

When reality ceases to be real

The toxic foolishness brewed in our colleges and universities sooner or later seeps into the everyday world the rest of us inhabit, to taint it and confuse it.

Not very long ago, colleges began to teach that the meaning of any text can only be whatever the individual reader wants it to mean. Or, to put it more honestly, whatever your neo-marxist wacko professor says it means. Thus was born the postmodern notion that reality isn't really real, but is only what you say it is.

They used to keep you in a padded cell for denying solid aspects of reality. But now this loony worldview has become the philosophical basis for the whole gay-transgender-waddyacallit movement, and has lately manifested itself in our politics.

Democrats have taken to it in a big way. Denial of objective reality has always been a part of liberalism. Now it has been shown to be the very core of a major party's ideology.

First we had President *Batteries Not Included pitching Hillary "Careless" Clinton as "the most qualified" person ever to run for president. More than James Madison, who wrote most of the Constitution. More than Thomas Jefferson, who wrote our Declaration of Independence. More even than George Washing, who led our fight for independence from Great Britain. I realize I've just mentioned three things that many of our public school and college graduates don't know: but contrary to the progressive mind-set, not knowing something doesn't make it untrue.

The president's boldly fatuous statement came on the heels of another flat denial of reality, this one by FBI Director James

Comey—who, after first laying out the damning case against her, asserted that Mrs. Clinton hadn't broken any of the laws he'd just proved she had.

But these whoppers were soon topped by a bigger one from TV-pipsqueak Lena Dunham. In her speech to the Democrat Convention, Ms. Dunham hailed Ol' Careless as the protector and champion of women who have suffered sexual harassment—and this with the all-time king of sexual harassment, Mrs. Clinton's husband, sitting right there in the audience for everyone to see.

This was a denial worthy of a nut who claims to be able to shinny up a flashlight beam. Hillary Clinton, chief of the Clinton campaign's famous Bimbo Eruption damage-control team. Hillary Clinton, who led the efforts to smear, discredit, and trash all those women harassed by her husband, the president. Who ran interference for him as one woman after another testified against him. Dunham's speech was a denial of reality seldom seen outside of a lunatic asylum.

But even this was topped, just a few days later, by the editors of Cosmopolitan Magazine, who called the Clintons, both the serial adulterer and his enabling wife, "great role models for marriage."

Does that take the cake, or what?

Consider the sheer vastness of that lie. It takes your breath away. Great role models for marriage—those two? If there is any pair of reprobates on earth who have desecrated marriage more than Bill and Hillary Clinton, let them come forward and receive a trophy.

Lying has always been a part of politics, but outrageously crazy lies, which virtually everyone knows to be lies, that's something new. And consider the audience at the Democrat Convention, who lapped up Ms. Dunham's speech as if she were delivering the Sermon on the Mount. They're as loopy as she

is.

Our God—at least for those of us who still know Him to be God—is the God of truth. God is not a man, that He should lie. Much less is He a psychotic who blurts out truly preposterous lies.

What must He think of a nation that has fallen so far into folly?

So all respect for truth is vanishing. Even the very idea that there is any such thing as truth, our university professors deny. This is what they preach. And this is what their students, and, increasingly, society in general, have been taught they want to hear.

No man or woman can prosper, or even live for long, by living according to a set of ridiculous lies. And no nation can, either.

But don't take my word for it. Just deny that the lawn-mower is really there, and stick your hand under it. And see what happens.

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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