

Reverend Al Goes to Hollywood

✘ I don't know about you, but I think Al Sharpton gets a bad rap.

The guy can't do anything without conservatives jumping all over him. Even when he does something clearly worthwhile, all he gets is grief from Whitey.

Take Sharpton's latest attempt to make America a better place. He's called for an "emergency meeting" to deal with the lack of diversity in Hollywood. Everybody knows Hollywood liberals hate black people but apparently Al Sharpton is the only one who has the guts to say it out loud.

The issue is the Academy Awards, where each year beautiful white people get all dressed up and tell each other how wonderful they are. Turns out that all the nominees for best actor this year are white; all the nominees for best actress ... white; all the nominees for best director – white again. In the past two decades this has only happened one other time.

As Sharpton – President Obama's go-to man on race – so elegantly put it: "The movie industry is like the Rocky Mountains, the higher you get, the whiter it gets." There are rumors that Sharpton soon will hold another "emergency meeting," this time in Aspen, to deal with another issue involving diversity. The working title of the meeting is "Why the hell is snow always white?"

Sharpton might have called for an emergency meeting to deal with fatherlessness in Black America, where the out-of-wedlock birth rate is north of 70 percent. He might have called for an emergency meeting to deal with the disproportionately high number of black kids who drop out of high school. He might have called an emergency meeting to deal with black crime, whose victims are overwhelmingly black people.

But there are just so many hours in the day, so Al had to prioritize. Memo to Whitey: Lay off the Rev, a man who never lets an opportunity (to stoke racial tensions) go to waste.

“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 stiffies 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.

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.

Burt's Webcast is every Wednesday at Noon Pacific Time.

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The Presumption of Racism Has Stunted America's Growth



When Barack Obama won the presidency in 2008, I was not a happy camper. The thought of a liberal ideologue with no leadership experience (but grand dreams of “fundamentally transforming” the country) sitting in the Oval Office wasn’t at all appealing to a *right-leaning* fellow like me. Still, I did see a silver lining in his victory. I thought the

election of our first black president would go a long way in helping to heal the country’s racial divide that still existed – despite having made significant strides over the decades.

Boy, was I wrong.

It didn’t take long for some on the left to begin using the president’s skin color as a political weapon against those who had the gall to disagree with his agenda. Loud opposition to President Obama was not portrayed by the media as *patriotic*, like it was during the Bush era, but as an ugly display of racial bias put forth by people who just couldn’t accept that a black man was now the leader of the free world.

The Tea Party, who had a very clear policy message, was depicted and marginalized as a bunch of *angry, old white guys*, and during the 2012 presidential campaign, liberal media outlets obsessed over dissecting the political rhetoric of Republican candidates and deciding that it contained a slew of racist “dog whistles.” That sentiment trickled its way down to the public and became conventional wisdom for some.

The incessant race-baiting has harmed American culture. It has diminished the capacity of people to view accusations of racism responsibly and objectively. A reasonable level of scrutiny no longer has to be met in order for a divisive racial narrative to be put forth and bolstered by the media. In far too many cases, a *presumption of racism* has been applied to people and events that have provided no basis for that judgement. We've seen it done recently with the high-profile, unfortunate deaths of black men like Michael Brown in Ferguson.

The so-called civil rights leaders like Al Sharpton, who've latched onto the tragedies, seem to be pushing the theme that *any* scenario, that results in a black person being killed by a white person, is *murder* attributable to racism. The circumstances surrounding the event don't really seem to matter. Neither do the eye-witness accounts or the physical evidence. The narrative being wielded is that it's "open season" for killing black men in this country, and the facts and statistics just aren't going to stand in the way of the oratory.

Many people are reasoned enough to see past the vitriol and recognize these deaths as the tragedies they are without jumping to the conclusion that institutional racism is to blame. They realize that while racism still exists, it's not a contributing factor to the number of untimely, black deaths in this country.

Many others, however, aren't so reasoned – especially young people. They've been taught through academia and media-driven, politically correct sensibilities that America is still a fundamentally bigoted country, despite a black man being elected to the highest office in the land – twice. They've been taught that the societal sins of several decades ago are still being practiced with impunity by the *white establishment*.

The dishonesty of this narrative, and society's inability to have a mature, open discussion about race is absolutely devastating to our culture. We've seen it in the way the country's economic and social discrepancies are portrayed as a products of racial oppression. We've seen it in the stores that were looted and set ablaze in Ferguson. In my home state of Colorado on Wednesday, we saw it in the way high school students, who were protesting against the Ferguson grand jury decision, reportedly cheered when four police officers managing traffic for their march were struck by an out of control vehicle.

