

FILED

U.S. DISTRICT COURT
EASTERN DISTRICT ARKANSAS

IN THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
FOR THE EASTERN DISTRICT OF ARKANSAS
WESTERN DIVISION

NOV 04 1997

JAMES W. McORMACK, CLERK
By: [Signature]
DEP. CLERK

PAULA JONES,

Plaintiff,

v.

WILLIAM JEFFERSON CLINTON
and DANNY FERGUSON,

Defendants.

§
§
§
§
§
§
§
§
§
§

CIVIL ACTION NO. LR-C-94-290

Judge Susan Webber Wright

Under Seal

**PLAINTIFF'S STATEMENT IN OPPOSITION TO THE
MOTION TO QUASH SUBPOENA FILED BY L.D. BROWN**

Paula Jones, Plaintiff, files this Statement in Opposition to the Motion to Quash Subpoena filed by L.D. Brown (the "Motion") on or about October 31, 1997.

Mr. Brown's Deposition Is Within The Scope Of Discovery

1. The Motion raises no new issues and should be denied out of hand. In connection with Mr. Clinton's recent attempts to limit discovery, the Court has considered and rejected the exact arguments Mr. Brown advances. The Court properly ruled on the scope of permissible discovery in this case, and there is no need to cover that ground again. Mr. Brown's anticipated testimony falls well within the broad scope of discovery already sanctioned by this Court, and the Motion presents no reason why Plaintiff should be deprived of his deposition.

2. It is anticipated that Mr. Brown will testify, *inter alia*, that he and other troopers assigned to Mr. Clinton's security detail "often solicited new sexual partners for [Mr.] Clinton" and served as a "buffer" to facilitate and then cover up Mr. Clinton's sexual

1 1 5

activities. See Daniel Wattenberg, *Love and Hate in Arkansas, L.D. Brown's Story*, THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR, April/May 1994, at 32 (the "Wattenberg Article," a true copy of which is attached hereto as Exhibit 1). It is also anticipated that he will testify that he was offered, at least indirectly, inducements not to tell his story to the press and has been the target of "reprisals" by Mr. Clinton's agents for his perceived disloyalty in telling the truth about what he did as a trooper on Mr. Clinton's security detail. All of this information is relevant, and even admissible, evidence in this case.

3. Moreover, the Motion does not constitute any type of evidence itself and presents no vestige of evidence for this Court to consider in favor of the Motion. That is, since the Motion is merely an unsworn, unverified pleading, it contains merely arguments of the movant and no evidence whatsoever. Because the movant has the burden of proof on his Motion, and since he has presented no evidence whatsoever, the Motion must fail on that ground alone.

4. On the other hand, the Wattenberg Article attached hereto contains a number of evidentiary admissions by Mr. Brown himself and sports a first-page picture of Mr. Brown and Mr. Clinton together. Such admissions include: "But, my God, it was so many times" that Mr. Brown approached women on behalf of Mr. Clinton; "Brown says that since word filtered back to the Clinton camp that he was speaking to the American Spectator, a high-level Clinton associate warned him to back off"; "During the year at the governor's mansion, . . . Brown says that . . . on state time and using state cars, he drove Clinton to extramarital trysts and guarded him during these encounters . . . He solicited new sexual partners for Clinton throughout the state: 'Over a hundred, at least . . . I'd hate to even try to guess.'"

Obviously, these admissions against Mr. Brown's interest in currently trying to evade his deposition subpoena constitute evidence by Plaintiff that his testimony will be most relevant to the issues raised in this case.

5. The Motion itself, obviously very carefully drafted by some lawyer, although signed by Mr. Brown as "*pro se*," even if its allegations constituted evidence (which they do not), would not suffice to relieve Mr. Brown of his obligation to provide his deposition testimony. For example, Mr. Brown states that he did not have contact with Mr. Clinton under any circumstances that would lead him to have "any direct information" of alleged sexual liaisons between Mr. Clinton "and any other parties, including the Plaintiff." Motion at ¶ 2. Quite clearly, Mr. Brown does not negate the possibility that he may have indirect information of sexual liaisons between Mr. Clinton and other women not parties to this lawsuit. Similarly, Mr. Brown argues that he has no knowledge "in his capacity in the Arkansas State Police Gubernatorial Security Detail of any sexual encounters with women that formed the basis of a promotion, demotion, or appointment for state employment." Motion at ¶ 3. However, Mr. Brown's mere arguments do not deny that he may have such knowledge in some other capacity, and, of course, it would be highly unusual for a mere police officer to have direct knowledge of whether any particular sexual encounter with Mr. Clinton lead to an employment promotion, demotion, or appointment somewhere else within the Arkansas state governmental system.

6. In summary, the Wattenberg Article suggests that there is a great deal of relevant information within the direct personal knowledge of Mr. Brown. Plaintiff has confirmed much of the contents of the Wattenberg Article from other sources and is entitled

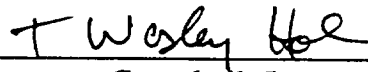
to have discovery of this information. Indeed, it is anticipated that Mr. Brown is possessed of a great deal of admissible evidence. Certainly, his deposition is within the very broad scope of discovery, and there is simply no basis for denying Plaintiff Mr. Brown's deposition.

The Motion Does Not Comply With Local Rule C-7(g)

7. Finally, the Motion should be dismissed summarily because it does not comply with Local Rule C-7(g) in that it does not contain a statement that Mr. Brown conferred with counsel for Plaintiff on the merits of the Motion. In fact, there was no such conference.

Wherefore, Plaintiff requests that the Motion be denied, that the deposition of Mr. Brown go forward on November 11, 1997, and for all other just relief to which she is entitled.

Respectfully submitted,



Donovan Campbell, Jr.
State Bar of Texas No. 03725300
James A. Fisher
State Bar of Texas No. 07051650
Robert E. Rader, Jr.
State Bar of Texas No. 16453000
David M. Pyke
State Bar of Texas No. 16419700
T. Wesley Holmes
State Bar of Texas No. 09908495
J. McCord Wilson
State Bar of Texas No. 00785266
RADER, CAMPBELL, FISHER & PYKE
(A PROFESSIONAL CORPORATION)
Stemmons Place, Suite 1080
2777 Stemmons Freeway
Dallas, Texas 75207
Telephone: (214) 630-4700
Facsimile: (214) 630-9996

ATTORNEYS FOR PLAINTIFF
PAULA JONES

OF COUNSEL:

John W. Whitehead

Steven H. Aden

Participating Attorneys on Behalf of

THE RUTHERFORD INSTITUTE

Post Office Box 7482

1445 East Rio Road

Charlottesville, Virginia 22906-7482

Telephone: (804) 978-3888

Facsimile: (804) 978-1789

CERTIFICATE OF SERVICE


I hereby certify that on November 3, 1997, a true and correct copy of the foregoing document (including the accompanying exhibits and attachments, if any) was served on L.D. Brown, *pro se*, and on all parties by service on their counsel of record at the addresses set forth below, in compliance with FED. R. CIV. P. 5.

