Reading Political Tea Leaves

Burt would like to present all his readers with some Chanukah and Christmas presents. When you finish this one, please be sure to read Captain Chandler & Me.

Ann Coulter

When I see all the infighting taking place in the ranks of the GOP, I find myself hoping that by the time we finally get through the primaries and nominate a candidate, hard feelings will have subsided and we’ll all be able to support the last person standing. After all, the most important consideration isn’t whether it’s Gingrich, Romney or Perry, who carries the banner next November, but that Barack Obama be sent packing, and that Harry Reid joins Nancy Pelosi in the ranks of the terminally irrelevant.

Although I, personally, would prefer to see Bachmann or Santorum heading the ticket, with Marco Rubio holding down the second slot, the writing on the wall doesn’t look good for either of them. Some people suggest that the main problem for Bachmann is that she’s a member of the House, and members of the House rarely get elected president. Frankly, I think her anemic poll numbers have more to do with the memory of the unfortunate pissing contest she engaged in with Tim Pawlenty. As for Santorum, it simply doesn’t look good on your resume that in your last senatorial election, a flaming liberal like Bob Casey, Jr., crushed you by a 59% – 41% margin.

Santa a socialist?

What I don’t understand is why Ann Coulter, who seems to feel
that she is a human litmus test, possessing the mysterious power to tell who is and who isn’t a true conservative, recently informed the world that Bachmann and Romney are the only two true conservatives in the running. It’s fine to suggest that in a general election, Gov. Romney is far likelier to attract moderates than Speaker Gingrich, which, along with his general demeanor and character, is my main reason for supporting Romney. But what would possess Ms. Coulter to insist that Romney is more conservative than either of the Ricks, Perry or Santorum?

My concern for Ms. Coulter’s mental condition began when she declared her devotion to Chris Christie. Like every other Republican, I’ve very much enjoyed watching Gov. Christie go mano-a-mano with the public sector unions, but, by no stretch, is he a true conservative. If he were, New Jersey’s voters would not have elected him.

I don’t want to be accused of gossip-mongering, but I’m wondering if Christie and Coulter have been sitting in a tree, k-i-s-s-i-n-g. I mean, first she pushes him to enter the race, looking, for all the world, like a stereotypical stage mother. Then, when he finally convinces her that he has no intention of tossing his hat in the ring by endorsing Romney, suddenly there’s cheerleader Coulter assuring us that Romney is the second coming of Ronald Reagan.

As in past holiday seasons, I was reminded all over again that Santa Claus is a socialist. As socialists go, he’s a nice one. At least he doesn’t try to push his health care program down our throats or spend us into insolvency or accuse people who work ten times harder than he does that they’re lazy. But what else would you call a guy who doesn’t require anything of the people who receive his bounty? He doesn’t ask that they do chores or put away their toys or make their beds. He only requires that they be nice, a rather vague term that could mean they don’t rob or pillage or maim.
When you get right down to it, the only difference between Santa and a typical Democrat is that he bestows gifts without demanding that the little tots troop out and vote for him in the next election.

Finally, *Time* magazine decided that their *Person of the Year is The Protester*. Although the unwashed anarchists, communists, socialists, and assorted riffraff, who comprised the Occupy Wall Street movement, are mentioned, *Time* also includes those who, in 2011, have demonstrated in Syria, Egypt, Libya and Russia.

Every year, the *Time* editors have to explain that they’re not voting for the greatest person necessarily, but the person or persons who did the most to change the world for better or worse. That explains, to a degree, why the likes of Hitler, Stalin, the Ayatollah Khomeini, Barack Obama, Vladimir Putin and Jimmy Carter, have all graced the magazine’s cover. But it doesn’t come close to explaining why Wallis Simpson was their cover girl in 1936 or why, this year, they decided that Kim Kardashian and Casey Anthony achieved runner-up status and were included as people who mattered.

It’s strictly out of sincere conviction that I protest *Time*’s decision, and definitely not because I am trying to weasel my way into a bit of tawdry glory.

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