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# Why Can't We Get Excited?

Has there ever been a presidential election that aroused so few passions among the voters? Have you ever heard more people say "I think I'll sit this one out"?

Scrambling for answers leads one down remote paths where bloodhounds lose the spoor. The quick tendency is to blame the principals. They lack the image of greatness in the traditional sense of that word. No one seems destined to replace with his own any of the faces on Mt. Rushmore.

But maybe it is the fault of the electorate, an example of the listlessness of these times. At almost any point in the nation's political history the Watergate case, for instance, would have produced angry torchlit parades of protest. But the polls now show that people — at least that handful of people consulted — slough off Watergate as "politics as usual."

Two-thirds of those confronted are sure that the Republican bugging and faking program was carried out without the knowledge of one of the most consummate and inquisitive politicians we've ever had in the White House. About one half of the questioned people seems to think that Watergate is something that busted a long time ago and resulted in the Johnstown Flood.

The indifference toward this campaign cannot necessarily be based on its one-sidedness. Barry Goldwater, who was destined to lose to LBJ by a mind-bending 486 electoral votes to 52 (popular vote: Johnson 43,126,500 to Goldwater's 27,176,799), stirred a lot of feeling during the campaign. The big issue was whether this country would stand still for his hawkish philosophy that the best way to end the war in Vietnam was to win it.

LBJ, the man of peace, won big. Then he escalated the war beyond Goldwater's most militaristic dreams.

Maybe we're tired, or too concerned with such mightier problems as staying alive, paying the taxes, quelling the various cockroaches of day-to-day existence. This could be one of the ages of our history, comparable to our Age of Discovery, Age of Reason, Age of Expansion, Age of World Domination. This just might be our Age in the Horse Latitudes. Becalmed. Bemused. Befuddled.

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NONE OF THE ABOVE applies, how-  
Brooklyn reader named Elve Morr-  
Morrison caught me in ~ ~  
enough to correct  
heard ~