

# Liberty

*"The disease of liberty is catching." –Thomas Jefferson*

Easy Living  
in the Bahamas  
*by Mark Skousen*

Libertarians in a State-Run World  
*by Murray N. Rothbard*

The Most Unforgettable Libertarian  
I Ever Knew  
*by Karl Hess*

The Dynamics of Voluntary Tyranny  
*by Stephen Cox*

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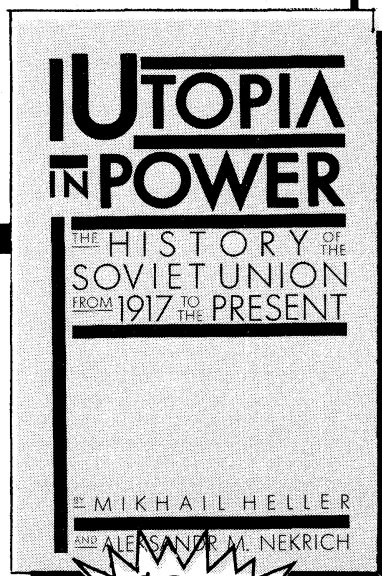
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# Letters

Though I enjoyed your first issue very much, particularly the article by William P. Moulton, I do have some concerns about Jo McIntyre's "Options":

She writes, "Service to my Sisters is service to my Self." This sounds curiously like socialist doctrine to me; surely she means, "Service to my self is service to my Sisters."

And she calls the use of subliminal suggestions to alter the behavior of abusive men "non-coercive." The control of another's mind is certainly coercive and would lead to (more) forced abuses.

All in all an excellent first issue. Congratulations.

—J. Butler  
The Philippines

Michael Townshend dismisses (*Liberty* Sept/Oct) "The Closing of the American Mind" by Allan Bloom as "right wing screed," because of its attack on sex and drugs and rock and roll.

Last week my new *Rolling Stone* arrived. It contained William Greider's dismissal of the same book as "right wing screed" because of its attacks on sex and drugs and rock and roll.

I put it to you: did your Michael Townshend get his ideas from *Rolling Stone*?

—James Reynolds  
Houston, TX

Note: *Liberty* went to press in early August; the Greider review was published in mid-September. Whether William Greider got his ideas from *Liberty* we do not know. Michael Townshend advises us that he does not often read *Rolling Stone*, but that in his opinion, the writing of William Greider is "left wing screed."

—The Editors

When a friend told me that you had published an essay defending Robert Nozick's contemptible use of rent control laws to harass and swindle his landlord, I was shocked and surprised.

I had expected some sort of crazy Stirnerite diatribe, or worse yet totally subjectivistic sophistry. I was pleasantly surprised to find that Ethan Waters in-

stead used the Nozick affair as an excuse to open debate on the broader issue of how a theory based on the moralism of Rand or Rothbard can make any judgments about the morality of any action without first examining the origins of the institutions involved.

Admittedly, Waters' hypothetical model for the origin of the state is a bit far-fetched. But so what? A state that did have its origin in voluntary contract could engage in virtually any tyrannical act without violating anyone's rights. Indeed, the "moralistic libertarian" would actually have to defend the depredations of such a state!

I hope you will publish more on this issue. While Waters' argument against a purely moralistic libertarianism seems pretty convincing, I am not sure that the alternative he mentions ("utilitarian libertarianism") is any better.

—Ralph Martin  
Miami, Fla.

I think that Ethan O. Waters missed the boat in his article, "Reflections on the Apostasy of Robert Nozick" (Sept/Oct 1987 issue).

It is true that we all use government "services" of one type or another, and I don't believe that I am guilty of violating my libertarian principles by doing so.

There is a point, however, when using a service ends and encouraging state intervention begins. The latter is the situation with Mr. Nozick's rent control case.

The line should be drawn like this: if a "service" now provided by the government would still exist, though privately operated, in a free society, it is alright to use it. Good examples would be roads, schools, and parks. If a "service" is merely coercive *per se* and would automatically disappear in a free society, then it is wrong to use it. The Internal Revenue Service and the Cambridge, Mass. Rent Control Board are good examples.

Mr. Nozick voluntarily entered into an agreement to pay Mr. Segal \$1900 per month. When the period was over and Mr. Segal wanted \$2400 per month

for the next year, Mr. Nozick should have either paid it or moved. Going to an agency run by bureaucratic parasites to force Mr. Segal to charge less is blatant coercion.

I have lived in rent controlled apartments in Los Angeles, and so do a large number of libertarians. I took advantage of the relatively low rent, but I would not have gone to the government if my landlord had started charging above the "legal rate." I would either have paid it or moved.

In just about any libertarian theory one wants to examine, the owner of a property has absolute rights over it. Mr. Nozick stepped way out of bounds and deserves condemnation. Since libertarianism is not a religion, there is no reason to "excommunicate" him. After all, we need all the support we can get. However, if Mr. Nozick wants to publicly identify himself as a libertarian, he should offer the truly principled position of property rights before digressing to his own unfortunate view of the subject.

—Ted Brown  
Los Angeles, Calif.

## Some Responses to Our Direct Mail Solicitations

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I deplore your use of Ayn Rand's name to promote the sale of literature which deviates so greatly from Objectivism.

It's a cheap shot.

—Elizabeth Wells  
Seattle, Wash.

"What do you call a magazine that... explores the frontier of libertarian thinking? etc., etc."

Answer: Socialism, just a short step from communism. An effort by non-thinkers to abolish all ethical and moral standards not acceptable to the Party.

Drop Dead.

—W. A. Friend  
Morgantown, W. V.



## Portrait

# The Most Unforgettable Libertarian I Ever Knew

*by Karl Hess*

My mother, without ever having heard the term so far as I know, raised me to be a libertarian. And in every job, or political or social cause in which I have been involved since 1938, when I turned 15 and went to work, it has been my libertarian urge, mother-taught, that has kept me reasonably 'sane,' self-esteeming, and secure enough to live my life on my own terms and not on someone else's ideological or managerial leash.

Had my mother ever paused practicing libertarianism long enough to ponder it, I think she would have defined it in stern (Stirnerite?) terms of individualism. Liberty, to her, was simply being human to the hilt; being absolutely responsible for your own choices in life, questioning authority, being honest in all dealing with others, and never initiating force to get your way or condoning it for someone else to get their way.

I never once saw her defer or bow to any other person because of that person's status or authority. I never heard her express a feeling of guilt for anything she had done. Apology, openly and without qualms, but never any guilt. Regrets for some things undone; never guilt. Nor, since the time that I could argue reasonably and, if necessary make my own way away from home, did she ever pull maternal rank on me.

I did, with her tacit blessing, anything and everything that I could be personally responsible for. When, in my early teens, I got riotously drunk, she let the hangover—instead of a harangue—make all of the arguments necessary to sober me up and keep me that way. When, also in my early teens, I asked her advice in regard to the bedding of a sweetheart, she told me about the implied and demanding contracts of parenthood and not one word about morality. Like vir-

tually any young person you will meet, the morals would have deferred to the hormones but the financial obligations would not. I was impressed.

I suppose, come to think of it, that my mother was a great and gifted teacher and that all of her lessons were about being absolutely and uncompromisingly an individual. When, as many parents do, she derided statements that began with "aw, but all the other kids are doing it" she did it in a way that left no mistake that she meant that not only did she not care about what the other kids were doing, she also did not give a fig for what the entire rest of the human race was doing.

She said there was only one of her and only one of me on the planet and that the rest of the people on earth would have to take care of themselves since she was too busy taking care of herself—and would I please do the same!

How did she get the way that she was so that she could help me become the way that I am?

I honestly don't know. I have only a few clues.

Her family, genteel and once well off, had come upon very hard times by the time she was in high school. She dropped out of high school (she later supported me in my decision to do the same) and she went to work as an office clerk and, with her younger brother, took on the entire support of her own mother.

She was beautiful. At about twenty

she attracted the young, aristocratic scion of a German-Spanish family living in the Philippines. He was in America to play gentleman's tennis (at a world class level). He and she married, begat me, and headed back to the islands where it became immediately apparent that my father was adept at games of love off the court as well as on.

Prior to my mother's full discovery of her husband's extra-marital athleticism, she gave a powerful evidence of the spirit that was to illuminate her life and which, inherited or learned, has done the same for me.

My grandmother, a patrician Spanish lady who refused to speak English because she considered it an inferior language, also considered her servants to be chattels and was forever getting in trouble with the police for having them flogged for derelict performances of her imperious bidding. One result of that attitude was that she flatly forbade any member of her family from ever associating with the servants or with other natives or even entering the quarters or work areas of such people. That included, of course, the kitchen.

Mother, being an American with a not unfamiliar kitchen fixation, made a bee line, of course, for the cooking area as soon as she was quartered in the house, along with my father (whose attention to his mother's strictures about associating with natives wandered rather badly in at least a half dozen cases of imputed paterni-

ty). Mother's reported presence in the kitchen produced a crisis which must clearly have foreshadowed the end of the honeymoon.

(When my paternal uncle married a native lady, whose native daddy just happened to be one of the major bankers in Manila, my grandmother made a rule, never breached, I am told, that when the couple came to visit, the wife would eat with the servants.)

Between the kitchen incident and the increasingly obvious philandering of her husband (16 women made "intimate" claims upon his estate) my mother decided to depart or, as the natives now say, split.

A digression. My father was adventurous not only sexually but politically. Flung into prison by the Japanese when they occupied the Philippines, he got out by shedding his US citizenship and becoming, *mirabile dictu*, a native of the islands. But, alas, when the Japanese were evacuating Manila under the pressure of American bombardment, he happened to be playing poker in his club. A Japanese squad burst in; my father, by reliable accounts, told them to go on about their business and please leave him alone to play a superb hand. He lost his head over that one. The soldiers yanked him off to a nearby killing ground and decapitated him. I have, ever since, had a profound respect for Japanese cutlery and an equally profound determination to hold my tongue when dealing with heavily armed people.

Back to happier times. When, in the mid-1920's, my mother determined to leave my father, taking me with her, of course, she refused to go to court over the matter and she also refused to be beholden to her husband. No alimony. No support. She just left. Out. Finito. Zoom. And away.

Back with her brother and her aging mother, she took a job as a switchboard operator, first in an office setting, later in several upscale apartment buildings. She also taught me how to read. How? By reading to me constantly from infancy on and, when I could speak, having me follow along with pauses to explain letter sounds. She also began using what, it seems to me, was her most powerful tutelary tool: a steadfast refusal ever to answer

a question, no matter how innocuous, if I could be goaded or led into finding the answer for myself.

As a result, we spent a considerable amount of our time walking to and from the Mount Pleasant branch of the public library in Washington, DC. I hasten to add, for those poised to accuse me of errant and immoral use of state-owned facilities, that she also was a devoted customer of the many rental

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libraries which, in those days, abounded.

We had to go many other places for answers, of course. I once asked her what her first name was and she shuffled me off to the bureau of vital statistics where she taught me to look up birth certificates.

