehensive plan (i.e., government run health care).

Smiley, too, proposed his own health care plan, which included hospital cost controls, employer compelled catastrophic coverage, in part, for traditional workers and, in full, for poorer workers, and a merger between Medicare and Medicaid into “HealthCare” to cover the disabled, elderly, and non-working poor. Viewing Teddy Bare and Huffy Henry’s health care plan as a direct challenge to his own, a piqued Smiley ensured Teddy Bare and Huffy Henry’s plan never saw the light of day. In retaliation for this affront, Teddy Bare made sure Smiley Carter’s bill, too, went nowhere. For this, at least, the country could thank them all.



Frankenstein – Human Embryonic Stem Cell Research (c. 1973):

Disregarding and over-turning the express will of tens of millions of sovereign American citizens who had recently voted to outlaw abortion on demand, in 1973 the liberal Supreme Court issued their arbitrary edicts in *Roe v. Wade* and *Doe v. Bolton*. These two anthems to doomed youth claimed – after nearly two hundred years



and the abolition of slavery – the United States Constitution once again provided the right to destroy governmentally designated and denigrated forms of innocent human life.



Why Can't We Be Friends? – Homeland Security (c. 1975-1980): Ever vigilant to identify America's internal enemies (i.e., anyone to the right of the Huey Newton), in 1975 the NND sought to "reform" our national security agencies by creating the oxymoronically titled Nedzi House Select Committee on Intelligence. Prone to mistaking incompetence for conspiracy, the ONL committee members accused OND Chairman Lucien Nedzi (D-MI) of being "co-opted" by the CIA and demanded his ouster. Nedzi (presumably after consultation with his CIA handlers) resigned from the committee and was replaced by Representative Otis Pike (D-NY), who had evidently been "co-opted" by the ACLU.

Establishing his ONL *bona fides*, Pike promptly demanded CIA Director William Colby testify on the intelligence budget in an open hearing. After Colby's not unreasonable refusal to air for the *New York Times* and *TASS* the unsavory details of every American covert operation and its participating



agents, he did consent to testify in an executive session as to certain intelligence expenditures primarily focused on the USSR and communist China. Colby also asserted the intelligence budget should not be publicly revealed to prevent foreign intelligence agencies from improving their estimates of U.S. capabilities.

Undaunted in the face of Colby's sanity, the Pike Committee concluded "taxpayers and most of Congress did not know and cannot find out how much they spend on spy activities" (neither did the Soviets or Maoists, but what the

hell?); and concluded such a distressing state of national security was in direct conflict with the Constitution, which required a regular and public accounting for all funds spent by the Federal Government and – emanating from one of Justice Douglas’ penumbrae – the right to be killed by foreigners. Indignant, the Pike committee recommended all intelligence-related items be included as intelligence expenditures in the President’s budget; the total sum budgeted for each agency involved in intelligence be disclosed; and, if such an item was a portion of the budget of another agency or department, it be identified separately. In the end, the only Pike Committee recommendation implemented was the 1977 establishment of a House Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence. This greatly relieved Americans who did not want to be killed by their enemies and to the American Spies Union, which did not relish the prospects of unemployment, overseas imprisonment and/or death.

In an interesting sidelight, Smiley Carter’s brother, “Hill-Billy” Carter, produced “Billy-gate.” In this inane venture, hoping to avoid the untoward appearances of the Korea-gate influence-peddling scandal, Hill-Billy idealistically complied with federal law and registered as a foreign agent of Libya, in return for several hundred thousand dollars from this state-sponsor of terrorism’s government. While Hill-Billy expected his project to be well received – “The only thing I can say is there is a hell of a lot more Arabians than there is Jews” – he did concede the “Jewish media [tore] up the Arab countries full-time.” Undaunted, he defended the organic logic of his work for Libya’s terror-sponsoring regime: “(A) heap of governments support terrorists and (Libya) at least admitted it.” The American public found his rationale less than compelling.



