

"no country in the agreement can lower its environmental standards—ever," and he applies that assurances of all-out enforcement to labor regulations (e.g. labor laws, workplace standards, minimum wages) as well.

So, if there's a difference of opinion on the strength of enforcement between Snow and Chapman on the one hand, and Mickey Kantor of the Clinton Administration on the other, whose interpretation *do you think will win out?*

There is only one sensible interpretation of these "free-marketeers": that they are serving as a rather feeble figleaf for the naked seizure of power by international statism. To return to the \$64 question: why are they investing so much passion in this effort?

Here is a possible clue to this puzzle. Take this seeming anomaly. One the one hand, in Annex 602.3 to Nafta, the allegedly "free market" Salinas government of Mexico "reserves to itself," in no uncertain terms, all possible provision of and investment in every aspect of the exploration, production, or refining of crude oil and natural gas. And yet, despite that grim fact, the heads of both the Natural Gas Supply Association and the American Gas Association, express their great enthusiasm for Nafta. As President Michael Baly of the American Gas Association puts it: "The AGA supports Nafta because it would benefit natural gas energy, equipment, technology, and services trade with Mexico and Canada."

Oh? How can this be, if the Mexican government insists on socializing all aspects of oil and

natural gas? Methinks we can smell a rat. It is not generally known that the most enthusiastic advocates of socialized energy production in the case of electricity, in the 1930s—of Boulder Dam, TVA, etc.—were the private electric utility companies. For the government built the dams, provided the electricity at cheap rates subsidized by the hapless taxpayers, *and then* resold that electricity to the private utility companies, who benefited from government-subsidized primary electricity. The private energy middlemen reaped the profits.

There is a vital lesson here: much of Big Government, much of the welfare-interventionist State, is pushed by private businesses in order to force the taxpayers to subsidize their own costs. (Just as in the even more flagrant case of military industries, the government provides contracts at whatever cost plus a guaranteed profit.) In short, business groups don't mind socialism at all when the government is *socializing their cost*.

So may it not be true that American natural gas companies expect to benefit by purchasing gas, whose cheap production will be subsidized by the unfortunate Mexican taxpayer? And doesn't this provide a lesson about our own "free-market" institutes and pundits, many of whom are subsidized heavily, past, present or hopefully in the future, by Wichita, Kansas, oil billionaires Charles and David Koch, whose mammoth privately held Koch Industries concentrates on the transportation of oil and natural gas? Query: Does Koch Industries—

which in November 1992 purchased 9,271 miles of natural gas pipelines to Mexico for \$1.1 billion—expect to benefit heavily from Nafta? And do such expectations account for the *passion*, for the fervor, of those persons and institutions who form part, in reality or in hope, of the giant Koch Machine?

As for those free-marketeers not in the Koch network, how much of the massive Mexican government lobbying in Washington is funneling moolah into these institutions? Let us not forget that part of "free-market" Nafta involves an estimated \$20 billion of foreign aid which the conned U.S. taxpayers will be pouring into the coffers of the Mexican government. How much Mexican lobbying, and how many of the possible bribes, are a down payment on this promised boodle?

If we really had a press and a media responsive to the American people and not to the malignant power elite, these questions would be investigated, and fast. In the meanwhile, we should follow our noses, and apply to the "free market" and "free trade" protestations of these worthies a liberal dose of salt. How many times will we be fooled until we realize that it is concrete policies, not cheap and cloudy rhetoric, that counts? ■

The Bringing Down of Liz Holtzman

by M.N.R.

Joy oh joy! Hosanna! It would be difficult to pick, out of an

all-too-jammed field, the most repellent politician in American life, but surely Elizabeth Holtzman would run anyone a very close race for that honor. Tough, dour, butch, pencil-thin, and ultra-left, Liz Holtzman has been plaguing New Yorkers, and Americans in general, for many years. She has always played the scene as a brutal avenging angel—or devil. In the Watergate affair, Holtzman, as a member of the House Judiciary Committee from Brooklyn, was prominent on TV as the stern avenger, bringing and enforcing justice, helping to bring down the Nixon Administration. And then, in her Congressional stint, in the 1970s, she conceived and introduced the bill that has been tormenting the country ever since: creating the Office of Special Investigations as a virtually independent fiefdom in the Department of Justice, where Alan Ryan, Neil Sher, the Anti-Defamation League and their minions can drag elderly Eastern European immigrants out of their beds and get them deported and often executed abroad for allegedly “Nazi” activities engaged in half a century ago. John Demjanjuk is only one of the innocent victims of Holtzmannesque “justice.”

