

August 18, 2015

For our Trump day, we start with John Fund.

As much as I've slammed The Donald for his inconsistent and incoherent policy views, I've always praised Trump's intelligence: "He is the P. T. Barnum of American politics, a brilliant self-promoter who knows exactly what he's doing and who changes his opinions constantly to match what he thinks audiences want to hear, much as Barnum used to switch out circus acts between towns on his tour." A liberal defender of Trump, former CNN host Piers Morgan, agrees: "He's a smart, cunning, alert showman who knows what it takes to win."

In the wake of last Thursday's debate and his infamous "blood feud" with Fox News moderator Megyn Kelly, I have to say I was wrong. His swift, heady rise in the polls has brought out the inner Donald Trump, someone who could have stepped out of Animal House. ...

George Will trumps the Donald.

In every town large enough to have two traffic lights there is a bar at the back of which sits the local Donald Trump, nursing his fifth beer and innumerable delusions. Because the actual Donald Trump is wealthy, he can turn himself into an unprecedentedly and incorrigibly vulgar presidential candidate. It is his right to use his riches as he pleases. His squalid performance and its coarsening of civic life are costs of freedom that an open society must be prepared to pay.

When, however, Trump decided that his next acquisition would be not another casino but the Republican presidential nomination, he tactically and quickly underwent many conversions of convenience (concerning abortion, health care, funding Democrats, etc.). His makeover demonstrates that he is a counterfeit Republican and no conservative.

He is an affront to anyone devoted to the project William F. Buckley began six decades ago with the founding in 1955 of the National Review — making conservatism intellectually respectable and politically palatable. Buckley's legacy is being betrayed by invertebrate conservatives now saying that although Trump "goes too far," he has "tapped into something," and therefore....

Rich Lowry writes on the "phenomenal incoherence of Donald Trump."

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In a CNN interview, Trump outlined an amnesty via temporary deportation: "I would get people out, and I would have an expedited way of getting them back into the country so they can be legal." How would the federal government, which can't run the immigration system we already have, manage mass relocations of millions of people presumably to their countries of origin, only

to be vetted and returned to the United States forthwith? "It's feasible if you know how to manage. Politicians don't know how to manage." Oh.

As for so-called Dreamers, Trump has considered the matter very carefully: "We're going to do something. I've been giving it so much thought. You know, you have, on a humanitarian basis, you have a lot of deep thought going into this, believe me. I actually have a big heart. . . . But the Dreamers, it's a tough situation. We're going to do something. And one of the things we're going to do is expedite. When somebody is terrific, we want them back here. They have to be legally."

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For a commensurate farce, we have "Donald Trump Through The Ages" by [John Flowers](#).

The Death of Julius Caesar

So this is, maybe, a week after the Ides of March. I'm in Rome. I got a new coliseum there. Great coliseum. I build a lot them. Make a lot of money. Very successful. ...

The Last Supper

I love Jesus, I do. But the guy can be long-winded. "Blessed are these people, Blessed are those people." Basically, everybody's blessed, but he's gotta read through the whole Roman census before you find that out. ...

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I would have people come up to me all the time and say, "Mr. Trump, Mr. Trump, you should lead our troops. You should have lead." And I should have, because I would have ended the war, Day One.

I would have gone up to King George III, whom I know. I would have said, "Georgie, we're leaving." ...

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So they have this board of inquiry. They ask me to appear. They beg. Plead. Say I'm the only one who can make sense of this tragedy.

I show up. I don't know what I can do, but I show up. They ask what I think happened. Everyone is saying, "The ship hit the iceberg, the ship hit the iceberg." I tell them straight. I say, "No, that's not what happened." I say, "The iceberg attacked that ship."

People are stunned. They never heard anyone say this before. They start clapping, start calling my name, they love me. They love how I tell the truth. I'm the only one who tells the truth.

I say, "Look, I know icebergs. Know a lot about them. No one knows more about icebergs than me. No one. ...

More Trump cartoons

National Review

[Trump the Teenage Bully](#)

He's no P. T. Barnum, he's Neidermeyer from Animal House.

by John Fund

As much as I've slammed The Donald for his inconsistent and incoherent policy views, I've always praised Trump's intelligence: "He is the P. T. Barnum of American politics, a brilliant self-promoter who knows exactly what he's doing and who changes his opinions constantly to match what he thinks audiences want to hear, much as Barnum used to switch out circus acts between towns on his tour." A liberal defender of Trump, former CNN host Piers Morgan, agrees: "He's a smart, cunning, alert showman who knows what it takes to win."

