

“Pimping For The President” and “Lobbying For Islam”

There are any number of jobs that I couldn't handle physically, such as being a professional athlete or a bouncer at a nightclub; and some I wouldn't consider because of moral objections, such as being a criminal defense attorney. But, after reading Ron Kessler's latest book, “The First Family Detail,” there's one I couldn't handle for any number of reasons, and that's being a Secret Service agent on a presidential detail.

I mean, imagine swearing to take a bullet or several bullets intended for Lyndon Johnson, Jimmy Carter, Bill Clinton or Barack Obama. From having read Kessler's earlier “In the President's Secret Service,” I already knew that being assigned to protect Jimmy Carter, John Kerry or Hillary Clinton was tantamount to a prison sentence because of their blatant contempt for those sworn to sacrifice their lives for them. But when it came to guys like Kennedy, Johnson and Clinton, the day-to-day job had less to do with protecting them against assassins than it did with making sure the First Ladies didn't trip over their various bimbos.

Speaking of which, I had a good laugh recently when a bevy of Hollywood bimbos whined that hackers had managed to upload their nude photos and send them out on the Internet. It seems to me that if you feel the need to take selfies of yourself in the buff, hackers are the least of your problems.

Frankly, I see little difference between all this and the nudity they often display in their professional lives on screen, aside from the fact that they aren't compelled to defend this form of exhibitionism as essential to the plot of some cinematic stinkeroo.

I'm reminded of a comic strip I saw a while back. Two guys are seated at the counter of a restaurant filled with people engrossed in photographing themselves and one another on their electronic devices. The first guy says, "I read that the government wants to install cameras everywhere to record our every move." His companion, the only person in the room not focused on one of those ubiquitous gizmos, skeptically replies, "Scary."

Something I have never understood is why whenever someone on TV, be it Dean Martin in the old days or Bill Maher today, indicates a great fondness for booze or marijuana, the audience feels called upon to laugh knowingly. Is it intended to show that they, too, like nothing better than killing off as many of their brain cells as is humanly possible? Or is it supposed to make them seem sophisticated in spite of the fact it only makes them seem like teenage bumpkins?

Speaking of bumpkins, in 2007, Sen. Barack Obama announced, "The world will have confidence in America when I'm the president." It's bad enough that events have proven him to be as wrong as a person could be, but imagine the gall, the hubris, the sheer loopiness, required to make such a grandiose pronouncement.

Clearly, we have a commander-in-chief who is every bit as delusional as John Hinckley, who not only believed that actress Jodie Foster would be smitten with him if he could somehow manage to assassinate Ronald Reagan, but never even considered just sending her flowers and a box of candy.

I suspect that even if you'd pointed out to Hinckley that Ms. Foster was a lesbian, he'd have dismissed that as a mere hiccup. Instead, like Joe E. Brown in "Some Like it Hot," when his beloved Daphne (Jack Lemmon) finally whips off his wig and confesses, "I'm not even a woman," Hinckley would have said, "Nobody's perfect."

But, clearly, every time Obama gazes into a mirror, he finds reason to disagree with Joe E. Brown, even if nobody else does. I mean, what can he possibly be thinking when an American journalist is beheaded in Iraq and he flies off to yet another fundraiser? And when a second journalist is beheaded a week later, he's the only person in America who not only isn't screaming for blood, but doesn't even take a moment to offer the man's family the nation's condolences.

Instead, when he went on TV to admit that even a year after ISIS turned up on our radar and quickly became our worst nightmare he didn't have a strategy to deal with the savages, the best he could come up with was the banal "We don't want to put the cart in front of the horse."

"Mr. President, forget about not having a strategy to annihilate these barbarians," I would have loved to have said to him, "you don't have a horse and your cart has a broken axle and four busted wheels."

In other news, it appears that O.J. Simpson has decided to become a Muslim. Some cynics claim this is the latest bit of evidence showing Simpson to be psychotic. However, I, who always like to think the best of people, have an alternate theory. I'm sure we all recall that, upon being acquitted in 1995 of murdering Nicole Brown and Ron Goldman, Simpson vowed to track down the real killers, and if he hadn't been distracted by golf, loose women and being arrested for robbery and kidnapping, he just might have done it.

