

The Word's Eye View

The Word's Eye View is a newspaper column written by
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The President, The Professor, and The Policeman (Article 58)

The president plopped in a prodigious prairie patty when he proclaimed the policeman was not professional. Perhaps he had pandered plenty to the paranoid preacher who persisted in pejorative politics. His presented personage had been post profile, but petty prejudice pointed to his personal position. Pondering a painless panacea, he proposed a picnic at his palace so a paradigm could placate the predicament. A presentation of the pragmatic practitioner would provide powerful photography for the paparazzi. Positive platitudes could portray a pose to purify the pungent. Prevention of the loss of popularity is a priority, so the perturbed parties must be pacified. Potation from the pub may persuade the personnel to be less petulant and more permissive. If the president could be the peacemaker for the passengers of passion, he would be perceived as the philanthropist for the people. The proper philharmonic pitch could perpetuate the philosopher to the pinnacle of Plato. The picture must be painstakingly planned to pretend that a powwow between the privileged and the pale face would be profitable. A profession of progress would be propagandized by the press to propel the polls of the prince.

The profane profanity of the professor was problematic until proven it was provoked. The protagonist must be publicized purely as a puny person pursuing a perplexing portal. Positively, the professor was not a purveyor of premeditated prejudice but rather a profound producer of pristine principle preferring precept over predicament. The plebian posture of the pugnacious professor should be poised so as to program the public.

The policeman, who pulled no punches, preferred placidity over profanity. The president professed the public processor to be a pea brain, but the people on patrol often know more than the proprietor of the palatial pad and possess higher priorities than profiling. His purpose was to ponder the possibility of a prowler and pursue the perpetrator, not to be a patsy in pacifying partisans.

The predicament? The patrolman's personage presents a peccadillo in the potentate's presumptuous program!

The point of this ridiculous dialogue is just that—it's ridiculous. The publication of this entire episode extended well beyond the possibility of serving any useful purpose. Several observations are to be made:

The president weighed in on a situation about which he admittedly knew little. The bias of a community organizer crept out of the box and exacerbated the story out of control. Mr. Obama has been touted as the post racial commander-in-chief. The attitude of the American people certainly reflects that position as evidenced by his election. Hopefully, he will be a better representative of non-racial politics in the future.

The media baited the president, and unfortunately, the shiny lure was irresistible. The news industry would have little to report if it were not for controversy or tragedies...this truism dictates that they constantly troll in every available pond searching for the largest northern pike which can be

hoodwinked. This story would have received little attention if someone in another boat had simultaneously hooked a larger lunger.

Even though the average American would prefer to exist with a live and let live outlook, there are those who financially and egotistically benefit from racial disruptions. The Reverends Jesse Jackson, Al Sharpton and Jeremiah Wright make a handsome living by keeping the pot stirred. Most reverends I know spend their days preparing sermons and Bible studies, sorting through Sunday School material and discipleship lessons, comforting the sick, counseling the burdened, administrating staff and volunteers, often acting as general contractors during building programs and frequently strapping on their own tool belts or pushing concrete into place. They cut firewood for widows, take old men and kids fishing, plan youth camps and similar activities. They frequent hospital rooms and funeral parlors and have little time to worry about how to get their faces on television. There will always be racial conflict as long as the sharks are chasing the fish.

Finally, some scenarios deserve nothing more than to be laughed at. To this day the funniest critters God placed on the planet is the human race. One of my greatest mentors said, "You know a people are in trouble when they lose the ability to laugh at themselves." Nathan Ausubel said, "Laughter is a universal bond that draws all men closer."

If the president, the professor and policeman could pulverize their pride, the publicist would be provoked, the prudent would be pumped, the psychiatrist would prophesy no more psycho babble and the prim donnas would all profit.