

### Chapter 1 : "Second City Headlines & News" Vulgarians at the Gates (TV Episode ) - Release Info - IMDb

*Vulgarians at the Gate: Trash TV and Raunch Radio: Raising Standards of Popular Culture [Steve Allen] on theinнатdunvilla.com \*FREE\* shipping on qualifying offers. As a key player in the creative excellence that made TV's Golden Age so memorable, Steve Allen is disgusted and outraged by what he sees on television today.*

Trash literature[ edit ] The popular culture that surrounds us in our daily lives bears a striking similarity to some of the great works of literature of the past. Trash TV[ edit ] When speaking about trash TV , the term is referred to a whole branch of TV production that tends to exaggerate and to take themes to an extreme level. The objective of this kind of entertainment is to hit the audience through frenzy, accumulation and the absence of any distinction. Trash TV is very often close to ridiculousness, and exaggerating is the key resource: The term "trash TV" [4] entered into everyday language in the 80s, to indicate artistic expressions considered of low cultural profile, but able to stimulate an audience. Starting from the 80s, in fact, the private broadcasting channels started to be very spread, and this led to new marketing strategies, focused on the possibility of attracting a larger audience paying for more exclusive shows. Now, TV shows have to build up the brand of the TV station, creating content that cannot be found on the public channels or the competitors. The aim of people dressed in this way is simply to become striking and to be showy, without considering the real value of the items worn. The key purpose of cheap richness is, in fact, to show eye-catching clothes and accessories that are not of considerable real value or quality, but they look like they were, thanks to golden and sparkling details. The cheap riches usually wear common fashion jewelry, but they display it as if they were wearing expensive and exclusive items. The same can be said for clothes. For example, it is common to associate furs with wealth and opulence, and therefore a person willing to look wealthy and rich is going to buy a fake fur and to wear it ostentatiously. The person cannot afford the expenditure for a real fur, but desperately wants to wear fur and to look like someone that could afford it. We can find popular examples of cheap riches both in the African-American cultural tradition and in the white trash culture. Many VIPs are dressing themselves in ways that are easily reproducible in items of lower quality but equal prominence. Cheap rich in African-American culture[ edit ] In African-American, hip-hop, and popular cultures, it is common to depict images of African-American rappers brandishing large, golden rings or necklaces, singing songs about themselves or others coming out of a difficult, "ghetto" situation and, afterwards, becoming wealthy because of their music. Perceivably, the message for fans may be that they could also imitate wealthy individuals by the aposematic display of golden accessories - which may or may not be genuine - and might thereby attain some sense of conformity, interpersonal acceptance, enjoy social reciprocity; or even of conferring to themselves semblance of upward mobility. Cheap rich in White trash culture[ edit ] African-American rappers are not unique example of VIPs wearing clothes easily reproducible with poor quality items by cheap riches. Bibliography[ edit ] Trash Culture: Faculty of Wesleyan University, class Pluto Pr 10 marzo What is "White Trash"? : Minnesota Review Number 47, Fall , pp. Hardcover €” October 28, Vulgarians at the Gate: Trash TV and Raunch Radio: Raising Standards of Popular Culture: Prometheus Books 1 aprile

Chapter 2 : Trash culture - Wikipedia

*"Barbarians at the Gate" (the best seller) is about the nastiest power play in Wall Street history: the \$25 billion leveraged buyout of RJR Nabisco. "Barbarians at the Gate" (the Home Box.*

