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The Two Faces of Billary

by Murray N. Rothbard

Saint . . .

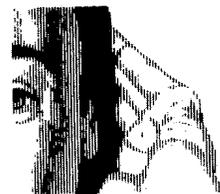
By the last week in May, both the public and the media image of Billary Clinton was splitting radically into its two constituent parts, or faces: Saint and Sinner; the Good, and if not quite yet the *Evil Twin*, at least he's getting there.

The Saint, of course, is our exalted Madam president, La Rodham. At the very same time that the approval rating, and the image, of Slick Willie is dropping like a stone, and the media are getting increasingly disgusted with him, Hillary is literally being elevated to sainthood.

The canonization of Saint Hillary was consummated in the May 23 issue of the *New York Times Magazine*, which features an article by Michael Kelly entitled "Saint Hillary," replete with a full-page painting of Hillary tricked out as Saint Joan. Chillingly, the article contains only a modicum of irony; indeed, it is a highly admiring depiction of Hillary as leading the charge for "something on the order of a Reformation: the remaking of the American way of politics, government, indeed life." A tall order, especially since some of us have always thought that the First Reformation was tough enough to handle. But we are sternly

warned in the article not to mock this effort, a noble effort to embark on a "politics of virtue." For Hillary has set out to "make things right," to reform the world, to "make the world a better place." Hillary Rodham is a living example of the Failure of the American Educational System, much more so than the shiv-wielding illiterate young goons who stalk the halls and classrooms of our nation's public school system. For she is the embodiment of (God help us!) the half-educated Best and Brightest of our system, trained at Wellesley and Yale to their divine right to run the world. Talked out of her parents, Goldwaterism at Wellesley and by her hometown Methodist preacher, she

(Cont. Page 4, col.3)



THE EAR

by Sarah Barton

Thanks to my gossip sister Liz Smith for this one: Geraldine

Barr, sister of the notorious Roseanne, was fired by Roseanne in 1990, perhaps for siding with their parents on the "child sexual abuse" charges. Geraldine is trying to peddle her HOT Tell All book about Roseanne, and yet no publisher will touch it. Why? Because

Roseanne is just about the "most powerful woman in the

(Cont. next page, col. 1)

**The Saint
is our
exalted
Madam
president,
La Rodham.**

INSIDE

<i>Rating Senate Republicans</i>	7
<i>Anti-War Alliance Lives</i> , by M.N.R.	8
<i>The Arkansas-Stephens Connection</i> , by M.N.R.	8
<i>Approved Racism</i> , by Llewellyn H. Rockwell, Jr.	10
<i>Where Do I Point The Hose?</i> , by L.H.R., Jr.	11
<i>Quotes That Need No Comment</i>	12
<i>Illusions</i> , by L.H.R., Jr.	16
<i>PC Watch</i> , by L.H.R., Jr.	18
<i>More Quotes That Need No Comment</i>	19
<i>Toward A Paleo Right</i> , by Greg Kaza	22
<i>Warning! On Bret Schundler</i> , by M.N.R.	23

As the Ear reported last month, our prez spent the evening before his Yeltsin summit with dirty-movie star Sharon Stone. Now, at a Democratic Party fundraiser, he rearranged the seating to place her next to him.

Pat Buckley, wife of Bill, complained about the travails of flying to Switzerland with their three King Charles Spaniels. Swiss-Air only allows one dog per section of the aircraft. "It drives me crazy," she phoned from Gstaad. "I travel in first, Bill travels in second, and my maid travels in tourist. Halfway through the trip, we all change places." (Thanks to the *Washington Monthly*.)

The neoconservative National Center for Public Policy Research, claiming that blacks were "alarmed and outraged" by the nomination of the aforementioned Webster Hubbell—former law partner and pal of Hillary, and the spitting image of Chelsea. When he was nominated for the #3 post in the "Justice" Department, the NCPRR demanded that the Senate reject him because he belonged to a white country club in Little Rock. The neo-

Did you ever wonder how the media found out about Hairgate?

cons' Paul Weyrich, joined in. Hubb's character is "unfit," they say, because white social organizations are immoral. Black social organizations, on the other hand, are examples of "diversity."

