

Charlie Rose Welcomes Bernard-Henri Levy

[Charlie Rose welcomes Bernard-Henri Levy](#), his “good friend from Paris” who is “always doing interesting things, and politics, and war, and culture, and art” to explain the decline in the popularity of the FN (it’s rising), the “racism” that French voters reject (“racism” apparently means being intelligently hostile to the ideology of Islam, and those who proclaim their adherence to that ideology), and in general, manages to speak about France today, and Charlie-Hebdo, without ever using the words “Islam” or “Muslim.” Not once does he do so, using only the code word “racism” for those who are alarmed by the demographic conquest, and all that follows from it, by Muslims now in France.

Levy describes himself several times as a “public intellectual.” Public he certainly is, intellectual he certainly is not. He goes to Pakistan, he goes to Afghanistan, he goes to Benghazi, he goes to be photographed with the Kurds outside Mosul. He tries to help Massoud with the French. He tries to help the anti-Qaddafi forces after he visits Benghazi and is sure that if Qaddafi is not stopped, there will be a bloodbath the likes of which cannot be imagined. He doesn’t have much of an imagination, nor any historical sense, this public intellectual Bernard-Henri Levy.

It was he, Bernard-Henri Levy, who brought the dangerous Muslim Izetbegovic to meet Mitterand, which he thinks led to the West’s bombing of the Serbs. It was he, Bernard-Henri Levy, who told Sarkozy how important it was to bomb Qaddafi’s forces, indiscriminately, without thinking through what might follow with the fanatical Muslims, or why Seif Al-Islam, Qaddafi’s son, might be helped into power. It was he, Bernard-Henri Levy, who having just visited, and been photographed, with peshmerga on the outskirts of Mosul, now wishes to bring

them to see Hollande. You see him here, you see him there, that Frenchie's seen most everywhere.

He's a "philosopher" and a "public intellectual." His English is awful. He likes to be photographed from one side of his face only. He has an expensive hairdresser. And as always, for Charlie Rose as for Massoud and Mitterand and Hollande and Sarkozy, and Izetbegovic and grizzled peshmerga, he has the same white shirt, with the foot of cleavage, to show just a glimpse of his bronzed chest.

Not exactly Raymond Aron. Nor Ivan Rioufol. How unfortunate that his father left him \$100 million dollars so that he, this Public Intellectual and Fighter For Justice Everywhere, could indulge his dreams-of-glory fantasies.