

July 6, 2018 – REX MURPHY

We've spent time posting about events in Europe. We get closer to home with a stop in Canada. Rex Murphy of The National Post has an entertaining way of describing events in our country. He is thinking it's ironic Trump-haters have become nastier than him.

It may now join the propositions of Euclid, as impregnable to rebuttal, that Donald Trump or any news that alludes to him, unhinges the minds of those who oppose him. Trump, in this respect, is like global warming. He is the universal key to every phenomenon. Any statement about Trump, so long as it is in any way condemnatory, dismissive, insulting or condescending, requires neither proof, consistency, logic or (and especially) decency.

Just as enlisting in the grand cause of global warming invests the recruit with the immeasurable gifts of infallibility, moral superiority and boundless righteousness, so too does opposition, even to hatred, of Trump free the mind from all obligation to moderation, custom, or articulate argument. It is the ultimate pass to be as nasty and crude as anyone could wish, and — with rarely noted irony — even to be more nasty and crude than the great boorish Trump himself. How odd: to oppose Trump is to become a more clangorous version of him. ...

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The locust swarm of anti-Trumpers soon hit the high clouds of Twitter to cheer Wilkinson's "resistance." She was the Bonhoeffer of Today's Specials. Those who spoke a word or two in Sarah Sanders' favour were mauled mercilessly. ...

... Do you hate and despise Trump? Why then, you are virtue itself and a vessel of perfect probity. When the day comes, and the greeting at the Gate is done, the following dialogue will ensue:

St. Peter: "Were you against Trump and all his works and pomps? Did you call him Hitler?"

Red Hen devotee: "Yes, I was. Yes, I did."

St. Peter: "Will that be one harp, or two?" ...

Next Mr. Murphy writes on the Inspector General's report on the FBI and DOJ.

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His other fame, leaving aside such trivia as serving in the U.S. Congress, and a hilarious run for mayor of New York, was his (now exploded) marriage to Hillary Clinton's top aide and principal pilot fish, Huma Abedin. If Disney did noir it could be a movie: The Princess and the Pervert. ...

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However, there was one man, one mind alone, not furnished with that factum. It was the top man at the FBI, the No. 1 sleuth of the greatest investigative institution in all of human history, James Comey.

But Comey, a full six feet and seven inches of righteousness and zeal, says he didn't know that Anthony Weiner and Huma Abedin were man and wife. The man conducting an investigation into the conduct of the world's most famous woman, and presidential candidate, did not know of the infamous husband of Ms. Clinton's principal counsellor.

Ineluctably this leads to the conclusion that the only conceivable reason James Comey was selected as the head of the FBI, was that Inspector Clouseau was too busy sorting out whether there was ever any connection between one Brad Pitt and a woman called Angelina Jolie. ...

... the really significant message, the big "tell" of the IG report. They know what's best. They will tailor things for what they see as the "right" outcome. They, and they alone, are the enlightened. Those who think differently are "pieces of sh-t." It's not that they were going to "stop it." It's that they thought they had the right to stop it.

And in all that basket of contempt and self-righteousness, who's at the pinnacle, the chief Pharisee of the lot? James Comey. He has presided over a biased, democracy-defying FBI. He has used his position, in secret, to set the terms of the game. He went from judicious public servant to self-appointed master.

This is corruption. Not the corruption of money. The corruption of unfathomable, reckless moral egotism. Was the Clinton investigation a fix? How could it have been anything other, with this guy in charge?

National Post (Canada)

[Isn't it ironic? Trump-haters have become even nastier than him](#)

Hatred of The Donald is the ultimate pass to be as vicious and crude as anyone could wish and still have a guaranteed place in heaven

by Rex Murphy

It may now join the propositions of Euclid, as impregnable to rebuttal, that Donald Trump or any news that alludes to him, unhinges the minds of those who oppose him. Trump, in this respect, is like global warming. He is the universal key to every phenomenon. Any statement about Trump, so long as it is in any way condemnatory, dismissive, insulting or condescending, requires neither proof, consistency, logic or (and especially) decency.

