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After Perot, What?

by Murray N. Rothbard

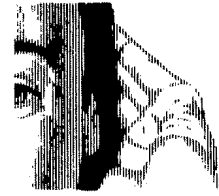
Never trust a billionaire. I have had personal experience of several billionaires, and this was the conclusion that has reluctantly but inexorably forced itself upon me. Never trust them; they are killers of the very dreams they themselves create.

Billionaires, especially if they are self-made, are virtually by definition bright. They are, almost by definition, clear and independent thinkers, setting their own course in life. Being masterful entrepreneurs, they are supremely confident in their own ability to tackle tough tasks and to conquer them.

But like all tragic heroes, they suffer from the failings of their very virtues. Bright and independent, they tend to scorn advice, a particular problem when they apply their entrepreneurial expertise to new and unfamiliar fields. Worse, they tend to become arrogant and thin-skinned, and brush away all criticism as the flea bites of lesser men. And being billionaires, they suffer from the same problem as the Emperor Caligula or, often, the President of the United States. Like the legendary 800-pound gorilla, who gets to sit *wherever he wants*, the billionaire is told, by his colleagues and subordinates, *whatever he wants to hear*. He becomes surrounded by toadies

and yes-men, because anyone else soon gets to be booted out of his charmed inner circle. And so, the billionaire becomes a candid and independent crank, often a crackpot, a monomaniac rattling off his cranky views to those who are paid to nod sagely at his greatness. And thus, the billionaire allows himself to get cut off from reality, and his yes-men feed into the problem. So now we get: the billionaire with ideas, with social views. Even if his basic instincts are good, even if he tends to favor entrepreneurs as against government, the arrogance, the cutoff from reality, the monomaniacal crankiness will bring him low. More important, when the billionaire has an inspiring vision, he will inspire people with that vision, and then *destroy*

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THE EAR

by Sarah Barton

Bill Clinton may have a paternity suit filed against him in Arkansas by a black woman,

Bobby Ann Williams, who claims that her seven-year-old son Danny is the spitting image of his dad. Bobby Ann says that Bill paid her and her sister to have sex, but refused to support his son. Both women are reputed to have passed lie-detector tests,

and Bill has apparently refused to take the blood test that would clear him, or nail him.

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it, as his attention wanes and shifts to other spheres. For the billionaire tends to recognize no responsibility to the people he has sucked into his dream; in many ways, he is like a destructive little kid armed with power beyond his years.

But H. Ross Perot sank far beneath the status of a tragic hero. Not only did he create an inspiring dream, a dream of leadership that offered the best way out for an America sinking to its cultural, moral, and economic knees; but he made a solemn vow, a solemn contract with the four million volunteers who poured out, who worked their hearts out, who spent their own hard-earned money without thought of reward, to make H. Ross Perot President of the United States. He exuded East Texan sincerity as he solemnly promised the American people that night on the Larry King show: "You, the American people, put me on the ballot in fifty states, and I promise you a world-class campaign." Four million wonderful Americans, most of them never involved in politics before, believed that pledge; they spent their money, worked like beavers, were clearly getting Perot on the ballot in a magnificent outpouring unprecedented in American history, and then . . . H. Ross Perot punked out. He broke his word to his volunteers, he destroyed their dreams, and on the flimsiest of excuses which is simply not to be believed: as if he simply never realized, this can-do Mr. Fixit never got it through his noodle, that a three-way election might go into the House

of Representatives, and that the choice would then be made in January. Come on, Ross, surely you can think of a better alibi than that!

July 16, 1992, will go down as a terrible, black day in American political history—a one, two punch in the gut: not only the coronation of Mr. Despicable by the Democrat Party, but even more the betrayal by Ross Perot of the mass movement he had brought into being. The pleas of Perot that the volunteers stick together are pathetic: stick together *for what?* There was no ideology that bound them: only the expectation of a break in the rotten two-party system and the coming to power of genuine leadership and an advance to a strong form of direct democracy. Now, that's all out the window, and the vicious power elites, our rotten bipartisan rulers, and particularly the gentlemen who run the *New York Times* and the *New Republic*, can rest easy now; they have brought down another victim, another popular outsider who might have challenged their vicious Menshovich rule.

