

ISIS and Obama



“We are not at war with Islam.” – Barack Hussein Obama

We could begin with: “ISIS comes to America.” But that would suggest that the latest mutant strain of Muslim terror is somehow new or unique. The sad truth is, alas, that contemporary imperial Islam, a kind of cultural sewage, has been flowing just beneath the veneer of civilization for [decades](#) now. You might think of the San Bernardino massacre as merely another one of those urban pipes that bursts from time to time and becomes a public nuisance. Blood and gore in the name of religion is now routine by repetition.

Those who work inside the Beltway rationalize lethal religious mayhem as workplace violence, “junior [varsity](#)” pranks, or better still, an opportunity cost of gun sales. Gun control is to terrorism now as public schools are to education. Nonetheless, taxpaying hermaphrodites and voting masochists can rest easy. The Islamic State is “[contained](#)” we are assured. There are no “credible” ISIS [threats](#) to America or Americans.

Clearly, religious executions today have political utility. Slaughter in God’s name is a terrible thing to waste. For potential victims, when you see something, please [say something](#). Call a cop and see what stops. After all, in a “long game,” only soothing rhetoric really matters.

Say something useful too, like **HELP** – OMG or WTF! Then throw your panties, or your smart phone, at the hirsute dude with the AK-47 or the burka bimbo with the bomb. If your phone doesn’t kill or pacify those “nefarious characters,” hit your knees, face Mecca, tuck your head between your knees, and kiss your timid ass goodbye. After all, we will always have Paris and 9/11 and the kind of “hope and change” that is beginning

to look like a train ride to the ovens.

Alas, religious affiliations of victims and perps alike are irrelevant yet again! Not just Jews, Christians, Copts, or Yazidi this time. The target in San Bernardino was a government sanctioned secular humanist Christmas bash, an infidel cum apostate California bulls eye laden with symbolism, indeed a threefer: Jerry Brown, baby Jesus, and alcohol. The latest Islamic free-fire zone is more evidence of the need to restrain infidel excess and the need for new mandates to control [speech](#), partying, guns, Santa Claus, and “islamophobic” Christmas.

Holiday eggnog, after all, is one of those gateway drugs that provokes Muslims and inspires genocidal rage.

Alas, the *sharia* and *jihad* ambitions of Islam in America might be too modest. Muslims merely want to return to the 7th Century and Mohammed. To stay in that race to the past, agnostic America might give Stonehenge and sun worship another whirl. Say “*salve solstice*,” not merry “you know what” this year.

The latest Muslim assault on the 21st Century has put “Berdoos” in the Quentin Tarantino hall of shame too. Until *jihad* came to town, San Berdoo, we should note, was known best on the left coast for biker bars and awesome weed.

The 4 December bloodbath in California is both sequel and prequel of dystopian Christmases to come. Take that FBI news [conference](#) two days after as evidence, a kind of costumed, choreographed public relations porn flic.

PR is now the first federal line of defense against shooters, bombers, terrorists, and religious fascists. Yes, here again soothing, albeit empty, words are best. San Bernardino was no exception.

One jihadist was a native, the other was an import via Saudi

Arabia. Not that any of that mattered to clueless centurions. Both shooters were Muslim and both had roots in Pakistan. Doesn't matter! Both were equipped like Kevlar ninjas. Doesn't matter either! The ISIS wannabes wasted a **Christmas** party. Group kill is not that relevant either in traditional Hollywood *oeuvre*! The FBI and a constellation of "four star" cops could not, or would not, say anything specific about the obvious: race, religion, arms, ideology, motives, or affiliations.

If you are a government flake and you know something these days, your job is to say nothing. You know the drill. Muslim feelings trump public safety, national security, and all vestiges of common decency – or uncommon sense. In contrast, everyman on the street is enjoined to see and say something. Yes, but good grief not about immigrants, terrorists, Muslims, or [Islam](#).

Word of Donald!

The best parts of the masque in Berdoo were those stars. No fewer than eight, yes eight, blue groupies in the FBI [entourage](#) wore four stars on their lapels. Who knew that a city of less than 250K had so many four star lawmen keeping us safe? How, you might ask, did Wyatt Earp ever tame Tombstone with just one star and a scatter gun?

Four star cops in urban America are similar to all those fruit salad generals at the Pentagon, impotent mannequins, hangar queens grounded by political correctness. Uniform garnish matters more than results in public safety/national security sinecures these days. Policing and soldiering in America is starting to look a lot like ghost of Orwell's future – or scoreless soccer and kindergarten T-ball.

The obligatory press conference that quickly follows any gory Muslim rampage in America is now a kind of civic cult ritual.

To start, American Islamist front groups ([CAIR](#) for example)

launch the spin, while a day or two later the FBI and a local chorus sugar coats the infidel dead, apostate lame, and agnostic maimed. These televised spin cycles are usually orchestrated by the Feds, echoed by the national [press](#), and back lit by a host of mute locals that might include zaftig crossing guards with stars on their epaulets. The elected Commander-in-Chief usually leads from behind, keeping his peace until moral equivalence, mental health, gun control, melting icebergs, or carbon credits can be worked into the *post mortems*.

Why it is, by the way, that Bernie Sanders still doesn't have a Cabinet post? Surely, the Islamic State could be brought to heel by carbon credits or an NSA all-access peeping pass.

After seven years, team Obama still doesn't get it. If ISIS implodes tomorrow, Islamism, like the *Big Labowski*, still abides.

The Islamic State, a big slice of the *Ummah* similar to *Boko Haram* and *al Qaeda*, is a new [symptom](#), not a new disease. The civic cancer is, and always has been, the rapidly metastasizing global ideology of *sharia* and *jihad*, in short, religious fascism. Like National Socialism, it's the ideology, stupid! The predicate of all fascism is coercion, indeed the kind of sick terror now playing in a domicile near you, places like Paris, Mali, and San Bernardino.

American tactics and strategy may appear feckless, but the Clinton, Bush, and Obama regimes are united by the belief that Muslim reputation is more important than American lives. Both major political parties in the US are aping European quislings for fear that things might get worse. The public too are patronized with fears of fear; indeed admonished to expect and accept both immigrants and serial depredations indefinitely.

All the while, the Oval Office is [mocked](#) by a religion it dares not name. John Kerry is characterized as an

“uncircumcised geezer,” an ambiguous slur that surely assumes too much about men who work at Foggy Bottom. By some bizarre mutation of values; the White House, ayatollahs, mullahs, imams, and *assassins* all have similar goals – a passive if not submissive America.

Al Baghdadi is also annoyed that Obama trivializes ISIS, aka the Islamic State, as *Daesh* or ISIL. According to a poorly sourced MOSAD [report](#), the Caliph is considering rebranding ISIS, or *jihad*, as “Global Warming” in order to get better ink at the *New York Times*. Islam and Armageddon seldom appear above the fold these days.

Beltway apologists respond in kind by claiming that the answer to ISIS, like warm weather, is in “the long [game](#).” You could read such bravado as an endorsement of the status quo, kick-the-can, surrender, or all three. The long game strategy is a comfort much like knowing that in the end we are all dead anyway. Team Obama’s most cherished ambition now seems to be to [limp](#) out of Dodge ahead of the apocalypse.

When we see something, we should say something! Say something like, “What were Americans thinking when they put Steve Quincey Urkel in charge of the world’s most confused democracy?”

Indeed! Never mind Bashar al-Assad in Syria or Vladimir Putin in Russia; regime change in America can’t come soon enough.

Insh’allah and *allah hu akbar!*

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G. Murphy Donovan, erstwhile Intelligence officer, writes more frequently these days about the politics of national security.