Just as enlisting in the grand cause of global warming invests the recruit with the immeasurable gifts of infallibility, moral superiority and boundless righteousness, so too does opposition, even to hatred, of Trump free the mind from all obligation to moderation, custom, or articulate argument. It is the ultimate pass to be as nasty and crude as anyone could wish, and — with rarely noted irony — even to be more nasty and crude than the great boorish Trump himself. How odd: to oppose Trump is to become a more clangorous version of him.

As a corollary to the axiom, the greatest Trump-a-phobes also assign themselves the power to label anyone inconvenient to their view of the world as Trump-like, any opponent as Trumpian. Poor President Trump has become such a convenient touchstone that merely to drop his name while savaging an antagonist — under the cranium of any incensed Trump-a-phobe — is to close the sale, end the argument, and consign the victim to the red-hot hell of pariahdom.

The dark halo of Trumpism gets painted over many an innocent head. One minute it is, of all people, Andrew Sheer who is adopting Trump-like tactics. Pause a moment. If Andrew Scheer is Donald Trump, I am Hulk Hogan. In Ontario, the freshly invested premier, Doug Ford, is also Donald Trump. He's *really* Donald Trump. For is not Doug Ford that most contemptible of practicing politicians, a dreaded *populist*? (Swiftly — "weave a circle round him thrice.")

I reach for the fat, full, multi-volume Oxford English Dictionary to plumb the meaning of this vile Trump trope. I find on its Delphic leaves: "populist — one who seeks to represent the views of the mass of ordinary people."

Very, very rarely in the elegant forum of the National Post that all know and love as *Full Comment* do I dip into the demotic mode, but this is such a moment. "Doug Ford, you are a heartless bastard. Representing the mass of ordinary people — you fiendish tribune." His brother — the late, dear, troubled, lovely Rob (peace be to his shade) — was even worse. He actually (shudder) *liked* them as well.

Now it is one thing to be called a Trump wannabe. It is quite another to actually work for Mr. Trump. Sarah Huckabee Sanders, an articulate, tough, poised woman, is his press secretary, who with seven of her friends went far out of Washington to have supper at a restaurant, The Red Hen. Two minutes after placing the order, the zealous owner, Stephanie Wilkinson, asked/told Sanders to leave. (No free-range chickens for you!) The obliging, polite, still esurient Sanders did, without demur or protest.

The locust swarm of anti-Trumpers soon hit the high clouds of Twitter to cheer Wilkinson's "resistance." She was the Bonhoeffer of Today's Specials. Those who spoke a word or two in Sarah Sanders' favour were mauled mercilessly. An enlightened mind which sparkles under our very own Canadian skies, an academic no less, if political science can be said to partake in that category, enlarged the Twitter mindscape with this aperçu: "It's 1934 and pundits are complaining that a restaurant refused to serve Goebbels." (He neglected to send out a warning to Poland though.)

Sarah Huckabee Sanders — Goebbels?! Back to the Euclid formula that introduced this aria. It is a chief glory of being "anti-Trump" that having adopted that position as a surrogate for thought, one is, by equally demented analogy, free to write and say the first ripe idiocy that springs to mind, however crude and misplaced.

Now I know I do not need to explicate this further, but in case there's a cat of unambitious intellect in your household, I will offer this primer.

Trump is Hitler, see? And so, by ever so witty extension, those who work for him are variously Himmler, Goering, Hess, Mengele, Heydrich etc ... all down the infamously barbarous, genocidal line. Is your cat following this? And so, by logical extension, Sanders being Mr. Trump's press person, from the acute mind of a Twitter sage comes the bell-ringer: Sarah Huckabee Sanders is Joseph Goebbels. QED, as they say in all the better thought-cocoons these days.

And so it goes. Even the 20-million-a picture-boys, mainstays of the sexual cesspool of high Hollywood, "secret-sharers" of all its many depravities and predations, who for years rubbed shoulders and god knows what else with Harvey Weinstein or shared the table and god knows what else with Charlie Rose, are liberated to declaim against The Donald. It cleanses them ... *"Come now Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."*

"F-k Trump" cried braveheart Robert De Niro to a roomful of dim bulbs and radiant egos at the Tony Awards. Two days later this St. Paul of the red carpet travelled to Yorkville, Toronto, another Warsaw of Trump "resistance," to bleat again "F-k Trump" — to the applause of nearly everyone from the mount of Forest Hill to the pleasant valley of Rosedale (there is, the exception, the formidable Lord Black, also of these esteemed pages) who flee the fierce Toronto winters (before NATO is summoned to polish Bloor Street) for Palm Springs.