Why *really* did Perot punk out? Who knows? As *The Shadow*, that grand old radio drama of the 1930s, used to say: "Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men?" (He answered, "*The Shadow* knows," coupled with great, sinister laugh, but unfortunately *The Shadow* isn't around anymore to let us in on it.) Is he thin-skinned, a coward who can't stand the heat he himself invited, or, as they say these days, the "scrutiny" of the barracudas in the media? Probably. But he

started it, and he should have seen it through. Knowing some billionaires, however, I have another explanation. Billionaires tend to be cheap SOB's. When a billionaire spends a couple of million on a cause, he thinks he's making a big sacrifice, and that the cause owes him undying gratitude. But what we all have to realize is that couple of million for a billionaire is like you and I buying a hamburger. It's penny-ante stuff. Ross Perot made some concrete promises: He said he'd be willing to spend "\$100 million or whatever it takes to win the presidency." Actually, he only spent a few piddly million. He *says* \$10 million, but a month before he pulled out, he had only spent a measly \$2 million, while the majors had spent \$17 million apiece. Let's not forget that the Perot punkout was preceded by the Rollins resignation, which in turn was precipitated by the refusal of Perot to spend money on TV ads produced by Hal Riney. In other words, it was *when Perot was faced with the prospect of spending real dough* that he punked out. Maybe he thought he could win on the cheap, just by appearing on Larry King and at a few volunteer rallies. Cheap SOB.

On the terrible July 16, H. Ross Perot deliberately broke the hearts of four million—at least—of his followers. Many were interviewed on TV, expressing emotions ranging from hurt to bitterness, to a sobbing plea that Perot return to the lists, that somehow he change his mind. Poor people; it was a heartbreaking sight,

and the phones of devoted Perotvians rang all day and night expressing shock, rage, and misery. "There's no hope." "What can we do?" These were typical expressions of shock and despair.

But one thing, fellow Perotvians: some of you don't understand. There's no way this guy is going to come back again. Because none of us will trust him ever again. This guy deserves not our pleading, but our scorn and hatred. He deserves the vengeance of the followers he misled and betrayed. He won't get that; it is rare that justice is perfectly served in this world. But one thing I can assure you:

this guy's name is M-U-D from now on, through recorded history. At his press conference announcing his punkout, Perot was asked: "What are you going to do now, Mr. Perot?" Ross Perot laughed a jolly laugh, throwing his head back in delight, with not a care in the world. "Why, ah'm going back to work. Ah gotta pay mah bills." Yeh, sure, very funny, Ross.

Listen fella: no matter how many more billions you pile up from now on, you will go down throughout history as the guy who punked out, the guy who could have been, not just a "contenda," but President of the United States. You blew it,

you little punk, and you will be scorned and damned forevermore. Bad cess to you!

And now what? What does the paleo-libertarian do now for November? The prospect is a grisly one. As we have detailed in these pages, Andre Marrou and the Libertarian Party are crooks, flakes, and leftists, and deserve to sink into oblivion as fast as possible. Of the minor party candidates, the only one worth voting for is Howie Phillips of the Taxpayer Party, but while this would be a Statement and perhaps a vote for the future, this year Howie will be on very few state ballots.

The major party choice is a truly horrible one. The Democrat Party this year presented its worst of many repellent conventions. The only consolation when it was over was watching a replay of the Dukakis acceptance speech on C-Span, where the same enthusiasm, and the same nonsense about the Democrats moving away from liberalism toward "the center" was peddled by the

media, and no one fell for it. The idea that Clinton and Gore represent a "shift to the right" or the "center" is grotesque mendacity. We had one of the most leftist conventions and platforms of modern times. The "pro-business" or "conserva-

tive" slant consisted in praising "investment" by redefining that noble term as "government spending," and praising "economic growth" when they really mean growth of inflation and government spending. Also the Democrats redefined "family values" as any two or more human beings (or maybe animals) in congress with each other, and insured that the taxpayer shower these "families" with plenty of money and privileges.

