

Newsweek **June 2002**

CLINTON DUH



ANOTHER ANNOYING ISSUE ON THE FORMER PRESIDENT; LIKE WE NEED TO KNOW WHAT HE IS UP TO; WHY HE MATTERS SO MUCH IN REVISIONIST USA; AND WHY HE WOULD BE A BETTER PRESIDENT TODAY THAN YESTERDAY.

Newsweek



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CLINTIZEN BILL REVISITED AGAIN

Let's not mince words. It's over. It has been over. Get over it. Bill Clinton is history.

But as the written mass published historians fend off their own personal creditability scandals, and in the middle of the epilogue to World War III in the Mideast, the national press continues to fawn over the dethroned ex-Prez like he still is in command of the nation.

He is not even in command of his own household.

The national press cannot give up on him because he was their poster boy for their 1960s, baby boom, drug culture, protesting, free love, know-it-all generation of spoiled meat.

The revisionists have to try extra hard to rewrite his legacy because he was a poor President. Not Gerald Ford bumbling caretaker poor. Not Jimmy Carter alienation stumbling caretaker poor. More like Richard Nixon self-absorbed, narcissistic, paranoid, stupid and self-defeating poor.

Quick, name one significant, generation changing piece of legislation that he introduced during his term. I can see your blank face through your computer monitor. No, New Deal (FDR). No, Civil Rights Act (LBJ). No, tax reform was a Republican Contract with America plank.

But he allegedly led the greatest upturn in the economy in a hundred years. He may claim it, but it is a claim of a snake oil salesman. Today, those high flying, pioneer, youthful enterprising wealth creators were basically frauds, cheats and snake oil salesmen (see, Enron for example.)

You can only cook the books for so long.

His only talent is sucking money from everyone's checkbook in a crowded room. But he gives nothing substantial in return. His role is that of celebrity gadfly leech. What did you expect? That he would return to his successful private business? He never had one. He never owned a home. He was the first career politician to be elected president. And it showed.

His only talent is politics. Insiders say that he has a keen political mind. But he can't run for anything, not even dog catcher. Even in the massive growth industry of government and career political machines, he can't get a high paying job as a political consultant. No one wants to be anchored down with Bill's baggage; ask Al Gore who won the popular vote but still snarls at Bill's scandal legacy that cost him the election.

Al Gore was Bill Clinton Lite. Clinton set him up to fail but he was too dumb to recognize it. If Gore won, Gore would have proclaimed that the Clinton presidency was more his hard Veep work than Bill's internship in the Oval Office.

But Clinton's boosters "keep hope alive" by throwing out magazine issues and stories about Bill on a regular basis to counterbalance the huge popularity of George W. Bush, the war on terrorism, and the recovering economy. The regurgitation of the Clinton L's (legacy, lies, larceny, lunacy) without context of his times is a desperate attempt to justify the political and social capital wasted on defending a man who could not be defended on principle.

He was sued for sexual harassment and civil rights violations. Those were Democratic party foundation stones that he smashed with his sexual predator libido. He lied to a grand jury. He violated his constitutional oath. He was disbarred.

Are those "accomplishments" that anyone would be really proud of? Or are we missing a "bigger picture?"

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NEWSWEAK is not affiliated with any Fortune 500 media company; it's satire already. If you have not noticed yet, keep reading. No drooling, please. Any scoops in this publication must be properly disposed of in the nearest trash can so our parks can continue to be free of dog doo. And speaking of dogs, have you seen how badly our political leaders have busted their budgets during this Recess?

CLINTIZEN BILL LIFE OF THE PARTY

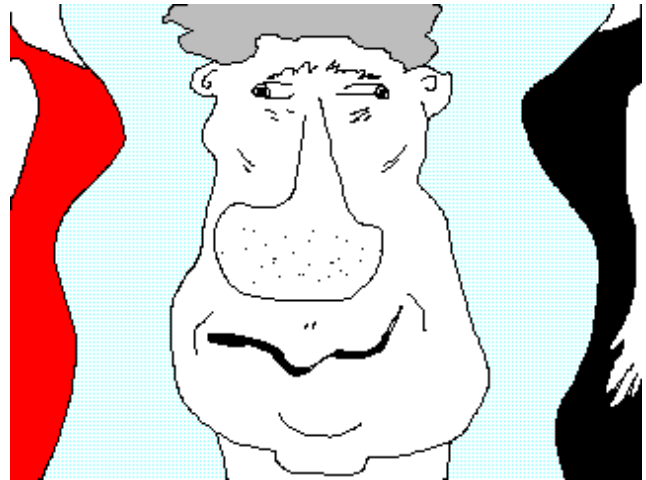
If you look closely at the press photographs of the former Prez, half of the pics show him leering at some low-cut cocktail dress of some Mrs. Demofundraising du Jour. It is hard to teach old dogs anything, especially old hound dogs.

