

January 21, 2015

The president's pompous idiot John Kerry finally shows up in France. And he arrives with a minstrel show. Kevin Williamson has fun with it.

... The spectacle of the Obama administration's dispatching Secretary of State John Kerry to "share a big hug with Paris" as James Taylor — who still exists — crooned "You've Got a Friend" is the perfect objective correlative for American decline: The pathetic self-regard of John Kerry and James Taylor's Baby Boomers meets the cynical, self-serving, going-through-the-motions style of Barack Obama's Generation X as disenchanting Millennials in parental basements across the fruited plains no doubt injured their thumbs typing "WTF?" It is the substitution of celebrity for power, of sentiment for analysis, of sloppy gesture for clear-headed commitment. ...

... James Taylor may in fact be the quintessential man of his generation. He is the son of two highly accomplished parents, his father a physician and dean of the University of North Carolina medical school who served in the Arctic with Operation Deep Freeze, his mother a soprano who studied at the New England Conservatory of Music. A child of affluence bringing up the rear of the Age of Aquarius, he was in a mental institution by the time he was of high-school age, and then tried to launch a musical career but launched a career as a full-time junkie instead. His fortunes turned around when he inherited money and used his new status to move to London and exploit his social connections to link up with Paul McCartney and become rich and famous with a catchy song about what a complete screw-up he had been his entire life. At some point, this man who is so colorlessly country-club that he makes the Fox News weekday lineup look like the original cast of Hair declared himself a "churning urn of burning funk." For the next few decades he proceeded to burden the world with a burgeoning catalog of insipid mediocrity until, finally, he descended to the lowest point a musician ever reaches, three steps down from busking in subway stations: He became a hired hand for politicians, playing with MoveOn.org's "Vote for Change" tour through swing states on behalf of — small world! — John Kerry, our national personification of vanity, a kept man, dilettante, and Democratic time-server whose career was both launched and sustained by self-serving accounts of his service in the Vietnam War, a conflict that Taylor avoided by being declared mentally unfit to serve. ...

Jonathan Tobin treats us to more.

One of the basic rules of satire is that it is virtually impossible to satirize something that is already inherently ridiculous. That axiom is brought to mind as America belatedly sought to reaffirm its friendship with France in the wake of the administration's decision to snub the Paris unity rally that commemorated the terror attack on the Charlie Hebdo office and a kosher market. Neither the president nor the vice president or even Secretary of State John Kerry bothered to come to a gathering attended by over 40 world leaders. But to make up for this, Kerry brought folk rock singer James Taylor to Paris to serenade French officials with a version of Carol King's classic ballad, "You've Got a Friend." This is something so absurd that it isn't clear even the cleverest minds at Saturday Night Live or even Charlie Hebdo could adequately convey the sophomoric nature of a lame attempt to make up for a gaffe. ...

... Kerry's cringe-inducing turn hosting his friend Taylor isn't the dumbest thing he has done at the State Department by a long shot. Having faith in Mahmoud Abbas as a champion of peace and signing a weak nuclear deal with Iran are hard to top. But is an iconic moment that will symbolize Obama and Kerry's ham-handed approach to allies. A song, even a folk rock classic that allows Kerry to reminisce about his youth spent falsely testifying against his fellow Vietnam vets, can't substitute for a strong stand against Islamists or even the ability to say the word. Prior to this, it

was possible to argue that U.S. foreign policy had become a joke. But after Taylor had finished warbling, even the president and his inner White House circle must be wondering what sort of a fool they've unleashed on the world.

Editors of the NY Daily News think the stunt shows as much disrespect as the presidential blow-off.

John Kerry has given new meaning to the term "tone deaf."

There America's secretary of state was, on the visit to Paris that he should have made when world leaders linked arms in solidarity against Islamist terror.

There he was, to belatedly convey the resolve of the United States of America in defending civilization and the values of free democracy after the Charlie Hebdo and kosher supermarket massacres of 17 people.

And there he was, forgoing a clarion call for global solidarity in favor of a hum-along with gentle, guitar-strumming folkie James Taylor.

It's absurd but it's not funny. It's as bad a diss as President Obama's no-show failure to appreciate the gravity of this moment in the war on terror. ...

Andrew Malcolm lists five reasons to blow off President Real Good Talker. Pickerhead can list five reasons too; A&E is showing reruns of Storage Wars, USA has Modern Family, Kentucky is going to host Vanderbilt for a roast of their men's basketball team, Discovery has Moonshiner reruns, and Bravo has Beverly Hills Housewives. Storage Wars is the beer drinker's Antiques Roadshow and it's not true watching it burns off IQ points.

For once, Barack Obama pays attention tonight to the Constitution, which requires that a president "from time to time give to the Congress Information of the State of the Union."

There's nothing in that sacred document about turning it into a pie-in-the-sky, political wish list, criticizing Supreme Court justices to their faces or going on for over an hour on prime-time TV and pre-empting some of our most popular shows. There's not even any mention of a president delivering the required information in person or verbally -- very verbally.