Let's examine that last example for a minute. In Denver, police officers were working on traffic control duty for the benefit of students from East High School who walked out of class to protest the decision not to indict Officer Darren Wilson. When four of those officers were struck by a runaway car – resulting in critical injuries to one of them – some of the protesters were heard cheering and chanting “hit him again.” That is beyond deplorable.

The Denver Police Protective Association released the following statement in regard to the protesters: “These actions are not only reprehensible but quite possibly the most disturbing thing this Association has ever heard.”

I don't doubt the sincerity in that statement. I'm sure it was indeed one of the most disturbing things the DPPA has ever encountered, and its no coincidence that it happened now, in 2014, when reckless, racial rhetoric is drowning out reasoned discussion.

When people let ethnic solidarity or collective guilt blind them to the cold, hard facts surrounding a situation, we have truly lost as a society. Never did I think in 2009 that race relations would actually worsen in this country over the next six years, but that appears to be what has happened. Presumptive racism has been a major cause of it.

Christmas Sale: *If anyone is interested in a signed, personalized copy of my novel "From a Dead Sleep" for \$18, which includes domestic shipping, please email me at johndalybooks@hotmail.com. It makes a great gift!*

"They Protesteth Too Much" and "Walker & Martinez, 2016"

As I have written on other similar occasions, it's a protest when you toss the tea into the harbor; when you grab the tea or, rather, the TV sets, liquor and sports equipment and take it home, it's a riot and those who take part are not patriots, they're thugs.

As I watched what was taking place in Ferguson after the Grand Jury returned its rational verdict, the thing that surprised me was that after Gov. Nixon had announced he was calling in the Missouri National Guard as a backup to the St. Louis and Ferguson police departments, the only people I saw on the streets were black punks smashing windows, burning down businesses and carting off stolen loot.

In the bad old days, cops down South would turn dogs and fire hoses on black people who were protesting peacefully and it spoke to the consciences of white Americans. But over the past 40 years or so, it seems the order of the day is that every time black hooligans take to the streets, the cops are told to stand around and watch, only stopping short of passing out matches, gasoline and baseball bats.

So far as I can tell, St. Louis County Prosecutor Robert

McCulloch and the nine members of the Grand Jury took their responsibilities seriously and did an admirable job. However, after reading his detailed statement to the press, one of the reporters asked if witnesses who had done so much to inflame the situation on Day One by claiming that Officer Wilson had shot Michael Brown in the back or had shot him when he was standing still with his hands raised above his head would face perjury charges. To my astonishment, McCulloch basically blew off the reporter's question.

Even though McCulloch said that most of those "eye witnesses" finally got around to admitting that they hadn't even seen the shooting and were only passing on rumors as fact, he was obviously willing to give them the benefit of the doubt. What doubt that would be, he failed to explain. For my part, I have no doubt at all that they not only committed perjury, but were the major reason that Ferguson became a war zone in the first place.

In fact, I read the next day that Chief of the St. Louis County Police Jon Belman initially ordered his officers "to back off" and to treat the mob as they would the crowd at "a festival or a ballgame."

Even at festivals and ballgames, I've seen barricades. But in Ferguson, they didn't even block off the main drag, which had been the flash point of the riots back in August.

Clearly, the protests had nothing to do with the Grand Jury verdict. As it was with the Rodney King riots here in L.A., the verdict merely served as an excuse for black teenagers and young toughs to run wild because they know that the same shit that would get them a stiff prison sentence if they did it alone or with a buddy will be essentially ignored when done as a mob.

I did not have a business burn down and I was about 1,500 miles west of Ferguson, so for me, the worst part of the

evening was listening to commentators, including Barack Obama, attempt to be balanced, talking about the racism that is still part of our culture and especially the culture of the police. It reminded me of the moral equivalence he always seems to find when comparing Israel to its vile Middle East neighbors.

What Obama and the media pundits should have been talking about was the culture of black communities that accepts record numbers of illegitimate births, black crime and welfare as a generational tradition, as the norm.

We've had half a century of black kids being raised by young black females, of black men who have unburdened themselves of familial responsibilities and of racists like Al Sharpton and Jesse Jackson stoking the embers of racial animosity by scapegoating white society.

The mere fact that a creep like Sharpton is still allowed to host his own show on MSNBC and be welcomed like a long-lost brother to Obama's White House should tell you all you need to know about what the once honorable Civil Rights movement has come to in America.

If I owned a store in Ferguson that was burned or vandalized by the mob, I should be allowed to sue not only Gov. Nixon and the various police chiefs who basically gave the thugs carte blanche, but Sharpton and the various black politicians who all played an essential role in allowing it to happen. I would also be allowed to target Barack Obama and Eric Holder, who inflated the regrettable, but defensible, shooting of a thug into not only a national spectacle, but, if you recall Obama's reference to it during his U.N. address, an international incident.

