

The rumors are true. Albert Gore has the dexterity to perform fellatio upon himself.

With the vice-presidential nominee rumor mill churning at a ferocious pace, one name keeps popping up in DNC circles - Evan Bayh. A two-time Governor, and current Senator, from Indiana, Bayh is a Gore clone. Frightening. The choice of Bayh would do nothing in terms of diversity for a Democratic ticket (surprise!); other than turning out Indiana like the bitch that it is (read: I am a New York Knicks fan) for it's 22 electoral votes; which itself is significant, especially given the fact that the state has been part of the GOP's harem for the past 36 years straight.

Simply put, a Gore-Bayh ticket presents two jackasses that not only look alike, but are also the son's of famous State politicians (although Bayh's famous father has the dubious distinction of losing an election to Dan Quayle.yes, that Dan Quayle); both attended that infamous breeding ground for closet homoerotic politicians, St. Albans Preparatory Academy; and both are as exciting as a Mormon social - which, in answer to all you steaming mad, Joseph Smith fearing zombies, I HAVE been to. Anyone who denies that the nomination of Bayh for the vice-presidency is NOT political autoeroticism on Gore's part stands to be pimp slapped in front of your children.

What Gore need's goes without saying - the Angry American vote. You know the continuance of which I speak. It's that guy so pissed off at the .03% property tax hike that, damn you bastards all to hell, ain't using his turn signal. It's that guy who had a contact-mind altering experience from the guy in the leather tasseled vest at the Neil Young concert back in '74, and ever since then, "sort of understands things, you know?" If there ever was a silent, stewing, nearly impotent majority, this is it.

What the GOP has that the Democrats sorely lack is the poster child of these silent white ragers of America, John McCain. Asshole would be a kid description of George W. if he didn't choose McCain as his running mate. But he won't, which doesn't determine much given we knew he was an asshole long ago. Bush, despite his coke-snorting, slut slapping, ass-munching reputation of yesteryear is the closest thing to royalty the current pathetic political landscape has to offer. And as such, he likes his table neat.

Fork here, napkin just right, sphincter clenched as tight as the hand of a crack head around a discarded chicken bone from Popeye's, dare any leaks get out of the Bush castle. McCain is messy, politically if not mentally. And as Bush assembles his entourage for what so many in the dank, murky corners of the GOP have told him is his pre-destined presidency, the Angry Americans will be left to curse at little league umpires and tell stories to co-workers of how they VERY NEARLY slashed the tires of that jerkoff from Information Technology.

It's a crying shame.

Next Week - How the 1,200 hollering, hairy legged, political neophytes of the Green Party stand to change the face of the election.