Hey—did you ever wonder how the media found out about Hairgate, probably the single most damaging event in the great May meltdown of Slick Willie? It turns out that hairgate was leaked to the media by the p.r. people of Cristophe, the Clinton family hairdresser who was

simply *furious* at Hillary's deserting him and getting her new do at the Frenchman Frederic Fekkai's salon at New York's Bergdorf Goodman.

Isn't that great, and doesn't it also confirm the "stereotype" about how very bitchy hairdressers can be?

And by the way, if Cristophe's nifty do helped save Hillary's image during the campaign, and made her look like a svelte matron, don't you think that the new power do of Fekkai's makes her look very dykey? Is this more the True Hillary?

Thanks for this great item to the wonderful Page Six of the *New York Post*. ■

(TWO FACES cont. from pg.1)

discovered alienation and the Social Gospel with Paul Tillich, and the admonition not to be reluctant to wield Power in the service of the Good as explained by that other malignant Protestant clergyman of the 20th century, Reinhold Niebuhr. Mix that with the multi-cultural, multi-gendered New Age, and we have the new Religious Left, the cosmic Do-Gooder armed with the Sword of St. Joan, Isabel Paterson's Humanitarian with the Guillotine. We have, in short, Saint Hillary and her legions from Hell.

Hillary was always the media's darling, not Willie; and it is almost painfully clear that Willie is only useful as Hillary's Road to Power. And the great thing is that, like other First Ladies of the Past, Hillary has the glamor and the bully pulpit without the accountability, without paying for the screw-ups as their spouses must inevitably pay. And so the media can keep burnishing the image of their Heroine without any errors to distract them. It is the First Husband who must make the compromises and mess things up in the real world, while Saint Eleanor or Hillary remains unsullied.

Unlike the arduous process in the Catholic Church, the media's canonization of Hillary took a mere year-and-a-half; and you can bet there was no Devil's Advocate allowed to sully the premises. Phase One was the aging grad student-Lady Macbeth; she of the long hair and the headband. The glowering co-president in waiting. Quickly, the adoring

media, with the aid of the now notorious Cristophe, transformed Hillary into the stylish blond matron, baking cookies, and looking uncannily like a thinner Tipper Gore. No sooner did Inauguration Day hit, when this Phase Two was replaced by the old-co-President, though in Phase Three Lady Macbeth has been miraculously transmuted into Saint Hillary, with her mission to save and change the world. This Religious Left mission is out of the old Social Gospel and by New Age theologians from Tillich to Hillary's latest religious mentor, the pro-war peacenik Michael Lerner, goopy editor of *Tikkun*, and coiner of Hillary's latest beloved phrase, "the politics of meaning." The old Social Gospellers set out to use the State to "make America" and later the world "holy," and the current Religious Left, while it would never use the word "holy," treats the rest of us with even more of the same overweening coercive arrogance.

The Clintons as embodiment of the Religious Left had already been remarked on by John Judis (favorably) in the *New Republic*, early in the new Administration; and, with magnificent scorn and bitterness, by humorist Fran Lebowitz, in her Inauguration Day interview in the *New York Times*.

But it's not only the Left. While the conservative rank-and-file have the proper loathing for Hillary, not so the Official Conservative leaders. One day, flipping on C-Span, what should I come across but a *National Review* press conference in Washington evaluat-

ing the Hundred Days. The big shots, Buckley & O'Sullivan, were not there, but the second-rankers were out in force: publisher Ed Capano, president Tom Rhodes, and, for the female angle, Kate Walsh O'Beirne. Featured was senior editor Bill Bennett. Everyone was scornful of Clinton, and I was actually having a pleasant time—virtually the only such program (except for Rush Limbaugh) in many a moon, when suddenly my peace was shattered. For one (female) reporter asked the panel what they thought of Hillary over the First Hundred Days, and *all* of them—Bennett, O'Beirne, etc.—chorused respectfully: Oh, she's a definite plus. Very Good. Etc. Drat! Is there to be no surcease?

