

# RRR

## ROTHBARD-ROCKWELL REPORT

MAY 1994

VOLUME V, NUMBER 5

### Reign of Terror in Little Rock

by Murray N. Rothbard

The current line of Left-liberal defense of Whitewater is that "it's different from Watergate." Yes, it is, and I'll tell you how: *There were no dead bodies in Watergate.* There was no killing of a White House counsel.

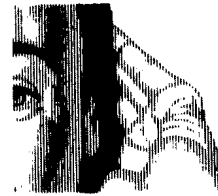
But it's not just Vince Foster, Jr. The only crimes of violence in Watergate were some "third-rate burglaries" (e.g. the Democrat National Committee offices and the safe of Hank Greenspun in Las Vegas). In the wake of Whitewater, there has been a veritable Reign of Terror, of death and mayhem in Little Rock, the source and origin of the whole slimy mess.

There is, for example, the case of the savage assault on L. J. Davis, the fiftyish long-time contributing editor at *Harper's Magazine*, whose scintillating front-cover article on Whitewatergate ("The Name of Rose," *New Republic*, April 4) opened up tantalizing new leads in this fascinating saga. In the best Watergate "follow the money" tradition, Davis concentrated his Little Rock research into the multimillionaire Stephens family financial empire, and on the intertwined public-and-private bond business in Arkan-

sas. Shortly after the Davis article came out, I saw him in a roundtable discussion of Whitewater on the Charlie Rose TV program. Everyone else on this typically "balanced" program was a full-time Clinton apologist: the obnoxious smirker Michael Kinsley, a law professor whose name I mercifully did not catch, and *Newsweek's* Joe Klein, who, however, seems a bit worried about the whole affair and now can be termed only an 80 percent Clinton apologist. I noticed that Davis wasn't coming off well; he seemed spacey, inarticulate, gnomish, almost as if he were on Valium or something.

Well, it turns out the poor guy *was* on something. For he was on medication to dissolve a blood clot in his brain, the result of a vicious beating over the head he suffered in front of his hotel room door in Little Rock. Davis was finishing up his research into Whitewater on February 14. Returning to his room at the Legacy Hotel around

(Cont. next page, col. 2)



### THE EAR

by Sarah Barton

A female Secret Service agent is in big trouble: by mistake, she walked in on a scene of lesbian debauchery at the White House, and Hillary was one of the debauchees.

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Can you beat this: Bill Clinton giving someone (Hillary) a moral character reference?

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The dominant hotshots at the Rose Law Firm in Little Rock were called the "Four Musketeers": Webb Hubbell,

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(THE EAR cont. from pg. 1)

Vince Foster, William Kennedy, and Hillary Clinton. Two down, two to go?

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For those few people still interested, the early morning favorite for the Libertarian Party nomination for President in '96 is Michigander Mary Ruwart. Ruwart, who wants the L.P. to appeal to Left-liberals even more than it does now, aims to Heal the World through LOVE, and to merge the L.P. with the "Natural Law Party," a Transcendental Meditation cult. This New Age fusion would bring the world the "external peace" of liberty, combined with the "internal peace" of TM.

And the lion shall lie down with the lamb, and everyone shall take soma...

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"Evidence steadily mounts that William F. Buckley Jr., the quick-witted, free-thinking libertarian, has been kidnapped and, as part of a diabolical plan to undermine the conservative cause, replaced with a doppelganger," says *Spy* magazine.

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"Cato was paid to support Nafta," a prominent radio talkshow host is telling everyone, "so now I call them the Taco Institute."

(LITTLE ROCK cont. from pg. 1)

6:30 P.M., he only remembers waking up on the floor four hours later, partially paralyzed and with a huge lump, the result of a "powerful blow above the left ear."

Was this a simple robbery? Well, you be the judge: his watch was not taken, and his wallet still had a couple of hundred dollars. There *was* something stolen, however: four "very significant" pages of Davis's White-water notebook were torn out. (See Deroy Murdock, *New York Post*, March 23.) Furthermore,

Davis reports that shortly before the beating, a "high government official in Washington" had warned him that he was getting "into a red zone" and that you'd better "work your ass off and get out of there as fast as possible." Not only that: he had received an anonymous threatening phone call based on the private computer transmission of his article to the *New Republic*.

This is scarcely all the Clinton-related violence or violent death committed in or around Little Rock in recent months. There is, for example, the fascinating case of Larry Parks, the owner of American

Contract Services, Inc., a firm that had provided security guards to Clinton's presidential campaign and to his post-campaign transition headquarters in Little Rock.

