

Opinion

The Unsexiest Man in America — George Bush

Women are not turned on by George Bush. All the polls show that while he is about even with Michael Dukakis among male voters, he's far behind among those of the female persuasion.



Mike Royko

The question is, why? True, he's not a Robert Redford or Paul Newman. But he isn't a Bela Lugosi either.

To try to answer the question, we took an unscientific survey of a dozen or so women, a few of whom are professional experts in what makes a man sexy.

Almost all agreed that he wasn't much of a hunk. To hear them tell it, he's not even a dib or a dab. Some of their comments:

• Cori Skolaski, 26, of Chicago, a training specialist for a software company: "He seems like Mr. '50s America. He probably expects women to be like Donna Reed in the 'Donna Reed Show.' He's the type who would give his secretary a two percent raise with a smile and assume she has a hubby at home who takes care of her."

• Dana Montana, owner of the first male strip joint, the Sugar Shack, in Lake Geneva, Wis.: "Would I hire him? No. He just wouldn't be a drawing card. He has a fatherly figure. No one wants to go to bed with their father."

• Diane Ulyon, a 39-year-old homemaker from Oak Park: "I'll probably vote for him, but I've been liking him less lately. The wimpy image. And his wife. They don't look like they go together. In fact, I read an interview with Barbara Bush, and the reporter asked her why she doesn't dye her hair anymore. She said she stopped because Bush never noticed."

• Seka, star of porn movies: "He doesn't have an upper lip. I've never

trusted people who don't have an upper lip. It's something I've noticed with people I've dealt with business-wise. Would he be good in bed? I wouldn't give him a shot. I wouldn't want to know. Three bags over his head and a blackout curtain wouldn't help."

• Maureen Singer, a talent agent for Stewart Talent Agency in Chicago: "I suppose if I had to cast him in a film, I'd cast him as a wimp. Hold on, I'll ask some of the girls here about him. (Pause). Here's what they said: 'boring,' 'wimpy,' 'spineless,' and 'not sexy.' You know, for a date, he'd probably take you to a 7 o'clock movie and an ice cream soda afterward."

• Jane Alderman, 49, a casting director: "He reminds me of a high school principal: a nice, kind man but just a big stiff. I'd cast him as the chief executive officer of IBM. He doesn't really know what he's going on with the company, but he delegates everything. I can see him in the leather chair in the men's club. Playing golf. 'Father of the Bride.' People want someone more exciting and with it. Like someone who really understands who Bruce Springsteen is, not a guy who knows only because someone whispered in his left ear. Bush is the kind of person who, if you get stuck next to him at a dinner party, you think, 'Oops, I'm going to have to work hard tonight.'"

• Joy Darrow, director of Prairie Avenue Gallery in Chicago: "When he finally got into issues involving women and children, and he came up with that ridiculous day-care proposal, it was like he had a dunce cap on his head and his thumb in his mouth. He's the bad boy trying to catch up with women's social and economic needs. He's Mr. Goody-Goody who, as president, after everything had soured four years later, would smile sweetly and say, 'But I tried. I did everything right that I knew how to do, so why do you hate me? I'm not to blame.'"

• Ruth Lopez, a freelance writer: "There's a puritanism and severity about Bush. There's no place for



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women in his life, administration or in his world with Bush, I think I'd have to wear white gloves and cross my legs. I don't see him responsive to women's issues. Of all the political characters this year, he's the fuzziest to me. He's the invisible vice president. I'm really shocked that he's going for the presidency."

• Lisa Washington, a computer programmer: "The guy really is kind of wimpy in his stands. Also, there's this secret side — the fact that he worked for the CIA. He's not very straightforward. He just kind of looks like a sterile yuppie with no compassion. Your typical

ivory-tower type of person. He had a sheltered, rich upbringing and doesn't really have an understanding of other people's needs. He's a sneaky wimp."

• Jane Burnham, 29, a job counselor from Minneapolis: "He a rat, a worm. I don't know why men like him. I don't see him as that powerful. I have no idea how he got so far. He seems like the guy who never got picked for the basketball team, the loser. He's not someone to vote for or sleep with. Just the other day on TV there was soem footage of him at some picnic. A young girl was hanging onto his back and he was walking around, his back straight, just going

about his business. He wasn't paying attention to her. It seemed so fake. can't stand him."

• A 31-year-old public relations consultant in Chicago who asked that he name not be used because she has political clients: "He is totally unsexy. He flipped-back tall, sneer and nasal voice make him totally unappealing. Sex? He probably likes to do it with the lights under the covers. After all, he did work in the CIA."

Maybe Bush ought to make his acceptance speech with his shirt off. Anybody have some spare hair they can glue to his chest?

Eat your heart out Spuds MacKenzie!

A great number of you have been kind enough to ask how my dog, Catfish, the black Lab, fared as the guest of honor at the recent First Annual Catfish Festival in Scottsboro, Ala.

Lewis Grizzard

For those who might not have read earlier, Catfish's Aunt Louise drove him over to Scottsboro for the festivities, which was Catfish's first public appearance. When Aunt Louise returned with him that evening she couldn't wait to tell me.

