

THE PRIZZI BUSHES WILL OCCUPY THE WHITE HOUSE

By Saul Landau

Maureen Down has cleverly labeled them the Kennebunkport Corleones. But I think of the Bushes as the Texas Prizzis, that Mafia branch that has moved to cowboy country and have successfully filched the 2000 election. Recall in Prizzi's Honor how the Mafioso Don, who has stolen billions and murdered countless people who he decided were enemies, orders Charley, his hit-man, to murder the very woman he loves. "She's a thief, she stole our money," screams the Don.

So, as the Florida election results came in Don Preppy Georgio gathered his Protestant primos. Our family deserves this election, he said. And he instructed his Spin dotores to tell the media: "Al Gore stole the election." Never mind that Gore won the popular vote by 300 thousand plus; that exit polls, which don't lie and they showed Gore as Florida winner; that thousands of Democratic voters of color were somehow kept from the voting booth. The Prizzi Bushes found a "traidore," Miami's mayor, a Democrat indignant over Clinton's refusal to keep the little Cuban boy here in freedom. This turncoat helped stop the recount in Miami. For the media, Bush spin dotores declared that they had played by the rules -- albeit they invented rules as they went along. Who would believe in human counting? They asked, even though Texas law admits the good old recount.

Consiglietti, Big Time Dick, as Dowd named him--he even looks like Robert Duvall--emerged from his hospital bed and took over. He declared the man that all alert people knew had won as a sore loser. Indeed, "Sore-Loserman" bumper stickers appeared.

W knows who was in charge. In an accidental, spontaneous moment with the press, he said: "Dick Cheney and I will become President and Vice President." In that order! Don Preppy Georgio shakes his head, sighs. What to do with these slips of the tongue?

Poor W wonders how he can survive this messy time without a drink. He needed one badly during the debates. He watches his Dad down double martinis to relax before he delivers his partial sentence orders to his heir to the throne.

Bush the elder is content. Payback time came and his team, his family, beat the hated rivals who had removed him from the Presidency four years before he was ready. He has now had to designate W, because of age not intelligence or ability, to become figurehead for the new imperial dynasty. The Bushes will have thousands of jobs to offer loyal retainers, hundreds of millions of dollars that they can manipulate for those deemed worthy. That, after all, was the prize that the Prizzi Bushes sought.

Their legislative agenda they take from the Reagan days: emote heavy conservative rhetoric but make money for your family and friends. Given the Senate's 50-50 split they will not easily repay the National Rifle people who want each family to place a Howitzer in its back yard. Nor will they satisfy the fanatic Christian soldiers who demand an overturn of Roe v. Wade. But the Bush Prizzis will go through the motions, or at least say the right words while doing little about these peripheral matters.

Don Preppy Georgio listens to the pundits and judges babble endlessly about the rule of law. He chuckles. He knows the law of rule. He has played with the law to his advantage from his CIA days on. His lawyers and spin men have covered up some outrageous thuggery by claiming they were simply following the law, by appearing

reasonable. They will be well paid. Don Preppy hopes that some ambitious media character will not catch W drinking or using drugs. He suspects that the poor lad will not prove able to control those impulses.

But revenge against the other team has sweetened his old age. Yes, he thinks, American democracy, what a wonderful system.

Saul Landau is the Director of Digital Media and International Outreach Programs for the College of Letters, Arts and Social Sciences California State Polytechnic University, Pomona 3801 W. Temple Avenue Pomona, CA 91768 tel: 909-869-3115 fax: 909-869-4858
<http://www.saullandau.org>