It also appears that he spends much of his waking hours raking in other people's money. Taxpayers in Arkansas have turned on the spigot for his library/living quarters/monument to narcissism. Six figure speaking fees are the norm, and the \$12 million book advance will never yield a printed page. It is good to be King in your own self-centered world.

But the national press is still obsessed with their Man. The Greatest President ever in some of their minds. Why? Because he was a liberal democrat in centrist sheep's clothing. He was pro-abortion. He was a spender, a talker, a smoocher, a cad, a free-love free drug era anti-establishment boomer who glided to the top of the political junk heap. He handled all the crisis of his term; even though they were self-inflicted mortal wounds to the presidency.

He took credit for everything, took responsibility. He took credit for the garbage being picked up at the curb weekly in Norman, Oklahoma, but took no responsibility for lying under oath. He was a sexual predator of young interns, but those women's groups failed to turn against him like they had railed against such sexual discrimination in the private sector. No one took him to task; he paid nothing for his discretions. Not even today.

He flies off to Australia first class to party



in Sydney. He lounges in Beverly Hills, goosing at starlets, while stuffing sauted duck liver on toast into his gullet with a rinse of Dom. Comp.

Everything in his current lifestyle is comped. He continues to get a pass in Life. He is invited to all the hip parties; he makes himself the center of attention. He is itching to get back into the Limelight because he is an addict, a spoiled child and egomaniac in need of a national audience.

When things get uncomfortable, he jets out of the country to England, Oxford or Aussieland, where any press critics are muted. He wants someone to give him an Irish castle so he can concentrate on rewriting history in his autobio. He wants to jump into the Middle East issues and wrestled the Nobel Peace prize from Arafat's neck. He talks up to the party crowd that he would be a better president than anyone else; "gosh, if only that 22nd Amendment was repealed." To his cloistered bi-coastal Democratic audience, this is good hors d'oeuvre conversation. A wink, a nudge, a pat on the back, another donation for the Library.

He won't write a book when people keep inviting him to cocktail parties, dinners, corporate seminars for Tiger Woods type appearance fees.

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CLINTIZEN BILL JOBLESS MASCOT



The Labor Department does not break out the unemployment statistics by weight, but the most consistent unemployable individual in America has been Bill Clinton.

He left the White House a disbarred attorney. He left with no marketable skills for the private sector since he has spent his entire lifetime sucking on the public dole.

His only alleged marketable talent is being Bill Clinton.

Clinton, the globe trotting bar fly.

Clinton, the loud party guest that never leaves.

Clinton, the expensive lecturer who refuses to have any reporters, writers or participants relay what he says to his paying audience (for fear that

he won't get another speaking gig.)

Clinton, the writer who has yet to produce a chapter after receiving a huge advance.

He is a mascot without a team. The Democrats, including former buddy Al Gore, have left him at the bus station without a ticket. His own wife, Hillary, is never seen with the ex-Prez.

Clinton is mostly seen running around English pubs on the coat-tails of daughter, Chelsea, or lounging like Kato Kaelin at Hollywood producer parties drinking into starlet cleavage.

The rumor was that television would be the next home for Wandering Bill. He had a meeting; he listened; and he floored the executives with his demand for \$50 million a year to become a talker. A self-talker no doubt.

A talk show with Clinton would be a monologue with no ending. It would never work.

And what large media company would risk the legal exposure of hiring a person who has had inappropriate contact with employees, abused his position of authority on more than one occasion, and subject the company to potentially millions of dollars of sexual harassment claims.

