

Building an electoral platform takes time

By Curtis Seltzer

BLUE GRASS, Va.—It never fails.

During the weeks before Thanksgiving, I am stuffed and trussed with one stupid little naggy life-annoyance after another.

First, the roof at the skylight began to leak, again. The roofer came and fixed it. But he forgot his ladder, so he didn't fix the other leak. That was four weeks ago. It rains; it leaks.

Then, my Internet provider changed systems. Subscribers have been promised many benefits, including enhanced "enjoyment." The new Google-based arrangement forces me to spend much more time monkeying around with emails that go out a tad faster. This "improvement" creates a net time loss. I am not pleased.

Then, Melissa ran out of water while taking a morning shower three weeks ago. This did not lift her spirits. I diagnosed the problem as rogue air bubbles in the line between the holding tank and the pump. I predicted that they would sort themselves out.

Then, the washing machine quit. So we bought a new one on Friday from the millions of models that promise cleaner clothes using less water, less soap and less energy than ever before in return for more money than ever before.

As we drove to the appliance store to select a machine from the millions of models that do the same thing, Melissa noticed that the truck's inspection sticker had expired two weeks earlier. The local inspection station, of course, is shut tight for two weeks—hunting season.

Then, it took only three days and four mechanical engineers to get the new washer to start, which you do by pressing the STOP button three times for precisely 3/7ths of a metric second while balancing a lint ball on your nose like a circus seal.

We are now equipped to wash everything from dainty and perishable to disgustingly filthy. As I write this, I hear it making sounds that are frankly sexual in nature. This feature is not widely advertised.

On Monday, the water once again disappeared as Melissa was taking a shower. I suggested that she go into court that morning with her hair done in a cutting-edge, wet-and-soapy look. "It's all the rage on European high-fashion runways," I said. "You can be the first in Blue Grass to break from pack hairdos."

The plumber came. He found the problem, which was me. I spent Monday buying a new pump.

Then, the chimney started gasping from creosote. The flue-cleaner guy was supposed to have been here three weeks ago. He's pretty good at remembering his ladder...if he remembers to come.

I am occasionally visited by the idea that I could produce something of real value if my time was not occupied by repairing things that kept falling apart. Why...I could...I bet...I could...throw my hat into the Republican presidential primary. Since I'm not Mitt Romney, I would become the immediate frontrunner.

Unlike Ayatollah Santorum, I do not believe that life begins at the moment when you kiss the girl goodnight on your first date.

Unlike Rick Perry, I can name the three stooges—Moe, Curly and Dopey. I can also name the Three Little Pigs—Flopsy, Mopsy and...wait a minute...is it Pigtail?

I oppose Perry's call for "uprooting the broken branches of government," because I don't quite know how to go about uprooting a broken branch. By the way, I can name the three branches of government—the Executive, the Legislative and the Commercial.

Unlike Herman Cain, I know that Libya is not located on the bare thigh of a female asking me for a job recommendation. Herman, I'm told, thinks that waterboards are supposed to fit between the steam table and the hot lamps keeping the pizza warm.

Unlike Newt Gingrich, I could remember what I did as a consultant to Freddie Mac between 1999 and 2008 for at least \$1.6 million. I might forget what I did for \$1.5 million, but not \$1.6.

As I understand it, Newt was advising Freddie Mac about how to build Republican support for subprime housing loans that Republicans opposed. I thought that this is what consultants for Democrats did. I'm confused.

If I didn't have to fix this and that, I could come up with great programs that would define my candidacy, although I really wouldn't care to stand on anything I've built for more than the time it took for a quick sneeze.

Romney takes this same position when it comes to standing on planks in his platform.

Here are a few of my thought-through ideas.

I would create a new federal Department of Waste, Fraud and Abuse. It's much easier and more efficient to cut one department's budget than to root around the entire government looking for a million here and a billion there.

I am firmly against taxation with representation, which is what we have now. I will introduce my negative taxation plan based on the German economic miracle, which I call "Nein. Nein. Nein."

I would shred every birth certificate that shows I was born in Hawaii to someone named Stanley.

I would abolish all filtered cigarettes and all regulations that make washing my socks an exercise in deciphering the Rosetta Stone of the 22nd Century. I would also abolish all sex between consenting adults no matter how old.

I am against all numbered Amendments to the Constitution and all to-do lists with more than two items.

To show that I am smart enough to be President, I will, on request, spell "cat" at every campaign stop once I am spotted the "c" and the "a" and told that it meows.

I would uproot the three branches of our government and replace them with two shrubs, which is an easier number to remember.

I will send all foreigners living in all foreign lands to Guantanamo where they will be fed nothing but Godfather's pizzas, made by gangsters awaiting execution by Godfather's pizzas.

I will invade Wall Street and overthrow the dictatorship of the quantum mechanics. I will set up a democratic government that includes all warlords who lay down their arms, which they will be allowed to bear when I'm not looking.

Our military will focus The Street's hostile tribes in nation-building activities like adult education. America will offer financial incentives for the people of Wall Street to stop growing and peddling opiates.

I will not tax. I will not spend. I will not be unbalanced. I will not grope. I will not flip or flop. I will not work for people with whom I disagree and lobby my friends to help them. I will not buy bombs from Italy, which, I'm told, are really risky right now with a yield over seven percent. I promise to drop Greek bonds on Iran's nuclear reactor, which will solve both problems. I promise never to count over two unless I check in with Sesame Street.

If I didn't have to fool with water pumps, flues, trucks and roofs, I could run for President. Anyone can.

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