

Republican State Representative from Rochester Hills, Michigan. Kaza, once a youth leader in the Libertarian Party, later made his mark as a journalist and then as an economist for a public policy think tank in Michigan. Last year, Kaza, in his first try for public office, ran a remarkable grass-roots primary campaign against an incumbent who had the backing of the Official Conservative machine of Governor John Engler, as well as liberal Republicans. Kaza, of working-class background, ran a highly savvy campaign, maintaining his libertarian principles and combining them with a right-wing populist strategy and direct door-to-door campaigning. After trouncing the incumbent, he won handily in the general election, despite the incumbent's support for his liberal Democratic opponent.

Kaza quickly realized that the close Democrat-Republican lineup in the State House allowed one or a few Representatives to carry far more weight than a freshman would ordinarily enjoy. And so: Kaza has already become a leader of a libertarian Republican bloc in the House.

In mid-March, the Engler machine introduced a "no-knock" bill, to allow the police to break down a suspect's door without the traditional knock and "Open up! Police!" All the police would need would be a warrant from one compliant judge. The police, of course, find the quaint custom of knock and announcement an inconvenience. Representative Frank Fitzgerald, a former county prosecutor, declared that "knocking

and announcing is hamstringing the police." The police explained that "an element of surprise is needed" to help the police "grab important evidence before it is flushed down the toilet," the "it" obviously being drugs in the government's endless, costly, losing, and counter-productive "war against drugs."

This custom, this "hamstringing," is nothing less than a vital defense of the right of private property, of the magnificent concept that every man's home is his castle, and by God, the cops or anyone else had better knock and announce themselves before presuming to bust down someone else's door.

The no-knock bill, which had passed in the State Senate, was expected to win handily, with Republicans supporting and Democrats voting nay. The Democrats indeed opposed the bill, with one Democrat stressing "everybody's constitutional right to security in their own homes," and another denouncing the bill as setting up a "Gestapo state." The bill would have sailed through, however, except for the determined opposition of a handful of dissident Republicans, of whom Greg Kaza was a leader. Kaza warned that "any time you start talking about altering the Bill of Rights, it's

serious business." First, the dissidents managed to amend the bill to allow people hurt by a case of mistaken identity to sue the government for lost wages.

Then came Kaza's turn. Greg, freshman paleo Rep, offered a critical amendment to the no-knock bill: that, a warrant for no-knock must be issued, not just by one judge, but by two judges, including at least one circuit court judge. This significant limitation on police power, the Kaza Amendment, passed by a vote of 56 to 48, the 56 including seven dissident

Republicans, headed by Kaza; these dissidents were clearly the decisive swing votes.

After just a few months in the legislature, Greg Kaza, maverick paleolibertarian, has become a savvy and powerful figure for liberty in the Michigan legislature.

Bright; articulate; savvy; hard-working; dedicated; a young married man; an ardent Catholic; and sound on every conceivable issue. Keep your eye on Kaza as a coming leader on the national political scene. There's hope! ■

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The Oscars

by Mr. First Nighter

For once, the Academy

Awards were tolerable—not the ceremony, which was longer, more boring, and more Politically Correct than ever—but the awards themselves. *The Unforgiven* was neither my favorite picture of the year, nor a particularly good movie or Western, but it was not too bad, and certainly infinitely better than the repellent *Crying Game*, which it just beat out by a nose. The great Clint Eastwood deserves an Oscar, and so this can be considered a “lifetime award.” But he was only able to receive it for a genre hated by left-liberals because he made deep obeisances throughout the movie about the evils of violence, or of revenge, about the torments of “killing a man” and all the rest of the liberal swill. In other words, the hero Eastwood acts, most of the time, like a self-hating, liberal anti-hero. Also, the highly touted photography is another liberal feast: dark, murky, monochromatic. Despite all this, *The Unforgiven* is redeemed at the end by a magnificent and heroic final sequence, in which Eastwood abandons his kvetching and self-loathing and mows down the bad guys in a superb, action-packed *tour de force*.

