



RUDY GUILIANI

When World War Two was almost over, a small child with an already balding head was born to a working class family in Brooklyn, New York. It starting giving orders at 5 months, ““Get cracking with my formula!” At three, you were making the living room spotless with your obsession with insects, at four you became an Eagle Scout with new theories on self-preservation, and at five you had scared away all the homeless people on the street with your harangues about cleaning up the neighborhood. If it wasn’t for you Italian heritage and its excellent home cooking, you would’ve been running for Congress by six years old. The only thing that kept you back was the smell of freshly roasted garlic in your household, and this thing called Education. That, you got with spades. You went to Manhattan College in Brooklyn, and crowned your intellectual achievement with a Magna Cum Laude Degree in Law from the prestigious school of NYU. Though your heart was occasionally in Florida, you really never left New York. The joined the office of the United States Attorney, and before you knew it, you were Head of Narcotics at the age of 29. You went onto D.C. as Chief of Staff of the Associate Deputy AG, but your life was still in Brooklyn. You went back, and your rise to power in New York legal and financial circles can only be characterized as meteoric. You became Associate Attorney General, the third highest legal office in the land, where you spearheaded the prosecution of drug dealers, organized crime, government corruption, and white collar crime. Few attorneys could match your conviction rate: 4152, with only 25 reversals. You became a household name, from the sketchy tenements of the Bronx to the refined mansions of Westchester. You were The Man. You became Mayor of New York City in 1993. What an achievement. In eight years as mayor, you did what previous mayors could never have hoped for: you brought down crime, lowering the murder rate by huge percentages, cleaned up the streets, and returned accountability to City Government. You gave incentives to education, increasing the budget to schools while maintaining a low teacher to student ratio. The FBI now recognizes your City as the safest large city in America. You symbolized the resurgence of urban America. But your biggest achievement in your political life occurred on the day of the greatest tragedy in America since Pearl Harbor. On September 11, 2001, two commercial planes hijacked by Islamic terrorists rammed the World Trade Center buildings, causing them to collapse upon themselves, killing thousands. And at the end of your term, walking around the debris of WTC I and II, the ambulances and firefighters making their way, you upstaged both the Governor and the President in your quick response, your humanitarian calls, and the control of the subsequent chaos that ensued. Everyone took note. 9/11, as it was called, would always look to you as a hero.

Wouldn’t that resume be enough to be President? What do you have to do that Rudy hasn’t done??? Was it the connections in New York, Mafia or otherwise? Was the bad speaking ability, plagued by that that lisp? Was it the two divorces? Was it dressing up in drag?

Of course you entered the presidential campaign with high hopes, but you pegged so much on Florida and not enough on the early primaries. And you lost your ass. If you didn't fire your campaign manager, you should have. So is it all over? Well, those World Trade Center buildings are part of our public consciousness, and your heroic contribution is melded to that.

I hear the opera is not over 'til the fat lady sings. And she is singing arias now. Because ZZZZZZZTTTT! POP! Sizzle! Crack! Oh, what now? The machines that count the votes have gone haywire! Seems like a hacker finally was able to tweak the primary voting machines, proving that tampering was not only possible, but likely. And by infecting them with a virus that destroyed the motherboard, all the results are wiped out. Gone. Vanished. So did you really come in fourth behind Ron Paul, or second behind McCain, or did you win? Hmmmmmm....It's already September and everything about the election is in shambles. How can the nation restore the people's confidence in a fair and free election so close to November?

A new election, with all the candidates back in the race! Yes, everyone is back in play. All the Republican and Democrat primary aspirants will be on one big ballot in November. The voters can choose whomever they like out of all possible contenders. Your political career is not over – it's only just begun. Now you need to go forward and start collecting votes, so you'll have the states you need in the Electoral College to win the election!