Besides, no one in the general public is clamoring for the Bill Clinton Show. Not even lapdog James Carville, who has weaseled a gig at the Clinton News Network (CNN) taking Bill Press' role as the liberal pit bull.

But ratings are tanking at all the networks, including the news-talk programs. Why? The 18 to 34 demographic is not reading the newspapers or watching television for news. They are getting their information on the net or not at all.

No one wants Bill to hawk any products either like Bob Dole. No one wants to hire him to be a political pundit either, because it is getting clearer and clearer as the world unravels, that the Clinton speak of great accomplishments was more like the accounting at Enron.

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CLINTIZEN

BILL DAY IN THE LIFE

CHEATIN' PAW-- Oct 13, 2000, New York (RNWS) The Clintons celebrated a lackluster silver wedding anniversary at the First Family's squatter residence in New York.

A transcript of the evening was obtained by the RNWS:

"Bill, where have you been?"

"Well, I decided because this is a special night I cook dinner for y'all. Here."

"Bill, this a greasy McDonald's bag, with three empty Big Mac boxes and a half eaten Filet of Fish sandwich!"

"Well, you know, I went through the drive through three times. I've only been around this town once before, I sorta get lost."

"Around the high school track during cheerleading practice?"

"Oh ho ho ouch. That stings. That really does."

"I'll have the kitchen staff make us a real dinner."

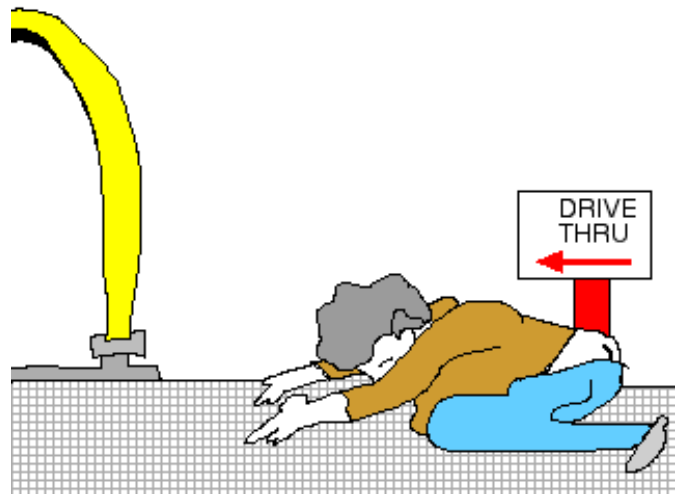
"You forgot, we have none here. You didn't want any problems with kitchen staff leaks during your senatorial campaign. "

"Damn, I forgot."

"Burp. Don't fix me anything, I'm good till my midnight snack."

"Don't knock yourself out."

"Never have. Never will. Is the cable hooked up yet? Which way to my bedroom? Damn big house. I wonder how our friends can afford this place."



