

# A nation of weenies and putzes

Post-Christian American culture—hot dog! Isn't it just fantastically wonderful?

Maybe you heard about what happened this weekend in Orange, Connecticut, and Proctor, Vermont, when they tried to hold outdoor Easter egg hunts. With thousands of Easter eggs laid out on the ground, “parents”—in the sense of persons who have physically begotten children—jumped the starting signals and swarmed onto the fields to scarf up all the eggs. The scene in Proctor got nasty enough that the police had to be called in to break it up.

Last year they had an Easter egg hunt in Sacramento, California, that turned into an even bigger mess, with persons calling themselves parents trampling and cursing small children, and knocking them aside, as they charged out to get the eggs.

My parents were not like that. In fact, nobody had parents like that, once upon a time.

Who can explain this behavior? It's certainly not religious zeal. Why should the sight of some Easter eggs inflame them to riot?

Oh, but that's nothing. Imagine being brought up by those parents.

Happily, we don't have to rely entirely on our imaginations. There is abundant evidence as to what is the result, to children, of being raised and educated by putzes and pumpkinheads. All you have to do is look at what's happening in our—ahem!—colleges and universities.

At Emory University this month, students went all to pieces when somebody scrawled "Trump 2016" on the sidewalk. Students said they felt "afraid," and "unsafe." They demanded that the university authorities protect them from such dire menaces as election slogans, etc. The authorities complied, and came up with a new "chalking policy" that says you can't scribble anything onto the sidewalk or the walls unless they pre-approve it first.

Sheesh. When I was in college, it was "Frodo lives."

But in those days, the colleges were selling us "dissent" as the supreme social good, an end in itself, blah-blah. By "dissent" they meant opposing the Vietnam War. If you dissented from their dissent, they got rather cross with you.

But they didn't collapse into fetal position and snivel and whine because you disagreed with them! They were much more likely to beat you up or vandalize your car. The campus was the place for lively conversations, once upon a time.

Then we've got the associate professor of English (what else?) who has vowed to call the police every day, from now on, to report the presence of ROTC cadets on campus—where, as a matter of fact and custom, they are usually to be found. Yes, this tenured piece of protoplasm has vowed to call 911 and waste police time—because the ROTC unit on campus makes her experience sheer terror, first, and then unbearable rage. This is like calling the police to report squirrels in the park; only in this case, the caller is an even bigger squirrel. She admits that the first time she saw the cadets performing drill, she actually hid under her desk.

If the kiddies have not been adequately warped by their Easter egg-fanatic parents, and their pitiful public schools, they go to college to have the job finished by the likes of this professor, if they can get her out from under her desk. Her academic specialty, by the way, is something called "Body

Studies,” which includes instruction in “bondage and discipline.” Your tuition dollars at work.

America has too many colleges and universities with too many idiots teaching too many pseudo-studies for too much money, and way too many of her young people going there.

Oh, yeah, this is going to turn out just great for America. This is a fundamental transformation that every pea-brain can be proud of. Is the idea to make us so pathetic and contemptible that our foreign enemies won't want to conquer us?

Like I say: kill the culture, and it'll kill you right back.

I have discussed these topics, and others, on my blog, <http://leeduigon.com>, throughout the week. Please stop by and read! All it takes is just one click to get you there.

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