1. In 1993 you took **New York** by storm,  
With a tough-on-crime platform,  
And your business and education focus,  
Wasn't seen as hocus-pocus,  
You won City Hall by a landslide,  
To your old stomping grounds it's time to glide,  
BV Way to NE 8<sup>th</sup>, a right on 110<sup>th</sup>,  
You can negotiate this labyrinth,  
At NE 6<sup>th</sup> take a liberal turn,  
A parking lot you shouldn't spurn,  
Up a flight of stairs you must alight,  
A tree trunk is now in sight  
Near a place that looks like Thailand,  
In politics, no man's an island,  
Your leadership brought down the murder rate,  
Chop, chop , there is no time to wait.
2. Hillary and Obama,  
Are set to instigate a drama  
About your Mafia connections,  
The road down 520 W is your direction,  
The Lake Washington exit will help you vector,  
To your next delegate sector,  
In your trials of the organized crime family,  
Your ethics were good to a degree,  
But a bribe by Gotti funded your way,

To your first mayoral foray,  
To your supporters, it's the hue and the cry  
Take a right and get thee to MOHAI,  
If you go left to the arboretum,  
Your chances of victory, you'll just have to eat 'em  
Face the music, or your foes  
Will have your fans throwing tomatoes,  
Some **Florida** crab would be just fine,  
And that Jewish vote will make you shine.

*Or* Hillary and Obama,  
Are set to instigate a drama  
About your Mafia connections,  
The road down 520 W is your direction,  
The Lake Washington exit will help you vector,  
To your next delegate sector,  
In your trials of the organized crime family,  
Your ethics were good to a degree,  
But a bribe by Gotti funded your way,  
To your first mayoral foray  
**Florida** can overlook your lapse,  
Just don't let your campaign collapse,  
Take now a left at Arboretum way,  
And where a fork one of two ways demands,  
Take the one headed for Japan.

3. It's time to advertise your past veneration,  
For the next generation,  
You should now penne a memorable speech,  
That social services are in your reach  
With your commitment to children in the Big Apple,  
McCain and Kucinich are sure to grapple,  
Your Children Services stood as a model,  
For adoption and insurance that can't be toppled,  
**Michigan** will surely come to your side,  
At Seattle Center their support's bona fide,  
The freeway route might just be best,  
A Denny right and then the rest,  
Catty corner, overbroad, and vague  
Is the political parsing you must engage,  
But when it's time that the truth be said,  
What do you get when you mix yellow and red?

4. **Broaden** your approach to the voting masses,  
It's time to take off the reading glasses,  
Ocean bound, you're hell bent,  
Immigration reform you're ready to vent,  
Wall them in with a high-tech border,  
**Texans will** fall in line in short order,  
Drive past four three two and one,  
Park right before Western and you're done.  
Your proposal is Olympic in design,  
But the Hispanic vote you'll have to decline.

5. Precede where the cotton is high,  
**South Carolina** won't leave you dry,  
Your daddy's rich, your mother's goodlooking,  
It's time down First to see what's cooking,  
It's clear to see that your NY accented oration,  
To the English language is an abomination,  
You lack the elegance of Barack,  
Or the bite of John McCain's attack,  
Or Edwards' delivery so Southern crisp,  
Face it, you've got that stupid lisp,  
Thay what you will for those that lithen,  
And election triumph you won't thoon chrithen,  
So recite to Ben the words of this rhyme,  
Stay in character, it's now Showtime,  
For all your "esses" substitute,  
"Thhh" sounds that are quite resolute:

"From the smoke filled rooms of party bosses,  
To a string of primary losses,  
I am now seriously outspent,  
In this race for President,  
And twice divorced and kinda' sleazy,  
For our voting public, these things aren't easy,  
So how else can I get my booty,  
But simply declare that I am Rudy,  
Giuliani, Giuliani,  
Wop-pop-pop-bopop-bopadou,  
Tutti Frutti, Oh, Oh Rudy !  
Tutti Frutti, Oh, Oh Rudy !"

