

Obama, Gays and Betting On The Oscars

Where does Obama keep finding these guys? As if Eric Holder wasn't horrible enough, Obama tried to push Debo Adebile, whose most notable achievement was keeping a cop killer from being executed, into the Department of Justice, turning it into even more of a sewer than it already was.

Next, he decided to make Vivak Hallegere Murthy, who apparently regards the Second Amendment to be a greater threat to the nation's health than booze, tobacco and Katherine Sebelius, put together, America's Surgeon General.

Obama has also hired an Afghan immigrant named Mohammad Rasool to be a financial management analyst for the IRS. Odd even for Obama, considering the fact Mr. Rasool had a friend who just happened to be connected to al-Qaeda. What's more, he tried to help his chum evade a terrorism probe by the FBI. Ultimately, the friend was arrested, convicted and deported. Mr. Rasool was arrested, placed on probation for two years and, perhaps by way of apology for causing a Muslim the slightest bit of embarrassment, given this gig with the IRS.

I'm just asking, understand, but doesn't Obama know any guys named Tom, Steve or Charlie? And is it just me, but doesn't "Barack" sound like the noise you make when you're trying to clear your throat?

Speaking of which, when I get on a plane, I want the pilot and co-pilot to have names along the lines of Jack, Bob or Hank. Perhaps if they're English, Canadian or Australian, they can be named Philip, Ross or Jonathan. What I don't want is to board a jetliner and hear a voice on the PA say: "Welcome aboard Malaysia Airlines. This is your pilot, Zahara Ahmad Shah and I know I speak for my co-pilot Fariq Abdul Hamid when

I say Allah Akbar. Now sit back, relax and prepare to die, infidel dogs!"

My own theory about the missing airliner is that it was abducted by a James Bond villain, and is probably concealed on an island with a retractable roof. The only other possibility that has occurred to me is that the Bermuda Triangle has moved to the Indian Ocean.

When I recently wrote about my idea to present a little figurine called the Neville to the biggest wienie on the world stage, a reader wrote to say that England's hapless pre-WWII prime minister, Neville Chamberlain, after whom my booby prize was named, and our current commander-in-chief were exactly alike. I begged to differ. Chamberlain, I pointed out, was an Englishman of the old school and always carried an umbrella, whereas Obama carries a parasol.

I don't watch very much TV, except for old movies on TCM, a few shows on Fox News, the New York Yankees during baseball season and one or two English mysteries. So it wasn't too surprising that I was late discovering the sit com "Modern Family." One reason I'd avoided it is that I hate getting hooked on shows because they can be so time-consuming. Another reason is that I knew that one of the three families involved was a homosexual couple.

It wasn't out of any hatred of gays. Having worked most of my life in Hollywood, I have nothing against them so long as they're not tying up traffic with their goofy parades; running amok in churches; or pretending that a same-sex marriage is just the same as any other, only better, as one of George Orwell's characters in "Animal Farm" might have said.

My reason was that I had gotten so sick and tired of having every homosexual I encountered in movies or on TV portrayed as not only the fount of all wisdom, but kind and warm, funny and generous, the best friends and finest neighbors anyone could

possibly imagine, but nobody has ever had.

When I finally broke down and watched "Modern Family," I was surprised to discover that Mitchell and Cameron have all the foibles and frailties of every other dopey character on the show, and then some. Just like real life.

In fact, I have only one problem with "Modern Family": except for the kid who plays Manny, I can barely understand a single word slurred by the other three teenagers on the show. Just like real life.

Speaking of things pop cultural, I am here to offer a tip to those of you given to betting on the Academy Awards. Because Hollywood places such a premium on good looks, they tend to be in awe of anyone who gains or loses a lot of weight for a role or someone, especially an actress, who allows herself to look less than her best on screen. Right there, you have the explanation for Robert De Niro winning an Oscar for "Raging Bull," Matthew McConaughey winning one for "Dallas Buyers Club," Shelley Winters winning for "The Diary of Anne Frank," Charlize Theron for "Monster" and Ann Hathaway for "Les Miz."

Academy voters are also overly impressed if people go against their previous image, which explains the Oscars that went to Frank Sinatra for playing the dorky Maggio in "From Here to Eternity," and former good girls Donna Reed and Shirley Jones playing bad girls in "From Here to Eternity" and "Elmer Gantry," respectively.

But, best of all, in a town where actors generally decide whether or not to accept a role only after counting their lines in the script, you can't top playing someone who can't or won't speak if you have your eye on an Oscar. Jane Wyman won for "Johnny Belinda," but she was also raped in the movie, so Ingrid Bergman, Olivia de Havilland, Irene Dunne and Barbara Stanwyck, never stood a chance.