Robert S. Bennett
Skadden, Arps, Slate, Meagher & Flom LLP
1440 New York Avenue, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20005-2111

Kathlyn Graves
Wright, Lindsey & Jennings
200 West Capitol Avenue
Suite 2200
Little Rock, Arkansas 72201

Stephen Engstrom
Wilson, Engstrom, Corum, Dudley & Coulter
809 West Third Street
Little Rock, Arkansas 72202

Bill W. Bristow
216 East Washington
Jonesboro, Arkansas 72401



T. Wesley Holmes

Whitewater Obstructionists, by James Ring Adams

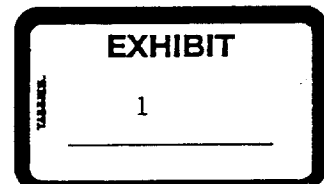
THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

APRIL/MAY 1994

A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

Love and Hate in Arkansas

L.D. Brown's Story, by Daniel Wattenberg



Florence King on Amelia Earhart

John Kerry vs. John Corry



U.S. \$2.95
CANADA \$3.95

Daniel Wattenberg

Love and Hate in Arkansas

L.D. Brown's story.



I
In the summer of 1984 or 1985, Joyce Miller attended a dance at the Arkansas State Fairgrounds with her sister. Miller remembers the period detail meant to re-create the atmosphere of an early sixties senior prom. The entry archway to the fairground was decorated with flowers. A live band covered sixties favorites. The men wore tuxes. Women wore their hair pinned up in B-52s style and "the net ball gowns that we used to wear when we were kids," recalls Miller. Then-Governor Bill Clinton was at the mock-hop that night. He knew most of those in attendance, Miller was told.

Late last year, after four Arkansas state troopers disclosed their roles in procuring women and otherwise facilitating numerous extramarital sexual liaisons for the then-governor, Miller contacted *The American Spectator*. She thought her story was relevant, on its own modest terms, to the cyclonic controversy precipitated by the troopers' accounts. Miller, now a college English teacher living in Plano, Texas, furnished this written account of the "prom":

Daniel Wattenberg is an investigative writer for The American Spectator. His previous articles for TAS include "The Lady Macbeth of Little Rock" (August 1992) and "Gunning for Koresh" (August 1993).

Late in the evening, one of Mr. Clinton's state troopers approached me as I sat alone at a table. He introduced himself as he presented his card (attached copy) as "L.D. Brown." He told me that Gov. Clinton did not recognize me and would therefore like to meet me. During this conversation, Mr. Brown attempted to find out some personal details, e.g., my plans for the evening, my hotel's name, my phone number, etc. The

exchange lasted even as other members of the party returned to the table; suddenly the trooper excused himself to join Gov. Clinton, several other troopers, and the female dance partner dancing with Gov. Clinton as the trooper engaged me in conversation. All of them exited the back door in a rush. Approximately 45 minutes later, the governor and his troopers—but not the female he left with, returned via the back door—only to stay roughly ten more minutes. I never saw Mr. Clinton or Mr. Brown again.

My impression of my encounter w/Mr. Brown is as clear today as it was then: Mr. Brown attempted to "hustle" me, to arrange a liaison with the governor. At no time did I solicit or encourage such a liaison with Mr. Clinton.

Miller's story reinforces the troopers' claims that they often solicited new sexual partners for Clinton. And it faintly illuminates why, despite the broad scope of Clinton's reported polygyny, so few women have joined Paula Jones in accusing him of sexual harassment or the more ambiguous offense of "unwanted sexual advances." For as Miller's

account illustrates. Clinton enjoyed a buffer. Unlike Oregon Sen. Robert Packwood, whose clumsy wine-in-a-box come-ons have turned him into a ghostly pariah, the more adroit Clinton often left the parlous business of gaining consent to armed intermediaries. It is a mating strategy available to very few people in American life, and in employing it, Clinton appears to have exploited his office, even if sexual harassment law is mute on the practice of unwanted-advances-by-proxy.

While relatively insignificant in and of itself, Miller's story, backed up by a photocopy of L.D. Brown's "Governor's Security" business card, provided crucial initial leverage in approaching L.D. Brown. "Oh, s--t," he said when first contacted. Ironically, Brown did not specifically recall the episode she recounted. "I don't remember Joyce Miller's name," he said. "But, my God, it was so many times. I mean, good grief!"

II

In Brown's telling, Clinton emerges as a kind of yuppie Willie Stark, simultaneously aspiring to the dizzying heights of political office and fatally compromised by his personal conduct. Brown was closer than any other trooper to both sides of Clinton. On one hand, he won the first

couple's confidence—so much so that he can speak with authority on a number of Clinton's affairs, Hillary's affair with the late Vincent Foster, and heavy-handed attempts to politicize the Arkansas state police. On the other hand, Brown, who insisted on being his own man and emerged as a Clinton opponent on a couple of political issues, became the object of reprisals familiar to those who know the Clinton arsenal: an attempted criminal prosecution that other state policemen considered trumped up and a series of vague threats that included job-related sanctions and smear campaigns. Brown says that since word filtered back to the Clinton camp that he was speaking to *The American Spectator*, a high-level Clinton associate warned him to back off. "How would you like your credit-card receipts splashed across the front pages of the newspaper?" the Clinton crony said. All this is part of a pattern critics say has been replicated in Washington. Special Counsel Robert Fiske has already subpoenaed Brown as part of his ongoing investigation into the Whitewater scandal.

A former president of the Arkansas State Police Association (and a vice-chairman in the troopers' national association), Brown now works at state police headquarters in the Special Investigations unit probing white-collar crime and official corruption. He served on the Clinton security detail from late 1982 until mid-1985. Known as "Doug" to his family, Brown is one of the few state troopers who regu-

Brown became the object of reprisals familiar to those who know the Clinton arsenal: an attempted criminal prosecution that other state policemen considered trumped up, and a series of vague threats that included job-related sanctions and smear campaigns. It is a pattern critics say has been replicated in Washington.

larly traveled with the Clintons on out-of-state business. He met his current wife, Becky, while she worked and lived at the governor's mansion as Chelsea Clinton's nanny. The two, with the help of then-mansion administrator Robin Dickey, arranged for Becky's mother, Ann McCoy, to succeed Dickey in that post.

During the years at the governor's mansion, which he remembers as a scale-model "Camelot," Brown says that he performed many of the functions detailed by state troopers Larry Patterson and Roger Perry in David Brock's "Living With the Clintons" (see *TAS*, January 1994). (He estimates that only ten percent of the work he did for the Clintons was security-oriented.) On state time and using state cars, he drove Clinton to extramarital trysts and guarded him during these encounters. By providing timely updates on Hillary's whereabouts, he abetted Clinton's efforts to conceal the de-

tails of his philandering from his wife. He solicited new sexual partners for Clinton throughout the state. "Over a hundred, at least," he says. "I'd hate to even try to guess."

But Brown also enjoyed, above and beyond his official and unofficial duties, a relationship with both Clintons that was unique among the troopers for its closeness. Other troopers referred to Brown—not

without jealousy—as the Clintons' "fair-haired boy." As Brown tells it, Clinton and he were confidantes. They would often read the same books, usually political biographies, and discuss them together. William Manchester was a particular shared favorite: Clinton pushed his copy of *One Brief Shining Moment* on Brown after he'd finished this tribute to John F. Kennedy, and it was Manchester's Churchill biography *The Last Lion* that prompted Clinton to ask Brown, "Why should it be, L.D., that a war record is a prerequisite of high office?" (Says Brown, "That was a pre-occupation of his.")

