

Warning: Head Explosions Just Ahead

Eric Holder, whose greatest ambition was clearly to be the worst Attorney General in history, helped solidify his claim on the title by insisting that the Justice Department will not allow profiling on the basis of religion or national origin. I had assumed that was already the policy of an A.G. who is so corrupt, he refuses to prosecute racial hate crimes unless the target of the investigation is a white individual or a Tea Party group.

We've been engaged for the past 35 years in an undeclared war with Islam – undeclared by us, that is – but Mr. Holder regards it as rude if we concentrate on the religion or nationality of those sworn to murder us.

Anyone who isn't worried sick over what Barack Obama and Eric (Mini Me) Holder, are doing to our justice system just hasn't been paying close attention.

In fact, when you look at the Washington in-crowd that also includes Harry Reid, Nancy Pelosi, Joe Biden, Kathleen Sebelius, John Kerry and Zeke Emanuel, you could easily get the idea that when it comes to existential threats to America, Iran ranks no higher than tenth or eleventh.

I was never a partisan of Chris Christie, so it hardly concerns me that his poll numbers are dropping. But even if he hadn't spent so much of October, 2012, cuddling with Barack Obama, I would have questioned his sanity once I learned, as I recently did, that he has attended 127 Bruce Springsteen concerts. I would expect that sort of thing from a teenager with a very rich, very indulgent, father, not from a grown-up with his eye on the White House. Frankly, I'm surprised that the tabloids haven't glommed on to this and gone to town with

headlines asserting that The Boss Has a Thing for “The Boss.”

Until I read about it in Townhall magazine, I’d been unaware that in 2012, the biographies of nearly all the past presidents were changed on WhiteHouse.gov to include something about Obama. So, for instance, Reagan’s bio was expanded to include the claim that Obama has the same tax policy as the fellow who cut the number of tax brackets from 15 down to two.

Knowing what we do of Obama’s boundless audacity, you can’t help wondering about other possible changes. Did Obama help James Madison write the Constitution, insisting to the bitter end that he include something about income inequality? Did he warn Lincoln not to attend Ford’s Theater, explaining that “Our American Cousin” had a deadly third act? Did he counsel FDR not to go to war with Germany and Japan, and, instead, to give peace a chance?

It’s no wonder that Obama will go down in history as last in war, last in peace and last in the hearts of his countrymen.

From 1927 through 1930, the Motion Picture Academy nominated five movies as the best of the year. In 1931, they nominated eight contenders. The next year, they nominated 10. It stayed that way until 1944, when they limited the number to five. Then, a couple of years ago, they changed it back up to 10. It certainly wasn’t because Hollywood had begun turning out great movies. There were two main reasons for the change. One, it helps sell tickets when you can mention an Oscar nomination in the ads. Two, it’s not easy satisfying all the humongous egos in Hollywood, and doubling the number of producers, directors and stars, who can brag they had something to do with an Oscar-nominated film is a pretty easy way to make it happen.

This year, for some reason, they only saw fit to nominate nine. Of the nine, I saw six. Of the six, only two were worthy of any sort of award, unless it were something bestowed by the pharmaceutical industry to honor the best sleep inducer not

sold in a bottle. What is most notable about the number of nominees is that clearly they could have named a tenth, but chose not to. And the film that wasn't on the list in spite of decent reviews, great box office and sensational word of mouth – and my own personal favorite of the year, even though I don't happen to like war movies – was “Lone Survivor.”

Was the fact it depicted American soldiers as authentic heroes, and not as thugs, rapists and mercenaries, the reason that such soporifics as “Her,” “American Hustle” and “Dallas Buyers Club” survived the cut and “Lone Survivor” didn't?

When Wendy Davis, the woman who is trying to ride her 11-hour filibuster against a bill that would have banned abortions after the 20th week of pregnancy into the Texas governor's mansion, was caught lying about her personal history, she said that in the future she would have to tighten up her language.

Did I hear “Tighten up her language?!” Translated into English, would that be “Stop lying?”

What is it with these creeps that prevent them from speaking like actual human beings? With politicians, they never fess up to fibbing. Instead, they misspeak, talk back their earlier statement or are guilty of not tightening up their language.

In Davis's case, one of the things she wasn't tight enough about was the fact that she did not work her way through college and law school; instead, her second husband paid her way. What's more, in a breathtaking display of chutzpah, she walked out of the marriage the day after the poor schnook paid off the last of her school loans.

I am reminded of L.A.'s publicity-mad lawyer, the uberliberal Gloria Allred. Although she also claimed to have done it all on her own, in fact it was, again, a second husband who paid her way through law school. Still, in spite of being a devout feminist, she demanded and received alimony. A few years later, her ex went to prison on a fraud charge; she showed her

gratitude by refusing to accept even a penny less in alimony once he served his sentence, although by then, she was making a nice living and, as an ex-con, he couldn't find a job.

It should also be mentioned that Mr. Allred adopted Gloria's daughter by her first husband and even paid her way through Yale Law School.

Second husbands, beware: If your wife decides to become a lawyer, you'd be the biggest sucker in town if you even considered financing the enterprise. When all is said and done, she won't even have to pay a third party to take you to the cleaners.

I am still recuperating from my hand and wrist surgery, but I'd like to thank all who wrote with their good wishes. Some mentioned the possibility that even though the surgery wasn't life-threatening, there was a very real possibility that I would experience serious mood changes. I was told that for a while, I might have to endure either suicidal or homicidal urges.

The problem, I quickly realized, is that even prior to the operation, every time I thought about what Obama and his circus of trained fleas were doing to America, I was experiencing both urges simultaneously and constantly.

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