Obama's State of the Union Addresses have been among the longest in modern history, averaging nearly 65 minutes. Not as long as the 71-minute average of Bill Clinton, who also liked to hear himself talk. But way surpassing the 37 minutes of Ronald Reagan, who was more interested in communicating. ...

It's your patriotic duty not to watch SOTU. Charles Cooke says it's un-American.

... As a matter of basic constitutional propriety, there is something unutterably rotten about the State of the Union. The essential principle of the American settlement, Thomas Jefferson confirmed in a 1797 letter, "is that of a separation of legislative, Executive and Judiciary functions." And as far as possible, he added, it is incumbent upon "every friend of free government" to keep it that way. Why, then, each and every January are we happy to watch the head of the executive

branch walk slap bang into the middle of the legislature and deliver an unchallenged, immoderate, and entirely self-serving lecture about himself and his desires? Why do we permit one branch to issue a campaign speech in the heart of enemy territory? How do we imagine we are serving the interests of fractured government by assembling all of its moving parts in one place?

Within the English system of government — in which the executive and the legislature are fused — such an arrangement would make perfect sense. Within the Madisonian system, however, it is little short of preposterous — especially when one considers that the legislature is accorded no opportunity whatsoever to push back. Explaining his decision to abolish the practice in 1801, President Thomas Jefferson contended that the new country should not tolerate a pageant so similar in nature to the British Speech from the Throne, and announced instead that he would be fulfilling his constitutional duties in writing. ...

*It can certainly not be hoped that this chief executive (**That would be president narcissist**) will limit himself in the name of abstract, Jeffersonian principle — nor, for that matter, is it likely that his successor will, either. But why, one has to wonder, does Congress continue to applaud the charade?*

Circling back to Kerry's stunt in Paris, Clarice Feldman says it's so dumb there's no room for parody.

I was sound asleep when the phone rang and so I cannot be absolutely sure the conversation was not a dream, but it seemed real enough.

“Hello,” the caller began. “My name is Mr. Mensch, I am president of the Parodists of the World, professional comedy writers, and we want to engage you in a suit against the administration for tortious interference with our livelihood.”

“What exactly are you alleging, I mean specifics?” I responded.

He then launched into a litany of grievances against the administration which the Parodists claimed had made it impossible for them to continue making a living.

“First, our country sent no one to the important anti-terrorism demonstration in Paris, and then there’s Valerie Jarrett calling the march against the slaughter of innocents in Paris a ‘Parade’, as if this were some sort of celebration. ‘Certainly We Would Have Loved To Participate In The Parade,’ But We “Got The Substance Right”.” She said and then proceeded to claim that Holder couldn’t attend because he was in a very important terrorism conference at the time, forgetting that we knew everyone else at the conference made it to the march except Holder. So at the time of the march he was meeting with himself, it seems.”

“Well, that was silly, “I agreed. “And?” I waited for the next item.

“Then our secretary of state, John Kerry, whose entire life has been fashioned around his self-imagined superior diplomatic skills and international affairs expertise, shows up speaking execrable high school level French, accompanied by an aging ex-druggie who sings to the grieving French ‘You’ve Got a Friend””

"I have to agree that was preposterous and really embarrassing. One wag suggested the French ought to respond by having Carly Simon sing, 'You're so Vain' to the President and his Secretary of State. 'Send in the Clowns' comes to mind." ...

National Review

Brigadier General James Taylor?

Next time, send Slayer.

by Kevin D. Williamson

Let us call the roll of national badasses: the 75th Ranger Regiment, USMC Force Reconnaissance, the SEALs, Delta Force . . . James Taylor? What sort of warriors does a weary nation facing a savage enemy turn to? "The Quiet Professionals," "Semper Fidelis," "Death from Above" . . . ["A Churning Urn of Burning Funk."](#)

The spectacle of the Obama administration's dispatching Secretary of State John Kerry to "share a big hug with Paris" as James Taylor — who still *exists* — crooned "You've Got a Friend" is the perfect objective correlative for American decline: The pathetic self-regard of John Kerry and James Taylor's Baby Boomers meets the cynical, self-serving, going-through-the-motions style of Barack Obama's Generation X as disenchanting Millennials in parental basements across the fruited plains no doubt injured their thumbs typing "WTF?" It is the substitution of celebrity for power, of sentiment for analysis, of sloppy gesture for clear-headed commitment.



We're responding to barbarism from the 7th century with soft rock from the 1970s.

