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photo by Kathy Ostrander

As confetti flies, Wavy Gravy (left), introduces Nobody (sitting on chair).

It was like, The Event. Imagine, thousands there for Nobody. The State Street Mall. Campaign manager Wavy Gravy, adorned in a red, white and blue clown outfit, opened the door of a red Pinto ("Nobody in his right mind would drive a Pinto") and Nobody came out, wrapped in a glow bright yellow package. Nobody held their breath while Nobody was unwrapped. Nobody chattered his/her/its teeth for The Media.

"Nobody's talking," screamed an excited reporter. "But what did he say?"

The chants began: "Nobody is better than Nobody."

"Nobody is God."

"Nobody has all the answers."

The red, white and blue confetti swirled around the shivering mob. "Nobody has freed the hostages. Nobody has brought peace. Nobody knows the truth about Chappaquiddick."

This is really unreal. The perfect candidate. I mean, Nobody is better than Nobody. The perfect president. Fantastic!

You know, pretty good joke. "We use humor to extend content," Wavy said. Marijuana smoke and Hendrix blared from the Fender twin reverb amp, and it did make sense. Nobody was leaving. And Nobody is going anywhere.

Who not vote for Nobody? After all, Nobody cares.