

Pleased to Meet You, Mr. Pidd. May I Call You 'Stu'?

What makes a great surgeon? Using a pinch of logic, it should be an easy enough answer: his/her more serious operations (internal trauma, transplants, etc.) consistently result in a saved or extended life, while the less serious ones (bone spurs, breast augmentations, etc.) result in a pain-free or deliciously top-heavy patient. How about what makes a great coach? Again, logic: he/she molds good players into excellent ones, and racks up a whole lot of wins. Now, can you as easily narrow down what makes a moron? Perhaps the most scientifically precise answer ("a mommy moron and a daddy moron") is the first thing that hits your head, but what about more common, subjective ones?

Would you say it's a habit of making inane or wildly incorrect statements? Is it unwise decision-making? Being held back so many times you get voted "best beard" in your fifth-grade yearbook? Calling tech support because you can't get your pencil to work? Accidentally bathing your cat with dog shampoo and worrying he'll start barking?

All right, too many options—maybe it's better to pose the question ratori...retorri...rhettor...only for the sake of discussion.

I'm convinced Democrats believe the word "moron" means something along the lines of "a Republican without several engineering degrees." The poor darlings don't merely think their definition is arguable; they're downright convinced it's indisputable. One can only hope the folks at Merriam-Webster don't face some sort of "omission tax" if the liberal definition isn't among the listed.

Much as it fastballs me in the groin to admit, Democrats are

no slouches at pushing the narrative that Republicans are the mental mush-heads in politics. They did it with Gerald Ford. They did it with George W. Bush. Ditto with Christine O'Donnell. They tried it with Ronald Reagan for a bit, though only to end up packing up their slingshots and riding off on their Big Wheels. I'd say the best example in recent memory, where calling a Republican an imbecile morphed from petty insult to apt description, is former VP Dan Quayle. Almost from the get-go, the opposition beat the elder Bush's running mate relentlessly with the dumbass stick, and you gotta admit he made it easy as sweet potatoe pie. With all the assorted silliness he lovingly served up, convincing the public Quayle was utterly brainless wasn't a hard sell. However, Conservatives knew better—the claims were hardly the reality. Utterly brainless? Ridiculous! Quite the contrary! *He was just terribly stupid!*

Among the many things Barack Obama's swooning fans gushed about, from the moment he stepped off the plane from Liverpool, was his intelligence. From Manhattan cocktail parties to Hollywood elbow-rubs to San Francisco pre-orgies, whenever the topic of conversation changed from Obama's body to his brain, liberals (after wiping the corners of their mouths) would gasp what a superior thinker he was. They're not conversating much about it now, partly because he's not the refreshing new craze anymore, and because saying out loud that Obama is extremely smart sounds more and more ridiculous as time goes by. You know they still believe it with all their hearts, but last I checked the heart's job is to send blood to the brain, not do its thinking for it.

Has your itinerary ever listed as many as fifty-nine states? Have you ever singed the praises of people who built an intercontinental railroad? Do you think there is an Austrian language? When millions of drivers are being eaten alive by gasoline at \$4.95 per gallon, do you tell them they wouldn't be having such a hard time if they had simply tuned up their

engines and inflated their tires properly? Have you ever reassured people that paralegals were present in case anyone required medical attention? Is “(e)verybody knows that it makes no sense that you send a kid to the emergency room for a treatable illness like asthma. They end up taking up a hospital bed. It costs when, if you, they just gave, you gave, treatment early, and they got some treatment, and uhhh a breathalyzer, or uhh, an inhalator, not a breathalyzer...” an actual quote by you? Because if you have, it’s fair to say aliens searching for signs of intelligence will avoid your head at all costs.

I should point out this list of Obama gaffes is not even close to the complete collection, and it already dwarfs the one produced by a certain perky-licious former governor of a very large state. (No, it’s not George W. Bush.)

More recent efforts by leftists to brand us with an irremovable idiot tattoo have, arguably, only made them look more irrational. Now thanks to a couple of shining moments last month, we’re reaching the point where they’ll have no choice but to climb atop the Coit Tower and loudly admit their stupendous stupidity. The amazing thing is these examples didn’t involve Joe Biden, whose omission from this column is only due to the impossibility of describing his sheer dunderheadedness with an alphabet of only twenty-six letters.

Last month the liberals got good ‘n busy with the idiocy. It started with (surprise!) the president, who added yet another notch to his cranium by misspelling the word “respect” while praising Aretha Franklin at the White House. You really can’t blame him, and not because his dome-light is low on wattage; it’s because the guy has made every effort to be completely unfamiliar with the whole concept of respect. When a guy like Barack Obama spells that word correctly, it collapses the existential apple cart.

The Queen of Soul wasn't the only star on hand; singer Patti LaBelle was also in attendance, and at one point was nice enough to show Obama he wasn't the only fool in the room. Among the smooch-speak she gushed to the first couple was her unfortunate failure to complete the word "swagger." "Baby, you've got swag" is what she said, verbatim. I didn't even need to reread the quote, because LaBelle is known for having a great voice, not the Theory of Relativity. I figured she was quite capable of attempting to praise the Obamas' air of cockiness, only to wind up accusing them of trafficking in stolen goods.

The next cute mental failure came courtesy of Texas Congresswoman Sheila Jackson Lee (one of the very few instances you'll get courtesy from her): "(m)aybe I should offer a good thanks to the distinguished members of the majority, the Republicans, my chairman and others, for giving us an opportunity to have a deliberative constitutional discussion that reinforces the sanctity of this nation and how well it is that we have lasted some 400 years, operating under a Constitution that clearly defines what is constitutional and what is not."

Like everyone else, I was amused by the ever-so-slight misfire on the Constitution's age, which was created & ratified in the late 1700's, not the early 1600's. I was equally amused by what followed "400 years": Lee's profound revelation that a Constitution defines what is constitutional. This was probably the only time I wished I was near the Yale alum, just so I could've told her how wonderful envelopes are because of the way they envelope the letter you're sending. Time permitting, I might've even cooed a little about the greatness of meat tenderizers—they tenderize meat.

I've seen Ms. Lee in action for a long time, and sometimes find it difficult picturing her going to Yale. If she did, however, I'd be yumping for yoy.

All in all, let's just say we need not be so afraid anymore of our intellect being called into question, at least on those occasions we utter a malapropism or get caught on camera looking confused. It's still a good idea to mind some of the basics, like spelling words correctly, putting conjunctions in the right place but where they belong, and proper usage of punctuation