## The News Is Full Of Crazy-Talk

As we survey the mounting wreckage of the post-Christian West, we are moved to ask: Does God make these people crazy, or do they just do it to themselves?

At the top of the list we find "trans rights campaigners" at Goldsmiths University, London, asserting that the <u>Soviet gulags in Siberia were "compassionate" and "educational" institutions</u> with lots of nice amenities, including clubs, sports, and amateur theater. Like, all they were missing was the Play-Doh.

This bizarre assertion was made in the course of a feud between the LGBT crowd and feminists. The feminists objected to the trannies' lopping off their male anatomy, calling themselves women, and hopping aboard the victimhood express to grab seats that rightly should have gone to feminists. The trannies got mad and started threatening to send feminists to the gulag. There aren't any gulags in Britain, but give them time, give them time.

"The ideas of TERFS and anti-trans bigots," tweeted the trannies, "literally kill and must be eradicated through reeducation." I do not know what "TERFS" are, and I am not interested in finding out. Something like a Smurf, maybe? A million people died in the gulags, so one of the feminists felt threatened and "dehumanized" by the trannies' tweet. The trannies replied, "Sending a bigot to one [a gulag] is actually a compassionate, non-violent course of action." Just ask anyone who survived a gulag. The deaths were probably due to cross-country skiing in that bracing Siberian winter.

Oh—and the food at the gulags was really nice, too.

What makes anyone say things like this? Rock-solid ignorance,

bold mendacity, or out-and-out lunacy—or some weird salmagundi consisting of all three? Well, they're college students, so they probably never heard of Alexander Solzhenitsyn, let alone read him. The man won a Nobel Prize for writing about the hellish conditions of "The Gulag Archipelago," but he was probably just lying to make communism look bad. College students know that life under communism is sort of like a perpetual vacation at Club Med.

Then we had the United Nations climate chief, one Pat Espinosa, head honcho of the UN Framework Convention on Climate Change, who tweeted the following:

"By raising our ambition for #climateaction, we are not just \*\*changing the weather\*\*, we are building a better future for us all".

So they're "changing the weather"—impressive! I just love this gambit of the global warming mob. It's like telling somebody, "I know there is a meteor on course to smash right into your house and destroy it; but if you give me \$1,000, I will totally dissolve the meteor before it gets there." So the poor schmo pays up, the meteor doesn't hit his house because there never was a meteor in the first place, and the shyster says, "See? It worked! I've saved your house!"

The UN here takes credit for fending off a climate catastrophe that was never anything but imaginary, and then, when the disaster doesn't happen, they claim to have averted it. And you can't prove they didn't, can you? It used to be you had to hire a witch or two to change the weather—make it rain, make it stop raining, whatever—and when the weather naturally changed, the witch took credit for it. And you wonder why people ran out of patience with the witches.

We can't get inside Ms. Espinosa's head, and we don't want to, in case you can't get back out again, so we cannot say whether she honestly believes the UN's regulations change the weather

or she's just telling lies to keep the money coming. Crazy-talk is tricky that way. They won't climb up your flashlight beam, they say, because they don't trust you not to turn it off when they're halfway up.

One thing we can be quite sure of is that no one ever prospered by making wacko claims the basis of any public policy.

But these people are so pumped up to be as gods—our gods!—that they'll never let a little thing like sanity hold them back.

I have discussed these and other topics throughout the week on my blog, <a href="http://leeduigon.com/">http://leeduigon.com/</a>. Stop in for a visit, any time. A single click will get you there.

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