

A Modest Proposal



BY GLENN MCDONALD

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Double Take

Flotsam in the 'Net

The proliferation of useless online information continues. And we love it! Among the bands mentioned in an AOL Worst Band Names board, categorized by the astute U. Magazine staff:

Spiritual:
Priesthole
Smegma and the Nuns
The Archbishop's Enema Fetish

Anatomical:
Rectal Snowmen
Black, Hairy Tongue
Ovarian Trolley

Themed:
Vomit Launch
Constant Vomit
The Projectile Vomitors

Food-related:
Pork Soda
Bad Egg Salad
Daddy's Protein

Just plain wrong:
Dead German Tourists

The information superhighway shall someday lead us all to a utopian world of cooperation and hope. Until then, offensive time-wasting banter for all!

YOU KNOW WHAT WOULD BE GREAT? If Bill Clinton just took off the gloves this upcoming election year. Enough with the patient diplomacy — he should start picking fights. I mean real fights.

I'd like to see him rabbit punch Bob Dole on the Senate floor. Body tackle Phil Gramm in the Lincoln Room. Use some vicious kung fu move on Buchanan — maybe a circle kick to the solar plexus. Can you picture it? Our esteemed president, a righteous warrior of justice, kicking ass all over D.C. Right on!

Now, I'm biased. I like Bill Clinton. I think he's cool. But maybe you're Republican, or Libertarian, or whatever you Perot people are calling yourselves these days. That's fine — pick your own prizefighter. What I'm saying is, let's drop all this tired election-year posturing and get down to business — a bloody, yearlong battle royale among any and all presidential candidates.

Which would you rather have — another election year of pathetic, fatuous attempts to misdirect America's attention? Or a Pete Wilson/Phil Gramm kick boxing match? Let's not kid ourselves — beneath the thinly veiled hostility of campaign rhetoric lies a primitive, barbarous aggression. So, slam! Let the boys be boys.

My money is on Clinton. What he may lack in ruthlessness he more than makes up for in wily cunning. He's younger and faster than these worn old Republicans. Take Bob Dole, for example. I pity the poor, confused man. He's pledging to make English the official national language. (For those of you who can't see through this, I'll type slowly — sound out the big words, OK?

This is not a real political issue.) So Clinton could easily outwit him. Tie his shoelaces together, maybe, then sneak up behind him and scream in his good ear.

The primaries alone would be fabulous. Imagine, instead of a New Hampshire primary, a Caesar's Palace preliminary. Fifty thousand screaming delegates, drunk on cheap Vegas gin, pay \$800 a pop to watch Lamar Alexander pound on Arlen Specter's kidneys with a 40-pound copy of the Packwood diaries.

No more dull TV events, either. Remember last year's vice presidential debates? Quayle, Gore and that poor old Admiral, lamely trading arch remarks about Jack Kennedy. *Booooooring*. But imagine Al Gore in a Mexican wrestling mask! Colin Powell in a pull-away Hulk Hogan shirt! Alan Keyes squinting with Clint Eastwood-like authority, cracking his knuckles, growling softly....

I'll admit, Rush Limbaugh and Newt Gingrich — if they run — would be a tough tag-team combination. And I'm not even going to make any fat jokes. No sirree — no cheap shots in this magazine. But God help the poor Democratic challenger having to face the flab-lanche of voluminous white flesh cascading from that corner of the ring.

As the year goes on, many candidates will drop out due to sagging polls, lack of funding or hemorrhaging. America will be witness to a Darwinian struggle of epic proportions.



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Strip Tease