One liberal critic explained that Eastwood could finally be given an award because such a long time had elapsed that he can be “forgiven” for the superb, right-wing *Dirty Harry*, one of the great movies of our age, directed by the same right-wing Don Siegel who brought us the top science-fiction movie in decades, the superb, scary, “conspiracy-theorist” *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* (the original,

not the crummy, special-effects-driven, remake).

And yet some leftists are never satisfied. *Washington Post* columnist Richard Cohen belly-ached that Morgan Freeman, black sidekick of Eastwood in *Unforgiven*, is accepted as a person by hero, villain, and the

public alike and not constantly noticed or denounced for his race; according to the crackpot Cohen, Eastwood thereby deliberately underplays the “vicious racism” of the Old West and blah blah.

My own candidate for Best Picture was *Scent of a Woman*, a

Rating Senate Republicans: Extending Unemployment Benefits

Liberals who profess to worry a great deal about unemployment yet always try to subsidize it, and thus create more. On March 3, Senate Democrats drove through a seven-month extension of unemployment benefits set to expire on March 6; the additional burden is estimated to cost taxpayers \$5.7 billion. The bill passed 66-33, the Democrats unanimously supporting it. The Republicans voted against the pro-unemployment measure by 33 to 10. A No vote on this ignorant and/or evil measure we rate as a “+”; a Yes vote is a “—.”

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

wonderfully dramatic and romantic old-fashioned "movie-movie," which features a truly bravura acting performance by Al Pacino, the best of his career (for which he was a walkover for the Best Leading Actor award). Pacino, a bitter ex-colonel blinded in a drunken accident, teams up with a refreshing young actor, Chris O'Donnell, as his minder while he has a last fling on the town before committing suicide in the military manner. O'Donnell, a poor scholarship lad in a posh Eastern prep school, faces a moral dilemma: should he snitch on a prank committed by his snotty schoolmates on the sneering, despotic headmaster, marvellously played by a former leading villain on the daytime soap operas? During the wild weekend, Pacino and the young lad learn from each other, and help each other through their respective crises, with Pacino delivering a great stump speech in the finale on the true requisites of becoming a "leader of men." Screenwriter Bo Goldman contributes a stirring screenplay, filled with the kind of sharp dialogue you rarely hear these days where grunts and gropes pass for conversation. Liberal *avant-garde* critics didn't like *Scent of a Woman*, calling it "superficial" and "sentimental." Translated: optimistic and life-affirming. That's all you need to know.

Emma Thompson got the Leading Actress award for *Howard's End*, the best of a poor crop in a typically pretentious, boring E.M. Forster movie that usually gets awards from unduly impressed American boobs.

Gene Hackman was a solid choice for the villain in *Unforgiven*, although I would have preferred the sparkling performance of Jack Nicholson as the Queegish Marine martinet in *A Few Good Men*. *A Few Good Men* was a so-so movie, but the sort (with Tom Cruise and Nicholson) that usually gets lots of awards; for some reason it faded in the pre-award stretch. I'm usually not a great Nicholson fan, finding his eternal puckish leer tiresome, but he played this role to the hilt.

The Best Supporting Actress pick was a steal, since Marisa Tomei, who played a Brooklyn ethnic in the comic *My Cousin Vinny*, was the leading actress, in what could scarcely be called a "supporting" role. This continues the common fraudulent practice of studios bumping down leading actors and actresses to the "supporting" category so as to increase their chances for an Oscar. In any case, Miss Tomei's cartoonish stint was far inferior to Miranda Richardson's striking performance in *Damage*. The award to Tomei is all the more inapt since the genuine star turn in the movie was that of "Cousin Vinny" himself, the funny and frenetic Joe Pesci, who wasn't nominated for any award at all.

The true victory of the Oscars, however, was negative, in that the outrageously hyped, repellent *The Crying Game* came away without the Best Picture award. *The Crying Game* became a hit solely on the basis of an infamous coalition between the producer's outrageous hype and the battery of perverse, nihilistic left-liberal movie critics,

who loved the picture beyond endurance. An undistinguished Irish drama about the IRA, the movie was hyped by the notorious Weinstein brothers, owners of Miramax, movie distributors who are unusually obnoxious even for the movie industry. The hype employed the gimmick of imploring critics and audiences alike not to give away the wonderful plot "surprise" of the movie. Critics kept talking about the "surprise," which brings new meaning and new insight to the nature of "love," and, as one critic put it, takes love beyond the "simplicities" of *Sound of Music* and into the "complexities" of "modern love." And even though the "secret" had been given away by the very fact that the movie's "heroine," British Negress hairdresser Jaye Davidson, was nominated for Best Supporting "Actor," not "Actress," Siskel and Ebert got into a furious fight on their popular TV show, when Ebert screamed at Siskel for "giving away" the precious secret.

