

Freedom's View

A Commentary on Government from Atop the Capitol

Vol. 1 "All the other alternative facts you need to know" No. 16



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ART FOR ART'S SAKE?

The Art of the Deal Revisited

March 17, 2017

WASHINGTON, DC ~ *Armed Freedom*

We need to pay close attention to the *full* title of Trump's 1987 manifesto, *The Art of the Deal*.

Trompe l'oeil - pronounced "trawmp lay" - means "to deceive the eye." It's a form of painting you can find in lots of places. Just below me, inside the Capitol dome, an artist painted figures to look like a carved relief.



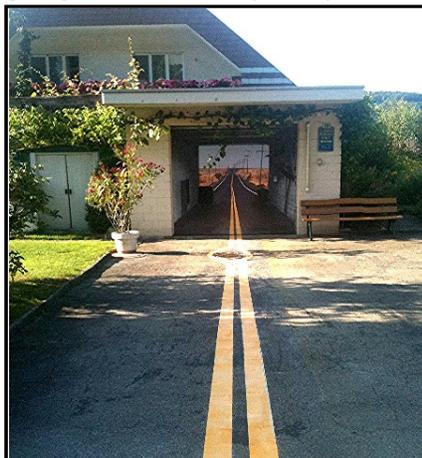
Another is this Daliesque *trompe l'oeil* on Georges V Avenue in Paris. Such artistic humor puts needed smiles on passersby otherwise assaulted by the noise of the city.



Other such fanciful works of this genre can be found on sidewalks. The woman in this picture is just kneeling on the sidewalk painting!



Of course, one needs to be careful. Have your wits about you when you pull into *this* driveway, because the garage door is a crazy *trompe l'oeil*!



But perhaps the most well-known use of *trompe l'oeil* is in the Looney Tunes cartoons featuring the Road Runner and Wile E. Coyote. In one iconic 'toon, Wile E. paints a tunnel on a rock face so his long-sought-after meal, the Road Runner, will crash into it. Yummm! Wile E. can hardly wait! But, like all his schemes, this one comes to naught as well.

Here's Wile E.'s *trompe l'oeil* tunnel.



Now here's the Road Runner disappearing down *into* the tunnel!



The punchline, of course, is what happens to Wile E. when he decides to chase the Road Runner down through the very same tunnel.



Certainly, this is a cautionary tale . . . but in ways we might not have expected. That's because our 45th President is engaging in his own form of *trompe l'oeil*!

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NO, IT'S MORE LIKE ART FOR TRUMP'S SAKE

Deceived from Page 1

For the record, let us stipulate that *Trump l'oeil* has nothing to do with any of Trump's three wives or any other women he's (*ahem*) "laid." It does, however, have a lot to do with, if you'll pardon my stooping to say so, being screwed. *Trump l'oeil* is the "art" in *The Art of the Deal*. It consists in giving fantastical assertions (such as his 2015 promise on health care) the appearance of reality itself.

"I am going to take care of everybody. I don't care if it costs me votes or not. Everybody's going to be taken care of much better than they're taken care of now. The government's gonna pay for it. But we're going to save so much money on the other side. But for the most it's going to be a private plan, and people are going to be able to go out and negotiate great plans with lots of different competition with lots of competitors with great companies, and they can have their doctors, they can have plans, they can have everything." A few more assertions:

Obama wiretapped my Tower in New York! There was a terrorist incident in Sweden! The judge that ruled against my immigration plan was a fake judge! Mexicans are flooding into the country to rape our women! Thousands and thousands of Muslims danced in the streets of Jersey City when the Twin Towers came down! Oh, and while I'm at it, did I mention that I can get you a *fantastic* deal on the Brooklyn Bridge? It's beautiful! It's huge!

When challenged on his deceitfulness, Trump never backs down. To be fair, however, he once *did* say: "I think apologizing's a great thing, but you have to be wrong. I will absolutely apologize, sometime in the hopefully distant future, if I'm ever wrong."



Like Oz's Wizard, Trump never wants us to look behind the curtain of his deceitful statements. When Dorothy saw the Wizard was manipulating her reality, she declared, "You're a bad man!" The Wizard replied, "No Dorothy. I'm not a bad man: I'm just not much of a wizard." It's different with Trump. He's certainly a bad man . . . *and* not much of a President.

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Surprising DNA Analysis Helps Us Better Understand Sean Spicer

January 16, 2017

WASHINGTON, DC ~ (AP) An enterprising member of the White House Press Corps sitting in the front row, wiped some of Sean Spicer's spittle off her face and sent it to Ancestry.com for DNA analysis. The results, though quite surprising, actually fit right in with his job description as Trump's Press Secretary.

For in spite of the bi-partisan leadership of both the House and Senate Intelligence Committees' stated conclusions that no evidence exists to support Trump's claim that Obama

had wiretapped the Trump Tower, Trump still ordered Spicer to defend his empty assertion before the White House Press Corps. Spicer offered a desperate, energetically angry, fact-free defense of the utterly asinine and baseless claim of BLOTUS.¹

This time, once and for all, Spicer was going to show the Press Corps a thing or two (or at least impress his boss)!



Like a medieval knight in a jousting match, Spicer ran full-tilt at the latest *Trump l'oeil* (pictured above). He knew – he just *knew* -- that *this time* he'd make them see Trump's alternative facts for what they really are: *God's honest truthiness*. "I'll really give 'em the bird this time! All I have to do is pull off "a Road Runner." Then they'll finally see . . ."



Yep, the test results are confirmed: a perfect DNA match with Wile E. Coyote. Explains a lot.

¹ Bloviating Liar Of The United States