But now, hallelujah! Justice has at last triumphed; the stars are once again in their courses; the avenger has been on the receiving end of vengeance and how does she like it? For the famed Bringer Down has herself been Brought Down and with what a plop! Liz Holtzman has been cast into total ignominy. For all political purposes, she is finished, *kaput*, stone

cold dead in the market. For she lost the September 28 runoff Democratic primary for renomination (and eventual reelection) as Comptroller of the City of New York to a previously unknown opponent by no less than two-to-one, 67 to 33 percent. Wow!

At the beginning of this year’s New York City political campaign, Liz Holtzman looked to be a shoo-in for renomination and reelection. She has been around a long time, had big name recognition, and was in solid with feminist, left-Jewish, and black voters.

But in the late spring and early summer, as the weather got warmer, and homeowners began to settle in their summer or weekend homes at Fire Island, a small but politically powerful bevy of homeowners in the community of Saltaire began to get together and plot and scheme for the downfall of Elizabeth Holtzman. For non-New Yorkers, Fire Island is a long and narrow strip of sand and beach south of the Long Island mainland. Contrary to myth, it is not solely a summer haven for homosexuals (as is the Fire Island community of Cherry Grove, for example.) A unique feature of Fire Island is that, by design, there are no roads and automobiles allowed on the island. Each community is reached by separate ferries from the mainland. The result is very little interrelationship among the various communities, but lots of togetherness *within* each village. Saltaire is a community of middle-class politicians and assorted power-brokers from the borough of Queens, a bor-

ough whose political complexion is moderate-to-conservative Democratic.

A particular leading-light in Saltaire is former Congresswoman Geraldine Ferraro, and the charming and likable Ferraro was very, very ticked off. Mad as Hell. And the object of Geraldine’s total wrath was none other than La Holtzman. It all stemmed from the 1992 race for the U.S. Senate. Incumbent Republican Senator Alfonse D’Amato was vulnerable, he had “ethics” problems stemming from the activities of his beloved brother Armand (convicted after the election). It looked like a sure Democrat seat in a Democratic year, and several politicians vied for the right to oppose D’Amato in the Democrat primary. A supposed shoo-in was Geraldine Ferraro, making her comeback after declining from her peak as Vice-Presidential candidate in the ill-fated Mondale campaign of 1984. Her major opponent was the nerdy, colorless State Attorney-General Robert Abrams, who felt that it was his turn for high office. Also running were City Comptroller Liz Holtzman, splitting the feminist vote to the tune of a lot of wailing and breast-beating from the Sisterhood, and clownish black agitator “the Reverend” Al Sharpton, who seemed to be in the race just to get some credibility for future scams.

It was late in the primary season in 1992, and Ferraro had a comfortable lead in the polls. While the hard-core feminists such as Bella Abzug preferred Holtzman, Ferraro’s friendliness and—yes, let’s say it, *femininity*—

charmed far more voters. Ferraro seemed to have it in the bag. And then, in a last-minute blitz, La Holtzman put on her Darth Vader uniform and struck. Borrowing over \$400,000 from her buddies at the Fleet Bank, Holtzman flooded the airwaves with bitter negative spots against Ferraro—dredging up the old whispered rumors about “Mafia” and “Mafia pornographers” that had virtually ended Ferraro’s Congressional career. The Mafia stuff had emerged during the spotlight of the Presidential campaign, when Ferraro’s husband John Zaccarro, a commercial real-estate tycoon in New York, was revealed to have alleged Mafiosos and pornographers among his tenants.

So Gerry Ferraro was not allowed to have her comeback. Defeat was snatched from the jaws of victory, as Holtzman’s savage attacks reopened old wounds, and Bob Abrams, who had mildly seconded the attacks on Ferraro, squeezed into victory. But oddly enough, Holtzman herself only succeeded in self-destructing. Only hardcore feminists were convinced by Holtzman’s line that if *men* can be allowed to be tough and negative, why can’t a woman? Everyone else was, well, repelled, and at the election Holtzman plummeted to single digits in percentage of votes, falling even below the clown Reverend Sharpton.

Ferraro was so upset that she refused to endorse Abrams after his primary victory. After lengthy negotiations between the two camps, Ferraro made a grudging TV spot endorsing Abrams, but as one wag put it,

it had all the sincerity of Saddam’s Western hostages praising their captor. D’Amato’s brilliantly organized campaign led enough indignant Italo-Americans to shift to his camp and narrowly beat out Abrams.

