

“Obama’s Racist Pointman” and “The Last Time I Saw Paris”

I know that even six years into his presidency there are people who still see Obama in the exact same way he was presented to us in 2008 – as the great uniter of blacks and whites. But, then, there are those who also approve of his foreign policy in the Middle East. Sometimes you merely have to accept innate stupidity as a part of the human condition and move on.

Among the legion of disasters one can lay at Obama’s feet, the racial antagonisms he has fostered might well stand out as his greatest failing. That’s because it’s the one he could have most easily avoided.

On other issues, one could, to a greater or lesser degree, blame his partisan politics. But because he was black, when it came to the racial divide, he was in the unique position of being able to bridge it in ways that no other president could. But instead of using the bridge, he blew it to smithereens by appointing one unrepentant racist, Eric Holder, to head up the Justice Department and he made another, Al Sharpton, his consigliere on racial matters.

Sharpton gained his initial fame back in the 1980s using the lies of a black teenage girl, Tawana Brawley, to denounce the NYPD. For those too young to remember, Ms. Brawley was afraid that her mother would ground her if she found out that Tawana had spent the weekend making whoopee with her boyfriend. So, instead, she concocted a sordid tale about being tossed in a trash dumpster after being raped by six New York City cops.

The lies worked to his advantage then and Sharpton has seen no reason to change his ways. He has merely revised the narrative. Back then, his stooge was a sexually precocious

teenager; today, he uses a couple of black thugs as the innocent victims of police brutality in his tale of woe. But the motive now, as it was then, is simply to promote Al Sharpton as the conscience and spokesperson for black America.

For reasons I can't fathom, race hustlers like Sharpton and Jesse Jackson are catnip for the media. Although they both speak as if their mouths, along with their brains, were full of mush, they have been the go-to guys on matters of race for the past several decades. In spite of his deficiencies as a public speaker, Sharpton even gets to host his own show on MSNBC. The fact that nobody watches MSNBC is no excuse, and his bosses at NBC shouldn't be allowed to use that as an alibi for providing the putz with a megaphone.

When in December, Sharpton hosted an anti-police demonstration in Washington, D.C., he actually flew arsonist Joshua Williams, whom most of us had last seen on TV burning down the Quik Trip market in Berkeley, Missouri, so that he could address his fellow thugs.

Although Sharpton owes his current prominence to the likes of Obama and NY Mayor Bill De Blasio, he owes far more to Jesse Jackson. It was Jackson, after all, who taught him all he knows about corporate extortion.

At present, Sharpton is being paid by Colgate-Palmolive, Anheuser-Busch, Macy's, Pfizer, Pepsi, GM, Walmart, Chase, Verizon, McDonald's and MGM, among a great many other companies, for what the mob used to call "protection." When Al Capone got paid off, it was to prevent a bomb being tossed through a tavern window. When Jackson receives a corporate donation to his Rainbow Coalition or Sharpton gets a donation to his National Action Network, it's to prevent having a bunch of black stiffys parading for the TV cameras in front of their headquarters, claiming the companies engage in racist policies.

And because Sharpton gets to sit next to Barack Obama more often than Michelle does might also explain why he is still walking around a free man even though he's in arrears to the IRS to the tune of \$4.5 million.

For me, the biggest surprise is that Sharpton, who was a roly-poly guy back in the 1980s and is now so tiny he looks as if his neck is too skinny to hold up his head, never thought to market the Sharpton Diet. The change has been so dramatic, the weight loss so astounding, I thought at times he might actually disappear altogether. But, alas, that was only wishful thinking.

But that's not my only wish when it comes to one of America's three most odious race hustlers. My other wish, far-fetched as it might be, would be for all those companies who are currently being bled by Sharpton to receive thousands of angry letters and phone calls from customers threatening to take their business elsewhere if they continue to pay a shakedown artist who knows everything there is to know about extortion, except, that is, how to spell the word or pronounce it.

THE LAST TIME I SAW PARIS

In 1940, when Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II wrote their Oscar-winning ode to Paris, she had recently been invaded by the Nazis. Had the song been written 75 years later, the lyric would have to mention that her streets ran red with blood, and Hammerstein would have to find a rhyme for Islamic butchery.

It wasn't that long ago that the media expressed its universal contempt for Sony Pictures when the company initially decided not to release "The Interview." The charge was that Sony was letting Kim Jong-un get the idea he could unilaterally abolish the First Amendment. Even Obama, in spite of his fondness for Hollywood liberals, belatedly piled on, insisting that Sony had made a mistake.