The size of Clinton's library at the time cannot be exaggerated, and he gave Brown dozens of books, many of which Brown still retains. The law books Clinton used to study for the Arkansas bar in 1973 contain a few sentences that make Brown smile in retrospect. "There's a sentence in one to the effect that 'Adultery is not a crime' that is underlined twice in red." Brown adds that the passages in general law texts that Clinton marked most assiduously were those on tax law. Another book from the Clinton library that Brown retains is a worn copy of *The Handbook of the Conscientious Objector*. And it wasn't a mere literary friendship: Brown often attended, at the Clintons' invitation, small social gatherings with the Clintons and their intimate friends.

The prospect that Brown would speak publicly has caused considerable heartburn in the Clinton camp. Indeed, fears ran

high that he was among the group of state troopers who had talked to *The American Spectator* and the *Los Angeles Times*. "Right down to the last day before this story broke, everybody—Betsey Wright, all of them—were worried sick about L.D. Brown," says Roger Perry. Brown says that in January 1994 he heard from *Los Angeles Times* reporter William Rempel, who said he had received a call months earlier from Betsey Wright, former Clinton aide and chief "bimbo eruption"—queller, after she first learned that unidentified troopers were talking to the press. "She started raising hell, running me down before he could even say a word or deny that it was even me," according to Brown. (Rempel confirmed the call from Wright in substance.)

Earlier, after Clinton won the Democratic nomination in 1992, Brown was approached in Diego's, a local watering hole he favors, by a woman he had not seen in years who had returned to Little Rock to work on the Clinton campaign. By the third "spontaneous" meeting, Brown had grown suspicious. During their final meeting, the woman bluntly asked, "L.D., you're not going to say anything against Bill, are you?"

"I'm not going to say a word," he answered. "I just want to be left alone."

"Well, what is it that you want?"

"I don't want a goddamn thing."

After this feeler cum offer, she left the bar and Brown followed her in his police car. A block away, she pulled up alongside a parked car and got out. From the car next to hers emerged none other than Betsey Wright. As case officer and agent conferred, Brown, much to the chagrin of both, wheeled up and shouted, "Hello, Betsey!"

When troopers Perry and Patterson came forward late last year, much was made of their hopes to land a book deal. This scrutiny of their potential financial interest was legitimate. But the press failed to devote a corresponding level of attention to the array of pressures *restraining* those with damaging information from coming forward. After all, the troopers claim to have witnessed, and been suborned to perform, actions by Clinton that are improper in many cases, perhaps illegal in some others, and political poison in the aggregate.

However troubling one finds the unfolding evidence of Clinton's galloping extramarital sexuality, more relevant politically are the measures to which he (and his associates) have allegedly resorted to cover it up. The American media have paid scant attention to multiplying reports of intimidation and graft to smother information about the Clinton harem. Sally Miller Perdue, a former Miss Arkansas who claims she had a three-month affair with Clinton in 1983, has reported that in 1992 a Democratic Party emissary attempted to force her to retreat from the spotlight. According to Perdue, he coupled a GS-12 federal job offer with a threat to her safety for refusing to cooperate.

Loren Kirk, a onetime roommate of Gennifer Flowers who publicly corroborated parts of the Flowers story, told me that she was visited in 1992 by Jack Palladino, a San

Francisco private investigator hired by the Clinton presidential campaign to help preempt further eruptions from the seraglio. According to Kirk, he asked at one point, "Do you think Gennifer is the sort of person who would commit suicide?" (Palladino, whose past clients have included Black Panther Huey Newton and the Symbionese Liberation Army, declined in an interview to confirm or deny the words attributed to him. In this memorably weird interview he observed that both Perdue and Kirk were "self-discrediting" sources, while declining to rebut their specific allegations. Mostly, he touted his credentials as a political and public policy scholar and lamented my descent into "tabloid journalism," when such social problems as the homeless and health care begged for media attention.)

No fewer than four Arkansas state troopers, including two past presidents of the Arkansas State Troopers Association, have now provided detailed accounts of attempts to silence troopers knowledgeable about Clinton's state-subsidized harem-building with unmerited career promotions and job offers.

Despite ardent pursuit by the national media and myriad provocations by Clinton and his operatives in recent years, Brown has held his silence since breaking angrily with the Clintons in 1985. Fear of reprisals by the Clinton network was part of the reason. He long suspected that a 1990 criminal investigation into his handling of State Police Association finances while he headed the group had been instigated by Clinton. Though he lacked proof, he believed the probe was a payback for harsh public criticism that he leveled at the governor when the two clashed over a trooper pay raise. Breaking his silence, he feared, would precipitate a renewed effort to discredit him by recycling these old charges of financial improprieties. He feared that his career in the state police, already stymied by Clintonites on the police commission, would be further harmed. Finally, Brown feared spontaneous ostracism in a small city where the Clintons clearly retain many friends and allies.

To an extent, he felt compromised as well. Eight years younger than Clinton, Brown pursued sexual opportunities with a similar relish, and this shared avocation was an important basis of the bond between the two. And, as he freely admits, Brown avidly seized the incidental sexual opportunities that soliciting for Clinton often presented. Brown coined the term "residuals" for these incidental opportunities. He cites the personal exposure incurred in scooping them up as a factor in his keeping silent.

III

Because he thought he was being watched by Clinton loyalists in Little Rock, and feared reprisals if word spread that he had talked to a reporter, Brown was flown to Washington at this magazine's expense. In dozens of hours of interviews, he volunteered rounded, detailed vignettes interlaced with lengthy digressions. His thoroughness and spontaneity inspire confidence, and the level of detail he provided regarding other witnesses to events he

described made his claims eminently falsifiable. Wherever possible, I have contacted other witnesses or obtained documentation that might have contradicted his story. Where others dispute his version of things, readers will have to evaluate for themselves their credibility.

While many in the media have argued that charges of Clinton's rampant infidelity are irrelevant, Clinton has consistently fought such allegations on a different ground: he has denied them. He characterized Patterson and Perry's claims as "outrageous . . . just not so." In 1992, a Clinton spokesman told the *Washington Post* that Clinton had never even met Sally Perdue. And during the 1992 campaign, Clinton equated the credibility of Gennifer Flowers's story with that of stories that Martians walked the earth. Because of his relationships over the years with Clinton, Patterson, Perry, and Flowers, Brown is uniquely situated to corroborate, in varying degrees, not only the last three but also Perdue. "Clinton mentioned to me that they had had an affair, a liaison," he scoffed, when told Clinton had denied having met Perdue. (Incidentally, in an interview with *TAS*, Perdue disclosed that Clinton used to smoke pot during his visits to her Little Rock condo. "He said that it enhanced his sexual pleasure," said Perdue, who was dumbfounded by Clinton's "never inhaled" campaign claim. "This was a person who was experienced at smoking.")

When Brown served as president of the Arkansas troopers'

association, Larry Patterson was his vice-president. At that time, the two were close personally and professionally. "I treated him like a brother," says Brown. While Brown had by this time long since broken with the Clintons, Patterson was still on Clinton's security detail. Working side by side at the association, Brown and Patterson frequently swapped stories about their respective tours with the Clintons. Brown says he learned contemporaneously—long before Patterson was entertaining book offers—much of what Patterson would disclose about Clinton more than two years later in interviews with *The American Spectator* and the *Los Angeles Times*. "Larry, being still on the inside over there, was telling me the stuff that Clinton was doing—all of the same stuff that came out in the Brock article, which to me as an investigator lends credibility that it all happened," he says.