After the election, Ferraro, of course, still burned for revenge against her tormentor. Hence, the plotting at Saltaire. The Saltaire group came up with a long shot to oppose Liz Holtzman’s presumed breeze of a re-election campaign: they decided to put up against her the totally unknown product of the Queens Democrat machine, State Assemblyman Alan Hevesi.

The Saltarians started with a huge problem: no one in New York politics had ever heard of Hevesi, including his own constituents, who are scarcely alive to their local Assemblyman. How could this unknown quantity topple the mighty Holtzman? Who even knew Hevesi’s ethnic background, always a crucial factor in New York politics: Was he Italian, or Hispanic, or what?

The first vital step: the Saltarians put the Hevesi campaign in the hands of one of the great political managers of our epoch: Hank Morris, who had run a losing Hevesi campaign four years ago against Holtzman in

the primary, and who went on from there to manage one of the best political campaigns of our day: Diane Feinstein’s for U.S. Senate in California.

Since no one had ever heard of Hevesi, Morris began the campaign by making use of that very fact: by turning a liability into a near-asset. The TV spots featured: “Alan Who?” “Hevesi Who?” The next step was to show countless rounds of Hevesi greeting the masses. Hevesi turned out to be a tall, good-looking and very amiable middle-aged gentle-

man, and by showing an affable Hevesi, the point was implicitly but effectively made in pointing up the contrast to La Holtzman, whose rare smile makes her look like a ghostly and ghostly wraith. Hevesi’s ethnic background was cleared up by letting it be known that his grandfather had been one of the most distinguished rabbis in Hungary. The Jewish vote! And moderate Jews who were fed up with the leftist and pro-black Holtzman now knew they had somewhere to turn. Ferraro’s visible and ardent support for Hevesi of course worked the Italian and moderate feminist voters.

The next Hank Morris line was a brilliant masterstroke. Everyone knew that Holtzman really wanted to be Senator,

In a last-minute blitz, La Holtzman put on her Darth Vader uniform and struck.

and was using the Comptroller-ship as a base for her next move; by the summer, Herman Badillo, whose Democratic primary race for Mayor had flopped totally, had decided to run instead for Comptroller on Democrat, Liberal, and Republican tickets

[this cross-filing can be done in New York], and he became part of the Guiliani-for-Mayor ticket. Badillo was bound to wrap up the Puerto Rican vote, which otherwise could have gone either way. So Hank Morris now came up with this great line:

"Hevesi—the only candidate who *wants to be Comptroller!*" Not Mayor, not Senator, but Comptroller, the spot for which all these people were vieing.

The race was tightening, and now the final clinching blow was suddenly hammered home. It became known that the city's Department of Investigation was investigating the curious circumstances of La Holtzman, Ms. Integrity, and her \$450,000 loan from Fleet Bank. Not only was this loan made on security of returns from a future Holtzman fund-raiser, a benefit that raised less than half the sum pledged and left Holtzman in a continuing financial hole. Even more intriguing was the fact that a few months after the election, Fleet Securities, a corporation closely connected with Fleet Bank, received a lucrative municipal bond contract from Holtzman's Comptroller's office. Aha! Hanky-panky! Payoff?! The news of the inquiry hit the press in the last few weeks before the primary, and the report itself was finished shortly before the September primary. Not only that; it became known that the Department of Investigation report was highly critical of Ms. Integrity, La Holtzman. Now a bizarre situation exists in New York: Department of Investigation reports on someone cannot be made public unless the subject of the inquiry consents; if he or she withholds consent, the inquiry has to spend several months being sifted by the Conflict-of-Interest Bureau.

Hevesi and Badillo naturally demanded that Holtzman release the report; surely the people have the right to know about

Rating Senate Republicans

On Sept. 14, Senator Jesse Helms (R., N.C.) moved to eliminate all \$171 million in federal funding for the National Endowment for the Arts (NEA), which would in effect have abolished NEA. This amendment cut to the heart of the issue. Clearly, the federal government should not be funding art that is offensive to the taxpayers. But more importantly, why should the federal government subsidize the arts *at all*? Here, on a clear-cut matter of libertarian and limited-government principle, the Republicans acted in a shocking, but unfortunately not surprising, manner: they threw over principle entirely. The Senate as a whole defeated the Helms amendment by the overwhelming vote of 15 to 83. The Republican vote was not much better: the Republicans voting against the Helms move to abolish NEA by a vote of 11 to 32. The 11 Republican hereos receive a plus, the 32 sellouts a minus, and the one non-voter a zero. (The four anti-NEA Democrats deserve an honorable mention: Exon, Hollings, Nunn, and Shelby.)

