

Hartford, You Have a Problem:

Remember when Jim Lovell called in from space to say that the Apollo 13 mission was in serious trouble? "Houston, we have a problem". It looked pretty dark there for a while. It looked like the odds were against a happy ending and one of the main topics of discussion was exactly how the astronauts would meet their seemingly inevitable end. It's a good thing that the folks who were running the mission, all those engineers and technicians and pilots, had faith and the conviction that any problem has a solution. It might be a one in a thousand shot but there was a solution.

Not so much in Connecticut. No, they have a problem alright and for the life of me I can't see much of an answer. I'm talking about the Senate race there, of course. The delegates at each party's respective convention have made their choice and here's what they got. On the one hand they've got a guy (the Democrat) who has trouble remembering, reporting and then revising the truth. He wanted so much to identify with and get the support of Viet Nam veterans (and the millions of voters who respect them) that he kept saying that he was one, a combat vet that is. The guy had five deferments and eventually a place in the Reserves into which he scrambled when his birth date yielded a distressingly low lottery number. The closest he got to Nam was Bridgeport. But he kept on saying that he served over there. And now he's trying to explain how what he said was almost, sort of, really could have been true, except it wasn't.

On the other hand they've got a gal (the Republican) who ran the biggest enterprise in professional wrestling. If you haven't seen the WWE show in the past few years it pretty much comes down to violence and sex, bullying and humiliation, steroids and stupidity all of which is geared to the mind of a thirteen year old boy although I've noticed that some of the fans are considerably older. The show has made her wealthy; wealthy enough to finance her own campaign and wealthy enough to buy a yacht which sports, on its stern, the charming name "Sexy B-tch". Yup, her business is pornography-lite and she sails around the Long Island sound on the Sexy B. Is there anything right with this picture?

If the folks who run elections in Connecticut had a sense of humor they would formulate a ballot which might, with a wink, enlighten the voters as they prepared to choose their next Senator.

FOR THE UNITED STATES SENATE: choose one

Democrat The Liar \_\_\_

Republican The Pornographer \_\_\_

Thank you for voting and have a nice day!

What are people thinking out there? Did all those delegates really go to their convention and knowingly choose a man who kept telling the same untrue story for years? Are they so used to politicians ignoring the facts and polishing the fiction that Mr. Blumenthal's behavior is seen as par for the course? Didn't folks wonder if the candidate had played fast and loose with any number of other items in his biography? Weren't they just a bit concerned that what he says today about policies and positions might not be the same as what he will say and do tomorrow?

And how about the hundreds (fifty-two percent) who punched Ms. McMahon's ticket at her Party's convention? It's hard for me to imagine what these people see in her. Her life's work is hawking the cheapest low-life entertainment imaginable. Her approved plot lines range from infidelity to necrophilia and those are the nice ones. Might not a person assume that she will treat governance in the same manner she handled her business? Do they really want a Senator who sees life as a series of cheap tricks to be played on suckers who are dumb enough to believe the hype?

There certainly have been liars and hucksters in the past who have won elections and gone on to give their constituents exactly what they voted for and what they deserved. Huey Long of Louisiana comes to mind. That poor State bends under the burden of his corrupt legacy to this day. But it still surprises me when so many folks would give the nod to an obviously shady character. Maybe P. T. Barnum was right. Maybe there is a sucker born every minute. Apparently a lot of them reside in Connecticut. And now they get to choose between phony and vulgar.

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