Moreover, says Brown, the current Democratic governor of Arkansas, Jim Guy Tucker, also learned contemporaneously

of Clinton's extramarital exploits. Tucker, he says, solicited this information for possible use in a 1990 primary challenge. The troopers association was cooperating with potential primary and general election opponents of Clinton, in hopes of preventing his re-election to a sixth term. "We met with Jim Guy Tucker," he says. "Larry laid all his stuff out. I laid all my stuff out. They were soliciting from us: 'What do you know? How can we get it? Who is Clinton f---ing?'" Patterson confirmed in an interview that he and Brown gave Tucker a detailed briefing on Clinton's womanizing.

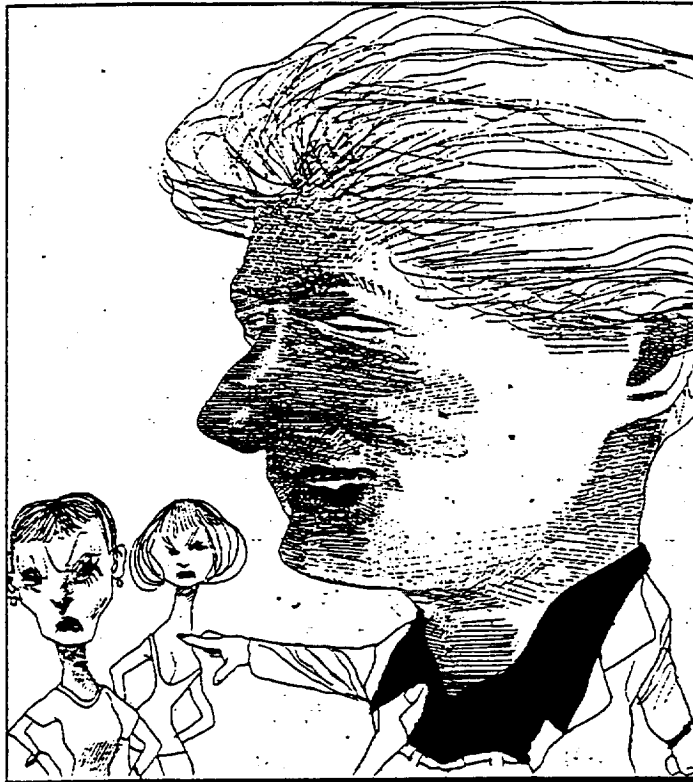
Brown also briefed Republican Sheffield Nelson (Clinton's 1990 general election opponent) at length on Clinton's womanizing. In an interview, Nelson confirmed the briefing, and gave several examples of stories Brown

told him then, stories that appear in print for the first time here. Nelson also said he was told at the time that Tucker had been briefed on the same subject. Tucker would not return phone calls seeking comment.

The private, spontaneous Clinton described by Brown contrasts sharply with his public persona as a feminist champion. Brown recalls that Clinton and he frequently rated women according to a 10-point "grading" scale they shared. While Clinton enjoyed a multi-dimensional partnership with his wife, his extramarital sexual partners were "purely to be graded, purely to be chased, dominated, conquered," says Brown. Brown of course is no

paragon of male sensitivity, but Clinton once exceeded even his high level of tolerance—when Brown and his wife Becky arranged for Becky's mother Ann McCoy to take over as mansion administrator. "The day [Clinton] met Becky's mom and dad—immediately he said, 'Man, she's a doll, she's damn good-looking, and she sure doesn't go with that goofy sonofabitch.'" At that time, Brown still enjoyed a very warm relationship with his mother- and father-in-law, and was stupefied and wounded by the governor's tactlessness. "I thought, 'The sonofabitch is grading my future mother-in-law here?'" Brown acknowledges that Clinton "felt a little bad after it because of the relationship between Becky and me."

Membership in the small circle of troopers Clinton "did things in front of," says Brown, brought with it eligibility for "residuals." Brown readily admits that he often seized these opportunities. "If a guy was put in a position of asking a girl among other girls to join Clinton or get a phone number or



whatever, usually you were like 'with him,' you would be with one of the other girls, or you would be kind of one of the party," he explains. One purpose was to put other female members of a target woman's party at ease. "You could say that if you took part, if you were courting the other girl, maybe it was just a convenience to make it all look like, 'Hey, Bill and I are buddies, and we're partying together and don't feel like I'm a security guy that's looking over your shoulder.' It's not like you stood back with Ray-Bans on and a machine gun under your overcoat. And whatever was left over there, if you were so inclined, because you were with him, you had a real good shot at doing something yourself."

Clinton implicitly encouraged the troopers' enjoyment of "residuals." Clinton, Brown explains, would inquire knowingly about Brown's progress with another member of the party: "'Who is she? What does she do? Are you gonna take her out? Oh, you sonofabitch!' It was like, 'You're my buddy, I'm your buddy. You mess around with girls, I mess around with girls.' The old boy kind of thing." But there was a tacit understanding, Brown believes, that such troopers were compromised by "residuals" in a way that provided Clinton an additional hedge against exposure.

Brown says that Clinton and Flowers each directly confirmed to him that they had had an affair. "Clinton would talk about Gennifer in conversation," he says. And after Brown broke with Clinton, he developed an intimate friendship with Flowers. "I would be at Gennifer's condo at Quapaw, and [Clinton] would actually call and leave messages on the answering machine." Brown recounts that Flowers was brutally mocking in disclosing intimate details of her affair with Clinton. And he recalls his turmoil following Flowers's public allegations about Clinton during the 1992 primaries. Brown was simultaneously seething that Clinton continued to deny the affair and "scared to death Gennifer was going to say something at that time about me."

IV

Brown described trips he took with Bill and/or Hillary to Denver, Dallas, Boston, Washington, D.C., and Boca Raton. Official travel records corroborating all five trips were later obtained from state files.

One 1984 trip was to Irving, Texas, to attend an Arkansas-SMU football game at Texas Stadium. "We would take a state sky box," Brown recalls. They were accompanied by Chris Burrow, later appointed by Clinton to be director of State Building Services. The group wound up at a strip joint near the stadium, on a grisly highway of sex clubs that runs all the way up into North Dallas. "Clinton was just like a kid in a candy store," Brown remembers. "He said, 'L.D., do you think these girls *do* anything? Can you pay 'em *money*, get 'em *outta* here?' He was sticking bucks down in their little things. It ended up we just had to get him out of there." (Burrow, reached for comment, recalls attending the Arkansas-SMU football game with Clinton. Asked about the evening at the strip bar, he replied, "Well . . . I can't remember anything.")

Brown recalls a stay of several days at the luxurious Boca Raton Resort and Yacht Club, after which Hillary, Chelsea, and Bill drove up to Disney World. "One night we all came in," Brown says, "and he wanted to hit the road. 'Let's hit it!' That was the big phrase. 'Let's hit it. Let's go.'" Clinton and Brown headed for a disco that Brown had visited earlier. Clinton pointed out a woman at a nearby table. "He says, 'Go ask that one if she wants to dance with the governor of Arkansas.' And I'm just like, 'Aw sh—, *right*. Who in the hell knows who the governor of Arkansas is in Boca Raton?' I walk over there, and as it invariably happens, I go over, sit down, give her my card, like an *idiot*, and say, 'That guy over there—that's the governor of Arkansas, it's Bill Clinton. He wants to dance with you.' Most of the other girls said, 'Oh yeah, *right*, and I'm Queen Elizabeth,' and then someone at the table goes, 'Yeah, it is. That's Bill Clinton. I've seen him on television.'

