

The Problem With Being a Republican, Bonus: Connecting the Dolts

There are times when I can't help wishing I were a Democrat. It certainly would have helped my writing career. I mean, look at the folks who make a handsome living for no other reason than that they're liberals. I'm not even referring to politicians. Obviously, the likes of Nancy Pelosi, Harry Reid, Maxine Waters, Sheila Jackson Lee, Henry Waxman and Barbara Boxer, would be begging at freeway off-ramps and sleeping under bridges in a logical world. But I'm talking about all those others.

For instance, look at the folks who become liberal icons. There are the folks, like Bill Maher and Kathy Griffin, who get to pass themselves off as comedians by merely making crass remarks about people such as George Bush and Sarah Palin.

Then there are those, such as Sandra Fluke, Texas State Senator Wendy Davis and Lena Dunham, who have achieved heroine status by arguing that colleges should provide their students with free contraception, that abortions should be legal long after the five month deadline has come and gone, and produced a 2012 political ad that suggested that voting for Obama was the same as having sex for the first time. And Ms. Dunham was not suggesting that it might be both painful and embarrassing.

On the other hand, here am I, even after six books and nearly 1300 articles making the case for conservatism, but Rush Limbaugh has never heard of me, Drudge doesn't include my blog with the 500 others he finds space to promote at his Report and even after spending months trying every which way I could to offer my writing services to the Romney campaign, I never even received a rejection.

What's more, I have never been invited on Fox. Heck, if I were a liberal, I would probably have my own show on MSNBC and get to hang out with Chris Matthews, Rachel Maddow and Al Sharpton. Okay, I grant there are worse things in life than flying below the radar.

Speaking of those who lie for a living, I keep hearing that Iran's new president, Hassan Rhamani, is waging a charm offensive. Amazing what some people regard as charm. This is the same guy who bragged that Iran was able to con the West while continuing to enrich uranium while racing to manufacture a nuclear bomb. Now we have Assad and Putin playing us for a sucker two years after the pretender in the White House swore that Assad's days were numbered. What he didn't disclose, now that I think of it, was the number he had in mind.

You have to give these schmucks a certain amount of credit. After all, it can't be as easy as it looks for Rhamani to say that Iran is an anchor of stability in the Middle East with a straight face. I'm guessing he's been perfecting his act by watching tapes of Jay Carney.

In one of those examples of divine justice, a Sikh doctor who lives and works in Harlem, was attacked by a gang of black teenagers who broke his jaw and knocked out several of his teeth, all the while calling him "Osama." He is known, but apparently not to everyone, as a man who has spoken and written extensively about white racism.

A reader of mine, Bill Rosenfeld, has observed that "Instead of capitalism, what we have under Obama is capitulism."

Finally, this administration is so awful, they even have to lie when it comes to merely naming their legislation. For instance, take the Affordable Care Act. Please. As more and more people are discovering, their health insurance costs are doubling and even tripling. As for Obama's promise that people who are happy with their insurance plans could keep them,

April 1st came early.

What I'd like to know is why unions that are never shy about demonstrating their resentment – remember their trashing the state capital when Gov. Scott Walker and the legislature voted to cut collective bargaining rights for Wisconsin's public sector union members? – but when Obama nixes the Keystone pipeline, costing thousands of union jobs, and pushes ObamaCare, which is playing havoc with the traditional 40-hour work week, they don't even set up picket lines outside the White House.

What a bunch of partisan pansies! Can you imagine their rolling over this way if a Republican was pulling this stuff?

Jimmy Hoffa, Sr., must be spinning in his grave, wherever that happens to be, when he sees what a doofus little Jimmy, Jr., has turned out to be.

Connecting the Dolts

Charles Dickens famously opened "A Tale of Two Cities" with "It was the best of times; it was the worst of times." If I were writing an updated version, I would announce it is the worst of times. Wherever you turn, you are confronted by journalists, politicians and just plain folks, who make you ashamed to be a member of the same species.

These days, America is divided between the useful idiots who believe everything they read in the NY Times or hear from Obama and the useless idiots they elect to fill the seats in the House and Senate.