But now it's the media itself that has decided that punking out is the better part of discretion. Even though twelve French satirists were murdered for using a cartoony depiction of Muhammad in their magazine, none of these stalwart defenders of the First Amendment is daring to publish the newsworthy cartoon.

In the same way, when Muslims killed Danish journalists over similar cartoons in 2005, these same newspapers and magazines censored themselves.

Personally, I don't condemn the NY Times, CNN, Fox, the AP, Time magazine, the L.A. Times or any of these other media giants for their cowardice, which is at least rational behavior in a world rife with jihadists, but for their hypocrisy, which I find contemptible. Where do they get off shaming Sony for caving to threats?

Worse yet, these media cowards have the gall to pretend they're motivated by a profound respect for religion. In my opinion, if Islam is a religion, and not a barbaric cult, then so was Nazism; and Charles Manson, Jim Jones and David Koresh, should all be regarded as religious leaders.

Barack Hussein Obama – and what belief system would we normally connect with someone named Barack Hussein Obama? – famously said, “The future doesn't belong to those who slander the Prophet of Islam.” But that goes without saying. After all, what could any reasonable person find slander-worthy in a Prophet who was known to be a pedophile and who promoted his faith by butchering those who dared question his holiness?

For years, conmen have made fortunes convincing the greedy and gullible that they had come up with a legitimate way to avoid paying income taxes. Well, this is to announce that I have come up with a sure-fire system of my own, but being the kind of guy I am, I'm offering it for free. All you have to do is be black and a prominent left-winger. For instance, when Rep.

Charles Rangel, among his other sins, was found to have been a long-standing tax cheat, his House colleagues voted to censure him. After which, they all adjourned to the House dining room to serenade Charley with a few rousing choruses of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

You might say that congressmen get away with all sorts of monkey business, and you'd be right. But consider another black left-winger who doesn't hold a public office, Al Sharpton. In spite of an unpaid \$4.5 million tax bill, he is welcomed with open arms wherever black bigots congregate – be it in the streets of Ferguson, Missouri, or the West Wing of the White House.

And for those who insist that military service should be a prerequisite to a career in politics, it should be noted that Rep. Rangel apparently served honorably in the U.S. Army from 1948-1952. It is also true that he once admitted, "I only cared about dead soldiers when they looked like me." I don't believe it's a coincidence that the remark sounds very much like something Obama has been heard to say whenever some black thug gets shot.

Because I recently warned everyone off the 16 movies the studios sent me in December looking to garner my vote in the Writers Guild competition, I feel compelled to report that they finally got around to sending me one worth my time, and therefore yours. It's an English movie, "The Imitation Game," about Alan Turing, who led the English team of linguists and mathematicians who miraculously cracked Germany's enigma code during World War II.

Only once in my life did I come up with a great money-making idea. The miracle took place about 35 years ago when I wrote an article suggesting that for those people who wanted a pet, but thought dogs and cats were too much trouble, but were willing, for reasons I couldn't imagine, to settle for the likes of birds, fish and reptiles, they might consider sharing

their home with a rock. I mentioned that they were low upkeep: no messes to clean up, no newspapers that needed changing and absolutely zero food costs.

When I say it was a great money-making idea, I don't mean that it made me any money. No way. It took some other guy to see the commercial potential of the goofy notion and to make millions marketing Pet Rocks.

Well, apparently, every 35 years, I come up with these moneymakers. The other morning, I went out to my car, turned the key and was greeted with silence. My battery was kaput. When I had driven the car the previous night, everything was hunky-dory and it wasn't as if I had left the lights on.

Its time had come, as it must to all of us, and it had simply moved on to battery heaven. Anyway, what I'd like to know is why, if the battery in my smoke alarm can beep a polite warning when it's on the verge of passing away, my car battery can't do the same.

Believe me, if I knew how to invent things, I would get right on it. But I can't. So I am offering this to the world free of charge, which, come to think of it, was the problem with my damn battery.

I Hereby Resolve in 2015...

I'm not big on making New Year's resolutions, but I do pledge to continue holding the feet of liberals to the flames until they pull this computer keyboard out of my cold, dead hands.

Although I know it's too much to ask that left-wingers stop providing me with so much grist for my mill, I would

appreciate it if they would at least slow down the rate at which they commit their mischief. I'm not getting any younger, after all, and I would appreciate a chance to occasionally catch my breath.

For instance, Obama made it a point before the midterm elections to remind us that although he wasn't on the ballot, all of his policies were. So his policies led to across-the-board losses for Democrats, costing them the Senate and a dozen more seats in the House, and somehow Obama took that as a mandate to do more of the same.

