

# MR. PJ CROWLEY, OBAMA & FIREDOGLAKE

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As you know by now, State Department spokesman PJ Crowley was effectively given the Shirley Sherrod pull over to the side of the road and resign order by the Obama White House, and the announcement was made public this morning. As Phoenix Woman noted it was reminiscent of the Saturday Night Massacre.

Pj Crowley told the truth, and it is now pretty clear, meant it when he said the treatment being occasioned on Bradley Manning is “ridiculous, counterproductive and stupid”, and it is NOT hunky dory like Mr. Obama shamefully bleats.

But the best observation was made by Rosalind in comments noting the side splitting non-comedy of the Commander in Chief last night at the annual Gridiron Club Dinner meeting of moldy MOTUs and their press lackeys:

Obama’s whole “act” last night at the Gridiron is now up. While his minions were forcing Crowley out, he was spewing this:

But whatever challenges we face and however history unfolds, we rely on all of you – the press – to tell the story. Those of us who are fortunate enough to be in positions of power may have our gripes about how the media covers us, but that’s only because your job is to hold us accountable. And none of us would want to live in a country without that failsafe – without a free press and freedom of expression. That’s what people all around the world are fighting for as we speak. In some cases, they’re dying for

those rights. And that's what many reporters risk their lives to uphold – from Kandahar to Tripoli.

tee hee, oh my sides! s/

extra bonus: FDL got a shout-out early on:

And while I know I have my share of critics out there, I don't focus on the negative stuff. I just don't pay much attention to it. Most days I barely skim through the comment section of Huffington Post – Daily Kos – Fire Dog Lake – The Daily Dish – boingboing.net. (Laughter.)

Bald faced craven comedy AND a dedicated shout out to Firedoglake during our membership drive, what else could you ask for from a Torturer-in-Chief? I would like to personally thank Mr. Obama for the plug and endorsement; though, I must say, if he is reading Firedoglake daily, he sure is not learning and retaining much. Please work on that Mr. President; we know you can do better!

Now, back to Mr. Crowley. Turns out Ozzy Osbourne, of all people, presciently wrote an ode for this exact occasion. I kid you not, it is scarily spot on for for what happened to Mr. Crowley, who indeed “uncovered things that were sacred”. The video is above, the prophetic lyrics below. Come, sit with us PJ, you will find kindred spirits here at Firedoglake; you are one of us now, trying to speak truth to obstreperous power.

Mr. Crowley, what went wrong in your head?

Oh, Mr. Crowley, did you talk with the dead?

Your life style to me seemed so tragic  
With the thrill of it all  
You fooled all the people with magic  
You waited on Satan's call  
Mr. Charming, did you think you were  
pure  
Mr. Alarming, in nocturnal rapport  
Uncovering things that were sacred  
manifest on this Earth  
Conceived in the eye of a secret  
And they scattered the afterbirth  
Mr. Crowley, won't you ride my white  
horse  
Oh, Mr. Crowley, it's symbolic of course  
Approaching a time that is classic  
I hear maidens call  
Approaching a time that is drastic  
Standing with their backs to the wall  
Was it polemically sent  
I wanna know what you meant  
I wanna know  
I wanna know what you meant