"So the girl comes over. We stay there a good while drinking and stuff, get the tab, and she leaves with us. Clinton and the woman get in her car. We followed them down the road. She knew where she was going. We drive down the road, and they pull off. We could still see them. By this time it was probably midnight at least. They pull off. He's in the front seat. She leaned down, and of course she did the old 'lean down' effect. We were no more than ninety feet away. You could see what was going on.

"Probably thirty minutes pass. The lights come back on. They pull up behind us. He leans over and kisses her. He gets out of the car, gets back in the back seat [of the troopers' rental], and, 'Hit it! Let's go! What time is it?' All of a sudden, there's this urgency. He made a statement to the effect that 'It was [oral sex]! God, that was great!'"

When traveling, Clinton appears to have scrupulously reimbursed the state with personal checks for innocent personal expenses. A search of Clinton's official travel records turned up no checks reimbursing the state for more compromising personal expenses, such as those incurred at the Dallas strip joint and the Boca Raton disco. "[The troopers] would always pay" for drinks purchased in such places, says Brown. "We had 'Bill Clinton, Governor' Visa cards, and we had a state police credit card."

When such purchases were charged to the state police card, "we would always get our money back" from the governor's office, he explains. "They would pro-rate this: What was for the governor, what was for you all? Nobody ever lost any money who was ever in that situation." (It is hardly likely that Clinton ever paid in cash. "He never paid for anything," says Brown. "He didn't *carry* money. He never carried a billfold. If he needed it he'd take it from us, five dollars here, five dollars there. He still owes me money.")

Clinton would often grow reflective after extra-marital encounters, says Brown. "He would follow with some kind of, 'Y'know, L.D., we have to do things in life, and we need to be happy, satisfied. Some people are satisfied in different ways, and we have to make compromises.'" Hillary Clinton would use similar jargon with both

L.D. and Becky in rationalizing her own affair with her law partner Vince Foster, as well as her partial acquiescence in Bill's extramarital sexual exploits. While Brown was going through a divorce from his first wife in 1985, Hillary and he would often discuss their respective marriages. "I would talk to her about my marriage, and she would talk to me about hers," he says. "Her greatest quote was 'L.D., sometimes you have to make a leap of faith.' Hillary knew that I knew what was going on."

Brown offers unequivocal eyewitness corroboration of earlier reports that Hillary and Foster, whose death is now under investigation by Special Counsel Robert Fiske, were romantically attached. He characterizes the public displays of affection between the two that he saw "with my own two eyes" in explicit terms as "grab-ass, locked-up kissing, [etc.]—the whole nine yards." The affair was an open secret in the Clintons' circle, Brown says. "Bill knew what was going on between Hillary and Vince."

Brown describes Lisa Foster as "kind of the cast aside, stay-at-home wife, mother to Vince's kids, the official 'Vince wife,' the good, trusting, loving-couple wife." In conversations with Brown's wife Becky, he says, Hillary would criticize Lisa in scathingly personal terms, wanting to know why Lisa was "so damn jealous," and saying, "I don't know why Vince stays with her."

Brown confirms Larry Patterson's claim to *The American Spectator* that Clinton enjoyed a long-term relationship with an Arkansas lawyer that he appointed to a judgeship. "A beautiful, gleaming, kewpie doll with brains," says Brown. "We'd be out at a function at [Little Rock's] Excelsior or one of the hotels there or just anywhere and it was like 'Let's go to [the judge's house].' A couple of times I would go in. Most of the time I would sit out in the driveway, sometimes for hours, and just wait. He would come back: 'Hit it! Let's go! Has Hillary called?' Same old thing. There was always an emphasis on 'Has Hillary called?' 'Has the mansion called?'"

An evening at an Oriental barbecue restaurant in Little Rock crystallizes Brown's mixed memories of that time and those people. All the dramatic personae were present: Bill and Hillary, Vince and Lisa Foster, the judge and her husband, and L.D. "We go in and start drinking, and we're sipping [stuff] for probably two hours. We're walking back, and Vince has got his hand on Hillary's ass and is just squeezing it all to hell. We're staggered, you see: [The judge's husband] and Lisa Foster are up front, walking along. Vince and

Hillary are back here, and Bill is back here with [the judge]." Vince and Hillary and Bill and the judge went at it. "During this walk—hell, it was a twenty-minute walk—they are drunk, running tongues down each others' throats, the whole nine yards. It was a diagonal swap."

Asked if Lisa Foster knew of the arrangement, Brown offers little, beyond saying that he holds her in high regard. "I would hate to say anything bad about Lisa," he says. "She lives a block and a half from my home. She walks by every day. And she is a hell of a victim of that couple."

While Hillary knew about Bill and the judge, says Brown, he doubts that Hillary ever had more than an inkling of the *scale* of Bill's infidelities—in fact, he is not certain Hillary could identify any of Bill's girl-

friends other than the judge. So while the Clintons enjoyed what Brown described as an "open marriage," Bill was nevertheless constrained to practice the kind of deceit that an open marriage is supposed to obviate.

Whatever its sources, tension permeated the Clintons' marriage. Brown corroborates David Brock's January report that, when being chauffeured to official functions, the two typically sat apart—Hillary in the back seat, Bill up front with L.D.—and seldom exchanged small talk. Bill's modest salary as governor of Arkansas was a frequent source of Hillary's gibes.

Hillary was apt to erupt, with little apparent immediate cause, in expletive-laden tirades that Bill would stoically endure. Brown remembered one that took place at 17th and Broadway in Little Rock,

when Bill asked what the court of original jurisdiction was for a case between states. "It's the Supreme Court!" Hillary said. "L.D., you knew that, didn't you?" And she continued to Bill, "I can't believe you would ask a f—ing question like that with L.D. around! You're governor of Arkansas!" At such times, Brown says, "Bill would hardly ever would fight back. He would take a tongue-lashing for whatever reason." On a New England trip, Bill, a legendarily shaky driver, insisted on taking the wheel on the turnpike between Boston and Maine. In Chelsea's presence, Hillary screamed: "You're gonna get us f—ing killed." Brown calls Hillary "as foul-mouthed as any sailor you'd ever meet."

In private, according to Brown, Hillary exhibited a political partisanship so extreme it verged on bigotry. "She would compare Republicans to Nazis," Brown says. Brown's wife recalled a Reagan-era trip to Washington, when Chelsea wanted to go to the White House; Hillary re-



portedly told Chelsea she would have to wait until "someone decent lives there." Brown kept—as a memento of his stint with Clinton's Republican predecessor Frank White—a photograph of himself with Governor White and Nancy Reagan; "Hillary saw it once," he recalls, "and she said that I ought to burn it."

Away from the public spotlight, both Bill and, to a greater extent, Hillary, were contemptuous of policemen, whom they commonly derided as "ignorant sonofabitches," says Brown. Their open contempt contributed significantly to Brown's ultimate disaffection with them. In 1984, Brown accompanied Clinton to a funeral for a state trooper who had been killed by a survivalist in rural De Queen. Brown remembers inviting Clinton into a banquet room, where hundreds of mourning policemen from Arkansas, Texas, and Louisiana were eating sandwiches; according to Brown, Clinton said, "I don't want to go in and eat with those ignorant sonofabitches, let's go to another room." Brown considers the Clintons' contempt for cops an aspect of a broader class snobbery. "At the pink tomato festival at Warren or the Baxter County Fair, for example, they would go meet the 'common folk,' continue the ruse, and gladhand them. We'd get back in the car, and he'd go, 'Get us out of this f---ing redneck place!'"

V

It was a politically dangerous prejudice in one who spent much of his life accompanied by "redneck" cops. Clinton would attempt to make do by using an array of carrots and sticks.