NYC skyline from just outside the Lincoln Tunnel. Hot in New York. Vulgarians at the Gate. This is a novel about New York, about the big money Wall Streeters, and finally about hubris, arrogance, dissembling, deceit and the self-deception that believes the lie. You might be saying: Or think you do. Alexandra Lebenthal just passing through Part of that is because I know a lot of people either personally or professionally who resemble these characters. To be fair, I should also add that I know a lot of people personally or professionally, including Boomers, who are not like these characters too. You get what actually happened that brought us to this point, and you get the people who participated in it and why and how they did. Plus she is a good story teller, adept at turning the page and changing the subject just when you want to know more. Some of the women went to the same private schools in New York that Alexandra attended, as well as the Ivy League colleges Alexandra went to Princeton. A lot of the men are men she knew or dated when she was in school, or worked with, or just grew up with. They are peers and contemporaries. The world of the Recessionistas centers around Wall Street in the last two years "the glory ride to the moon before the chips began to fall. These people made, as we all know, billions, which they spent with an almost institutionalized profligacy and adolescent boastfulness. They redefined what we have always called Society in New York in much the same way the Robber Barons redefined it during the Gilded Age. And then the rug got pulled out from under them, as happened to their immediate forebears in the stock market crash. With husband Jay Diamond. The author is even-tempered but quick on the trigger about all this. She always appears to be enjoying herself, the company, the evening, the performance. She started her career as a fiction writer here on these pages. She was uniquely qualified, having been in the financial business all of her adult life, and having grown up in a family in the financial business. Click cover to order. Her authority about this world is conveyed with ease and natural confidence. Brilliant geniuses and Masters of the Universe "which is how so many of these people have been viewed for so long because of the amount of money they were taking home "turn out to be ordinary jerks. That remains the dictum. The transformation concludes when people change what money is. Which is what our dilemma is today. This an obvious cycle and not something new. Financial bubbles have always occurred throughout history. Like everything else in life and nature, they end. This is not new either; all part of the same dictum. My friend Jesse Kornbluth of HeadButler who reviewed the book yesterday headbutler.

**Chapter 3 : Vulgarians at the Gate**

*Vulgarians at the Gate has 20 ratings and 4 reviews. Barbara said: Steve Allen rightly criticizes the media for its tasteless excesses in violence and se.*

In the s it was real estate. And for a brief stretch this decade, it was the business of physician-practice management. It was a new kind of business but an old, familiar pattern: Confident entrepreneur pitches his company as the next sure bet, persuading thousands to hand over their dimes with the promise of turning them into dollars. A period of euphoria follows, when the business seems to be taking off like a rocket; the principals travel in corporate jets and limousines and behave like masters of the universe. And it all turns out to be an exceedingly painful illusion, as the impresario proves far better at lining his own pockets than at running a real business. This profile perfectly describes a Birmingham, Ala. The particulars of the ride are wild--and, to those considering sinking their savings into The Next Big Thing, might serve as a cautionary tale. This