

nones is that gross-roots activity is, let's face it, inherently plodding and boring. And that therefore, it will never get off the ground, unless it is sparked, and vivified, and energized by high-level, preferably presidential, political campaigns. What we need to build a new paleo movement, particularly at this stage, is a presidential candidate, someone whom all wings of anti-Establishment rightists can get behind, with enthusiasm. And while Howard Phillips' Taxpayers Party may eventually play an important role, at this point we can simply say that the Taxpayer Party has not yet been fully formed and that right now he has no presidential candidate. The arena of action now is to find someone to lead a people's revolution against the crumbling George Bush in the New Hampshire and other Republican presidential primaries—and to take that fight on to the Republican convention, hoping at most to win in '92, and at the least to build a powerful movement for '96, and beyond. •

It's Time for a War!

by M.N.R.

Suddenly, everyone agrees that George Bush is mired in deep doo-doo. Unhappy and inattentive at best about domestic affairs, he finds the economy bogged down in an increasingly grim recession, and he waffles in abject confusion about such

weighty matters as taxes, the budget, interest rates, and civil rights. Open internecine warfare has broken out over the universally hated John Sununu. Things are spinning out of control. And the key election is coming up. What to do? What to do?

Why, of course, George. Let's face it: The time has come for ANOTHER WAR!

War! You shine there, George; you can get the flags a wavin', and the missiles a flyin'. You can pick name Operations and dragoon the media again. You can refurbish your civil rights image with General Colin Powell at your side, you can bring Stormin' Norman out of retirement to look satisfyingly military on TV. You can bedevil your enemies, and send your poll ratings up to 90 percent again. So all you need is an Enemy, and you can get another swift, massive, gook-destroying, feel-good-about-America victory, maximizing the glow of glory for Election Day. So you need an Enemy, another Stalin or preferably another Hitler, who seems able to provide a suitable hate object and punching bag for another century or so. So let's go down the list.

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1. *A Saddam Replay.* Saddam is still there; everything is in place; he's already been established Another Hitler, indeed Worse Than Hitler. So you can send the bombs and missiles again easily. The media just go back into their accustomed act. Of course, there is a little hitch: cranking up an Operation Desert Storm, II: The Sequel,

might remind everyone that the first Glorious Victory was a bit of a botch. How many sequels can you get away with, without looking foolish?

2. *The Libyan Card.* Ahh, Libya! You have now brought the Libyan hit men back into the public consciousness, indicting them for that Pan Am explosion in Scotland. If necessary, you

can revive the scare about the "four bearded Libyan hit men" who had penetrated the United States to assassinate President Reagan. Remember that one? Also, you have already established Colonel Khadaffy as the *previous* Hitler, and a nutty one at that. And it wouldn't take much to bomb Libya back to the Stone Age, since it's pretty much there already. Of course, our bombers already did murder the Colonel's little baby, so

you might have the Sequel problem again.

3. *Bringing Syria In.* Syria is a nice big country, with plenty of civilian targets to bomb. Israel would be grateful for knocking out its biggest potential enemy; the Amen Corner has already been griping because Hafez Assad is supposed to be the one *really* responsible for that Pan Am explosion. Of course, there *is* the question of how many countries you can pulverize for one exploding plane. And besides, if you wipe out *all* the Arab countries, what will happen to your beloved eternal "peace process" in the Middle East?

4. *A Korean War Replay.* How about shifting continents altogether? We never really solved matters to our full satisfaction on the Asian Continent. The Korean War was massive, and satisfyingly total, but we never really won it. Marshall Kim Il Sung, another Hitler/Stalin, is *still there!* And he's getting nuclear weapons! Let's finish him off! If we let him have nukes, pretty soon the North Koreans will be sending their nuke-loaded sampans across the Pacific to invade California! Of course, there might be a bit of a problem: if we try to occupy North Korea we might get bogged down in the jungle; and if we wipe it out totally, that might not play well with those wimps in the United Nations. And also, we've got that Sequel problem again.

5. *A Vietnam Replay.* Why can't we put the Vietnam

Syndrome to rest once and for all? Let's do that war again, wipe out the whole country, bring back Westmoreland for final vindication. Of course, in addition to the Sequel question, which will remind everyone of our defeat, there *is* the little problem of finding an excuse, now that those Commie Yellowbellies are loosening up a bit. And it would aggravate your buddies in China (as would a Korean replay), who wouldn't appreciate nuking fellow Commies on their doorstep.

