

Liberals: An Endless Source Of Amusement

Liberals, I hasten to add, are also an endless source of aggravation, terror and sheer nausea. But, really, if you can't laugh at them, you not only lack a sense of humor, but even the most basic of coping skills required to survive the current administration.

For instance, Joe Biden, who can nearly always be counted on to be unintentionally hilarious, recently told a crowd of sycophants in Joplin, MO, that we should never forget the 161,000 Missourians who lost their lives during the 2011 tornado that ravaged their town. Because everyone in the crowd and on the stage with him was a liberal, nobody pointed out to the Vice President that the actual number was 161. Joplin's entire population is only 50,150 and, no, Mr. Biden, it wasn't 211,150 before the tornado hit.

Even when Biden tells the truth, as he recently did at Harvard, when he pointed out that our alleged allies, Saudi Arabia, Turkey and the United Arab Emirates, have spent years financing Islamic terrorism, he wound up having to apologize for his unseemly candor. I'm sure Biden has learned his lesson and will never again tell the truth about anything.

Even the FBI's chief honcho, James Comey, made me laugh when he said that the Americans who have been fighting alongside the butchers of ISIL will be "closely tracked" when they return. The FBI couldn't even keep track of the Tsarnaev brothers before they blew up the Boston marathoners, the agency's excuse being that someone had misspelled "Tsarnaev" on a terrorist list.

To tell the truth, I didn't start laughing immediately because I assumed I was going deaf. You see, I so much expected him to

say the homegrown vermin would be indicted, tried and sent off to be gnawed on by rats in a dungeon as soon as they stepped onto the tarmac at Dulles or JFK, I was simply caught by surprise.

As you may have noticed, Obama had refused for the longest time to give a name to the bombing mission in Iraq and Syria. Looking to correct that oversight, Free Republic.com suggested its readers give it a try. Some of the submissions were "Operation Too Little, Too Late," "Operation Just for Show," "Operation Pussyfoot," and "Operation Rolling Blunder." I would have suggested "Operation Nothing Ventured, Nothing Ventured." Just recently, Obama finally came up with (a drum roll, please) "Operation Inherent Resolve," proving once again that we're all better off when this administration does nothing than when it does something.

When asked why Obama elects to call the Khorasan Group by that name instead of calling it Al Qaeda, which it is in spite of Obama's having campaigned as the dude who wiped it off the map, a spokesperson for the President said, with a straight face, it was because that's what they call themselves. However, when it came to the butchers affiliated with the Islamic State, Obama insisted that no matter what they call themselves, they are neither a state nor Islamic. This is clearly a man who regards consistency, along with honesty, to be cardinal sins.

That reminds me that while I hate tooting my own horn – always hoping that others will step forward and volunteer – I must point out that three years ago, when Obama announced that Assad's days were numbered, I pointed out that everyone's days are numbered, but I was giving odds that Syria's despot would remain in power longer than our own. Unfortunately, I didn't have any takers because even then most people recognized that Obama was just a big gasbag.

Another funny thing about liberals is that they always fear

guns more than they do the various thugs who misuse them.

But nowhere, not even in Washington, D.C., are liberals as hilarious as they are in Hollywood. This is ground zero for more lunacy than even I can keep track of, but, then, I lack the resources of the F.B.I.

For openers, this is the one place in America where even conservatives often have to pretend to be liberals in order to be employable and be invited to parties. This is the bizarre world where actors are every bit as likely as actresses to have a plastic surgeon on speed dial, and where starlets are so pumped up with silicone that even their own dogs can no longer recognize them.

Oscar-winning actress Jennifer Lawrence explained the existence of her nude photos by stating that she had been in "a loving, healthy, great relationship for four years, but it was a long distance relationship, and either your boyfriend is going to look at porn or he's going to look at you." She added that she was as angry with those who looked at her nude photos as she was with the hackers who downloaded them because even looking constituted a sex crime.

Well, even though I didn't look at the photos, I think she was being unfair. I suspect that the various Peeping Toms imagined that they, too, were in a loving, healthy, great – albeit long distance –relationship with Jennie, if only for a few minutes.

Speaking of actors, one of my all-time favorites was the sardonic Englishman, Alastair Sim. Not only was he superb in "School for Scoundrels," "The Green Man," "An Inspector Calls" and "The Belles of Saint Trinian's," but he was responsible for yet another great comedic tour de force. It seems that Alec Guinness was so impressed by Sim's performance in "Dulcimer Street" that he confessed using it as the basis for his own memorable turn in "The Ladykillers."

Alastair George Bell Sim, as he was baptized, not only was a

remarkable actor who had the distinction of having had four names, each of which was one or two letters shorter than the previous one, but he once said a very wise thing that, like Alec Guinness, I intend to adopt, perhaps as my own epitaph: "It was revealed to me many years ago with conclusive certainty that I was a fool. Since then, I have been as happy as any man has a right to be."

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

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