James Taylor may in fact be the quintessential man of his generation. He is the son of two highly accomplished parents, his father a physician and dean of the University of North Carolina medical school who served in the Arctic with Operation Deep Freeze, his mother a soprano who studied at the New England Conservatory of Music. A child of affluence bringing up the rear of the Age of Aquarius, he was in a mental institution by the time he was of high-school age, and then tried to launch a musical career but launched a career as a full-time junkie instead. His fortunes turned around when he inherited money and used his new status to move to London and exploit his social connections to link up with Paul McCartney and become rich and famous with a catchy song about what a complete screw-up he had been his entire life. At some point, this man who is so colorlessly country-club that he makes the Fox News weekday lineup look like the original cast of *Hair* declared himself a "churning urn of burning funk." For the next few decades he proceeded to burden the world with a burgeoning catalog of insipid mediocrity until, finally, he descended to the lowest point a musician ever reaches, three steps down from busking in subway stations: He became a hired hand for politicians, playing with MoveOn.org's "Vote for Change" tour through swing states on behalf of — small world! — John Kerry, our national personification of vanity, a kept man, dilettante, and Democratic time-server whose career was both launched and sustained by self-serving accounts of his service in the Vietnam War, a conflict that Taylor avoided by being declared mentally unfit to serve.

In our hour of need, the French gave us Lafayette. In theirs, we sent them the guy who drained all the sugar out of "How Sweet It Is" and substituted saccharin.

A word of advice: Next time, send Slayer.

Seriously: If you're going to send a past-its-prime musical act to an ally in distress — instead of showing up to join the rest of the heads of state in a show of solidarity — then send in the wild boys from Huntington Park, Calif., who are, like the last effective foreign policy maintained by this country, born of the 1980s. James Taylor tells France, "You've got a friend." Slayer tells the world, "You've got a problem." And there's something in the Slayer catalog for everybody: "Jihad" for the most literal-minded; "Evil Has No Boundaries," a sentiment that social conservatives could surely endorse; "War Ensemble" for the neocons; and President John Bolton's agenda for his first 100 days in office: "Raining Blood." ("Endless war?" President Bolton scoffs. "Try three weeks.") If you find yourself in a fight, you want to know that you've got a friend. But do you really want that friend to be James Taylor?

We Americans sometimes laugh at the French — cheese-eating surrender monkeys and all that — but in World War I they lost nearly 1.8 million people, or nearly 5 percent of their population, losses that were proportionally more than 30 times those we suffered in that horrific conflict. (In World War II, the French death rate was only four times ours.) They may have lost some of their fighting spirit since then — or they may not have, if you ask your average trans-Saharan jihadist — but we did not elect Barack Obama president of these United States out of a surplus of courage, either. It's not that we should send the 101st Airborne to *les banlieues*, rather that we should be the sort of country that makes it matter when we say "you've got a friend." When it comes to jihad, there are no obvious solutions, but there are some obvious non-solutions, and an impromptu James Taylor concert surely is one of them.

Contentions

Allies Know They Haven't "Got a Friend" in Obama's America

by Jonathan S. Tobin

One of the basic rules of satire is that it is virtually impossible to satirize something that is already inherently ridiculous. That axiom is brought to mind as America belatedly sought to reaffirm its friendship with France in the wake of the administration's decision to snub the Paris unity rally that commemorated the terror attack on the *Charlie Hebdo* office and a kosher market. Neither the president nor the vice president or even Secretary of State John Kerry bothered to come to a gathering attended by over 40 world leaders. But to make up for this, Kerry [brought folk rock singer James Taylor to Paris](#) to serenade French officials with a version of Carol King's classic ballad, "You've Got a Friend." This is something so absurd that it isn't clear even the cleverest minds at *Saturday Night Live* or even *Charlie Hebdo* could adequately convey the sophomoric nature of a lame attempt to make up for a gaffe. While the real problem is the administration's lack of comfort in standing up for the rights of cartoonists to offend Islamists as evidenced by the decision to stay away from the rally, it also tells us something significant about the inadequate man who is serving as the nation's chief diplomat.

That Kerry would think schlepping an aging rock icon from his youth to Paris to tell the French that "all you've got to do is just ca-aall" if they need us is the sort of thing that makes one long for the diplomacy of an earlier era when envoys wore uniforms, swords, and feathered hats and stuck to rigid formality.

That's not just because such a gesture is jejune as well as puerile, though it is both of those things as well as a clear reflection of Kerry's lack of seriousness as a public official. It's that the French and the rest of Europe know very well that the last thing they can count on in a crisis is the willingness of the Obama administration to "be there" for their oldest ally or anyone else for that matter.

This is an administration that has spent six years offending and snubbing allies all the while seeking in vain to appease old foes and rivals such as Russia and Iran. Though U.S. and French policies often intersect, Paris and the rest of Europe have come to understand that Obama is as uninterested in their point of view or their needs as he is of those of congressional Republicans. In a week when French officials were rightly calling on the world to join them in the fight against Islamist terror, Washington was dithering and couldn't even force itself to say the word "Islamist."

As is well known, French opinion about the United States is decidedly mixed with resentment of American wealth and culture often overwhelming the basic commonality of interests shared by two great democracies. A James Taylor concert won't make things much worse but neither will it improve the situation. What it will do is to remind Europe and those enemies once again that this is an administration that neither understands symbolism or how to reaffirm an alliance.

