

# Freedom's View

A Commentary on Government from Atop the Capitol

Vol. 1 "All the alternative facts you need to know" No. 6

Heere  
kitty, kitty,  
kitty!



Page 1

## SOMETHING'S AFOOT DOWN AT THE CIRCLE K



February 1, 2017

WASHINGTON, DC ~ During my mid-morning coffee break, I became aware of an unusually large number of motorists all around Capitol Hill slamming on their brakes and leaving long skid-marks on the pavement. My eyes are still pretty sharp, but I could see no apparent cause for this. My three reporters at Dupont Circle checked in and reported seeing the same thing. In this era of fake news, a reporter can't be too careful. I needed an additional source. So I called the Obama's, who are now living a short distance from the Circle in Kalorama. Both the former President and First Lady confirmed the racket. With characteristic graciousness, they said they were "pretty sure" it had nothing to do with guests departing guests an all-night party thrown by their new neighbors, Jared Kushner and Ivanka Trump.

I had heard that Ollie, a bobcat at the National Zoo (*see photo above left*), had slipped out of her cage and gone missing. Could the screeching brakes be motorists trying to avoid running her over? Since Simon told me it's all happening at the zoo, I checked in with Beasley, a veteran reporter now covering the National Zoo. Ollie could have munched her way through Rock Creek Park, crossed some streets, and yakked up a hairball in the Obama's front yard 2 miles away.

We were discussing this theory when a call from one of my sources at Bethesda Naval Hospital interrupted us. A high-ranking psychiatrist there, speaking on a not-for-attribution basis, said that about five days ago a number of hallucinations had escaped from one of their locked wards soon after a prominent new Washingtonian had been admitted as a delusional patient. My source wondered if these hallucinations were the cause of the screeching brakes.

"That's ridiculous!" you say. True, but this is Washington, DC! For example, not every day do you see a Triceratops navigating through city traffic. Yet that is what happened when Beasley changed his beat from the Museum of Natural History on the Mall to the Zoo. Upon seeing it, you too might have thought it an hallucination: *an experience involving the apparent perception of something not present.* A triceratops in the city? A patient's escaped hallucinations the cause of motorists' panic-braking? "When you have eliminated the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth." Even if the great Sherlock Holmes might have believed my theory, I still wasn't so sure: not until this story came in over the wire:

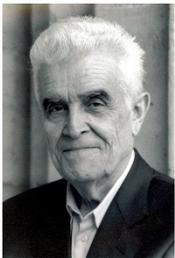


"NEW YORK CITY (AP) ~ A Boeing 737-300 flying directly over New York City late this morning, applied its thrust reversers in mid-flight when the pilot, a veteran of 27 years, believed he was about to impact "a whole flock" of illegal voters. 'There are millions of 'em up here!' he radioed air traffic controllers. With uncharacteristic emotion rising in his voice, he added, 'We're taking evasive action right now! If we suck them into the engines, I don't think I can pull off a Sullenberger! I need permission to land at JFK . . . now!' Controllers denied his emergency request, directing him instead to Wellsville Municipal Airport in rural southwestern New York, explaining: 'There are fewer of those illegal voters being reported in rural, God-fearing, red-blooded, blue-collar, politically red areas. Get there ASAP.' The Boeing 737-300 requires a minimum of 5,610 feet to land. Wellsville Municipal's runway is only 4,900 feet long. The FAA had no immediate comment. This is a developing story which will be updated as soon as . . . oh crap . . . wait, he did *what?*"

By mid-afternoon, I was hearing sirens. Police and ambulances were scurrying from one fender-bender to another. D. C. Metropolitan Police told me that numerous motorists, interviewed separately by investigating officers, each explained their sudden braking and subsequent smashups in similar terms. "I was going along when, all of a sudden 'a replacement plan for Obamacare that would be far less expensive and far better and also with lower deductibles' jumped right into my path!" A Virginia commuter, weary from the interminable backups on I-66 was next. "Yeah, next thing I knew, global warming as 'a hoax created by the Chinese to make our manufacturing non-competitive' just appeared out of thin air in the middle of the intersection!" "You think dat sumthin'? Huh! I was jus' checkin' my 'do' in the mirror when 'hairspray used in a sealed apartment prevents the spray's ozone-depleting substances from reaching the atmosphere' just strut 'cross the road like he was walkin' da track lookin' for some p\_\_\_y!" A particularly nasty collision resulting in numerous personal injuries occurred when 'thousands of Muslims *still* cheering the collapse of the World Trade Center' materialized numerous times in the 1600 block of K St., NW.

Psychiatrists back at Navy Med were certain that the symptomatic delusions and hallucinations of their distressed patient were indeed being transmitted to a great many people. Coining a variant of the psychiatric term, *folie à deux* (the madness of two), they said this was an instance of a *folie à de tout le mond* (the madness of everyone). Sources at the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention agreed, noting "This is a highly contagious outbreak that poses an extreme threat to the health and well-being of the United States."

Attempts to learn more at their website were suspiciously unsuccessful. We are investigating. (PHOTO: CDC Home Page)



French-born anthropologist and atheist-turned-Christian René Girard (pictured at left) came to the United States at age 24 and taught at Stanford University. Because he died at age 91 in 2015, this underappreciated academic likely never heard the term, "fake news." But he had much to say about how ideas like it spread. His "mimetic theory" suggests that our ideas and desires, rather than being unique to individuals are, instead, *imitative* in nature: hence the *mime* in "mimetic." By way of an example, TV's *Mad Men* sold products after first creating a *desire* for them. When the Joneses next door bought a gizmo, others wanted to imitate the Joneses out of a desire not intrinsic to them, but coming from the *Mad Men*-manipulated society at large. Beneath greedy but otherwise respectable desire, he wrote, lie envy and jealousy. This is readily apparent in the world of the products Madison Avenue advertises. *It is no less true when it comes to "fake news" and other concoctions such as the above-mentioned delusions of the mad man.*

When the current, rapidly spreading, high-anxiety-provoking "fake news" is taken as truthful reality, our mimetic desire to buy into its dystopian view inevitably leads to a buildup of tensions and conflict. In an effort to deal with this, the search is on for a scapegoat: some person or group of persons on whose backs these destabilizing tensions can be placed. Currently, the scapegoats are groups such as Muslims, immigrants, liberal "elites," news media that refuse to report approved "alternative facts" as real, etc. Just as an electronic capacitor discharges its built-up electrical charge when it has reached its capacity, groups such as these get "zapped." After the zapping purges are completed, the mimetic desire is extinguished. To put it differently, utopia replaces dystopia. Then the remaining media, now solely "fake news outlets", boldly proclaim, "America has been made great again!" Scapegoating is always self-justifying.

I'm happy to report that Ollie the bobcat was caught late tonight in a humane trap. She was returned to the National Zoo, thus bringing to a close her "most excellent adventure." Just as surely, we can trap the fake news and keep it from throwing up its deadly toxic hairballs into the midst of the body politic. *Fake news cannot survive if enough people denounce it for what it is. So let's all become Mad Men:* let each of us offer a "product" which, because it is so deeply desired, no one can refuse: hope for our nation as it stays true to its founding values and practices: valuing the real truth of things and practicing eternal vigilance against those who would destroy it.



(PHOTO: Ollie in her trap)

~ Armed Freedom