

“Obama’s Racist Pointman” and “The Last Time I Saw Paris”

I know that even six years into his presidency there are people who still see Obama in the exact same way he was presented to us in 2008 – as the great uniter of blacks and whites. But, then, there are those who also approve of his foreign policy in the Middle East. Sometimes you merely have to accept innate stupidity as a part of the human condition and move on.

Among the legion of disasters one can lay at Obama’s feet, the racial antagonisms he has fostered might well stand out as his greatest failing. That’s because it’s the one he could have most easily avoided.

On other issues, one could, to a greater or lesser degree, blame his partisan politics. But because he was black, when it came to the racial divide, he was in the unique position of being able to bridge it in ways that no other president could. But instead of using the bridge, he blew it to smithereens by appointing one unrepentant racist, Eric Holder, to head up the Justice Department and he made another, Al Sharpton, his consigliere on racial matters.

Sharpton gained his initial fame back in the 1980s using the lies of a black teenage girl, Tawana Brawley, to denounce the NYPD. For those too young to remember, Ms. Brawley was afraid that her mother would ground her if she found out that Tawana had spent the weekend making whoopee with her boyfriend. So, instead, she concocted a sordid tale about being tossed in a trash dumpster after being raped by six New York City cops.

The lies worked to his advantage then and Sharpton has seen no reason to change his ways. He has merely revised the narrative. Back then, his stooge was a sexually precocious

teenager; today, he uses a couple of black thugs as the innocent victims of police brutality in his tale of woe. But the motive now, as it was then, is simply to promote Al Sharpton as the conscience and spokesperson for black America.

For reasons I can't fathom, race hustlers like Sharpton and Jesse Jackson are catnip for the media. Although they both speak as if their mouths, along with their brains, were full of mush, they have been the go-to guys on matters of race for the past several decades. In spite of his deficiencies as a public speaker, Sharpton even gets to host his own show on MSNBC. The fact that nobody watches MSNBC is no excuse, and his bosses at NBC shouldn't be allowed to use that as an alibi for providing the putz with a megaphone.

When in December, Sharpton hosted an anti-police demonstration in Washington, D.C., he actually flew arsonist Joshua Williams, whom most of us had last seen on TV burning down the Quik Trip market in Berkeley, Missouri, so that he could address his fellow thugs.

Although Sharpton owes his current prominence to the likes of Obama and NY Mayor Bill De Blasio, he owes far more to Jesse Jackson. It was Jackson, after all, who taught him all he knows about corporate extortion.

At present, Sharpton is being paid by Colgate-Palmolive, Anheuser-Busch, Macy's, Pfizer, Pepsi, GM, Walmart, Chase, Verizon, McDonald's and MGM, among a great many other companies, for what the mob used to call "protection." When Al Capone got paid off, it was to prevent a bomb being tossed through a tavern window. When Jackson receives a corporate donation to his Rainbow Coalition or Sharpton gets a donation to his National Action Network, it's to prevent having a bunch of black stiffys parading for the TV cameras in front of their headquarters, claiming the companies engage in racist policies.

And because Sharpton gets to sit next to Barack Obama more often than Michelle does might also explain why he is still walking around a free man even though he's in arrears to the IRS to the tune of \$4.5 million.

For me, the biggest surprise is that Sharpton, who was a roly-poly guy back in the 1980s and is now so tiny he looks as if his neck is too skinny to hold up his head, never thought to market the Sharpton Diet. The change has been so dramatic, the weight loss so astounding, I thought at times he might actually disappear altogether. But, alas, that was only wishful thinking.

But that's not my only wish when it comes to one of America's three most odious race hustlers. My other wish, far-fetched as it might be, would be for all those companies who are currently being bled by Sharpton to receive thousands of angry letters and phone calls from customers threatening to take their business elsewhere if they continue to pay a shakedown artist who knows everything there is to know about extortion, except, that is, how to spell the word or pronounce it.