[The Payback \(Part 1\) – Oil and Gas Leases \(c. 1973-1979\):](#) In response to 1977-1980’s energy crunch, Smiley Carter created the Department of Energy

and installed trendy solar panels on the White House (which were later removed by Rockin' Ron Reagan). Amidst the fog of the “moral equivalent of war” wherein troops traded in their flak vests for sweater vests, Smiley Carter staked out a bold strategy for success. In 1978, Smiley and the NDD finished an energy program aimed at decreasing oil imports, encouraging conservation, and substituting alternative fuels for fossil fuels. The jewel of this Regressive masterpiece of imposed a “gas guzzler” excise tax on the sale of every American made car not attaining arbitrarily dictated fuel efficiency standards. Sales of smaller, more fuel efficient foreign cars soared, as did the blue-collar ranks of “Democrats for Reagan.” Contrary to popular myth, the bill did not subsidize the purchase of earth shoes nor lower gas prices.

In a similar vein, after using his executive authority to lift Piano Man Nixon’s price controls on oil prices, with a deft slight of hand Smiley Carter and the NND imposed a “windfall profits tax” on domestic oil



companies benefiting from the end of these price controls. Smiley also was empowered to impose gasoline rationing with NND Congressional approval. (The printed but unused gas rationing coupons from this scheme now are used as legal tender amongst snow-stranded South Pole PETA activists, though they are admittedly less protective against the climate than the former Antarctic Canadian currency, baby seal skins.) High hopes abounded, but shocked by his late 1980 public firing from the NND and despite his outside-the-box concept of taxing something to produce more of it, Smiley Carter had to wait until 1981 to reap the rewards of his energy sagacity:

Oil prices hit an all time high.



School's Out – Student Loan Interest Rates (c. 1979): In 1979 Smiley Carter established the Department of Education. Smiley's enactment of the NND's H.R. 5192 in 1980 ushered in a new era federal higher education bureaucracy. Also, a clause in H.R. 5192 raised the interest rate on direct student loans from 3% to 4% on any loan made after October 1, 1980.

Since the New York Times was likely busy investigating Rockin' Ron Reagan's alleged use of hair dye and how it would increase his propensity to unleash Armageddon, history records no outrage at how the Smiley and the NND's "unconscionable hike" in the cost of higher education closed the doors of



colleges to millions of economically disadvantaged students and killed the hopes and dreams of generations of Americans. [Editorial Correction: this last line unfortunately went to print before it could be redacted. According to recent reported findings by a recent government funded research project at an obscure educational institution somewhere in an Appropriations sub-committee Chairman's district, only Republicans hate college students, in particular, and education, in general.]



Surrender – The Iraq Resolution [Bonus Track] (c. 1970-1975): During the Vietnam War and afterwards, the NND repeatedly tried to cut funding for our troops in the field. Then, on January 27, 1973, the Paris Peace Accords ended direct hostilities between the United States and communist North Vietnam. As a result, 1973's H.J. Res. 636 barred funding for direct or indirect American combat activities in Indochina; 1973's H.R. 11575 limited funding for defense-related appropriations to South Vietnam; and, in 1974, S. 3394 ordered an end to all military assistance after June 30, 1976. When S. 3394 was made moot by the invading North Vietnamese

army's conquest of South Vietnam on April 30, 1975, Congress leapt into the breach and cut off humanitarian aid to the South Vietnamese people shortly after April 30, 1975.

When the NND gave peace a chance, the North Vietnamese communists seized theirs by the throat and invaded an abandoned democracy. Unfamiliar with elite American opinion-makers' dismissal of the "Domino Theory," the communists proceeded to turn the theory into reality by subjugating South Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia. The ensuing carnage horrified those who chose to notice: Between 1975 and 1984, Vietnamese, Laotian, and Cambodian communists butchered over 2,000,000 human beings.

