

# It's all so Canadian, eh!

**A** queasy feeling grabbed me while I was watching the Bush-Dukakis debate on TV last Sunday night. If Bush is elected, we will all have to get down on our knees and pray like gangbusters that a madman's bullet won't do him in. Otherwise, the free world would be in the hands of — gulp — Dan Quayle, a prospect that makes me quail with horror.

If Dukakis wins, however, I suspect many people will be praying that he falls down a manhole so that his able, prudent and experienced VP, Lloyd Bentsen, takes the helm. What a choice!

America has come down with Canadian political flu: Ho-hum, dishwater dull candidates who are pretty much a national embarrassment.

Bush reminds me of someone who has just climbed out of a car crash, trying bravely to smile while his head spins.

Dukakis looks like a Hellenic Macbeth. Bush, we are told, is having trouble with women voters. I'm not surprised. His wife, a courtly lady, unfortunately looks more like his mother.

Many women tell me that Bush gives them the creepy-weepies. A sex-symbol clearly he is not.

Nor is Dukakis, but at least he speaks the language that American female voters like to hear. Warm, friendly gush about "caring" and "commitment," all packaged up with promises to spend, spend, spend on nice things like day care, health and education.

Unfortunately, too many American ladies still confuse the federal government with their daddies when they were kids. Daddy can always afford to pay for anything you ask for; if he dosen't, then it's because he is callous and insensitive or just plain hateful.

Lucky things like budgets or silly questions like where the money will come from are only for Daddy's dreary accountants. Ladies' clothing stores and the Democrats



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have long benefitted from this economic insouciance. As for George Tightwad Bush and those skinflint Republicans who only want to buy horrid tanks and bombs, well, foovey on them and they have no sex appeal anyway.

The Republicans know this and are making their traditional pre-election prayers that it will rain on election day. This, it is hoped, will keep enough ladies and blacks at home to tip the scales.

That was until Bush can forth with the medieval notion that women who have abortion are criminals, sort of, and maybe they ought to be punished. This ought to make a lot of angry ladies risk their new hairdoes, grab their umbrellas and go vote for "I respect women's bodies" Dukakis who is so tuned into female vibrations that he failed to note for more than a year that his own wife was fizzing right along on bennies. Maybe he thought she was taking a course in speedtalking?

Well, what about Bush's hanky-panky with that evil, drug-dealing General Noriega in Panama, as Dukakis insinuated? I mean, was George down there doing lines, or what?

No way, Jose. He was just doing his job as chief honcho at CIA. Noriega, known as El Big Ear, tapped everybody's phone, including the CIA and NSA, so who else would you ask about local dirt down Panama way? Stop being so prissy, Duke.

Instead, why don't you dump some of those pointy-headed Harvard academic types who infest your campaign, the kind of leftish academics who sneer at politics but deep down under their tweeds lust hotly for raw power and girls.

They remind me of the dovish professors who flocked around Jack Kennedy and poured bad advice into his youthful ears. Better the pot-bellied, sweaty Republican war horses arrayed behind Bush.

At least if Bush goes catatonic, or is rammed by a whale sailing off Kennebunkport, there will be the sensible old guard left to run the country.

Unless, of course, Kid Quayle decides that he's in charge. I wouldn't buy a used fender from this guy. Can you imagine Quayle sitting down to negotiate with Mikhail Gorbachev?

Too bad we can't convince the Yanks to pair up Bush with Bentsen. Now that would be a good ticket — with Bush as VP, of course.

Don't *los Americanos* understand that they don't have the luxury to run Styrofoam candidates?

We can do that up here, because even if the NDP wins, it can't do more than wreck Canada. But whoever gets into the White House can demolish the world. And do we up here want Dan Quayle or Mike Dukakis defending us? You bet our mukluks we don't.

I mean even Russkies want the Republicans, though they're not so hot about Bush and probably apoplectic about Quayle whose only source of knowledge about the USSR comes from having seen the flic *Gorky Park*.

Sure, the Greeks love Dukakis. But their own prime minister has just ditched his wife and run off with a chesty airline stewardness 30-odd summers his junior and they need someone new. Maybe it's not too late to talk Ron Reagan into another term.