MEET SAM, THE INFLUENTIAL ADVISOR

Posted on January 5, 2011 by Keghart



Category: Opinions

Avedis Kevorkian, Philadelphia, PA USA, 6 January 2011

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You may recall that fellow down in Texas who did nasty things with his company’s money and he was likely to go to jail for so long he would have rivaled Methuselah. He came to Sam much too late and all Sam could advise was: “Die.”

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You may recall that fellow down in Texas who did nasty things with his company’s money and he was likely to go to jail for so long he would have rivaled Methuselah. He came to Sam much too late and all Sam could advise was: “Die.”

“Die?” the man said, unbelievingly.

“Yes,” Sam told him. “If you die, the government’s case dies, and your family and friends who made millions will be able to keep all that money, your record will be clean–or cleaner–and, in time, people will forget." So the man died and, well, . . . Let me ask you his name. Can’t remember it either, right?

Then there was the president who did some sexual hanky/panky in the Oval Office. Realizing he was in trouble, he went to Sam, who advised him, “Look straight into the television cameras and play word-games with the English language.”

“That's it?” he said. “They're talking about impeachment; you say ‘play word games’?”

“Yes,” Sam said. “They may go through the motions, but you have a strong majority in Congress, so impeachment won’t go far. After a while, even the comics will get tired, you will get gray hair, and you will be called ‘an elder statesman.’ And, well, read your history books.”

And, take the case of the next president. He was so dim, it took him three weeks to find the nearest toilet. He went to Sam and said, “Boy, am I over my head in that place!”

“What’s up?” asked Sam.

“Frankly, I don’t know what to do, but I want to become more famous than my father.”

So, Sam advised him to lower the taxes on the very rich, to start off with.

“Why, what will that do?”

“It well make the rich love you, it will make the politicians love the rich, and they will do whatever

you want."

"Sounds great. I'll do it. Anything else?"

"Yes. Start a couple of wars."

"Start wars? Don't people get killed in them?"

"Yes, but you have daughters, so you won't have to worry."

"Then what?"

"Then you start waving the American Flag, make the wars sound like they are the best thing since sliced pumpernickel."

"What's pumpernickel?"

"Never mind. Then when anyone says anything nasty about your wars, call them unpatriotic names, investigate them, cause them mischief. Tell them to 'Back Our Boys.' If they say, 'BRING Back Our Boys,' call them the enemy."

'Do you think it will work?"

"Works all the time."

"Okay, I'll do it."

And, then the current occupant of the White House came to him. "Sam, I have a niggling little itch."

"What's up, Son?"

"There are these things called 'Armenians.' When I was a Senator, I sort-of promised to do things for them, without knowing what they were talking about. They liked it, so I kept it up. Then, when I decided to run for president, they made more requests, so I promised even more. Hell, Sam, I don't even know where Armenia is. Well, anyway, I lied myself into the presidency, and, would you believe, they started coming at me expecting me to live up to my promises."

"Yes, I understand. There are some naive innocents out there who expect politicians to live up to their promises. So, what's the problem?"

"Like the other presidents before me, I have been following my instructions from Ankara."

"Yes, I know," he said with a smile. "And, . . ?"

"Well, they are still after me to do something about this thing called 'genocide.' Hell, I thought that was some sort of medicine you put on cuts and bruises, until somebody told me that it wasn't."

"So, get to the point."

"Well they want me to deliver. They even have a bunch of people in Congress called the Croak-us. . . ."

"Caucus, Son, the word is 'caucus.'"

"Well, whatever. They got these people they keep threatening me with. So, what's a Croak-us. . .er. . .Caucus?"

"It's a dog-and-pony show that politicians use to hood-wink people. They provide lip-service to the poor slobs, they promise all sorts of things, they tell the Armenians that their wives are beautiful and their children intelligent, and the Armenians are very happy, then they get photographed with the Armenians, and the Armenians go home and hang the pictures on the wall, telling all their visitors,'That's me with Congressman Soodakhos,' 'That's me with Congressman Menteur,' 'That's me with Congressman Lugner,' 'That's me with Senator Mentiroso,' 'That's me with Congressman Bugiardo,' 'That's me with Senator Munchausen,' 'That's me with Senator Mascarille.' That sort of thing. You know what I mean, don't you? Everybody is happy. So, what's your problem?"

"Well, some of these phonies are in my party. Don't I have to listen to them?"

"No. When was the last time someone from the Armenian Croak-us. . . dammit, you got me saying that. . .Caucus ever came to you privately and spoke on behalf of the Armenians?"

"Never."

"So, again, what is the problem?"

"How about those Armenian organizations here in Washington? They keep bugging me and my staff."

"Ignore them."

"Ignore them?"

"Yes, ignore them. Everyone else does. So, what's the problem?"

"I'm wondering about what is going to happen in two-thousand-and-twelve. Won't I have to have done something?"

"No. Besides, it's too early to think about the next election. Lots of things can happen, and you don't know what kind of campaign she will be running?"

"She?"

"Ooopps! Forget I said that. Just remember, Armenians have short memories when it comes to American politics, so they won't remember anything. They will go to the members of their Caucus and will be reminded that their wives are still beautiful and their children are even more intelligent, and the Armenians will be happy. Don't forget, they voted for the Democrats in this last election

even though you didn't deliver on your promises."

"So, what should I do?"

"Don't do anything. Or, rather, do what you are doing–nothing."

"What will the Armenians do?

"Nothing. Nothing, that is, except talk. That's what they always do best. Talk."

"Well, if you say so. But, how about in April. I'll be expected to say something, and Ankara won't let me use the 'genocide' word."

"Oh, just say something nice. If you know any more Armenian words, throw them in. The Armenians will complain but they will say, 'At least, he said something nice, and he said something in Armenian, too,' and they will just have to be happy. At this point, only the foolish ones expect you to keep your promise."

"Okay, if you say so."

"I say so."

At that point, as the president was leaving, Sam received a telephone call. He listened for a moment, and then said, "Yes, tomorrow at ten is fine. Tell her to be on time, as I am getting busy."