THE LAST TIME I SAW PARIS

In 1940, when Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II wrote their Oscar-winning ode to Paris, she had recently been invaded by the Nazis. Had the song been written 75 years later, the lyric would have to mention that her streets ran red with blood, and Hammerstein would have to find a rhyme for Islamic butchery.

It wasn't that long ago that the media expressed its universal contempt for Sony Pictures when the company initially decided not to release "The Interview." The charge was that Sony was letting Kim Jong-un get the idea he could unilaterally abolish the First Amendment. Even Obama, in spite of his fondness for Hollywood liberals, belatedly piled on, insisting that Sony had made a mistake.

But now it's the media itself that has decided that punking out is the better part of discretion. Even though twelve French satirists were murdered for using a cartoony depiction of Muhammad in their magazine, none of these stalwart defenders of the First Amendment is daring to publish the newsworthy cartoon.

In the same way, when Muslims killed Danish journalists over similar cartoons in 2005, these same newspapers and magazines censored themselves.

Personally, I don't condemn the NY Times, CNN, Fox, the AP, Time magazine, the L.A. Times or any of these other media giants for their cowardice, which is at least rational behavior in a world rife with jihadists, but for their hypocrisy, which I find contemptible. Where do they get off shaming Sony for caving to threats?

Worse yet, these media cowards have the gall to pretend they're motivated by a profound respect for religion. In my opinion, if Islam is a religion, and not a barbaric cult, then so was Nazism; and Charles Manson, Jim Jones and David Koresh, should all be regarded as religious leaders.

Barack Hussein Obama – and what belief system would we normally connect with someone named Barack Hussein Obama? – famously said, “The future doesn't belong to those who slander the Prophet of Islam.” But that goes without saying. After all, what could any reasonable person find slander-worthy in a Prophet who was known to be a pedophile and who promoted his faith by butchering those who dared question his holiness?

For years, conmen have made fortunes convincing the greedy and gullible that they had come up with a legitimate way to avoid paying income taxes. Well, this is to announce that I have come up with a sure-fire system of my own, but being the kind of guy I am, I'm offering it for free. All you have to do is be black and a prominent left-winger. For instance, when Rep.

Charles Rangel, among his other sins, was found to have been a long-standing tax cheat, his House colleagues voted to censure him. After which, they all adjourned to the House dining room to serenade Charley with a few rousing choruses of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

You might say that congressmen get away with all sorts of monkey business, and you'd be right. But consider another black left-winger who doesn't hold a public office, Al Sharpton. In spite of an unpaid \$4.5 million tax bill, he is welcomed with open arms wherever black bigots congregate – be it in the streets of Ferguson, Missouri, or the West Wing of the White House.

And for those who insist that military service should be a prerequisite to a career in politics, it should be noted that Rep. Rangel apparently served honorably in the U.S. Army from 1948-1952. It is also true that he once admitted, "I only cared about dead soldiers when they looked like me." I don't believe it's a coincidence that the remark sounds very much like something Obama has been heard to say whenever some black thug gets shot.

Because I recently warned everyone off the 16 movies the studios sent me in December looking to garner my vote in the Writers Guild competition, I feel compelled to report that they finally got around to sending me one worth my time, and therefore yours. It's an English movie, "The Imitation Game," about Alan Turing, who led the English team of linguists and mathematicians who miraculously cracked Germany's enigma code during World War II.

Only once in my life did I come up with a great money-making idea. The miracle took place about 35 years ago when I wrote an article suggesting that for those people who wanted a pet, but thought dogs and cats were too much trouble, but were willing, for reasons I couldn't imagine, to settle for the likes of birds, fish and reptiles, they might consider sharing

their home with a rock. I mentioned that they were low upkeep: no messes to clean up, no newspapers that needed changing and absolutely zero food costs.

When I say it was a great money-making idea, I don't mean that it made me any money. No way. It took some other guy to see the commercial potential of the goofy notion and to make millions marketing Pet Rocks.