So hold on to your hats, folks, for Saint Hillary has come to work her will upon us. But look, if she's *really* supposed to be Saint Joan, a few little details have to be gotten out of the way. Let's see, first, she has to be burned at the stake. Hey, this is beginning to sound pretty good. . . .

. . . and Sinner

But meanwhile, the news is looking very good for inveterate Clinton-haters. The third week in May was a spectacular week for us: kicking off with the excellent Boren-Johnston proposal to scrap the rotten energy tax, cut some of the income tax increases, and put caps on some entitlement programs. When even loyal Democrats are kicking over the traces—next came Rep. Dave McCurdy of Oklahoma—this early in a Democrat Admini-

stration, things are really falling apart. There is even a good chance that the energy tax will go the way of the "stimulus package," and if that happens the entire nightmare Clinton "economic plan" could go down the tube.

But this was only the beginning of the week. Next came the Clinton nomination to the powerful post of Asst. Attorney-General for civil rights, none other than the horrendous lantern-jawed multicultural (half-black, half-Jewish) ultra-leftist Professor Lani Guinier. La Lani turns out to be Beyond Quotas and into Black Calhounism, that is, *one* minority—black—deserves to have veto power to trump majority rule. So awful is La Lani that even as moderate a civil rightster as Clint Bolick is taking the lead in opposing her nomination, and there is a good chance that she might be stopped in her tracks, and sent back to that well-known hellhole, the University of Pennsylvania.

(As an old Columbia man myself, I used to sing an entire song devoted to a blistering critique of the University of Pennsylvania, which ended with the malediction:

To Hell, to Hell with Pennsylvania

(Repeat)

(Repeat)

To Hell with U. of P., Pee-yew!

Next came a magnificent one-two punch of self-destruction by our beloved President.

There was the brutal firing of the White House Travel Office, heavy with the unproven implication of crookery by these career officials. One new revel-

ation piled on top of another, as peckerwood cronyism went cheek-by-jowl with politicizing of the revered FBI. It turned out that the skids had been greased for these travel officials by a memo sent from Arkansas by William Jefferson's cousin, the kid Catherine Cornelius, who promptly replaced the Martyred Seven, and that lobbying had been done for this brutal change by the Clintons' big Hollywood (ex-Arkansan), pal, Harry Thomason, who enjoys a "residential pass" to the White House. It also turns out that Harry's altruistic gesture was performed on behalf of his business partner in a travel agency. And then the FBI was hastily called in to try to smear the Travel Office Seven, the head of which blubbered effectively on television that none of his people was a crook.

Clinton, Steph, and the rest reacted with their usual odious pattern of defensive smears, lies, evasions, and grudging backtracking.

Worst of all, from the media standpoint, was La Cornelius's original memo, long before the alleged financial irregularities allegedly discovered at the Travel Office, charging that office with being "overly pro-press." Since Clinton had treated his adoring media attendants viciously from the beginning of his reign, this was the last straw.

The media people love Clinton ideologically, but they are, after all, human, and they resent being kicked around. Fortunately this is going to help Bring Slick Willie Down. For the bitter press are no longer disposed to cover for Willie,

which means that the American public are going to be allowed in on more and more of the truth.

And while Little Rock's World Wide Travel was booted out of the Travel Office less than 24 hours after they were installed, as of this writing 25-year old Cousin Cornelius ("distant" cousin though she may be) is still there running the show. (And, *what*, by the way, has Cousin Cornelius been doing with her short life before she got to be White House Travel Chieftain?)

Coincident with the Travel Office scandal, which got the media where it hurt, came the Haircut Incident, which got to the American masses. Holding up runways at LAX, holding up planes going in or out, holding up traffic to and from the airport, to rush in the Belgian hair-stylist Cristophe to give Our Ruler a \$200 haircut while sitting in the plane?! That down-home guy who wolfs down Big Macs? Tying up traffic and planes for a 200-dollar haircut by some Frog? (Efforts to explain that, well, it wasn't really 200 hundred dollars, because no one knows *how much* because the whole family has the Frog on hair-styling retainer, scarcely mended matters with the American masses.) The more Steph and the others tried to explain, the more the American public was disgusted.

