

Wait Till Next Year:

January 20th of 2009 can not come quickly enough. At this point I am so fed up with the venal abusers who man the administration in Washington that I don't care who wins in November. Our government is run by people whose primary aim is to increase the investment portfolios of certain Americans. They force their ideas about democracy and freedom down the throats of people whom they are able to beat up; not having the stomach for tougher targets. They delay any significant progress in science, technology and policy if those answers are not oil friendly. They harp on the nonsense that there is one, correct patriotism which says that everything else is traitorous. They are creating an awful world that states might is right, or at least that might will win. Darwinism from a Creationist; go figure.

Someone else will be in office unless Mr. Cheney figures out how to end run the Constitution again, this time on term limits. It's a really good thing that this crew of self serving suits will be gone. But the presidential campaign, this adolescent appeal for us to like one candidate over the other is so loaded with nonsense that I'm beginning to wonder.

It's really something. The mainstream media is drooling all over itself about whether being shot down over Viet Nam gives you the right stuff, about whether wearing a flag pin means anything at all, except to flag pin makers. We are talking about image and fluff while the economy is tanking, the war goes on, healthcare costs are spiraling out of control, retirements will be unfunded and education is an afterthought. Flag pins and war records and cool speeches and fist bumps will do nothing for our country. Nothing. Get over it.

The house is falling apart and the respective campaigns are biting their nails over which guy market-tests as more presidential. Do we think this a TV show? Do we think the actor who plays well to the most desired demographic is the best candidate? Is it all just an exercise in feeling better about how we vote? Are we just watching some stupid reality show and rooting for our favorite? What a thought. We are what we watch.

Well, we will get what we watch if we're not careful. If we don't demand better we will get a tailor made president (tailored to get the most votes) who says what needs to be said (said to get the most votes) who may have no clue whatsoever as to how to lead us. Vote for the image that makes you feel better, tough guy or smooth guy. Then take a Lunesta and rest assured.

May I suggest that we look only at the candidates' voting history and have those histories be the determining factors? It would be so much better if we voted for the candidate whose legislative record was most in tune with our own vision of the world. Let's just do that, OK? Vote for the Liberal or the Conservative because you believe more in one of those positions than the other. We have one representative of each persuasion, of that we can be sure. We have a clearly conservative voting record and a clearly liberal voting record. What say we vote with our heads, focused on the issues, rather than with our moods which tend to ebb and swell depending on the artistry of the latest negative add.

Hey, how about this? Turn off your TV when it comes to the campaign and do a little research, on your own, about how each candidate has voted during his time in office. Ignore the candidates' commercials and what MSNBC or FOX says. Try a little reality for a change rather than what sells soap or cars or diapers or cereal or whatever the tube is selling. If checking out each fellow's record is too much work, maybe you should stay home on Election Day. Watch TV or something.

In the meantime, as of 1/20/2009, the fatally flawed Bush bunch will be gone from office. Their 24/7 denial of inconvenient realities will be forcibly retired. There is the chance to actually change from our current cynical state which elevates and enobles the calculating bully. We actually might have the opportunity to stand tall when we act globally rather than hunkering down in our green zones in fear of the locals who hate us.

As the Cubs' announcer, Jack Brickhouse, always used to say, "Wait till next year."