

# **“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 stiffs 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.

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## **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.