

political wacktivists

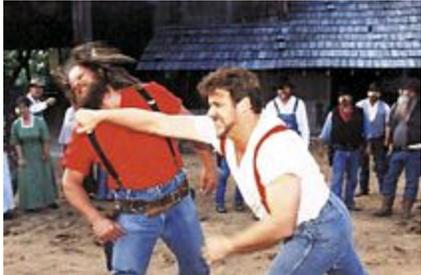


Written by bubba



One of the more interesting things about working in politics is observing fanaticism from afar. Then again, one of the *challenges* in working of politics is that you can't always observe fanaticism from afar. Sometimes it's right there in your face. Sometimes you have to be a part of it, like it or not. And I think it's important to clarify up-front that fanaticism exists on both sides of the political divide, not just mine or 'the other guy's'. On the right, we have wacko pro-lifers, gun nuts and fundamentalist religious zealots. On the left? Free-floating radical anti-military conspiracy theorists. (That's one group).

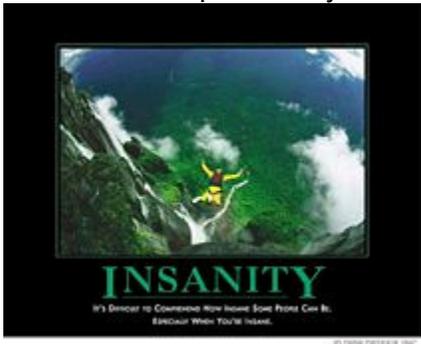
You'd think that having a history of being a social worker and, more specifically, working with the chronically mentally ill would cause me to be a little less emotionally involved when I interact with the insane. I do have a professional background that should encourage me more towards recognizing craziness and, by direct influence, steering clear of participating in conversations and situations that a sane (see: moderate) person has no business involving themselves in. Maybe that's true.



But here's what else I have – a personal background that has built a long-standing belief that there are times in life when what is needed is not a multi-dimensional, expository analysis on the reasons behind someone's inappropriate behavior. Rather, what is needed is a swift kick in the nuts because someone mouthed off to the wrong person. That person needs to be reminded of the sting that a punch makes when delivered squarely in the nose just before they mouth off to someone

else. It's about helping *them*. Really, it is.

But be that as it may, I nevertheless do work in politics. Therefore, many times it's my own fantasies that keep me sane. I'd bet that I have more Ally McBeal moments in a day than anyone else around; thoughts of a superior reality go racing through my head while my mouth picks the words that are just a bit more appropriate. Take this morning's email for an example. On any given day I get between 100 and 400 emails in a day. That's not just spam, not just chain letters from my mom...that's work ONLY. And I send that many emails too. With only a finite amount of time in the day and a short fuse, impatient disposition and general lack of attention paid to any one thing anyway...its general practice for me to scan my emails and delete



items I don't care about or that aren't priority before digging in to the rest. One particular wacktivist has a habit of sending me the same email several different times...sometimes from several different addresses. I think he thinks it helps make his points stronger. I also believe that most people ignore him. I probably would too, but his points are usually on the mark. What's *never* on the mark is his plan for action...totally unrealistic and totally in your face if you don't do what he commands. Anyway...I got one, nay three, of his emails last night and decided to send him a nice, albeit pointed (re)request to only send me one copy of the same message.

There was my first email:



Dave,

I've asked several times that you clean up your lists so I don't get the same thing over and over. You never respond and you never fix the problem. This is the last time I'm requesting, then I'll just block them all. Thanks.



Scott

And his less than helpful response:



Fuck you Scott,

You're a complete fucking idiot with alot of money to spend on nothing because House Bill 3 nearly completely ties your hand with regards to voter registration. If you would have listened to me a few months ago (PDA-Cindy Sheehan Akron), you'd be a hell of alot better off.

Go fritter all that money away on bullshit that will not help America Vote because the Help America Vote Act gave us all these bullshit Diebold and ES&S electronic election stealing machines.

Take a flying leap into Lake Erie near where the November 2006 election will be a complete Cuyahoga meltdown. This will make the past Cleveland fire on the river look like a small little event. YOU ARE A FUCKING IDIOT !!!

Then my pained, professional response:

So Dave, it's really not a big deal to me that you choose to spend your time picking personal fights with people when you don't agree with the role they play in the collective effort to bring change to Ohio. You don't know anything about me or about our group. What you should know is that I've never been rude to you, told you to go fuck yourself or anything like that - even though you've done it to me. I've never even completely ignored you either, I usually read your emails - which is something you probably don't deserve, because you don't respect people.



And I think that the attention you pay to election protection and the obvious commitment and passion you have is admirable, even when you're being a rude asshole, like now. You could probably get people to consider some of your ideas if you weren't so incinerating and disrespectful all the time. In the end, it's those reasons why I'm shutting you off, not because I disagree.

Anyway, after I sent my last email requesting that you not bombard me with the same email multiple times, it happened again. Emails like that will go unread from this point forward, If you really need to contact me with a specific message and want a response, send it once with a subject line that indicates as much or call me at the office. Thanks ~ Scott

And then there was my mental erosion, the dissipation of that thin veil of sanity that helps me cope with my struggle in walking the tightrope between professionalism and reality:



Listen to me you pathetic little fuck. Let me throw you a lifeline from planet earth to wherever it is you're orbiting – the reason you get away with trash talking like this is the same reason you're single and the same reason I have a job and you don't – because you're an idiot crazy fuck. I've been subject to your online incinerations for over a year now and I'm not professionally bothered by them because I know the truth; you do



what you do because you're insane. I do what I do because I am good at it and people like me. You and I will never compete for anything which is why, I suspect, that it is so fun for you to throw stones in my direction.

I'd add that your chiding doesn't personally bother me, but that would be a lie. Know why it bothers me Dave? Because FUCK YOU, that's why. Why should I have to take shit from some egotistical little cyber-hermit that's afraid to come out from behind his screen, look me in the eyes and tell me to go fuck myself in person? Answer: I shouldn't. And here's what else: It's not going to continue. See I know tons of people like you – little waifs whose milk money got stomped out of their asses by jerks like me when they were growing up. Years later, there's nothing different except that I grew up and you grew angrier. Add to that that you have a new found an avenue for lashing out that doesn't immediately threaten your personal safety and you've kind of evolved into a tough guy of sort...kind of.



It's unlikely that we'll meet in person because you aren't invited to the places I am and I am not motivated enough to come yank you out from beneath your troll bridge...yet. That's fortunate for you, but I do want to be clear that if we do ever meet, you're heading for a beatdown. In fact, let me tell you a little story because I think it might help put into context just who you're picking a war with. There was a guy named Ritchie Abeyta that punched me in the nose at the bowling alley when I was in 7th grade. I don't know why he did it, but I ran home scared with a bloody nose and didn't tell anyone...ever. I never saw him until 10 years later when he came to a party that a friend of mine was throwing. I'd matured, graduated from college and grown some confidence. Him too, I

assume. He came up to me, said hi, and we shared a quiet moment of reflection...just before I beat the piss out of him on principle – no questions asked.

So dig in. Hate me. Pick a fight. Incinerate me online...whatever. Just be warned that if and when we meet, I will sock you square in the jaw without any dialogue whatsoever and I will beat you to the ground and then spit on you. Then I'll walk away, momentarily wondering if what I did was a bad move but then quickly calming...remembering that Ritchie Abeyta never fucked with me again and I felt great after socking him...still do. So fuck you.



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