is also a case study of a business friendship gone awry--of envy, pride, and insecurity in dangerously high places. The MedPartners story is largely the spectacle of these two CEO hustlers--one colorful, one bloodless; one focused, one obsessed; one totally in command, one hopelessly out of his depth--vying for the status of top dog. At the rear of the enormous headquarters lobby is a Richard Scrusby museum. There, preserved behind glass, are the childlike poster-paper scrawlings--depicting men pulling a wagon--that Scrusby used to rally his staff around his concept for building a national chain of outpatient clinics to treat orthopedic injuries. And there, behind museum rope, as a plaque explains, "the Board Room and Office of the Chairman is exactly as it was in when Mr. Scrusby founded the company"--down to photos of the kids on the credenza and a personalized HealthSouth coffee mug on the desk. Flamboyant, natty, carefully tanned, Scrusby is almost a caricature of the modern swashbuckling CEO. He often pilots his company jet, he has cut a CD with his own honky-tonk band, and he promotes HealthSouth by hobnobbing with celebrity ex-jocks like Bo Jackson. In a letter accompanying the invitation, he cast the occasion as a lesson in social consciousness, writing: A former respiratory therapist, he has built HealthSouth into the dominant "rehabilitation services" company in the country, with nearly 2, outpatient clinics, day-surgery offices, imaging centers, and rehab hospitals. But Scrusby also has executed brilliantly. He is known as a taskmaster and a micromanager, traits that are practically requirements for running a modern health-care company. Every Friday a stack of printouts detailing the performance of each facility landed on his desk; when any one of them had a problem, Scrusby pounced. Buying out competitors and branching into related businesses, Scrusby skillfully digested the people and facilities that fit into his system--and spat out the rest. His timing was ideal: HealthSouth capitalized shrewdly on the push to cut health-care costs through efficient outpatient clinics. Wall Street loved it. And Scrusby did what he could to sustain the momentum. He rarely missed an investment conference; last year he flew into a blizzard for one at a Utah ski resort. All this made Scrusby a man to see when a hot new idea in the business of health care came along. Viewing the wreckage from a distance, one can easily see how this opportunity seemed huge at the time. Yet they still operated like a cottage industry, with more than three-quarters practicing in groups of fewer than ten. And in the early s doctors--independent-minded as a rule--were in a collective panic. This made doctors receptive to the idea of joining a big management company that could both increase their bargaining clout and free them from the administrative burdens of running a practice. Scrusby lined up the venture capital funding, invested his own money--making him one of the biggest shareholders--and agreed to serve as a director. Scrusby was a master at precisely the skills PPMs required--dealmaking, creating efficiencies, running things through a centralized staff--but there was one big problem: He had his own company to run. Unwilling to entrust the top job to the entrepreneur, Scrusby and the venture capital firms came up with the next-best thing to a company run by Richard Scrusby: He came, of course, from HealthSouth. He served on the HealthSouth board. And like Scrusby, he was a former respiratory therapist. The original game plan was simple: But Larry House had other ideas. As Scrusby now puts it: He was wanting to go out and slay his own dragons. The two men could hardly have been more different. Where Scrusby invariably commanded a room, House, frumpy and overweight, melted into a crowd. Scrusby worked