It is no small irony that an administration that came into office determined to work with the international community, and our allies rather than to be Bush-like unilateral cowboys, is now reduced to this sort of nonsense. What the French or any ally wants is not a touchy-feely Oldies song but a sense that the U.S. believes it is still part of the war against international terror. To the contrary, Obama's instincts are such that allies have come to expect his contempt or disinterest in their problems.

Kerry's cringe-inducing turn hosting his friend Taylor isn't the dumbest thing he has done at the State Department by a long shot. Having faith in Mahmoud Abbas as a champion of peace and

signing a weak nuclear deal with Iran are hard to top. But is an iconic moment that will symbolize Obama and Kerry's ham-handed approach to allies. A song, even a folk rock classic that allows Kerry to reminisce about his youth spent falsely testifying against his fellow Vietnam vets, can't substitute for a strong stand against Islamists or even the ability to say the word. Prior to this, it was possible to argue that U.S. foreign policy had become a joke. But after Taylor had finished warbling, even the president and his inner White House circle must be wondering what sort of a fool they've unleashed on the world.

NY Daily News - Editorial

John Kerry and James Taylor: Not the friends France needs

As our enemies declare war on freedom itself, the American statesman responds with a singalong

John Kerry has given new meaning to the term "tone deaf."

There America's secretary of state was, on the visit to Paris that he should have made when [world leaders linked arms in solidarity against Islamist terror](#).

There he was, to belatedly convey the resolve of the United States of America in defending civilization and the values of free democracy after the [Charlie Hebdo and kosher supermarket massacres of 17 people](#).

And there he was, forgoing a clarion call for global solidarity in favor of a [hum-along with gentle, guitar-strumming folkie James Taylor](#).

It's absurd but it's not funny. It's as bad a diss as President Obama's no-show failure to appreciate the gravity of this moment in the war on terror.

To Kerry, the presidential vacuum was no big deal. Petulantly, [he described criticism of the White House abdication as "quibbling."](#) Then, shamed, the White House announced that Kerry would carry the flag to France after all.

But he viewed the mission not as an expression of the American spirit. Instead, he saw it as a maudlin therapy session.

"My visit to France is basically to share a big hug for Paris and express the affection of the American people for France and for our friends there who have been through a terrible time," Kerry treaced before going.

Once in Paris, he stood solemnly long-faced as his friend Taylor broke out the guitar and sang his four-decade-old awwwww anthem, "You've Got a Friend":

"When you're down and troubled and you need a helping hand/And nothing, whoa, nothing is going right/Close your eyes and think of me and soon I will be there/To brighten up even your darkest nights."

The Kerry translation of "nothing, whoa, nothing is going right": Fanatical terrorist murderers have declared war on freedom across the continent, and European countries have been convulsed by

campaigns to root out terror bands while struggling with tensions between Muslims and non-Muslims.

So, French friends and NATO allies, did the crooner brighten your darkest night? Or would you like an emergency visit of Obama bringing Bette Midler to sing “Wind Beneath My Wings”?

\$1.25 - NYDailyNews.com

SPORTS FINAL

Rain, 38/28. Monday, January 12, 2015

DAILY NEWS

NEW YORK'S HOMETOWN NEWSPAPER

Sunday, more than 40 leaders marched with 3M people in Paris to defy terror. None of these men showed up. THE NEWS SAYS:



SEE PAGES 4-5



Daily News' front cover on January 12.

IBD

[5 good reasons to blow off Obama's speech](#)

by Andrew Malcolm



For once, Barack Obama pays attention tonight to the Constitution, which requires that a president "from time to time give to the Congress Information of the State of the Union."

There's nothing in that sacred document about turning it into a pie-in-the-sky, political wish list, criticizing Supreme Court justices to their faces or going on for over an hour on prime-time TV and pre-empting some of our most popular shows. There's not even any mention of a president delivering the required information in person or verbally -- very verbally.

Obama's State of the Union Addresses have been among the longest in modern history, averaging nearly 65 minutes. Not as long as the 71-minute average of Bill Clinton, who also liked to hear himself talk. But way surpassing the 37 minutes of Ronald Reagan, who was more interested in communicating.

For most of the presidents from No. 3 Thomas Jefferson to No. 28 Woodrow Wilson, courier was a satisfactory means of meeting their Constitutional obligation. But when first, radio and then TV arrived, a personal appearance before a joint session of Congress became irresistible.

Fortunately, there's nothing in the Constitution that requires anyone to pay attention to No. 44's State of the Union tonight. Not a single clause, article or word.

So, here are five top reasons why you should feel free to read a book or check out "Cougar Town" or another Invicta watch sales marathon:

1) Since he returned from Hawaii, Obama has been going around the country saying what he's going to say tonight.

You know, how [the state of the union is good](#), really good. Well, a little better than it used to be.

And how he wants to give out [more free stuff like no-cost college education](#).

And how he's really looking out for the middle-class. So, he'll propose tax cuts for them, part of the \$300+ billion in his new spending to be financed with new taxes. But don't worry about them. This president is only gonna tax those rich folks that most Americans aren't.

