

Does He See Dead People?



The latest buzz from the enemies of Donald Trump, the theme they seem to have seized upon as their best bet for destroying his presidential candidacy, is that he imagines things. That he is hallucinatory. Trump said the other day that on 9/11 he could see the bodies falling from the Twin Towers while watching from the upper floors of his midtown apartment building.

At least one media outlet, Mother Jones, isn't playing along with the hallucination theme, perhaps because it might generate some sympathy for Trump, leaving the impression that he is a victim. Instead, Mother Jones prefers to call Trump "a pathological liar."

First, there was the case of the Jersey Muslims celebrating the fall of the Twin Towers. The only confirmed error on Trump's part was overstating the number of malefactors. This was followed quickly by his account of watching desperate people jumping from the Twin Towers, preferring that death to immolation,

"The Trump campaign did not immediately respond to a request for comment asking how Trump witnessed people jumping out of the Twin Towers from more than four miles away."

Welcome to the mind of Jeremy Diamond, a young journalist with CNN who writes for their Web site. This is one of the new breed of journalists, to whom I passed my own journalistic torch after retiring from a long career. This is one of the journalists who has helped to push the public opinion of the

media lower even than the opinion of used-car salesmen and Congress.

Let me tell young Mr. Diamond, who has an enviable head of black hair and a neatly trimmed Trotsky-style beard, a thing or two about viewing objects from a long distance in Manhattan, where I worked for nearly a quarter-century.

To begin, I should remind everyone that there is no question that people jumped from the burning towers. Practically everyone has seen videos of that lamentable episode. So the only question is, could Donald Trump have seen it, given where he resided?

First, a little math. A six-foot-long body, viewed from a distance of four miles, would be as visible as a golf ball lying on the green of a shortish par-three hole as viewed from the tee. Those of you who play golf know that this would pose no problem for a golfer with unaided vision.

That should be answer enough for Mr. Diamond, but let me point out that I have been in more high-rise towers in Manhattan than I can begin to count, usually occupied by business CEOs, and I cannot recall even one of them that didn't have a spotting telescope perched on a tripod pointing through a picture window. I am going to let the intrepid Mr. Diamond call back the Trump campaign and ask if he had a scope available by the window of his apartment. If he did, then you can bet that he used it on 9/11.

Nice try, Jeremy, but I fear that your Pulitzer will have to be put on hold.

Hillary and the Jews

I love Google. Armed with the right key words, like “Hillary” and “Jew,” you can dredge up a fifteen-year-old article from The U.K. Guardian.

It was July 2000 and Hillary Clinton was running for her first term as a U.S. Senator from New York State. The Guardian article was reporting on a new book about Hillary and her husband, what’s his name. It zeroed in on an anecdote in the book, about W.H.N.’s losing campaign for Congress in Arkansas in 1974. A disappointed Hillary was quoted as blessing out a campaign aide, calling him a “f(bleeping) Jew bastard.”

This old anecdote was given new significance because Jewish voters accounted for 14 percent of the electorate in New York State.

The target of the supposed verbal abuse, one Paul Fray, confirmed that the attack had occurred. So did Mrs. Fray. So did a campaign staffer who said he had heard the indelicate epithet while standing just outside the room.

Hillary denied that she used such indelicate language.

“I have never said anything like that, ever,” she said. “I have in the past certainly, you know maybe, called somebody a name.”

Her husband, still President at the time the article appeared, allowed as how “she might have called him a bastard. I wouldn’t rule that out.”

The Guardian pointed out that Fray was in fact a Southern Baptist, although he acknowledged that he could be considered one-eighth Jewish, which seems to indicate that one of his great-grandparents was a Jew.

What if Hillary had called him a “Baptist bastard”? Doesn’t

ring right, does it? Or an “octo-Jew bastard”? I doubt that the phrase even occurred to her.

Believe it or not, President Clinton attributed what he called this false story to the “vast, right-wing conspiracy.”

Well, as we all know, Mrs. Clinton won election to the Senate, where she accomplished nothing, won re-election in 2006, and was tapped by President Obama to be his first-term secretary of state, where she sat at her desk doing nothing but planning Chelsea’s wedding, making funeral arrangements for her mother, scheduling yoga appointments, and deleting 30,000 harmless emails.

I don’t know how Mrs. Clinton, in her darkest moments, feels about Jews nowadays. If she feels anything like what the right-wing conspiracy says she demonstrated in the case of Mr. Fray, then the people who admire Obama’s negligent, disrespectful and seemingly even hateful treatment of our greatest ally in the Middle East will have something to cheer them if she becomes President.