In December, *The American Spectator* published State Trooper Danny Ferguson's disclosure that Clinton had offered him a job as a United States marshal or with the Federal Emergency Management Association in exchange for information on what he and fellow troopers had told reporters at *The American Spectator* and the *Los Angeles Times*. Betsey Wright swiftly attempted to obtain from Ferguson an affidavit retracting his charge. Wright told Ferguson, according to an eyewitness quoted by the *Los Angeles Times*, that his charge, if allowed to stand, "could get the man impeached." (Wright told the *Times* that she doubted that she had referred to impeachment.) Although she failed to obtain a sworn retraction from Ferguson, she, with the help of Clinton crony Bruce Lindsey, succeeded in procuring an affidavit from Little Rock lawyer Robert Batton.

Batton swore only that his client, Ferguson, had told him that "President Clinton never offered or indicated a willingness to offer any trooper a job in exchange for silence or help in shaping their stories." Neither Batton nor Ferguson swore under penalty of perjury that Clinton had never made such an improper offer (and both lacked standing to claim that Clinton had never improperly offered a job to any trooper). Later, according to the *Los Angeles Times*, Ferguson explained that the affidavit was meant to say only that Clinton "didn't say those words," that he had not

expressly offered federal jobs for silence. But he reaffirmed his earlier claim that Clinton had indeed discussed federal jobs for both Roger Perry and himself. Nevertheless, Batton's affidavit was widely interpreted in the press as a retraction by Ferguson. A *Washington Post* news article, for example, editorialized that Wright's damage control represented an "apparent coup" and "a critical boon to the White House in its efforts to defuse the controversy about the allegations first detailed in *American Spectator* magazine."

The sole contact between Clinton and Ferguson acknowledged in the Batton affidavit was an early September 1993 telephone conversation. But *TAS* has learned that that was not their last contact prior to the December publication of the Troopergate exposés. The president and the state trooper met face-to-face in Seattle in November, where Clinton, flush with his recent NAFTA triumph, was hosting Asian heads of state at the November 18-20 APEC Conference. In response to a Freedom of Information Act request, the Arkansas state police released travel records detailing Ferguson's Seattle trip. The ostensible purpose of his trip was "to provide security" for Governor Jim Guy Tucker, who attended for reasons that are not clear. (For an earlier curious meeting of Tucker and Clinton, see James Ring Adams's article in this issue.)

Ferguson did not return repeated phone calls seeking comment. State Trooper Mark Allen, who traveled with Ferguson on the trip, says Ferguson "wouldn't have had time" to meet with White House officials and that Clinton's contact with Ferguson was limited to a friendly greeting at a small gathering of Arkansans. Roger Perry, however, says that during a golf game after his return from Seattle, Ferguson acknowledged that Clinton and he discussed the earlier job offer. "He didn't tell me the entire context of what they talked about, but it was a lot more than a friendly hello," says Perry. "[Clinton] talked about the job."

Ferguson's charge brings to four the number of people allegedly offered state and federal jobs as part of a wide-ranging effort to keep the lid on Clinton's womanizing.

VI

The reported offer to Ferguson appears to be part of a pattern. Among the troopers reported to have extensive knowledge of Clinton's womanizing who have kept quiet are Buddy Young, Lt. Carl Kirkland, and Trooper Mark Allen.

Readers will recall that Buddy Young, former state police captain and longtime chief of governor's security, issued veiled threats to Roger Perry and Larry Patterson in a futile effort to preempt their revelations. Appointed by Clinton to a regional FEMA directorship in July 1993, Young reportedly threatened Roger Perry, on behalf of the President of the United States, with "dire consequences," and Patterson received a handwritten note from Young expressing concern about his health.

A larger audience will recall Young as the dough-faced endomorph who took a phone call from Clinton *consigliere*

Bruce Lindsey to coordinate on Troopergate cover-up measures and neglected to mention to him that he was on the speakerphone and that the incriminating conversation was being captured on tape by ABC News. ABC was in Young's office to interview him about, among other things, his reported attempts to quash the story. (In an interview with David Brock, Young had denied having been in contact with anyone in the White House about the subject.) But Young, it now appears, may be indebted to the Clinton machine for far more than his FEMA directorship. The machine may have spared him prosecution on felony charges.

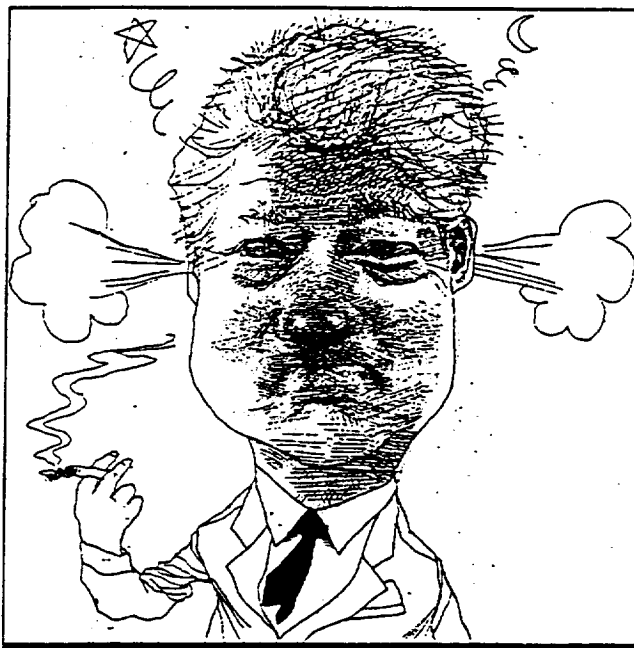
In 1990, Buddy Young sent two state-owned vehicles, including one that he himself had damaged in an accident, to his own paint and body shop, ABC Auto, for repair. Young went through the exercise of soliciting estimates from two other local body shops and then underbid them to win the state contract. In reporting on his accident to State Police Director Col. Tommy Goodwin, Young neglected to mention that one of the repair estimates he had received was from his own company. Later, on both a state police form listing the three repair estimates he had obtained and a requisition order awarding the job to himself, Young continued to conceal the fact that ABC Auto was a sole proprietorship owned by him. After learning in 1991 of this patent breach of conflict of interest standards, Goodwin wrote to the Arkansas Department of Finance and Administration requesting an investigation.

DFA Director Jim Pledger, a Clinton appointee and ally, responded to Goodwin in a letter signed by his deputy. "The facts of the matter indicate Captain Young participated directly in contracting for the repair of two state vehicles through ABC Auto in Little Rock," DFA found. "Captain Young owns ABC Auto." Citing the Arkansas Code on "employee conflict of interest," the letter continued, "there can be no question as to whether Captain Young's action was a breach of the ethical standards for state employees as set forth in the Arkansas Code." He explained that a knowing violation of this type constituted a felony punishable by one to five years in prison and a fine of up to \$10,000. But finding "no evidence" that Young knowingly violated the ethics code and noting that Young denied knowledge of the code's conflict of interest provisions, DFA determined that administrative, not criminal, penalties were in order. Young was issued a written reprimand and docked three days' pay, without suspension.

It is quite a stretch to say that there was no evidence that Young knew he was violating state ethics guidelines. A state police memo distributed to all commissioned personnel (and expected to be signed by recipients) enunciating the department's policy (effective December 1980) on outside employment stated that "No member shall accept outside employment . . . in a job which calls for the use of state police equipment; in a job related to the wrecker or ambulance business; . . . or in an occupation which would be or would appear to be a conflict of interest." Obviously, the reason it is a conflict of interest for cops to be involved in the "wrecker" business is that cops tend to know where the wrecks are.