Primary schools used to be places of learning not only one's ABCs, but what it means to be an American and the debt we all owe to guys named Washington, Jefferson, Adams and Hamilton. But ever since the liberals took control of the teachers

unions, and the unions gained control of the schools, they've been turned into laboratories of social engineering where everything from busing children across town to schools miles away from home to so-called sex education classes are conducted on the little guinea pigs.

On top of all that, the government has decided it's their job to provide the kids with breakfast, lunch and, in some cases, even dinner. It doesn't really take a village to raise a child; it only takes Marxists like Bill and Hillary to say it does, although you notice they didn't allow Chelsea to be raised by some damn village.

Others have pointed out that we are all supposed to experience moral outrage because al-Assad used sarin gas to kill 1,400 Syrians, which for some reason was supposed to trump the 120,000 who had died through such conventional means as bullets and bombs. Others have pointed out that although 300 of the victims were children, many of the same bunch that want us to involve ourselves in a civil war involving Muslims have no problem with Planned Parenthood performing 300,000 abortions every year.

Speaking of which, I expect that someday a murderer is going to stand up in court and say in his own defense, "Of course I killed him, but that was my choice." If he has the right jury – say 12 women from NOW – he just might beat the rap.

We keep hearing George Santayana's line – the one about people not learning from history being doomed to repeat it – being tossed around. Possibly because I have studied history, I never thought very much of the quip. What history really tells us is that most people never learn anything. As for those of us who do, we tend to be powerless against the greedy and ignorant mob because of their sheer numbers.

I also thought it was the height of hypocrisy for Lincoln to say that God must have loved the common man because he made so

many of them. But I suppose when one is seeking to win an election, it doesn't hurt to butter up the typical voter. I just don't think it's fair to blame God for all the ignoramuses.

If you want to get a clear picture of the common man, you only have to look at how hard the Democrats have to work to get those folks to vote on Election Day. They have to do everything but get their lazy butts out of bed and give them piggyback rides down to the polling place. The Democrats pretend that it's the lack of photo IDs that keep the riffraff from voting. But even when the louts are provided with food, housing and free cell phones, in return for their votes, the majority choose to stay home and watch re-runs of "Good Times."

It used to be my feeling that if you only got to know people as individuals, you would always find a better reason to despise them than their race, religion or odd sexual proclivity. But these days, so many blacks, Muslims and homosexuals, have adopted a position of moral superiority combined with an insufferable sense of entitlement, I no longer feel that way.

In case you missed it, because a bakery in Gresham, Oregon, refused to bake a cake celebrating a lesbian marriage, its owner, Aaron Klein, has been forced to close its doors. Not only were the members of the LGBT (Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender) community, a group that the creatures congregated at the bar in "Star Wars" would find bizarre, demonstrating outside the shop, but they were threatening to kill him and his kids. They also threatened repercussions to the local florists and wedding planners if they continued to work with Mr. Klein. Naturally, Oregon's Bureau of Labor and Industries, having nothing better to do, threatened to launch an investigation. Not into the criminal actions of the sexual freaks, but into Mr. Klein's refusal to ignore his religious convictions.

The irony is that the place was called Sweet Cakes by Melissa, which sounds like a place that would appeal to the LGBT crowd. Come to think of it, perhaps they were attracted by the name in the first place, and then felt betrayed in a way they wouldn't have been if Mr. Klein had simply called it Klein's Bakery.

Finally, consider the fallout from ObamaCare. Although no groups outside Obama's inner circle fought harder to get it passed, today the Catholic Church, labor unions and Hollywood, are all lined up in opposition. The Church discovered that tucked away in the 2,500 pages of the Affordable Care Act were words that demanded it provide contraception to its employees.

The unions discovered that the law would make hash of the traditional 40-hour workweek and encourage employers to stop providing insurance. As for Hollywood, it found that the law would lead to a loss of thousands of jobs in the industry.

All I can say is that there's a lot to be said for poetic justice even if it doesn't always rhyme.

