

Enough is Enough is Enough

*By Dennis Payton Knight*

I have had enough of the commercials of one particular personal injury lawyer in our town who purports to be the “Strong Arm” and identifies himself these days as the “official personal injury lawyer of the Denver Broncos.” So what do you think an official personal injury lawyer does for an NFL team? Does he troll the sideline with a process server at his side, summons and complaint in hand, ready to serve a linebacker coming out after roughing up his client team’s quarterback?

The commercial goes on to display the victim of a Mack truck whose injuries likely surpass those of any roughed up quarterback, and the attorney wraps it all up with a legal disclaimer that actually touts his product again, “Of course, I can’t promise you three million dollars, but...” You probably have an attorney just like him in your own part of the country, maybe claiming to be a “Bulldog” or “Hammer” or “Your Personal Junk Yard Dog.”

But enough of personal injury lawyers. I’ve had enough of Flo, too. She is the sprightly insurance vendor dressed in what I guess is the uniform and hat of a café waitress, price gun ready, offering to sell to you and me coverage for any disaster, for whatever price we wish to pay. She is kind of cute, I suppose, addressing us in the same perky way we like to be called “Sweetie” when we order our ham and eggs. But I have yet to see a commercial from that outfit that makes a bit of sense, or influences me in any way to trust them to insure so much as the roller skates in my closet.

Many commercials through sheer repetition fit into the enough-is-enough category. I have, for instance, seen enough toilet paper commercials showing bare baby bear bottoms, even if they are quite charming.

I am sure you, too have had enough of pharmaceutical commercials that would have deeply embarrassed your grandmother. In suggestive, even graphic ways, they come quickly to the point of any drug commercial, which is to get a prospective buyer to self-diagnose an illness, suggest their own pricey product, get the subject to find a sympathetic doctor and, with nothing less than a prescription for that very drug, proceed straight to the drugstore.

The product they are peddling might be for anything from the cure for a hanging toenail to reversing the dysfunction of certain body parts. Invariably there is a docile announcer in the background who, in a soft but speedy voice, is able to pack about seventy legal disclaimers into the last ten seconds, and then, returning to a clear, enthusiastic volume, cap the commercial with a final disclaimer that, all by itself, sells the product yet again: “Of course, if you experience an erection (sorry, Grandma) that lasts more than three days, see your doctor.”

Well, I hate to end on that note, but enough is enough is enough.