

The K.F. Stone Weekly

(Formerly "Beating the Bushes")



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TRUMP . . . HARRUMPH!

This is the first -- and so help me God, the last -- piece that I will ever devote to Donald Trump. Goodness knows there are more than enough newscasters, journalists, columnists, comics, cranks and bloggers giving him time, ink and gigabytes without me. So why should I add to the frenzy? It has long been obvious that the man who refers to himself as "The Donald" (a term coined by his first wife, Ivana) is the living, breathing definition of a narcissistic, self-



aggrandizing "legend-in-his-own-mind" "charlatan; the platonic absolute of a journalistic side-bar.

Again I ask: why should I add to the frenzy? It's not like Trump is going to become the Republican nominee -- let alone president. I predict that one day -- and soon -

- he will wake up and realize that this presidential charade has become too expensive; that all this free publicity is costing him too much in lost business and cancelled contracts, and that his hardcore supporters aren't likely to buy his clothes or cologne ("Success"), stay in his hotels or casinos (which are largely owned by his creditors) or play 18 holes on his golf courses. Then too, the longer he stays in the race, the closer he comes to that day when he will have to make his financial records public -- which might show that he is not nearly as wealthy as he wants us to believe.

Trump: harrumph!

The overwhelming majority of stories on Trump and his chimeric campaign stem from his over-the-top public statements about immigrants, foreign policy, the economy, his understanding of history, and his absolute favorite subject -- himself. The other day, in a wide-ranging [half-hour interview](#) with NBC's Emmy award-winning Katy Tur, Trump informed the world:

- That he would build an enormous, impregnable wall on the U.S. Mexico border and make Mexico pay for it;
- That the Mexican government is complicitous in sending the worst of their criminal element to the U.S.;
- That he would win the majority of Hispanic votes;
- That he would "bomb the hell out of the oil fields" controlled by ISIS and then get the oil companies to pay for rebuilding them;
- That "I really don't know" if President Obama was born in the U.S., and
- That Hillary Clinton was "the worst Secretary of State in American history."

The first five statements are delusional; the last one -- about Secretary Clinton's ranking among all Secretaries of State -- is ridiculous. I mean, we've had [68 Secretaries](#) (plus another 36 who were "acting") since the first, Thomas Jefferson. I wonder how many of them Trump can name -- let alone spend a couple of sentences on. Tell me Donald: was Mrs. Clinton worse than, say, James Buchanan? Worse than John Quincy Adams? Worse than Lawrence Eagleburger or Condoleezza Rice?

Despite all the abject nuttiness, the seemingly unscripted shoot-from-the-hip [trumpery](#) (yes, it's a real word), The Donald's campaign does have a bit of structure, starting with his campaign manager, Corey Lewandowski (shown in photo at right standing between Herman Cain and "Joe the Plumber" -- remember them?). Prior to coming on board the Trump express this past January, Lewandowski worked as national director of voting registration at the [Koch-brothers backed](#) Americans for Prosperity. Prior to that, Lewandowski was campaign manager for former New Hampshire Senator Bob Smith, who at various times sought the presidential nomination as a Republican, an independent and a member of the Constitution Party. Lewandowski also



worked on the staff of former Ohio Representative Bob Ney, best known for mandating, as Chairman of the House Administration Committee, that "french fries" be renamed "[freedom fries](#)" on House of Representatives food service menus, to indicate displeasure with France's lack of support for the 2003 invasion of Iraq. Ney also served 17 months in federal prison after pleading guilty to charges of conspiracy and making false statements in relation to the Jack Abramoff Indian lobbying scandal.

Pretty nice playmates Trump's campaign manager has. Given Lewandowski's Koch connection, one might question whether The Donald's campaign isn't, in reality, little more than a stalking horse for the planet's richest brothers and their hyper-deluded sense of entitlement. Perhaps, Trump's P.T. Barnum act is a way for the Koch brothers to make public declarations without having to move their lips let alone appear in front of a camera. Obviously, Donald Trump relishes the attention. And just as obviously, the Koch Brothers do not.

Trump: harrumph!

In a recent opinion piece, the *Washington Post*'s Eugene Robinson called Trump a



"farce to be reckoned with." Robinson's crafty plays on words don't begin to tell the story. Donald Trump is more than a farce; he is the exemplar of a racist, anti-intellectual, Archie Bunker-like strain within American society. This strain is angry, impatient and views complex reality through simplistic eyes. They are the same folks who found philosophical truth in the

ramblings of a Sarah Palin, learned to fear "otherness" from an Alan West and were schooled in economics from the likes of a Herman Cain. This is the same strain that hates government but wants it to keep its hands off of Social Security and Medicare, and knows for a fact that Barack Obama is a foreign-born Muslim. Trumps people confuse wealth with wisdom and believe that he (or she) who speaks loudest and most simply speaks the greater truth.

Donald Trump will continue to be a media sensation so long as assignment editors, commentators and bloggers permit it. Trump is a fraud; a parody of a politician, a nervy narcissist who has no life outside the limelight. It is high time the lights be turned away from this one-man sideshow and diverted to the serious-minded on both sides of the aisle.

We should all keep in mind that however ridiculous Trump is -- from his "We Shall Overcomb" coiffure to his outrageous pronouncements on Mexican immigrants to his "You're Fired!" persona -- he is marching to a beat pounded out largely by the notorious brothers Koch.

Yes indeed: this is the first -- and so help me God, the last -- piece that I will ever devote to Donald Trump.

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