Other non-speakers who walked home with Oscars were John Mills

for "Ryan's Daughter," Daniel Day-Lewis for "My Left Foot", Holly Hunter" for "The Piano," Jean Dujardin for "The Artist" and Marlee Matlin for "Children of a Lesser God."

But Ms. Matlin had the ultimate advantage of actually being deaf, so Sissy Spacek, Jane Fonda, Kathleen Turner and Sigourney Weaver, might as well have stayed home and re-arranged their canned goods.

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"Poverty: Another War We've Lost" and "Minimum Wage & Minority Rights"

Because this is the 50th anniversary of Lyndon Johnson's declaring war on poverty, there has been a lot of attention paid to the problem that I'm betting will somehow survive even longer than cockroaches and Twinkies.

Over the past half century, more than \$20 trillion has been squandered on various programs intended to magically bring those who refuse to be educated, to refrain from using drugs or waiting until marriage to have children, into the middle class. Like all federal programs initiated by liberals, it demands nothing of recipients but that they refuse to change their ways.

The upshot of all these programs is that whereas there were 36 million people living below the poverty line in 1964, today

there are 47 million. The Democrats would have you believe that the soaring of the illegitimate birth rate from seven percent in 1964 to 40% today is nothing more than a coincidence.

The benefit to the Democrats is that at no cost to the DNC, they ensure themselves of at least 25% of the votes anytime an election rolls around.

That is also the reason that the Democrats are so heavily invested in raising the minimum wage and extending unemployment benefits. Dependent voters are dependable voters. That's why Obama and Harry Reid actually insist that unemployment insurance creates jobs. But they don't bother explaining why, that being the case, after five years, anyone is still jobless. They also don't explain why they are pushing for a mere three month extension of unemployment payments. Why not three years? Why not 30 years if it's such an enormous boon for the economy?

Liberals insist that adding people to the dole is an act of kindness. If so, they're killing America, especially the vanishing middle class, with kindness.

The reason, I believe, that democracy is so irrational is that it empowers the irrational, the illiterate, the slothful and the greedy.

Speaking of which, after sending Barack and the kids, presumably her nearest and dearest, home from Hawaii, with whom was Michelle sticking around to celebrate her fiftieth birthday? And for a president more concerned with optics than reality, did it ever occur to Obama that blowing a million of our tax dollars so that the missus could extend a two-week vacation for herself and her team of Secret Service agents looks like the sort of boorish behavior one might have expected of King Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette?

Obama, who makes a habit of spitting in America's eye,

recently selected Debo Adegbile to head up the Civil Rights Division of the Justice Department. Up to now, Adegbile's major claim to fame was that he represented notorious cop killer Mumia Abu-Jamal. A question that inevitably pops to mind is whether Obama's proclivity for appointing people with Islamic names to positions in his administration comes naturally or if he goes out of his way for no other reason than to piss us off.

Once again, we're hearing from certain quarters that college athletes should be paid to play football and basketball. I guess in their constant search for the downtrodden, some knuckleheads don't mind making absolute fools of themselves. Are they totally unaware of the fact that college athletes are already getting a free ride and their choice of coeds, whereas those who are trying to become doctors and lawyers are forced to run up thousands of dollars of debt in student loans?

What's more, the athletes spend their four years being coached, housed and fed, while getting the opportunity to audition for the teams waiting to make them millionaires for no better reason than their ability to throw passes, shoot baskets or muscle other 300-pound behemoths around a field.

I know there was a time when Americans were forbidden from visiting certain nations. Apparently that is no longer the case. Still, how is it that Dennis (The Worm) Rodman is apparently free to fly off every other weekend to play footsies with North Korea's Kim Jong-un? Is Jane Fonda his travel agent?

The truth is I have no real objection to Rodman's going wherever he likes, whenever he likes. But why on earth do we keep letting the jackass back in?

"Minimum Wage & Minority Rights"

The big brouhaha that ensued after "Duck Dynasty" patriarch Paul Robertson shared his biblical-based opinion of sodomites

ended as I assumed it would. After first bending to objections from the homosexual community and suspending Mr. Robertson, the A&E network quickly reversed itself when some grown-up at corporate headquarters must have said, "Are you guys all insane? Robertson's TV show is the only thing that's keeping the lights on around here."

I'm not saying that homosexuals or any other minority group shouldn't have every right to make its feelings known. I'm only suggesting it doesn't entitle them to having the final say.