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When Roger Stone, one of the master practitioners of the Dark Side of the Political Force, resigns as Donald Trump's strategist after 30 years of loyal service, you know something is up. Stone, who still calls Trump a friend, is circumspect about his reasons for leaving. Publicly, he tweeted: "@realDonaldTrump didn't fire me — I fired Trump. Diasgree [sic] with diversion to food fight with @megynkelly away core issue messages."

But Stone told friends on Saturday that Trump is "losing his grip on reality" and that "he has these yes-men around him," according to *Politico*. "And now he's living in a parallel world."

Others close to The Donald agree. Kate Bohner, who, with Trump, co-authored *Trump: The Art of the Comeback*, told CNN "This is a Trump I haven't seen before." She went on to say: "I don't want to hear about blood coming out of people's eyes and certainly not what it morphed into on [CNN anchor Don] Lemon's show." In explaining how different Trump is now from the person with whom she worked, Bohner said: "Sometimes he seizes on one detail and won't let it go. If I were his campaign adviser, I would have said, okay, you said it on the debate, stop, no more talking about this. Let's just leave it in the green room and certainly no tweeting it at 3:49 a.m."

But Trump is like a rampaging high-school student with no adult chaperone around who can take away his Twitter keys. His campaign staff has complained that he refuses to read briefing books and said that he took pride in not preparing for last Thursday's debate. A Trump business associate told me that his long-time secretary once confessed that she couldn't possibly bring

him a piece of bad news. “I’ve kept my job this long by knowing I must never bring him bad news,” she reportedly said. That’s a clue to extreme narcissism.

So let’s recap. Someone who is so thin-skinned that he can’t move on from a slight. Someone who refuses to accept reality and then act accordingly. Someone who has a form of attention-deficit disorder, in which he constantly craves attention. Someone who is constantly boasting about past glories, like an ROTC officer describing his last weekend-warrior experience. Someone who can’t control his language and constantly belittles and bullies everyone he doesn’t like by flinging insults such as “loser,” “stupid,” “worthless,” “fat,” and “slob.”

P. T. Barnum never made it big acting like that. He knew when to turn down the temperature — and he left business to become a successful legislator and mayor. Still, as a clever crony capitalist who claims to buy politicians, Trump knows when to focus and not be immature. The closest model for him I can think of is Douglas C. Neidermeyer, the bullying ROTC student leader in the 1978 classic college film *Animal House*.

We might learn a lesson from how the Delta Tau Chi fraternity dealt with Neidermeyer in *Animal House*. They never granted him the aura of authority he claimed, they constantly ridiculed his pomposity, and they provided him with opportunities to self-destruct. No matter how isolated in his own reality Donald Trump is, the outside world will eventually bring him down to earth.

Washington Post

The many faces of Trump from the GOP debate

by George Will

In every town large enough to have two traffic lights there is a bar at the back of which sits the local Donald Trump, nursing his fifth beer and innumerable delusions. Because the actual Donald Trump is wealthy, he can turn himself into an unprecedentedly and incorrigibly vulgar presidential candidate. It is his right to use his riches as he pleases. His squalid performance and its coarsening of civic life are costs of freedom that an open society must be prepared to pay.

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He is an affront to anyone devoted to the project William F. Buckley began six decades ago with the founding in 1955 of the National Review — making conservatism intellectually respectable and politically palatable. Buckley’s legacy is being betrayed by invertebrate conservatives now saying that although Trump “goes too far,” he has “tapped into something,” and therefore...

Therefore what? This stance — if a semi-grovel can be dignified as a stance — is a recipe for deserved disaster. Remember, Henry Wallace and Strom Thurmond “tapped into” things.

In 1948, Wallace, FDR’s former vice president, ran as a third-party candidate opposing Harry Truman’s reelection. His campaign became a vehicle for, among others, communists and fellow

travelers opposed to Truman's anti-Soviet foreign policy. Truman persevered, leaders of organized labor cleansed their movement of Soviet sympathizers, and Truman was reelected.

He won also in spite of South Carolina's Democratic Gov. Thurmond siphoning off Democratic votes (and 39 electoral votes) as a Dixiecrat protesting civil rights commitments in the Democratic Party's platform. Truman won because he kept his party and himself from seeming incoherent and boneless.

Conservatives who flinch from forthrightly marginalizing Trump mistakenly fear alienating a substantial Republican cohort. But the assumption that today's Trumpites are Republicans is unsubstantiated and implausible. Many are no doubt lightly attached to the political process, preferring entertainment to affiliation. They relish their [candidate's vituperation](#) and share his aversion to facts. From what GOP faction might Trumpites come? The establishment? Social conservatives? Unlikely.

