

(she's in her 30s). You just want to hug the poor thing but her boyfriend's nearby, so one makes do shoving a significant portion of one's expense money into the tip jar. A warm feeling ensues, reminding us that the Lord loves a cheerful giver. As

does she. Such moments are worth traveling long distances for.

The band begins tuning up. Another beer here, another round of rum over there, and above us all drift the final strains of a Christmas carol. Our

songstress ascends the stage as the bar- maiden slips her bikini shots back in their envelope, singing in a voice of stunning purity, "Oh come let us adore Him." It is a beautiful moment, and inspires another stray thought: Here's to you, Carl. ✎

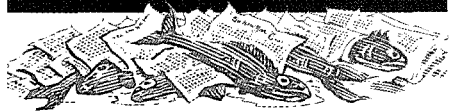
# Al, Al, and Anthony

## NEW YORK TIMES

*The Constitution be damned, the estimable Times of Liberal orthodoxy ends a report on Al-Gore's departure from a conquered redoubt with what has become for the orthodox an idée fixe:*

Today, Mr. Gore left the Capitol with little pomp, but surely with questions about a democ-

## IRRENT WISDOM



racy that does not award the presidency to the winner of the popular vote. He won nearly 600,000 more votes nationwide than Mr. Bush.

(January 21, 2001)

## NEW YORK TIMES

*In the incunabular pages of Bush II attorney general nominee John Ashcroft's bona fides are confirmed by no less an authority than Anthony Lewis, BS:*

Senator John Ashcroft of Missouri is on the extreme right of American politics. As a member of the Senate Judiciary Committee he worked to block the confirmation process, without a hearing, of any judicial nominee he suspected of the faintest liberal taint.

(December 30, 2000)

## NEW YORK TIMES

*The Liberal Mind revisited—a distinguished progressive voice solemnizing on the op-ed page of the esteemed Times dethrones the John Birch Society, replacing it with a truly alarming institution:*

The leading voice of the far right, the editorial page of the *Wall Street Journal*, attacked the president relentlessly for "scandals." It recently devoted its entire editorial space, 40 inches long, to demand that he be indicted after he leaves office for false statements about his relationship with Monica Lewinsky.

(January 13, 2001)

## HARPER'S

*Observations physiological and aesthetic of the last election for the off-beat readers of Lewis Lapham's musky column in an American museum:*

Astonishingly, and for the first time in twelve months, the election news was about something other than Al Gore's hairstyle or George Bush's English springer spaniel. Few of the people in the broadcast studios were old enough to remember ever having seen such a thing as democracy—the living organism as opposed to the old paintings and the marble statues—and judging by the startled expressions in their faces, they didn't like the look of it. It hadn't been circumscribed, and probably it was criminal.

(January 2001)

## WALL STREET JOURNAL

*Al Hunt, peerless practitioner of Reverse Journalism, devotes himself to his craft in which everything he reports is precisely the reverse of the truth:*

But there are a number of other weighty but less recognized Clinton successes. These include:

An excellence of appointments unsurpassed since the Roosevelt administration.... And for all Mr. Clinton's morality crises, this was, for the most part, an administration of exceptionally high standards....

Real courage or mettle in foreign policy, despite the reputation of poll-driven benign neglect.

(December 28, 2000)

## SALON.COM

*The associate managing editor of Saloon, King (yes, King!) Kaufman, engages in the kind of shameless name-dropping that has earned Saloon its upscale audience:*

The day before John Lennon got shot, I got arrested. I was sitting in the back of a car in the parking lot of a mall in Brea, Calif., smoking marijuana with two buddies before a midnight movie showing of...I forget what. So we spent several hours of Sunday morning getting processed at the local police station and waiting for our bitterly disappointed parents to come pick us up.

On Monday, as I served the first day of my grounded-for-LIFE! sentence, Lennon was killed. My friend Stacy Flanders called me up and said, "Kind of a shitter of a week so far, huh?"

Tuesday I got called out of class by the newspaper advisor, who was really the cheerleader advisor (this was post-Prop. 13 California), who wanted me to write a tearful essay about the tragic loss of John Lennon. I did write some dumb thing, but only after having spent most of the day goofing around in the library with Ellen Leppke, who a few years later wrote me that in her job as a London call girl she'd had sex with Moammar Gadhafi.