We spent time, also, at the Army's medical museum obtaining answers to various intestinal and glandular inquiries. In addition, she supplied an amazingly varied group of men friends and lovers of whom I could ask questions ranging from oxidation (a chemical engineer) to navigation (a rear admiral) to internal combustion (an auto mechanic) to geography (a bus driver) to ballistics (a virtually professional hunter). And always, we read together, discussed things together, listened to music (some of it hers on the piano) and walked about observing the natural history, architecture, and social mores of a great city.

Interrupting some of this, for a time, was my rash and uninformed decision to go to school. My mother objected strenuously, feeling that the time I was spending sitting underneath the switchboard that she was operating—both of us always with a book—was more useful.

When, at 15, I finally decided to quit and go to work at a radio station, having been offered a job by a resident in the apartment house which she now was managing, my mother had only one concern. She wondered how I was going to manage to escape school without arousing a swarm of truant officers.

My successful plan, which she applauded, was to register at every school in town and then, one by one, transfer, transfer, transfer. For all that I know, the paperwork is still being processed some 49 years later.

Mother was good at lessons other than academic, however. Once, while abroad on one of our interminable week-end walks through the city, we took an excursion through the lobby of one of the most fashionable hotels in Washington. Because I was shabbily, if neatly, dressed, I expressed a sense of reluctance to be seen there and a desire to get out. We were in the center of the great lobby when my embarrassment overcame me.

Mother, taking no care to whisper, there and then lectured me Socratically about the source of my discomfort.

"Do you feel that what these people [grand sweep of the arm] think is of any importance to you?"

"Do you feel that you are inferior to these people because you are dressed differently from them?"

"If you were standing here stark naked would you not be just as fine a person as though you had on a tuxedo?"

"Do you think that your clothes are more important than you are?"

My embarrassment, at least at the moment, did not disappear. But I have never forgotten the lesson or the penetrating significance of the questions.

I've been trying to live up to the answers, which my mother inspired, ever since.

And I have never had much difficulty in taking both sides of the old nature versus nurture question. That marvelous woman is part of my genetic makeup and just as powerfully the nurturer of my character.

While she was waiting for the ambulance to take her to the hospital where she died of a heart ailment, she wrote a series of notes. They did not try to pass along profound last words. They just asked that her newspaper subscription be cancelled, that the laundryman be informed that there would be no pick-up, and the eggman told she would need no more. I cry now when I think of those notes. But then I think of the walks and the talks and I am happy again. And free. □

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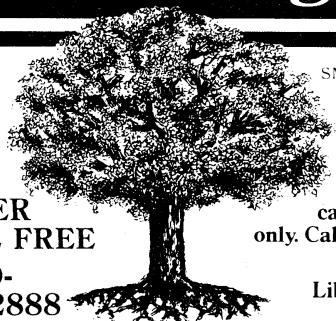
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## Narrative

# Don Quixote in the Emerald City

by Brian Wright

I did this once before, in 1979. Eight years later and I'm still tilting at windmills, still seeing the state advancing like my forehead.

Eight years ago I was 30 and married, bogging down at a job in the "cannon" (war) business, discontent in the real world while optimistically pursuing an ideal one. Pollyanna in a K-Mart corduroy suit, I actually believed that liberty was around the corner. There was such incredible energy, such boyish enthusiasm, such intellectual drive. Eight libertarian years is a long time for Don Quixote in a statist world.

A veteran now, I can claim some little victories. There are some scars. I abandoned super-volunteerism: this year as a mercenary for the Libertarian Party of Michigan I almost duplicated the 6000 unremunerated signatures personally gathered during the 1983-84 ballot drive. We're going to be on the ballot again. High hopes strike once again.

I use my signature gathering income to pay my way to the LP Convention. And so I spend my Labor Day weekend in Seattle, "The Emerald City," as the Chamber of Commerce calls it.

\* \* \* \* \*

My sinuses are acting up as we descend to Seattle; the inside of my head stays at about 10,000 feet. Nevertheless, I march bravely along with my compatriots to the baggage claim area where we figure our chances of retrieving what we checked are close to 50/50. We wait patiently, then not so patiently, memorizing the colors and shapes of about 10 separate items permanently affixed to the conveyor belt. Thank you for flying Northwest.

I say, "Hey, Emily, isn't that white golf bag a new one?" She replies, "No, Brian, it's been around maybe 50 times now. I think all this stuff belongs to one

of the illicit substance kingpins in Seattle. It's probably all full of drugs and the cops have it staked out, waiting for some bald-headed guy driving a Porsche and wearing a Hawaiian shirt." Mark was wearing a Hawaiian shirt. I hail over, "Hey, Mark, let's forget that ad hoc golf outing, OK?"

Turns out there *is* a stake-out of sorts going on. A couple of Seattle's finest—one big fat cop and a guy about my size only bigger on account of his badge and gun—are wandering around behind the conveyor curtains with a dope-sniffing Rin-Tin-Tin. Before I figure out what's going on, these brave young men and dog sequester a couple of bags. After some poking around, they pull out a baggie containing what appears to be a leafy item currently on the government's list of unacceptable material.

Clearly the guns, badges and sniffer dog have no effect on the marijuana. It just sort of sits there in the officer's hand making no false moves, declining to attack anyone in the vicinity. But one mustn't forget, the Eggplant that ate Chicago was once just a harmless little veggie in somebody's backyard; these guys weren't about to take any chances with the Evil Weed, especially here in their own home town. They promptly locate its traveling companion, a fairly normal looking guy in his early 30s, and give him the third degree.

"So, how'd this societal menace come to be in your suitcase, pal?"

"You know how it is, sir. The Weed

has a mind of its own. Jumped in there when I wasn't looking, back in the Murder City. I've been doing my best to fight it off. But it's been a long day. Tonight, I think it planned to wrap itself in a few Zig Zags, thrust its mad vapors into my lungs and take shameless advantage of me. Glad you guys got here when you did."

"Don't worry, son. You're looking at two of the toughest hombres in the city, and we ain't afraid of no dead leaves. Why, my partner here gunned down a dozen tea bags just yesterday. Sure, they were decaffeinated, but they drew first."

"Geez. But have you all heard about Project HEMP back in Michigan? Well, back there the federales are sending our state boys out into the woods with axes, mind you, just axes. Seems these 13-foot-tall marijuana plants are sneaking into Detroit's neighborhoods and stalking winos, preachers, high school dropouts and other pillars of the community. Someone has to go out there in the boonies and cut down these giant weeds so others can live and raise their families."

"Couldn't ya get Rambo?"

"Afraid not. In Nicaragua."

"Whheeww doggies! Then I guess them troopers of yours hasta be some kinda brave dudes and dudettes. No Rambo, no national guard and no cruise missiles. No wonder we're losin' the battle 'gainst drugs!"

Actually, I couldn't overhear the

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# Report

## Conventional Notes

by Chester Alan Arthur

Liberty's political correspondent reports on the  
Libertarian Party's Presidential Nominating Convention  
in Seattle in early September.

"How did I first learn about libertarianism?" the attractive middle aged woman repeated my question.

"It was on my honeymoon. My new husband and I were crossing the country by train, and he had a copy of *Atlas Shrugged* which we got as a wedding present.

"He was enthralled. He paid no attention to me... And he wouldn't leave our room, even for meals.

"We got off the train in Chicago and madly dashed to the newstand so we could get a copy for me to read. We couldn't find one. But we got a copy of *The Fountainhead*.

"So the rest of the way to New York, I read *Fountainhead* while he read *Atlas*. We stopped reading from time to time to discuss the philosophy. It was really better than if we were reading the same book, because we discussed the ideas, not just the story.

"By the time we reached New York, we were Objectivists."

\* \* \* \*

A Canadian attending the convention described his conversation with U.S. Immigration at the border:

"Where are you going?" the official asked.

"To Seattle," the Canadian answered.

"What for?"

"The Libertarian Party Convention."

"What is that? A Canadian organization?"

"No, it's your third largest political party."

"Libertarian?!? ..."

"You know, 'Liberty'... like on your sleeve," the Canadian replied, pointing to the Statue of Liberty patch on the border guard's sleeve.

The confused official waved him

through.

\* \* \* \*

The term *lüftmensch* ("air person" in German) that Murray Rothbard suggested to characterize the non-coat-and-tie libertarians has apparently entered the libertarian political vocabulary.

Members of two different delegations offered *Lüftmenschen* political buttons: a Texan offered a button with a hot air balloon emblazoned with the word; a Michiganiaan offered a button with the slogan "*Küss Mich, Ich Bin Ein Lüftmensch.*"

The organization of "*Lüftmenschen* for Paul" was the object of considerable speculation and rumor, but no tangible signs were seen.

\* \* \* \*

The Convention got off to a fun start with the "*American Libertarian Salutes the LP*" party. The champagne flowed like water, while waiters brought tray after tray of oysters on the half shell, salmon and shrimp to the hungry libertarians.

Matt Monroe, publisher of the independent libertarian monthly newspaper, was pleased with the turnout, which nicely illustrated the classic libertarian maxim, "Free food and booze draws a big crowd."

\* \* \* \*

The award for tastelessness went to the Libertarian Republican Organizing Committee, which distributed cam-

paign buttons reading "Gay Nazis For Paul" and "Paul-LaRouche in '88," and a sophomoric pastiche of Ron Paul's response to a Cable News Network questionnaire filled out in crayon, complete with misspellings and cruder remarks.

\* \* \* \*

Just what did a participant get for his \$50 Basic registration fee? According to an advertisement for the Convention, he got the "keynote address, convention floor access and exhibits."

Access to the keynote address, along with all other Convention business, is guaranteed by the party By/Laws to all LP members. And the exhibit area was in a public area of the hotel.

Apparently, the \$50 Basic registration fee bought one a name tag, a convention program, and coupons good for admission to two speakers or panels.

\* \* \* \*

The Paul Campaign was not happy with the Convention Service Corp, which ran the Convention. It seems that the Paul people wanted to distribute signs and dump balloons from the ceiling during a celebration to follow the nominating speech, but the CSC would not have any of it at first. "It isn't fair to other candidates," they said. "Socialism!" the Paul campaign re-

→ continued on page 11

conversation, but the foregoing probably makes about as much sense as any. The incident disturbed me. I wanted to intervene on behalf of the harrassee, to scream obscenities at the fascist idiots in blue who were so intent on busting him, to demand they get the hell out of there and go do their FRIGGIN' JOBS for Chrissake. After all, as it turned out, a serial killer was on the loose in Seattle-Tacoma. Why weren't they staking out him?!

As my anger rises, so too does my anxiety over consequences of any impulsive move. I walk closer to the scene. I'm just within earshot when I chicken out.

I'd like to think I made the rational choice, but it won't square with my feelings. On the do-something side: 1) I was dressed in a suit and tie. 2) There was a sense that other passengers might have supported me. 3) The PR value of an LP delegate coming to town and resisting immoral police acts could have been substantial. 4) I would probably have been in no physical danger even if I had lost my cool (which was likely). 5) It might have given moral support to the guy being hassled.