6. Your speech was less than galvanizing,  
But **Ohio's** more troubled by your womanizing,  
Two failed marriages and now Judith Nathan,  
Your family values we have little faith in,  
Especially now when word has leaked,  
With a female opponent away you've sneaked,  
Before the scandal hits the circuit,  
Nip it in the bud, don't let it sit,  
Don't need to try out your Viagra,  
Go find your paramour in Niagara,  
A mini version will have to do,  
For your encased rendezvous.
  
7. Remember the **New Hampshire** primary?  
When your efforts were barely secondary?  
You thought on nine eleven you might just coast,  
And make of McCain and Romney electoral toast,  
You were the unflinching leader the attack wrought  
Eclipsing Bush and Pataki as an afterthought  
But it was easier said than done,  
The firemen's hearts were not that day won,  
They were sent into death's path without warning,  
To their firehouse you should be storming,  
There with their spokesperson make amends,  
Eight superdelegates stand 'round the bend,  
One screwy type will turn over the state,  
If you truly mean to commiserate  
The fireman stands with a hole in his heart,  
Align with the stars your 911 part,  
And there words remaining should set you free,  
To be the hero of the tragedy.
  
8. There's a minority left to enlist,  
If you have a hankering for a fist,  
Now that you're saved from certain demise,  
You have something left to exorcise,  
The numbers and bar name need a street,  
On Olive way is your next beat,  
Up Fourth and just past Pine,  
Take the path with the Ocean behind,  
Joe waits for you on Capitol Hill,  
But it's not about a Congressional bill,  
But maybe the pages that that sit and drink,  
Upon that gender crossing brink,  
To this moon shaped tavern you must not lag,  
Even if you go in drag,  
It seems the New York pundits rumor  
That it won't offend your sense of humor,

Make sure to accessorize,  
Your bags' contents will glamorize,  
The song at 15547 you must sing aloud,  
And surely you'll make **California** proud,  
And when four kamikazes go down the hatch,  
You'll soon reel in your next catch.

9. It time to pick up the **Iowa** vote,  
Up the Five to a place remote,  
Play your cards right at exit 193,  
Time's of the essence, don't disagree,  
The Western block is in your reach,  
If you head now towards the beach,  
An ace in one would help you decipher,  
This problem of not being a right-to-lifer,  
Baptists won't be pushing your dot,  
Unless you flip-flop on this spot,  
Shop for ideas on a street named Hewitt,  
And there just damn well do it,  
Unless you're working with half a deck.  
Raquel is on board to help you check.

Or

It time to pick up the **Iowa** vote,  
Up the Five to a place remote,  
For criticism to deflect,  
Just coast now and then reflect,  
Enough time to powder your nose,  
And find where exit 193 goes,  
Your manager yells "to a VP from a left on Hewitt!"  
His advice do not eschew it,  
He wants to pick your running mate,  
But under Ford he met his fate,  
Court the vote and don't be late,  
A left wing bent would help you decipher,  
This problem of not being a right-to-lifer,  
Baptists won't be pushing your dot,  
Unless you flip-flop on this spot.

10. Where is your environmental play?  
Green votes in **Washington** are in disarray,  
How can you run for office today?  
If that mentality you don't display?  
Follow the campaign trail and watch the results,  
There 'all be drinks and food and much tumult,  
Just return to your Interstate 5 beginnings,  
And go north a bit for you last inning,  
As you watch the precincts report,  
On exit 199 you should resort,  
Head left upon that maritime drive,  
And eight miles forward, ocean bound,  
And frankly why isn't Karl Rove around?  
Play your cards well to find the address,  
A half a deck is not success.

#### LITTLE CLUES

1. In Bonsai island

When you feel like a megalomaniac,  
That kitchen smell brings you back,  
To an Italian heritage where a life was humble,  
In Elliott Bay past boots you stumble,  
On your right is the Seattle fire,  
Behind Columbia River Salmon, things get quite dire,  
You can't survive this campaign beat,  
Without having something to eat.