By converting to Islam, I believe Simpson thinks it will make it easier for him, once he's released from jail in 2017, to resume his relentless pursuit of the villains if, perchance, they managed to elude him 19 years ago by scooting off to Yemen, Syria or Qatar.

Lobbying For Islam

As you may have heard, when Obama finally got around to announcing that he thought the Islamic State was almost as dangerous as John Kerry, Joe Biden, Chuck Hagel and the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Martin Dempsey, had been insisting it was for several weeks, the first thing he did was tell us that the enemy was neither Islamic nor a state.

One could argue whether the area the terrorist group controls, an area the size of Belgium, is really a state. But, then, one could argue whether Belgium, a place the rest of us have only heard of because it was the birthplace of Agatha Christie's fictional detective, Hercule Poirot, is a state.

What is not open to debate is whether an outfit that calls itself the Islamic State is or isn't Islamic. The argument Obama made was that "ISIS is not Islamic because no religion condones killing innocents." The problem is that Islam doesn't consider Christians or Jews as innocents; it regards them as infidels whose very existence is an affront to Allah, and killing them is therefore nothing less than a religious obligation.

Making matters worse, Obama seriously went on to describe Yemen and Somalia as proof that his foreign policy has been a rousing success. That would be like Ben Affleck bragging about "Gigli" or the French pointing to the Maginot Line as proof of their military prowess.

The question that occurs to me, as it has ever since 9/11, when George W. Bush decided his mission in life was to take the heat off Muslims by constantly insisting that "Islam is a religion of peace," is why our leaders feel compelled to lie about our enemies.

Even when Major Hasan murdered and maimed more than 30 people

at Fort Hood, the current administration insisted that in spite of his being a self-proclaimed jihadist who screamed "Allah Akbar" as he slaughtered his victims, it was just another unfortunate example of workplace violence and had nothing to do with Islamic terrorism.

What is it about Islam, which can best be described as a wolf in wolf's clothing, that has our commanders-in-chief mincing words and pussyfooting around the truth? Just for the record, Voodoo is practiced by about 60 million people worldwide. If it was practiced by a billion, would our presidents feel obliged to speak respectfully of a belief system that involves the sacrificing of goats, sheep and dogs, and the drinking of animal blood?

When you get right down to it, Voodoo has far more to recommend it than Islam. For one thing, they go in for a lot of dancing. For another, although I definitely disapprove of slitting the throats of dogs, it beats slitting the throats of women, children and American journalists, and personally, I'll take a good old-fashioned zombie over a jihadist any day of the week. For one thing, unlike the Islamic propagandists in CAIR, they don't get dressed up in Armani suits and go on TV, trying to fool people into thinking they're civilized human beings. For another thing, zombies always shuffle, making it easy to out-run them.

If there's one thing to be grateful for when it comes to the Islamic State, it's that it's run by dummies. I mean, they had a safe haven in Syria and they were marching through Iraq the way that Sherman zipped through Georgia, and not only was nobody in Europe or the Middle East raising a finger to stop them, but Obama was dismissing them as the junior varsity. It was nothing but clear sailing until the arrogant bastards decided to start videotaping their beheadings. Obviously, their intention was to terrify the world into a paralytic state, but, as they should have known, that is always the state of the world when it comes to confronting evil.

However, rather than leave bad enough alone, they did something so barbaric, so in keeping with the demented cult dreamed up by Muhammad 14 centuries ago, that once people quit vomiting, even Obama, who speaks softly and carries a limp wrist, figured he better do something.

But as usual, Obama, to whom a declaration of war in the Middle East would be absolute proof that his foreign policies have all been a pile of mush, had no real idea what to do. After all, it doesn't look good when, on August 8th, you're telling everyone that arming the Free Syrian Army is a nutty notion because they're all just a bunch of "doctors, farmers and pharmacists," and, on September 10th, your big plan calls on them to do our fighting in Syria.

So far as I'm concerned, it is always a rotten idea to trust Muslims to fight on your side. We saw how well that worked in Afghanistan, where Afghan soldiers killed nearly as many American soldiers as the Taliban did; and again in Libya, where we trusted our so-called allies to provide security for our consulate in Benghazi.

Still, when one hears Obama pooh-pooh citizen soldiers, one has to wonder if he and his speechwriters are totally unaware of American history or if he's merely expressing his contempt for the rag tag group of doctors, farmers and pharmacists, who somehow managed to send the Redcoats back to England with their tails between their legs?