The secret? That Jaye Davidson, girl friend of the IRA man's prisoner, whom the IRA man falls in love with, turns out to be a man, a truth, needless to say, graphically presented to the audience. In short; old simplicity means hetero-sex, modern "complexity" means transvestite/transsexual sex.

In fact, this seems to be The Big Cultural Event of the Year: genderbending. Not the old-hat idea that homosexuality is acceptable or good or even better; but that there is no difference between the sexes at all, that the seemingly natural

"boundaries" between the sexes is only an artificial product of male-heterosex-dominated Western culture. Following on the heels of the *Crying Game*, is the latest hot movie in London, which soon will hit these shores: *Orlando*, a film of the old Virginia Woolf novel, in which the hero/heroine changes his/her sex every century, a male one century a female the next, and so on. Get the picture? And then we have the crazy female anthropologist with the hyphenated name writing an Op-Ed page in the August New York *Times* proclaiming that "Western Culture" has

imposed the view that there are only two sexes. Instead, there are really *five*, the Orthodox, Judeo-Christian two, plus three versions of hermaphrodite, whom she claims constitutes 5 percent of the population, which 5 percent have of course been driven into the closet by our repressive culture. Next step: affirmative action quotas for the oppressed victimized hermaphrodite masses, yearning for validation. Yes, we must demand 5 percent hermaphrodites in our faculties, our professions, in the U.S. Senate, etc. Will all the oppressed hermaphrodites please stand up and reveal themselves?

And what about the Siamese

Twin masses? When I was a kid, I saw Siamese Twins at a sideshow. Surely they must be a deeply suppressed, even cut-up, 5 percent of the population. Hell, let's make it 10 percent. Ten percent affirmative action

quotas for the oppressed Siamese Twin peoples! And let's stop calling them with that disparaging name "Siamese." They are "Native American Twins!"

Sound of Music, oh *Sound of Music*, you were really a tedious movie, but please, please, Bring it Back! Bring Back the Old Culture before it's too late! Who will deliver us from this horrible Freak House that our culture

has become? — M.N.R. ■

Who will deliver us from this Freak House culture?

A French Masterpiece! by Mr. First Nighter

Faithful readers of mine are in for a severe shock. As they well know, I am notoriously hostile to films that are (a) slow, (b) dark and murky, (c) with long close-ups of suffering actors' faces substituting for dialogue, and (d) in a foreign language. Indeed, these four elements almost always go together.

Recently, I saw a movie which

has all four of these elements. So much so, in fact, that an old friend of mine, who *loves* slow, plotless, gloomy, avant-garde movies, saw the film in Paris, and said that he and his friends went reeling out of the theater, "holding their heads," after three long, suffering hours. (Actually, it's less than two hours, but to him it felt like three.) I went to the theater fully prepared either to squirm uncomfortably, or to take a nap in the luxurious seats.

Instead, to the stunned surprise of myself and my wife, I found a genuine masterpiece, one of the best and most notable pictures in years. The picture is indeed French: *Tous Les Matins du Monde*, ("Every Morning in the World") directed by Alain Corneau, from a novel written in conjunction with the movie by Pascal Quignard, who then transformed it into the screenplay. It's true that there is little dialogue, but essentially substituting for it is truly glorious seventeenth-century French Baroque music, featuring the Baroque *viola da gamba*, essentially the Baroque ancestor to the modern cello. The music is truly a revelation, largely composed by the main figures in the movie. For the plot of the movie concerns the legendary 17th century violist and composer Monsieur de Sainte-Colombe (no first name known), and his student and disciple, the better-known Marin Marais. In addition to being a movie about little-remembered but marvellous musicians and composers, the soundtrack and the plot feature the music itself. It is also a romantic, moving and