

Stupidity As a Birthright

In case you missed it, on his first mission as Secretary of State, John Kerry boasted to a group of Germans "In America, you have a right to be stupid." A right?! For years now, the Democrats have relied on it to win elections. As for horse-faced John Kerry, were it not for the terminally stupid, he would have spent the last 30 years not in the Senate, but in a stable.

Speaking of stupid, I believe that Barack Obama has badly miscalculated the aftereffects of the Sequester. Perhaps it's because he, himself, is always campaigning that he has confused 2013 with an election year. If the results of his notion of across the board cuts in various federal agencies are half as terrible as he's been warning, it's he who will be blamed. And not just because Bob Woodward said that it was all his idea, but because his waging war on Congress is a truly dumb strategy.

For one thing, although Congress is nearly always unpopular, most people don't mind their own representatives. That's why incumbents are generally re-elected. For another thing, most Americans will forgive just about anything; the exceptions to that rule are those crybabies who go through life blaming their own failures on others. In Obama's case, he has done nothing but bash Bush and Republicans ever since he was first elected. I suspect even Michelle is getting a little tired of it.

Ironically, the one thing he can take credit for is ObamaCare, and that is just about the most universally despised piece of legislation since the invention of income tax.

By whining about Congress when the next elections are more than a year-and-a-half off, Obama makes himself the handiest target for those looking to curse out someone for long lines

at the airport or any of those other Doomsday events he has predicted. But as Secretary of State Kerry said, Obama has every right to be stupid. It would just make for a nice change if he didn't take advantage of that right quite so often.

The U.S. doesn't have a monopoly on stupidity. On the other side of the world, South Africa's favorite amputee, Oscar Pistorius, would have us believe that in spite of a history of domestic violence, he shot and killed his girlfriend, Reeve Steenkamp, because he mistook her for an intruder. Somehow I doubt if the leggy blonde model had actually snuck into his home, Pistorius's normal reaction would have been to shoot her. I understand that even in South Africa, a person is presumed innocent until proven guilty, but I'm just saying that if I were the judge, he'd have to do better than that.

But, then, I'm not a liberal. I swear those folks will believe anything. For instance, when "global-warming" became "climate-change," they never missed a step. Ginger Rogers didn't follow Fred Astaire the way these loons follow Obama's lead. Even when all the bad things went from being Bush's fault to being the fault of obstructionists in Congress, you never heard any of them complain, "Hey, what about Bush? Why are we letting him off the hook?"

In the meantime, drone attacks, Gitmo and the Patriot Act, which were all regarded as fascistic just a few short years ago, were all accepted as damn good ideas once they were being promoted by a Democrat. For that matter, look how easily they went from declaring homosexuality a mental disease to being a civil right, and the notion of same-sex marriages went from being a bad joke to being a fairy tale with Barack Obama in the role of the Fairy Godmother.

This brings us to the Academy Awards. First, let me confess that I was completely blindsided. I was so certain that *Lincoln*, a movie I didn't like, was going to sweep the Oscars for Best Movie, Best Director, Best Adapted Screenplay and

Best Actor, I would have bet a lot of money on it if I had stumbled across a sucker. As it was, only Daniel Day-Lewis got to go home a winner, while *Argo* and *The Life of Pi*, two other movies I didn't care for, split up the other three major awards. The biggest surprise was that *Argo*, whose director, Ben Affleck, wasn't even nominated, was judged the best of the year. Even in the early days of the Oscars, when they only nominated three directors, it was highly unusual that the fellow at the helm of the winner was so rudely snubbed. However deserving the snubbing may have been, Affleck was also one of the producers, so he still got to run on stage and make a spectacle of himself.

I must confess that when the evening's host Seth MacFarlane first came on stage, I thought I had somehow tuned in on a TV game show or the local weather guy, so neat was his hair, so dazzling his smile, so unknown his name. All in all, I thought MacFarlane was okay. Not as good as Steve Martin, but much better than Whoopi Goldberg and David Letterman. And at least we were spared those dreadful Debbie Allen production numbers with the silly laser beams and the dancers dressed up like characters from the various films.

As it turned out, they saved the worst for last. For some unfathomable reason, they decided to devote time to a musical number titled *Boobs*, in which Mr. MacFarlane sang about all the movie actresses in recent years who have managed to convince themselves that it is not gratuitous sex, but, rather, essential to the artistic integrity of some dopey movie that they bare their breasts. They somehow ignore the fact that the likes of Ingrid Bergman, Jean Arthur, Bette Davis, Mary Astor, Loretta Young, Irene Dunne, Barbara Stanwyck, Katherine Hepburn, Rita Hayworth, Carole Lombard, Judy Garland and Meryl Streep, all managed to somehow carve out reasonably successful careers while keeping their blouses on.

At least once they got the part.

Who's the Boob?

✘ I haven't watched the Academy Awards in years and had no clue why Seth McFarlane was the host. I don't watch cartoons so I have no idea what "Family Guy" is all about. That being said, the next day my news page featured several headlines about him and some stupid song he sang at the Awards show called "We Saw Your Boobs!"

Lots of tweets, lots of blogs, lots of this and that from all sorts of people being outraged about the song, some sincere, some feigned, I'm sure, but it caught my eye so I had to see what all the hoopla was about.

If you didn't watch the show, you can see what I'm writing about here.

Two things came to mind when I saw it.

The song is so immature, sophomoric, foolish, stupid, juvenile and ridiculous (I'm running out of synonyms) that it could've been written by my 13-year old grand nephew but that would be insulting to him since he is a honor student. If this is the quality of entertainment that is now presented at the Academy Awards, I know why I haven't watched it in decades. I can't imagine Bob Hope or Johnny Carson doing a shtick like this, but I guess this type of crass humor is expected and, apparently, wanted. (I read several comments noting this is "typical McFarlane, so the producers knew what they were getting.") I also think it reflects our society's obsession with breasts.

The second thing that came to mind, and more interesting to me, is the "outrage" coming from women. He's being called "sexist" and "misogynistic," and Jamie Lee Curtis called the whole thing a "cheesy vaudeville show." I've even read comments that the song was offensive because the scenes in which the some of the actresses were topless were rape scenes. You're telling me a rape scene cannot be portrayed any other way? Seriously? They dealt with the issues back in the 40s and 50s and it was handled quite differently and without any nudity. Anyone remember the horrific rape scene in "Two Women" from 1960?

Here's a typical comment from a real boob, Gloria Allred: "It's one thing to be topless and to have that in the context of the film, for a purpose in a particular scene for a particular reason. It's another to take it out of context and just focus on women's breasts." What a load of BS. (Maybe she's fanning the flames for some ridiculous class action lawsuit against Mr. McFarlane on behalf of all the actresses he mentioned. It wouldn't surprise me.)

Just about every cover of every magazine at the newsstands show actresses in plunging necklines, "side boob shots" or "wardrobe malfunctions." I'm convinced they crave and love the publicity. Why would there be a red carpet at every one of these award events if the actresses didn't want to show off their wares?

These actresses who are so "outraged" by this song voluntarily chose to take off their clothes and show their boobs in their films for money. I've never once read a story that a gun was put to an actress's head which forced them to remove their bras in front of the camera or that their paychecks were withheld.

A couple of weeks ago, I wrote about the outrage from the British royals after photos were taken of them they didn't like. I gave them some simple advice, "just put some clothes

on!" End of problem.

Here's some advice to actresses. If you're willing to take your clothes off and, by the way, get paid very handsomely for it, why complain when someone points out they "can see your boobs"? Don't show them. Simple solution.

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