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“Not Just Another Poll” and “MSNBC: Where Anyone Can Be A Host”

I'd like to thank everyone who took the time to respond to my recent poll. As I said at the time, it was not, and was not intended, to be one of those scientific polls where people like Gallup and Zogby try to garner a cross-section of the American public. I have no idea what the racial, religious, gender or economic, make-up might be of the 265 respondents to the First Stupendous Prelutsky Poll. All I knew was that they were not typical voters. For one thing, they don't rely on the mainstream media for their news. For another, they're literate. And, finally, one of them was a Russian living in St. Petersburg.

I would venture that they are all Republicans, including my Russian reader. I base that on the fact that it's only Republican blogs that carry my work. But even if I hadn't known that, I would have based the assumption on the fact that in response to the question regarding which TV commentator they trust the most, 30 different people were mentioned, and not one of them works for ABC, CBS, NBC or MSNBC. However, 23 of them host their own shows on Fox or appear so regularly on Fox, you might think they host their own shows.

Now, without further ado, here are the final results:

The top vote-getting commentator was Bret Baier with 45 votes. Megyn Kelly came in a close second with 42. In third place, with 37 votes came “I Don't Trust or Watch Any of Them,” with Charles Krauthammer's 36 nipping at Nobody's heels. Among those who received 10 or more votes were Brit Hume and Sean Hannity (16); Bill O'Reilly (12); and Glenn Beck (11).

It was only when I got to my second question, the one

regarding the biggest problem facing America, and began tabulating the votes that I realized I should have provided limited choices. That's because there was a great deal of overlap, and I wasn't always certain how to group certain responses. Clearly, I would have saved myself a lot of time and energy if I hadn't stipulated that people couldn't just respond with "Barack Obama."

For instance, because a few people specified, say, "Liberalism," I wasn't sure if I should combine it with those who thought "An Expanding Federal Government" was our biggest headache. Another question mark I was faced with was whether or not to combine votes for the "Public School System" with "An Ignorant and Apathetic Electorate." On the other hand, I didn't have a problem adding the very specific "Widespread Acceptance of Homosexuality" to the more general category of "Godlessness/Moral Decline."

The top vote-getters were "An Ignorant and Apathetic Electorate" (36); "Expanding Federal Government/ObamaCare" (33); "Open Border/Illegal Aliens" (30); "National Debt" (24); "Godlessness/Moral Decline" (21); "Lack of Accountability in Washington" (18); "Unemployment" (14); and "A Corrupt Media" (11).

The response to my question about the advisability of Barack Obama's being impeached in 2015, after the midterm elections, was slightly more mixed than I expected, with 188 votes for and 48 against. But the majority of those voting No explained that they really wanted him going to jail; were afraid it would backfire on the Republicans in 2016; or, in a few cases, didn't want to see Joe Biden in the Oval Office. I, on the other hand, would love to see Biden, the incumbent, and Mrs. Clinton duke it out in the primaries, so long as the GOP nominee eventually wound up winning the general election.

Speaking of which, in response to "Which GOP nominee you would most prefer to see topping the ticket in 2016, it was nip-and-

tuck all the way, but in the end, Ted Cruz edged out Ben Carson 65-62. Scott Walker came in third with 50 votes. Of the 27 names that were mentioned, the only others who received double digits were Trey Gowdy with 18 and Rand Paul with 11. The only ones to receive more than five votes were Mitt Romney and Marco Rubio (9), Allen West (8); Sarah Palin (6); and Bobby Jindal (5). Just for the record, Jesus Christ and I each got one vote.

For those of you who live to say "Gotcha!" I acknowledge that if you add up the number of votes garnered by those 12 people, you come up with 245. So how is it that with 15 other politicians receiving between 1 and 4 votes each, I would have the gall to claim that only 265 people responded to the poll? Okay, I'll come clean. It's because some people simply couldn't limit themselves to a single candidate. Would you have had me tell them to just suck it up and make a decision for once in their miserable, wishy-washy, lives? I considered it, but, heck, I don't have that many readers to begin with. I figured there was no point in pissing off the precious few I do have.

When it came to the GOP candidate they least wanted to see as the standard bearer, 17 people received dishonorable mentions, along with "Any RINO," "Any country club blueblood," "Anyone whose parents weren't American citizens when he was born" and "Anybody who's been in Washington for more than six years."