"Your dog was wonderful," she said. "He didn't embarrass me or the corporation?" I asked.

"Not in the least," she said. "You never know about a rookie at his first gig. He could have become nervous and bitten someone, committed an indiscretion during the parade or chased the 4:15 Greyhound from Birmingham."

"He was a perfect gentleman," Aunt Louise said.

"He let all the children pet him, he sat on command and never whined or barked once."

"Did the people seem to like him?" I asked.

"They loved him. He got to ride in a police car with the siren on, he appeared on two television shows, and they gave me a key to the city with his name on it."

This could be the start of an entire new career for Catfish.

Previously, by trade, he's been a shoe chews, door scratcher and a squirrel chaser.

He grew out of his shoe chewing and now has his own door through which he comes and goes as he pleases.

He has remained ever vigilant on squirrel patrol, however. Every day of his life, he chases squirrels.

He's never come close to catching one because they all run up trees, but doggedly, if you will, he continues his efforts.

But where might his new public career take him?

To other such festivals, of course. Also to shopping center openings; used car sales-o-ramas, Moose Club barbecues and perhaps even to a hog-calling contest or at least a rat killing.

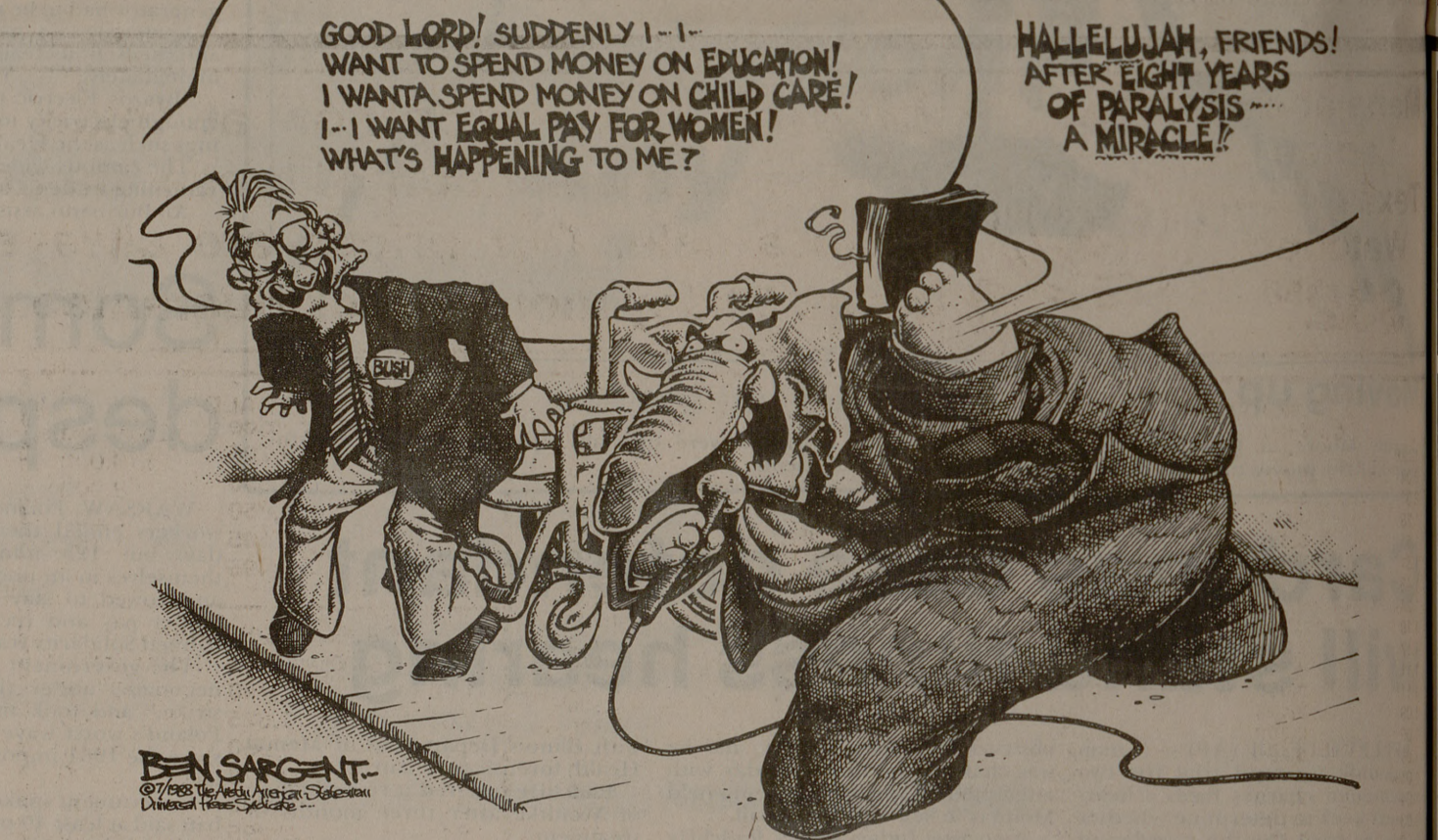
After that perhaps he could catch on with a beer company like those other dogs, or appear in a dog food commercial.

