

'Nobody's perfect'



Examiner/Gordon Stone

Curtis Spangler, left, and Wavy Gravy plan to put teeth into their campaign for Nobody for president

The man who can solve all our problems

By Dexter Waugh

Nobody is off and running for president today, again.

Nobody's fool, Wavy Gravy, and Nobody's campaign manager, Curtis Spangler, left San Francisco International Airport yesterday morning along with a plane-load of normal people who probably plan to vote for somebody instead of plain Nobody.

Gravy and his friends ran Nobody for President in 1976. But yesterday, wearing his usual clown makeup and some fetching white overalls with "Nobody for President" tastefully emblazoned on the back, Gravy said this is the last time for Nobody.

Spangler, of San Francisco, showed an itinerary that would have him and Gravy carrying the Nobody campaign to Ann Arbor, Mich., Madison,

Wis., New York, Atlanta and also New Hampshire in time for the primary.

"He's Nobody's campaign manager," Gravy said proudly of Spangler. "Curtis sees that Nobody gets there on time."

Gravy, who lives in Berkeley — "Nobody's home is 1600 Woolsey St.," confided Gravy — said he is bringing Nobody back "because Nobody's perfect."

Nobody, he said, "has freed the hostages. Nobody has brought peace. Nobody knows the truth about Chappaquiddick."

Although critical of Washington and the presidency, Gravy nonetheless asserted that "Nobody should have all that power."

Born Hugh Romney, Gravy once performed with the old Committee improvisational group here and traveled with Ken Kesey's Merry Pranksters. While Stacey Samuels played banjo and Steve

Hayton accompanied on guitar, other friends threw confetti as Gravy and Spangler unveiled a set of clattering teeth, which they plan to take with them on the campaign trail.

The teeth chatter only when Nobody is talking. During the heat of the '76 campaign, Gravy confided, a Secret Service man found a hump in Gravy's pocket. A quick frisk produced the teeth, which weren't talking.

"Get out of here," the secret agent muttered. "You're too weird to arrest."

A slightly harassed-appearing Eastern Airlines worker repeated the boarding announcement several times in an attempt to be heard over the music and shouts of "Nobody for President."

But nobody seemed upset at the antics, and after the pair boarded along with the others, there was nobody left to clean up the mess of confetti.