

Obama, Gays and Betting On The Oscars

Where does Obama keep finding these guys? As if Eric Holder wasn't horrible enough, Obama tried to push Debo Adebile, whose most notable achievement was keeping a cop killer from being executed, into the Department of Justice, turning it into even more of a sewer than it already was.

Next, he decided to make Vivak Hallegere Murthy, who apparently regards the Second Amendment to be a greater threat to the nation's health than booze, tobacco and Katherine Sebelius, put together, America's Surgeon General.

Obama has also hired an Afghan immigrant named Mohammad Rasool to be a financial management analyst for the IRS. Odd even for Obama, considering the fact Mr. Rasool had a friend who just happened to be connected to al-Qaeda. What's more, he tried to help his chum evade a terrorism probe by the FBI. Ultimately, the friend was arrested, convicted and deported. Mr. Rasool was arrested, placed on probation for two years and, perhaps by way of apology for causing a Muslim the slightest bit of embarrassment, given this gig with the IRS.

I'm just asking, understand, but doesn't Obama know any guys named Tom, Steve or Charlie? And is it just me, but doesn't "Barack" sound like the noise you make when you're trying to clear your throat?

Speaking of which, when I get on a plane, I want the pilot and co-pilot to have names along the lines of Jack, Bob or Hank. Perhaps if they're English, Canadian or Australian, they can be named Philip, Ross or Jonathan. What I don't want is to board a jetliner and hear a voice on the PA say: "Welcome aboard Malaysia Airlines. This is your pilot, Zahara Ahmad Shah and I know I speak for my co-pilot Fariq Abdul Hamid when

I say Allah Akbar. Now sit back, relax and prepare to die, infidel dogs!"

My own theory about the missing airliner is that it was abducted by a James Bond villain, and is probably concealed on an island with a retractable roof. The only other possibility that has occurred to me is that the Bermuda Triangle has moved to the Indian Ocean.

When I recently wrote about my idea to present a little figurine called the Neville to the biggest wienie on the world stage, a reader wrote to say that England's hapless pre-WWII prime minister, Neville Chamberlain, after whom my booby prize was named, and our current commander-in-chief were exactly alike. I begged to differ. Chamberlain, I pointed out, was an Englishman of the old school and always carried an umbrella, whereas Obama carries a parasol.

I don't watch very much TV, except for old movies on TCM, a few shows on Fox News, the New York Yankees during baseball season and one or two English mysteries. So it wasn't too surprising that I was late discovering the sit com "Modern Family." One reason I'd avoided it is that I hate getting hooked on shows because they can be so time-consuming. Another reason is that I knew that one of the three families involved was a homosexual couple.

It wasn't out of any hatred of gays. Having worked most of my life in Hollywood, I have nothing against them so long as they're not tying up traffic with their goofy parades; running amok in churches; or pretending that a same-sex marriage is just the same as any other, only better, as one of George Orwell's characters in "Animal Farm" might have said.

My reason was that I had gotten so sick and tired of having every homosexual I encountered in movies or on TV portrayed as not only the fount of all wisdom, but kind and warm, funny and generous, the best friends and finest neighbors anyone could

possibly imagine, but nobody has ever had.

When I finally broke down and watched "Modern Family," I was surprised to discover that Mitchell and Cameron have all the foibles and frailties of every other dopey character on the show, and then some. Just like real life.

In fact, I have only one problem with "Modern Family": except for the kid who plays Manny, I can barely understand a single word slurred by the other three teenagers on the show. Just like real life.

Speaking of things pop cultural, I am here to offer a tip to those of you given to betting on the Academy Awards. Because Hollywood places such a premium on good looks, they tend to be in awe of anyone who gains or loses a lot of weight for a role or someone, especially an actress, who allows herself to look less than her best on screen. Right there, you have the explanation for Robert De Niro winning an Oscar for "Raging Bull," Matthew McConaughey winning one for "Dallas Buyers Club," Shelley Winters winning for "The Diary of Anne Frank," Charlize Theron for "Monster" and Ann Hathaway for "Les Miz."

Academy voters are also overly impressed if people go against their previous image, which explains the Oscars that went to Frank Sinatra for playing the dorky Maggio in "From Here to Eternity," and former good girls Donna Reed and Shirley Jones playing bad girls in "From Here to Eternity" and "Elmer Gantry," respectively.

But, best of all, in a town where actors generally decide whether or not to accept a role only after counting their lines in the script, you can't top playing someone who can't or won't speak if you have your eye on an Oscar. Jane Wyman won for "Johnny Belinda," but she was also raped in the movie, so Ingrid Bergman, Olivia de Havilland, Irene Dunne and Barbara Stanwyck, never stood a chance.

Other non-speakers who walked home with Oscars were John Mills

for "Ryan's Daughter," Daniel Day-Lewis for "My Left Foot", Holly Hunter" for "The Piano," Jean Dujardin for "The Artist" and Marlee Matlin for "Children of a Lesser God."

But Ms. Matlin had the ultimate advantage of actually being deaf, so Sissy Spacek, Jane Fonda, Kathleen Turner and Sigourney Weaver, might as well have stayed home and re-arranged their canned goods.

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

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