(On second thought, I hate dog food commercials. We all know the dogs are starved when they finally get a bowl of dog food put in front of them, and how does Ed McMahon know Alpo tastes all that good? Has he ever eaten any of it?)

At the moment I'm also talking to Carson and Letterman. Earl Carson and Marvin Letterman, two guys who want Catfish to appear at the annual Red Bug Roundup in Itchlikehell, W. Va.

I do intend, however, to bring Catfish along slowly. Too much too soon is a dangerous thing. That's why I told him he could keep the cigar he came home smoking last night.

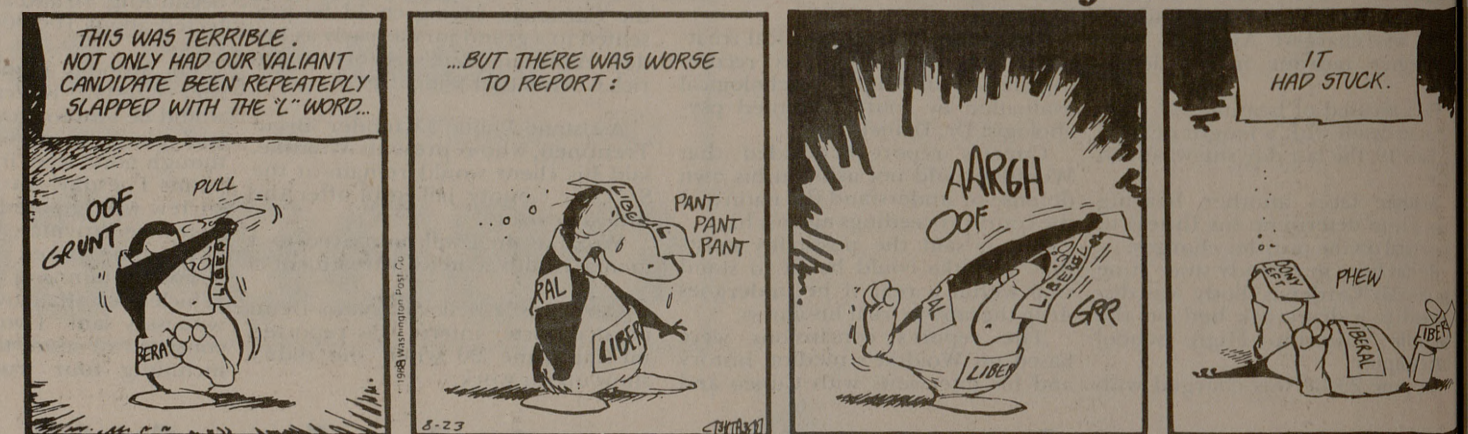
"But that gold chain," I said, "has got to go."



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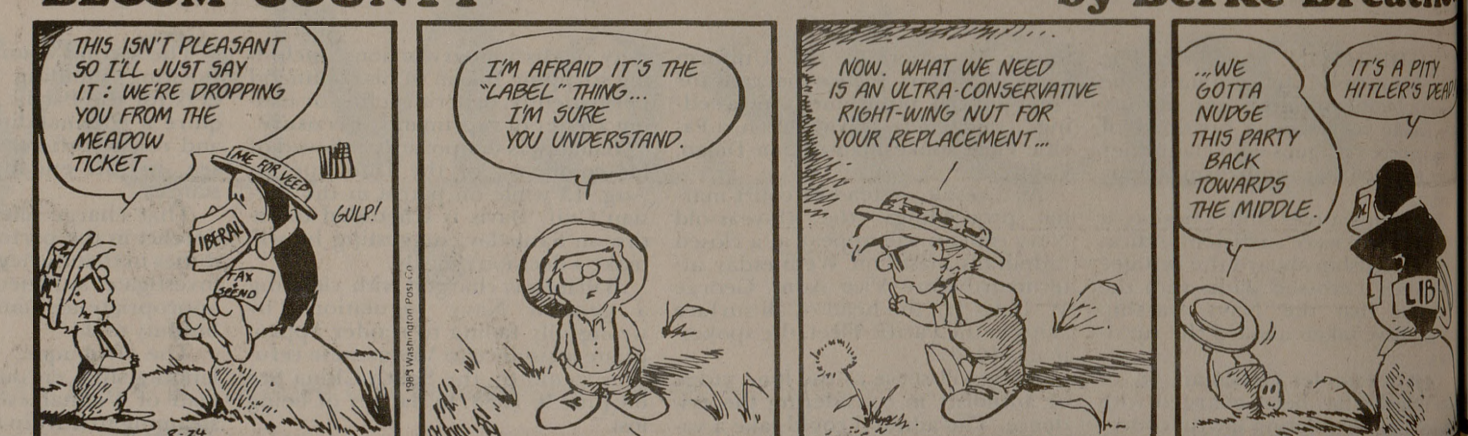
BLOOM COUNTY

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