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OP-ED COLUMNIST

Gandhi Wuz Robbed

By MAUREEN DOWD

When he heard the Nobel Peace Prize shocker on Friday, Bill Clinton went into one of his purple rages. He picked up the phone and dialed the one person on earth who would be as steamed as he was.

CLINTON: Hey, man, it's me. This thing is plumb crazy. Can you believe it?

W: No way, Jose!

CLINTON: First that prig Carter. Then that prig Gore. And now President Paris Hilton. The guy's in office three days and he gets the peace prize? He should have gotten the Nobel in chemistry, because chemistry's all he's got. Talk about a fairy tale. This ... is ... just ... wrong! It's killing me, man. I feel like my head's explodin'. First I had the vast right-wing conspiracy, and now I have the vast left-wing conspiracy.

W.: I hear ya, 42. As if his head wasn't big enough. This cat is all cage, no bird. He doesn't have a clue.

CLINTON: Heck no.

W.: See, I'm the one who should be mad. Let me tell you, this Norwegia thing has nothing to do with him. It's just another way for the pinkos of the world to drop a cow patty on my legacy. All that garbage in the prize statement about how special La Bamba is for bringing back wimpy multilateral diplomacy, dialogue and negotiations, the kind my dad and Scowcroft loved. Those Nobel ninnies are so lulu left they make the U.N. look like a Fox jamboree. The rookie already got rewarded once for not being me when he got elected. Gosh, what would he do without me?

CLINTON: Fine, but you never expected to win this prize. You were the quote-unquote war president and proud of it. I had to put up with a gazillion hours of Arafat's insanity, but I guess that still wasn't enough for those Oslo ice queens. I guess ending ethnic cleansing in Bosnia wasn't enough, or bringing peace to Northern Ireland. And I guess my work with the Clinton Global Initiative saving lives in Africa and hanging with Bono and Barbra wasn't enough.

W.: Calm down, bro. You gotta take care of that ticker.

CLINTON: It was a case of premature adulation.

W.: Heh-heh-heh. Yeah, very pre-emptive, sort of like Cheney's pre-emptive war policy.

CLINTON: If they weren't going to give it to me, they should at least have given it to the Chinese human rights movement or the Iranian protesters or AIDS workers in the Congo. Or even Bono.

W.: Yeah, man. Bono.

CLINTON: That would have helped make life better for the good guys and harder for the bad guys. Once again, action loses out to talk, just like with Hillary and Obama in the campaign. Nobel Prize for blah-blah-blah. Heck, I used to be considered a pretty good talker myself.

W.: It's aggravating, I agree. But look at it this way, 42. Everybody's laughing at La Bamba. He gets a Nobel for nada. Being loved by Europeans isn't gonna do him any good here in the U.S. of A. I whupped that Frenchy Kerry, didn't I?

CLINTON: The only peace Obama has made is bringing together the Taliban, Rush Limbaugh, the Palestinians and the Israelis to agree the guy is undeserving. It just confirms everyone's suspicion that all this dude knows how to do is dazzle.

W.: He doesn't want to be a Decider. He wants to be a Transformer. He transformed, all right — from Miss America to Miss Universe. He's a five-spiral crash, and getting the gold is just a reminder of all he hasn't done. He's going to have to look over and see that big medallion hanging up there in the Oval, mocking him as an empty suit, a pretty boy beloved by the Blame-America-First crowd, whenever he has to send more troops to Afghanistan, or the Taliban act up, or Iran fires up for nukes.

CLINTON: Maybe you're right, George. Some winners think the Nobel's the kiss of death. Any peace prize that goes to Henry Kissinger but not Gandhi ain't worth a can of Alpo. Heck, if Gandhi had known he was going to lose out to Henry the K, he could have had more time to eat french fries and chase girls.

W.: And finish getting dressed. Heh-heh-heh.

CLINTON: Barack's going to give that \$1.4 million away to charity. I got a charity. How 'bout he just signs it over to me? Speaking of money, we need to do another of those joint lecture things.

W.: I'm fairly footloose. This is the beginning of a beautiful friendship. Go choke on a herring, Norwegia!

Nicholas D. Kristof is off today.

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