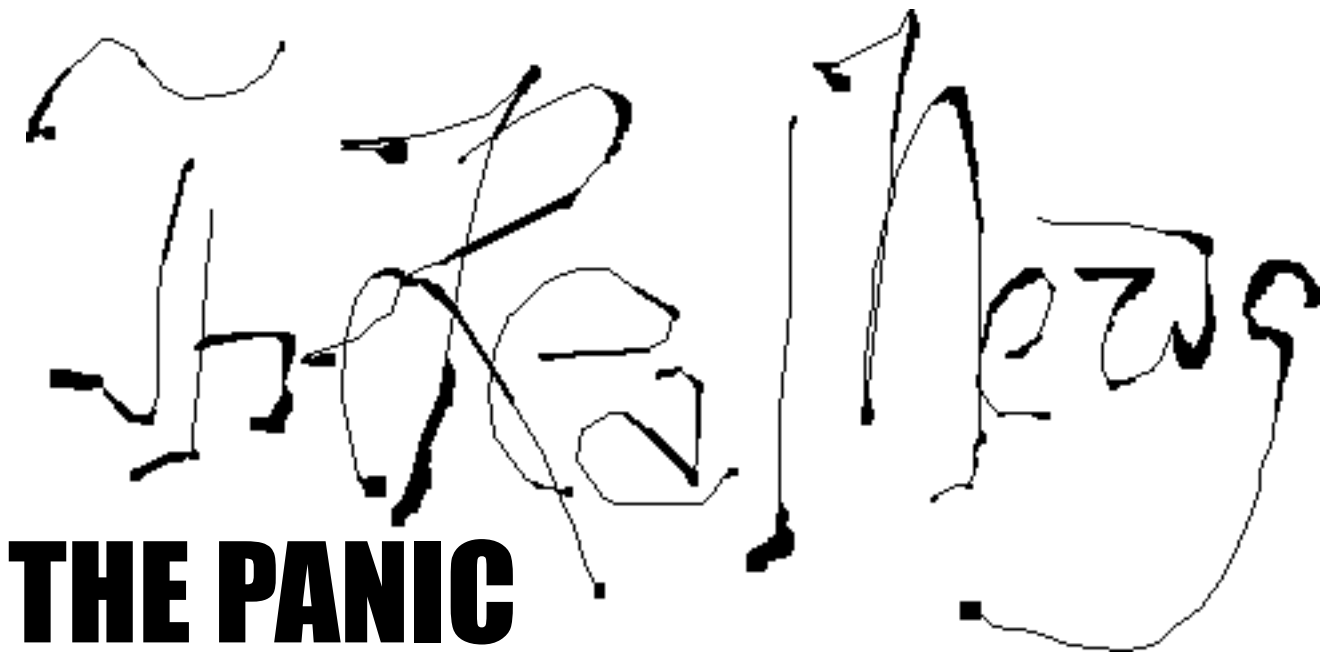
January 23, 2001: On Sunday, Clinton with a secret service second vehicle, go to a local suburban NY deli. He picks up an egg sandwich and cup of coffee. As he is leaving, a woman asks her daughter whether she wants the president's autograph. The little girl responds, "he's not the president anymore."

What does this say?

1. The little girl should be UN ambassador for her cold candor?
2. Clinton better get used to it (i.e. from the mouths of babes....)
3. Egg sandwich?? Does he have a diet of a monitor lizard?
4. Sunday morning, in new digs---
a) not going to church no more; b) Hillary ain't cooking for me no more; c) Hillary never cooked for me; d) I ain't paying no help to cook for me after all that free white house food; e) no wonder they gave Socks to Currie--- they are so self centered that they can't care for a cat, let alone themselves.

5. When asked about the bizarre pardon of

Continued on Page 7, Day



THE PANIC ROOM

“Oh my GAWD, security has been breached on the Hill-O-ree Meter!! HIDE!!!”

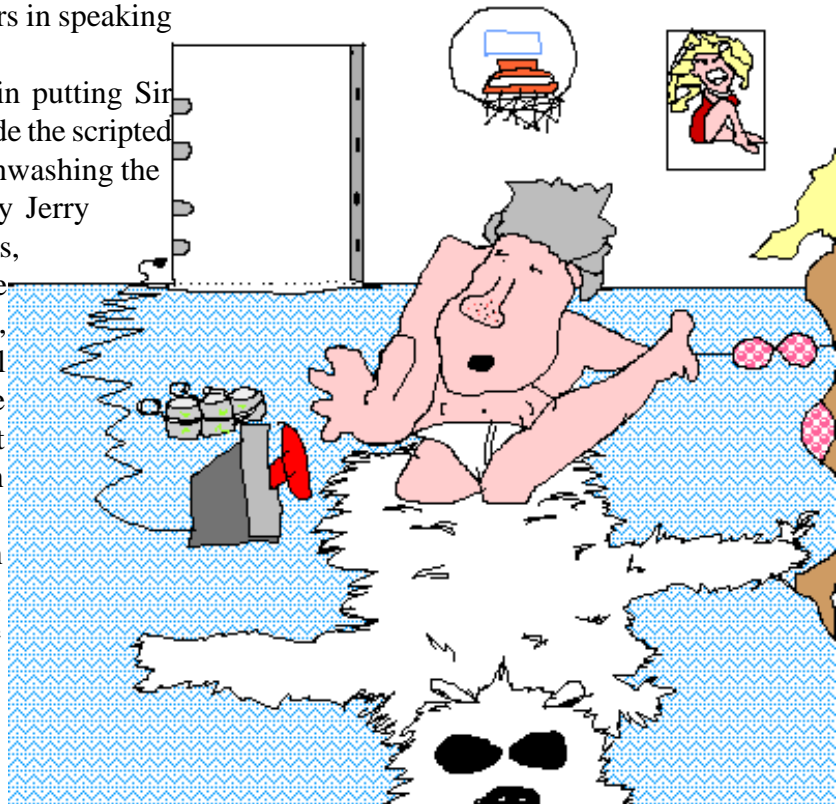
That is the only fear left for Bill Clinton. He is unaware of his lack of substance. He continues to sponge off his cult-like true believers, extract hundreds of thousands of dollars in speaking fees, and play the field.