They certainly are not tea partyers, those earnest, issue-oriented, book-club organizing activists who are passionate about policy. Trump's aversion to reality was displayed during the [Cleveland debate](#) when Chris Wallace asked him for "evidence" to support his claim that Mexico's government is sending rapists and drug dealers to the United States. Trump, as usual, offered apoplexy as an argument.

A political party has a right to (in language Trump likes) secure its borders. Indeed, a party [has a duty](#) to exclude interlopers, including cynical opportunists deranged by egotism. This is why closed primaries, although not obligatory, are defensible: Let party members make the choices that define the party and dispense its most precious possession, a presidential nomination. So, the Republican National Committee should immediately stipulate that subsequent Republican debates will be open to any and all — but only — candidates who [pledge to support](#) the party's nominee.

This year's Republican field is the most impressive since 1980, and perhaps the most talent-rich since the party first had a presidential nominee, in 1856. But 16 candidates are experiencing diminishment by association with the 17th.

Donald Trump has never held back when it comes to speaking his mind about the people who have got under his skin. (The Washington Post)

Soon the [campaign will turn](#) to granular politics, the on-the-ground retail work required by the 1.4 percent of the nation's population that lives in Iowa and New Hampshire. Try to [imagine Trump](#) in an Iowa living room, with a macaroon in one hand and cup of hot chocolate balanced on a knee, observing Midwestern civilities while talking about something other than himself.

Television, which has made Trump (he is one of three candidates, with Mike Huckabee and [John Kasich](#), who have had television shows), will unmake him, turning his shtick into a transcontinental bore. But not before many voters will have noticed weird vibrations pulsing from the GOP.

So, conservatives today should deal with Trump with the firmness Buckley dealt with the John Birch Society in 1962. The society was an extension of a loony businessman who said Dwight Eisenhower was "a dedicated, conscious agent of the Communist conspiracy." In a 5,000-word National Review "excoriation" (Buckley's word), he excommunicated the society from the conservative movement.

Buckley received an approving letter from a subscriber who said, “You have once again given a voice to the conscience of conservatism.” The letter was signed, “Ronald Reagan, Pacific Palisades, Cal.”

Disclosure: This columnist's wife, Mari Will, works for Scott Walker.

NY Post

The Phenomenal Incoherence of Donald Trump

by Rich Lowry

Donald Trump is a great communicator. He’s self-assured, entertaining, pungent. He could, as they say of talented actors, read the phone book and make it interesting (if, that is, hilariously boastful readings of the phone book are your kind of thing).

There is only one area where his communication skills are lacking: The man that Trump refers to as Trump is not always adept at expressing Trump’s views.

The loudmouth mogul may be very good at saying words, but coherence and consistency sometimes elude him. Especially when he gets beyond his comfort zone of extolling his own phenomenal awesomeness and calling America’s leaders stupid and the leaders of China and Mexico — the new axis of evil — smart and cunning.

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As for so-called Dreamers, Trump has considered the matter very carefully: “We’re going to do something. I’ve been giving it so much thought. You know, you have, on a humanitarian basis, you have a lot of deep thought going into this, believe me. I actually have a big heart. . . . But the Dreamers, it’s a tough situation. We’re going to do something. And one of the things we’re going to do is expedite. When somebody is terrific, we want them back here. They have to be legally.”

There you have it — an immigration priority of the Trump administration will be legalizing “terrific” Dreamers after they’ve been deported/re-imported, on an expedited basis, of course. For this, we need a populist revolution?

It is a testament to Trump's tenuous grasp on the most basic matters that he can take a crystal-clear conservative priority, defunding Planned Parenthood, and make it a head-scratching hash of seeming contradictions.

He told radio-show host Hugh Hewitt that he would be willing to shut down the government to defund Planned Parenthood. Then he told Chris Cuomo of CNN that he might defund only Planned Parenthood's abortion business, not the rest of it: "I would look at the good aspects of it."

Of course, since it is notionally only Planned Parenthood's non-abortion services that get funded, this sounded like an endorsement of the status quo — and earned him a pat on the head by Planned Parenthood. Asked to clarify by Sean Hannity on Fox News, he said, "We have to look at the positives also for Planned Parenthood," before allowing that "maybe unless they stop with the abortions, we don't do the funding for the stuff that we want."

Maybe? Finally, he released a statement saying he opposed funding Planned Parenthood as long as it performs abortions — which it should have been within his power to make clear during his other exchanges over the issue.