6. *Fidel!* Yeah, maybe we should stay away from Asia. How about Our Backyard? That SOB Fidel is still there, an unrepentant Commie hardline Stalinst. And only *90 Miles From Home!* Let's Avenge the Bay of Pigs! Call back all the Bay of Pigs—Watergate boys—those who are not too old, and who haven't been too implicated in the Kennedy Assassination. And you'd wrap up the Florida vote! Of course, it might be considered a bit old hat, and again you'd need a suitable excuse. Sending us a boatload of psycho criminals is not quite enough. Maybe we can blame him for . . . drugs! The Drug War has been in cold storage lately.

7. *That's it: Peru!* My personal favorite: With Peru, you can combine a small country, in Our Backyard, lightly armed and backward and no match for our bombs and missiles with . . . Drugs! And Commies! Peru is the heart of international

drugsville, growing almost all the coca leaf, that the U.S. has been trying to eradicate for years. Unfortunately, the damned Peruvian peasants insist on growing the coca crop as their only livelihood; they have not listened enough to Bill Bennett on TV. Protecting the peasants in their damned jungle is the viciously Commie terrorist group, the Sendero Luminoso. Ironically enough, this is the only group protecting the property rights of the coca peasantry. To top it off, these peasants are Quechua-speaking Indians, as are the Sendero Luminoso, whereas their hated "free-market" rulers in Lima speak Spanish. George, we've already sent troops to the Peruvian jungle to "train" the Peruvian army in counter-guerilla, anti-Sendero tactics. But you know these Latinos can't fight: it's time to send American troops in force into the Peruvian jungle to kill the Commie Senderos, crush the peasants, and destroy every single coca leaf. Thus, we wipe out drugs, get rid of Commies, take care of a bunch of yellowbellies, and win great military glory, all at the same time! You can't lose, George!

What's that you say? We might *lose*, get bogged down in the jungle, and insure a Commie victory? Rubbish, George. Surely, *you're* not falling for the Vietnam Syndrome? No, George, there's no downside to this one—except maybe if the environmentalists discover that the Peruvian jungle is a crucial part of the "global ecology."

Then, you're back to Square One. ●

Beam Me Up, Jerry

by Llewellyn H.
Rockwell, Jr.

"A politician can do anything he wants," Jerry Brown once told an aide, "so long as he manipulates the right symbols." In running for president, ex-governor Brown has a new set of symbols for manipulation. He seeks to use the growing hatred of politicians, special interests, and money-bag influence peddling, to promote the political left.

We've come to expect innovation from Brown. Long before Debra Winger spent the weekend with then-governor Bob Kerrey, Brown accompanied Linda Ronstadt on an African safari. Of course, it wasn't a real safari, for Brown was P.C. when P.C. wasn't cool. He even agonized over killing medflies.

The candidate of "limits" (to everything but the government's appetite), Brown was for "new ideas" before Gary Hart even met Donna Rice. He was the nominee of "the future," a potent if meaningless concept. He would, he promised, show us that "small is beautiful" in all areas but the state payroll.

When he was elected governor in 1974, Brown refused to move into the glitteringly ugly Nancion of Reagans. Instead, he slept on a mattress on the floor of a bare apartment, used an old

Plymouth instead of a limo, and wore a plastic watch. It was his Ralph Nader period, and it was great politics. It was also phony. He displayed the symbols of frugality, but went on a state spending spree.

Brown expanded government in the life of every Californian, except in the one area where it's justified: his Rose Birdized justice system cost taxpayers plenty, while poor babying thugs, and smirking at victims.

Today Brown is no longer an ascetic, but a handsomely graying statesman in \$2,000 suits and a solid gold Rolex. And he's running for president on a platform that denounced big government and calls for gargantuan government.

Brown says he wants to end money power in politics, while putting the government in charge of our money. He seeks decentralization through centralization. He hates lobbyists, but supports a system where a few words in one law can mean billions.

Advocating a centralized energy policy to cut heating, cooling, and production, he wants global regulations to cool the earth. (Just what we need: the U.N. running the weather.) He criticizes

Reagan's tax-rate cuts, and seeks to resurrect a militarized make-work corps from New Deal days. And he promotes draconian environmental laws to make us consume less, i.e. be poorer.

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All this makes as much sense as his plan to launch a California government satellite in the 1970s. (Not that orbiting politicians wouldn't have their appeal.)

"We must live as part of the web of life," says Brown, but at the center he puts the tarantula of government. He is sure how the web

should be spun, for his "greatest strength" is envisioning "what hasn't been and bringing it about." He can, that is, see into the future, and know what's good for us.

A Zen Catholic of inherited money and power, Brown advised blue-collar workers to earn "psychic rewards" rather than money. When he was out of power, he sought "self-awareness" on expensive trips to Japan, India, Russia, and Bangladesh, a process he recommended to everyone, presumably including workers who could buy their tickets with psychic earnings.

Can Brown's third presidential campaign succeed? A recent poll shows him first among the Democratic candidates, and he would be the