But that's another story.

(December 8, 2000)

## RIVERA LIVE

*Toilet talk from Geraldo Rivera to the Hon. Xavier Becerra (D-California):*

"Are you going to shoot your wad on Linda Chavez and then let John Ashcroft sneak in the back door?"

(January 8, 2001)

# Queen Hillary

BY JACKIE MASON & RAOUL FELDER

**H**illary Clinton still remains, without a crown on her head but with a seat in the Senate, America's Queen. Her lifestyle more befits a queen than a senator. She is the only senator who has a staff of

Unasked went all the personal questions, the answers to which would have given some insight into whether Hillary was fit to represent New York. For



instance, how was she going to figure out whether a prospective law would be ultimately good or bad for the country, or what the true intentions and motives are of the person who proposed the legislation? How could she figure out these

are the bodyguards there to get Hillary the best seat in the house? Does somebody have to taste her black bean soup in the Senate dining room before she dips in her spoon?

The Senate rules allow a senator to get paid for a book if the fee is commensurate with the fees other senators receive for writing books. But she's getting paid \$8 million for the book. That's more than Shakespeare, Hemingway, or Charles Dickens ever got paid—more than all of them put together ever got paid—and she isn't even writing this book herself.

She never did say who actually wrote her last two books. It is worth noting that when somebody has their

**Are Hillary's bodyguards there to protect her from senators who want to invade her space? When she goes to the ladies' room in the Senate, are the bodyguards there to get Hillary the best seat?**

things when she could not even figure out what her husband was doing downstairs, while she was upstairs renting out bedrooms, when everybody else—from the secretaries to the guards at the gate—knew what was going on?

One of the more bizarre elements of Hillary's swearing-in ceremony was 98-year-old Senator Strom Thurmond's request for her to give him "a hug." Was he on a search for a substitute for Viagra? Or perhaps he was demonstrating its effectiveness in preparation for a commercial, like Bob Dole, extolling its effectiveness. If so, he should have taken to heart Churchill's observation that a dead bird never flies out of its nest.

More questions: Are Hillary's bodyguards there to protect her from senators who want to invade her space? When she goes to the ladies' room in the Senate and Barbara Boxer comes in,

book ghost written, the "author" usually has the good taste to list the ghost-writer in the book's credits in some manner that at least suggests the existence and identity of the person: "Written together with..." or, at least, "as told to..." Hillary apparently feels she can buy an author's own identity. But doing this, if not absolutely fraudulent, is certainly intellectually dishonest.

The Queen has now purchased a new castle. The real question is: Does the ex-King play any role in her future quest for the throne? The habits of the queen bee in a hive offer some suggestion of what the future may hold. When the male bee has served his purpose, he is cast aside by the queen to die. But in Hillary's case, she had no such luck. The independent prosecutor gave her husband a "pass," and now she's stuck with him. ➤

## LAST CALL

bodyguards, has been able to receive \$8 million for a book somebody else is going to write, and receives more publicity than senators in leadership roles who have served in that august body for decades. All of this is even more remarkable because, prior to her election, she had virtually never held down a real job—on her own—in her adult life.

Extraordinary luck catapulted her to the Senate. Rudolph Giuliani was diagnosed with cancer, and Rick Lazio looked like a candidate to be a cheerleader of an equal-opportunity college, rather than one for the Senate. He smiled, and she went around from community to community like Queen Victoria visiting the peasants. He finally decided to take an aggressive position and, during a debate, handed her a piece of paper. Like all meek people who suddenly decide to be tough, Lazio couldn't get it quite right and everybody said he "invaded her space."

Lazio didn't know that if you really want to be vicious you have, like Clinton, to practice. There is no time for on-the-job training. Hillary's platform to the people of New York was "I'll do for you what I did for the country." Translation: I'll do to you what my husband did to every woman, fat or skinny, under fifty, who walked into the Oval Office. Too bad Bush will not be able to change the rug in his office. The Oval Office now has the only rug in the United States that has been designated as a National Historic Site.