My colleague Jonah Goldberg famously described Mitt Romney as speaking conservatism as if it's a second language. Trump speaks it as if he needs help from a translator. He told Hannity the other night of the glories of health savings accounts, a market-oriented reform, even though he had praised socialized systems in Canada and Scotland (why not all of Great Britain?) in the debate.

One lesson of the success of the Trump-for-president campaign is that as long as you are not making sense with great certainty and forcefulness, no one will care much that you aren't making sense. For now, it's part of the genius of Trump as communicator.

McSweeney's **[Donald Trump, Through the Ages.](#)**

by John Flowers

The ancestry of Donald Trump stretches back to the Ancient World. Listen, as several of Trump's forebears recount some of the most famous moments in history.

The Death of Julius Caesar

So this is, maybe, a week after the Ides of March. I'm in Rome. I got a new coliseum there. Great coliseum. I build a lot them. Make a lot of money. Very successful.

So I'm in Rome. And Brutus and his cabal ask me to say a few words about Caesar. Really, begging me to say something about him. And Brutus is an honorable guy. So, I'm like, "Sure. Whatever."

But then right before my speech, Brutus comes up to me — he's real nervous, Brutus — and he says, "Whatever you do in your speech, don't blame me for Caesar's death."

I think, "That's odd." But, whatever. Brutus is an honorable guy.

So I deliver this speech. Great speech. Tremendous speech. It's about Caesar. He's dead. Lot of emotions. Really brings down the house. I get rave reviews for the speech. *Rave reviews*. Everybody loves it.

But then, weeks later, the media is saying I said these things that I never said. Awful things.

I'll give you an example: The New Rome Times, which is losing money left and right. Unreadable. Total trash. Hates the empire. But the New Rome Times says that I came to praise Caesar, which is totally false.

What I said was — and this is a direct quote — "I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him." *Not* to praise him. How they get the exact opposite out of that, I don't know. But that's the media for you.

The Last Supper

I love Jesus, I do. But the guy can be long-winded. "Blessed are these people, Blessed are those people." Basically, everybody's blessed, but he's gotta read through the whole Roman census before you find that out.

Like this one night, Jesus and his crew are one table away from me. And I'm hearing him go on and on about something. Won't stop talking about it.

I can't take it anymore. So I lean over. I say, "Jesus, you make a nice speech and all. Kind of belabor the point; Peter's falling asleep over here. So let me cut to the chase: Someone's gonna betray you tonight, and it's Judas."

Jesus gives me this look, like I'm the one who's betrayed him.

I say, "C'mon, Jesus, it's the worst kept secret in Jerusalem. Guy owes everybody in town money. Suddenly, he's flashing 30 pieces of silver." I love Jesus, but he's probably still trying to figure out who killed Abel.

Problem is, Jesus never had a sense for business. Never did. Here's a guy who can turn water into wine — and I know wine. Bought a vineyard, doing terrible business, I buy it, now it's making a profit. Yuge, yuge profit. But here's a guy who can turn water into wine; still pays for it when he goes out.

I'm like, "Jesus, just order water!" Or at least make Judas pay.

I mean, seriously, who finds a mole in his operation, invites the guy out to dinner?

Jesus, that's who.

The Third Crusade

So, I tell the Knights Templar, "Richard the Lionheart? Please. Should be called Richard the Lazy Bastard. Seriously. He had one thing to do. One thing. Capture Jerusalem. What's he do? Makes peace with Saladin."

I ask Saladin about that, too. Sal's a friend. I say, "Sal, what the hell happened?" He says, "Your guy's no good. Can't negotiate. Awful negotiator."

Never would have happened if I led the Third Crusade. I know negotiators. If they ever invent the printing press, I plan on writing a book on it.

Hell, I know this one guy — awful guy, terrible human being — but he knows how to negotiate. Genghis Khan. Horrible human being. Great negotiator. I bring him in; Jerusalem is taken in two days. Tops.

The American Revolution

I would have people come up to me all the time and say, "Mr. Trump, Mr. Trump, you should lead our troops. You should have lead." And I should have, because I would have ended the war, Day One.

I would have gone up to King George III, whom I know. I would have said, "Georgie, we're leaving."

He'd cry, he'd beg, he'd try to convince us to stay. I'd say, "No, no, no. Here's the way it works: We leave, you get nothing, that's the deal" And then I'd turn to the French, and I'd say, "And you ... Thanks for the help. Now give us a statue. A woman. But not an ugly one."

Papers would be signed the next morning.