Bobble-head Hillary

Probably few of the people reading this have attended a Hillary Clinton rally, but perhaps you have caught one of her performances on TV or the Internet. Did you notice that she has a seemingly uncontrollable urge to nod her head?

I wondered whether compulsive head nodding was a sign of some inner disturbance, so I consulted the Internet. I researched the matter for five or ten minutes, which is about the average time Internet researchers devote before gleaning all the necessary profundities.

According to one headline on Google – I didn't bother to read the article – persistent head nodding can be a sign of a compulsive mental disorder. It is not necessarily a straightforward sign, it may be contradictory. For example, someone who nods and nods and nods may actually be conveying the sub rosa message that she disagrees with whatever is being said.

When the Black Lives Matter terrorists invaded one of Hillary's recent rallies, she screeched right back at them, promising to carefully consider all their demands and do something about them. Then she proceeded to nod up a storm. I also have noticed that she tends to nod vigorously when promising to support lefty political causes, such as gay marriage and corking the Keystone Pipeline, that she previously opposed.

I also discovered that there is an instructive video on YouTube, showing Hillary nodding and nodding to an unseen person during a break in one of her public appearances. She stares, baggy-eyed and unblinkingly, at the other person, and if you watch carefully you will see that she also occasionally displays a facial tic, which jolts her head sideways. I should add that there is nothing intrinsically limiting about a facial tic. The late Walter Wriston, who built Citibank to humongous size, had one. He was the son of a clergyman, who was famous and a high achiever, so enough said.

I will not provide a link to the YouTube video, because it is accompanied by obscene comments from the public, which is what we have all come to expect from the public when it is given a chance to make its opinions known. One commenter, less obscene than most, described her stare as "psychopathic."

Some of these commenters suggest that Hillary looked as though she was high on something, and indeed you may recall that she slipped herself a pill toward the end of her recent testimony about the Benghazi massacre. I have no doubt that the YouTube

commenters know drugs, but I am not prepared to say that Mrs. Clinton takes unprescribed medicine.

Another interesting fact about the video is that it is accompanied by a repetitive saxophone solo. The accompanist evidently wasn't Hillary's husband, what's his name. His sound is much cleaner than Ole Bill's, at least as it was demonstrated decades ago on the Arsenio Hall show.

I have one great regret about my research. Google indicated that there was another YouTube video somehow related to horses and nodding. I clicked on the link and, alas, I was denied access to the video. This sometimes happens on YouTube, and not only to me, I hasten to add.

As a fallback, I dredged up an episode of "Mr. Ed," a TV series from some decades back that featured a talking horse (named Mr. Ed). While the present secretary of state looks more like a horse than Mrs. Clinton, his immediate predecessor, I thought that this might provide a valuable lead. I watched only the opening of the show – modern research standards allow time for no more than that – and saw Mr. Ed, in his stable, doing something that looked very much like nodding.

I pass along this observation to anyone who wishes to pick up the thread of my investigation. I have to spend the next five minutes researching an essay on the works of Dostoevsky.

Break a Leg, Hillary!

Did you watch Hillary Clinton testify Thursday at the Benghazi hearing? I did, and now I fear that when the fabled emergency phone call reaches the White House at 3 a.m., Huma won't be

able to wake her with a pitchfork.

She sat there at the hearing-room table, sipping some unidentified beverage for hours, yet never broke for one of her patented potty visits. Winston Churchill used to insist that when you sit down for an important meeting, you remain seated, natural functions notwithstanding. Hillary seems to have learned that much about statesmanship.

Predictably, the Hillary groupies on CNN and elsewhere affirmed that her performance was "presidential."

Which president do they mean? Can you name me a president who zonks out during a meeting that drags into the evening? Can you name me a president who starts sounding like someone in a hypnotic trance when dinner time arrives? Can you name me a president who gags on a beverage and refuses to take a break, so that she can evoke pity from the other female victims watching at home? And what was that pill she slipped down her gullet just then? "Look at the poor dear, Maude, those beasts have made her positively ill."

Hey, Donald Trump, even if ole Jeb drops out of the race for the presidential nomination, there is still a candidate, on the other side of the aisle, whom you can label "low energy."

I will somewhat gingerly align myself with the smarmy Democratic apologists on the Benghazi committee, who made the case that the hearing was largely a waste of time. I doubt that many viewers changed their minds about Hillary. The hearing did make it clear, or at any rate clearer, that she may have just been following orders from President Obama when she blamed a video for the Sept. 11, 2012 attack on the U.S. diplomatic compound. Up till now, Hillary's adversaries have cited this as a case of blatant falsehood. It still seems that way, but now it has been framed more as a case of Hillary just following orders, like Eichmann or Himmler, so that Obama could keep making the case, during his re-election campaign,

that he had neutralized terrorism.