Having chosen not to notice the carnage, members of the old "New Left" have cheerfully accepted the plaudits of the Southeast Asian communists who tortured and/or killed their own countrymen and American servicemen. For example, here is a 1995 "thank you" note to the old "New Left" from Bui Tin, a former North Vietnamese Army Colonel assigned to its General Staff:

"It [The American anti-war movement] was essential to our strategy. Support of the war from our rear was completely secure while the American rear was vulnerable. Every day our leadership would listen to world news over the radio at 9 a.m. to follow the growth of the American antiwar movement. Visits to Hanoi by people like Jane Fonda, and former Attorney General Ramsey Clark and ministers gave us confidence that we should hold on in the face of battlefield reverses. We were elated when Jane Fonda, wearing a red Vietnamese dress, said at a press conference that she was ashamed of

American actions in the war and that she would struggle along with us.”

These remarks – tantamount to evidence of her treason against the United States of America – were not refuted by Ms. Fonda. Instead, like so many of her old “New Left” comrades, she chose to revel in them. Not surprisingly, on May 28, 2004, in the Vietnamese Women's Museum, Saigon, a grateful communist regime unveiled her war-time photograph with Nguyen Thi Dinh, a founder of the National Liberation Front, Chairwoman of the South Vietnam National Women's Liberation Front, a Central Committee member of the Vietnamese Communist Party, and a 1967 recipient of the Lenin Peace Prize. There is no record of Ms. Fonda inquiring as to when the Vietnamese Women's Museum in Saigon will display the post-war photos of the hundreds of thousands of women killed by the communist regime.



Comrades celebrated in the Vietnamese Women's Museum



“I Am Woman” – The Equal Rights Amendment [Bonus Track] (c. 1971-1982): Precursors of the 1980's Heavy Metal band Twisted Sister, radical feminists chafed beneath the gender-neutral 14th Amendment's protections of “person(s)” and declared, “We're Not Gonna Take It.” Thus, in 1971 the ONL commenced its attempt to fix the United States Constitution with the gender specific Equal Rights Amendment (ERA). After a decade or so of having its sexist consciousness raised, a harried America plopped back down on its couch to watch Monday Night Football and Rockin' Ron's 1980 landslide. Even after Smiley Carter gave the ERA an extension of its ratification deadline until June 30, 1982, this radical feminist frolic atop the frigid tundra of gender politics had only inspired the ERA's ratification by 35 states and a sales slump in Lady Bic Shavers. Having been defeated by a razor thin margin of three states, the ONL vowed the struggle would go on.

It did. In the 109th Congress, the ONL members of the NND introduced bills to resurrect the ERA or rough approximations thereof. First, in a dramatic rendition of *Ground Hog Day*, H.RES. 155 asserted the Congressional ERA ratification deadline – like the rest of the Reagan Era – hadn’t happened; therefore, it demanded the House of Representatives take any legislative action necessary to verify the ratification of the ERA, if three additional states ratified the amendment. A second bill, H.J.Res. 31, proposed an amendment to the Constitution of the United States relating to an equality of rights and reproductive rights, or what in laypersons’ terms would be termed “super-duper-rights”. Finally, H.J.RES. 37 proposed a Constitutional Amendment stating “equality of rights under the law shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of sex.” (It is unclear if the operative word “sex” was used as a noun, a verb, or both.) Interestingly, this bill’s Senate companion, S.J.RES. 7, was sponsored by Teddy Bare Kennedy, who hoped it would lead to a new rash of bra burnings. It did not.



The ONL fights for their right to “parity”

But in *The First Hundred Hours* of the 110th Congress, the best was yet to come. Unappeased by the election of the first female Speaker of the United States House of Representatives nor by the campaign of a Senator who is a prohibitive favorite to be the first female major party nominee for the Presidency, the ONL now wants to elude the United States’ recalcitrant legislatures and foist a United Nations version of the ERA upon an unsuspecting citizenry.