Well, apparently, every 35 years, I come up with these moneymakers. The other morning, I went out to my car, turned the key and was greeted with silence. My battery was kaput. When I had driven the car the previous night, everything was hunky-dory and it wasn't as if I had left the lights on.

Its time had come, as it must to all of us, and it had simply moved on to battery heaven. Anyway, what I'd like to know is why, if the battery in my smoke alarm can beep a polite warning when it's on the verge of passing away, my car battery can't do the same.

Believe me, if I knew how to invent things, I would get right on it. But I can't. So I am offering this to the world free of charge, which, come to think of it, was the problem with my damn battery.

Obama Outlaws The Constitution

According to polls, even Hispanics oppose Obama's latest power grab. In the meantime, Hispanic members of Congress, not to be confused with people who actually believe in the Constitution, try to provide cover for his criminal actions. They do this by

pretending that Reagan and Bush did the exact same thing, ignoring the fact that both of those men were merely fine tuning congressional legislation, not ruling by edict simply because the House wasn't prepared to do their bidding.

By now, every Hispanic in the U.S. is aware that for his first two years in office, Obama had a most compliant Congress and could have passed any immigration bill he wanted, and could probably have ceded California back to Mexico with nary an objection by Boxer or Feinstein. Instead, he devoted all his time to pushing the Affordable Care Act and working on his putting.

When Obama first began garnering national attention, we were told he was a law professor. Then we learned that he was only a lecturer at the University of Chicago. Finally, he was sold to us as a constitutional scholar. Considering the multitude of ways he has gone about ignoring or attempting to nullify our most sacred national document, wouldn't you love to know what other loony notions the squirrely scholar shared with his students?

After all, he already mentioned even before he was elected in 2008 that what he regarded as the major shortcoming of the U.S. Constitution and the Civil Rights Movement was that neither dealt with the redistribution of wealth. But how much other nonsense did he spew in the privacy of a left-wing lecture hall? Did he suggest it was okay for a president to eavesdrop on reporters, to legislate from the Oval Office or to use the IRS to target one's political enemies, so long as the president was a Democrat?

I think it's safe to assume that while Professor Plum was busy committing mayhem in the library with a candlestick, pretend-Professor Dumb was committing even worse sins in the classroom.

If you're at all interested in the way President Eisenhower

went about dealing with illegal immigrants, it seems that in 1954, Ike made retired Gen. Joseph Swing, a former West Point classmate and a veteran of the 101st Airborne, Commissioner of the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS).

Back then, Sen. Lyndon B. Johnson (D, Texas) and Sen. Pat McCarran (D, Nevada) favored open borders and were vehemently opposed to shutting down illegal immigration. But Ike used his power and prestige to shield Gen. Swing from those Washington heavyweights, and told him to do what he needed to do.

One of the first things Swing did was to transfer certain entrenched INS officials out of the border area. Then, on June 17, 1954, he began what was called, without apology, "Operation Wetback." Some 750 INS agents swept northward with a goal of 1,000 apprehensions a day.

By the end of July, over 50,000 aliens were caught in California and Arizona. An additional 488,000, fearing arrest, had fled the country.

By mid-August, the crackdown extended to Utah, Nevada, Idaho and Texas. By September, 80,000 had been taken into custody in Texas alone, and between 500,000 and 700,000 had fled the country.

What's more, Mexicans caught in the roundup were not simply released at the border, where a single footstep would bring them back. Gen. Swing arranged for buses and trains to take them deep within Mexico. Thousands more were returned by ships from Port Isabel, Texas, to Vera Cruz, Mexico, 500 miles to the south.

I acknowledge that those were different times. Sixty years makes a heck of a difference. Today, I'm sure we would call the program something along the lines of Operation Hacienda Bound.

