

The Interview

by Robert Crisman

What follows is an interview George Bush gave to Barbara Walters in 2006. He came off like something out of a swamp. Dick Cheney made them deep-six the tapes and we never saw it on prime time.

I got the transcript, however, never mind how, and I'm making it public right here and now. Bush may be gone, but the Limbaughs and Becks and the rest of the dipshits he spoke for are out there, still making zoo noises.

Zoo noises might get Sarah Palin elected in 2012...

You can see how important it is to make this interview public. Say what you will about Bush, he was a *philosopher*, damnit, and one who showed plainly just how the neo-con-Tea-Party bandits plan to continue the rape of the nation.

And so, without further ado:

It was dog's breakfast time, August, 2006, when Bush sat with Walters.

Babs kicked it off. "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. With us tonight is President George Bush, here in a rather transparent attempt to shore up his negative poll numbers by pretending to be more open with you, the American people."

Bush nodded and belched.

"Mr. President," Walters continued, "the consensus seems to be growing that your administration, now in its six billionth year, has come to a point where it most closely resembles a 400-car pileup on the Freeway With No Exits. Critics point first to the war, of course, and what a disaster that is. But there are a great many other troubling issues as well, and we're here tonight to look at some of them and hear what you have to say in response to your critics. First off, Katrina. You couldn't have screwed that one up any worse if you'd tried and--"

"Babs, for Chrissake! The way that you're talking, the war and all that, you sound like Osama! Who's side are you on here? Besides,

I've had a tough couple of years, so get off my back!"

"Okay," Walters said, "let's look at the war. A host of retired American generals--Omar Bradley, John J. Pershing, Ulysses S. Grant, and George Washington among them--have come out this past week to say that the initial war planning was, and I quote, 'a nitwit's wet dream,' and that Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld 'shouldn't be allowed out of his house without a note from his legal guardian.' What's your response?"

"Well, Babs, they can all kiss my ass. The war's going great!"

"Yes, Mr. President, but those generals--"

"Not all of 'em, Babs! Westmoreland's on our side! And you should have heard old MacArthur last night at the seance! MacArthur, man! Now *there's* a stone swinging dick if I ever saw one! He said it's about time we nuked China, and if Truman hadn't been such a sissy, he'd've--"

"Yes, Mr. President, I read the transcript you sent us. But back to this war, you say that it's going great, and yet--"

"It is, Babs! We rounded up every last wino and dopefiend in Baghdad, and as a result we've got a government ready to go! If those goddamn Sunnis ever get off our ass! And the way Iraqi security's shaping up, hell, we might even be able to leave pretty soon!"

"Iraqi security? Mr. President, all the latest reports indicate that half of both the Iraqi Army and the police are working with the insurgents!"

"No shit? Well then--I guess we'll just have to stay!"

"I see... Mr President, what is the situation with regard to those bases we've built in Iraq?"

"Just great, Babs! They've got a WalMart coming in this summer, Starbuck's is already there, and McDonald's, of course. All the comforts of home!"

"I see. Going great. Okay, moving along. Deficits. We're ziggety-three trillion dollars in debt. Mr. President, what are you going to do about that?"

"Deficits? Babs, who gives a rusty rat's ass? We'll keep printing money, extending credit, all that good shit. We've been doing it

forever so who's gonna notice?"

"Uh, okay. Moving on. Global warming. People are really starting to get steamed over this issue. What do you have to say for yourself?"

"Hey, look, Babs, c'mon. Ice melts and some fucking polar bear falls in the water and drowns. What do you want me to do? I look like Dr. Seuss or somebody? Gimme a break! Besides, our *economy*, sweetheart! All those whattycall, gases and stuff--that's money in the bank, for Chrissake! You know, those guys that loaned you the money to buy your last house. You wanna give up your house just so bunnies can run with the big dogs or something? C'mon!"

"Okay, Mr. President. Recently, the Flat Earth Society came out and demanded that their theories be given equal time in the public schools. What is your position on this?"

"Well, hell, I dunno, flip a coin. Flat Earth, round Earth, who the fuck knows? You ever been up there to see? Me neither, not sober. Maybe it's a little of each! Flat, round, what the hell, I say, give 'em equal time!"