On the do-nothing side: 1) My head felt as thick as stale pudding and, despite the suit and tie, I looked like I'd "been rid hard and put away wet." 2) The victim might not have considered my intervention helpful. 3) Those guys were wearing real guns and badges. 4) The ensuing confrontation might have affected others in my entourage, particularly Tim who had grown strangely quiet and preoccupied upon seeing Rin-Tin-Tin and colleagues checking things out.

Afterwards, we figured out a lot of ways we might have handled it. For example, the three or four of us could have approached the cops together and let Emily do all the talking. At just over 5 feet tall and hardly 100 lbs, she would certainly have presented a non-threat to the cops' macho cretinism. Then snap a picture. That kind of thing. There were plenty of witnesses, and chances are the cops would not have acted out any Neanderthal fantasies.

Well, we all walked away from that one.

\* \* \* \* \*

As I proceed to the convention floor to hear the keynote speaker and take up credentials and bylaws, I find I

*A couple of Seattle's finest—one big fat cop and a guy about my size only bigger on account of his badge and gun—are wandering around ...*

can't shake the image of those two cops at the airport rousting that guy for marijuana possession. Achieving liberty isn't only a matter of deftly convincing people of the ideas, it's also resisting those who would just as soon step on your idealistic faces.

Thought and action. I wish I had a dime for every libertarian whose thinking is pretty damned good but whose actions aren't worth a bucket of warm spit. I don't mean standing up to a couple of armed fascists in a strange airport (as much as I reproach myself, that might have been a bad move). I mean all the talkers who can't or won't petition, who can't or won't write letters to the editor, who can't or won't hand out literature, join tax protests, make phone calls, or even lick stamps...

Have we figured out how to install a set of spark plugs in our converts, or do we just rely on the statistical probability that a huge influx of new libertarians will provide some activists, not to mention a leader or two?! The bitterness of an ex-super-volunteer?

A super-volunteer, especially in libertarian organizations where higher order goals prevail, will necessarily feel deserted by the majority of his ostensible compatriots. There's no reason to expect a higher percentage of such psychologically independent people among libertarians than what exists in society at large. A super-volunteer, by continually kicking the weak ones in the ass, only exacerbates the problem: a) the others never learn to do things on their own, b) resentment is compounded on both sides, and c) the super-volunteer tends to re-

double his efforts to the point of exhaustion. At this point the organization tailspins only to be reinvented by the next SV.

Nor is the SV totally bereft of psychological problems: usually a peculiar mixture of altruism, egomania and a need to dominate. Ironically, with all the Randism in the party, it has been my observation that altruism is usually the largest component of this killer trio. Mea culpa.

So what's a mother to do? First, get the cart and horse in their proper relative positions by recognizing that thought necessarily precedes action, that culturally we are squarely in the educational phase of libertarianization. Party

politics definitely resides in a later phase, i.e. popularization, where action tells and we snap pictures and take names.

In a sense, the LP is ahead of its time; those who are active in it have to realize it's going to take time (education) for most people to catch up. I like the LP. It's something to do. It adds credibility and motion to our ideas. As for how far to get involved in action vs. education, that's a tough, individual call.

Okay, no need to be a super-volunteer. But when a Paul Jacob goes to jail for defying draft registration or when a Jim Lewis goes to some kangaroo Connecticut court to fight the evil income tax or a bunch of libertarians from Michigan menace a couple of Seattle vice cops, some of us would shout: "If this be out of phase, make the most of it!"

I'm getting away from the business at hand. Let's face it, though, credentials and bylaws don't rank very high on the list of Fun Things to do on my Summer Vacation.

Before we start cranking, Don Ernsberger delivers a fine keynote address: "...1988 will be a crucial year for the Libertarian Party. The powers of the state are arrayed against us. We will have to petition. We will have to gain media attention. We will have to raise money. But, dammit, we will be heard!"

Credentials is fairly straightforward. California has a couple of problems and is denied expansion of their

## Chester Alan Arthur, *Conventional Notes*

→ continued from page 9

sponded. CSG finally gave in and allowed the balloons and signs.

But CSG wasn't very happy with the Paul people. When the balloons refused at first to fall upon release, one CSG person muttered under his breath, "We told them not to use balloons..."

The Paul people also objected when the Convention director told them they would have to allow her to preview the Paul video before it could be shown to the Convention as part of Paul's nominating speech. Again, CSG gave in...

But the hostility remained.

\* \* \* \*

Karl Hess was in fine form at the convention.

At a reception Thursday evening, the LP News editor and longtime intellectual entrepreneur responded to questions and phrases from the audience with wit and charm, showing the ribald libertarianism that moves him.

At a breakfast the following morning, his words inspired those present to greater commitment to liberty.

And at a noon press conference, he did some firefighting for the LP, quietly distancing libertarians from the threatened campaign of genocide against IRS agents that the goofy candidate Harry ("Music Man Turned Law Man") Glenn had announced during the debate.

\* \* \* \*

The LP's other spiritual leader, Murray Rothbard, did not arrive until Friday afternoon. Rothbard had been busy raising the flag of liberty at a scholarly conference in Chicago.

Five minutes after he arrived, Mike Holmes of *American Libertarain* presented him with a *Lüftmenschen* button. Ten minutes later, Bill Bradford of *Liberty* presented him with a "*Küss Mich, Ich Bin Ein Lüftmensch*" button. (At no time during the proceedings was Rothbard observed wearing either button.)

Rothbard was merry upon his arrival. The Convention had followed a course he liked in his absence, and he spent the balance of the Con immersed in its caucuses, voting, parties and camaraderie.

\* \* \* \*

"Keep Karl" said the button most in demand at the convention. It also featured a sketched portrait of Karl Hess.

They seemed to sprout mysteriously on the lapels of many delegates. Just why they were wearing them was some mystery. Was it to show support for Karl as Editor of *LP News*? Or to show support for Karl as dark horse VP candidate? The half dozen or so people I questioned didn't know: they just wore them because "Karl is a great guy..."

The demand for "Keep Karl" buttons quickly exceeded supply. By Saturday night one Texan delegate refused all offers to trade for his "Keep Karl" button, saying, "By tomorrow they will be circulating as money."

\* \* \* \*

"Professor Rothbard," the young man said approaching his hero outside the Turney hospitality suite in Sunday's early hours. "Could you autograph my address book?" Rothbard looked dubiously at the address book. "Usually I autograph copies of my books..." he said, as he applied pen to paper.

\* \* \* \*

On Thursday, Andre Marrou announced he might enter the race if it looked like a deadlock were developing. Was he acting on the widespread notion that the Paul people didn't want him for VP, and trying to get some publicity by contesting the presi-

dential nomination? Or trying to get some leverage over Paul, whose people were in dread of a second ballot, when the crazy libertarians might do anything?

At the debate that afternoon, Andre begged off a foreign policy question, noting that his experience was limited to the Alaska legislature. "But we have a four term U.S. Congressman here who is eminently qualified to answer that question," he said, handing the mike to Paul. Had the Paul forces cut a deal with Andre to avoid a second ballot?

That night there were no campaign principals at the Paul suite. "They're probably cutting a deal right now," a well connected observer surmised. "If they haven't already made one. Andre will be on the ticket."

When the deal was made is not known. But the next day Andre was the only candidate placed in nomination.

\* \* \* \*

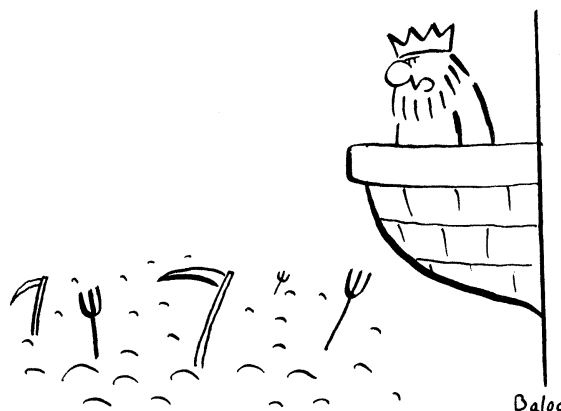
One potential problem for the campaign: VP candidate Marrou's loose grasp on the facts. He should learn that Jefferson did not "write half the Constitution." (Jefferson was Ambassador to France during the Constitutional Convention.)

And he might restrict saying that he is a "practicing heterosexual" to once a speech.

\* \* \* \*

"When I think of gun control," Presidential candidate Harry Glenn said, "I think about what if an unborn baby had a gun... Just what would he do to

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"Do I tell you how to run *your* businesses?"

delegation. OK, now everything's legal. Total delegate count: approximately 385.

Rather than proceed to consideration of bylaws changes, the floor hosts an eagerly awaited candidates' forum. No need to suspend the rules, because as far as anyone can tell, no orders of the day have been established.

In strut the hopefuls, four of 'em: Ron Paul and Russell Means, of course, then Jim Lewis (who ran with Bergland as VP candidate in '84) and Harry Glenn of Indiana. Russell is wearing his customary braids and full regalia. Ron, perhaps to tone down his establishment image, is decked out like the Prez returning from Rancho Santa

Barbara: large plaid shirt, boots, Levi slacks. And ol' Harry, with cowboy hat and bolo tie, looks like a high plains drifter whose Greyhound missed the turn to New Mexico.

For a minute we expect to be treated to an unscheduled Wild West Show, but Lewis dispels that prospect by walking to the microphone sporting a simple gray suit and announcing, "Hi. I'm Jim Lewis, and I'm the only presidential candidate who decided not to dress up today." He lambastes the IRS and stresses the need for the LP to quit meekly going to the back of the bus, especially with respect to IRS thugs and the Federal Elections Commission. Civil disobedience? You betcha. Read your Constitution and stand up for it, people.

Ron Paul is next. He emphasizes his libertarian record in Congress and his ability to run a successful, well financed, well organized campaign. He excoriates the IRS, its incarceration of Representative George Hansen of Idaho, the income tax, the Federal Reserve funny money system, military intervention abroad and government's interference in our private lives. He claims the time is right for his candidacy and we can have significant effect in '88.

Russell Means begins with his vintage Lakota greeting, as always. He points out that freedom is for everyone. Forget the Demopublicans. Attract the major victims of the onrushing tyranny, get them to the voting

booth, blitzkrieg the media between now and the major party primaries, and we can be running 15% in the opinion polls by February.

It's a little premature for comic relief, so let's just call Harry Glenn's harangues something you'd want to relieve yourself about in general. Like the militarist rube who insisted on cluttering up our presidential field in '83 (I forget the man's name; most just

*Achieving liberty isn't only a matter of deftly convincing people of the ideas, it's also resisting those who would just as soon step on your idealistic faces.*

knew him as the Wacko from Waco), Harry decided we were his kind of people and set out to save us. He's also loud and he lacks the courtesy to dispense with voice amplification. He's a charmer all right:

"I'M THE COUNTRY BOY FOR THIS COUNTRY!"

"WE'RE GONNA HUNT DOWN THE IRS AGENTS AND GIT RID OF 'EM!"