And then, in the same week, the *Washington Post*, out for blood, disclosed two more neglected matters. Even after the haircut flap, Slick Willie sat on the tarmac in a plane at Los Alamos and had some lesser

hair-stylist trim his sideburns and *apply makeup*. Let the American masses start hearing about their formerly beloved Down-Home Willie getting makeup much more often, and they are going to start making possibly unfair connections with Willie's unpopular gays-in-the-military stance.

And then there was an even more troubling incident revealed by the *Post*: the curious episode in New Hampshire where White House aide Dave Anderson insisted that a beautiful Manchester, New Hampshire, TV anchor-lady named Nanette Hansen personally apply makeup to the President before he would grant her an interview! So mortified and "uncomfortable" was Nanette Hansen that she mentioned the incident in a later newscast, prompting a personal apology from Anderson's White House boss Jeff Eller.

But what was really going on here? Was Slick Willie pulling a Jack Kennedy? Was this personal makeup bit a sample of Slick Willie's not-so-slick seduction technique?

And finally, there were Willie's vicious "jokes" at the correspondents' dinner attacking Rush Limbaugh and Senator Dole, both of which fell flat, and damaged Clinton's image as a Good Ole Boy-Smiler.

More and more, self-indulgent Prince Willie is beginning to look like a bush-league version of some Roman Emperor.

As if all this weren't enough, this was the week that Willie finally caved on Bosnia, grievously disappointing all the expectant legion of neocons that

were ready to send thousands of American troops to fight and die to impose "democracy" in the mountains of Bosnia.

Maybe it's my congenital optimism peeping through, but I detect the strong smell of death pervading the Clinton Administration; everything is unraveling, going sour, going wrong. Nothing has been passed, and everything has gone sour on every front, from Zoe Baird to the gays-in-the military to the wacko socialistic Economic Plan to Bosnia to the feds' bonfire of Christians at Waco to the marvelous May peccadilloes to which the public personally and strongly relates. And when Willie tried to recoup matters by going back to his Permanent Campaign and his lousy Town Meetings, he was met at San Diego with chants and placards: "CLINTON-GORE, GONE IN FOUR!" And this was his HONEYMOON period!

Bob Dole has been proven prophetic: this was the briefest and most unpleasant honeymoon since the Bride of Lammermoor.

So what can we do about it, except keep the pressure on? Do we have to wait for Four Years? Why can't we Think the Unthinkable; why can't we Impeach the bum?

But, you say, what high crimes and misdemeanors has Willie committed, that would justify his impeachment and ouster from office? But this misconceives the situation. The fact is, Clinton can be impeached on any grounds; we don't have to wait for his disobeying the law, or for a Watergate break in. Willie Clinton can be impeach-

ed and convicted and ousted for being precisely what he is: a blankety-blank smirking, yuppified, lying, evading, womanizing, power-loving, hyper-energetic, multi-cultural, messianic, peckerwood Menshevik. Isn't that enough?

Ever since he got into office, William Jefferson Clinton has been racing around like a chicken-without-a head. Feel

ing the heady rush of power, he and his yuppie buddies have been staying up all night at the White House, "grazing," eating pizzas, in and out of each other's offices, with one plan after another on how to run and ruin our lives. So heady has this rush been that he has been racing around, "unfocused," trying to do a million things on every front,

Rating Senate Republicans

On May 4, Senate Republicans faced a crucial test: whether or not to elevate the monstrous Environmental Protective Agency to Cabinet status, as a Department of the Environment. Unfortunately, they flunked that test, 26 Republicans voting Yes, 14 voting No, and 3 not voting. The heroic 14 get a "+", the 26 a "-" and the three non-voters a "0."

