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 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

3 May 1994
while the leaders get ignored. 
One of the worst things 
about left-liberalism is its 
insistence on politicizing all 
of life, and the chauvinist 
hype is one aspect of the 
politicization. Sports are sup-
posed to be individual, or 
team, efforts, and should 
have nothing to do with gov-
ernment or politics, and what 
used to be hailed as the 
"Olympic ideal" was set 
against such emphasis on the 
State. All of this has been long 
gotten, the turning point 
coming with the disgraceful 
banning of South African ath-
letes from the Olympics be-
cause of disagreement with 
that country's political system.

The feminist slogan, "the 
personal is the political," 
sums up much of what con-
servatives and libertarians 
should be dedicated to comb-
bat and crush. The counter to 
that is the reverse: "the politi-
cal is the personal," and "con-
spiracy" analysis of the 
nefarious activities of power 
elites, right down to White-
watergate, is an expression of 
that counter-slogan.

3. There’s almost a one-to-
one correlation: every leftist 
pundit, every left-liberal 
sports writer (and they are 
legion) came down fervently 
in favor of Tonya Harding. 
It’s almost like a test; virtually 
every despicable person I 
know turns out to be a Tonya 
fan. Interviewed on TV dur-
ing the Olympics, the pomp-
ous quasi-nitwit Frank Rich, 
the latest entry in the horrible 
stable of New York Times op-
ed writers, started to explain 
why he was pro-Tonya. "It’s 
a class thing," he said, refer-
ing to the famous Tonya-
Nancy controversy. He started 
to explain that Tonya came 
from a poor background, 
when he suddenly caught him-
self, and was reduced to mum-
bling from then on, since he 
obviously realized that the 
Kerrigans were poor too.

The difference is not 
"class," and it is disingenu-
ous for the Left to pretend 
otherwise. The difference is 
character, what the nine-
teenth century used to call the 
"deserving" versus the 
"underserving" poor. The Ker-
rigans were poor but honest 
Boston Irish, the father work-
ing at three jobs to raise the 
money for Nancy’s skating 
lessons. Tonya, on the other 
hand, is a true product of her 
rotten white-trash family. She 
is at one and the same time an 
inveterate thug and a whin-
ing victimologist—and come 
to think of it, these two spe-
tacularly unattractive quali-
ties often go together. (Leftists, of course, like to use 
pseudo-scientific psycho-
babble terms such as "dysfunc-
tional" family, as if the prob-
lem were some sort of disease rather 
than a rotten moral character.) 
Thuggish: apart from the 
Gilhooley charge of complicity 
in the kneecapping assault on 
Nancy; taking a baseball bat 
to another woman in a park-
ing-lot dispute; snarling "I’ll 
kick her butt" about Nancy 
Kerrigan, etc. Whining victim-
ologist: the incredible shoe-
lace caper at the Olympics, 
which was the fourth time in 
recent years that Tonya started 
skating, did badly, and then 
went whining to the judges 
about her untied shoelace, her 
broken skate, and all the rest. 
How come that no one else in 
championship skating, has 
ever had an alleged problem 
with her skates or shoes in the 
middle of a competition? 
And why is it that each and 
every time the wimpy judges 
caved in? At the Olympics, 
the result was to ruin the 
performance of the poor Ca-
nadian skater who was sched-
uled to skate after Tonya and 
who was rushed prematurely 
onto the ice by the authorities.

I mean, my shoe laces are 
ofen untied, but I don’t pre-
tend to be a championship 
skater.

Leftist shrinks and pundits, 
when they got off the class 
kick, were more accurate in 
their description of the differ-
ence between Tonya and 
Nancy, although, of course, 
they came out on the wrong 
side. As one shrink put it: "It’s 
like a Rohrschach test. The 
people who are pro-Nancy 
believe in ‘playing by the 
rules.’ [How square of them!] 
The pro-Tonya people iden-
tify with her resentments at 
the hard knocks of life.”

There’s an important corol-
ary difference between the 
pro-Nancy and pro-Tonya 
forces. Leftists hate Nancy 
because her skating is elegant, 
her demeanor ladylike and 
Katherine Hepburn-ish. (The 
Hepburn illusion, I’m afraid, 
shattered whenever Nancy 
opened her mouth to speak.) 
Whereas Tonya didn’t even try
for an illusion of ladylike. Even before the Tonya-Nancy incident, I always disliked Tonya’s skating, which reflects her personality, heavy-footed, clumpy, thuggish. Figure skating is a blend of the athletic and the elegant. Harding was always more athletic than Kerrigan, but spectacularly inelegant. A couple of years ago, Tonya’s athleticism began to slip, whereas Kerrigan’s has been improving. Hence, the perceived need, at least among Tonya’s “husband” and Gang-Who-Couldn’t Hit Straight entourage for measures that, to say the least, don’t play by the rules.

4. And speaking of rules, the entire Harding incident brings into stark relief the wimpiness, the cowardice of the Olympic and figure-skating authorities. Let Tonya flash a couple of lawyers at the Olympic solons, and they crumpled immediately. The left-liberal doctrine, advanced at the time by no less than our beloved Slick Willie, speaking of course as an expert on ethics (and who, naturally, was pro-Tonya), was that Harding should be allowed to skate at the Olympics because she hadn’t been “convicted of a crime.” (And Slick Willie hasn’t been convicted yet either, right?) What is this nonsense about being convicted of a crime? What happened to the good old days when participation in an Olympic event was a privilege to be taken away from an athlete at the slightest hint of “unsportsmanlike conduct”? At the very least, Tonya’s unsportsmanlike conduct was glaring and evident. All this made me yearn for the good old days, the many decades when Avery Brundage, a crusty Old Rightist, ruled the Olympics with an iron hand. One time, he tossed out Eleanor Holm from the Olympic swimming team because she dared to drink a glass of liquor! Also, Brundage was firm in upholding the “amateur ideal”; none of this Nike endorsement nonsense for his Olympic athletes. I must confess that at the time, when I was growing up, I believed that Brundage was too autocratic and the amateur ideal too rigid. But look how the Olympics have degenerated since his demise! Mea culpa, Avery. And Avery, where are you now that we need you so desperately?

The best comment on all this came recently when I was lamenting the situation to an old friend and said that I yearned for the days of Avery Brundage. “Yes,” said my friend bitterly, “that was before athletes had ‘rights.’”

5. Not that I was aggressively pro-Kerrigan. On opening her mouth, she turned out to be ungracious. Besides, she virtually never smiled; the figure skater should be joyous about her craft. And so I thought all’s well that ended well when Tonya, despite favoritism from the judges, finished way behind, and Oksana Bayul, the Ukrainian charmer, won the gold. Oksana was the best athlete as well as the most elegant; despite Kerrigan’s grousing, Oksana had the presence of mind to recover her failure to do a triple and insert it at the end of her program, something that Nancy had failed to do.

So the figure skating soap opera ended fittingly. Now, if we can only get rid of the international authorities and Bring Back Brundage, we should be able to sit through the next Olympics with some enthusiasm.

Clintonian Ugly
by M.N.R.

I have to face it: my loathing of the Clintons and their Administration is so intense that it has become absolute, unbounded, almost cosmic in its grandeur. As Clinton’s fortunes have gone on a con-