"NO MORE OF THIS 'MEET, EAT AND RETREAT!'"

Throw in a couple of barnyard similes and some guitar pickin' and what we have here is a perfect media salient. The news folks positively drool over this guy: concrete-bound, Red-White-and-Blue, cracker-barrel eccentric with some clever lines, catchy tunes and no discernible input circuitry. Great PR. Footage at eleven.

Hey, I know this is the LP and we're a tolerant bunch. And I ain't sayin' bozos shouldn't be allowed to run. But I sure as hell don't have to like it. After today's exposure, I walk off the floor every time he gets close to the mike. I don't find him cute, and my eardrums are still sensitive.

In the question period each serious candidate presents himself well. Lewis is asked what effect he feels his upcoming court case will have on his campaign. ("could be positive, especially with media.") Paul is queried on his disagreement with the platform's position allowing abortion. ("Yes, I disagree, but would not make it a campaign issue or a federal law.") Means is asked which area of the government spending he would cut first as President. ("Cut all, but adopt specific sequence from LP staff experts.") Even if one doesn't like all the answers, each man comes across as sincere, thoughtful and competent. No Demopublicans here.

Several questions are put to all candidates, e.g. what will you do if you lose the nomination, would

you consider the VP slot (which former Alaska LP legislator, Andre Marrou, has a lock on anyhow), how much money does your campaign have now, what Presidential candidates have you voted for since 1972, will you contribute your mailing list to the cause, and how many luftmenschen can dance on the head of a pin?

A warm round of applause, the candidates leave and we all get back to the next order of business.

For me that's a siesta. Since the bylaws debate will probably put me to sleep anyway, I decide to wander on back to my room where the pillows are.

My nap lasts until about 5:30 when I just happen to flip on the TV, curious if we'll be covered. Sure enough, one of the major locals is making us "Top Story". Using a team of reporters to cover the politics, culture and public reception of the Libertarians, the station gives us the longest coverage I've ever seen on commercial television. It's generally fair but often flip and patronizing. As the "Rodney Dangerfield" of politics, the LP takes what it can get. □

***The Dream Never Dies: A Convention Diary***  
(complete)

by Brian Wright

available for \$6.00 from: Wayword, Inc.  
6689 Orchard Lake Rd., #249  
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the abortionist..."

Perhaps the LP is not ready for such genuinely original thinking: Glenn received only three votes from the delegates.

\* \* \* \*

The best campaign speech came from Matt Monroe, who simply said, "If you elect me Membership Chair, I will triple LP membership by 1988."

\* \* \* \*

Perhaps Harry Glenn's easy access to the presidential debate, where his ridiculous sloganeering and bizarre behavior easily grabbed the headlines, touched off suggestions that LPers should consider some sort of requirement for participation in debates... maybe support from 10% of the delegates.

\* \* \* \*

The cruise Friday night started out like a dream, as guests crowded the top deck and looked at the skyline of Seattle beneath the glorious symmetry of Mt Rainier and the rising moon. As the suit-and-tie crowd sipped their drinks and the *lüftmenchen* smoked their peculiar tobacco, the mood was laid back and merry.

As the sun set the crowd ebbed inside for dinner. The boat was dreadfully overcrowded, with lines quickly forming at the restrooms, the bar and the serving area. Most guests waited a half hour or more in a long snaky line through three floors of the boat for dinner. The fruit and cheese ran out before half were served; the salmon ran out 2/3 of the way through. Those late in line got only taco chips and chicken.

The food, all served at about room temperature, was indifferent at best. There were tables for perhaps fifty, so most of the 500 guests had to eat with napkins resting on their shoulders and styrofoam plates balanced on their knees while sitting in straight back chairs in the dining room, or on deck chairs outside in the dark and rather cold sea air.

By its return to the pier at 10 pm, everyone was glad to be back.

\* \* \* \*

The Paul Campaign used a 5 min-

ute TV campaign ad as part of its nominating speech, and repeated it at the banquet after the nomination.

It seemed pretty slick, but many libertarians weren't too happy about it. "It was strongly 'anti-government', but it didn't mention 'liberty' once," one activist told me. "Why the religious scene? It seemed pretty contrived..." asked another. "Lew Rockwell as a 'man-on-the-street,'" one NatCom member complained. "It reminds me of Chris Hocker in the 1980 Clark ads."

"Calling Bernard Goetz a 'hero'," said another. "I mean, don't a lot of people think he was a murderer? And though most people may sympathize with him, they still understand he is disturbed. Why alienate so many people, when the same point could be made by calling Goetz 'a man who had to resort to violence to defend himself' or something else less laudatory than 'hero'?"

One delegate who happens to produce TV commercials was surprised at its length and the diversity of its subject. "It jumped from subject to subject."

According to Ed Clark, speaking from the podium at the banquet, the whole spot was the work of Lew Rockwell, whose reputation in political advertising had been gained entirely in the print medium.

\* \* \* \*

Russell Means' moving speech withdrawing his name from consideration as a Vice Presidential candidate and his pledge to contribute \$1,000 to

the Paul campaign showed him to be a class act.

But his campaign pledge caused complications. It came during Paul fund raising at the banquet, which Ed Clark had told the crowd would be followed by some fund-raising to help pay the Means campaign debt. With Means promising a gift to Paul, it seemed inappropriate for the Paul people to raise funds for Means at that moment.

But Ed Clark and Burt Blumert, both early and influential Paul backers, said they planned to help Means raise funds to pay his debt.

\* \* \* \*

When the delegate from Oregon gave Russell Means a check to help pay his campaign debt, Means responded with a dignified "Thank you."

Andre Marrou rewarded her for the check she gave him with a kiss on the cheek. And a campaign aide thanked her grandiloquently, kissed her hand and continued to kiss up her arm.

"Wow," the delegate said. "All this for \$50. What can I get for \$500?"

\* \* \* \*

There was an error in tabulating the vote count on the Presidential ballot. After announcing that Paul had won by a four vote margin, a late recount revealed that the margin had been only a single vote.

"God, I'm glad they didn't screw it up worse," one Paul operative said. "I hate to think what might have happened if we had to do another ballot tomorrow." □



"I wish you'd stop making election bets!"

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## Memoir

# Easy Living: My Two Years in the Bahamas

by Mark Skousen

### The Island of June

If you're feeling the need of real relaxation,  
In a climate that's lazy, a perfect vacation,  
Away from the snow and the slush that annoys you,  
Away from the worries and cares that destroy you,  
Try Nassau, the Island of June.

There are bluest of seas at your door to enthrall you,  
With no sudden temperature changes to gall you,  
And laziness comes on you, quietly stealing  
Along with a cheerful, a 'world's all right' feeling,  
In Nassau, the Island of June.

—"A Song of Nassau" by Fred Winslow Rust

I am near the end of a two-year adventure in the Bahamas, and I am finally getting a chance to put down my thoughts about this marvelous "island of June"....But before I get into that, will you excuse me? It's Saturday in late November, and the sky is a cloudless blue and the temperature is 80 degrees, and my family is beckoning me to take them to Cabbage Beach on Paradise Island. Be back in a couple of hours....

Well, I'm back. The turquoise blue water and white sand are beautiful and refreshing. After living in the Bahamas for two years (1984-85), I have gotten tired of a few things, but I have never tired of the sparkling beauty of blue skies, warm breeze and turquoise waters calling me when I awake. It really makes the day pass quickly.

### Most Frequently Asked Questions

As a financial writer, perhaps the most frequent question I have heard for the past two years is, "Why did you move to the Bahamas?"

The answer is not as simple as saying, "To relax on a boat every day," to quote an acquaintance from England who moved to the Bahamas some time ago. That's not what I want out of life anyway. I didn't move to run away from work and responsibility, although I've been accused of that. If life was always carefree relaxation, how could you

really enjoy relaxing? You can't rest if all you do is rest every day.

Bertrand Russell wrote a little essay called "In Praise of Idleness," in which he says that the "morality of work is the morality of slaves, and the modern world has no need of slavery." There is some virtue to his vice. I think he really means to be in praise of "leisure," for the "wise use of leisure...is a product of civilization and education...The modern man thinks that everything ought to be done for the sake of something else, and never for its own sake." If you break out of the workaholic syndrome, you can achieve "happiness and joy of life, instead of frayed nerves, weariness, and dyspepsia."

You can rejuvenate your life if you want to. I'm convinced that there is a deep clandestine desire inside everyone to break out of the day-to-day routine of modern society, the nine to five job, the same old television shows and football games, the same friends, relatives and acquaintances. Something is missing in your life, and you feel it. Most people never do anything about

it, but it remains a mystique.

My wife Jo Ann and I decided to make a change, hoping for the better. We had lived in Washington, D. C. for a dozen years, and we were tired of the same old routines. It's hard to put my finger on the problem. But we felt we were in the rut of city living, the rut people get into no matter what their career. Looking back, I think one of the problems was Washington itself—I don't think it's a real city. It's just a political city, like Brasilia. Financial colleague Doug Casey calls Washington the "Death Star." He too has left Washington.

We thought that it was extremely important for us and our children to experience new cultures and peoples. Having lived outside the U.S. before, I had come to the realization that Americans often live sheltered and provincial lives, with little exposure to other languages, musical forms, and philosophies. We also wanted to move for reasons of health. Our 4-year old daughter, Lee Ann, had caught pneumonia the past year during one of those bitter

cold winters in the East, and our youngest son, Todd, was chronically ill, partly because of the cold. We wanted to move to a warmer climate.

### Financial and Tax Advantages

There was of course a financial motivation. I wanted to give an international flavor to my financial writings, and I knew that the best way to achieve it was by moving abroad. Nassau, the capital of the Bahamas, is a major financial center, with hundreds of international banks.

What about taxes? They, too, were an important consideration, but I certainly didn't leave the country because I had to.

The tax burden was becoming a real drain on me, as it is for every financially successful American. Taxes were running (ruining?) my life. It seemed that no matter what financial decision I made, whether buying a new home or investing in the stock market or some new venture, the overriding concern was the tax implications. By Christmas-time every year I would have spent my last dime on tax shelters. I was always broke by the end of the year. I'm sure you know the feeling.

Then, I started realizing that I was digging a hole that was getting deeper and deeper. I found myself writing checks this year for last year's pension contributions or last year's income taxes! I figured that sooner or later it was going to catch up with me. And most of the tax shelters I had invested in turned sour—they were far riskier than I had bargained for. Putting more money down the tax shelter rathole wasn't the answer. Working longer hours, being more "productive," and therefore earning more money was one solution, but I could only determine that it would result in bad health, a workaholic attitude, and a detrimental family life.

Fortunately Congress came to the rescue. In 1980, it passed enlightened and long-overdue tax relief for Americans working abroad. It exempted the first \$80,000 in earned income from Federal income taxes and permitted further deductions for housing expenses. This still meant filing U.S. tax forms, but at least expatriates could

be free from most U.S. taxes, unless they earned more than \$80,000 (the exemption was reduced to \$70,000 in 1986). This is not to say that Americans living abroad can live "tax free." Not at all. They are still subject to foreign levies, which are sometimes worse than those of the U.S. That was the primary reason for the legislation in the first place, to avoid "double taxation."