And guess what? Obama leaves tomorrow on our 747 for another trip to tell Americans that what he said he was going to say tonight he actually did say tonight. Heads up, Kansas and Idaho.

2) Everything he's going to say tonight, Obama's said before. Many times. In fact, many, *many* times.

3) Nothing Obama says tonight matters. Every word the Chicagoan utters is political, said for the immediate theatrical effect or sound he wants at that moment.

Remember as part of his sales pitch how every family was going to save \$2,500 a year with ObamaCare? And when the average family ended up instead paying thousands more a year for healthcare, what did Obama say in his apology?

Nothing. He didn't apologize. He didn't explain how he could have been so wrong. He just moved on to his next talking point, how more Americans now have health insurance. Nowhere near the number he originally promised. And millions are losing their 40-hour work weeks. But he skips those inconveniences too.

4) And most of the mainstream media has and will go along with him. You won't hear many whistles blown tonight or tomorrow. The lame duck's tired old proposals will be treated as brand-new, as if they just came out of Valerie Jarrett's brilliant mind.

5) Virtually nothing Obama talks about tonight will actually occur. Maybe more executive orders. That's it.

Earlier this month late-night comedian Conan O'Brien mocked the absurdity of the Democrat's State of the Union preview speech tour: "It's pretty exciting—Obama rushes out on the stage and shouts, *"ARE YOU READY FOR SOME STUFF THAT'S NEVER GOING TO HAPPEN?"*"

A couple of years ago Obama grandiosely announced his plan for universal pre-K education because everyone deserves an equal chance at everything and someone else can pay for it or explain why they can't. Of course, universal pre-K didn't happen and Obama's Democrat party controlled half of Congress then. He doesn't care. It sounded good at the time.

Today, as a result of midterm voter verdicts across the country, Obama's Democrat party controls nothing in Congress. Republicans run both chambers on Capitol Hill. And while both sides feign a desire for bipartisan cooperation, that's just Maybelline concealer to color over political blemishes for 2016.

Voters in two consecutive midterm elections have opted for divided government to rein in a president they are reluctantly falling out of love with. Obama told a disgruntled Democrat caucus last week that, by golly, he was going to stay on the offensive for these last 730 days.

Because Obama has never encountered a problem he couldn't throw another speech at. Look for even more teleprompted remarks calling on others to do what they have no intention of doing. And now everyone knows it.

Other than those few little things, however, Obama's State of the Union Address will be compelling, must-see TV.

National Review

The President's Speech

The State of the Union address runs contrary to the basic principles of our government.

By Charles C. W. Cooke

On Tuesday evening, at just after nine o'clock, an American citizen will give a political speech, and for a brief moment the media's world will stop turning on its axis. Dropping what they were doing, every news station will broadcast his words live; a cabal of quick-draw analysts will wait in the wings to defend or to attack his ideas; the newspapers and opinion journals will start the process of dissecting it nine ways to Sunday; and, after the dust has settled, the White House will declare victory. Meanwhile, admirably disinterested in such things as it is, the public will mostly tune out.

And yet, as latently as they may be aware of the details, most will accept its occurrence as if it were mandated by nature itself. They should do no such thing. As a matter of basic constitutional propriety, there is something unutterably rotten about the State of the Union. The essential principle of the American settlement, Thomas Jefferson confirmed in a 1797 letter, "is that of a separation of legislative, Executive and Judiciary functions." And as far as possible, he added, it is incumbent upon "every friend of free government" to keep it that way. Why, then, each and every January are we happy to watch the head of the executive branch walk slap bang into the middle of the legislature and deliver an unchallenged, immoderate, and entirely self-serving lecture about himself and his desires? Why do we permit one branch to issue a campaign speech in the heart of enemy territory? How do we imagine we are serving the interests of fractured government by assembling all of its moving parts in one place?

Within the English system of government — in which the executive and the legislature are fused — such an arrangement would make perfect sense. Within the Madisonian system, however, it is little short of preposterous — *especially* when one considers that the legislature is accorded no opportunity whatsoever to push back. Explaining his decision to abolish the practice in 1801, President Thomas Jefferson contended that the new country should not tolerate a pageant so similar in nature to the British Speech from the Throne, and announced instead that he would be fulfilling his constitutional duties in writing. Hoping to forestall what he would later describe bitterly as the "mimickry" of "royal forms and ceremonies," Jefferson instead elected to forsake the "pompous cavalcade" and to eschew all of those "forms and ceremonies" that were "not at all in character with the simplicity of republican government." Henceforth, Jefferson hoped, the report would be delivered on paper.

This reticence was both admirable and radical, serving not only as a rare example of a powerful man willingly limiting his own grandiosity — and as a salutary lesson in how the separation of

powers should be regarded by all — but helping also to calibrate the political expectations of a people who remained unsure as to whether one could actually run a successful nation without putting a monarch or a Great Man at the helm. That the practice that Jefferson strangled was eventually resuscitated by that outspoken enemy of republican virtue, President Thomas Woodrow Wilson, should frankly worry anybody who is concerned about the maintenance of political balance in America. Champions of the legislature might be alarmed, too, to learn that, after the infinitely laudable Calvin Coolidge had reversed Wilson's course, the spoken address was brought back once again by the most imperial of all America's imperial presidents, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. The State of the Union, we might say, is a Jacksonian rather than a Jeffersonian game.