smart; House, nine years older, worked into the night. After MedPartners was founded, House explained in press interviews that he was qualified to run it partly because he had come to HealthSouth after building, then selling, his own business. Founded in , the company eventually employed people. But after government reimbursement rates for these services were cut, the business faltered. House and AIR Inc. All have now been resolved. I lost my house, I lost everything I had I was unable to make payroll Starting out on a day contract for a marketing project, House worked his way up the ranks. House may have been grateful, but by the time the MedPartners idea came along, he was chafing. Indeed, among people who knew both men, it was often noted that House seemed to suffer from a "Scrushy complex. But when he was put in charge of MedPartners, House had his chance: Running his own company, he could make it bigger than Scrushy had made HealthSouth, and build it faster. He could out-Scrushy Scrushy. But its CEO had other ideas. House led MedPartners on an incredible binge. It steadily gobbled up large, well-established multispecialty clinics that were the dominant groups in smaller markets--places like Vero Beach, Fla. The PhyCor approach acknowledged two fundamental realities about the business of medicine: For that reason, being able to claim a major share of physicians in a given community--not signing up lots of doctors nationwide--is what counts in gaining management efficiencies and leverage with HMOs. From early on he envisioned someday marketing MedPartners as a national medical "brand," whose doctors would be sought out by patients across the country wherever they moved or traveled, just as they found comfort pulling in to a Midas Muffler shop or Ramada Inn. This concept--if it could work at all--required getting not just big, but enormous. House told securities analysts he was aiming at 50 major markets across the country. He figured it would take him another five years to accumulate the heft he needed. Even before that purchase closed, House announced another: And there were hundreds of smaller acquisitions. Scrushy rubbed elbows with sports stars at company marketing events; House decided to sponsor a MedPartners racecar on the Nascar circuit. Even that might have been forgivable if MedPartners was giving lots of rehab referrals to HealthSouth, something Scrushy had always assumed would be part of the plan. Analysts started to fret about its ability to swallow so much so fast. House responded by repricing employee stock options and dismissing the problem. HealthSouth managed everything out of Birmingham: Needed supplies and authorizations arrived within 30 days. Stand on your head! MedPartners assumed all hiring authority once it bought a practice; not even a records clerk could be hired without written approval from Birmingham. But at MedPartners, when an administrator made such a request to the central bureaucracy, nothing happened. As often as not, the request would be ignored. Everything was held up until we put a gun to their heads. Doctors at a south Florida practice summoned a regional MedPartners executive to their clinic to complain about constant delays in getting their bills paid. When he arrived for the 7: The determination to control everything from Birmingham often defied common sense. When MedPartners discovered that the boiler room of a newly acquired Los Angeles facility needed painting, it decided to dispatch its own crew of painters--from Birmingham--to do the job. For all its size, the company never had a large enough share in any one market to muscle better deals out of the HMOs. The payers were too powerful. It did so by paying a practice a fixed monthly sum to provide care for each insured patient. Thus, if a patient rarely saw a doctor, the practice made a profit on that patient. But if a patient needed a lengthy hospital stay, the practice would have to pay the bills and take the hit. For physician groups like MedPartners, capitation offered potentially huge rewards and equally outsized risks. The trick was to minimize expensive procedures and hospital stays. Managing that to ensure a profit is tricky enough at the level of an individual practice; for a big PPM it would be an enormously complex task. Succeeding at capitation was so difficult--and required such finely calibrated management skills--that other PPMs ran in the opposite direction when they saw an insurance company armed with a capitation contract. One reason MedPartners had been willing to pay so much for Mullikin, the California group, was that the company had a reputation of being able to manage complex capitation risk. Shortly after buying the company, Larry House told analysts that he had acquired the capitation expertise MedPartners needed. MedPartners had made a half-dozen big acquisitions in California--some of which were major turnaround projects. Each group had its own computer systems, claim centers, and referral policies and separate contracts with insurance companies, hospitals, and other outside providers. All this had to be integrated at the same time as the company was trying to get a handle on