Barack Obama and his hand puppet John Kerry are so determined

to make a deal with Iran, they have taken total leave of their meager senses. A year ago, when we were allegedly trying to restrain Iran from developing a nuclear bomb, we threatened them with additional financial sanctions if they didn't cooperate within six months. At the end of that time, when we had not made a deal, we removed most of the sanctions in exchange for their willingness to at least sit across the table from a human jackass for another six months. A steep price to pay for the Iranians, but they agreed.

It's now been an entire year and still Iran refuses to put its X on an agreement. Now if Iran were a Republican House, Obama would simply go on TV and announce what he wanted, insisting he had been patient long enough. Instead, the way things are headed, what I expect will happen is that in a few months, Iran will announce it is calling off its economic sanctions against the U.S. in exchange for our surrendering our nuclear stockpile into the hands of the Ayatollah.

Moving on from two-legged dogs to those with four legs and a tail, it came to me years ago after watching our various pooches sniff bushes, lampposts and fire hydrants, that they communicate with their urine – pmail, as it were.

Lately, I've been watching how Angel carries on whenever the postman approaches our front door. It's made me wonder if dogs who are owned by mailmen bark incessantly at their masters just to prove to the other dogs in the neighborhood that they're regular guys.

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“Liars & The Lies They Tell” and “Consequential Kvetching”

If politicians and bureaucrats ever stopped lying for even five minutes, the ensuing silence would make the rest of us think we'd gone deaf.

For instance, we're being told repeatedly that we have nothing to fear from the fellow down in Dallas who, instead of bringing back a souvenir t-shirt reading “I've Been to Liberia, Don't Ask Me Why,” brought home a case of Ebola.

We're being told by medical professionals, who just happen to be paid by the federal government, that the disease is terribly difficult to transmit. I'd almost be willing to believe them if every time I see one of these victims being transported to a hospital, he or she wasn't being accompanied by people decked out from head to toe in hazmat suits.

Perhaps I'm simply being too doggone cynical, a trait I seem to have been born with, a trait I keep trying to overcome, but the politicians and bureaucrats simply won't let me. For instance, just in the past few years, they lied about funneling weapons to Mexican gangsters and they lied about ObamaCare; they refer to Islamic terrorism as workplace violence, lied about the IRS not targeting conservatives and they let our veterans die while waiting for medical attention.

The bastards even lied to the Ebola victim, sending him home from the hospital the first time he showed up, essentially telling him he had a bad cold even after he came clean about where he'd just come from. On the other hand, he'd lied to the Liberians about having had no contact with Ebola victims just so he could get an exit visa. Makes a person wonder if once he's cured, assuming he's one of the lucky ones, Thomas Duncan plans to run for public office.

Even Obama's former Secretary of Defense Leon Panetta blames the President for what's happening in Iraq. Unfortunately, like every other schmuck in Washington, he waited three long years to write a book, expressing his dire warnings.

It's simply not in the DNA of political appointees to ever quit over a matter of principle. We are told, belatedly, that even Secretary of State Hillary Clinton urged Obama to maintain a force of at least 10,000, but preferably 24,000, soldiers in Iraq to avoid the likes of ISIL filling the inevitable vacuum.

But, clearly, it is too much to expect public servants to forego the limos, the free junkets to exotic locales, the five-star hotels and the kowtowing entourages, over such a minor issue as national security.

It's as if a lack of principles has become a prerequisite for those employed in Washington, D.C. We are constantly seeing the same lack of character and patriotism every time some bureaucratic nonentity claims to take total responsibility for an act of incompetence or criminality, but doesn't resign or, unfortunately, ever face an indictment and a prison term.

One of the ironies of life is that the Democrats have assumed as one of their favorite themes the Republican War on Women. Talk aboutchutzpah! This is the party of Jack, Bobby and Ted Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson, Bob Packwood and Bill Clinton. Each of them was married and an Olympic-class sexual predator. One of them was a rapist and one of them left his paramour to drown in his car while he ran home and got his family's legion of suck-ups to provide him with an alibi.

