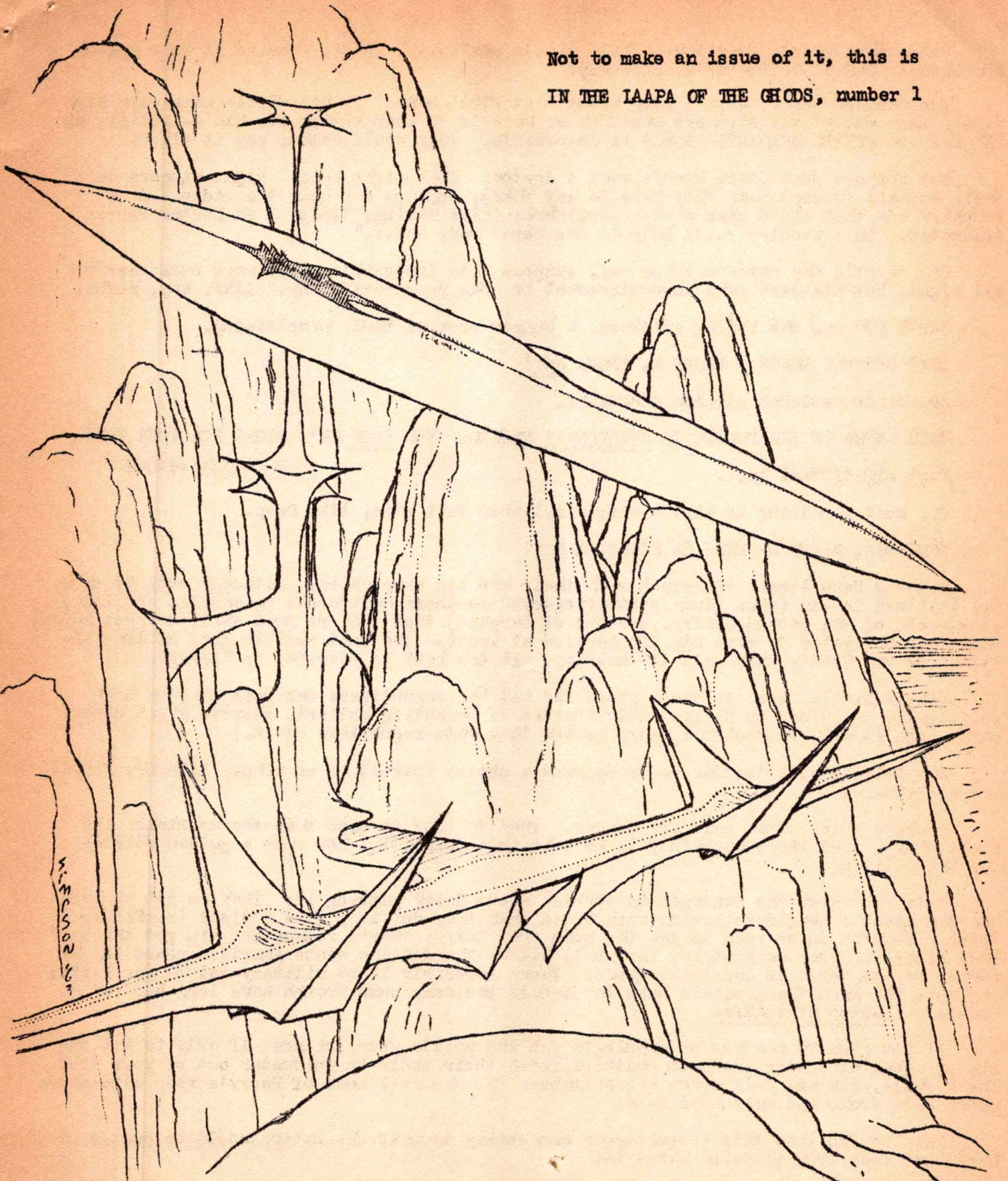


Not to make an issue of it, this is  
IN THE IAAPA OF THE GHODS, number 1



Now that I've typed it, I have to admit that's a pretty sad apa-llation up there...

Still, perhaps it won't matter. IAAPA may not amount to much. There are those that say the club is moribund, has become a sepulchre, a tumulus, and there's usually a rotten apa in every barrow.

Possibly, then, fandom will little notice what I say or do here.

Damn, that sounds familiar. "Will little notice..." Maybe I heard it in a speech somewhere. One of Goldwater's, probably.

Speaking of Barry, it's a pity about that first name. If his middle name were his first, nine out of ten Birchers would never be able to bear voting for him -- putting an "X" next to MCRRIS GOLDWATER would be impossible. They would rather goy it alone.

But suppose just plain Morris were a doctor. That might help. Right-wingers love their doctors (except when they have to pay them), and one can hear the radio and TV campaign ads that could open with a sepulchral voice saying, "Help, I am Doctor Morris Goldwater. This country needs help in the worst way, and..."

Or, to gild the water another way, suppose this incredible clown were named Barry, all right, but his last name were different in some provocative way. Like, say, Enema.

Can't you see the bumper stickers, a bumper crop of them, proclaiming,

THIS COUNTRY NEEDS A BARRY M. ENEMA NOW!

And window-sticker slogans chorusing,

THIS ENEMA OF THE PEOPLE IS EVERYONE'S FRIEND. YOU KNOW HE'S RIGHT FOR YOUR FART.

Fart right, that is...

Or, most promising of all, a single syllable last name, like Deep.

REMEMBER, BARRY M. DEEP ON ELECTION DAY!

But the Republicans are stuck with their man and name as is. Although many of them are inclined to say (when their glittering-eyed southern California neighbors, convinced precursors of the Second Coming, are out of earshot) that they're just chilled about Barry, they feel obligated to give him lip service at least. The most audible kind of lip service. In the Bronx, they call it cheering. It can best be rendered as "Brrrrrack."

(Those little "r's" in there stand for all the republicans who feel they've been politically cuckolded by Barry. Only instead of sprouting antlers, they've grown donkey ears. And it will be donkey's years before they vote republican again.)

But this time, it's true -- we do have a choice instead of an echo. Like Dr. Jekyll had a choice...

There's a lot to be said for echoes. They do tend to show that the mountains are still there. And there certainly is no echo in a dunghill. Not even a guided whistle for the military.

It's no secret the Pentagon is worried about Barry getting in. They're not so much worried about a candidate having more brass than they do, it's this nuclear initiative thing. They're in no rush to get the bomb from Barry; they'd rather see him get the bum's rush himself. Bomb-rash Barry, they call him -- the man who wants American peace in the world, or the world in American pieces. There certainly is no military salute for Barry; in fact, the term the generals have for H2O is the same some French have long had for De Gaulle -- salaud militaire.

If you want to provoke an evening's fun and puzzle your friends, if only to get the creepy sense of seeing American politics reach their nadir in Goldwater out of your mind for a while, ask any half dozen acquaintances for the full name of Barry's veep candidate, where he's from, and what he's done.

Then remind them this preposterous non-entity is what the nation would be just a heartbeat away from if Barry makes it.

But this may be just what Barry had in mind. Miller is certainly the best insurance Barry has against assassination -- if you assume assassins think. And also Barry's revenge against the country in which he might be struck down.

Who says Goldwater isn't thoughtful? The question is -- are we? Take it, Phil.