

“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?

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

Tune in at K4HD.com His Call-in Number is: (818) 570-5443

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A Stinkweed By Any Name

Wouldn't it be nice to be able to get through a single day without being reminded that something in the air or in the water has polluted America to such an extent that we have come to accept insanity as the norm?

For instance, the annual furor over Christmas has already begun. While it appears to be perfectly fine for textbooks to praise Islam while ignoring all the other religions and for schools to celebrate Muslim culture while denigrating our own and for teachers to indoctrinate our kids with the glory of socialism, the one place where the line gets drawn is when it comes to singing Christmas carols. The three options seem to be that they are banned entirely, banned only during the month of December or merely sprinkled in among such holiday ditties as "Frosty the Snowman" and "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer."

A news item that should be of even greater concern is that during this calendar year, at least nine generals and flag officers have been purged from the military by this administration. Although everything done by this administration can and should be traced back to Obama, whether it's the IRS targeting conservatives; Operation Fast & Furious; encouraging the Benghazi massacre to happen and then covering up the gruesome facts; or the disaster known as the Affordable Care Act; Obama can always be counted on to remain in the shadows, letting others – Lois Lerner, Eric Holder, Susan Rice, all the Democrats up for re-election next November – take the heat, apparently the military purge has Valerie Jarrett's fingerprints all over it.

In case you've never heard of Ms. Jarrett, she is the confidant of both Obamas, and pretty much plays the role for Barack and Michelle that Rasputin, the Mad Monk, played for Czar Nicolas and the Czarina, Alexandra. She, like Barack, comes out of the sewers of Chicago politics. Therefore, it

didn't matter whether the fired brass were pretty good at their jobs; what really mattered were whether they were in sync with Obama's left-wing policies, which included gays serving openly in the military, women serving in the front lines and this administration playing footsies with Syria, Russia and Iran.

It is ironic, though, that at the same time that Obama is dismissing men who have actually engaged in warfare, he apparently bragged, according to Mark Halperin's new book, "Double Down," "I'm really good at killing people. I didn't think that would be my strong suit."

Personally, I can't help wondering if Oslo has already sent a guy named Gunderson to the White House to take back the Nobel Peace Prize.

Apparently, Obama was referring to the drone strikes, but one could easily expand the statement to include the Affordable Care Act, which has already deprived nearly four million people of their health insurance, and which, by the end of 2014, when the employer mandate kicks in, could easily add another 50 or 60 million.

I know a lot of people are wishing that the election for governor in Virginia had taken place a few days later. Thanks to ObamaCare, all the momentum was shifting to the Republican, Ken Cuccinelli, and away from the Democrat, Terry McAuliffe, best known as a bag man for the Clintons. But what they're overlooking is that Cuccinelli, who was the first state attorney general to file a lawsuit against ObamaCare, would have won if only a besotted egotist named Robert Sarvis, running as a Libertarian, had stayed home. In an election McAuliffe won by fewer than 55,000 votes out of a total of 2.2 million, Sarvis managed to get 145,000 pinheads to waste their votes on him.

Speaking of politicians who might consider vocational

guidance, Toronto's Mayor Rob Ford, when asked if he'd ever smoked crack cocaine, admitted he probably had "during one of my drunken stupors."

He remains popular with the electorate, though, because he believes in lower taxes. And I, for one, say it's just not fair. Here's a Canadian politician who's strung out on booze and crack, and he still makes more sense than every Democrat in Congress.

Thomas Devine of Greenwood Village, Colorado, won the November drawing. a Copy of "Barack Obama, You're Fired!" is on its way to him.

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Cookies, Kooks and Calamities

Even being incarcerated isn't enough to make some hardened cases walk the straight and narrow. O.J. Simpson, who, among his other sins helped make household names out of creeps like Johnnie Cochran and Robert Shapiro, was recently busted by prison guards while trying to smuggle a dozen oatmeal cookies from the mess hall back to his cell.