Increasingly, alas, it is an Obaman one, too. Since the practical consequences of his 2010 electoral "shellacking" became clear to him, the president has spent a good amount of his time mocking the legislature's claims to power — and, in such instances as it has had the audacity to disagree with him, promising to ignore it completely. "If Congress won't act," Obama has threatened over and over again, "I will." And yet, in spite of these provocations, large swaths of that same legislature are at present preparing to smile and to holler and to applaud their great leader — *even*, it can be guaranteed, when he is explaining to them how he intends to usurp their prerogatives. Last year, major players in both the Senate and House wrote letters to Obama in which they actively pleaded with him to make an end run around their institution. "What we want," Luis Gutierrez confirmed spinelessly, is for the executive branch to forget Congress and to "act big, act bold, act broadly, and act soon." A few short weeks later, the president did. What was Gutierrez's reaction? *Delight*.

This, I'm afraid, is rather instructive. For all the heady disregard that modern presidents have shown toward the established limitations of their office, a great deal of the blame for our predicament must be placed at the feet of Congress itself. It has long been the case that American presidents are possessed of opportunities that are unavailable to those in the legislative branch, and, as the culture has changed, this imbalance has only grown more acute. Because there is just one chief executive, his words inevitably puncture and carry, in a manner that the disparate messages of the 535 members of the federal legislature never will. Moreover, with the advent of mass media, of Huxleyan attention spans, and of celebrity worship, the asymmetry has become even more pronounced than it was at the time of the Founding. As it stands, President Obama has a considerable structural advantage over Congress, and knowing this to be true, is entering the twilight of his presidency in the expectation that he will profit from it. It can certainly not be hoped that this chief executive (*That would be president narcissist*) will limit himself in the name of abstract, Jeffersonian principle — nor, for that matter, is it likely that his successor will, either. But why, one has to wonder, does Congress continue to applaud the charade?

American Thinker

No Room for Parody

by Clarice Feldman

I was sound asleep when the phone rang and so I cannot be absolutely sure the conversation was not a dream, but it seemed real enough.

"Hello," the caller began. "My name is Mr. Mensch, I am president of the Parodists of the World, professional comedy writers, and we want to engage you in a suit against the administration for tortious interference with our livelihood."

“What exactly are you alleging, I mean specifics?” I responded.

He then launched into a litany of grievances against the administration which the Parodists claimed had made it impossible for them to continue making a living.

“First, our country sent no one to the important anti-terrorism demonstration in Paris, and then there’s Valerie Jarrett calling the march against the slaughter of innocents in Paris a ‘Parade’, as if this were some sort of celebration. ‘Certainly We Would Have Loved To Participate In The Parade,” But We “Got The Substance Right”.” She said and then proceeded to claim that Holder couldn’t attend because he was in a very important terrorism conference at the time, forgetting that we knew everyone else at the conference made it to the march except Holder. So at the time of the march he was meeting with himself, it seems.”

“Well, that was silly, “I agreed. “And?” I waited for the next item.

“Then our secretary of state, John Kerry, whose entire life has been fashioned around his self-imagined superior diplomatic skills and international affairs expertise, shows up speaking execrable high school level French, accompanied by an aging ex-druggie who sings to the grieving French ‘You’ve Got a Friend””

“I have to agree that was preposterous and really embarrassing. One wag suggested the French ought to respond by having Carly Simon sing, ‘You’re so Vain’ to the President and his Secretary of State. ‘Send in the Clowns’ comes to mind.”

“It’s all of a piece you know. It’s cutting substantially into our employment prospects. Let me [read this](#) to you,” Mensch said:

“ ‘A scandal has erupted in the American Consulate in Jerusalem, as three Israeli security guards have quit following a plan to hire 35 armed Palestinian guards from East Jerusalem. The Palestinians have been undergoing weapons training in Jericho in recent days. The decision to hire and arm the Palestinian security personnel was made by the consulate’s chief security officer, Dan Cronin. The plan is to employ them mostly as escorts to American diplomats’ convoys in the West Bank. Their operating base will be at the consulate in the city’s west, as well as six other facilities around the city belonging to the consulate, of which five are in western Jerusalem.

The plan is a breach of a 2011 agreement between the consulate and the Israeli government, which determined that only former IDF combat soldiers hired by the consulate would be allowed to carry weapons. That year, Israel gave the consulate approval to keep about 100 guns for its security guards, but only if they’re American diplomats or Israelis who served in the army. While the consulate employs scores of guards from East Jerusalem, they have not been armed up until now.”