On January 24, 2007, H.Res. 101 was introduced. This resolution expresses the “sense” of the House of Representatives “the Senate should...give its

advice and consent to the ratification of the Convention on the Elimination of All Forms of Discrimination Against Women (CEDAW). Among other sundries, if ratified by the august Senate this United Nations treaty would compel the United States (all fifty of them, including the fifteen ERA slackers) to do all of the following and more:

“1. (M)odify the social and cultural patterns of conduct of men and women, with a view to achieving the elimination of prejudices and customary [sic] and all other practices which are based on the idea of the inferiority or the superiority of either of the sexes or on stereotyped roles for men and women. [This provision doubtless precludes signatories from segregating the genders in sex re-education camps.]

2. (E)nsure that family education includes a proper understanding of maternity as a social function [i.e., “it takes a village”] and the recognition of the common responsibility of men and women in the upbringing and development of their children, it being understood that the interest of the children is the primordial consideration in all cases. [This provision will require signatories to revise all sexist “Happy Mother’s Day Cards” to read “Happy Social Functionary Day.”]

3. (T)ake all appropriate measures to eliminate discrimination against women in the field of health care in order to ensure, on a basis of equality of men and women, access to health care services, including those related to family planning. [Read in its gender-neutral spirit, this provision will also require signatories to publicly fund abortions-on-demand without regard to a person’s sex.]

4. (E)nsure to women appropriate services in connection with pregnancy, confinement and the post-natal period, granting free services where necessary, as well as adequate nutrition during pregnancy and lactation. [By mandating these “free services” and, thus, assuming a government-run health program, this provision ensures signatories’ female residents will finally achieve an equality of inadequate medical care.]”

In the event any signatory backslides into a benighted belief in its own sovereignty, the CEDAW creates a Committee to slap such states back to their senses. This Committee on the Elimination of Discrimination against Women (CEDW) is comprised of twenty-three (23) experts of “high moral standing and competence” from countries which ratified the CEDAW. Granted, this search will entail a lengthy delay in the Committee’s formation. Nevertheless, at least every four years, signatory states must submit a report on their progress in implementing the CEDAW to the UN Secretary General, who is wont to be found in such international hot spots as the French Riviera or any nation lacking an extradition treaty with the U.S. These reports will then be considered by the CEDW. Through an intricate process modeled on one wherein a blindfolded, dart-throwing chimp picks your stocks, these moral and competent experts will divine if your nation has violated the CEDAW’s “universal values.” After this “mark of Cannes” is branded onto a neo-Neanderthal nation, the CEDW reports its findings and recommendations to the General Assembly, whose high morals and competence are as indisputable as Comrade Stalin’s social conscience. To safeguard the rights of the accusers, continuing disputes over the interpretation or application of the CEDAW can be brought before the International Criminal Court, to whom the job of the United States Supreme Court would be out-sourced.

Obviously, the treaty's potential benefits are only exceeded by its concrete accomplishments. For instance, the CEDAW is presently protecting and promoting the rights of women in such female-friendly nations as Guatemala and Senegal. No doubt this cosmopolitan, Kofi clique crusade will be as effective in protecting and promoting the rights of American women. Yet rather than speculate, perhaps it is wiser for the United States Congress to wait and send Smiley Carter to monitor the cornucopia of consequences which would ensue following the CEDAW's ratification and implementation in the UN peace-keeper ravaged nations of the Congo and the Sudan.



“Theme from Shaft” – The First Hundred Hours (c. The 1970’s): In a stunning refutation of Darwin’s theories of natural selection and survival of the fittest, the NND majority still hosts 14 Democrats (6% of their conference) who entered Congress prior to President Reagan’s 1980 watershed election and the evolution of modern conservatism. Due to the seniority system for chairmanships still employed by the Democrats, 9 of 21 committees (43%) will be led by these pre-Reagan landslide liberals. It is little wonder, then, how in their ham-fisted rush to rule without Regular Order, committee hearings, or amendments these devolutionary Democrats have endeavored to drag America backwards into the 1970’s.