capitation--for more than a million customers.

**Chapter 4 : CONSERVATIVE RIGHT- "Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God.": February**

*Vulgarians at the Gate: Trash TV and Raunch Radio - Raising the Standards of Popular Culture / Edition 1 As a key player in the creative excellence that made TV's Golden Age so memorable, Steve Allen is disgusted and outraged by what he sees on television today.*

America must return to conservative principles of less government, reduced taxes, less spending and a balanced budget! Kengor 4 minutes ago Vulgarian vul-gar-i-an. The best came when Wolf Blitzer thought he had Trump cornered as he read statements from Mexican senior officials claiming there was no way they would pay for a wall at the border. It was Trump at his best. I laughed out loud. The man is a spectacle. Sadly, Donald Trump is behaving this way toward two promising conservative Republican superstars, both legitimate presidential contenders. In Rubio in particular, conservatives may never again in their lifetimes get someone with such a high conservative ranking so broadly appealing to the wider electorate the last was Reagan. And Trump, scorched-earth extraordinaire, is gleefully doing his damndest to destroy the young conservative. But the long-term political damage that Donald Trump is potentially unleashing is considerably worse. In the Real Clear Politics polling average, Rubio and Cruz consistently beat Hillary Clinton in a general election, whereas Trump consistently loses to her. By the time the Donald is done doing them in, it might not be. So, how does Trump lead them both in the primary? Rubio and Cruz and the too-many-other Republicans in the race split the non-Trump vote. The whole thing is depressing. Consider, Rubio and Cruz, the two genuine conservative front-runners, are the hardworking sons of extraordinary immigrants from Cuba. They are quintessential American success stories. They are both solid Christian family men. And into the race comes a sudden self-proclaimed born-again conservative who laughs at them and eviscerates them, and is rewarded for it. The New Jersey casino founder brashly accused Ted Cruz of everything from being a closet Canadian citizen to cheating when the Donald lost Iowa. Schoolboy-like, Trump threatened lawsuits. Of late, he jumps in the sandbox and taunts Marco Rubio: Apparently those on the Trump side do. I was in the car on Friday a little 5: I winced as I listened as I did when catching another Trump spokesman on Fox that evening. The Trump spokesman saved his nastier barbs for Rubio, clearly fuming at the Florida senator for having the audacity to go after his boss in Houston. Everything he was saying is against the will of the voters. Again, can you imagine a Ronald Reagan acting like that, glancing to his right and slamming one fellow Republican as a choker and then swiveling to his left and shredding the other as a liar? Could you imagine this behavior from other presidents? The Democratic Party, culturally, is already in the sewer. Can we at least salvage some semblance of moral comportment from our Republican leaders? These, ladies and gentlemen, are the vulgarians at the gate of the GOP, ready to invade and take down the party. Please, let the left be the bullies. It comes more naturally to the left. They relish forcing celibate nuns to fork over money for abortion drugs. The left is doing a bang-up job of being bullies. Sure, the Trump swagger and panache is sometimes appealing, as is the delicious political incorrectness. Confidence indeed is a sign of leadership, but petulance, imprudence, lack of control, lack of charity, and a flair for childish name-calling is not. And so, the Donald holds forth: Ted Cruz, a liar. Jeb Bush, a joke. Mitt Romney, dumb, stupid, moron, loser. Marco Rubio, a sweating choke artist. Carly Fiorina, a woman with an ugly face. Can you imagine that the face of our next president? This Trumpian tactic will not work one-on-one against Hillary Clinton. Two-thirds of the public detests this behavior and detests Trump, and that brings me to this final miserable observation: My bet is that Donald Trump, after eviscerating and mocking and humiliating the likes of solid conservatives like Ted Cruz and Marco Rubio, and ruining their chances in, perhaps even longer, would cool these antics if he gets on stage with Hillary. He knows that will not work in a general election where the one-third of Trump supporters who tolerate this kind of behavior are not enough to win in November. The year was our year. It has been there, ripe for the picking. Two of our three front-runners beat Hillary, according to the polls, and Trump is not one of them. He has used the vulgarian approach to take down the two conservatives. I bet that a Trump debating Hillary would suddenly emerge the anti-Trump, behaving like a civilized gentleman. He might well morph into a model of refinement, practically offering to fetch tea for the gentlelady of Benghazi. We may well wonder if the Donald

was a Democratic Party plant after we watch his unusual class and kindness to Hillary. And that will be the most vulgar thing of all.

**Chapter 5 : "The Rant" by Tom Degan: Vulgarians at the Gate**

*Vulgarians at the Gate. My reading last weekend was Alexandra Lebenthal's The Recessionistas, which is just published this week. Billed as "a novel of the once rich and powerful," the characters naturally tempt you to think of a few other descriptions less alluring.*