In related news, Nabisco is negotiating with Simpson's representatives to make him their corporate spokesman. And, if he gets paroled, "Sesame Street" is considering making him their Cookie Monster. After all, nobody answers the job description better.

The new Iranian president, Hassan Rhumani, gives new meaning to diplomacy every time he opens his pie hole. Without even winking or giggling, he actually said, "Iran is a country that

loves culture and peace.” He also said, “We have never pursued a nuclear weapon.”

What gets me about mooks like Rhumani and Bashar al-Assad is that they spend half their time denying they have or are attempting to produce weapons of mass destruction and the other half offering to come to the negotiating table to discuss disposing of them.

One would wish that the United States was in a position to tell these people to stop lying, but when you have a president and secretary of state who can match them lie for lie and then some, the old adage about people living in glass houses invariably springs to mind.

Every time some nutcake runs amok and starts shooting up a mall, a school or a military installation, the usual gang of hypocrites can be counted on to start declaring war on the Second Amendment. What they can't be counted on to do is recognize the real problem with gun violence. If they did, they would first have to recognize that the occasional crazies like Jared Loughner, Adam Lanza and Aaron Alexis, get the headlines, but they only account for a small fraction of the innocent victims. But if you think for half a second, that the liberals will ever send the National Guard into the hood to separate the black and Latino gangbangers from their artillery, you're clearly non compos mentis.

Furthermore, if you think the ACLU is going to idly stand by and let the folks who use the sidewalks as their bedrooms and toilets be institutionalized against what passes for their free will, you simply haven't been paying attention for the past several decades.

Unfortunately, because politicians and celebrities spend their lives being protected by men with guns, they can afford to be oblivious to the dangers faced by the rest of us. Still, every time you see Dianne Feinstein bloviating about how awful guns

are, keep in mind that a while back, she was found to have a license to carry a concealed gun, and carry one she did. She claimed she had been threatened by a group of terrorists and was therefore justified to be a pistol-packing mama. After 9/11, Aurora, Newtown, Boston and the Navy Yard, not to mention all the teenage punks packing heaters, she has a fat lot of nerve pretending that we're in any less danger than she ever was. The only difference, as I see it, is that she has scores of armed guards protecting her work environment.

Because I receive so much email from readers, I am often in the right place to notice certain trends. For instance, the most obvious mistakes I used to find in these communications were those that confused "to, too and two" and "their, there and they're." Of late, hardly a day goes by when someone isn't confusing "loose" with "lose."

When these errors appear in messages taking me to task, I merely nod and think, "Well, of course. No wonder they disagree with my analysis." But when I find them lurking in email intended to give me a well-deserved pat on the back, it merely makes me sigh.

I was recently sent some amendments to Murphy's Law. Among my favorites were: "Light travels faster than sound. This is why some people appear bright until you hear them speak." "A fine is a tax for doing wrong. A tax is a fine for doing well." "Change is inevitable, except from a vending machine." "Those who live by the sword get shot by those who don't." "A flashlight is a case for holding dead batteries." "It is said that if you line up all the cars in the world end-to-end, someone from California would be stupid enough to try to pass them."

Finally, I've been seeing way too much of Henry Waxman on my TV recently as he's split his time between railing against the Second Amendment and demeaning Republicans for trying to defund ObamaCare. The thought that has occurred to me is that

he looks like the love child that would have resulted from the mating of two baseball mascots, possibly San Diego's Chicken and Milwaukee's Sausage.

Burt has two personal appearances!

On Thursday, Oct. 17th, at 12:30, he will be addressing the Palm Springs Republican Women Confederated, at 7 Lakes Country Club, 1 Desert Lakes Drive.

On Saturday, Oct. 19th, Burt be speaking to the Mountain View Republican Club at the Calaycay Ranch, , 1555 W. Baseline Road in Claremont, sometime between noon and 4 p.m.

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