But they are not the only font of the Democrats Regressive impulses. Teamed with the OND of the Great Society, the ONL is also propelling our nation through a time warp of earth shoes, mood rings, and pet rocks back to the era of “malaise.” The ONL’s alacrity to turn back the clock is most pronounced in their wholesale contempt for House procedural precedents and regular order; and in their grim determination to de-fund our troops in the field and politicize the Iraq War for partisan gain.

As a purely political matter, the 42:25 hours over ten legislative days (4.2 hours per day) the House actually worked in *The First Hundred Hours* – did provide some short-term practical gains for the new majority: several poll-tested, middle-class amenable bills were passed with Prussian efficiency; a swooning press trumpeted these bills without critiquing the closed partisan process; and NND newcomers were protected from such nettlesome responsibilities as legislating and voting in committee. These 1970’s inspired “accomplishments,” however, are more akin to continuing the 2006 campaign than they are with governing – a problem the NND can not long dodge. When the reckoning comes, will the daily, grinding pressures of making difficult decisions and being held accountable for them splinter the NND’s OND and ONL? Early indications – including their internal dispute over the creation of a select panel on the climate change – portend an emphatic, “yes.”

But it is not enough to watch your enemy starve if you don’t eat. So in the uncertain event the NND splinters, will Ronald Reagan’s Lonely Hearts Club Band seize the moment and ascend the heights back to the top of the pops?





EU Bureaucrat (c. 2007)

The First Hundred Hours: The European 8-Track



DCCC Candidate (c. 2006)

MEMO

To: Hon. Nancy Pelosi, Speaker, House of Representatives, United States of America/
Co-Lead Back-Up Vocalist for the New “New Democrats” (hereinafter, “NND”)

From: Claude Outil, Senior Clerk to the Sub-Assistant Secretary to the Junior Aide-de-
Camp to the Executive Minister for European Union Membership’s Ne’er-Do-Well
Fifth Cousin’s ex-Brother-in-Law

Re: United States of America’s Application for Probationary Member State Status in the
European Union, and the NND Request for Nomination by *Victoires de la Musique*
in the Category of “Come-Back Artist of the Year”

Date: 2007 P.C.E. (Post-Christian Era)

Bonjour, Madame Speaker/Co-Lead Back-Up Vocalist,

We duly inform you of the Ministry’s receipt of your January submission the United States
of America’s application for Probationary Member Status in the European Union, and the

NND request for nomination by *Victoires de la Musique* in the category of “Come-Back Artist of the Year.”

We also deign to acknowledge the Regressive strides your nation has taken down the road to serfdom in the brief span of one hundred days: Solving fiscal deficits through higher taxation without accompanying reductions in government spending; instituting private sector wage and price controls through legislative fiat; exacting punitive windfall profits taxes upon domestic and multi-national corporations; strengthening the symbiosis between higher education institutions and public subsidization; federal subsidies; dispensing with superstitious prohibitions against medicinal research; and adopting a less militaristic and more legalistic strategy to ensure success against your adversaries.

It is the unofficial-initial-preliminary-yet-to-be-reviewed-non-binding-opinion of the Ministry the United States of America’s application for Probationary Member Status in the European Union may merit further-unofficial-initial-preliminary-reviewed-non-binding consideration. Per European Union regulations, you must:

1. Fully and accurately fill out every line of each and all of the attached documents
2. Enclose them in a standard manila colored cargo container and return them by air mail to the Ministry with all of the following:
 - a. Fifty million (50,000,000) Euros;
 - b. One (1) stamped, self-addressed envelope; and

-
- c. One (1) eight by ten inch (8"x10") personally autographed and professionally framed photograph of the Honorable Barack Obama
3. Cash-on-Delivery (C.O.D.) postal packages will not be accepted.