“Sounds like a bad joke to me,” I replied. “With the world’s attention focused on Moslem extremists. New [jihadi groups showing up](#) all through Europe, and Palestinians continuing to attack our ally Israel and we train and arm Palestinian guards to protect us in Jerusalem in violation of our agreement with Israel?”

“Even the liberal foreign policy [pundit Leslie Gelb](#) is concerned that the administration is absolutely clueless,” sputtered Mensch.

“And he keeps [releasing men from Gitmo](#) who then return to fight against us. He released Mullah Abdul Rauf and immediately on his return he’s recruiting for the Taliban in Afghanistan.”

By this time Mensch was on a roll.

“The White House spokesman, Josh Earnest is tripping over his own tongue trying not to say the magic words ‘Moslem extremist’. Listen to this circumlocution of his: ‘We want to describe exactly what happened. These are individuals who carried out an act of terrorism. And they later tried to justify that act of terrorism by invoking the religion of Islam and their own deviant view of it.’”

“Then there’s the nonsensical negotiations with Iran,” I interjected.

Mensch sputtered, “Thursday [Obama announced](#) he would not tighten sanctions on Iran which is violating the sanctions already in place because if we tighten the reins it will only drive them to war. Think about that! If we impose stricter sanctions on them, they’ll go to war, and if we don’t, they’ll go to war with nuclear weapons.”

“That’s nothing to joke about,” I said.

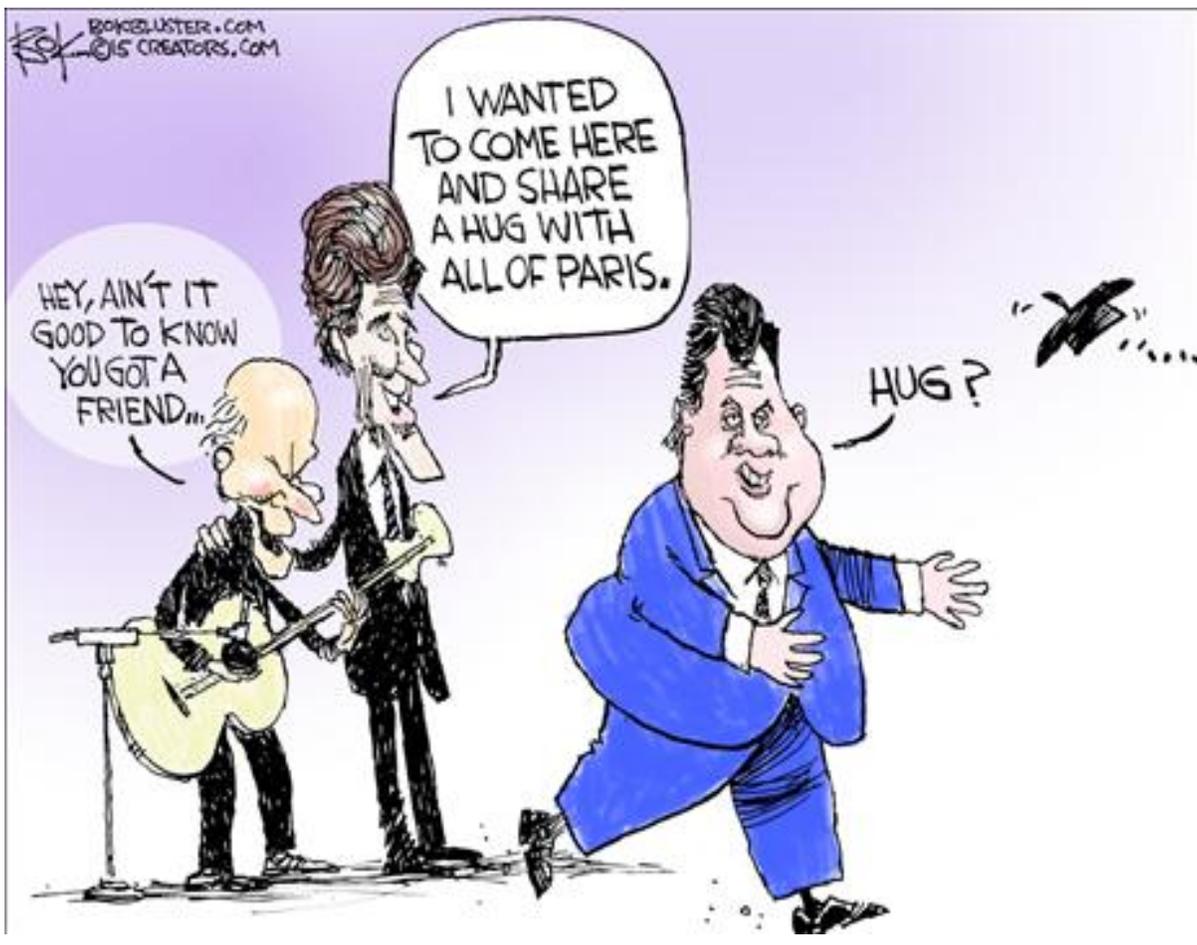
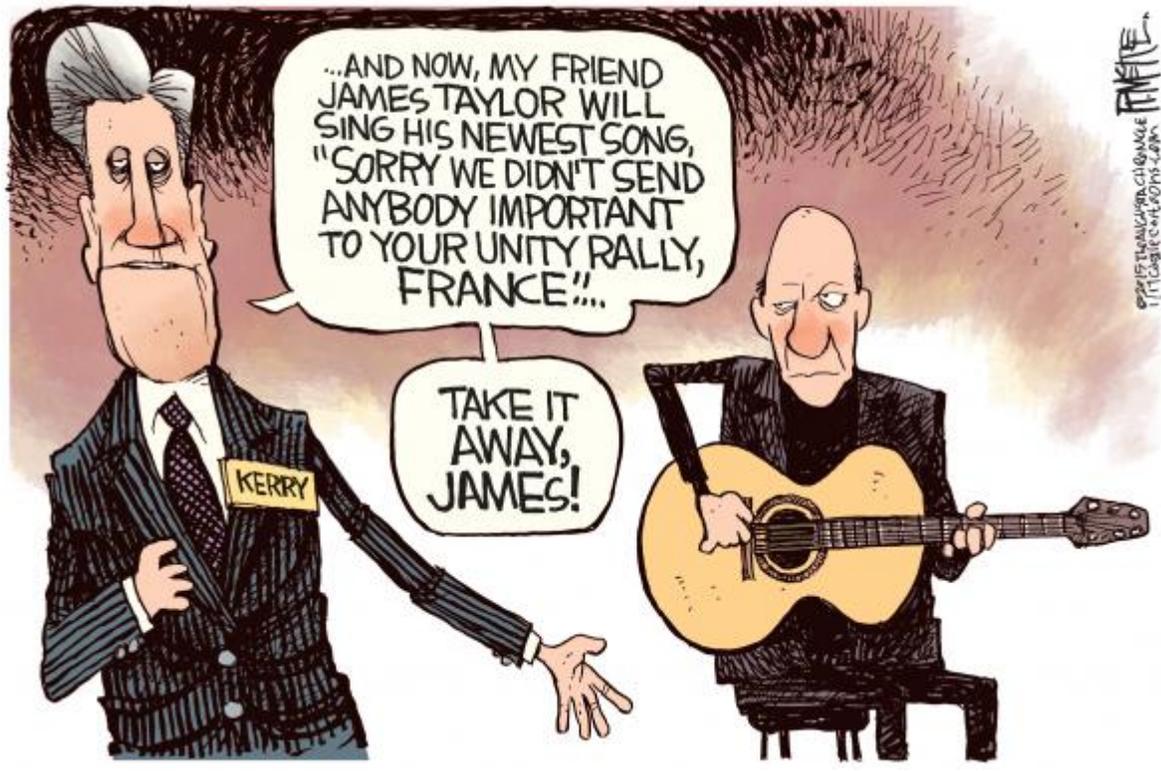
“Precisely! Obama’s leaving us nothing to parody. We can’t make a living in comedy. He and his administration are themselves the joke. We might as well just send in news clippings to our editors as try to dream up anything wackier than what they’re doing. And, look, it’s not just foreign affairs. Take the Keystone Pipeline -- I mean it should be clear to everyone that we are hurting Iran and Russia financially each time we and others increase the supply of gas and oil on the world market and we need jobs badly, so why is he still sitting on this? [George Will](#) captured this bit of nuttiness,” he added and I heard the rustle of newspaper as he read this to me.