I know that's not the politically correct attitude to have these days when we're all expected to stop in our tracks and make a U-turn simply because someone who happens to be black or gay, Hispanic or Jewish, starts whining about having his feelings bruised. But when you get right down to it, political correctness is really just a silly term that was invented in order to dignify cowardice and dishonesty.

The best news to emerge from the contretemps is that apparently Jesse Jackson had demanded a meeting with the executives at A&E – and miracle of miracles – he was snubbed. Perhaps other corporations will take the hint and quit paying extortion to the despicable old thug.

In a related matter, comedian Steve Martin wound up getting hammered because of a joke he tweeted when asked: "Is this how you spell lasonia?" He replied, "It depends. Are you in an African-American neighborhood or at an Italian restaurant?"

In his attempt to quell the ensuing outrage, he went on to tweet, "I knew of the name Lasonia spelled with a capital, but I just thought it was amusing to point out it sounded like 'lasagna.'"

For one thing, I figured Martin had established his liberal credentials by using "African-American" where we lesser mortals would have gone with "black." But are we supposed to

ignore the fact that it wasn't that long ago that black politicians and elite academicians were promoting Ebonics as an authentic and legitimate dialect? Or maybe we're expected to pretend we haven't noticed that blacks have begun sticking their newborns with names heretofore unknown anywhere in the universe.

Speaking of which, here in L.A., you often come across cheesy apartment buildings with names like RaSar or MaReb, indicating that a married couple whose names happen to be Ralph and Sarah or Marvin and Rebecca own the joint. But I think SeaTac, WA, a combination of Seattle and Tacoma, is the only city that ever came by its name in a similar manner. At least I hope so.

But SeaTac has now achieved distinction in a whole new way. It is now the first city in the nation that has established \$15-an-hour as its minimum wage. It didn't take long for the owners of local hotels, restaurants and car rental agencies, to announce they'll be firing large numbers of employees. One hotel owner, who already has three hotels in town, announced he has canceled plans to open a fourth.

That didn't prevent Kshama Sawant, a newly elected city councilwoman, from announcing, "There may be a few jobs lost, but it's a good thing."

Even if she hadn't run as a socialist, you would have guessed as much. It is equally obvious that she and her fellow council members are people who, like the folks in the Obama administration, have never had to meet a company payroll.

Moreover, I insist that Ms. Sawant and her colleagues are a bunch of cheap bastards. Since we know it's not their money they're tossing around, why didn't they raise the minimum wage to \$50-an-hour? I know I personally would feel a lot better about myself if I lost a \$50-an-hour job than one that paid a paltry \$15.

What these progressive dimwits never seem to grasp is that

when you force employers to pay unskilled workers far more than they're actually worth, they move their businesses if they can or shut their doors if they can't. Then, as night follows day, you lose your tax base, and, voila, you get to be the next Detroit.

The NY Times, which doesn't mind embarrassing itself any more than Bill Maher, Chris Matthews and Miley Cyrus, seem to, ran a front page story that insisted that al-Qaeda had nothing to do with the Benghazi massacre. In what was obviously a clumsy attempt to protect Obama and Mrs. Clinton from the fallout, the paper not only ignored real-time film of the attack but eyewitness testimony to Congress. The Old Gray Lady even went so far as to parrot Susan Rice's lies that the attack was a spontaneous response to that silly video nobody had even seen.

It is extraordinary the length to which liberals will go when it comes to turning a blind eye on innocent corpses, whether it be in Chappaquiddick, Massachusetts, or Benghazi, Libya.

Also, it strikes me as high time the media quit trying to determine whether one group of jihadist creeps committed specific crimes against humanity or whether it was merely an affiliate. Maybe an Arab mother could tell the difference between Al-Qaeda, Hamas, Hezbollah, the Muslim Brotherhood and the Taliban, but I fail to see, in the immortal words of Hillary Clinton, what difference it really makes. It is a viper with a hundred million heads and they all need chopping off.

In yet another attempt to get us all talking about something besides the mess Obama has made of our health care system, the Democrats are now crying "Foul!" over the Republicans' refusal to continue extending unemployment benefits.

Only a liberal could convince himself that two years isn't more than enough time to either find a job or learn a new skill. But, then, Democrats have long contended that Welfare

Recipient and Permanently Unemployed are legitimate careers.

Finally, the Hippocratic Oath requires all doctors to swear to "First, do no harm." I would say that's a vow that Obama and every other Democrat who foisted the Affordable Care Act on us should have made.

But perhaps I'm just being naive. After all, those schmucks already swore to abide by the Constitution, and we've all seen how that's worked out.

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