As per your item *deux*, it is the unofficial-initial-preliminary-yet-to-be-reviewed-non-binding-opinion of the Academy your American Regressive muzak combo's – the NND – request to for nomination by *Victoires de la Musique* in the category of "Come-Back Artist of the Year" may merit further-unofficial-initial-preliminary-reviewed-non-binding consideration. Per European Union regulations, you must:

1. Fully and accurately fill out every line of each and all of the attached documents
2. Enclose them in a standard manila colored cargo container and return them by air mail to the Academy with all of the following:
 - a. Fifty million (50,000,000) Euros;
 - b. One (1) stamped, self-addressed envelope; and
 - c. One (1) eight by ten inch (8"x10") personally autographed and professionally framed photograph of the Honorable Barack Obama
3. Cash-on-Delivery (C.O.D.) postal packages will not be accepted.

Fin.

P.S. *Sont des mots qui vont tres bien ensemble, non?*



***One Hundred Hours of Solitude:
Ronald Reagan's Lonely
Hearts Club Band
A Daze in the Life?***



Bludgeoned into minority status amidst these trying, transformational times, dazed Republicans are sorely tempted to stagger back to a romanticized past for solace. Sweetening this poisonous fruit is the devolving NND's infectious quest to regress back to the 1970's. Under ordinary circumstances, the party of Rockin' Ron Reagan would never consider taking a bite of the apple. Yet these are no ordinary times.

Relegated to minority status and confronted with an oppressive Democratic majority, the daily exposure to their opponent's devolutionary virus has infected many GOPhilistines with a Republican strain of regressive thinking. This lethal illness manifests itself in the vain hope this 2007-2008 incarnation of Ronald Reagan's Lonely Hearts Club Band can woozily retrace its historical footsteps back to the golden era of Newt World Order. The disease's unfortunate victims are diagnosed by the symptoms of blindly seeking enlightenment from outside oneself by paying \$25,000 to rapturously grovel at the well-heeled feet of the Maharishi Newt Yogi; obsessively poring over the Contract With America for encoded biblical prophecies; and menacingly shouting "George Clinton is my President!" outside of a Parliament concert. Left untreated, the disease can take up to forty years to cure with relapses prone to occur every twelve years or so.

Preventative treatment is the best course of action, of course. But once the patient is infected with regressive thinking, however, the only option is shock therapy. So, having examined the 110th Congress' House Republican Conference Members, bring on the pads and let the sparks fly:

This is not 1994.

It is the Year of Our Lord 2007, a trying, transformational time in which the United States of America is defending its liberty and security in a world war against abject evil and questioning its children's future prosperity in the age of globalization.

Because we stalled in moving America forward from this difficult present into the daunting future, our anxious fellow citizens have momentarily heeded the Democrats' siren song of traveling back to a failed era of big government. We must not pause to parley amidst the ruins of the industrial welfare state. We must acknowledge our defeat; accept its challenge; and advance America forward.

We can do no less. The survival of our free republic rests in our hands and hearts. Thus are we honor-bound to "think anew and act anew" and redeem ourselves as original and insightful public servants and political entrepreneurs so, with God's help, we can preserve and promote the best of America; defeat her enemies; promote her prosperity; and guide her to a transcendent tomorrow.

The Maharishi cannot do this for us.

The Contract with America cannot do this for us.

Our staffs cannot do this for us.

We can.

We will.

We must!

I hope you found this shock treatment therapeutic. Your co-pay is waived and your health care provider will be billed the balance. Now quaff a scotch, eat a steak, smoke a stogie, speed home in an SUV and remember –

You are Republicans.

Rock on!

Appendix



You Did!

*Where have you gone, Franklin Roosevelt?
Your party turns its lonely eyes to you
Woo, woo, woo
What's that you say, Mrs. Pelosi?
FDR has left and gone away
Hey, hey, hey
Hey, hey, hey!*



Contributing Republican House Policy Committee Members



Hon. Mike Burgess (TX)



Hon. Steve King (IA)



Hon. Thaddeus McCotter (MI)



Hon. Patrick McHenry (NC)



Hon. Ileana Ros-Lehtinen (FL)



Hon. Greg Walden (OR)