"But Mr. President--"

"Besides, Babs, all this shit, global warming, tree huggers, terrorists, liberals, and so forth--it's these scientists and stuff! I mean, where's God in all this? You start with those guys like, I dunno, old what's-his-name, gimme a minute, I read it before I came on here...Copernicus, that's it! The guy was a Polack, go figure. He tells old Pope Swineflu, forget all that bogus Adam and Eve shit, alright? Him and that other guy, whozit, the fag, Leonardo. The Code guy. Dropped all those rocks off the Tower of Pizza, like that's some big deal. And plus, like I said, he's a fag. A fag and a Polack. Some pair, huh? And Pope Swineflu, he tells 'em, look, it's Genesis, Adam, the snake, and the apple, and Eve who fucked the whole goddamn thing up, she's leading Adam around by his johnson, and he eats the apple and, I dunno, some deal, he shouldn't have done it, and God gets pissed off and boots their ass out of the Garden of Eden, and that's why we're out here working our ass off today and trying to get rich and so on and so forth, instead of, you know, just sitting on back

and taking it easy and smoking a doob by the river and stuff and--"

"Mr. President--"

"Huh? Oh. Where was I? Oh yeah, and so anyway, Pope Swineflu, he tells those cocksuckers, it's all in the Bible, so stick with the facts! And they're saying, some crap, I dunno, but it sure ain't the Bible! Gravity, molecules, the moon's a balloon, or some shit--and there's no God in sight! And the next thing you know, you look up and there's all these, whaddyacall, secular humanists running around and thinking they're all such hot shit. And one thing leads to another, and now, today, as we speak, what are we faced with? Complete moral breakdown, that's what! Birth control, unions, that stuff! Jesus Christ, Babs--fags wanna get married! Leonardo again, am I right? What the fuck's next? *Dykes* in the White House? Monica and *Hillary* under the desk? I'm telling you, Babs, it's civilization at stake here! Liberty, freedom, the right to, you know, whatever! It's not just the oil, it's values and shit! And--oh yeah, fucking Darwin! Mr. Man Descended From Monkeys himself! They want to teach this shit in the schools! Where is God's image in *that* kind of talk? I mean, man is made in God's image--but first he was Bonzo or something? What does that mean? That God was a chimp and then he made Adam and Eve and all of a sudden now he speaks English or something? I mean, c'mon! Man descended from monkeys my white ass. You couldn't prove it by me!"

"Now there's a straight line if I ever heard one!"

"Right, Babs. And, one more thing. These scientists, right? Their whole goddamn thing when you boil it right down is, get this--think for yourself! You hear me? Think for yourself! Think of that, Babs! In the first place, that means you gotta *read* all that shit! And then, next thing you know, you're thinking out loud! You can't fucking stop! And you're going around and you're spitting it out and it's beebity-beebity-beebity-beebity, like some commie college professor in Berkeley or something, and people, they *hear* you! Then *they* get ideas! And meanwhile, we got a war going on! And they're gonna what, decide for themselves that it's right? My ass they are! This is *America*, Babs! We're all about freedom and good shit like that and--"

here these guys are, and the next thing you know they'll take all our guns and we'll be a nation of fags! Just like old Pizza-face planned it! Then those commies from China come in and take over and--"

"Mr. President! Mr. President!"

"Huh?"

"It's way past your bedtime."

"Oh. Yeah."

Walters gave him a full glass of milk and a brown paper bag. Bush started to put the bag over his head, but Walters said, "No, no, Mr. President, there's a banana in there. You drink your milk, then take out the banana and eat it, and then say goodbye to all the nice folks, and you can toddle on home. Thanks for coming."

Bush wolfed the banana and spilled the milk on his suit.

Walters turned to the camera. "Ladies and gentlemen, about all I can add in the wake of this interview is, we're doomed as a species. Good night."

The lights dimmed to black. Bush belched.

So, there you have it. No wonder Cheney didn't want this thing shown! He actually threatened to have Walters clipped if they ran it! *Bush had given the whole fucking country a look at the shit-coated innards of neo-con political wisdom! He'd made it clear that every last one of those wingnuts needs to be locked in a zoo!*

Now, though it looks like them and their Tea Party spawn are going to grab seats in the mid-term elections, when the Dems tank like punks once again. That's what the Dems are made for, of course, but... And then Palin, waiting in the wings like a vampire bat for 2012...

Walters was right. It looks like we're doomed as a species...