Just about the only woman who has come through an association with the higher-ups in the liberal camp virtually unscathed was Julia, the fictional character the Democrats came up with to illustrate how benevolent their policies are when it comes to females. Of course, Julia was shown to be entirely

dependent on a man, Uncle Sam, to clothe, feed and house her, even though the likes of Hillary Clinton, Debbie Wasserman-Schultz, Nancy Pelosi and Elizabeth Warren, are constantly telling young women how independent and powerful they are in this post Roe v. Wade America.

But a great many single women are so stupid that they can't even see the obvious contradiction between being sold Julia on the one hand and flattery carrying the aroma of manure on the other hand.

When I say that single women, who vote overwhelmingly for the Democrats, are stupid, I'm not out to insult them, I'm merely stating a fact.

For instance, they're so dumb that they actually think abortion on demand is a boon for them. Actually, Roe v. Wade has been one giant Get Out of Jail Free card for irresponsible males. It ensures that they can have unprotected sex with 10 different women in the same day, knowing they won't be stuck having to provide even one cent in child support. Is it any wonder that Bill Clinton has been such an ardent supporter of the 1973 Supreme Court decision?

Finally, it is time for yet another Prelutsky poll. This time, there are just two questions: Will the GOP reclaim control of the Senate in the midterm elections? If they do, will it make any real difference?

Please send your votes to me at BurtPrelutsky@aol.com without any commentary, just a simple Yes or No if you'd be so kind.

Consequential Kvetching

We all have things to complain about. We always have and we always will. But it strikes me that the things we have to

gripe about have become increasingly important over the past 30 years or so because so often they leave America and the world in worse shape than before.

Our education system, once the envy of the world, has become hostage to progressive teachers, professors, administrators, fascistic student bodies and Islamic pressure groups.

Our mass media, which at one time, at least made the attempt to deal objectively with the news has, in the wake of Woodward and Bernstein's enormous success, tossed off even the pretense of being anything other than a propaganda outlet for a liberal agenda.

Our politicians, who used to at least try to appear bi-partisan on issues important to the well-being of America, made it possible for voters who claimed they voted for the man, not the party, to sound principled and not merely self-deluded.

I was once married to a woman who, as a child, had come up with what I regarded as so diabolical a plan, she could have easily have taken top prize in a Machiavellian competition, if there had been such a thing. When she was about seven or eight, she took it upon herself to teach her brother, who was three or four at the time, the colors. But she intentionally taught them wrong, so he thought orange was blue and yellow was black and green was red. When I asked her why she had done it, she couldn't recall. I guess when you're seven or eight, you do evil things for no other reason than that it's fun.

That's the case, unless you're a liberal at any age. Then you can pretend that global warming is settled science when, in reality, it's merely a way for some people, people like Al Gore, to get rich and for other people, people such as Obama, Reid, Pelosi and Schumer, to gain even more control over the economy and the electorate, as they did with the satanic Affordable Care Act.

I used to question the mere existence of NATO. Knowing the European nations for the contemptible, leftist cowards they are, I couldn't imagine why we continued to be a member. Once the organization threw the doors open to Turkey, an Islamic fox in the chicken coop, I knew that whatever past excuse there may have been for our membership, it no longer existed. Perhaps others were surprised by Turkey's refusal to allow us to have airbases within its borders for the purpose of attacking the Islamic State, but not I. The fact is that Muslims, as we've seen time and again, haven't the slightest objection to killing other Muslims, but they really hate it when non-Muslims, otherwise known as infidels, get in on the fun.

People who aren't thinking straight complain that we're stuck with a do-nothing Congress. It strikes me as the ideal situation. I mean, why would anyone want these people passing more laws and creating more regulations? If a toddler marks up your walls with crayons, would any sane person deal with the situation by providing him with an open can of paint? If it were up to me, Congress would meet for one month a year, and I would cut their salaries, pensions and staffs, by an equivalent 87.5 %.