One element of the case left me scratching my head. As we heard in the aftermath, Officer Darren Wilson had been alerted by a police call that Michael Brown and his buddy were wanted for swiping cigars from a local convenience store and roughing

up the store's clerk. But the description apparently only mentioned that one of the two thugs – Michael Brown, as we came to learn – was wearing a red baseball cap and yellow socks.

What if he had tossed the cap and changed his socks? Would he still be running loose? In Ferguson, is it against police policy to mention that a perp happens to be black or that he tips the scales at 320 pounds?

Understand, I've never worked in law enforcement, but I can only imagine that it would make it a lot easier to find a needle in the haystack if you knew the needle was as big as a Volkswagen.

Walker & Martinez, 2016

Recently I announced that my dream ticket for the 2016 presidential election would be the governors of Wisconsin and New Mexico. I explained that Scott Walker and Susana Martinez represented a nice geographical balance, representing the upper Midwest and the Southwest.

In addition, both are proven winners. In Walker's case, in spite of the unions squandering millions of dollars of their members' dues to defeat him in two regular elections and a recall, he has won three times in four years. For her part, Governor Martinez is both Hispanic and female, and could be counted on to draw a great deal of support from both voting blocs.

But being a fair-minded fellow, I invited all of you to come up with your own dream ticket. In all, 57 readers took me up on my offer. Over half of them, 31, seconded my nominees. The other 26 named 20 different potential candidates in addition to Walker and Martinez, whom they saw fit to split up to form other combinations.

In one case, I was Gov. Walker's running mate. The voter spelled it out in no uncertain words that it would be my job to insult our opponents. It's a role I would cherish, but I'd also want to have a say in laying out our foreign policy, which, basically, would consist of being a loyal ally to our friends and a resolute foe of our enemies. In case of war, the Prelutsky policy would be the same as that laid out by Ronald Reagan: We win, they lose. No playing for ties.

Most of those mentioned only received one or two votes, sometimes offered as president, sometimes as vice-president. The second most popular duo was Ted Cruz and Trey Gowdy. That combination received four votes.

I know that there are those who don't believe that Gov. Walker scores high enough on the charisma meter to be a viable presidential candidate. It so happens that I agree that Walker doesn't set hearts aflutter, but I regard that as a plus. Charisma is what Democrats offer, as exemplified by rock stars and divas like Obama and the Clintons. That's because Democrats have nothing but bells and whistles to offer the uninformed and idiotic. Their policies don't work because, essentially, they consist of taxing those in society who are productive in order to subsidize their base; namely those who tend to be ignorant, shiftless and ungrateful.

Judging by the recent midterms, I believe that Americans are fed up with a massive federal government controlling their lives. They have seen for themselves that liberals depend on lying and cheating in order to get around commonsense and the Constitution. I believe they are hungry for leaders who offer competence and character. Leaders, I suggest, like Walker and Martinez.

In the old Soviet Union, every May Day, Joseph Stalin and those in his inner circle would pose on a balcony as the Soviet's military might was paraded past the grandstand. And because Stalin was a paranoid butcher, every year a few of

those who had been there the previous year would be gone. And to be gone in the Soviet Union meant being gone from the face of the earth. It also meant being removed from the official photos of previous years. One year, whoever was in charge removed a certain person from the previous year's photo, but he neglected to remove the guy's shoes. It was pretty funny, unless, of course, you were that guy.

What brings it to mind is the rate at which Democrats have been losing elections ever since the passage of the Affordable Care Act. It makes me wonder if that famous photo of Obama signing his favorite piece of legislation in the Oval Office will soon face the same fate, so that all we'll see one day are Obama, the little black kid and Henry Waxman's tiny shoes.

For some time now, I've been receiving a cockeyed message that has gone viral on the Internet for reasons I can't imagine. It goes this way: "Barack Obama, not feeling well and concerned about his mortality, goes to consult a psychic about the date of his death.

"The psychic closes her eyes and, after a few seconds, says, 'You will die on a Jewish holiday.'

Shaken by her response, Obama nervously asks, "Which one?"

"It doesn't matter," replies the psychic. "Whenever you die, it'll be a Jewish holiday."

I can't imagine who thought that made any sense at all. I mean, perhaps it would play in Israel, but here in America, 70% of my fellow Jews still support the man and his destructive agenda. So for them it would, alas, be a day of mourning.

In closing, I'll share a joke I just heard. A panhandler stops a passerby and says he needs money for food. The guy shakes his head and says, "I know you'll only spend it on drugs."

“Not so,” says the bum. “I already have money for drugs; it’s money for food I need.”

I can’t think of anything that sums up the welfare state that Obama’s America has become better than that.

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