We lost one of our finest comedians when Steve Allen died earlier this year. In his death we also lost the late night host who, in those pre-Jack Parr years, defined that kind of activity. We lost a fine musician and composer. And we lost a writer, not only of novels but also of social criticism. His *Vulgarians at the Gate: Trash TV and Raunch Radio, Raising the Standards of Popular Culture* falls into this last category and, despite my concern for the freedoms given us by our constitution, I found his case compelling. Because I simply do not watch the kind of television or listen to the kind of radio that has proven so attractive to our young people, I was not aware just how bad things have become. Allen tells us in no uncertain terms. The statistics about alcoholism, drug addiction, sexual promiscuity, and emotional instability in the general population are tragic enough. They have always been higher in the arts, and particularly so in the creative art known as show business. When, therefore, we say the present degree of moral turpitude is shocking, we are not naive enough to compare it to some sort of moral never-never-land in which entertainers were as righteous and heroic as the roles they played or the public images they manufactured. It has now become almost impossible to shame our public figures. The point is that they admire him because he is disgusting. The events in Littleton, Colorado, are only the most recent reminder that something is deeply amiss in our media age. Violence and explicit sexual content in television, films, music, and video games have escalated sharply in recent years. Children of all ages now are being exposed to a barrage of images and words that threaten not only to rob them of normal childhood innocence but also to distort their view of reality and even undermine their character growth. According to a recent CNN-USA Today-Gallup poll, 76 percent of adults agree that TV movies, and popular music are negative influences on children, and 75 percent report that they make efforts to protect children from such harmful influences. But, among researchers, the proposition that entertainment violence adversely influences attitudes and behavior is no longer controversial; there is overwhelming evidence of its harmful effects. Numerous studies show that degrading images of violence and sex have a desensitizing effect. Nielsen Company the average child age 2 through 11 watches nearly four hours of television per day. In August the American Academy of Pediatrics recommended that children under the age of two not be permitted to watch television at all, on the grounds that doing so deprives them of social interaction which is critical for early brain development. And yet more than half of all children in America have a television set in their bedrooms. A study by the Center for Media and Popular Culture reports an average of fifteen violent acts being televised per channel per hour between 6 a. The owners of television and radio stations, and the networks by which they are strung together, are apparently so concentrated on the bottom line -- to use the tiresome phrase -- that they simply turn a blind eye to what is nothing less than the partial collapse of their own society. As a result not only is television awash in foul language and repulsiveness, but the owners -- those holding the most power -- are not just permitting but encouraging their creative representatives to further extremes of muck and mire. Once it became clear that there is a definite cause-and-effect relationship between the schlockiest forms of sexual display and achieving higher ratings, the battle was over. A majority of those who have smoked cigarettes nevertheless do not eventually die of lung-cancer or heart disease either. But it is still a fact that the small percentage of Americans who do die from the poisonous effects of tobacco-smoke number well over , per year! And yet this same pattern of denial is precisely what we have seen in recent decades from the entertainment industry. As far back as , U. Robert Simon has never met a student who denied that the Holocaust happened. What he sees increasingly, though, is worse: Over forty million people were killed in World War II, presumably in defense of certain moral principles. What Hitler and his Nazis did was among the supreme atrocities of history, and Jews were by no means their only victims. Among the victims were the elderly and infirm, gypsies, homosexuals, intellectuals, artists, and others. But despite the massive suffering and sacrifice of the war against Hitler and his axis, and despite the fact that the concept of democracy itself is

a moral idea designed to make less likely the monstrous evil inflicted, over thousands of years, by countless emperors, kings, dictators, and -- especially tragic to say -- religious leaders, we now have a generation of young Americans who apparently take a lackadaisical attitude toward not just evil but one of the supreme evils of recorded history. While these students may deplore what the Nazis did, their disapproval is expressed as a matter of taste or personal preference, not moral judgment. Finally, I cannot close this commentary without quoting Allen on the often rejected role of humanists in our world, today once again so threatened by religious fundamentalists: Again it was the free-thinking, challenging work by people of conscience, who almost invariably had to defy the religious and political status quo of their times, that brought us out of such darkness. You owe them a deep debt of gratitude, for not only have they shed much light on a naturally dark world but they have very probably helped civilize your own specific religion. We have indeed lost a remarkable citizen.

**Chapter 6 : Steve Allen Store: Vulgarians at the Gate: Trash TV and Raunch Radio**

*(Getty/Timothy A. Clary) Vulgarians at the gate: The next 4 years could be a long, slow, messy slide into cultural oblivion  
Think Donald Trump's campaign was full of previously unthinkable moments?*

