

Eunuchs & Evildoers

Whenever I see Obama deliver a speech, I have a visceral reaction unlike anything I've ever experienced without having first eaten something I should have left on my plate. It isn't his politics, alone, that brings on the gag reflex; it's the fact that he lies compulsively and then never acknowledges his lies when the facts inevitably show him to be lying.

For instance, when pushing the Affordable Care Act, he swore that it would save the typical family \$2,500 and that if they chose to, they would be able to hang on to their doctor. As we now discover, those were blatant whoppers. On the other hand, how is it that anyone could actually believe that medical coverage could be extended to 30 million additional people and it would cost less?

As to the identity of those 30 million tragic souls, Obama never identified them. I did. They were illegal aliens and young people who preferred spending their money on drugs, booze and entertainment. In other words, they were some of the folks who populated Obama's base.

The plain fact of the matter is that Barack Obama has waged class warfare ever since he was elected to the Illinois legislature. It is what the redistribution of wealth is all about. As it was envisioned and has been carried out by Obama, it takes from the middle class and gives to the poor. Marx and Lenin would be so proud.

It seems like every time you turn around, you hear about some school suspending a little kid for pretending a stick or his finger is a gun. You also hear about schools banning baseballs and footballs from the playground, further feminizing young boys. While they're at it, they demonize competition and enforce a language code that makes English both anemic and basically dishonest.

The intended purpose of this female-imposed agenda is the transformation of American males into eunuchs. It's a war that's been waged by the members of NOW and their liberal cohorts for the past 40 years. It's a war that is prolonged every time some gasbag like Nancy Pelosi or Hillary Clinton pats herself on the back for breaking through the glass ceiling, pretending that we exist in an Islamic society where women have no rights and no opportunities.

Although America began life in miraculous fashion, the likes of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson and Hamilton, serving as midwives, it is fast becoming the land of the craven and the home of the freeloader. The list of our vices is now even longer than our virtues. It has become commonplace for homosexuality to be seen as an acceptable life style. Fifty million abortions have taken place since Roe v. Wade, and most of us don't even bat an eye.

Welfare and disability are gamed by millions of able-bodied people who feel they're entitled to live off the efforts of others. Hordes of viewers tune in to TV talk shows and have their hearts touched by celebrities who brag about overcoming addictions to booze and drugs, and never bother asking why their pampered idols didn't simply avoid the well-known pitfalls in the first place.

Illegitimacy is encouraged; the media promotes Marxism; wealthy actors promote the danger of global warming while flying in private jets; bureaucrats argue for higher taxes while failing to pay their own; the president closes military monuments and refuses to pay death benefits to military families while he plays golf on military bases; and the vice-president deals with the government shutdown by taking his grandkids to vacation at Camp David.

Although candidate Obama vowed to bring us all together, he and his henchmen take every opportunity to demonize Republicans, labeling them arsonists, extortionists, traitors

and murderers. Well, you know what they say – if the shoe fits, throw it at the other guy.

When Muslim terrorist Abu Anas Al-Liby was captured, the first thing I heard was that this administration planned to try him in a criminal court, that the death penalty would not be on the table, and, rather than squeeze him for essential information, he would be allowed to lawyer-up after a one week boat ride to the U.S. Frankly, when it comes to national security, I'd feel a lot better if Moe, Larry and Curly, were on the job.

Speaking of big dopes, when it comes to Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg, one might leap to the conclusion that Alzheimer's had kicked in if not for the fact that she was just as dippy at 40 as she is at 80. In arguing for the extension of affirmative action in the case brought before the Supreme Court by the state of Michigan, Ginsburg said that racial considerations had to be taken into account in order to compensate for the political powerlessness of blacks. I suppose it's just possible that she has failed to notice that the current president and attorney general, along with two of the past four secretaries of state, have been black.

If anyone feels politically powerless in America today and could desperately use some of that affirmative action, it's conservatives.

As that old wag Plato once observed: "Those who are too smart to engage in politics are punished by being governed by those who are dumber."

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Ode To the Informed Public: The 'Fiscal Cliff' Negotiations As a House Fire...

☒ Imagine that you're standing outside on the street, in the bitter cold of the night, dressed in your pajamas. In horror, you're watching your home engulfed in flames. Imagine that the fire fighters have arrived, and with them are all the trucks, hoses, and other equipment required to start attacking the fire.

You know a lot of damage has already been done to your house, but the foundation is solid, many of your belongings can still be saved, and you're certain you can rebuild if the fire is put out in time. The problem is that there are two lead firemen standing in your front yard, arguing over how best to extinguish the flames. While the fire spreads and your house continues to burn, they keep arguing with neither of them giving in an inch. You're forced to watch helplessly as everything you've built up over the years is being destroyed.