The few Democrats still left in Congress must be sweating blood, worrying about what he'll do in the next two years to cost them their jobs in 2016. It makes me wonder if those dopey Democrats will ever figure out that Obama was a Trojan Horse the GOP cobbled together in order to destroy their party.

I readily admit that I could never have been a Secret Service agent because under no circumstances would I ever agree to sacrifice my life – to take a bullet as the job description puts it – for a president. But were I to be a Secret Service agent, I'd certainly draw the line at providing cover for a president's adulterous affairs, as was the case for those who were or continue to be saddled with the task of protecting the likes of JFK, LBJ, Bill Clinton and, according to the National Enquirer, Barack Obama.

Perhaps we shouldn't have been so shocked, considering the horny louts they have to associate with, that the Secret Service has been rocked with a number of sex scandals of their very own in recent years. And before you huff haughtily at the mere mention of the Enquirer, keep in mind that was the tabloid that finally broke the news about John Edwards and his ditzy doxy, Rielle Hunter.

Furthermore, don't think for a minute there weren't plenty of

reporters and editors at the NY Times and the Washington Post who knew that Edwards was a world-class philanderer. But, as we all know, America's premier newspapers have all taken a blood oath vowing to never blow the whistle on a Democrat.

To me, the only two surprises were that it's apparently with females that Obama is rendezvousing at Washington's swanky Jefferson Hotel and that Michelle is still letting him walk around in one piece.

Speaking of Obama, after I recently stated that those who insist that respect must be paid to the office of the presidency sound infantile to me, I heard from a few people who took me to task. To them I responded: "Here's the deal – I'll respect the office of the president, but only if and when Barack Obama belatedly shows me that he does."

For years, I fully expected, but dreaded, that some European nationalist would rise up and ride to political power by using the Muslims the way that Hitler used the Jews. It's not that I wouldn't sympathize with their anti-Islamic feelings, but because one always has reason to fear a European nationalist. Whether his name is Napoleon, Bismarck, Lenin, Stalin, Hitler, Mussolini or Putin, a great deal of innocent blood is always certain to be spilled along the way.

In any case, this is to report that in Dresden, Germany, 17,000 people recently took part in an anti-Muslim demonstration that was organized by a group calling itself PEGIDA, which translates as Patriotic Europeans against the Islamization of the West. It was a welcome change from the demonstrations Muslims seem to stage every week or so, expressing their displeasure with the host countries that clothe, house and feed these Islamic ingrates. For one thing, this demonstration was peaceful. For another, it was justified.

For many years, I have balked at the notion that there are

good Muslims as well as bad ones. The good ones, I'm told, are those who would never slit the throat of an infidel. So far as I can tell, those are the ones who simply cheer on those who do the actual slitting.

Shortly after 9/11, I suggested that if American Muslims wished to show their good faith, they would pass the hat at their mosques and raise reward money for Osama bin Laden, dead or alive. Instead, they not only continued funding Middle East terrorism until the FBI shut them down; and, rather than mourn the slaughter of 3,000 innocent Americans, they spent most of their waking hours whining about being racially profiled.

Because far too many of us in America have been cowed into accepting the lie that every culture is superior to our own and that Islam is every bit as peaceful and life-confirming as Christianity and Judaism, nobody is supposed to question the morality of those who continue worshipping Allah in spite of the fact it is the most blood-thirsty cult the world has ever known.

My question is why in a world that offers worshippers not only Christianity and Judaism, but Hinduism, Shintoism and Buddhism, would any decent human being cling to Islam, which was born and bred in savagery 14 centuries ago?

After all, why is it perfectly rational for people to abandon the nation of their birth to seek a better, safer, more productive, life somewhere else in the world, but it's insulting to suggest they abandon the religion into which they were unfortunately born for equally sensible reasons?

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Guilt By Association

Liberals are contemptuous of those who believe that associating with bad apples might be an indicator that you yourself are rotten to the core. In fact, if you dared point out that Robert Byrd, who wound up serving 51 years in the U.S. Senate and not only became the Senate majority leader, but the President pro tempore – placing him third in line of presidential succession – had jump-started his political career by forming a chapter of the Ku Klux Klan in Sophia, West Virginia, they'd accuse you of McCarthyism.

Joe McCarthy, for the youngsters in the audience, was a junior senator from Wisconsin. He was a drunk and a boor, but that's not why his name has come to be equated by liberals with the very worst elements in American politics. After all, Lyndon Johnson was a bigger drunk and a bigger bully, and if you look up "boor" in the dictionary, you'll find his picture. In spite of that, LBJ is hailed as a shining star and a champion of civil rights by Democrats.

