

**THE BLOG**

It's All My Fault

By Marty Kaplan

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First I was for Edwards, because he told the truth about poverty and power, and he apologized for his vote on the war.

Then I was for Biden, because the Republicans would eat Edwards alive on the haircut and the house, plus Biden had foreign policy street cred, and a wicked tongue about Bush.

Then I was for Dodd, because he had what Biden had, but without the bankruptcy bill, plus undistracting hair.

Then I was for Richardson, because he had executive experience, Latino appeal, and a sterling resume.

Then I was for Obama, because I was afraid Republicans would use Romney's granite looks vs Richardson's turkey wattles as a metaphor for American strength, plus Obama would turn the page on Washington-as-usual.

Then I was for Clinton, because kumbaya was no strategy to bring Big Pharma, Big Oil, and Mitch McConnell to heel, plus she had Bill, and all that experience.

Then I was for Obama, because his Iowa victory speech made my heart soar, and the prospect of spending eight more years looking at the same old Clinton courtiers and apologists on TV was profoundly depressing.

Then I was for Clinton, because I'll be damned if I'll let the press decide the nomination after just one caucus, and when she told me after New Hampshire that she'd found her voice, I believed her.

Then I was for Obama, because Bubba's dog-whistle campaigning in South Carolina pissed me off mightily and reminded me of Marc Rich and "I did not have sex with that woman," because Mark Penn made Bill Richardson look like Brad Pitt, and because Hillary's Florida "victory" rally was lame and alienating.

Then I was for Clinton, because if Obama couldn't effectively counterpunch with her, how could he handle the Republican slime machine come November?

Then I was for Obama, because I'll be damned if I'll let the superdelegates determine the outcome of this nomination, and Barack won't let the war disappear as an issue.

Then I was for Clinton, because the press is in the tank on “the surge is working,” and she keeps winning the under-\$50k voters that Democrats need in order to take an election about the economy.

Then I was for Obama, because the young people and new voters he’s turning out are the future of the Democratic Party and the keystone to a national political realignment, and they’ll never vote for Hillary after her old-politics trashing of Barack.

Then I was for McCain, because on every front from the war to the economy, the next president has no good options, and why should Democrats have to reap the whirlwind of the worst president in history?

Then I was against McCain, because of the Supreme Court, Pat Robertson, the hundred-year-occupation of Iraq, and the lapdog media’s susceptibility to the Milk-Bone of candidate access.

Then I was for a Clinton-Obama ticket, or an Obama-Clinton ticket, because who wouldn’t want a best-of-both-worlds dream team?

Then I was against a Clinton-Obama ticket, or an Obama-Clinton ticket, because the risk of combining their negatives is scarier than the upside of combining their constituencies.

First I drank the cherry Kool-Aid. Then I drank the kiwi-strawberry Kool-Aid. Then I drank the tropical punch Kool-Aid. Then I had a dream where I was watching a train-wreck in slow motion, and there was nothing I could say or do could to stop it. Then I woke up, and prayed.

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