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Peggy Noonan and the Two-Headed Bowling Ball Child



By Marty Kaplan

The morning after Obama's acceptance speech, Peggy Noonan told the *Morning Joe* crowd on MSNBC that everything she'd predicted about the speech and the event in her *Wall Street Journal* column turned out to be true.

It sucked, Peggy said. In a few months, no one would remember anything he said. The Parthenon set was ridiculous. The rhetoric never achieved any height. It was full of tired old cliches. It disappointed the crowd, who'd waited in the sun for hours for uplift. There was no humor, no wit, no soaring. It was the old, pre-Bill Clinton liberalism. And anyone who disagreed with her — like the MSNBC talking head who called the night “a symphony” — was guilty of “suckupitis.”

When Scarborough pointed out that Pat Buchanan, of all people, had praised the speech, and called it “manly,” Peggy replied, Well, the best thing I could say about it is that it “wasn't sissy.”

I'm paraphrasing here, writing while she's still on the air, but this is the gist: At least the speech wasn't all about all those miserable unemployed people that Democrats always talk about. It wasn't full of whining about all those unhappy sick people they only seem to see. It wasn't about a woman who had a two-headed child who was used as a bowling ball.

More like this, Peggy. Please.

I hope everyone who watched that speech has a chance to hear her say that. For the right-wing commentariat, it was a Katrina moment. It was a benchmark for how out of it and, well, disgusting, that crowd is. It established a baseline for magisterial condescension, for blindness, for night-is-day, for the gulf between Republican dead-enders and the rest of the country. Even though she's dared criticize George W. Bush, presumably to fashion a life preserver for her credibility, Peggy was more than willing to tell the speech's morning-after audience that they should believe her, and not their lying eyes.

And oh, those wacky sob-story Democrats with their unemployment and their freak-show kids. I mean, what country are they living in — Katrinaville? Iraqland?

Thanks, Peggy, for telling it like it really is — which is to say, for telling it like you, and your Party, really are.

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Marty Kaplan 

USC Annenberg professor and Norman Lear Center director