Vulgarians at the Gate: The Revenge of the Super Utes Jamie Lincoln Kitman May 11, Remember when new money wanted nothing more than to be understated and stylish, just like old money? But if recent developments in the new car world are anything to go by, the situation is growing worse, as the steady trickle of hyper-expensive luxury SUVs becomes a tidal wave. The bad taste level is rising, and those lounging recumbent on the shores of restraint and timeless elegance are in for a nasty surprise. That is, the international press corps fully believed it was a concept -- and a bad one at that. But it also appears certain that this abomination is a done deal, headed for production. Say, in no particular order: Comes equipped with silk napkins for all your off-roading needs. Six-hundred horsepower, lb-ft of torque, and all four inch chrome wheels driven via an eight-speed automatic all qualify it as another example of that increasingly familiar automotive oxymoron, the heavyweight dragster on stilts. The existence of cars like these is hard to explain without reference to bad taste and a resurgent vulgarity that spans the automotive world, from Moscow to Shanghai, from London to Dubai, from Beverly Hills to Mumbai. This ought to intensify the inherent, offensive nature of a three-ton SUV that is likely to cost a quarter of a million dollars or more. Indeed the social networks lit up as reporters, bloggers and their readers strained to describe an apparition so hideous it elevated jaded hacks to new heights of eloquence. To every blogging man, woman and child, and even a few talking pets, everyone hated the Bentley SUV. Kind of like the reaction when you drop an atomic bomb. And yet it hardly matters -- they will sell every one they can build. Though one might ask, at what price? Attendees, myself included, were required to sign forms of questionable legal moment, in my professional opinion, embargoing them from sharing anything they were about to see for over a month. Then there was much waiting around before finally we were ushered into a dark room, where a large odd-shaped box was, and an interminable number of moments later, opened to reveal a large, odd-shaped Lamborghini. Another ungainly SUV concept sure to go into production; it has since been named Urus. Lamborghini, if things go according to schedule, will triple its annual sales to a year. A three-hundred-percent sales spike more or less overnight, two-thirds of brand sales now expected to come from an SUV. If anything, the economic collapse of held out hope that some of the worst excesses would be gone for good. After a very-bad-for-automotive-design s, with some truly tacky memories, the rise of the SUV in the s was epic, explosive and like the tail-finned dinosaurs of the s impossible to forget. Need I say more? Loathsome in so many ways, yet wildly successful as many Americans found congenial the idea of combining an ass-kicking truck "pose" with snob appeal sold by the pound. The emergence of high-end SUVs from even more unlikely makers of fine automobiles such as Porsche Cayenne, and Audi Q7, followed soon after, striking terror in the heart of responsible automobilists, especially those of an enthusiastic bent, and with good reason. Lo and behold, they particularly the Porsche sold well, in spite of a certain inherent, well, grossness. And now every remaining luxury carmaker in Christendom readies to offer up its own costly exercise in jacked up aggression: And now even Jaguar is making noises about reversing its principled and longstanding refusal to descend into the sport utility fray. That will be Rolls Royce. BMW, its owner, which has a lot to answer for elsewhere in its portfolio for the ever increasing size of most of its models, has demonstrated an impressive and improbable ability to resist the temptation to build the Rolls Royce of sport utility vehicles. It is an idea most foul. But you know it will sell.

**Chapter 7 : Blog Post | Vulgarians at the Gate: The Revenge of the Super Utes | Car Talk**

*About Vulgarians at the Gate. As a key player in the creative excellence that made TV's Golden Age so memorable, Steve Allen is disgusted and outraged by what he sees on television today.*