Every once in a while, the difference between having talent and possessing wisdom, decency or even commonsense, is as obvious as an elephant in your kitchen. I happen to think that England's Emma Thompson is not only a great actress, but a wonderful screenwriter, but that doesn't prevent her from being an anti-Semitic apologist for the Arabs and Muslims trying to exterminate Israel.

I also happen to think that Carl Reiner is a gifted actor, writer and director, and a nice guy so long as you're not discussing politics. I've been a fan for about 65 years, ever since he was a regular on the Sid Caesar Show. But a few years ago, he told me that he had two photos on the wall behind his desk. One was of FDR; the other was of Barack Obama.

He also told me that next to the Gettysburg Address, he thought that Obama's speech about there being neither a blue America nor a red America, but only a purple America, was the greatest speech in human history.

Now even if Obama hadn't proven himself to be most divisive president ever, outdoing even Lincoln, who only divided America geographically, it is outrageous for an educated person to accord Obama's speech such homage.

Would anyone seriously claim that it was greater than Christ's Sermon on the Mount? Greater than FDR's first inaugural, in which he assured Americans midst the Depression that they had nothing to fear but fear itself? Greater than Lou Gehrig's farewell to baseball in which the doomed 36-year-old claimed to be the luckiest man on the face of the earth? Greater than Patrick Henry's inspiring address in 1775, in which he rallied his countrymen to the Revolution by declaring, "I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me Liberty or give me Death"? Greater than Indian Chief Joseph's concluding his speech surrendering the Nez Perce tribe to the U.S. Army with the eloquent "From where the sun now stands, I will fight no more"?

How about Reagan's address to the nation after the Challenger's explosion, honoring the seven Astronauts for their courage as "they slipped the surly bounds of earth" in order to "touch the face of God"? Or any of Churchill's morale-boosting speeches to the British people during the darkest days of World War II, but especially his 1940 address to the House of Commons, in which, employing the rumbling voice of God, which he often borrowed for such occasions, he said, "Let us therefore brace ourselves to our duties, and so bear ourselves that if the British Empire and its Commonwealth last for a thousand years, men will say, 'This was their finest hour.'"

In conclusion, it is worth noting that in 1850, California

became the 31st state in the Union. Way back then, the people had no electricity. The state had no money. There were gun fights in the streets. Much of the land was desert, inhospitable to humans or agriculture. And most people spoke Spanish.

In other words, nothing much has changed in 164 years, except that it's gotten a lot harder to find a parking space.

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It's Chinatown

At the end of the movie, "Chinatown," when the rich, powerful and totally depraved Noah Cross drags his granddaughter away in order to use and abuse her as he used and abused his own daughter, the private eye, J.J. Gittes, tries to stop him. But he's held back by a friend, who says, "Forget it, Jake, it's Chinatown." And although at the time they are standing in the middle of a street located in L.A.'s Chinatown, what he's really saying is that some things never change, that those in power are always corrupt and, tragically, that corruption always triumphs at the end of the day.

If the movie had been made in 2014 rather than 40 years ago, he might have said, "Forget it, Jake, it's Washington," and conveyed the same cynical message.

Recently, the IRS agreed, on behalf of the atheist group Freedom from Religion, to go after churches that they feel have gotten too involved in politics, and should therefore

face forfeiture of their tax-exempt status. But how involved is obviously less important than who's involved?

For instance, when the Catholic Church pushes for amnesty on behalf of illegal aliens, 99% of whom just happen to be Catholics and are likely to fill its pews and collection plates, not to mention the ranks of the Democrats, I have a feeling the Church is not likely to be reprimanded by Obama's IRS. And when at election time, black Baptist ministers pick up a few extra bucks by renting out their pulpits to leftwing candidates, I don't think they have to worry about Eric Holder's Justice Department lowering the boom.

