

Waving Bye-Bye to Common Sense

I happen to believe that the whole notion of man-made global warming is a load of hooey. After all, it's a matter of record that temperatures were rising and falling long before the Industrial Revolution took place, and have continued to fluctuate even after the advent of the internal combustion engine.

Furthermore, I believe that Al Gore and the various grifters who have promoted the notion that we could control the weather if only we would agree to return to the Stone Age are only looking to line their pockets by scamming the rest of us. Still, I'd be lying if I said they haven't wormed their way partially into my heart by providing me with more than a few laughs.

For instance, in 2009, they decided to hold the week-long U.N. Climate Change Conference in Copenhagen. In December, no less, when the temperatures hovered in the low 20s and there were four inches of snow on the ground. And yet some people insist that God doesn't have a sense of humor.

More recently, the Russians sent a ship down to the South Pole to report on all the melting ice that was leaving thousands of penguins homeless. As you may have read, the ship became icebound and the crew had to be rescued by Chinese helicopters. Even the penguins were chuckling. I swear you can't make this stuff up.

What's more, these folks whose deity is Chicken Little never tell you what would be so terrible if the earth did warm up a bit? Would it be so awful if grapes could once again be grown in England or if baseball season could finally get underway in April without all that damn snow on the ground?

The one doomsday story they seem to enjoy dragging out is that if all the polar ice disappeared, it would raise the level of the Pacific Ocean, and liberal haunts such as Seattle, San Francisco and L.A., would wind up under water. And they actually think that's a bad thing!

In case you missed the news, Eric Holder, a fellow not widely known for his sweet nature, has decided to grant compassionate leave to lawyer-cum-terrorist groupie Lynne Stewart, who was supposed to stay behind bars until 2018. It seems that she has cancer and is not expected to live much longer.

As a rule, I'm not opposed to compassion, but this is the woman who achieved public notoriety as the lawyer for Omar Abdel-Rahman, aka the Blind Sheik, the mastermind behind the bombing of New York's World Trade Center in 1993 and any number of other murderous attacks. Osama bin Laden regarded him as a role model and often sang his praises.

Although it is troubling enough that an American would volunteer to be Abdel-Rahman's mouthpiece, Mrs. Stewart's efforts far exceeded providing him with a defense for the indefensible. She also served as his conduit, using her status as his lawyer to pass along the Sheik's marching orders to his followers. It was for aiding and abetting a convicted jihadist that she was tried and sentenced.

I can't help recalling that the last time compassion was the flimsy excuse for springing a terrorist, it was Abdelbaset al-Megrehi, the man responsible for blowing up the airliner over Lockerbie, Scotland, killing 290 people. He, too, was allegedly on his last legs when the English sent him on his way, but he somehow managed to hang on for three more years. Perhaps it was the hero's welcome he received upon landing in Libya that gave him a new lease on life.

Aside from the way that Barack Obama was sold to the American public, there has probably never been a more remarkable

example of successful marketing than the way that sodomy has been re-packaged. Both in movies and on TV, homosexuals have been promoted as asexual beings, sort of like large teddy bears who just love to hug and cuddle, with nary a mention of anal intercourse.

One needn't be Phil Robertson to be revolted by the disgusting practice. I mean, honestly, if you knew that a friend, co-worker or neighbor, made a habit of, say, sticking his fingers in poop, would you be okay with it because what people do behind closed doors is none of your business, especially if done in the name of love, or would you feel you had the right to think it was filthy and abnormal behavior?

Might you at the very least find yourself reluctant to shake hands with them?

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America's Got Talent – No Pity Party Please!

☒ I love America's Got Talent. Watching it puts a smile on my face. But what I've noticed is that some of the contestants LOVE to tell a hard luck story which, in my mind, is a plea for a pity vote. This is not unique to AGT. American Idol is a far worse offender of this practice. I'm not even sure whose idea it is – the producers, the network, the contestants themselves.

Here's a perfect example. Last week, opera singer, Branden James, was interviewed before his performance and laments that he was raised in a conservative household. When I heard that,

I knew exactly what was coming next he is openly gay and his mother doesn't accept his homosexuality and opera allows him to be himself, blah, blah, blah. Woe is me! I'm a victim! Please vote for me!

Well, he went on stage, sung the aria from Puccini's Turandot, my favorite by the way, Nessun Dorma, and it was okay as far as I was concerned. I don't think I've ever heard Luciano Pavarotti sing Nessun Dorma without crying – that's how moving I find the song, particularly since I've seen the opera several times. Anyway, Mr. James was able to hit all the notes but his rendition did not even give me goose bumps, but that's just me.