This is essentially what's happening right now with the 'fiscal cliff' discussions in Washington, and really with every time-sensitive, partisan battle (including the debt ceiling, annual budgets, etc) that has taken place over the U.S. economy in the past few years. You are the 'informed public' because you see the overall problem, recognize how it affects you, and are expecting the people whose salaries you pay to actually fix the problem. The house on fire is the collapsing state of the economy. The two firemen are our elected leaders from the Democratic and Republican parties. The 'uninformed public' is your next-door neighbor who calmly steps outside of his house to watch the light display.

With a big smile on his face, your neighbor records the fire

on his iPhone, and wonders how long it will take to upload the video to YouTube later. He doesn't really seem to understand the situation, and is oblivious to the very real threat of the large, swirling flames soon jumping from *your* house to *his* house.

Your frustration turns to anger over the inability of the firemen to act professional, formulate a plan, and save your house. You run up to them to try and figure out what their problem is, and are shocked to hear the source of the stalemate. The fireman with the "R" printed on his helmet is proposing to hook up the hoses to fire-hydrants, and douse the flames with large quantities of water. The fireman with the "D" printed on his helmet is proposing to hook up the hoses to gasoline-tankers, and douse the flames with as much gasoline as possible.

You quickly realize that *Fireman D* is either dangerously ignorant or completely insane, but *Fireman R's* lower rank won't let him take control away from Fireman D to resolve the situation. You beg Fireman D to put out the fire with water, but he completely ignores you. Furthermore, your neighbor has now joined the argument and is backing the gasoline idea, purely because he finds Fireman D to be more personable and charming than Fireman R.

Reporters from the media show up and begin covering the fire with their lights and cameras. You run up to them and explain what's going on, and beg them to get the message out that you're going to lose your house because the guy in charge isn't taking the situation seriously. You hope that the media exposure will pressure Fireman D into doing the right thing. To your shock, however, you find that the media is on Fireman D's side. They broadcast live on the evening news that Fireman R is "obstructing" Fireman D from doing his job, and a house is going to be completely destroyed because of it.

You shout at the reporters in frustration, but they tell you

you're "just angry", and suggest that your anger is "racially motivated".

"What???" you scream out in utter disbelief.

The reporters point out that Fireman D is an African American – a fact that is completely irrelevant to you. While you insist that you're not a racist, and just want someone to save your house, the reporters skeptically roll their eyes, snicker, and whisper something among themselves about "dog whistles".

Your neighbor asks you why you don't want Fireman D to put out the fire, and you explain to him that a fire can't be put out with gasoline.

"Have you ever *tried* to put out a fire with gasoline?" he asks.

"Of course not!" you scream.

"Well then how do you know it won't work?"

You grab onto your hair and shout, "Because it's gasoline! It's flammable!"

"Flammable?" asks one of the reporters with a snide expression on his face. "Where did you hear such a stupid thing? FOX News?" All of the reporters laugh.

"It's common knowledge! It's common sense!" you wail.

At that point, you notice that your neighbor's house is now on fire as well, and you yell at him to turn around and see it. But he won't. He just looks at you like you're talking in a foreign language.

"There's nothing to be worried about, man," he says. "Fireman D says that he's 'looking out for me'. It's all good!" He then turns his attention back to his iPhone, and starts playing

video games on it.

"Listen..." begins Fireman D as he puts his arm around your shoulder. "I've been trying to compromise with the other fireman. I told him that while we're pumping gasoline through the hoses, he can use a squirt gun to try and fight the fire with water. It's a *balanced* approach."

"That sounds fair," quickly says a reporter.

"Yes, *more* than fair," says another one.

"I'm all about compromise," says Fireman D before he smiles and poses next to you for a quick picture from the press. "But the other guy is being completely unreasonable. He must *want* the fire to destroy this house. What's with this guy's obsession with water, anyway? He's probably in bed with *Big H2O!*"

The reporters laugh. Some even applaud. Your eyes are glazed over in disbelief.

Fireman D continues, "You see...In the past, we've tried it Fireman R's way and it didn't work! We've been using water to put fires out for a long time, and yet buildings still burn down! So his plan doesn't work!"

At your whits end, you say, "Sir... I know that burning buildings can't always be saved with water, but it's the best chance we have. Gasoline won't work! Gasoline will only make the problem worse! Please help me! I built that house with my own two hands!"

This seems to offend Fireman D, who raises his voice and condescendingly states, "You *didn't* build that! Somebody else made that happen!"

Minutes later, your house has been completely burnt to the ground and your neighbor's house with it. Your neighbor's still playing video games, unaware of anything happening

around him. The media is circled around Fireman R, angrily blaming *him* for the destruction, and citing his hardline, unreasonable demands as the cause. Fireman D is on his cellphone, coordinating plans for an upcoming Hawaiian vacation. You are sitting on the sidewalk, alone, with your face in your hands, wondering if the whole world has gone completely nuts.

And...scene.