Alaska		Maine		Pennsylvania	
Murkowski	—	Cohen	—	Specter	—
Stevens	—				
Arizona		Minnesota		Rhode Island	
McCain	+	Durenberger	—	Chafee	—
Colorado		Mississippi		South Carolina	
Brown	+	Lott	—	Thurmond	—
		Cochran	—		
Delaware		Missouri		South Dakota	
Roth	—	Bond	—	Pressler	—
		Danforth	—		
Florida		Montana		Texas	
Mack	+	Burns	—	Hutchinson	—
				Gramm	0
Georgia		New Hampshire		Utah	
Coverdell	+	Gregg	—	Bennett	—
		Smith	+	Hatch	—
Idaho		New Mexico		Vermont	
Kempthorne	—	Domenici	—	Jeffords	—
Craig	—				
Indiana		New York		Virginia	
Coats	+	D'Amato	—	Warner	—
Lugar	—				
Iowa		North Carolina		Washington	
Grassley	—	Faircloth	+	Gorton	—
		Helms	+		
Kansas		Oklahoma		Wyoming	
Dole	—	Nickles	+	Wallop	+
Kassebaum	—			Simpson	—
Kentucky		Oregon			
McConnell	+	Packwood	—		
		Hatfield	—		

their servant! But astonishingly, at the last minute before the primary, La Holtzman refused—to the bitter denunciation of the press. Her flimsy claim was that the voting public wouldn't have time to sift through the report before voting. An egregious blunder, since the public doesn't sift anyway, and of course Holtzman's rivals and the media made the most of her *gaffe*.

As a result, in the September primary, a walkaway for Holtzman was transmuted into a very tight three-way race. Each of the three rivals got approximately one-third of the vote, with Hevesi coming in a narrow first, and Holtzman edging out Badillo for runner-up spot, the top two then being plunged into a runoff two weeks later, in late September. Where would the Badillo vote go? It was likely to go more to Hevesi, since those who liked the incumbent Holtzman would probably vote for her from the beginning. One point was noted: Holtzman depended on the black vote, and blacks don't vote in primaries, especially in a runoff when neither Mayor Dinkins nor any other black would be running.

As soon as the election was over, Holtzman surrendered on the report, and released it, now maintaining that the public would have a full two weeks to do the sifting. In the event, they didn't need two weeks: the Investigation report was damning, demonstrating Holtzman's lies about not knowing that the two Fleets were involved; the report actually accused La Holtzman of "gross negligence" in office. But if she was a tough and nasty, knuckle-wielding

leftist, but was *not* Ms. Integrity but a quasi-crook like all the rest and caught with her hand in the cookie jar to boot, why in the world vote for her?

And so in the two weeks remaining until the runoff, a massive shift took place: Hevesi was looking better and better:

Mr. Affability, Mr. Wants-to-be Comptroller; whereas La Holtzman suddenly began to look like someone who had no virtues to offset her glaring and irritating vices. And so, on September 28, Hevesi swamped Holtzman two-to-one. No one in New York is going to ask "Alan Who?" any more. If anything, it will soon be "Liz Who?" Was the timing of the Investigation Department report a mere coincidence, or was it all brilliantly plotted by Hank Morris and the gang? Who knows, but you can bet your bottom dollar on this: Hank Morris will be able to write his own ticket in the next election campaign. ■

Heil Yeltsin?

by M.N.R.

The stench of hypocrisy was everywhere as all the noisy champions of "global democracy" rushed to endorse Boris

All the noisy champions of "global democracy" rushed to endorse Boris Yeltsin's despotic coup.

Yeltsin's despotic coup.

"Well, yes, it was in a legal sense 'unconstitutional' but it was a Commie constitution." No it wasn't. The constitution and Parliamentary elections were post-Commie.

"Sometimes to achieve democracy in the long run, you have to

use undemocratic methods." Yeah, right. Where have we heard *that* one before? We found out quickly enough, as one pundit actually said it, in an unconscious or even conscious echo of the worst Stalinist bilge of the 1930's: "Sometimes in order to make an omelette you have to break a few eggs." Well, it all depends on whether you're the omelette or the egg. My old

friend Baldy Harper used to come back with a counter-agricultural metaphor of his own; "You *don't* break any eggs if you want any chickens."

"But it's OK; Yeltsin's opponents are "ex"-Commies, the "ex" pronounced with the same sneer that Walter Winchell used to use in early Cold War days in talking about "ex"-Commies or "ex"-Trotskyites. But what do you people think the sainted *Boris Yeltsin* is? And who says that *his* "ex-ness" is any more genuine than that of his Parliamentary opponents?

One liberal-babe TV pundit, in her high-pitched whine, was