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St. Peter: "Were you against Trump and all his works and pomps? Did you call him Hitler?"

Red Hen devotee: "Yes, I was. Yes, I did."

St. Peter: "Will that be one harp, or two?" (with thanks to Ambrose Bierce. RM)

National Post (Canada)

[Comey, Clinton are proof that it's egotism that corrupts completely](#)

Justice watchdog's report on email investigation reveals Comey presided over a real 'basket of deplorables' — a biased, democracy-defying FBI

by Rex Murphy

Such was Anthony Weiner's admiration of his private parts, he burned to share their glory with the world — particularly, that part of it composed of young and female strangers. Thus it was he became the Ansel Adams of genital selfies. Iphone in one hand, his unspeakables on the pedestal of the other, Instagram his gallery, out went the junk mail.

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A great pile of Hillary Clinton's private server emails were found nesting, mingled with the self-portraits of the wondrous dong, on the aforesaid Weiner's laptop. By laptop here — lest there be understandable confusion — I mean the portable computer, not the anatomical recess.

As all now know, this discovery tripped the reopening of the investigation into Hillary's hidden, secret-shielding server, and ultimately James Comey's second intervention in the 2016 election, 11 days before the vote. The marital alliance of poor Huma with dim Anthony was thus the avenue to one of the great scandals of the 2016 race. If Weiner had the emails, who could not have them?

The whole world knew of the Abedin-Weiner marriage. The bandits of the Afghanistan mountains knew Huma and Anthony were married. The chipmunks of Central Park knew Anthony Weiner and Huma Abedin were married. There are anchorites sitting on a tree spike somewhere in a desolate and empty landscape that knew this. Charlie Rose knew it.

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The Inspector General's report on the Clinton investigation is the story of another crash marriage, that of staggering, wilful bias with imperious self-righteousness, attended by bridesmaids of immense smugness and shameless deceit. A cadre of the very top people at the FBI appointed themselves as the guardians of Hillary's ascent, and the manipulative schemers "guaranteeing" Donald Trump's fall. They could taste Hillary's victory, they dreamed of it. They dreaded, hated and despised Donald Trump. This report is the real Handmaid's Tale — the FBI servicing the Clinton campaign, even as it toiled mightily to torpedo Trump's.

More than any other element that got Donald Trump elected was the blistering combination of snobbery and self-righteousness of his opponent. Recall Clinton's famous "basket of deplorables" speech about that camp of "irredeemable" bigots and racists and evangelists and phobics, the ignorant, unwashed hillbillies who simply were too stupid and backward to see her greatness. Contempt, nourished in hubris, buried her campaign.

The most interesting thread in the IG report is the identical mindset of contempt to be found in the supposedly neutral, dispassionate, ruthlessly impartial masters of the FBI. Peter Strzok, a principal in both the Clinton and Trump investigations, emails his FBI colleague/bedmate/fellow partisan, Lisa Page, this contemptuous classic: "Just went to a southern Virginia Walmart. I could SMELL the Trump support ..." The capital letters are his. It was Walmart. It was southern Virginia for god's sake. He could SMELL Trump voters.

Another FBI email is the very elixir of snobbery and vulgarity. Read this: "Trump's supporters are all poor to middle class, uneducated, lazy POS that think he will magically grant them jobs for doing nothing. They probably didn't watch the debates, aren't fully educated on his policies, and are stupidly wrapped up in his unmerited enthusiasm."

These people were objective!

The outstanding reveal is, of course, the email from Strzok to Page, he reassuring her Trump will never get to the White House, in the now famous declaration: "No. No he won't. We'll stop it."

Actually, the attitude behind those previous quotations, which is found in yet so many more from the report, is the really significant message, the big "tell" of the IG report. They know what's best. They will tailor things for what they see as the "right" outcome. They, and they alone, are the enlightened. Those who think differently are "pieces of sh-t." It's not that they were going to "stop it." It's that they thought they had the right to stop it.