Of the 17 individuals mentioned by name, the top vote-getters were Jeb Bush (76) and Chris Christie (73). For a while, the lead kept switching back and forth, but in the end, Jeb and "Anyone Named Bush" pulled it out.

Others who received double-digit negative votes were John McCain (18); Mitt Romney (14); Rand Paul (11); Rick Santorum and Marco Rubio (10).

I wish I could have personally responded to all 265 of you,

but if I had, you wouldn't have gotten the results until October. So please accept this general thank-you to all who took part in the proceedings, and a grateful tip of the hat to all of you who didn't bother. I can't believe how time-consuming this polling business can be!

Frankly, I don't know if we can conclude anything from these results. But at least now you can't go around bad-mouthing polls for no better reason than that you've never been polled. And for my part, I can brag that in certain weird quarters I'm as popular as Jesus.

“MSNBC: Where Anyone Can Be A Host”

If it were up to me, “Unfair and Unbalanced” would be the motto of MSNBC. Instead, they've chosen to go with “Lean Forward.” When your hosts include the likes of Rachel Maddow, Chris Matthews, Ed Schultz, Woody Allen's kid Ronan Farrow and Al Sharpton, you're not really running a cable news network, though. It's really more of an asylum for the insane and the inane.

In some quarters, MSNBC stands for Morons, Slackers, Nitwits, Bigots and Cuckoos. What other so-called news organization would offer a bully pulpit to the likes of Al Sharpton? As S.E. Cupp reminds me, Sharpton is the race-baiting weasel who has said the following about Jews: (“If the Jews want to get it on, tell them to pin their yarmulkes back and come over to my house.”); about white people and gays: (“White folks was in caves while we was building empires. We taught philosophy and astrology and mathematics before Socrates and them Greek homos ever got around to it.”); about Mormons: (As for the one Mormon

running for office, those who really believe in God will defeat him anyway, so don't worry about that.")

I think we can all draw some comfort from the fact that, judging by the ratings, not even their hosts are watching MSNBC.

Inasmuch as huge numbers of Iraqi soldiers doffed their uniforms and laid down their guns in spite of out-numbering the mutants comprising ISIS, perhaps we can all agree to stop arming Muslims. In the future, when going to war with followers of Allah, let us keep in mind we should never trust them with our weaponry. That's because they are far likelier to use them on us than on our mutual enemies.

Recently, my friend Steve Maikoski wryly observed that Obama's foreign policy has been a success; we are now a foreign country. But I would say that while that must be the way we appear to our allies, it is because of his domestic agenda that so many of us no longer recognize the nation where we were born and that we grew up loving.

For instance, the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office decided to cancel the trademark of the Washington "Redskins" because they decided it was derogatory to Native Americans. For those of you who don't think this is a big deal, you're wrong. For one thing, it violates the First Amendment. For another, it means that, as with the IRS and the FBI, yet another federal agency has decided to abandon its independence in favor of doing Obama's bidding. And, finally, it is encouraging people who have no connection to the team or the NFL to engage in what is immoral and should be illegal behavior by marketing team paraphernalia.

Not too surprisingly, one of the few entities to applaud the decision was the Council for American Islamic Relations. CAIR, the Islamic Bund, agreed that "Redskins" is disparaging to Native Americans, although one poll after another has shown

that the majority of Native Americans don't feel even slightly disparaged by the name.

So, while I oppose the action of the Patent Office, I wouldn't mind in the slightest if team owner Daniel Snyder decides to field a team known as the Washington Ragheads.

A while back I heard from a reader, Joe Sprowls, who objected to my calling for the elimination of the VA. It had been my suggestion that our military veterans be provided with vouchers they could use in the private sector. But because he identified himself as a disabled vet and because he convinced me that the doctors at the VA are the ones best-equipped to deal with certain types of medical problems, I had to respect his dissenting opinion.

After mulling things over, I came up with a compromise. For the sole purpose of caring for those vets suffering from war-related injuries, I would allow the VA to keep its doors open. That would slash costs, diminish the size of the bureaucracy and cut down on the wait time for appointments. All other veterans would get those vouchers. Just for the record, Mr. Sprowls signed off on my proposal.

