



Written by [Selwyn Duke](#) on May 21, 2012

The Composite President

When analyzing Barack Obama's electoral success a few years back, I pointed out that there was more than white guilt at work. He was, quite frankly, what every good little liberal had always been looking for. Sure, he was "black," using that old bigoted "one-drop" standard, which, curiously, has been embraced by modern black activists. But more specifically he was half black, with Kenyan pedigree, half white and bore an exotic name. He was mentored by a Marxist, mothered by an atheist (when Momma Dunham was actually around), lived in Indonesia and Hawaii, had Muslim influence and black-church conscience. An attorney and the first black president of the Harvard Law Review, he was purportedly an intellectual.



Obama was well-traveled and thus, by leftist lights, broad and sophisticated; having put down roots in Chicago's black community, he was also grounded. Heck, his mother even had a boy's first name (Stanley) before "sex" was "gender" and gender was whatever you wanted it to be. He was a multiculturalist's dream, a Democrat's 2008 electoral fantasy. A politically active socialist with the soul of Van Gogh couldn't have drawn him up better if the candidate had been a composite.

What we couldn't fully know in 2008, however, is that everything about Obama seems a composite fabrication. With Mr. Barack Barry Hussein Soetoro Obama ([PBUH](#)), nothing is as it seems.

Thus, when the administration [created a composite woman](#), Julia, to illustrate how "President Obama's policies help one woman over her lifetime — and how Mitt Romney would change her story," it was entirely fitting: a fictional woman used to show how dysfunctional policies would provide fictional help. Also fitting, though, is that "Julia's" government-dependent life starts at three years old. For we could envision a very different scenario: because of Obama's policies, Julia is aborted in the womb and never gets to enjoy all those gubmint handouts.

But Obama has a history of inventing women. Recently there were stories about a "New York girlfriend" in the President's autobiography *Dreams from My Father*, who was [a composite](#), supposedly, of many girlfriends Obama had during his life. Of course, it's disclosed in his book that composite characters are used, so fair enough. Except....

John Drew, an Obama contemporary at Occidental College [who attested to Obama's flat-out "Marxist-Leninist"](#) leanings, told me that he never saw or heard about any girlfriends in the man's life. "Why is this?" asked I.

"Because I don't think there were any," replied Drew.

In all fairness, there very well might have been some love interests other than Michelle in Obama's life.



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But whatever is in *Dreams from My Father* (DFMF), it's more like *Fantasies from My Comrade* — because Obama, some say, didn't write it. Who perhaps did?

Bill Ayers.

This is according to Jack Cashill, a writer who has long been [investigating](#) the DFMF matter. His evidence includes the fact that Obama had written little when he was contracted to write the book, had [trouble completing](#) works he actually attempted and exhibited poor writing skills when he did slap something together. Nonetheless, as Cashill put it, “[I]n 1995, this untested 33-year-old produced what *Time Magazine* has called — with a straight face — ‘the best-written memoir ever produced by an American politician.’”

But a man who certainly is a good writer is former Weathermen terrorist and Obama ally Ayers. More significantly, points out Cashill, the prose in DFMF bears a striking resemblance to that in Ayers' authored works. And note that writing style can be significant enough to serve as a sort of literary fingerprint.

This is why it isn't surprising that the book contains other alleged anecdotes that can only generously be described as “composite” (a certain L-word comes to mind, actually). One of them involves a very moving passage about the angst Obama felt over being a corporate sellout when he worked at a place called Business International. Here is the relevant excerpt:

I had my own office, my own secretary, money in the bank. Sometimes, coming out of an interview with Japanese financiers or German bond traders, I would catch my reflection in the elevator doors— see myself in a suit and tie, a briefcase in my hand — and for a split second I would imagine myself as a captain of industry, barking out orders, closing the deal, before I remembered who it was that I had told myself I wanted to be and felt pangs of guilt for my lack of resolve.

Ah, beautiful. Eloquent. Life-changing. Memory-searing. Moment-defining.

Fabricated.

As Cashill [reported](#) this past Saturday:

[F]ormer co-worker and Obama fan Dan Armstrong revealed Obama's whole account to be a “serious exaggeration.” Obama worked at not a multinational corporation, but a “small company that published newsletters.” He was not the only black person who worked there. He did not, as claimed, have his own office, wear a jacket and tie, interview international businessmen, or write articles. He mostly just copy-edited business items and slipped them into a three-ring binder for the company's customers.

In light of this, is the recent revelation about a certain Obama [literary-firm bio](#) that touted him as “born in Kenya” — a claim that was in place for 16 years, until after he announced his presidential run in 2007 — a surprise? Many take it as yet more evidence that the President may not be natural-born, but there's a more likely interpretation.

It's yet more evidence that Obama will say anything, do anything, fabricate anything, circumvent anything or violate anything to get ahead.

What do we really know about the man? He hasn't been [above-board on the birth-certificate matter](#), we can't see his college transcripts, few people from his past ever come forward, there are claims pertaining to his alleged use of a Connecticut Social Security number, he doesn't seem to write his own material, and the most interesting parts of his life narrative are usually fiction. If we didn't know better,



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we could think he was a multiculturalist-generated sentient program designed for an America itching to enter a post-racial era. We could believe he was our first composite president.

But he's all too real. And the question is with Obama — a man [who said](#) that telling “the truth” is a “problem” — what lies within? Which composite will we see once Obama no longer has to win re-election?



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