The Bahamas offered an intriguing

*One of the most important lessons I learned in the Bahamas was to enjoy the present. I don't think I could have learned the value of true relaxation in Washington, D.C., or any other busy metropolis.*

alternative. They have no income tax at all, or any tax on investments. This is especially advantageous to foreigners, because it means they have no disincentives to make more money. In fact, the British, Canadians, Germans and other nationalities I met there not only don't pay any income tax to the Bahamas or their native land, but also don't have to file any tax forms in their home country. They had complete financial freedom! Only Americans are subject to taxation (above \$70,000 a year) and filing based on their worldwide income. I looked with great envy upon my fellow expatriates in the Bahamas.

This is not to say that nobody pays any taxes at all in the Bahamas. Far from it—there are huge import duties (averaging 42%), making the cost of living there at least 50% higher than in the U.S. or Europe. Overall, I would say that I saved some money, but it would be grossly inaccurate to say that I lived "tax free" in the Bahamas. From a financial point of view, I wouldn't recommend that people move to the Bahamas unless they can make at least \$50,000 a year in earned income. (And it has to be "earned" income in order to qualify—you have to be working abroad, not retired and living on your investments and "unearned" income. Needless to say, I don't agree with the odd and wrong-headed distinction between "earned" and "unearned" income. Obviously, congressmen making this idiotic distinction have no idea of the work involved in earning "unearned" income.)

After realizing the financial advantages of working abroad, I was surprised not to see more Americans living in the Bahamas, especially writers, who don't need a work permit. The Americans I did meet usually worked for a bank or U.S. company. I also met a fair share of tax exiles, who were there because they couldn't go back to the U.S. without facing criminal or tax fraud charges.

Nassau, the capital city of the Bahamas, has a population of nearly 200,000. Its climate is practically ideal year round, except perhaps in the summer when it's too hot and humid. It is a major financial center, with many Swiss, Canadian and British banks

downtown. People from Canada, Britain, and the United States come to live there. The school for our children appeared to be excellent. The airport has a half dozen flights daily to Miami, or to other destinations—New York, Atlanta, Chicago, or London. Within half an hour, I could be in Miami, thence taking off to Los Angeles, or some other destination.

We considered several locations before we decided on the Bahamas. Canada was intriguing and culturally attractive, but its weather was worse than Washington's and its taxes perhaps more burdensome. Although many Americans had chosen Mexico in the past because of its low cost of living and ideal climate, it was out of the question because of safety, both personal and financial.

We strongly considered England as a home base. London is the greatest city in the world, with its cultural, social, financial and historical background. With proper planning, British income taxes could be avoided. If it weren't for England's poor weather and the long distance from the United States, we probably would have moved there.

We finally chose the Bahamas.

### New Year's Eve Arrival!

We arrived in Nassau on December 31, 1983. I've never been more welcomed to a new home in my entire life. When we arrived at the Nassau airport, we were escorted to our newly rented house by Mike Lightbourn, our real estate agent and one of the finest



people I have met. He loaned us his second car for two weeks while we got settled. Within a matter of minutes of arriving at our new home, we were greeted by two Americans who knew we were coming. Then we were invited to have dinner by some other newly found friends. In fact, that week we must have had a half-dozen invitations for dinner.

At 3 a.m. on the first night, we went downtown to view the famous annual New Year's "Junkanoo" celebration. We saw hundreds of black Bahamians dressed up in colorful costumes dancing to the heavy beat of "Goombay" and "Reggae" music. It's similar to Mardi Gras in New Orleans or Rio, except that it occurs on the mornings of Christmas and New Year's, the only two days of the year that the Bahamian slaves were allowed to take holidays. The festival lasts for hours, but we stayed for about 90 minutes.

Relaxing in the sun and walking along the sandy beaches were almost heaven. It was an incredible feeling to know that this new warmth was ours, not for a week, as with most American vacationers, but for months, or years.

Our home, called *Far Cry*, was a refreshing change. Everyone in the family found it exciting. It was an estate on the beach with a large old house, a guest cottage, and gardens and fence surrounding. The main house was an old Bahamian-style two-story home. Each room was spacious and had high ceilings. The house was right on the seashore, so the breeze was constantly blowing and kept the place cool. Each room had a ceiling fan, which we ran during the day and at night when sleeping. We were concerned at first when we found out it didn't have air conditioning, but we soon discovered that we didn't need it, as long as the breeze and fans were going. The only time we felt we needed air conditioning was when the electricity went off (which happened all too often) or when we were in the car (which fortunately was air conditioned).

The main house upstairs had four large bedrooms and a spacious balcony overlooking the sea. Jo Ann and I spent many hours on the balcony, together or separately, watching the sailboats and the moods of the sea and the clouds above. I bought a hammock when I was in Costa Rica and set it up on the balcony—the kids liked it,

and Jo Ann used to read books while swinging in it.

Downstairs, there were a large living room and dining room, and an old-fashioned kitchen (too old fashioned for Jo Ann's taste—no dishwasher, no electric disposal, etc.).

The living room looked out onto the beach and the dock. The outside of the house was decorated with palm trees and fruit trees (including bananas that taste better than you will ever taste in the states, and a special kind of cherry tree that was a natural treat throughout the year). Gardens bore a wide variety of tropical flowers, and dozens of harmless lizards that entertained the kids for hours. Our Haitian gardener did a marvelous job (almost all the gardeners and maids on the island are illegal immigrants who are generally known to be better workers than the Bahamians).

We had a small but adequate swimming pool—so refreshing and alluring that we must have spent hours poolside throughout the day. We were at first afraid of having a pool because Todd was not yet two and couldn't

swim, but after a few months, it became clear to us that the Bahamas would be only half the fun if you didn't have a cool, refreshing pool. Todd was in danger twice, once when he fell into the pool and once when he fell off the dock into the ocean, but both times we were close enough at hand to save him. My only recurring nightmare was the possibility of Todd somehow drowning. (Since then he has become a good swimmer.)

In addition to the main house, we had a guest cottage, fully furnished with two bedrooms, a kitchen, maid's quarters, and a two-car garage. We used it for company and for my office. The guest house also had a nice view of both the ocean and the swimming pool, so I could write, read and research and still take a peek at the beauty around me. It was the perfect set-up for the creative writer as long as you didn't feel like working! Leisure was at my fingertips, and I found myself succumbing to the whim of jumping into my swimming suit (actually most of the time I wore my swimming suit to the office!) and going out sailing

## One Day in the Bahamas

To give you an idea of how I enjoyed living in the Bahamas, I thought I would describe a typical challenging day in the Bahamas:

- 8:00 — arise, take kids to school
- 9:00 — exercise, such as basketball, tennis, or running, following by a swim in the pool or ocean.
- 10:00 — breakfast on the beach terrace with Jo Ann
- 11:00 — go sailing
- 12:00 — go downtown and pick up mail, newspapers
- 1:00 — lunch at poolside with Jo Ann
- 2:00 — open mail, read newspapers, take nap
- 3:00 — write newsletter
- 4:00 — pick up kids from school, play with children
- 5:00 — call broker, write letters, make telephone calls
- 6:00 — dinner with family in dining room
- 7:00 — play cards or other games with family or friends, or rehearse play
- 8:00 — put children to bed
- 9:00 — free time to read a book, go to a movie, dancing or to the casino
- 10:00 — retire exhausted after a rough day

I guess I'm being a bit flippant, though Jo Ann would probably suggest there's more truth in it than error. One man's relaxation is another man's laziness.

Be that as it may, I was able to produce some things: I wrote thirty issues of my newsletter, a 150-page biography of my father, a major updating of one of my books, and a dozen articles for other publications. I also made over a hundred speeches in the United States and around the world, and I wrote hundreds of personal letters. I also appeared, along with other members of our family, in two musical productions for the Nassau Operatic Society. I may give the appearance of leisure, but appearances can be deceiving!

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or engaging in some other aquatic endeavor.

## No Television

Before we came to the Bahamas, we decided that we were going to enjoy the benefits of outdoor living and the relaxed atmosphere of the islands. One of the first things we decided was not to have a television. Television is not only a mindless diversion that minimizes physical and mental activity, but also a bad influence on adults as well as children. We left our TV at home, with no regrets.

When something interesting was to appear on TV—the World Series or a special show—we would go on a social outing and visit friends (like Mike Lightbourn's family) who had a set. It made television much more enjoyable. The Bahamians, of course, are hooked on TV like everyone else, although the national station, channel 13, is awful stuff. You can get the U.S. stations from Miami on a clear day, but most Bahamians buy satellite dishes to catch the hundreds of programs in the States. For a time, it was tempting to get a satellite dish, but I believe you can waste the rest of your life watching other people do exciting things—I wanted to do these things myself and make my own contribution to life.

But you can't deny children something without offering a good substitute. Fortunately, *Far Cry* provided tremendous diversions, and the kids often went exploring along the dock, the seashore and a neighboring island they called "Narnia." We also became avid bookworms. The selections of books available in the Bahamas is not good. I must have bought hundreds of fiction and non-fiction books, usually in the states when I was traveling. Jo Ann would also buy books for herself and the children. The children devoured them at incredible speed. All of us found our interest in reading greatly heightened by the lack of television. I don't think our "no TV" plan would have worked if we hadn't had a decent substitute. We hungered for good novels and history and for up-to-date information.

There were quite a few books left in the house when we arrived, but we didn't find any we wanted to read. Curiously, we found three books right next to each other: *The Joy of Sex*, then *Open Marriage*, and finally,

*Creative Divorce*. An appropriate order, we thought.

I thoroughly enjoyed the most famous Bahamian novel, *Winds from the Carolinas*, by Robert Wilder, a highly thought-provoking story. I recommend that you pick up a copy if you want a novel to read while lounging on the beach in the Bahamas.

My attitude regarding sports changed. I was no longer comfortable with sitting down for several hours and watching a game. I used to spend hours at home watching baseball, football or basketball. But now I would rather be out playing the game myself.

The Bahamas, like most tropical paradises, is conducive to year-around sports activity. I tried a variety of sports to keep in physical shape. I participated in swimming, golf, tennis, water skiing, fishing, skindiving, parasailing, basketball, softball, soccer, and weightlifting. I played basketball more than anything else. I improved quite a bit, and used to play with some blacks at St. Andrews. I was once asked to join the team as the only white player, but my travel schedule kept me from joining. And for the life of me, I couldn't understand what the coach was saying. Black Bahamians speak English, but the accent is so strong that sometimes it's difficult to understand.

To keep in shape, I prefer team games rather than individual activity. Rugby and squash are popular in Nassau, but unfamiliar to me, and rugby looked downright dangerous. Many foreigners are runners, but the roads in Nassau are narrow and threatening (I've seen runners hit by cars). I would rather run up and down an outdoor basketball court. Sports facilities are antiquated, to say the least. But you can find what you're looking for if you really want to.

