

The Bad Boy Brett Baloney

Judge Brett Kavanaugh has always been in the crosshairs of the left, ever since he played a major role in urging the impeachment of their icon of moral rectitude, Pres. Bill Clinton, and also led the investigation into the alleged suicide (or fishy murder) of Vince Foster, Clinton's Deputy White House Counsel and close friend of Ms. Hillary.

No doubt red flags were raised by the powers-that-be in the Democratic Party when Kavanaugh was confirmed for the Court of Appeals in 2006 as a potential candidate for the Supreme Court—especially because an analysis covering the period 2003–2018 found that in every area of policy he had the most or second-most conservative voting record on the D.C. Court.

It didn't help that Kavanaugh was given thorough and extensive and exhaustive colonoscopies—I mean vetting—by the F.B.I., not once or twice or three times, but six times!

Yet somehow, this microscopically intrusive process failed to uncover the mortal sin—or was it simply typical teenage rambunctiousness?—that the archeologists of the left just uncovered. Specifically, that a drunken 17-year-old Brett Kavanaugh, and his equally drunken friend, got a hold of the cold-sober and very proper teenager Christine Blasey, who went where with the boys? To the porch? the den? the kitchen? the backyard? Noooooo—to the bedroom! Clearly to talk about college applications!

Then, according to Ms. Recovered Memory, Mr. Drunk misinterpreted her none-too-subtle behavior and lay down alongside her or on top of her on the bed and—gasp—touched her!

Now how on earth could a smart kid like Brett Kavanaugh have been so amazingly clueless that he thought a girl who went into a bedroom could have anything in mind except taking a

rest? Kinda like saying that the person who opens the refrigerator isn't hungry or thirsty!

As they say in the Bronx—gimme a break!

CONSIDER THE SOURCE

Of course, the foregoing scenario depends on how credible you consider the now-51-year-old professor of psychology, Christine Blasey Ford, or the woman who brought this sordid story to light, Senator Dianne Feinstein (D-CA).

Yes, *that* Dianne Feinstein, the woman whose husband, real estate mogul Richard Blum, obtained an exclusive contract with the U.S. government in 2015—while she was a U.S. Senator—and [earned as much as \\$1 billion dollars](#) selling 56 U.S. Postal Service buildings across the country.

According to journalist Steven Rosenfeld, “Feinstein dismissed the conflict-of-interest allegations at the time, which were followed by numerous investigative reports criticizing the deal, [but] even if Feinstein’s word is true—that she never lobbied or intervened with the USPS on behalf of her husband—the political world in Washington is like a village where longtime players know everyone else, and favors are implicitly given and taken without explicit approval.”

Swamp, anyone?

And last month, according to [Breitbart.com](#), there are numerous reports that an alleged Chinese spy reportedly infiltrated Sen. Feinstein’s office by posing as her driver for 20 years. “Five years ago,” Politico reported, “the FBI told Feinstein—who served as chairwoman of the Senate Intelligence Committee—that her staffer was a spy. But the FBI could not charge the man with espionage because none of what he leaked was considered to be classified information, making it difficult for the agency to prosecute him.” Uh huh.

And why did Sen. Feinstein wait until the 11th hour to produce this tabloid accusation? Because the best efforts of the Democrats to stop Judge Kavanaugh from ascending to the Supreme Court had failed thunderously and she thought she could delay the hearings until after the midterms when Democrats dream of reclaiming a majority in the U.S. Congress, thereby increasing their power to obstruct the president's agenda.

PANTS ON FIRE?

Prof. Blasey Ford reported the incident to her therapist (who took notes) in 2012, about 36 years after she said it happened. As reported by WorldNetDaily.com, she wasn't quite sure of the location, or for that matter the year, but she was quite sure that she tried to scream and he put his hand over her mouth, which led her to believe that "he might inadvertently kill me." She said that his friend Mark Judge intervened and saved the day...or night.

But Mark Judge, an author and journalist, has thoroughly refuted this description: "It's just absolutely nuts," he said, and, according to [The New York Times](http://TheNewYorkTimes.com), he said the incident never happened.

In fact, the therapist's notes *never* mention the name Kavanaugh at all! Duh.

But what about the polygraph test she passed last month—the one administered by an FBI agent? Was that agent, perchance, connected to any of the FBI agents who are now being accused of [plotting to overthrow](#) the Trump presidency—the likes of Rod Rosenstein, Peter [Strzok](#), [Lisa Page](#), Andrew McCabe, on and on and on?

If there is such a connection, why would anyone trust the results of such a test? Besides, it is well known that sociopaths and pathological liars have an easy time passing

lie detector tests. Does Professor Blasey Ford—a Democrat partisan and Hillary fan—fit into either category? We don't know because, unlike Judge Kavanaugh, she has never been vetted.

Or is Professor Blasey Ford more like the women who lawyer Gloria Allred rounds up for her victims-on-parade showcases? The kind of women who brag of longtime marriages, raising children, coping with adversity (including breast cancer), pursuing successful careers, but then produce tears on cue, speak with oh-so-poignant catches in their voices, and claim that 10 or 20 or 30 years ago they couldn't quite muster a voice of resistance or a flat refusal or a slap in the face to an overly-aggressive amorous pursuer.

We don't know, but we certainly can't rule out that possibility.

And then there are the recovered-memory poseurs who journalist Dorothy Rabinowitz brilliantly exposed in Harper's Magazine and The Wall St. Journal. Her exposés of the dubious—indeed, malevolent—sexual-abuse charges filed against the operators of daycare centers and other individuals, notably the Amirault family in Massachusetts and those in Washington State, not only freed the wrongly accused from lengthy prison sentences, but earned her a 1996 Pulitzer nomination, formed half of the articles cited for her 2001 Pulitzer Prize win, and were the basis of her book, [No Crueler Tyrannies: Accusation, False Witness, and Other Terrors of Our Times.](#)

Elizabeth Loftus and Katherine Ketcham have also written about the subject in [The Myth of Repressed Memory: False Memories and Allegations of Sexual Abuse.](#)

Of course, Judge Kavanaugh has “categorically and unequivocally” denied that the event ever occurred. And Senate Judiciary Committee Chairman Charles E. Grassley (R-IA) released a letter signed by 65 women who knew him in high

school and praised him highly.

Yes, there are women who have legitimate grievances about abuses that occurred in their pasts. Today, however, partisan plaintiff Christine Blasey Ford is telling us how she remembers a surge of teenage testosterone—if the incident happened at all. I'm not buying what she is selling and I hope the legislators who vote on the matter agree!

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