

Race for oval office more than a yuck

by David Z. Kanaan

Cynicism: the latest drug to induce one's ignorance. Everything is corrupt and not worth investigation. No need to use your brain in that case. Just choose your favorite cliché, followed by a chuckle, and your conversation is finished. Afterward, sit back, turn on your MTV, and fill your head with delightful images that pose no need for your own thoughts. Being shallow and having a small set of priorities and interests is IN. What we need to understand is this type of transformation is self defeating, and keeps the greed-motivated hierarchy alive.

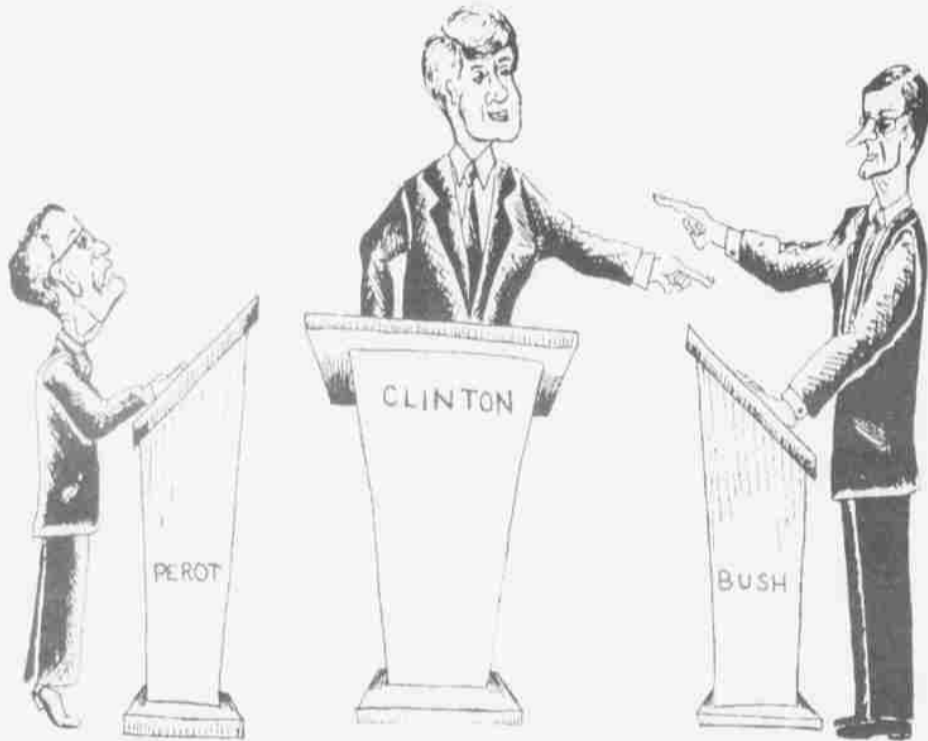
Don't get me wrong. There are a million reasons to look at what we see and laugh in regard to politics. Questioning authority is healthy - when there is an involvement to change things. Our government is at a crossroads that will lead to fascism or mob rule, yet we debate whether Al Bundy's latest fiasco will explode in his face.

This election is a virtual soap opera, like most elections past, but one must look for some solutions through the endless rhetoric of the leaders or create new leaders that satisfy our needs.

George (Herbert Hoover) Bush, with his forked tongue, has sucked the life force out of this once great nation through 12 years of tax breaks for the wealthy. His sizzling pen has overturned over 30 bills that the majority of our elected officials have proposed. It seems any help Congress has suggested for the have-nots of this class-divided-oligarchy have been rubbed out either by the imperium of Bush or the slimy, PACT-fund-carrying

hands of special interest groups.

Bill Clinton is no saint, and has been put through a circus of personal criticisms; although some are worth considering. He epitomizes the polished politician, which has created a tongue-in-cheek approach to his teary-eyed speeches on the homeless, or other liberal staples. His proposed



policies are worth investigation, and represent some positive changes against growing aristocratic trends.

The October surprise is definitely Ross Perot. His performance at last Sunday's debate was impressive enough that in addition to the constant applause of the audience, all the press could talk about afterward was "the little man from Texas." His non-partisan, get-down-and-dirty approach to the debt and other clean-up duties of the future is a dose of fresh air in the stagnating race of '92.

Perot is the one candidate who addresses the tidal waves of corruption honestly and without a lot of finger pointing.

We often complain about our rotten Congress and House; diseased with ageless, polished career beurocrat who are reelected over and over again, despite scandal. We have the power to get rid of these bums, yet we are entranced into thinking voting for anyone else is useless. A lot of people in Washington love the fact the public is not well informed, and this gives them the opportunity to further their greed-ridden piracy of the American dream.

We must look at the small good, for if we make small improvements over the years, one day there could be more good than bad. This of course is idealistic, but a little idealism never hurt anybody. Rome wasn't built in a day, but it did fall in one.

And the VP winner is...

by Mark H. Goodman

At four o'clock, Tuesday evening, a few local floor members and I gathered to watch the VP debate. Going in with no expectations, I knew I wouldn't be disappointed.

First off, Quayle instantly attacked Clinton's lack of global experience by predicting there would be a "major international crisis" sometime in the next four years. Gee...who knew our current Vice was part Karnac too?

dled the "coup thing" going on in the Philippines. Well, I try to keep up on my news, and I admit I miss a few papers, but did anyone else in the private sector know Quayle was involved in actually making the decision to kill the coup? To think he had the power to tell 'em, "No, stop those revolutionary dogs! We still like you over there," was just too much for me to take in one sitting.

Gore, on the other hand, did something more poetic than any other VP candidate I've ever seen - he impersonated the robot dudes from Disney World's "Hall of Presidents." I mean, did the man move more than an inch in either direction during the debate? Hell, he's got my vote for having the stiffest posture in history.

Mediator Hal Bruno occasionally centered the debate on "less confrontational" topics, but the candidates had their own agendas. Quayle's constant attacks on Clinton's inconsistencies never really panned out to more than a huge waste of the nation's time, while Gore's bashing of Bush's broken tax pledges earned him a blank stare from Stockdale.

Who was that guy, anyway?

To tell ya the truth, I shouldn't rip on the Mr. Magoo look-alike, you'll probably see him on T-shirts on every campus worldwide with the caption "Stockdale is all Male." Thank god for Vietnam and testosterone.

Defense cuts, draft dodging, fillerbusting, and a plethora of other light and happy topics danced across the lips of all the candidates until they either ran out of ammunition, or the network time ran out. Mostly it was the latter.

I believe Stockdale had his finger on the jugular vein of the nation when he uttered, "...we gotta get some love out there..." I mean, isn't it time to get this morbid process over with and let the four year old stigma heal?

So finally, the unanimous winner: us, the masses. Ya see, we have more power than ya think. If we all vote for the men who we think could stand up to the job, this country could get going again. Whether you're a democrat, republican, independent, fascist or other, vote. It's the best thing we could do to guarantee better debates four years from now.

Just imagine the new ad campaign planned around THAT one: "Dan Quayle: He's young, experienced, and a DAMN GOOD psychic."

Then, some retirement home runaway, Admiral James Stockdale, looked into the homes of 30 million Americans and asked us all the most pressing question of the election; "Who am I? Why am I here?" Well, I think it might've been a damn good idea to figure that one out before he got on national television. Hell, I didn't know who he was, and honestly, I still don't.

The debate wore on, and on, and sorry to admit, but I never much cared for the statistics the hopefuls kept throwing at me. I think 78 percent of the nation agrees.

About half way through, Dan said something that perked my drooping ears. While Bush was on vacation, (as usual), he han-

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