What ticks me off is his complaining how his lifestyle isn't accepted by his family. Well, his mother was in the audience and I don't think I've ever seen a prouder or happier mother, especially when he hit the high C. So what does this guy want?

What does having sex with men have to do with your ability to sing? Are we supposed to vote for this guy because he's gay? If you tell me you suffered from throat cancer a few years ago and you can now sing like Andrea Bocelli, I'll listen to you. If you tell me you lost your legs in a car accident and you're still an amazing gymnast with prosthetic legs, I'll be impressed. But the fact that you sleep with men has absolutely nothing to do with your ability to sing. So why do I have to know that? I've yet to see any contestant saying they have sex with the opposite sex. So why do we need to know this about Branden James?

Am I supposed to think worse of your mother because she doesn't accept your lifestyle? Or should I think more of you because you're gay? You come off as a crybaby. She looked like a very happy lady in the audience and you should be grateful she was there to support you.

So just shut up and sing. And while you're at it, I'll have some cheese with your whine.

I don't get it, but if you do, God bless you.

... And, By the Way, He's Gay

✘ Last week, Gov. Jerry Brown of California signed a bill which would require inclusion of the contributions of gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgender Americans in school lessons and textbooks.

This had to be the dumbest thing I read last week. Why, you ask?

Let me start by saying, I don't want to know or care how, when, where or with whom or what you want to involve yourself sexually. I've absolutely no idea why that would be of interest to anyone.

Now that we've got that out of way, can anyone explain to me how anyone's accomplishments become more or less important or significant if we learn the person is part of the GLBT community?

This is just plain ridiculous, stupid and ludicrous. Did I say this is absurd? Dumb? Idiotic? Are you getting where I'm coming from?

And a few words to California State Sen. Mark Leno, who sponsored the bill, and who had the audacity to compare Martin Luther King, Jr. to Harvey Milk and who thinks both men fought for civil rights and were assassinated for it.

There's absolutely no comparison! MLK, Jr. had not fought for

the right to have a sexual preference which, by the way, should be a private matter, but rather advocated for an injustice which was clearly evident to anyone with half a brain.

Before the civil rights movement, blacks were treated as second-rate citizens, relegated to the back of the bus, required to drink out of separate water fountains and did not have the right to vote. Can anyone show me where or when a gay person was forced to sit in the back of the bus or drank from a separate water fountain or prevented from voting?

The law won't go into effect for at least five years because of the state's textbook adoption process, but I think it'll take that much time just to figure out the Table of Contents.

Will there be a section for heterosexual, homosexual, bisexual and transgender individuals? Will every historical person have a letter after his or her name, the same way we identify Republicans (R) and Democrats (D)? When the father of country, George Washington, is discussed, will the section be prefaced: "Heterosexual, George Washington was the first President of the United States" or will he simply have an (S) after his name?

If someone has been identified as a bisexual, will he or she appear in both the heterosexual and homosexual sections of the textbooks?

If someone is transgendered, will we read about his early accomplishments in the male section and her later achievements in the female section? But what if the transgendered person who becomes a female identifies herself as a lesbian? What if she prefers men? Where will her story be included?

The whole idea is ridiculous.

Do I think the "The Picture of Dorian Gray," or "The Well of Loneliness" are wonderful books because their authors, Oscar

Wilde (G) and Radcliffe Hall (L) were homosexual? Of course not. Have I not read the poetry of Edna St. Vincent Millay because she was bisexual? Absolutely not. Gay, straight, whatever, I don't care. I wouldn't read any of it because I don't like poetry. Period.

After it was revealed that Rock Hudson was gay, did I no longer love his movies, *Send Me No Flowers*, *Lover Come Back*, or *Pillow Talk*? No, I still think they're great.

The whole thing just feels like a further attempt to be politically correct and mainstream homosexuality into society even though the GLBT community is only approximately 3.8% of the total population of the United States.

And, finally, if we're talking about sexual preferences, which is really the only difference between gay and straight people – lesbians have sex with women and gays have sex with men – what if someone prefers to have sex with animals, are we to identify them with a (B) after their names for bestiality and if someone's preference is of the sado-masochistic persuasion, should (S-M) be after their name? The whole thing is nuts.

With all the problems facing California and the dropout numbers unacceptable, why is this important? For example, Latinos already represent more than half of the state's K-12 students. With a 40% dropout rate, shouldn't this be of greater concern to those in Sacramento? I'd be more concerned about students graduating than worrying whether someone preferred men or women. But that's just me.

I don't get it, but if you do, God bless you.