I took up sailing. I bought a used boat—a Force 5 single sail boat built by AMF, a vessel not much larger than a sunfish but much speedier. Jo Ann and I spent hours out sailing in it two or three times a week—the convenience of having a boat that could be in the water in five minutes made it all worthwhile. (I know millionaires who own big boats, but because of lack of time and convenience, hardly ever use them.) I never became expert in sailing, but I learned to feel the hum of the hull, the warm breeze, the hot sun, and the cool water as I dipped down

into the sea and pulled at the rig. I don't see how others can pass up the small sailboat in favor of the large yachts—there's such a thrill when you're sailing so close to the sea. Now that I'm moving away, I often feel the urge to return to the sea on a small sailboat and sail away....

## Slow Down, You Move Too Fast

One of the most important lessons I learned in the Bahamas was to enjoy the present. I don't think I could have learned the value of true relaxation in Washington, D. C., or any other busy metropolis. It's so easy to get caught up in events, people and places to go—it's all part of the business ethic. You can't enjoy the "now," you have no time to unwind, you have to look to the future, and what happens next.

We had a number of friends visit us. One of Jo Ann's friends brought her husband down from Washington. He was constantly on the go—he couldn't just sit there and relax, play a game with us, read a book, or put his feet in the ocean. He had to talk business, he had to make a deal. Finally, after one night, he contacted someone at a local hotel and took off. I think he cut his "vacation" short and headed home. Needless to say, the Bahamas wasn't his style. But I wouldn't be surprised if this man died an early death. I suppose his motto was, "Life is too short—I don't have time to relax."

Then there are those who boast, "I work hard and I play hard." These are the super-competitive types. Whether it's business or a game, it's push, push, push, and win, win, win. They can't relax and just let someone else win. No, they have to do their best every time. I had the same problem, and believe me, it's difficult to overcome. But the Bahamas set the stage for me.

Some famous people have moved to the Bahamas. The "mutual fund king," John Templeton, lives there. I had a chance to meet with him for several hours, and he is still very sharp, despite his age (in the seventies). He lives modestly. He told me that he and his wife moved to the Bahamas in the mid-1960s, and his investment record actually improved because he was able to see investment trends more clearly by being away from New York and other financial centers. I think my own investment record improved as well—during 1984-85, I turned bullish

on the stock market when many analysts and colleagues were timid, and I was also bearish on gold while many gold bugs were bullish.

We also met Arthur Hailey (author of *Hotel*, *Airport*, etc.) Unfortunately, the meeting was largely superficial. We learned the lesson that Ernest Hemingway taught, "Never get to know the author of your favorite books."

Like most of the rich, Templeton and Hailey live on Lyford Cay on the western end of the island. We took a look at it when we first arrived but decided against it because it was too far away from the children's school and city activity. We didn't want to be a part of a millionaires' retirement haven uninvolved in the community.

### Easy Living: for Whom?

Jo Ann, I suppose, would disagree with the title of this little essay. "Easy Living for Whom?" she would ask. I think I started relying too heavily on Jo Ann to do all the domestic chores. She was doing most of the hard work while I was basking in the sun. By the summer of 1984, she had had enough of my "relaxing," and let me know it. I think it had a beneficial effect on our relationship—it became more of a partnership.

Jo Ann had some problems adjusting to the Bahamas. Sure, they spoke the same language, but not necessarily the same social language. It takes time to get involved with friends and acquaintances, especially when I didn't have a regular salaried job with a local company. Gradually, over two years, we developed friendships, but it was tough initially. Mike Lightbourn helped by inviting us to some family events, and the local church helped out. We also became friends with the U.S. ambassador and his wife, Mr. & Mrs. Lev Dobriansky. After a year, we were being invited to many social events in the Bahamas.

Jo Ann had trouble writing her financial newsletter, *Jo Ann Skousen's Money Letter for Women*. I confess it was mostly my idea to get her to write it, and that was part of the problem. It

was more my field than hers. She felt she was always getting involved in my world, but I wasn't getting involved in her world. Her first loves are music, dance and fiction—far from the world of Wall Street! I had shown some interest in her areas, but not enough.

That was another thing that changed in the summer of 1984. I became involved in many of her interests. I took ballroom dancing lessons in Miami (they weren't available in Nassau), and we went dancing many

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times, especially when we traveled together to investment seminars. She has a natural talent for dancing, having danced since a teenager, while I struggled with my steps. I also became a member of the Nassau Operatic Society and acted in two plays, *Annie* and *The Music Man*. Jo Ann had previously joined and performed in *Oklahoma!* Jo Ann encouraged me to participate in the next play, *Annie*, which starred our 11-year-old daughter, Valerie. She received rave reviews by the local papers, one of which said "she carried the show."

I even went to "jazz dance" for six weeks—I really felt awkward. I wasn't too successful at any of these, and it was frustrating. But at least I was learning new things, which is something I did a lot of in the Bahamas. It's good for the soul—and a marriage!

### The Kids at St. Andrews

I think our four children will miss the Bahamas. I don't think any of them ever came up to me and said, "Dad, I'm bored." There was so much going on. At home, they could go swimming, fishing, exploring, play badminton, soccer, basketball or other sports, play cards and other games, read, help with the dishes or other chores, and so on.

School was one of our main concerns before we left, but we were luckily able to get into the private St. Andrews School, regarded by most peo-

ple as the best school in the Bahamas. It had an excellent facility, and all four of our children seemed to enjoy it. Discipline was very good, and the teachers, primarily British, emphasized handwriting far more than American schools do. In practically every way, I considered St. Andrews a better primary school than most I had seen in the United States.

### Economic Life

Like any country, the Bahamas has its pluses and minuses. Its standard of living is high compared to that of most Caribbean countries, though it is certainly lower than that of the United States. The roads were constantly in need of repair, the power went out frequently (at least once a week, and often more), and the telephone

system left much to be desired. While we lived at *Far Cry*, it went out a dozen times a year; heavy rain was especially bad for it.

Nothing was cheap on the islands. Rent was high by U.S. standards. A simple three bedroom house in a middle class neighborhood away from the ocean might run \$1,000 to \$2,000 per month; a nice place on the ocean might run \$3,000 to \$4,000. Utilities were also expensive, especially for water, which has to be brought to Nassau from Andros Island by barge. Phone calls to the states are about one dollar per minute, and to other countries as much as \$4 per minute. But, remember, rent and utilities are tax deductible for expatriates, making the high cost seem more affordable.

You could get virtually anything you could get in the states—for a price. Fresh food, imported from the states, usually cost double or more. Milk was over \$4 a gallon! Other food products were usually 50% higher than stateside.

The reason for this is not just transportation costs, which could explain perhaps 10-15% higher prices. The rest was caused by extremely high import duties imposed by the Bahamian government. Because it has no income, investment or sales tax, customs duties are its primary source of revenue (the rest coming from banking fees, a \$5 departure tax, etc.) The average import duty is 42%. No wonder the Cus-



toms House is the biggest business in the Bahamas! A less competitive environment also means higher prices. For example, even though the duty on clothing is 40%, clothing prices are often 200% higher than in the States. Because of these high prices, many Bahamians go to Miami to do their shopping.

Smuggling is highly profitable and popular, and you see it occurring everywhere—even in front of customs officials at the airport. Bribery of customs officers is frequent.

### Five Point Economic Plan for the Bahamas

This economic debacle could be cured if the Bahamian government would adopt a policy of gradually reducing customs duties across the board. They have already done this on a number of items, always with great success. The result would be a tremendous business boom. Competition would increase, prices would drop significantly, and locals would not try to do all their shopping in Miami. Government revenues may not even drop if the increased business means a sharp increase in imports from the United States.

Second, the Bahamas should privatize its public utilities. The standard of living could be greatly improved by having a reliable telephone system, decent roads, uninterrupted electricity, reliable garbage pick-up, competent hospitals, responsive police department, etc. All of these public facilities are state-run at the present time, and run badly. Creating private corporations through the issuance of public shares would go a long ways to relieve declining economic standards in the Bahamas.

The biggest concern we had in the Bahamas was for our safety and health in the case of a personal attack or accident. Our daughter was bitten on the nose by a Doberman pinscher, and we learned first hand how incompetent the public hospitals are—people in the "emergency" section can wait several hours to get help. Our "doctor" told us that surgery was unnecessary—the nose would simply grow back on its own! Finally, in desperation, we flew to Miami, which everyone else does in a real emergency. There's no reason for this violation of the public trust.

The bus system in Nassau is an ex-

cellent example of what could be done. It is private, with several competing companies. It is reliable and cheap, only 50 cents anywhere on the island. Similar efficiencies could be realized in garbage collection, road maintenance, telephones and electricity.

Third, the Bahamian government should rescind its anti-foreign investment rules. The Bahamas desperately needs foreign capital, but it can't seem to understand why little is forthcoming. Miami is booming, while Nassau is left behind. There are thousands of acres, some with excellent views of the ocean, left empty and undeveloped—by government edict. The Bahamas should do away with laws requiring government approval for foreigners to set up business or buy real estate (laws which have seriously hurt the real estate market). Some industries, such as the hotels, have certain exemptions, but the exemptions should be expanded to stimulate all business activity, not just tourism. The key to getting foreign capital is to establish long-term political stability, a free market atmosphere, and most importantly, the right to own and control business property without government authorization.

Fourth, the Bahamas would be wise to drop its work permit requirements. Work permits, like closed union shops, provide benefits to those who have jobs at the expense of the rest of the country. Efforts to protect some Bahamians only backfire and hurt Bahamians in general. Guaranteeing that jobs are only filled by Bahamians encourages inefficient work—and the Bahamian laborer has a reputation of slothfulness. Waiters are slow and unresponsive. But I don't blame them—it's the fault of the work permit law that prohibits foreigners from coming in and competing with them. If this competition were allowed, Bahamians would have to be responsive and efficient or lose their jobs. At the same time, the unit cost of labor would fall, bringing prices down and encouraging an expansion of business activity in other areas.

Fortunately, the Bahamas is still fairly open as far as illegal aliens are concerned. Immigration occasionally engages in a crackdown, but it's never very effective. Most of the gardeners and construction workers are Haitian, illegally resident. Maids come from all

over the Caribbean. Because of the competition, Bahamian maids can hold their own although, admittedly, we went through five maids (from the Bahamas as well as other countries) trying to find a decent worker.

I was happy to learn that writers aren't required to get work permits in the Bahamas—residency is required if you stay longer than six months, but it's easy to come and go in the Bahamas as a tourist. (Yes, writers, like the rich, are different! But being a writer doesn't automatically make you rich.)

I travelled frequently while residing in the Bahamas—probably once a month, either to Europe or the U.S. Getting in and out of the Bahamas and the United States was no problem. I didn't need a visa, or even a passport just a birth certificate. Bahamas immigration is easy for most foreigners, except perhaps for people from the Caribbean.