McCarthy's sin is that he dared to point out that communists had infiltrated the federal government under FDR and had remained steadfastly loyal to the Soviet Union under Harry Truman and, ultimately, under Dwight Eisenhower.

What liberals most detested about McCarthy isn't that some of those he mistook for traitors were merely muddleheaded pacifists – the sort of boneheads who thought it was a swell idea for America to share our atomic secrets with the Soviet Union, so that Joseph Stalin didn't have to have American turncoats steal them for Mother Russia – but that so many of those in the State Department, people like Alger Hiss, whom McCarthy claimed were communist agents actually happened to be

communist agents.

Getting back to Sen. Byrd, in 1946, he wrote to segregationist Sen. Theodore Bilbo (D, Mississippi) to say: "I shall never fight in the armed forces with a negro by my side. Rather I should die a thousand times, and see Old Glory trampled in the dirt never to rise again, than to see this beloved land of ours become degraded by race mongrels, a throwback to the blackest specimen from the wilds." Is it any wonder that he rose to the KKK rank of Grand Cyclops?

But that didn't prevent his Senate colleagues from granting him their greatest honors. And yet, we now see the Democrats baying for the blood of Rep. Steve Scalise (R, Louisiana) for no other reason than that 12 years ago, he gave a speech at a convention of the European-American Unity and Rights Organization.

Never having heard of the group, I looked up the EAURO and found that I pretty much agreed with their eight principles: (1) Equal rights for white Americans through an end to affirmative action; (2) An end to desegregation busing, which is to blame for declining educational standards, rising racial tensions and the wasting of public money; (3) Welfare reforms that would see welfare recipients work for their money, and the encouragement of family planning; (4) Tougher sentencing for violent crimes, alongside the repealing of hate crime legislation; (5) Very strict limitations on immigration; (6) An end to media portrayal of whites as oppressors; (7) The preservation of white heritage; and (8) A demand for excellence in all things.

I confess that number eight is rather vague, but there's no sin in hoping for the ideal.

This is not to say I'm sending away for my membership card and decoder ring. After all, the group was founded by David Duke, proud racist/convicted con man and tax evader/both a Holocaust

and 9/11 denier/ and who, for good measure, spent a lot of time at LSU jack-booting around campus wearing a Nazi uniform.

Still, Scalise didn't show up at the convention hoping to take part in a lynching. He gave a breakfast talk to a small group on the subject of taxes. Taxes, for God's sake! And for that, because he has a leadership role in the Republican-controlled House, the Democrats want to see him lynched.

Keep in mind these are the same hypocrites who turned a blind eye during the 1990s to the fact that Yasser Arafat, killer of Jewish babies, spent more time at the White House than Bill Clinton, and that today Barack Obama spends even more time playing footsies with America's number one race hustler, Al Sharpton, than he does playing golf.

In the spirit of full disclosure, I wish to state that a few years ago, I was informed by a reader that something I had written – possibly an attack on Obama or on the 75% of Jewish voters who insist on voting for progressives every chance they get – had been posted on a neo-Nazi website. My first reaction was shock: Don't they know I'm Jewish?! Have the Nazis initiated an Adopt-a-Jew program I hadn't heard about? But when the reader asked me if I wasn't going to demand they take down my article, I thought about it and decided I wouldn't.

After all, as I explained at the time, I have no problem with people agreeing with me just so long as I don't have to agree with them.

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A Cornucopia Of Facts & Notions

In the wake of so many people trekking off to see “The Interview” in the belief that they’re simultaneously striking a blow for freedom of speech and spitting in North Korea’s eye, it occurred to me that when it comes to stiffing the First Amendment, Kim Jong-un can’t hold a candle to the folks who run the NY Times, NBC, ABC and CBS. North Korea, after all, was just trying to save us from seeing an adolescent comedy and probably anticipated the thanks of a grateful nation.

But it’s these American news corporations that continue to ignore the various scandals connected to Barack Obama. Even when they deign to report on one – usually because Fox and America’s bloggers finally force the issue – these liberal enablers persist in putting the best possible face on it.

In the final analysis, North Korea doesn’t owe us a damn thing. But those who wrap themselves in the First Amendment when it comes to disseminating the Pentagon Papers or Edward Snowden’s stolen Intel owe us the unvarnished truth. That’s an IOU that’s been marked “Unpaid” for the past 40 years, at least when Carter, Clinton and Obama, were ensconced in the White House.