As one Fox News commentator pointed out, however, Hillary expressed no remorse for her lies, and her misleading comments to the families of the four men who died in the Benghazi attack. There was no vow that if it were to happen again, she would behave less mendaciously.

Instead, we watched her sit there making her best effort at a world-class dramatic performance. As she sat suffering gallantly while the Happy Hour slipped by, she reminded me of Judith Anderson playing Lady Macbeth in the moments of greatest agony.

Nice try, Kiddo, but in finally walking out of the hearing room, you remained the same obvious phony who walked in eleven hours earlier. Don't call us, we'll call you.

Whatever Happened to Carly?



On Rush Limbaugh's show today, a woman called in to extol the Republicans for having a more diverse roster of presidential candidates than the Democrats. While there is a woman in the Democratic ranks, the caller acknowledged, all that party's candidates, including the woman, are old and white.

I won't linger over the fact that before 2009 every president we've had – with the possible, whispered exception of Warren G. Harding – was white, not to mention male, and in most, if

not all, cases what our beloved millennials would call old. Despite their pale and wrinkled skins, some of them were pretty good presidents. Although not Thomas Jefferson, of course, because he owned slaves. But wait: I would like someone reading this to tell me with a straight face that Richard Milhous Nixon would not have owned slaves if given half a chance.

Oh dear, I am digressing already.

Anyhow, the caller pointed out that the Republican candidates include Hispanics, an Indian, a black, and even a woman who is "Italian." Rush evidently didn't know that Carly Fiorina is only an honorary Italian, having married one. He didn't correct the caller. Carly's maiden name was Sneed, which does not have the vowel at the end required to make it an Italian name. Wikipedia says she is of German and English descent.

I fear that by disclosing this, I may cost Carly much of her support in the polls. Being a woman is swell, but everything else being equal, an Italian woman would be so much more preferable. At least that is how the geniuses in Washington political circles think about things.

Hillary Clinton is not an Italian. She is just a trite, boring, old WASP with roots in the Midwest. But because she has fewer declared rivals, and not one of them an Italian – not even Bernie Sanders, despite his expansive hand and arm gestures – she stands out more in her party than Carly does in hers. Lincoln Chafee, it should be mentioned, has perhaps the most impressive pedigree of any politician today, but alas, he is Lincoln Chafee.

Which prompts me to ask: Whatever happened to Carly?

She made a good showing in the two GOP debates, sending her poll numbers up from barely more than zero to, temporarily, the low double digits. There were some pundits who couldn't stand the thought of Donald Trump, who is a New Yorker, for

gawd sakes, and sounds like one, or Ben Carson, who is silly enough to believe in the tenets of his religious faith, seizing the GOP nomination. They thought Carly had what it took to overcome these ludicrous interlopers. So how much have you heard from Carly lately? How much have you heard from even the most fiercely anti-Trump media about Carly? Last I looked, she was down there playing footsie in the polls with Jeb Bush, while Donald and Ben were up there at the top, telling CNBC how they had better run he next GOP debate.

Hillary has said it more than once, so I believe that she believes that being a woman gives her the edge over all the presidential candidates in both parties. If Carly Fiorina were an Italian, she might pose a serious threat, but instead she is your run-of-the-mill WASP, like Hillary, whose resume also includes the inconvenient fact that she failed in business. Wait, full disclosure compels me to mention that she became the chief executive of one of America's very largest companies, Hewlett-Packard, which may not sound like failure. It was upon accepting this honor that she proceeded to fail.

Carly for President? Fuggedaboddit, as Trump and Chris Christie, who is genuinely part Italian, might say.

I don't want it to seem that I dislike Carly. Close your eyes while listening to her at the next debate, and you will be astounded by the accuracy of her Ann Coulter imitation.

I do, however, feel less than full affection for Hillary, and it is not only because she isn't an ethnic, or a person of color, or young.

So far as I can tell, she is a complete screwup. Witness her tour as secretary of state, particularly during the Benghazi tragedy, the debacle when she tried to reform health care during her husband's administration, and her handling of her emails, which may yet bring her before the bar on criminal charges. She gives every sign of being corrupt and

psychologically unhinged. As the leader of the world's greatest military power, she seems likely to elicit many scholarly comparisons to one of her predecessors in that role: Caligula.

I recently told a highly intelligent female friend, a liberal who lives in a blue state, that being corrupt and incompetent were not the greatest recommendations for the office of President of the United States. Her reply was that practically all elected politicians are corrupt, and that since most politicians are men, we should try a woman this time. Minus the little aside about corruption, that is pretty much the message that Hillary is trying to put across, and she is being joined not only by my friend, but also who knows how many other women.