One would have thought that America would have recognized what a terrible idea it was to join the United Nations back in 1945. After all, it had been less than ten years earlier that Haile Selassie, the leader of Ethiopia, had gone before the League of Nations, the precursor of the U.N., to plead for the world's help in fending off the invading Italian forces. Predictably, the League, a pipedream of the vile Woodrow Wilson, did nothing. On his way out the door, Selassie uttered the ominous warning: "Today, it's us; tomorrow, it will be you."

As he foretold, World War II was waiting in the wings, even as Neville Chamberlin promised "Peace in our time" and the isolationists in the U.S. had us twiddling our thumbs for an additional three years until the Japanese foolishly dragged us into the fray by demolishing our fleet at Pearl Harbor.

That is why I get so annoyed when people like Rand Paul suggest that we keep our noses out of foreign affairs and others insist that Americans are sick and tired of waging war. I could be mistaken, but what I think Americans are sick and tired of is rushing off to defend one sect of Muslims being attacked by some other sect, and settling for cease-fires instead of actually winning wars by defeating the enemy.

That's not to suggest we should keep our hands off the Middle East. For one thing, we have an ally in that part of the world, Israel, with whom we share a great deal, including civilized values, human rights and common enemies. What we shouldn't do is what George W. Bush did in Iraq and Afghanistan; namely rebuild that which we had just knocked down, or pretend that we had anything in common with those who pray to Allah, parrot the lie that Islam is a religion of peace or announce that we actually expected to leave a western-style freedom-loving democracy in our wake.

The only thing we have a right to expect of those who refer to us as the Big Satan and to Israel as the Little Satan is what we had prior to Jimmy Carter's pulling the Persian rug out from under the Shah of Iran: namely, a collection of backward nations ruled by tyrants who were beholden to the U.S., ruthless despots who would either keep their heel on the necks of would-be terrorists or exterminate them on our mutual behalf.

Something that is impolite to mention, but is nevertheless true, is that inbreeding has long plagued the Arab/Muslim world, where for centuries marriage between first cousins has been the norm. It certainly helps to explain their lack of progress, even in terms of personal hygiene, since the days when Mohammad was racing around on his camel killing everyone he couldn't convert.

Were it not for the oceans of oil that lie beneath their sand, they would probably have died off by this time, assuming that Darwin's "survival of the fittest" is anything more than a rumor.

The only cultures that come close to the Muslims when it comes to exhibiting signs of inbreeding are certain clans to be found in the hollows of the Ozarks and among the liberal pinheads whose natural habitat are urban areas such as Berkeley, West L.A. and New York's Upper West Side.

Much like Africa, whose most important contributions to the modern world have been AIDS and Ebola; and the Middle East, which prides itself on having introduced suicide bombs and clitorectomies; liberal enclaves have bestowed precious little besides the New York Times' nonsensical editorials, politically correct censorship and wine spritzers. Or, to put it another way, it's still Chinatown, Jake.

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“Where, Oh Where, Is Barry Goldwater?”

I realize that the late Sen. Goldwater is anathema to liberals, even to those who only know him as the unfortunate victim of a famous TV spot in which a little girl picking a flower appears to be vaporized by a nuclear bomb. The vile message in 1964 was that Goldwater was a nutburger who was anxious to get us involved in a nuclear showdown with the Soviet Union. Because most voters 50 years ago were just as dumb as they are today, 61% of them voted for LBJ, who took that as a signal to sink us even deeper into the quagmire of Vietnam.

What more people should remember about Goldwater is based on fact, not a slander perpetuated by a cynical political operative; namely, that he was the man, the Republican senator, who went to Richard Nixon and told him to his face that it was time to resign, that he was an embarrassment not only to the nation, but to the political party to which they

both belonged.

Isn't it a shame that there is no Democrat of equal stature who will go to Obama and point out that what he is doing by ignoring the Constitutional limits on the executive branch, by racking up one scandal after another and by unleashing the dogs at the IRS and the EPA on innocent Americans, is not only bad for the nation, but will be a disaster for every Democrat seeking election this coming November?