Additionally, in 1977 Young took on outside work as a weekend rodeo clown. In completing and signing the required departmental permission form for outside work, he agreed that "I will not use, directly or indirectly, any equipment owned, leased or in the control of the Department while engaged in off-duty employment."

Goodwin was asked in an interview if he thought it plausible that a 22-year veteran of the state police who had reached the rank of captain and the coveted post of director of governor's security would not have known that it was an ethics violation to direct state business to his own company without disclosing his financial interest in the transaction. "I thought it was a little unusual," said Goodwin. "There probably were a lot of members of our department that would know that," he



said. "I know that I knew it." He believes the Young case is the only time during his tenure at the state police that a state police officer has awarded himself an order to repair a state vehicle.

Pledger said that he understood why one might question Young's protestations that he was ignorant of the law in this case. "If you have been here for twenty years, there are some things you just know." He said he cannot specifically recall whether the governor or his representatives exercised any undue influence over the investigation, but that it would have been "improbable" for there to have been any contact between the governor's office and the DFA regarding an investigation of this type.

Carl Kirkland, who, according to several troopers, reads and writes at sub-high school level, was recently promoted to lieutenant. Both Brown and Perry say that competitive procedures governing promotions to this rank were bypassed in his case. "They just waved a wand over him," according to Brown. "What is so

devastating about that promotion," says Perry, "is that we have troopers out here with master's degrees, with doctorates in sociology, in criminology."

A high-level state police official said that the state police director has the authority to bypass competitive procedures, and that every promotion since November 1989 has been by appointment. He acknowledged, however, that Kirkland is the first to be promoted to a rank as high as lieutenant by this method. The experienced Kirkland was the choice of the current governor and "was presented to the police commission in that light, and they approved his promotion," he says. "He's not the most intelligent person over there, but he's probably got more know-how and gets along better. He's a good P.R. man. The governor likes him. Kirkland is loyal."

Brown says it is common knowledge at department headquarters that trooper Mark Allen openly deliberated whether or not to accept a Clinton offer to become the officer, by tradition a member of the uniformed military services, charged with carrying the "football" containing the nuclear launch codes wherever the president goes. Larry Patterson says that Allen (whom he portrays as someone apt to break down in tears when under professional stress) told him soon after Clinton's inauguration that Clinton had personally offered him the sensitive post. Allen acknowledged in an interview that he discussed unspecified administration jobs with unspecified individuals, but denied he was offered the job as custodian of the nuclear launch codes. "I couldn't see me being responsible for something like that," he said.

Five troopers have now talked on or off the record about Clinton's politically toxic levels of philandering. Young, Allen, and Kirkland are three of the dwindling few troopers with extensive knowledge about the subject who have not, and apparently it pays to play dumb. Young got a reprieve from a possible prison term, Kirkland got an unprecedented promotion many think undeserved, and Allen was reportedly offered a job that would have whisked him from Ozark obscurity into NATO's nuclear club. Clearly, Clinton could offer tempting carrots.

Brown, on the other hand, got the stick.

VII

Brown, who saw his once-close relationship with Bill Clinton deteriorate after 1985, felt the wrath of the Clintonites' revenge even before he went public, and now bitterly resents what he sees as a vindictive Clinton political machine. He describes how their mutual disaffection unfolded in four acts: First, Clinton reneged on a promised job. Then, the two clashed angrily when Clinton wretched on a pay raise for state troopers represented by Brown. Later, Clinton engineered his replacement as association president. Finally, Clinton instigated a scarring criminal investigation of Brown's management of troopers association finances—an investigation Brown says was pure politics.

In 1985, Clinton notified Brown of an opening at the state crime lab. The director was leaving imminently, and Clinton planned to promote the then-assistant director to

the director's post, leaving the assistant director's post vacant. But after prevailing on Brown to get the director to stay on, Clinton withdrew the offer. Brown says Clinton and the director tried to rationalize their pullback on the grounds of saving the state money for a make-work job; Brown claims the money had already been appropriated.

Brown was dating Becky, and the two had planned their whole future around the job, Brown says. Brown angrily quit his post in governor's security. But it was not until Becky gave notice that she would be leaving her post as Chelsea's nanny that Clinton called the couple at their newly bought home, irate: "We are talking about my daughter here and her stability," he reportedly said. Brown reminded Clinton, "We are talking about our future, too."

That break rippled through Brown's relationship with his own new in-laws. His mother-in-law, Ann McCoy (then mansion administrator and currently White House deputy social secretary), took Clinton's side. "This is the *governor*," she reportedly said, "and, Doug, you have got to go back down there, my God, you have got to humble yourself." The family scars have yet to heal, and McCoy has yet to meet two of her grandchildren.

After his departure, then-Clinton chief of staff Betsey Wright summoned him to a meeting in her Hill Road home to make sure he would not squeal about Clinton's state-subsidized harem-building. Brown says he told Wright, "If he'll leave me alone, this is it. I don't want anything from you."

In 1989, Brown, as head of the 500-member Arkansas State Police Association, sought a pay raise for his members, many of whom worked two jobs to supplement their meager state salaries. Clinton and Brown made a deal: In exchange for a Clinton promise to support the raise, Brown agreed to use the political muscle of the state police to lobby key representatives for a tax increase Clinton sought. The proposed tax hikes were hugely unpopular, and the vote came at big political cost. With Brown's help, Clinton prevailed, and the tax bill passed by one vote. But when Clinton reneged on the promise of a raise, Brown was left holding the bag. He called Clinton a "liar" in the *Arkansas Gazette*, and used his platform as vice-chairman of the national troopers' group to mail correspondence to his members and all forty-five state police associations nationwide, branding Clinton a "phony, anti-cop," he says.

"It came to showdown time." Brown recalls the meeting at the mansion: "Little pleasantries are exchanged, and all of a sudden Bill just says, 'I want to tell you something'—and he never looks at you—I'm real goddamn tired of being called a liar, I'm sick of this. I've gone out of my way to do everything I can for you all, and you've ruined it, and I hear the troopers don't like it either that you came out and called me a liar.' He is ranting, raving—screaming." Brown says he told Clinton, "Ted Mullinex, Jerry King, Tommy Mitchum, among others, changed their vote during the last session. We passed that bill. You knew what we gave up and the chances they took." The meeting ended with Clinton vaguely promising to do something in the next legislative session.

Soon afterward, Larry Patterson overheard an ominous exchange between Bill and Hillary in the car. "Hillary said 'Something has to be done with L.D. Brown,'" recalls Patterson. "That is verbatim. To me, that meant that L.D. had to be either transferred or he had to be threatened and shut up." Patterson tipped Brown off on what was coming.

Unsubstantiated leaks alleging misuse of association funds appeared in *Arkansas Business*, a local weekly. Through Mark Allen and loyal appointees on the police commission, Clinton fanned anti-Brown sentiment within the association, and in an ironic twist, secretly lined up Roger Perry to succeed Brown and transform the association into a compliantly pro-Clinton company union. State police captain Jim Pinson, loyal to the governor, sent a letter critical of Brown to all the troop captains. According to Brown, he also started a smear campaign, alleging, among other things, shopping trips to Dallas. State Police Director Goodwin approved a criminal investigation into the state police association.