RedState - Monday February 29, by streiff When seen as a political contest, it really makes no sense. On the one hand you have two, up-by-their-bootstraps decent conservative men. Men who are have been married to the same woman for years. Men who have accomplished much and have contributed much. Men who, to all appearances, try to live Christian lives. Against them you have a man born into wealth. A man that has accomplished damned little with what was given him. A man who has been behind a string of business failures that left him either enriched or untouched while harming a great number of people. How can this be? Jokes about guns, banjo music, in-breeding, people without teeth and so forth often followed. These Washington friends, in case you were wondering, are good people. They deplore prejudice and keep an eye out for unconscious bias. Hard to believe, since some work outside and not all have degrees, but trust me on this. Many of them are Trump supporters. In his own inimitable way, he panders like a pro. How could anybody trust this man? The election therefore reduces to an opportunity to express disgust. Ask yourself, what would he be without his outrageousness? Take that away and nothing remains. The more he offends the superior people, the more his supporters like it. Trump wages war on political correctness. Political correctness requires more than ordinary courtesy: Supporting Trump is an act of class protest – not just over hard economic times, the effect of immigration on wages or the depredations of Wall Street, but also, and perhaps most of all, over lack of respect. They have done it by creating cute little derogatory names for his supporters and by claiming that a solid plurality of GOP primary voters are racists or white supremacists. And, of course, we all know insulting people is the best way possible to get them to come to your point of view. Like Obama, Trump is not about persuading anybody. Both are about firing up their supporters to impose their will on their opponents while insulting them. As I have shown at length elsewhere, America is now ruled by a uniformly educated class of persons that occupies the commanding heights of bureaucracy, of the judiciary, education, the media, and of large corporations, and that wields political power through the Democratic Party. The ruling class insists on driving down the throats of its opponents the agendas of each its constituencies and on injuring persons who stand in the way. Trying to stop the cycle of political payback with another round of it, while not utterly impossible, is well-nigh beyond human capacity. No wonder, then, that millions of Americans lose respect for a ruling class that disrespects them, that they identify with whomever promises some kind of turnabout against that class, and that they care less and less for the integrity of institutions that fail to protect them. And if the GOP ruling class had the conceit that they could soon co-opt and manage this movement, many smart conservatives had the same vision of an army who would push for conservative goals when, I would assert, a clear majority of Republicans reject the ideas of movement conservatives. Democrats and Republicans who still think that this is a phase – a fever they just need to wait out before a return to normalcy – are utterly delusional. The old order is breaking down, thanks to Iraq. The American people are trying to find a new way, and they are looking for outsiders to lead them through the wasteland. To the establishment, this breakdown looks like chaos. It looks like savagery. It looks like a man with a flamethrowing guitar playing death metal going a hundred miles an hour down Fury Road. But to the American people, it looks like democracy. Something new will replace the old order, and there are a host of smart, young leaders on all sides who must prove they have the capability to figure out how to create or retrofit institutions that can represent and channel this new energy. In ten years, the Republican and Democratic parties may still exist – but they could look as different from what they were in as the difference between Tower Records and iTunes. I think all of this is exactly right and it explains the Bernie Sanders brushfire that will never burst into flame because the Democrat establishment understands that voting is too important to be left to voters. It was serious people who made a shambles of our immigration system. It was serious people who destroyed our economy. It was serious people who turned our government into a jelly bean jar of crony capitalism. It was serious people who turned college education from a ticket to upward mobility

into a financial millstone. Serious people gave us Obamacare and homosexual marriage. By the Great Jehovah, we have a freakin right to be pissed off. And the political establishment is damned lucky that the only torches and pitchforks we are carrying are figurative ones because given the magnitude of their criminality and duplicity we would be justified sending thousands of serious people to the gallows. If anything I feel more strongly about this today than I did in September. I have no delusions about what kind of a man Trump is. Cordevilla sums up his article thusly: But not only do opposing sets of wrongs not make anything right. As I have argued Sophocles did it a lot better , trying to stop the cycle of political payback with another round of it, while not utterly impossible, is well-nigh beyond human capacity. Neither Obama nor Trump seem to know or care that cycles of reciprocal resentment, of insults and injuries paid back with ever more interest and ever less concern for consequences, are the natural fuel of revolutionsâ€”easy to start and soon impossible to stop. America is already advanced in this vicious cycle. The only possible chance of returning it to republicanism lies in not taking the next turn, and in not following one imperial ruler with another. There is a lot of truth there. But what Cordevilla omits are one critical factors. No one believes Hillary Clinton is less imperious than Barack Obama. The choice is between Donald Trump and Hillary Clinton.

### Chapter 8 : Michael-In-Norfolk - Coming Out in Mid-Life: Trump/Pence: Vulgarians at the Gate

*Vulgarians at the Gate. by Steve Allen (Prometheus Books, ) (This column was first published in the October 25, ArtVoice of Buffalo.). We lost one of our finest comedians when Steve Allen died earlier this year.*

### Chapter 9 : Vulgarians at the Gate by Steve Allen | theinnatdunvilla.com

*Remember when new money wanted nothing more than to be understated and stylish, just like old money? Me neither. But if recent developments in the new car world are anything to go by, the situation is growing worse, as the steady trickle of hyper-expensive luxury SUVs becomes a tidal wave.*