Instead, such influential senators as Reid, Durbin, Schumer, Boxer, Sanders and Levin, like parents who choose to subsidize their son's heroin addiction, clap Obama on the back and tell him he's doing a swell job.

To better judge just how great a job Obama is doing, the son of a friend of mine drew up a comparison between 2008 and today. Six years ago, we had 118 million fulltime workers, today there are a million fewer. Because we now have more people, that means that workplace participation back then was 65%; today it's down to 62.8%. Home ownership has dipped from 67.5% to 65%. Median income has gone from \$53,644 to \$51,017. The poverty level has risen from 13.2% to 15%. Obama has increased the number of people receiving food stamps from 28.2 million to a ridiculous 47.6 million. And, finally, and perhaps most disastrous of all, the debt to GDP ratio has soared from 64.8% to 101.6%.

With the midterm elections now less than four months away, it bears my repeating myself that a vote for any Democrat is a vote for more of the same from Obama and his acolytes. And if you happen to have been one of those Republican brats who stayed home in 2012 because Rick Santorum, Ron Paul or Newt Gingrich, wasn't the nominee, or because Romney was a Mormon, you have no right to blame a biased media or voter fraud for saddling us with four additional years of the worst president, and the most corrupt administration in American history. The fault is entirely yours. We had enough registered voters to

win, but far too many of you ignoramuses were at home, sulking.

In defending his loony foreign policy as it pertained to Iraq, Obama said, "Just because something was stable two years or four years ago doesn't mean it's stable today." True. After all, even America was pretty stable as recently as five years ago.

The one statement that annoys me nearly as much as the lie about Islam being a religion of peace is the one that insists Saudi Arabia is an ally. Everyone knows that Saudi royals subsidize Islamic terrorists as a way of paying protection money in the hope that they'll be the last item on the alligator's menu.

Another thing that irks me no end is when our politicians carry on about how they overcame the poverty they were born into or when Hillary Clinton wipes away the tears when she looks back 14 years and \$150 million ago to the sad day when she and Bill had to temporarily borrow millions from their pal Terry McAuliffe in order to buy a couple of mansions, while waiting for her bank to clear the \$8 million check from her publisher.

Of course it's not just Democrats who play up the born-in-a-log-cabin saga. I seem to recall Rick Santorum referring to his own underprivileged background. My question is why we should care how poor someone's folks happened to be. It seems to me that unless you worked in the private sector the way Mitt Romney did, the only way that people like Joe Biden, John Edwards, Harry Reid, John Kerry or Dianne Feinstein, ever get to be kazillionaires is by being ambulance-chasing shysters, taking graft or marrying rich people. It's certainly not, as they invariably insist, the result of good, honest, labor.

For a while, I couldn't even imagine anyone being more obnoxiously arrogant than Barack Obama, but that's only

because I had never laid eyes on IRS Commissioner John Kiskinen. After watching him testify before Congress and turn his icy gaze on Paul Ryan for daring to doubt his veracity, I fully expected Rep. Ryan to be turned into a block of salt. In fact, I would warn anyone who even considered shaking Kiskinen's hand that he stood a good chance of losing one or more fingers in the process, either through theft or frostbite.

Speaking of the IRS, any Democrat who dares spring to its defense needs to be reminded that when she was called to testify before a congressional committee, former IRS Commissioner Lois Lerner decided to plead the 5th Amendment. That was her right. But inasmuch as the whole purpose of the 5th is to protect oneself against self-incrimination, and thus face possible criminal charges, nobody can be blamed for assuming the worst, whether the person is a Mafia don or a federal bureaucrat.

It recently came to light that not only was this administration not caught by surprise when tens of thousands of unaccompanied Central American kids showed up at our southern border, but they had advertised back in January for contractors who would be willing to transport 65,000 of them to other parts of the country.

Naturally, Obama hasn't seen fit to comment on this exploding humanitarian crisis. But, then, as you may have noticed, whenever the going gets tough, Obama goes golfing.

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