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## Two kinds of turkeys Democrats get an election choice

By Jackie Mason  
and Raoul Felder

**M**ost Americans will have had a turkey before them at Thanksgiving. Democrats will have a choice of two. We are not talking about the large ugly bird you eat followed by a nap on the sofa and/or a bee-line for the Alka-Seltzer. We are talking about the kind that Webster defines as, a "Failure, flop: a stupid, foolish or inept person." Which now brings us to this election's version of Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

Al Gore seemed to have had it all wrapped up, and then came Bill Bradley dribbling his way out of left field (to mix metaphors). What was to be an anointment for Mr. Gore has now become a contest. But a contest suggests a choice between people with differing positions. A contest also invites scrutiny.

Give or take a little, both candidates are remarkably alike in their public and private lives.

**Military Service:** Mr. Gore did indeed serve in Vietnam. But read the small print: It was as an Army reporter. Putting aside the obvious question of why the Army would need a reporter (it is not in the newspaper business and there were already probably as many reporters as soldiers in Vietnam), he not only was assigned a non-combat role, he served less than five months, when the usual stint was a year. Mr. Bradley, on the other hand, was ready to fight. The only trouble was there was a war going. He immediately joined the Air Force Reserves in New Jersey, fighting his war on weekends in the Garden State and in the other garden — Madison Square Garden.

**Advisers:** Both Messrs. Gore and Bradley have taken on advisers that can only be viewed as bizarre in terms of presidential elections. Mr. Gore hired Naomi Wolfe at the cost of \$15,000 a month, which represents proceeds from the sale of tickets to an awful lot of campaign-circuit, rubber-chicken dinners. Her job — to make him an Alpha Male. Her outstanding contribution to the campaign thus far, is to dress Mr. Gore in blue shirts. We could have told him this for nothing. When you travel a lot, wear dark shirts. They don't show the dirt.

Ms. Wolfe, who looks and sounds like a vice-presidential version of Monica Lewinski, views life through a sexual prism. Her latest book, "Promiscuities," received a New York Times book review that said, "... she proves a frustratingly inept messenger: a sloppy thinker and incompetent writer. ... she tries in vain to pass off ... sappy suggestions as useful ideas." Sounds like Mr. Gore would do better with Mark Twain, or better yet he should pass her off, along with her prism, to Mr. Bradley.

**As far as choice of wives is concerned, Mr. Bradley's wife is a former stewardess, and Mr. Gore's wife looks like one, though she did have bouts of depression — as do we at the prospect that one of this bunch could be the next president.**

Mr. Bradley, however, doesn't seem to need any help in the bonehead-hiring department. He hired as one of his principal aides, Jacques DeGraff. Mr. DeGraff was the gentleman who ran Al Sharpton's mayoral campaign in New York. Mr. Sharpton was not the least bit bashful about not paying \$100,000 in back taxes and recklessly promoted racial unrest in the Tawana Brawley hoax. He also led Harlem picketers who chanted "Bloodsucking Jews" in a dispute with a white store owner, and he described Hasidics as "Diamond dealers." Hiring an aide with this sort of background, is, to many Jews, like asking Adolf Eichmann's advice on how to run a Bar Mitzvah.

Mr. DeGraff's most effective contribution to Mr. Bradley's campaign thus far has been to be inconspicuous.

**The Internet:** In Internet land there are also similarities. Mr. Gore invented it. Mr. Bradley exploits it. Mr. Bradley began the financial part of his campaign by making a pitch to Silicon Valley's "Band of Angels," a group of super wealthy, computer-rich investors. Mr. Bradley said, "We're Microsoft in 1987, and all the other guys are running IBM." The problem is that he is not running for president of either Microsoft or IBM.

**Orators:** In speaking style they are both neck and neck for the title of Somninx's Man of the Year.

**Their names:** Each seems to have forgotten he has a proper first name. It's "Al" and "Bill." Here Mr. Bradley may have a more legitimate reason to be called "Bill," since he used it in his career as a "Knicks" name. It seems to us that most of this country's disappointment in the presidency began when presidents began calling themselves by their schoolyard names, starting with Jimmy and ending with Bill.

**Health policy:** It doesn't seem much of a difference to us if Medicaid continues without cost to eligible people, as Mr. Gore urges, or to have the government give people sufficient monies to buy into the system themselves, as Mr. Bradley advocates. It is like saying to your brother-in-law, "I won't buy a car for you. But here's the money to buy the car. Remember, I am a man of my word, and I didn't buy you the car."

**Wives:** As far as choice of wives is concerned, Mr. Bradley's wife is a former stewardess, and Mr. Gore's wife looks like one, though she did have bouts of depression — as do we at the prospect that one of this bunch could be the next president.

Jackie Mason is a comedian and Raoul Felder is a famed attorney.