

## I Love This State!

*"I love this state! It seems right here! Trees are the right height!"* – Mitt Romney at a campaign stop in Michigan, which he characterized as his home state although none of his several homes are, in fact, in Michigan.

If we want to keep Mittens Romney in the Republican race for president, he's going to need our help. Despite strict instructions from his top-notch speechwriting team to break into song whenever he starts to free associate, occasionally he forgets the words to *God Bless America* and a little idea nugget will start to snowball down his steeply sloped brainpan, following a trail few other contemporary minds would dare to blaze. "Michigan! There, in the distance, some trees! Damn, they look good! So in scale with their surroundings! Just the right height!" Forced by the conventions of campaign speech to distill these nuanced thoughts into punchy declarations, Mitt-orama's mouth struggled to keep pace with the thought-snowball steamrolling towards his brain stem. There wasn't even time to mention the obvious parallels between level tree height and well-groomed hair. That's modesty.

But voters are shallow and cruel, often unable to recognize cognitive genius at work. When his groundbreaking work in extolling the controlled growth of the nearby orchard didn't rally his troops to a frenzy, Mitt-ola nimbly remembered that Michigan also had lakes, which he really, really liked, oh, and cars!, which he liked so much he wouldn't have supported the (wildly successful) bailout of the state's largest industry. Oh, the things he'll say when he's off the electric collar!

To help keep this Voice of Reason in the race to the White House, I have a couple of tips for the Mitt-ster. First, keep the apparent spontaneity. The only time you seem remotely human is when you say something completely inane. We'll keep the first two sentences, as you seem able to recall them: *"I love this state! It seems right here!"* So far, we're still on safe ground, as every state in the union is where it is. And we want to keep the tone and attitude of the third sentence intact, but adapt the message to the states coming up on the electoral calendar. Try to let your feelings shine through. Here are some examples:

Vermont: *"I love this state! It seems right here! Snow is the right color!"*

Nebraska: *"I love this state! It seems right here! Wheat looks like my hair!"*

Louisiana: *"I love this state! It seems right here! Shrimp come with oil dressing!"*

California: *"I love this state! It seems right here!" Your assholes are the right size!"*

Montana: *"I love this state! It seems right here! Some mines aren't polluted!"*

South Dakota: *"I love this state! It seems right here! You're not as fucked as Montana!"*

I think we can all agree that the main advantage to providing the Mitt-man with an ironclad script is to keep him from singing. Last month, in lieu of sharing any policy ideas with an audience hand-picked not to lynch him, Romney elected to sing *three choruses of America the Beautiful*, annotating each verse with insights on a par with,

“Have you heard the next verse? It’s different from the last one. It goes like this.”  
The only possible explanation for why he wasn’t stoned to death on the spot is the release through the air ducts of an odorless, colorless gas that induced temporary paralysis of all human muscle and brain function. The audience was helpless. Romney was unaffected.

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