19th-Century Medical Science

People ask me all the time, because I love women so much. They say, "Mr. Trump, what do we need to do to help women?" Because we have to protect their health, we have to. So I say, "Two words ... Wandering. Uteruses." Because they're everywhere. Everywhere. Wandering over here, wandering over there. Even mention it and women go into hysterics. If I were in charge, I would bring back the uteruses. I would bring them all back. From China. From Mexico. From Japan. From wherever they wander. "Making Uteruses Great Again", that would be my motto.

The Titanic

So they have this board of inquiry. They ask me to appear. They beg. Plead. Say I'm the only one who can make sense of this tragedy.

I show up. I don't know what I can do, but I show up. They ask what I think happened. Everyone is saying, "The ship hit the iceberg, the ship hit the iceberg." I tell them straight. I say, "No, that's not what happened." I say, "The iceberg attacked that ship."

People are stunned. They never heard anyone say this before. They start clapping, start calling my name, they love me. They love how I tell the truth. I'm the only one who tells the truth.

I say, "Look, I know icebergs. Know a lot about them. No one knows more about icebergs than me. No one. Icebergs attacked that ship, because the icebergs are at war with us."

Makes total sense. But these guys. These guys on this board. Bums. They look at me. They say, "Whaddya mean, 'attacked'? An iceberg can't attack a ship."

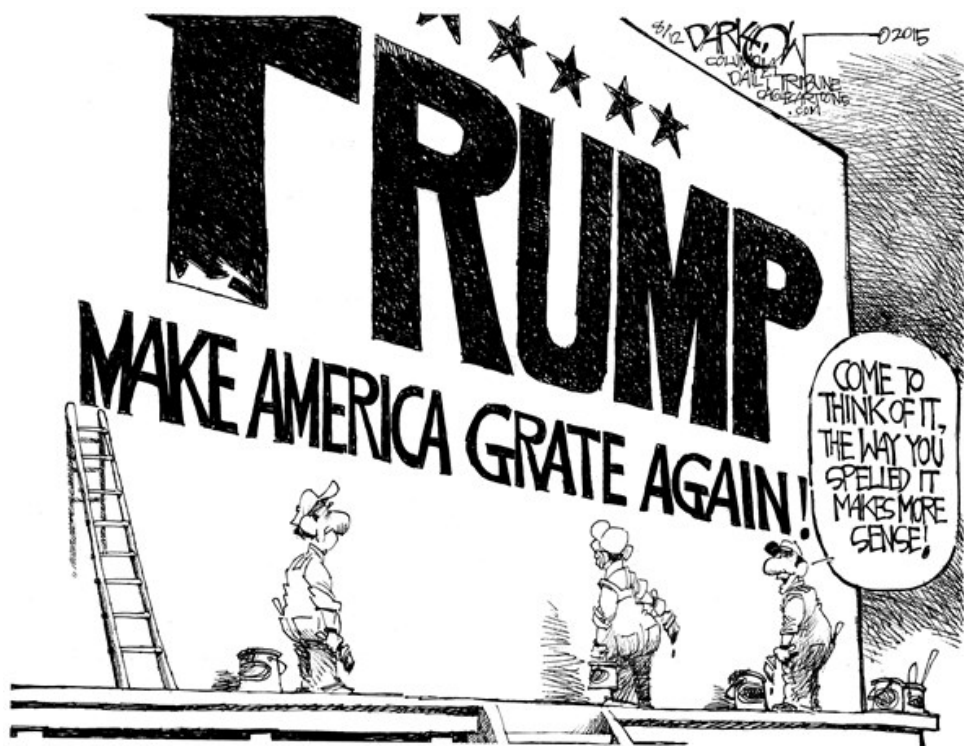
I say, "Listen, you idiots." I call them idiots. They're politicians. I give them money. I call them anything I want. I say, "Listen, you idiots. The icebergs attacked us because they think we're weak. We're not weak, but they think we're weak."

They look at me. Dumbfounded. I say, "If I were president, I would beat these icebergs." Because I beat icebergs all the time. All the time. I'm the icebergs' biggest enemy, and they know this. "I would build a wall. And that wall would keep out the icebergs. And you can believe that, because nobody builds a better wall than me. Nobody."

By now, people are clapping, hollering, saying I should run for president. I didn't. Thought about it. Too many interests. Lotta business interests. Make a lot of money. But if I had to run, I can promise you this, I would be the greatest iceberg president of all time. All time.

Buck Rogers in the 25th Century

Guy falls asleep, wake up 500 years later, America is conquered but he still claims to be some kind of a hero. But enough about Obama, let's talk about this hack, Buck Rogers.







"I just want to focus attention on one of the forgotten issues of the campaign..."



DONALD TRUMP'S GREATEST WEAKNESS; HIS HAIR

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