A network was interesting in putting Sir Bill in a television talk show. He made the scripted “town hall meeting” a staple of brainwashing the pollsters. In a world dominated by Jerry Springers, bad court TV justicecoms, dull soap operas, Clinton had the name appeal to launch a cheap, dysfunctional, air filling hour. Until the man demanded \$50 million. The execs backed out of the room like it was on fire. Even Oprah is not worth that much.

But that is the problem with Bill in his extended royal retirement. He has no sense of real worth since he has put his self-worth to infinity and beyond. He has no concept of a dollar because he never spends one; only other people’s money.

He pines for the national stage that his partner(s) now attempt to command (Hillary or Gore, take your pick.)

The Lee Majors 50 Million Dollar Man would panic if the money dried up faster than the corporate profits he claimed he made happen during his boomtime economic presidency. Just like his personal life, the business cycle is now known to have been fraud, smoke and mirrors.



Newsweek



From all appearances we are nearing the end of this special RN edition, and probably not a moment too soon for the political junkies hell bent on an brimstone election during the new war weary recession.

The numbers added up like his Lewinsky denials. People got super-rich at the expense of the common investor. It was a street con game that played to the hilt on Wall Street and in D.C. The ones in charge never grasped it; they are dumb as foxes in the henhouse. They have their own agenda, selling their votes on legislation to special interest groups to get re-elected to salvage those sweetheart non-Social Security special pensions.

And the other perks. Why Clinton and his family still has secret service protection is beyond belief. He is supposed to be a private citizen now; not a public official. We have no king in America, except that maybe his Arkansas childhood textbooks told him differently. He is allegedly making millions, he can hire his own bodyguards to protect him (or in his M.O., pass his phone number to a nubie or two).

His admirers remain loyal probably because they are jealous. He got away with what they all dreamed about doing. He has set himself up for Life, never having to lift a finger except to suck off the hot pizza cheese, melting chocolate or beer foam dripping from his hand.

He will return to the press attention, but not in a good way. He is not the media's poster boy anymore. The polls show Bush at a steady 70%.

Clinton is not an expert on anything. His middle eastern muddling, promising both sides what they wanted, in order to garner a Nobel Peace prize, has lead to the current tensions. He can't run around making small talk with communist leaders at election time like Jimmy Carter, he has patented that ex-Presidential function. Clinton does not attend state funerals because it would remind him of his own political mortality.

So what does a rich poorboy with tons of free time do to occupy the lonely hours?

He hangs around his daughter Chelsea in London, as she pub hops with her college girlfriends. He jets off to Australia to drink with the locals. He wanders around the NYC liberal party scene. He is never quoted in the gossip columns; he is only seen.

His speeches are closed door sessions. No press. No one knows what great wisdom he spews at those rubber chicken meetings. Maybe he is attempting to foster grass roots effort to repeal the presidential term limit so he can run instead of Hillary.

We have come a long way into the cesspool. Gary Hart was briefly quoted in a newspaper story recently. Hart lost his presidential timber by playing around on a boat called Monkey Business. Clinton got caught with his pants down in the Oval Office, and got a million dollar book deal; and has yet to put a word to paper. Clinton's era won't be called Monkey Business; it should be greater, like Gorilla Spanking.

DAY IN LIFE continued

Rich, the largest federal tax evasion case in the 1980s, who fled to Switzerland and his ex contributed thousands to DNC, Clinton was disturbed by questions about being "paid off" for a pardon. "His counsel (Jack Quinn) convinced me of the facts." Huh? He never asked for justice dept input or recommendation.

6. He got back into his car and rode off with his egg sandwich, coffee. The press did not follow. How appropriate.