

December 22, 1993.

C-Span
400 North Capitol Street NW #650
Washington, D. C. 20001

Dear C-Span:

As a onetime lifelong Republican (40 years), I hated what the Democrats did to Richard Nixon following the Watergate break-in. But I'm telling you straight: what the Republicans have done to this nation since has been such a disgrace that I will never vote Republican again. Witness:

Da ya' want a nice 1989 Republican Christmas present? O. K., then let's go slay a bunch of innocent Panamanians with a sneak-attack nearly as neat as Pearl Harbor. Fun? You know we all loved it! Besides, it normally makes for good election results. Dunno' what happened this last time.

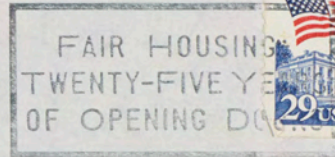
Ya' haven't had enough yet? Good. Next, we can induce a dumb arab to violate the territory of a neighboring country, then insult him to the degree that he cannot back down, then destroy thousands more innocents (while all the while carefully allowing the perpetrator to escape retribution, of course). Isn't that a nice 1990-1991 holiday present from your friendly Christian Republicans? Sure it is. And I just know the Savior, Jesus Christ, was up there rooting for still more and more killing! Well, ya' don't doubt me, do ya'? After all, I've got a direct line to him through all those right-wing media dogooders I see on C-Span. And they tell me that the Lord has renounced pacifism and is presently armed to the teeth (with smart bombs, I hear). Better not tell Bush, 'cause he'll wanna' go after *Him*, I'll betcha'.

But don't fret. We'll even out your 1992 nagging doubts by going into Somalia. Peacefully, of course. Sure. Until we can blame it all on the successor/president who belongs to "Brand-X" political party.

Wake up, you sleepyheads! It's early 1993 wintertime in America! Time for "Mad-Bomber" Bush to again do what he does better than anyone else. Whoops! Sorry we hit the hotel where Saddam was to have been speaking (talk about improbable coincidences), but think of how much we saved the world by killing that lady in the lobby. Sorta' makes a body proud ta be an American, doesn't it? Merry Christmas! Ho, ho, ho! Peace On Earth!

Happy days once again, America. It's 1993-1994. Time for another yuletide gift from your friendly Republican Party of Muckrakers! Who? We? Doing something for purely partisan reasons? Well, waddya' want- real patriotism? Why didn't ya' say so! After all, we WASP Republicans only equate patriotism with a body-count of the dark-skinned peoples we slay. (We never even consider hurting someone who looks like us. Besides, did ya' ever try ta organize a victory parade in those damnable Yugoslav mountains? Let me tell ya', it's a real pain.)

So, in the spirit of the Season, let all good Republicans sit in a big ring and whisper smutty stories about Clinton. They can call it a political "circle-jerk." Have fun for now, you jerkers. But it won't fly in Peoria. We who truly love this country will remember you in a certain November ... not that far away ...



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