The Democrat convention was a "multicultural" sewer; sometimes I had the strong impression that the only two white males attending the convention were Clinton and Gore. It seemed to me that at the entire convention the only shots we saw were of black women weeping at something or other. On the presidential rollcall, the Arizona declaration of votes stood out, being delivered by three spokespersons: a very boyish little tomboy type, a copper-colored Injun who jabbered away in Navaho, and an equally swarthy Hispanic jabbering away in Spanish. And throughout the convention, the banner of "Lesbian Rights" flapped in the breeze, almost as much as did "Clinton." And victimology, which the Democrats of course have specialized in, sank to a new low, as a couple of "AIDS victims" wailed about their diseases, and somehow put the blame on the Bush Administration, with of course females, in this Year of the Woman, sobbing throughout the arena. What in Hell is this? Why don't we have a parade of cancer

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victims, and heart disease victims, and accident victims with arms torn off and blood flowing, and, in a scene that could be straight out of the *Fountainhead*, people displaying to us their festering sores, and demanding money and sympathy and lots of guilt from the non-festering audience? TV news has been almost totally medicalized anyway; on some days, all we get are reports of studies from the *New England Journal of Medicine*. And now we have combined medicalizing and victimology into one horrible package.

When O when is this whole rotten culture going to be swept away? Who is going to deliver us?

Sinking, ever sinking. Eight years ago, Mario told us about his immigrant father with the bleeding feet, and four years ago Dukakis talked about *his* immigrant father who worked his fingers to the bone. And now we have "progressed" in victimology to the point of Clinton talking about *his* allegedly heroic mother who dumped him on a relative, and about his abusive, drunken stepfather. What? You mean Clinton was not an incest victim? Maybe that will come from the Democrat nominee in 1996. Hey, Slick Willie, why don't you tell us about your sainted mother's recent peccadilloes as a nurse??

And throughout the whole convention was the stench, even more than in 1976, of post-millennial pietism. Clinton's acceptance speech was studded with quotes from the Bible, and later the hall rang out with interracial, interethnic,

rock-and-roll secular hymns. It was the old terrible promise of a coercive egalitarian Paradise, a Hellish commie Kingdom of God on Earth. Atheistic Left-libertarians, in their ignorance, think that "religion" or "Christianity" means "conservatism." Maybe the Clintonians think that too. As we say in New York, they should live so long.

And while all this monstrousness is going on, what is George Bush doing? (In addition to fishing?) Bush is busy repudiating the heroic attempt of the conservative Floyd Brown (he of Willie Horton fame) to bring the truth about Slick Willie to the American people. In fact, he is trying to get the FCC to shut Floyd down. Does Bush have a death-wish, or what?

And so there we are: our terrible choice for November. We are trapped between the Democrat Party, who constitute a socialistic moral sewer, Bush Republicans who are dead from the neck up, while Perot has stabbed us in the back in dasterdly fashion. O judgement! Thou are fled to brutish beasts, and men have lost their reason. ■

Bush's Mistresses

by S.B.

A curtsy to Joe Conason and *Spy Magazine* (August), for publishing the only valuable article to date on the Bush Mistress Question. ("George Bush's Adultery Thing.") There is a lot more than Jennifer Fitzgerald, the only one whose name has

surfaced in the general media.

#1. Fitzgerald, now 62, began her affair with Bush almost twenty years ago. Both were Nixonians buffeted by Watergate: Bush, rewarded for his staunch loyalty to Tricky Dick as chairman of the Republican National Committee, was made the first U.S. envoy to Red China in late 1974. La Fitzgerald was a Nixon aide who had previously worked for Bush's mentor and good buddy, FCC Chairman Dean Burch. Escaping from the White House, Jennifer joined Bush in China as his personal assistant. This was during a period of greatest strain in the Bush marriage, Barbara spending little time with George in China until his return to head the CIA in 1976. Since 1974, as the *Washington Post* neatly put it, Jennifer has served George Bush in a "variety of positions," including being his aide at the CIA.

Except for a year in the U.S. embassy in London, Jennifer continued to be his top assistant. Her abrasive style angered virtually all the other Bushies, and during Bush's campaign for President in 1980, Jim Baker managed to "exile" Jennifer to a New York office, where Bush paid for her salary for no visible work out of his own pocket. When Bush became Veep, however, Jennifer was back as Bush's top assistant, controlling George's schedule and the much prized access to her boss. In early 1982, two top Bush staffers quit in disgust, including the now infamous Rich Bond, current head of the RNC. In the spring of 1985, Jim