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HOW TO **AVOID** BEING SEPARATED FROM YOUR CHILDREN AT THE U.S. BORDER

A PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT

YOU
(NOT A U.S. CITIZEN)

THE U.S. BORDER
(WHERE THE TROUBLE HAPPENS)



STEP 1: STAY AWAY
THE END

REVIEWS
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...SAYS THE STATION THAT'S HAD 16 AND 17 YEAR OLDS ON ALMOST DAILY TO DISCUSS GUN POLICY



MIKE LESTER
Washington Post Writers Group
7-18-18



HIS SWORD PIERCING HER BACK, SHE WHISPERED
"HE'S NOT EVER GOING TO
BECOME PRESIDENT,
RIGHT? RIGHT?"
FEELING HER BREAST
HEAVE HE REPLIED
"NO! NO HE WON'T!
WE'LL STOP IT!"



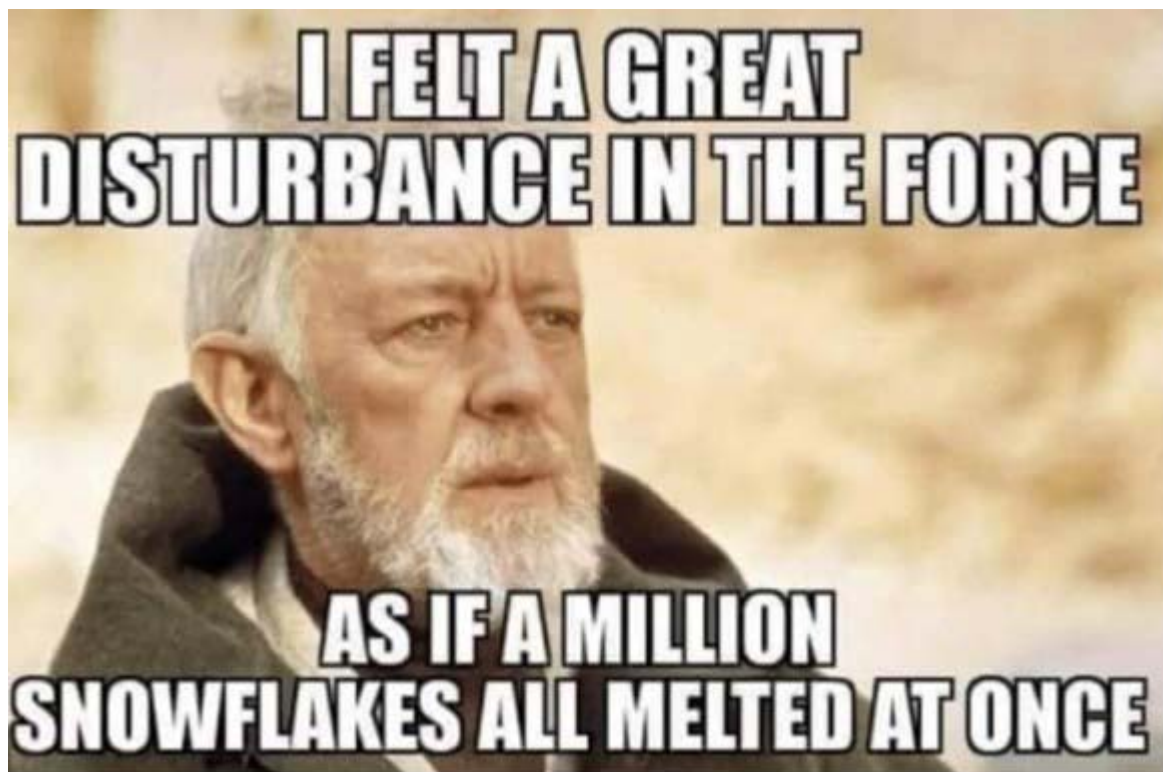
COFFEE?

NO, IM HERE
FOR "BIAS
TRAINING"

STARBUCKS



MIGUEL VA.





**THAT LOOK YOU GET WHEN YOU REALIZE
THE PERSON PAYING THE TAB IS LEAVING THE RESTAURANT**



STOP SEPARATING CHILDREN

FROM THEIR MOTHERS