

# Connecting The Dots

I suspect I'm not the only person who looks around these days and feels as if the United States fought a war I wasn't aware of and is now under the thumb of a foreign dictator named Barack Hussein Obama. You must admit that even sounds like the name of a foreign dictator.

Surely a duly-elected American president wouldn't be bending over quite so far to accommodate a vile theocratic state such as Iran while simultaneously doing everything in his power to throw a traditional ally like Israel to the Islamic wolves.

Come to think of it, though, Obama only throws a baseball like a little girl. When it comes to tossing allies and underlings under the bus, you would think the schmuck was trying out for a spot on the pitching staff of the NY Yankees.

He first exhibited this tendency towards disloyalty by dumping Rev. Jeremiah Wright, the man he was proud to call his friend and religious mentor after 20 years of faithful attendance at his racist church until the day he thought the relationship might cost him a handful of votes.

Then, in relatively short order, he sent General Shenseki, Kathleen Sibelius, David Petraeus, Robert Gates, Leon Panetta and Chuck Hagel, packing. Even after being publicly humiliated by Obama, James Clapper hung on, but that was only because Clapper is a gamer who doesn't seem to mind eating poop so long as he can keep his corner office.

After Bill Cosby was accused of drugging and raping 26 women, Hugh Hefner said he was saddened if the accusations were true. "I would never tolerate this kind of behavior, regardless of who was involved."

What provoked Hefner's response was that one of the latest of Cosby's accusers, Judy Huth, claimed the drugging and raping

took place in 1975 at the Playboy Mansion when she was just 15 years old!

Now unless Ms. Huth was there as part of a ninth grade tour of L.A. landmarks, it sounds as if Hefner was providing jailbait for those of his celebrity buddies who like them young, although not necessarily drugged. I suppose there's a statute of limitations on pandering, although I can honestly say I have never understood the logic behind a law that says if you can get away with a crime long enough, you're home free. And that's the case even if your home happens to be the den of iniquity known as the Playboy Mansion.

Thanks to recent events in Ferguson, MO, and Staten Island, NY, every liberal in America feels entitled to scapegoat the police. You'll never see Obama or any of the current crop of so-called civil rights leaders point a finger at urban blacks, who have opted for a societal norm that is not only terrible for America, but resembles an asylum run by the inmates for its inhabitants.

If anyone had intentionally set out to ensure that blacks would fall further and further behind every other group in the country, including illegal aliens, they couldn't have had more satisfactory results.

First, you get the fathers out of the homes, threatening to cut off welfare to the women and children if they don't leave. Then, having removed a father's discipline, thus forcing young black women to try to curb the natural aggression of young males, and inevitably failing, you watch as the boys drop out of school and pursue a life of crime, drugs and unbridled promiscuity.

That, in turn, guarantees that the next generation will also be raised with an inherited contempt for education, women and all forms of authority, be it in the form of teachers or, especially, the police. Add to that the constant torrent of

hate speech directed towards white society by bottom-feeders like Obama, Holder, Sharpton, Jackson, Farrakhan, Wright and Mayor De Blasio, and it doesn't take much to set off the smoldering powder keg.

What makes it all the more tragic is that in fact it was all planned by Lyndon Johnson, who predicted that he would wrap up the black vote for the Democrats for the next hundred years, although instead of "black," he used the "N" word, as this hero of the civil rights movement so often did. It's only been 50 years so far, but the schmuck's prediction looks pretty solid at the halfway point.

As Polish novelist Joseph Conrad once observed, "A belief in a supernatural source of evil is not necessary; men are capable of every conceivable wickedness."

Everything about liberals is terrifying. One of the scariest things about them is the ease with which they lie. Whether it's Obama insisting on two dozen occasions that he didn't have the constitutional authority to grant amnesty to five million illegals and then doing so, or Nancy Pelosi denying she had ever heard of Jonathan Gruber in spite of videos showing her praising him to the skies, these people treat the truth with the same contempt they exhibit towards Republicans. Whoever came up with the line "Are you going to believe me or your lying eyes?" clearly had Democrats in mind.

Speaking of which, Chuck Schumer now rues the day that Obama pushed the Affordable Care Act on America. Unfortunately for Sen. Schumer, we all got to see a jerk named Schumer standing behind Obama the day he signed the bill and applauding like a trained seal. He then spent the next few years selling ObamaCare with the same zeal with which Henry Winkler, aka The Fonz, now peddles reverse mortgages to us old guys.

To give you some idea how evil and how powerful the EPA has been under Obama, in the past year, Congress passed 72 bills,

the bureaucrats – those Washington pashas that nobody gets to elect or boot out – imposed its will in the form of 3,659 regulations.

Although I have always regarded myself as a movie fan, and for 13 years was a movie critic, I very rarely go out to see them these days. With few exceptions, I'm not very interested in what Hollywood has to offer. However, because I am a member of the Writers Guild of America, the studios continue to send me DVDs at year's end because I get to vote for the writing awards my guild bestows. Still, even for free, I often find the price in terms of time wasted too steep to pay.

One of the recent turkeys was called "Whiplash." For reasons even I can't figure out, I watched it to the bitter end. It's about a young drummer enrolled in a prestigious music school, where, for reasons I also could not fathom, a sadistic, tyrannical, instructor is allowed to make every student's life a living hell.

After watching it, I sent email to my friends warning them that it was two hours of loud drumming interrupted occasionally by a bald man shouting obscenities at his young charges. To my shock, one of my friends wrote back to say he might see it anyway because, as he explained, "I like drum music."

After getting over my initial shock, I congratulated him on coming up with "drum music," which I regarded as the first totally original oxymoron I'd come across in years.

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