Actually, there no longer is any reason to think he has ever reasoned about this. He said he would not make up his mind until the Nebraska Supreme Court ruled. It ruled to permit construction, so he promptly vowed to veto authorization of construction.

The more Obama has talked about Keystone, the less economic understanding he has demonstrated. On Nov. 14, he said Keystone is merely about “providing the ability of Canada to pump their oil, send it through our land, down to the gulf, where it will be sold everywhere else. That doesn’t have an impact on U.S. gas prices.” By Dec. 19, someone with remarkable patience had explained to him that there is a world market price for oil, so he said, correctly, that Keystone would have a “nominal” impact on oil prices but then went on to disparage job creation by Keystone. He said it would create “a couple thousand” jobs (the State Department study says approximately 42,100 “direct, indirect, and induced”) and said, unintelligibly, “Those are temporary jobs until the construction actually happens.” Well.

“I understand your distress,” I sympathized, “but to make your case you have to prove that Obama intended to harm your business, and as Will notes it’s just that he isn’t that smart.”

“C’mon,” the parodist, countered, “Almost every professor in America supported and voted for him. Are you calling them all stupid?”

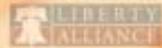


So to sum things up.
You want the Jews to die &
the Jews would prefer not to die.
Can we perhaps meet somewhere in
the middle?



BRANCO LibertyAlliance.com
2014

Email: branco@reagan.com



MAN of DE MENTIA

Want to hear me speak about income inequality?

That is going to cost you \$275,000.

The Analytical Conservative - TAC



TAKEN 4

