



The Northeast Nanny-staters Who Are and the Blizzard That Never Was

Call it the Blizzard of Oz. The “Snowstorm of the Century” Monday was supposed to be historic.

All we got was histrionics.

It turned out that the real blustery wind was hot air — and the worst accumulation was the knee-deep nanny-state politicians who think some snow warrants a travel ban.

In New York, the little man behind the curtain was Governor Andrew Cuomo, who, as usual, provided more bluster than any storm ever could.



I knew the blizzard would be a relative bust. How? Because they often are. Everything is over-hyped today, from the weather to entertainment to sports to hopey-changeey politicians.

And we’re getting change alright, the kind effected by, as C.S. Lewis put it, “omnipotent moral busybodies” who “torment us for our own good [and] will torment us without end for they do so with the approval of their own conscience.”

As to this, a statewide travel ban in Connecticut began at 9 p.m. (ET) Monday, ordered by Governor Dannel Malloy. In my sorry state, the Peoples Republic of Nueva York, Il Duce II (hat tip: the late Bob Grant, who famously christened Andrew Cuomo’s father, Mario, Il Duce) prohibited travel in a trove of counties, including mine, starting at 11 p.m. For snow? Really?

For the record, the total snowfall in Central Park, NYC was 5.5 inches.

And though it was heavier in some other areas, let’s get something straight: in a supposedly free country, you don’t tell people they can’t travel because of some snow.

(Good test run for martial law, though.)

Of course, this position finds plenty of opposition nowadays, conditioned as people are to be protected puppets of the state. But know that heavy snowfalls aren’t unusual. During my childhood in the early and mid-’70s — you know, back when they warned us in elementary school of an impending ice age — we had impressive blizzards.

No one thought of telling free people they couldn’t drive around.

But that was at a time when we actually were something approximating a “free” people.

It’s not as if the commoners — the “folks” as ’BamaCare Barry likes to say — can’t have good reason to have to travel. There could be on-call obstetricians who have to rush to deliveries (I know doctors in this field), or it could be someone having to help an elderly parent. And there could be other reasons, not to mention the tens of millions of dollars ill-conceived travel bans can cost the economy.

We have become a soft people. Kids once might walk great distances to school, men marched a hundred



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miles to fight bloody battles and, believe it or not, for most of history no one had modern medical care. Now a winter storm means we hunker down as if a Viking raid is nigh.

An even larger issue here is the safety-freak mentality sweeping our secular society and dominating the craniums of callow neo-communists coast to coast. It's reflected in Michelle Obama's food-Nazi agenda, the banning of trans-fats and big sodas, child-seat and helmet laws, and the new commandment, "Thou shalt ensconce thy progeny in bubble wrap."

And, for sure, every other nattering-nabob, nanny-state notion today is "for the children." People are especially incredulous when I dismiss, as I did above, child-seat and helmet laws. But spare me. Yeah, a five-mph national speed limit would save lives, too, but the real limit we need is on government meddling. I experienced the childhood joys of riding in the back of a station wagon with a bunch of other kids and rode my bike helmet-free. I survived. I know, I know, better safe than sorry, they say. What "they" miss is that you can be safe and sorry.

We're also supposed to believe our omnipotent moral busybodies care about us — deeply. But I could echo here Rodney Dangerfield's reaction after a loud exchange with a mentally unhinged professor in the film *Back to School*. Yeah, our leftist politicians really care.

About what, I have no idea.

Cuomo and the rest of his ilk are so concerned about our well-being they're going to save us from ourselves.

These are the same people who can't shriek loudly enough for the killing of intrauterine babies.

But don't dare increase your child's risk of death even one iota after he's born by failing to use a child seat or not providing a bicycle helmet. That'll be a ticketing. For your own good, we're going to liberate some cash from your wallet.

That reminds me of what I now call police: revenuers. Yeah, I know there are "good cops." I hear about them all the time. Oh, don't get me wrong, I'm fair; I defended in print Ferguson officer Darren Wilson and other impugned police as much as anyone. And I thoroughly admire Sheriff Joe Arpaio and the Oath Keeper crew. But don't kid yourself: Like most people, the average cop is a low-info voter. Just like the Nassau County, NY, police who obediently did their masters' bidding and [stole](#) \$100,000-worth of guns and ammo from a citizen — just like the New Orleans jackboots who seized firearms from law-abiding residents just when they really needed them in Hurricane Katrina's wake — most cops will follow zee orders when zey are handed down. Remember, too, the Department of Injustice has [warned](#) that constitutionalists can be a terror threat. And [this](#) Spokane officer who explained why his department needed military equipment certainly got the memo.

I would be remiss if I didn't deepen my little rant by mentioning that all our problems stem from a loss of faith. Just consider our safety-freak mentality. Those who believe in an afterlife may certainly tend to the temple of the soul, but they usually don't initiate themselves into the Cult of the Body. When people believe this world is all there is, however, they can become maniacally obsessed with staying in this world as long as possible. This phenomenon's ultimate manifestation is "transhumanism," the new movement and aspiration to use technology to transcend being human and extend "life" virtually indefinitely. Why, it has even been theorized that we may one day be able to upload our consciousness into a computer. (Of course, this would imply there's something beyond the brain — namely the mind — which contradicts the dogma of atheistic psychologists who say there is no such thing. Yet if we're not just the organic robots of secularist dreams, a question presents itself: Why not just wait for your



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consciousness to be uploaded into the hereafter, hopefully Heaven? [The world's Andrew Cuomos might understandably want to delay *that* upload as long as possible.] But now I'm getting way too deep for a rant.)

So that explains the popularity of a Dr. Oz. It also explains why we're living in Oz, with the con man behind the curtain.

Or is our third-millennium location better described as Go Ask Alice, in Wonderland, when she's 10 feet tall?

Whatever the case, Toto, we're not in Kansas anymore. And Middle America will continue shrinking until we as a people find a heart, a brain and some courage.

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