Alaska Murkowski — Stevens 0	Maine Cohen —	Pennsylvania Specter —
Arizona McCain —	Minnesota Durenberger —	Rhode Island Chafee —
Colorado Brown —	Mississippi Lott — Cochran —	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 Kempthorne + Craig +	New Mexico Domenici —	Vermont Jeffords —
Indiana Coats — Lugar 0	New York D'Amato —	Virginia Warner 0
Iowa Grassley —	North Carolina Faircloth — Helms +	Washington Gorton —
Kansas Dole — Kassebaum —	Oklahoma Nickles +	Wyoming Wallop + Simpson +
Kentucky McConnell —	Oregon Packwood — Hatfield —	

backtracking when meeting resistance, spinning, trying another tack. Racing around like a chicken-without-a-head and accomplishing what you would expect such a creature to accomplish. But you know what inevitably happens to the proverbial chicken-without-a head? He's gone.

Impeach Clinton! And don't you think the liberals would agree, if only Hillary were Vice-President? ■

Anti-War Alliance Lives!

by M.N.R.

The old anti-war Left may be dead as a doornail, and signed up in the war-mongering ranks, but I'm delighted to say that the old Left-Right-libertarian anti-war coalition is alive and well at Stanford University. On May 7, there appeared an Appeal Against Intervention in the Bosnian conflict, addressed as an Open Letter to President Clinton. The Open Letter points out that the Serbs are not the only ethnic cleansers and that the conflict in Bosnia is a civil war, which can only be ended by a political agreement among the warring parties. Outside military intervention will only make matters worse, and increase the slaughter. The thirty-five faculty signers constitute the Balkan Peace Committee, 822 Los Robles Ave., Palo Alto, CA 94306.

Leftist signers include Barton Bernstein, New Left historian; Martin Carnoy, Marxist educa-

tor; David B. Tyack, New Left educational historian; and David M. Kennedy, Decline of Empire historian; conservatives include Lewis Gann and Tom Moore of the Hoover Institution; and libertarians include Bill Evers, Bob Hessen, Pete Boettke, and David Henderson of the Hoover Institution, and Ron Howard of the Department of Engineering-Economic Systems. The distinguished Balkan historian Wayne S. Vucinich also graces the signers.

Way to go, Stanford! ■

The Arkansas-Stephens Connection

by M.N.R.

We have all been learning far more about Arkansas sleaze than we ever dreamed we'd have to know. The gambling killer-nurse Queen Mother, the thuggish First Brother, the tacky and horrendous Thomasons, the kid Cousin Cathy Cornelius—the demon travel agent, all these peckerwoods from Arkansas have been forced upon our attention. But what's been missing has been Big Money, and we owe thanks to Doug Ireland of the leftist *Village Voice*, who has put it all together (VV, June 8) with the help of some dull and incomplete articles in the *New York Times*, plus Ireland's contacts at the *National Mortgage News* and an article by Steve Pizzo in the *Bank Resolution Reporter*.

The Arkansas Connection centers around the extremely

wealthy Stephens family, owners of Stephens, Inc. of Little Rock. Founder of Stephens, Inc. was the late W.R. ("Witt") Stephens, who was also the longtime head of Arkla, Inc., the huge natural gas combine, whose former president and CEO was none other than Bill Clinton's beloved childhood buddy and current chief of staff, Thomas ("Mack") McLarty.

It is well-known that Hillary Rodham Clinton's power law firm was the Rose law firm of Little Rock. Less well known is that Rose has long been the attorney for the powerful Stephens interests. To be more specific, let us consider the fate of some of Hillary's senior partners at the Rose firm. First, there is Webster ("Webb") Hubbell, now No. 3 at the Department of Justice, and apparently the *de facto* Attorney-General, the beloved La Reno to the contrary notwithstanding. Stephens, Inc. has for many years been the major underwriter and seller of municipal bonds in the State of Arkansas, and it is interesting that Webb Hubbell was, from 1979 to 1981, the mayor of Little Rock, an important issuer of such bonds. Another Rose partner was Vincent Foster, who personally represented Stephens, Inc. and who is now deputy White House counsel. A third Rose partner was the head of the Rose law firm William H. Kennedy 3rd, who also represented the Stephens family; Kennedy is now associate White House counsel.

It turns out that Stephens, Inc. was involved in several peccadilloes which brought it