Parks had become intrigued by Slick Willie's numerous marital infidelities, and had begun a detailed investigation of them from the 1983 gubernatorial campaign on. Parks's research was hidden in two name-and-photo-filled files in his bedroom.

Last September, the Parks home was broken into, and the phone lines

cut, thereby knocking out the home's security system. Shortly afterward, Larry Parks, returning home from a Mexican restaurant, was shot to death at close range by ten bullets from a 9mm semi-automatic pistol. When Parks's widow and their son looked in his bedroom for the Clinton files, they found that the files "were just missing." The widow added, "I suppose they must have been stolen."

Needless to say, neither Larry Parks's murderer nor the thief have been discovered. Mrs. Parks stated, "I believe it [the murder] was premeditated. I believe someone has been watching us." And their

**Needless to say, neither Larry Parks's murderer nor the thief have been discovered.**

son Gary, a 23-year-old former Navy submarine navigator, added: "I believe they had my father killed to save Bill Clinton's political career."

Then there is the mysterious violent death of Herschel Friday. Friday was head of Arkansas' largest law firm, Eldredge & Clark, and was a member of Bill Clinton's presidential campaign finance committee, in a position, in other words, to know some important things about the financing of the 1992 Clinton campaign. On March 1, Herschel Friday, an experienced and "very excellent" pilot, was landing his private plane at his private airfield in Little Rock. It was drizzling, and the landing was at dusk, but both the plane's and the landing strip's lights were lit, and his son was guiding Friday toward the ground by radio. Then, suddenly, "something happened that got him disoriented and he dropped out of sight"; Friday's plane crashed and he was killed.

Another murderous plane crash—this time in fine weather—wiped out another potential Clintonian informant only two days later. Conservative journalist Ambrose Evans-Pritchard, Washington correspondent for the London *Sunday Telegraph*, had planned to fly to Little Rock to interview Ronald Rogers, a dentist from Royal, Arkansas, who was going to share "some knowledge of a sensitive nature" about personalities and transactions" in Clintonian Arkansas. On

March 4, Evans-Pritchard received a phone call from the man who had arranged the meeting. Skip the trip to Arkansas, said the contact, "they got him last night." "They got him" in a crash the night before of a twin-engine Cessna plane headed north from Dallas to Denver. At 10:30 P.M. on a clear night, the pilot of the plane reported "electrical trouble," and said that he planned to "refuel" in Lawton, Oklahoma. Yet the plane crashed, killing the pilot and three passengers, including Dr. Rogers, 45 miles south of Lawton, near Wichita Falls, Texas. Curiously, the plane had a full tank of gas, and the pilot seems to have been lost, a map and magnifying glass being found after the crash near the pilot's seat.

Wichita Falls TV reporter David Keating, who covered the crash, was mystified. "It's kind of strange. I don't know why they'd be this far off course. The plane took a complete nose dive. The front of the plane was totally demolished and the back was intact. The whole thing is weird."

Evans-Pritchard's conclusion: "It's a bit difficult for people to understand that this is going on in the borders of the U.S." The "this," he made clear, is a "serious shutting-up operation underway."

So, in addition to the financial cesspool being uncovered in Arkansas, how about a detailed, truly independent, heavily-financed, *criminal* investigation into various

acts of murder and violence associated with Larry Parks? Who (and What) Killed Herschel Friday? Who (and What) Killed Dr. Ronald Rogers? Who bludgeoned L.J. Davis? Let's clean out the cesspool, no matter *how high up* we have to go!

Impeach Clinton! ■

## Some Reflections on the Olympics

by M.N.R.

I know that everyone has by now OD'd on the millions of words poured out on Tonya, Nancy, and the rest, but there are still aspects of the late Winter Olympics that have been largely overlooked.

1. It was a real pleasure to see the healthy, happy people of Norway enjoy their Olympics, and to see them zipping along the snow and ice of Lillehammer streets on their vertical sled contraptions (I think called "sparks") while all the tourists were slipping and sliding. It was a pleasure to see Norway come in 1-2-3 in skiing.

2. From the above it is obvious that I dissent from the American ultra-chauvinism that has always been endemic to TV coverage of the Olympics. If Americans are not competing in a sport it doesn't get covered at all, and when they do compete, some American coming in 32nd is closely followed