For years, until quite recently, Brown was convinced that his protégé at the association, Larry Patterson, acted as Clinton's mole within the association. He suspected that Patterson was "playing both ends against the middle": feeding information to Brown and prospective Clinton opponents on Clinton's sexcapades, while simultaneously, Brown says, "making book on me: women, trips, things he had heard." Patterson maintains that, to the contrary, he fell out of favor with Clinton as the result of his relationship with Brown. "My job in governor's security was put in jeopardy because I was giving L.D. information," he says. "I was sent home from governor's security by Bill Clinton on two separate occasions, because he got mad and threw fits and told me, 'You're not going with me, get your goddamn ass out of here. I don't want to see you.'"

While he clashed with Brown over the latter's increasingly personalistic leadership style, "I did not, I would not, and I have not" colluded with Clinton to ruin Brown, he says. "L.D. and I had some serious problems, but I never thought to have L.D. Brown investigated in any way, shape, form, or fashion. L.D. Brown is a very intelligent person and could have done the best job of anyone I know in the state police of running the association, but L.D. got to the point where he thought he had total and complete control and that was L.D.'s problem."

Patterson says that state trooper Mark Allen was Clinton's cut-out in the campaign to destroy Brown. At an

association barbecue in Pine Bluff, "Mark Allen got up in his face and screamed at him," Patterson recalls. "He accused him of being a liar, accused him of being a thief, of stealing money. This is when the demise of L.D. began. Mark Allen was not acting spontaneously. Bill Clinton was telling him every move to make."

Says Perry, "While not stealing the money, [L.D.] was not using the funds wisely." Brown himself acknowledges excesses ("We spent some association money kind of rocking and rolling," he says), but defends the expenditures as standard in a region where lobbying was long defined by the "three Bs": beef, bourbon and blondes. "There always was a politician there," he says. "We would talk business. That is just basically the way you lobby there, because we can't give them any money by law, we can't make a campaign contribu-

tion. A legislator would be out with us, and he would want to take a woman with him, and we would pay for all of it."

Perry was an unlikely choice to succeed Brown as president of the association. Previously uninvolved in association affairs, laconic and somewhat halting in speech, he was reluctant to assume the mantle of leadership. But he was considered a loyal Clintonite, conveniently available to the governor as a member of his security detail and amenable to his direction. It was Mark Allen, Perry says, who initially prevailed upon a reluctant Perry to run. "He stayed on my butt, and there were conversations between Mark and myself in front of



Clinton where he said things to Clinton like, 'Don't you think Roger would be a good president of the association?'

"I told Bill Clinton that I was thinking of running for president of the association and he said, 'Good, somebody needs to beat the sorry sonofabitch.' He talked about L.D. like he was a dog." Perry's resistance to running began to melt. "Bill Clinton asked me everyday how it was going, and he said, 'If I can do anything to help you let me know.' I didn't want to run." According to Perry, when he grew nervous about his first public speech, Clinton said, "Shoot, I've got some time. I'll sit down and help you."

Perry's decision to run was met with glee in the Clinton camp. "Hillary's response," Perry said, "was she held up her two fists and said, 'All right! Nail the asshole!'"

His spirit sapped by the escalating campaign against him, Brown opted against running for re-election and was succeeded by Perry. But Clinton, according to Patterson and Perry, was determined to polish off

his wounded enemy. Patterson and Perry say that during a Saturday-night meeting at the mansion, Clinton expressed impatience that no criminal investigation had yet begun into Brown's management and wondered aloud why the authorities were "dragging their feet." The two explained that Goodwin was protecting him.

Sunday morning Goodwin appeared at the mansion for an hour-and-a-half meeting, Perry remembers. "Clinton comes out and he says, 'You're not gonna believe what the sonofabitch told me.' That's his exact words. And I said, 'What's that, Governor?' 'He told me that L.D. Brown was the best investigator in the state police.'" Shortly after that, the state police investigation was initiated. (Goodwin does not remember a one-on-one Sunday meeting, but seems to remember telling Clinton that Brown is the best investigator he had on the force.)

While the investigation intensified, Brown's contract to edit the association's magazine was cancelled, adding to his woes. Legal bills incurred in defending himself and suing the magazine publisher mounted. While Brown nursed his wounds, his successor thrived on his relationship with the newly generous governor. "Anything that Larry and I went up to the capitol and asked for we got," says Perry. "See, [Clinton] had someone that was loyal to him, friendly to him. As far as the pay raises, he could just as easily have done that while L.D. was president."

Ultimately, the investigation of Brown foundered for lack of evidence of wrongdoing. "It's obvious that I don't have any heartburn that L.D. was not prosecuted," said a trooper assigned to the investigation. "People wanted to talk all about personal stuff that really didn't have much to do with the actual charges themselves, and it was not fair to subject him to that kind of ordeal." Even the prosecuting attorney for Arkansas's 6th judicial district, Clinton loyalist Mark Stodola, found no basis for prosecution. But Clinton remained unreconciled. "Clinton was pissed off at Stodola for not doing it," remembers Perry. Perry claims Clinton told him, "I don't understand why he's not doing it. They just investigated the attorney general for the same damn thing."

Even so, L.D. Brown, Bill Clinton's worst nightmare, had been neutralized. "Clinton has got me out of the political mainstream, number one," Brown explains, "and number two, if I ever came out on the record and said something, he would bring that up."

"Clinton had me exactly where he wanted me. Maybe he still thinks that he does. And maybe he does."

VIII

Perry, Patterson, and Brown each maintain that Clinton instigated a trumped-up criminal probe of Brown to dispose of a politically dangerous foe. If they are right, then the affair establishes Clinton's willingness to subvert public law enforcement machinery to personal political ends, as he would later do, it has been alleged, in the White House travel office affair, the Foster death investigation, and the Webb Hubbell Justice

Department's reluctance to pursue David Hale's allegations of criminal acts by Clinton.

Seven individuals have now claimed that they have been offered bribes or been threatened, or both, by Clinton or his associates to discourage them from speaking openly about what is arguably his outstanding political weakness. Gennifer Flowers received a state job. Sally Perdue alleges a federal job offer and a veiled threat. Danny Ferguson said initially that Clinton discussed jobs for both Roger Perry and himself. Larry Patterson says Buddy Young issued a veiled threat. L.D. Brown says he was offered a buy-off, threatened with reprisals, and subjected to a Clinton-inspired criminal probe. These alleged attempts to silence whistleblowers, if true, represent only those attempts that failed. How many have been successfully muzzled? And at what price? Is this the x factor that explains how Clinton managed for so long to outrace his past?

© 1994 The American Spectator All Rights Reserved

REPRINTS AVAILABLE
 Copies of Daniel Wattenberg's
 "Love and Hate in Arkansas"
 are available for \$5 each; ten for \$35;
 twenty-five for \$75; one-hundred for \$250.
 Send your order to:
 The American Spectator,
 P.O. Box 549, Arlington, Virginia 22216-0549.
 (See page 51 for a complete listing of reprints available.)

**Subscribe to
 THE AMERICAN
 SPECTATOR®
 today!**

12 big monthly issues for only \$35.
 Call 1-800-524-3469

or send this handy coupon to:

The American Spectator,
 Subscription Department,
 P.O. Box 657, Mt. Morris, IL 61054-0657.

Yes, please send me 12 monthly issues of
The American Spectator for only \$35.00.
 Payment enclosed Bill me later

Name: _____
 Address: _____
 City: _____ State: _____
 Zip code: _____ B94DW1