

Approx 450 words

NEW YORK, N.Y.  
10011



I WATCH C-SPAN BECAUSE when people around me seem to have their heads while I am losing mine, I need focus, a credible humanizing, uplifting influence. . like C-Span.

When news and changing times and attitudes seem to swirl around me, past me, beyond me with unbelongable rapidity, leaving me feeling pointless, helpless and claustrophobic, C-Span is a stabilizing reminder that truth, hope, progress. .and heroic mankind. . are still around; more patient than I am, and more sharing; they are our reality.

There can be no more important story than that of power, of and for the people. There are no more fascinating characters than the heroes, villains (and would-bes, also-rans) influencing and evolving the plots and sub-plots of justice for everyman. C-Span allows its viewers the important privilege of being able to lift these live characters of history-in-the-making from the printed page into the habitats of their performances, additionally showing unrehearsed people from behind the news, their assets, vagaries and methods. Also, through the C-Span call-in programs, permitting the opinions and questions of people, .the time-progress maze, the power circle, the body politic we are of, becomes complete. That is the story, the vibrant living montage of power C-Span offers the public.



A profound idea, executed with technical excellence, surprising, with unique details and observations; C-Span is art, and an epitome of enjoyable education, evoking a platform for family discussion. Elegant, in concept, in personnel and personalities, and even in its choice of music, and photographic scans of buildings and cities, C-Span is entrancing entertainment.

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I BEGAN WATCHING C-SPAN

when networks began to innure, and mine my memory so commercials seemed creative and reruns seemed new; when entertainment became watching the clock, instead of the screen, to prophecy plot; when networks began to perceive me as an insatiable thirst for evermore. . !

. as an indefatigable, nerveless nerd expecting evermore cliché, copy-catism, crass comedy, car crashes, and three-minute chases, breaking my sound barrier. .

. as an unromantic-oversexed-voyeur able to identify with evermore unattractive persons, exhaustively kissing, like noisy chickens pecking; or ugly nudies popping from introduction into beds. .

. as an un-gullible stomach able to withstand graphic childbirth, and evermore surgery during dinner-time news. .

. as a sluggish, irretrievable mind requiring doctors' or transient authors' answers to evermore questions a child need not ask.

\* \*

I NEED A C\*SPAN when I feel isolated from a common stream (turned to mud?). .

when I feel hypnotized by my capsuled-news-fix, delivered by the networks' plastic pipey-voicely people, or droning pontifical pomposities', deliverance of joy and tragedy in the same unpunctuated, monotonal breath. .



. when I am numbed by my own impassionate attitudes,  
feeding the disinterested, oft unwilling-uncaring,  
Monster named status quo. .

. when I am anxious, and feel like a powerless  
dust speck. . on a spinning Frisbee. . being tossed  
by faceless, unfeeling giants. .who might end their  
game by allowing me to crash. .

\* \*

YES, I WATCH, I LOVE, C-SPAN BECAUSE  
IT IS KIND, becuse it must consider humankind stretchable,  
as it pays its viewers and guests the ultament compliment  
by objectively treating each as sensible and sensitive  
May it and its people set an example. . EVERMORE!

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T. S. Eliot