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Creativity Is In Short Supply

✘ It seems like every time I turn around, someone is remaking a movie or a tv show. Superman, Batman, Charlie's Angels, Bionic Woman, Hawaii Five-0, the Green Hornet, and The Munsters, to name a few. The original 1933 King Kong is one of my husband's favorite movies and "creative" Hollywood has already made two hideously bad remakes. If they're not remaking something, they're using the same formula you see time after time in movies, particularly in adventure movies. Actually, I wouldn't mind seeing a remake of the 50s

television shows, Father Knows Best or the Donna Reed Show, where men were depicted as educated, hard-working, respected members of their families instead of the low-achieving buffoon types commonly seen in sitcoms today.

So where is the creativity? Over the Thanksgiving holiday, we were discussing the lack of any novel ideas coming out of Hollywood and my nephew presented us with the following scenario and challenged us to guess whether the story was from Stars Wars or Harry Potter. He called it "theStar Wars/Harry Potter paradigm." (I'd like to thank him for writing it all out for me because I'd never be able to repeat it here on my own.)

It's the story of a young boy, orphaned at a young age by a mother who died for him. He lives with his aunt and uncle who do not appreciate him. He longs to break out of the life he leads and is forced to work for his aunt and uncle. He meets an old man who has magical, mystical, supernatural powers that tells him that he himself has those same powers. Coincidentally, this very same man was the one who hand delivered the newly orphaned baby boy to his aunt and uncle's house in the first place. The old man takes him away from home and will teach him how to use his new found powers. Meanwhile, an evil force (pun intended) is threatening everyone and the main villain, who also has the same magical powers as the boy and the old man, has a very close connection to the young boy. Along his journey, the young boy meets two people who would become his best friends – a male and a female. Eventually, the old man is killed by the villain and the young boy and villain have their inevitable clash.

Now, I hadn't seen Star Wars in over 30 years and I was never into the Harry Potter series, but even I could see the similarities.

My nephew pointed out the striking parallels: Harry Potter/Luke Skywalker. Dumbledore/Obi Wan Kenobi.

Voldemort/Darth Vader. Ron Weasley/Han Solo. Hermione Granger/Princess Leia. Vernon and Petunia/Uncle Owen and Aunt Beru. Lilly Potter/Padme Amidala.

With a few minor plot differences such as the redemption of Anakin/Darth Vader at the end, the themes are the same. He concluded that both stories were loved by so many people because they're basically the same story even though Star Wars came out in 1977 and the first Harry Potter book was published some twenty years later.

So, as I said, "everything old is new again." It just seems like there are very few original ideas.

When you look at the highest grossing films of the 2000s, the majority are prequels, sequels or remakes. I'm not sure what it all means. I, myself, would like to see more successful movies with original themes, but I must be in the minority because I've only seen about five of the movies on the highest grossing list.

I see a startling lack of creativity in the movie industry as compared to the music industry when you consider there are only eight notes and there have been millions of songs written.

While I may not always be aware of patterns and formulas in movies and television, I definitely notice the re-making of clothing styles— they're basically the same style, just called something different today.

The most obvious to me are 60s bell bottoms; now they're called wide leg or flared. Hip huggers from the past are called "low-rise" today. I have to say that I don't ever remember seeing muffin tops the way I do today even on young women. I'm sure it's because women in the 60s would never have worn something with rolls of skin spilling over their waistbands. Shoulders pads so popular in the 40s, were the rage in the 80s – I'm waiting for their return any day

now. Platform shoes were popular in the 30s, 40s and early 50s but achieved their height in popularity in the 60s, 70s and 80s. They're back. Pea coats popular in the 60s are stylish today. I hadn't seen the 60s bodysuit until recently.

Winged eyeliner popular on movie stars like Audrey Hepburn and Marilyn Monroe is popular again. Today's slim-fit suits for men look very similar to those worn by tv stars of the 60s like Gene Barry and Tony Franciosa.

Well, maybe there's not much you can do with a pants leg or a man's suit, except add a button here or there, so the styles just get recycled every few decades. But I expect more from the pinheads in Hollywood. But, then again, if someone is willing to see the 11th Halloween movie, maybe Hollywood is just making what the public wants to see.

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