Here in California, because Jerry Brown, with the indulgence of an overwhelmingly Democratic Assembly and State Senate, runs things, we are now faced with the prospect of hundreds of millions of our taxdollars going to fund a high speed train. Although it's been labeled The Train to Nowhere, it's actually scheduled to run between L.A. and San Francisco.

In 2008, 53% of the voters decided they couldn't live without it. Today, the percentage of those who still favor its construction rests at 41%. But Governor Brown continues to promote it in spite of the state's teetering on the brink of financial ruin.

Even for Brown, previously known as Governor Moonbeam, it's a nutty idea. Aside from its enormous price tag, the fact

remains that California is a car culture. Most people cover the 400 miles between the two cities in about six hours. The choo-choo promises to cut that time in half. Big deal! Once you arrive, unless your whole purpose was to compare the two train depots, you'll have to go to the bother and expense of renting a car.

Nobody really knows why Jerry Brown is so gung-ho about getting the darn thing built. I can only assume the schmuck always wanted his own toy train set and his dad, chintzy Pat Brown, never got around to buying him one.

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Allah Be Appraised

Although I have never claimed to be as politically correct as, say, the N.Y. Times, I like to think of myself as a reasonably open-minded fellow where people who are different from me are concerned. And, inasmuch as most people are very different from me—and glad of it—I get a lot of practice. Furthermore, I have always contended that bigots are just plain lazy, and that if you just take the trouble to know people as individuals, almost invariably you will discover better reasons to despise them other than their race, religion or bizarre sexual proclivities.

So, please believe me when I swear I'm only moderately skeptical when American Muslims claim to be loyal to this country and totally opposed to bringing sharia law to our shores. What I refuse to accept for a single second is their

contention that Osama bin Laden was an aberration, an unholy defiler of the tenets of their peace-loving religion. As people used to say, tell it to the Marines.

No, I have not read the Qur'an. And while I have heard highly inflammatory excerpts from those who have read the holy book, I'm aware that Satan can quote or even misquote scripture to his own purpose. Another ancient adage, however, states that the proof is in the pudding. In the case of Islam, I would suggest that the pudding is to be found in every nation where Muslims hold the reins. Or, perhaps, one should say, the whip.

Can it be mere coincidence that, although liberty has flourished in nations that are predominantly Protestant, Catholic, Hindu, Jewish, Shinto, Buddhist, Lutheran and Anglican, it's never taken root where Muhammad's word is law? Can it be mere happenstance that wherever you look in the Muslim world, from Sudan to Syria, from Iran to Yemen, from Lebanon to Saudi Arabia, wherever Islam holds sway, you will find one totalitarian state after another? Only time will tell if Iraq or Libya will be the exception, but, frankly, I'm not betting on it.

True, you will find a variety of national leaders, including oil-rich sheiks, fanatical ayatollahs and run-of-the-mill tyrants, but one and all could dine comfortably with a Russian czar or a Chicago gangster.

For an allegedly peaceful religion, isn't it remarkable that wherever Islam gains a stranglehold, you will find the nightmare of slavery, genocide, honor killings and female stoning and mutilation, the norm?

I have heard folks say that the historical reason for all this is that, of all the founders of the major religions, only Muhammad was a warrior. Although a merchant by trade, he led his followers in the bloody conquest of Mecca. So perhaps the die was cast thirteen centuries ago. Hell, for all I know,

maybe it goes back to climate. I know I'm a perfect grouch when the temperature goes through the roof and the air conditioning conks out.

Maybe it has something to do with too much sand in one's diet. Or perhaps living in close proximity to camels, a notoriously nasty beast, is the reason behind the cult of death that celebrates suicide bombings throughout the Middle East?

To tell you the truth, when I first heard tell of the awards that allegedly awaited Islamic martyrs, even I began to see the attraction. I mean, on the face of it, moving from Jenin or Tehran, say, to Paradise sounds like an awfully good deal. Toss in six dozen beautiful virgins, and what healthy, red-blooded nincompoop wouldn't gladly blow himself to Kingdom Come?

The problem, of course, is that, like most youngsters, they never bother thinking things through. For instance, in the natural course of events, what the impetuous young idiot will inevitably have on his hands are six dozen ex-virgins.

And if he thinks he has it bad now, just wait until he winds up spending eternity with 72 women who while away each and every day complaining that he's always leaving his burnoose on the floor, doesn't help out with the kids, and never takes them dancing.

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