The biggest complaint I heard was not about Bahamian immigration, but U.S. immigration. You can't believe how much the United States is "hated" (a commonly used word by foreigners and Bahamians) because of the power-hungry, arbitrary, abusive, and insulting immigration officers. U.S. Customs and Immigration is located at the Nassau airport, which is quite convenient. But Bahamians and other foreigners are often delayed for lengthy interviews at the airport to make sure they come into the U.S. legally and don't plan to stay longer than permitted. (Over-heard conversation between a U.S. officer and Bahamian: "What is the purpose of your visit?" "To see my relatives." "How long will you be in the U.S.?" "Four weeks." "Do you really need four weeks to see your relatives?") Immigration policy is giving a bad name to America.

Fifth, the Bahamas should adopt the U.S. dollar as its national currency, anti-American feelings notwithstanding. And it should do away with exchange controls. Panama has such a policy, with favorable consequences. The Bahamian dollar is on par with the U.S. dollar (though it sells at a discount in Miami), so the transition would not be difficult. The U.S. is the Bahamas' major trading partner, and the vast majority of tourists come from the U.S. There are plenty of dollars circulating and really no need for Bahamian dollars.

Of course, adopting a U.S. dollar

standard would eliminate the Bahamian government's exchange control power, but there's no reason for exchange controls anyway except as a counterproductive economic policy. Bahamians are virtually prohibited from investing outside the Bahamas (for example, investing in the stock market in the United States and other countries)—surely a silly policy that even Britain abolished several years ago. Why should the Bahamian government fear its own citizens investing in the United States—doesn't that say something about the stability of its leaders? Besides, intelligent Bahamians already know how to circumvent the law. The exchange control law should be abolished. It serves no purpose other than to enhance the power of government officials and let the central bank play games with the local currency.

One thing I commend the Bahamas for is establishing Nassau as a major financial center. Having major banks from Canada, the United States, and Europe has tremendously increased the Bahamas' prestige and economic power. Having branches of major Swiss banks has done a great deal to create a stable, favorable atmosphere for international business and private banking in Nassau.

### Political Crisis in Nassau

It's sometimes hard for Americans to understand that the history, culture and background of the Bahamians are different from, though in some ways dependent on, our own. The Bahamas is known as a haven for the drug trade. During the American civil war, Bahamians were gun-runners to the rebel South. During Prohibition, they were bootleggers. The illegalities of popular substances and products in the U.S. have made business good in the Bahamas, and that story will never end—despite the best efforts of the Federal bureaucrats in Washington.

While we lived in the Bahamas, the Bahamian government went through a political crisis not unlike Watergate. The Prime Minister, Sir Lynden Pindling, whom we never met personally but saw driving around in his chauffeured Rolls Royce, was accused of protecting drug dealers, tak-

ing bribes, and failing to disclose hundreds of thousands of dollars in income. He built a \$2 million mansion on a \$100,000 salary. The whole affair cast a cloud over the economic and political future of the Bahamas, but so far, Pindling and his majority party, the Progressive Liberal Party (PLP), have weathered the storm. I think there was a lot of truth to the charges, but the Commission of Inquiry set up to examine the evidence concluded in December, 1984, that it was circumstantial and the accusations unprovable. The Pindling government won an-

*Nothing was cheap on the islands.  
Rent was high by U.S. standards.  
Utilities were also expensive, especially  
for water, which has to be brought to  
Nassau by barge.*

other 5-year term in 1987.

In the United States, such bad publicity would surely result in resignation, as it did with Richard Nixon. But the Bahamas is not the United States. The PLP will survive, at least for now. Probably it's not going to make much difference who runs the government, which is likely to remain middle-of-the-road. As one Swiss banker in Nassau told me, "It doesn't matter which political party is in office—both parties strongly support this country as a tax haven....without the tax and privacy advantages, the banks would disappear overnight."

I don't think there's much chance of a radical takeover. Such possibilities are just not in the make-up or history of the Bahamian people. Radical communist influence is very small—the socialist Vanguard Party received only 1% of the vote in the last election. The Bahamians are too worldly wise for that to happen. The Bahamas have no generals, no secret police, no political prisoners. The government submits to a general election every five years, and the courts, modeled after the British system, are open to all citizens (although they may not work as well as the British courts).

I highly recommend the Bahamas, from Nassau to the "out islands," for their ideal climate, aquatic delights, and private bank accounts. I don't

generally recommend getting involved in business or real estate ventures. The business climate still isn't what it should be. The investment climate is favorable and relatively safe—I recommend particularly the Swiss banks. Foreign banks are prohibited from domestic investing in the Bahamas. Your funds are actually in Europe or the United States under the name of the bank. Foreign banks just act as middle men, and that they do very well, as efficiently as the banks in New York, London or Zurich. Until economic policy changes in Nassau, I don't recommend putting your money in the Bahamas, just have it go through the Bahamas.

### Why We Left Paradise

If I have painted a rosy picture of the Bahamas, you may be wondering why we left. There are several reasons why

we decided not to make Nassau our permanent home. We felt that the medical facilities were inadequate. With 4 young children who loved exploring, medical care was a constant concern. The Bahamian doctors are fine for routine illnesses, checkups and minor accidents. But in my opinion the hospital facilities are a (high) risk in case of a major threat to life. Frankly, we were extremely wary of the hospital facilities in Nassau, based on our own experience and the horror stories of others.

At times, we were concerned about our safety. Crime is a constant problem in Nassau, especially with the high level of drug use by many Bahamians. So is safety on the roads, which are often narrow, winding, and full of potholes. Traffic accidents are often fatal.

We felt that the Bahamas did not offer adequate education in the upper level high school. When children reach 13 or 14, the Bahamian system concentrates entirely on preparing the teenager for "O levels" and "A levels", the strict exams which determine whether British students will be allowed to attend college. American parents face a difficult decision. Many parents send their children away to boarding school when they turn twelve, and there are few classmates

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## Essay

# Libertarians in a State-Run World

by Murray N. Rothbard

The articles by Messrs. Waters and Wollstein (*Liberty*, Sept./Oct. 1987) highlight a vitally important question for libertarians: How can we act, and act morally, in a State-controlled and dominated world? It seems to me that the most important concern is to avoid the twin, and equally destructive, traps: of ultra-purist sectarianism, where indeed we would not permit ourselves to walk on government-owned streets; and sellout opportunism, in which we could become supervisors of concentration camps while still claiming we were "libertarians" in some far off, ideal world. Opportunists are people who severely split theory from practice; whose ideals are tucked away in some closet or trophy room and have no bearing on their daily lives. Sectarians, on the other hand, suffer from what the Catholics would call the error of "scrupulosity," and are always in danger of boxing themselves in to become hermits and virtual martyrs. All well and good; but to avoid both pitfalls, we need some criteria to guide us.

### Morality As Religion

For Mr. Waters the problem is simple; instead of trying to avoid the trap, he rushes to embrace it. For him the answer is to throw away moral principle, which means throwing away passion, commitment, and hostility to renegades from liberty. Instead, we are to be cool and detached "scientists," proposing liberty on utilitarian and unemotional grounds. Then, presumably, we wouldn't worry about betrayal, or about any other actions, regardless how odious, libertarians might perform. So, bring on the concentration camp supervisor, and let us talk to him sweetly about the pragmatic benefits of the price system and the division of labor!

In the first place, the fact that relig-

ious people are hostile to traitors and apostates does not make their views incorrect. Mr. Waters adopts an old canard by lumping in moral principles as "religious," thereby indicting hostility to immoral actions with the dread stamp of "religion." You don't have to be religious to detest immorality or hypocrisy, or to be angry and indignant at backstabbing by friends or lovers. Mr. Waters's ideal of the passionless scientist is, as far as I am concerned, totally off the wall. I have known many scientists, and I have never known any who were not passionately indignant against what they considered the promotion of quackery or the betrayal of the ideals [e.g., truth-seeking] of science. I confess also to be annoyed at Mr. Waters invoking of my dear mentor, Ludwig von Mises, in his argument. It is true that Mises was a utilitarian, but it is also true that he was passionately devoted to liberty, and equally passionately opposed to all forms of statism, and to those who purvey it. Scientist he was; bloodless he was not.

Parenthetically, I am getting tired of the offhanded smearing of religion that has long been endemic to the libertarian movement. Religion is generally dismissed as imbecilic at best, inherently evil at worst. The greatest and most creative minds in the history of mankind have been deeply and profoundly religious, most of them Christian. It is not necessary to be religious to come to grips with that fact. Speaking in Mr. Water's pragmatic bailiwick, we libertarians will never win the

hearts and minds of Americans or of the rest of the world if we persist in wrongly identifying libertarianism with atheism. If even Stalin couldn't stamp out religion, libertarians are not going to succeed with a few Randian syllogisms.

### The Nozick Question

Mr. Waters says that for us moralist ("religious") libertarians, the word for Robert Nozick is "apostasy." Rubbish. The word for Nozick is "hypocrisy," since he has never recanted his libertarian views. He apparently just doesn't live by them. Waters also says that every libertarian he knows "was upset, angry, and outraged" at Nozick's actions. I was not, although I agree that was their proper reaction. As a long time Nozickologist, his actions didn't surprise me at all. It did not surprise me that he held the time-honored Northeastern urban tradition of "screwing your landlord" higher on his value-scale than the abstract principle of liberty and non-aggression. Even more amusing was Water's complaint that libertarians have gone so far as to "ostracize [Nozick] from libertarians society." Come, come, how often has anyone seen Nozick in "libertarian society?" Essentially, he abandoned libertarian society himself after his one flashy role at the LP national convention in 1975, where he was lionized soon after *Anarchy, State, and Utopia* had hit the streets. After that, the polymathic Nozick went on to

other concerns and other books, and *lost interest* in libertarian questions.

For those of us who are passionately committed to libertarian principle, and consider it of supreme importance [especially if we are moralist/"religious"], such loss of interest is very difficult to understand. But that's the way it is. My own view of Nozick, based both on his personality and on the way he writes his books, is that he is considerably less interested in the content of his books than he is in the coruscating brilliance of his own thought-processes as he works his way through them. That sort of person is surely the sort of person who loses interest in the content of his previous books, and who would happily screw a landlord he dislikes without giving much thought to libertarian principle.

To get to the screwing itself, and to the main substantive question raised by the Waters article: is being indignant at Nozick's screwing his landlord equivalent to upbraiding him (or anyone else) for walking on government-owned streets or flying from government-owned airports?

I think not. Waters's fundamental error is to confuse accepting a situation none of your making, with actively making that situation worse. In short, there is nothing wrong with a libertarian living in a rent-controlled apartment, and therefore paying a rent below the market. Nozick (or myself) is not responsible for the rent-control law; he or we have to live within the matrix of such laws. So there is nothing

wrong with him living in a rent-controlled apartment, just as there is nothing wrong with him walking on government streets, flying from government airports, eating price-supported bread, etc. None of this is of Nozick's (or our) making. It would be therefore foolish and martyrish for us to renounce such apartments if available, to refuse to eat any food grown under government regulation, to refuse to use the Post Office, etc. Our respon-

*It seems to me that there is a world of difference between living your life within a State-created matrix, while trying to work against the system and, on the other hand, actively using the State to benefit yourself and screw your fellow-man.*

sibility is to agitate and work to remove this statist situation; apart from that, that is all we can rationally do. I live in a rent-controlled apartment, but I have also written and agitated for many years against the rent-control system, and urged its repeal. That is not hypocrisy or betrayal, but simply rationality and good sense.

