



## Blue in Paris

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The Olympics is about athletic excellence. There's also a patriotic-nationalistic component that uneasily fits with the games. And then there are the rites and glamorous "artistic" ceremonies that start the quadrennial shindig—an uneasy mix we usually ignore as we focus on the contests.

But it was hard to ignore the bizarre showpieces at the opening ceremonies in Paris, for the "Games of the XXXIII Olympiad."

"The ceremony received a mixed reception," Wikipedia [records](#), "with many praising the performances of Gojira, Aya Nakamura, Celine Dion and Lady Gaga, while criticism was directed at the length, poor weather conditions, technical issues, and some elements of the production itself." *The Guardian*, however, titled [its coverage](#) "Most French newspapers praise the Olympics spectacle but far-right commentators reject 'woke propaganda'"—but that begs a question: were the "woke" parts really propaganda?

I mean, can repellent things be propagandistic?

*Celebratory* for the woke, sure; but at some even low level of repulsion the effect becomes merely off-putting. And then ... repulsive.

Sure, most woke media was enthusiastic—"artistic audacity" was a phrase used by the *New York Times*. But, as *The Guardian* summarized, the British were "less flattering. 'La Farce' was the verdict of the *Daily Mail*, describing it as a 'surreal opening ceremony dubbed "the worst ever,"' while for the *Times* it was 'a damp squib of a show.'"

At issue on social media was a drag-queen parody of The Last Supper—mischaracterized by the woke and Wikipedia as "a bacchanalian feast." Bacchus himself, though—or Dionysus or whoever—was portrayed by a pudgy near-naked male singer painted in blue.

Ugh.

It is wrong to purposely offend someone's religion. Not illegal. Just wrong. And it informs Christians that yet another major institution of official society does not like us.

Someone might not unreasonably suggest Christians need to present politically. God helps those who help themselves.

Or we could go back to the old ways, where the artists didn't flaunt their sexualities or heresies or even pride—not horning in on the athletes' attention at an athletic contest.

This is Common Sense. I'm Paul Jacob.