Or

You padded your spending account so well,  
That for years you evaded the accountants' bell,  
You thought your affairs looked lily-white,  
But the latest news now gives you fright,  
Find area seven at this garden,  
With a map you should soon be carting,  
There where koi propagate,  
The scandal makers infiltrate.

2. In garlic or canister below lily pad/with macaroni

Head back up to the DXX,  
Go west to V and south to Denny,  
At the Seattle Center clear to Broad,  
At a monument you'll more than nod,  
It's lower base you'll have to ascend,  
If you're education record you're to defend,  
Find an outside lip that children ignore,  
Kids you've helped in years before,  
Have them assist you if need be,  
On this mound of macaroni.

3. In paper on orange tubes

Off five curved walls of rusty hue,  
In a Garden of Sculptures with a view,  
Your prototype is the farthest along,  
In pebbled sand your support is strong,  
You'll definitely get Republican press,  
For illegal entry needs redress,  
And your walls are, well, quite aesthetic,  
Even if their meaning is not so poetic.

4. In walls

You've managed to stifle the Mafia mess,  
But the Fulton Fish market is anyone's guess,  
You tried to regulate that corrupt beast,  
To save the merchants that were fleeced,  
Of loan sharks and extortion contracts,



At Pike's now your spin's intact,  
Please don't 86 this Place,  
Just have the sense to show some grace,  
To keep the faith of the Southern block,  
First to Pike and you'll soon rock.

5. In fish and Seattle Weekly

State of South Carolina

Weekly ad:

Don't Pine away my Rudy dear,  
For you my love is so sincere,  
Four blocks west and one block north,  
To our rendezvous please sally Fourth,  
My heart beats fast, my eyes start to mist,  
When I think of our upcoming tryst,  
I harken back to times upstate,  
Waiting for the recovery of your prostate,  
Now it's time for our wounds to mend,  
To you, my love, a kiss I send.

H.

6. Chain in fountain

Fourth/Washington

7. Cut-out; The Crescent Lounge 1413

8. On four coasters at Crescent Lounge; state of California goes in a drink

First

Second

Third

Fourth

9. In box with star at Rockefeller/ Wall in Everett

Exhausted and with all money spent,  
You are now endorsed by the **incumbent**,  
That poison is best diluted,  
By support of Commentator **Scarborough** well-reputed,  
He'll give you Florida, so don't be wary  
And Speaker **Pelosi's** recent commentary,  
Will get the nation all behind,  
Your bi-partisan center line,  
And New Hampshire's vote will soon ensue,  
With the blessing of **Sununu**.



+ L.A. +



Stuff:

Boesky admitted to numerous offenses and then turned state's evidence, primarily against Milken. He received a 3 1/2 year prison sentence and \$100 million fine after admitting to the charges and reached a plea bargain with Rudy Giuliani...[who would] draw criticism because Ivan was allowed to unload his holdings before his indictment was officially announced, realizing profits from it before being convicted. Others considered the sentence and fine as being too light. But Giuliani and company was [sic] after a much bigger fish, namely Milken."<sup>[32]</sup>

According to Federal investigators, the city has virtually abdicated responsibility for administering the market during the last 50 years. It relied primarily on Federal efforts to regulate the market and crack down on organized crime.

But despite these periodic crackdowns, the market has remained a rough, insular arena, workers and merchants say, in which organized-crime figures thrive on extortion, secret deals, illegal gambling and loan-sharking.

Although most of the market is on city property along the East River near Fulton Street, the business has been run for decades by two associations representing wholesale dealers and by a group of companies that unload and deliver the 125 million pounds of fresh fish and seafood sold there every year.

Details of the legislative proposal are expected to be announced today by Mayor Giuliani and Peter F. Vallone, the Speaker of the City Council. Randy M. Mastro, the Mayor's chief of staff, said one of the city's first steps would be to renegotiate the leases of wholesale dealers, whose rents on city property have been unchanged for at least 13 years.

Previous mayoral administrations have been reluctant to seek rent increases for the city because of the possibility that they might be signing long-term contracts with mob-tainted companies.