Watching what passes for demonstrations in America – whether it was the unwashed Occupy Wall Street mob or the thugs and their enablers calling for open season on cops – one could reasonably conclude that “demonstrators” is merely a polite synonym for vandals, vagrants and thieves. And so I did, until reading an article sent to me by a longtime reader, Sam Marx.

The article was about a book, "Resistance of the Heart: Intermarriage and the Rosenstrasse Protest in Nazi Germany," by Nathan Stoltzfus.

It seems that in Berlin, in 1943, in what was to be the final round-up of Jews, hundreds of German Gentile women held a vigil in front of the community center where their Jewish husbands were being held prior to being sent off in cattle cars.

For a week, the women stood freezing in the street. When Propaganda Minister Goebbels finally had machineguns mounted in front of the building and threatened to open fire, instead of dispersing, they held their ground and began chanting: "Murderer, murderer, murderer..."

By that time, their ranks were expanded by other German women, who probably didn't like Jews, but were opposed to tearing apart families, which might suggest they were okay with entire Jewish families being transported to concentration camps, but opposed the idea of husbands and wives being separated. By this time, with so many of their own husbands and sons lying dead in the snow at Stalingrad, they knew a little something about being separated from loved ones.

Rather than risk a public relations nightmare, Goebbels caved and released 1700 Jewish men, and then went on to insist that Berlin was now free of Jews.

So, as with so many other things in life, there are demonstrations and then there are demonstrations.

From another reader, Ed Zuckerman, I received what I regard as a peach of an idea. He suggested that the U.S. immediately announce that the \$100 note will be made invalid and that people will have 90 days in which to exchange the bills for two fifties, not at a bank, but at their nearest FBI office.

As Zuckerman writes, "Can you hear the sound of European safe

deposit boxes being emptied? Can you picture drug cartels with pallets groaning under the weight of \$100 bills on the verge of becoming worthless?...What a bonanza for the FBI, which could build a data base of people who showed up at their offices with an extraordinarily large and unexplainable amount of cash!"

I happen to believe that it is time to once again initiate the military draft. For one thing, we aren't getting enough volunteers to fight two wars simultaneously. And even after we get rid of Obama, who refuses to fight even one, between ISIL, Russia, Afghanistan, North Korea and Iran, the day we have to deal with a couple of foes simultaneously could be fast-approaching.

But a second reason to reinstitute the draft is that we have raised a couple of generations of self-indulgent sloths who spend more time griping about America than they do appreciating their good fortune in having been born here. A couple of years in the service of their nation might straighten out their heads, along with providing them with a spine and self-esteem based on something besides their ability to take selfies.

What's more, I would not allow anyone to receive a deferment for any reason. College will still be there two years later, and as those returning veterans showed back in the late 40s, those who don't matriculate straight out of high school tend to make the best and most-motivated students.

Inasmuch as only about one soldier in seven, even during WWII, was engaged in combat, it's silly not to draft people simply because they have flat feet or less than perfect vision. I wouldn't even require those destined to be cooks, clerks, members of the marching band or to serve in the Quartermaster Corps, to spend 16 weeks surviving basic training.

Michigan Governor Rick Snyder recently signed legislation

requiring a drug-testing program for welfare recipients. Refusal to be tested will result in six months of ineligibility. Testing positive will result in referral to a treatment program.

In a nation that seems hell-bent on changing our motto to "In Marijuana We Trust," this comes as a welcome sign. Why, though, would a refusal only lead to a six month cessation of benefits? You don't want to be tested? Fine, get off your lazy butt, get a job and pay for your damn drugs.

As to be expected, the ACLU weighed in, insisting that the group addressed by the bill doesn't use illegal drugs at a rate significantly higher than the general public.

One, how does the ACLU happen to know this to be true? Two, what do they mean by "significantly higher"? Three, the general public may do as it pleases. That is to say, it's strictly between them, their fried brains and law enforcement. That's because they're not buying the shit with our tax dollars.

Finally, it's been bad enough listening to professional Pinocchios like Robert Gibbs, Jay Carney and Josh Earnest, lying on behalf of Obama and those two ditzy Valley Girls lying on behalf of the State Department, but if I have to put up with mealy-mouthed John Kirby, who is allegedly a Rear Admiral, dodge and weave on behalf of the Pentagon, is it too much to ask that he leave the uniform and the medals at home?

It is one thing, after all, for him to muddy his own reputation with the endless lies and butt-kissing, but quite another to tarnish that of the U.S. Navy.

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