



Blacks & Whites & Reds All Over

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It's obvious that the Communists who have shanghaied the Democratic Party decided that blacks were the most ignorant and easily manipulated segment of their base. Then, with that in mind, they proceeded to coach every issue in racial terms intended to pander to blacks and cast white people, particularly white males, especially those who voted for Trump, as white supremacists, kin to Nazis and Klanners.

What amazes and disgusts me is how many white people have fallen for the con job. I'm not talking about the politicians. As dumb as they are, the likes of Chuck Schumer, Nancy Pelosi, Kamala Harris and Joe Biden, all know it's bullshit. I'm referring to the middle-age women I see around proudly wearing their BLM t-shirts, as if that alone can absolve them of their white guilt for slavery, even if their grandparents only came over from Ireland, Poland, Hungary, Italy, Germany and Sweden, 50 years after slavery ended.

I keep hearing from black and white conservatives on Fox that the defund and disband the police movements will hurt the honest, decent residents of the hood the most. Personally, I have reached the point where I don't care. Why should I care if they don't?

Before I believe those people even exist, I will have to see them mount their own pro-police demonstrations, similar to those conducted by the BLM, but without the burning and looting.

At the front of the parade, I would like to see black ministers and black nuns and any black celebrities with the guts to display their opposition to the likes of Al Sharpton, Colin Kaepernick and LeBron James.

Until they take a stand on their own behalf by no longer electing race hustlers, I figure they deserve whatever Hell in which they find themselves. So long as the only deaths they mourn are those of black criminals like George Floyd, and not the little kids who get killed in the crossfire of drug dealers, they're worse than useless. They're enablers.

It's bad enough that for the past several decades, my tax dollars have been squandered disproportionately on special programs for those in the inner-city. But enough is enough. I'm certainly not going to also waste my pity.

Writing in *The New American* about Biden's inviting transgenders to enter the military with the promise, no less, of having gender-reassignment surgery on our dime, R. Cort Kirkwood opined that "During Biden's first week in office, Corporal Max Klinger of television's *MASH* stopped being a joke.

Clearly, Mr. Kirkwood isn't clear on his sexual deviants. My friend Jamie Farr's immortal character, Max Klinger, was not a transgender. Instead, he was a perfectly normal heterosexual who pretended to be a transvestite because he was pursuing a Section 8 (mental) discharge from the Army because he quite sensibly preferred to be out of Korea and back home in Toledo. To his credit, he carried out his duties responsibly while awaiting God's intervention.

If viewers assumed that the folks behind *MASH* were far less interested in Korea than in Vietnam, they were right. After all, the show went on the air in the early 70s.

It was so confusing that in one of my episodes, I made an historical reference to the Korean War and had to be reminded the show was set in Korea, not 20 years in the future.

It's not often that anything that happens in a courtroom can be described in glowing terms, but last week U.S. District Judge Roger Benitez overturned California's 30-year on so-called assault weapons.

Benitez compared the AR-15 rifle to a Swiss Army knife, calling it "good for both home and battle."

In his 94-page ruling, Benitez wrote that it was unlawful for California to prohibit its citizens from possessing weapons permitted in most other states and allowed by the U.S. Supreme Court.

In response, Dave Kopel, an adjunct professor of constitutional at the University of Denver and a fellow at the Cato Institute, hailed the decision as "By far, the most fact-intensive, detailed judicial opinion on this issue, ever."

Speaking of court decisions, for nearly half a century, people have wondered how those nine specific Supreme Court justices came to vote the way they did in the landmark case of *Roe v. Wade*.

Back in 1973, Democrats promised that with the decision, abortions would be safe, legal and rare. And 60 million abortions later, they are safe, legal and immoral.

Considering what a radical change this decision had on the nation, taking abortions out of the hands of the different states and making it a constitutional right, you would have thought the nine had all been given their robes by left-wing presidents. But as it turns out, only three had that

distinction, William O. Douglas (Roosevelt), Byron White (Kennedy) and Thurgood Marshall (Johnson).

The other six owed their jobs to Republicans. They were William Brennan (Eisenhower), Potter Stewart (Eisenhower), Warren Burger (Nixon), Harry Blackmun (Nixon), Lewis Powell (Nixon) and Chief Justice William Rehnquist (Nixon).

The final vote was seven in favor, two opposed (White and Rehnquist).

For all these years, people have wondered how it could happen that a Court apparently dominated by Republicans could so intentionally misread the Constitution that they could decide that a woman's right to kill the unborn was granted by something called the right to privacy, which, oddly enough, goes unmentioned in the Constitution.

I'm not sure I have the answer to that odd turn of events, but I do have a theory.

Washington, D.C., is one of the most liberal cities in America. It's not just that 95% of its residents vote for any Democrat on the ballot, but the hometown newspaper, the Washington Post, serves as a propaganda arm of the Democratic Party.

But even more importantly, the hosts and hostesses of the town's most gala parties – the ones star-studded with celebrity journalists, music legends and Hollywood luminaries – are all left-wingers.

Even if the justices come to the city as conservative as Donald Trump and have the moral fiber to stand up in the face of all this, their wives are easy prey. Do you think for a minute that Mrs. Blackmun or Mrs. Burger or Mrs. Powell was going to let her husband destroy her social life for the next 25 or 30 years?

I'm sure the justices tried to be fair while listening to the arguments for and against, but at the end of the day, they still had to go home, the seat of final judgment, the one with no appellate court. I, for one, understand If they threw up their hands and said, "If they want their damn abortions, let them have their damn abortions. I'm sick and tired of peanut butter and jelly sandwiches for dinner and sleeping on the couch."

I understand the idea behind bucket lists, I just think they're silly. They're like those go for the gusto beer ads in the past and the wall samplers that urge you to live every day like it's your last.

Maybe it's just me, but these things always conjure up a picture of some elderly person going off on a lion hunt, bungee-jumping off a tall building or taking up some equally asinine activity.

It strikes me that's the road to madness and smacks of desperation.

I think a saner, more realistic goal is to end each day having dealt decently with everyone you encounter, and doing nothing shameful, nothing — should you die in your sleep — you're going to want to explain when God asks you "Just what the hell was that all about?"