Nozick's moral error [let's call it "sin" to provoke the Waters' of this world] was to go much further than simply living under rent control. His immoral action was to *pursue* the landlord actively, to go to the State to agitate, time and again, to get the State to force his rent even lower. It seems to me that there is a world of difference between these actions. One is living your life within a State-created matrix,

while trying to work against the system; the other is actively using the State to benefit yourself and screw your fellow-man, which means initiating and abetting aggression and theft.

## Working For Government

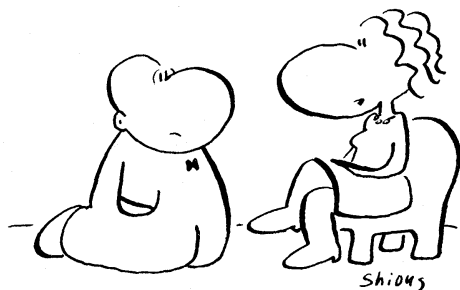
The criterion we should use in the Nozick case is, I believe, an easy one. There are far more difficult questions. What about working as a government employee? It is true that, other things being equal, it is far better, on libertarian as well as pragmatic grounds, to work for a private employer rather than government. But suppose that the government has monopolized, or virtually monopolized, your occupation, so that there is no practical alternative to working

for the government?

Take, for example, the Soviet Union, where the government has, in effect, nationalized all occupations, and where there are no, or virtually no, private employers. Are we to condemn all Russians whatsoever as "criminals" because they are government employees? Is it the only moral act of every Russian to commit suicide? But that would be idiotic. Surely there are no moral systems that *require* people to be martyrs.

But the United States, while scarcely as far gone as Russia, has had many occupations virtually monopolized by the government. It is impossible to practice medicine without becoming part of a highly regulated and cartelized profession. If one's vocation is university teaching, it is almost impossible to find a university that is not owned, economically if not legally, by the government. If one's criterion of government ownership is the receipt of over 50% of one's income from the government, then there are virtually no universities, and only one or two small colleges, that can be called "private." During the riots of the late 1960's, students at Columbia discovered that far more than 50% of the income of that allegedly "private" university came from the government. In such a situation, it is foolish and sectarian to condemn teachers for being located in a government university.

There is nothing wrong, and everything rational, then, about accepting



"I'd like to marry you, Eddie, but I've got rent control."

the matrix in one's daily life. What's wrong is working to aggravate, to add to, the statist matrix. To give an example from my own career. For many years I taught at a "private" university (although I would not be surprised to find that more than half its income came from the government). The university has long teetered on the edge of bankruptcy, and years ago it tried to correct that condition by getting itself "statized" through merging with the State University of New York system, in those halcyon days rolling in dough. For a while, it looked as if this merger would occur, and there was a great deal of pressure on every member of the faculty to show up in Albany and lobby for merger into the State system. This I refused to do, since I believed it to be immoral to agitate to *add* to the statism around me.

Does that mean that all libertarians can cheerfully work for the government, apart from not lobbying for statism, and forget about conscience in this area? Certainly not. For here it is vital to distinguish between two kinds of State activities: (a) those actions that would be perfectly legitimate if performed by private firms on the market; and (b) those actions that are *per se* immoral and criminal, and that would be illicit in a libertarian society. The latter must not be performed by libertarians in any circumstances. Thus, a libertarian must not be: a concentration camp director or guard; an official of the IRS; an official of the Selective Service System; or a controller or regulator of society or the economy.

Let us take a concrete case, and see how our proffered criterion works. An old friend of mine, an anarcho-libertarian and Austrian economist, accepted an important post as an economist in the Federal Reserve System. Licit or illicit? Moral or immoral? Well, what are the functions of the Fed? It is the monopoly counterfeiter, the creator of State money; it cartelizes, privileges and bails out banks; it regulates—or attempts to regulate—money and credit, price levels, and the economy itself. It should be abolished not simply because it is governmental, but also because its functions are *per se* immoral. It is not surprising, of course, that this fellow did not see the moral problem the same way.

It seems to me, then, that the criterion, the ground on which we must stand, to be moral and rational in a state-run world, is to: (1) work and agitate as best we can, in behalf of liberty;

(2) while working in the matrix of our given world, to refuse to *add* to its statism; and (3) to refuse absolutely to participate in State activities that are immoral and criminal *per se*. □

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## What if there was a Millenium... And No One Came? Or, Don't Wait for the Engraved Invitation by Skye d'Aureous and Natalee Hall

The actions of the State have had a very strong negative effect on your material possessions. As a libertarian, you understand how statism has impoverished you by taxation, regulation, and interference. You recognize that statist coercion has directly and indirectly caused the waste of a large portion of your productive activities.

Have they captured most of your spirit and many of your unconscious premises as well as much of your material prosperity? There is a lot more to liberty than knowing why schools and roads ought to be run privately and that taxes are theft. You can be thoroughly familiar with the theory of *laissez faire* and still be victimized by statist premises on the *unconscious* level. You can desire freedom, have studied *laissez faire*, but still suffer from what El Ray terms the "servile mentality." You will immediately think that this does not apply to you. But, being "against" the coercive State doesn't tell you what you can do to maximize your own freedom. You know a lot "about" freedom, but not a lot about *how* you can do it and *when* you can do it. The millenium—if it comes—will come gradually, without an engraved invitation, and you will have to recognize its symptoms and

act accordingly.

We were born, educated, and have lived all of our lives in a society which is psychotically out of touch with reality in many respects. Do not be so naive as to think that this total immersion in the surrounding near universally-accepted fantasy-world has left your unconscious mind untouched. We *now* know enough of *laissez faire* to interpret incoming data within a rational framework. What of the years in the past that we spent filling our minds with improperly comprehended data? We were born among sheep, raised by sheep, educated as, by, and for sheep—and before we knew better, some of it got through. Conscious recognition, re-evaluation, and correction of unconscious attitudes is necessary if a theoretical knowledge of *laissez faire* is to lead you to actual concrete liberty rather than sterile word games.

Your conscious mind will find the following statements obvious. It is very unlikely that your unconscious mind fully accepts and works with all these premises, i.e., these premises have not been fully *integrated* into your mind. Liberate more of your mental faculties from unconsciously accepting servitude by seeing how many interesting consequences you can develop from each of the following statements. These are heuristic tools; they are useful guiding principles for self-liberation—they are not a blue-print.

This essay originally appeared in *The Libertarian Connection*, and is reprinted with the permission of the authors.

Play around with them enough so that you gain an unconscious familiarity and facility in using them. You won't accomplish much by just reading through a list. Merely reading a list of the rules of logic, for example, is not enough to cause you to think logically as a matter of course. Using guides to thought in actual thinking through of problems is the way to learn them.

A more fully freedom-oriented mental set (unconscious, as well as conscious) will prepare you for more effective practical freedom-increasing action.

1. The general population does not know what freedom is.

2. The activities of the general public are not good indications of when and how *you* can be free and at what cost.

3. An overall decrease in freedom for the general population does not necessarily mean a decrease in freedom for you unless your actions are essentially the same as those of the general population.

Comments:

You can't watch most people to determine when *you* are free. Most people will not take advantage of freedom—this has been true in the past and will continue to be true for quite some time into the future. Regardless of the opportunities, their lives will continue as usual. Don't be conceptually blinded by paying too much attention to the general populace; freedom's initial manifestations will be more subtle than that.

4. A rational person is only interested in freedom he can obtain in his own

time.

5. A rational person does not count upon gaining freedom at some vague time in the future by means of sweeping social changes of other means which are beyond his control.

Comment:

This is not to claim that a general condition of *laissez faire* cannot be

*There is a lot more to liberty than knowing why schools and roads ought to be run privately and that taxes are theft.*

wrought in our lifetime—just don't bet your life on it.

6. Freedom is not a monolithic indivisible entity. It is not a word. You are free when you can do what you want without coercive interference.

Comment:

Before you can decide how free you are and how to become freer, you have to determine what you want to do. What do *you* (not the general population) want to do?

7. Freedom is not free. It would be nice if it were, but there are people willing to coerce. Making some freedom for yourself requires purposeful action. You must know what you want to be free to do, and you must organize your resources toward the end of creating that freedom for yourself.

8. Your desire for freedom does not imply an effective ability to choose between 100% or 0% freedom. Your effective range of choice—i.e., what you can get—depends on your desired actions,

your resources, and how you can use them.

9. You will not suddenly become 10% free! You will have to do it yourself, a carefully planned step at a time.

10. Your present condition of freedom is probably far from optimum for your most desired range of actions and your present resources. Your approach to this optimum must be discovered by careful planning and investigation. You do not have automatic knowledge of this subject, and living your life like the general populace will get you what they get.

11. The State and its agencies will *never* proclaim themselves abolished, offed, impotent, or irrelevant.

12. There are not pigs *everywhere* and they are at very few places all the time.

13. What the State claims to control is not the same as what it does control. *You* will have to investigate and decide for yourself. This is a corollary of 11 and 12.

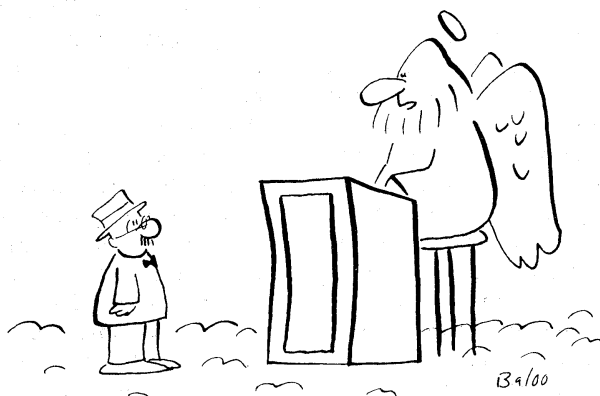
*Whether or not there is a sweeping general move toward laissez faire:*

14. The State will not become impotent in all geographical areas at the same time.

15. The State will not become impotent in all areas of human action at the same time. You will see the effects of growing freedom in particular specific activities before you see it in larger areas of action.

16. You will see the effects of progressive freedom among small numbers of people and in small groups before you'll see it in larger areas of action.

17. People who have gained relative freedom from State coercion for a particular range of actions will usually not loudly advertise to the minions of the State. You either have to think it up and do it yourself or with your group or you have to become skilled at reading between the lines and knowledgeable about less widely read material—but you still have to do it yourself. If you are successfully doing it, chances are that you will meet others who are successfully doing it, and you can then do it better together. What's the "it"? That is up to *you*. □



"Yes, you meek guys *were* supposed to inherit the Earth... Unfortunately, however, the assertive guys just blew it up."



## Essay

# Samaritanism: Good and Bad

*by Walter Block*

The Biblical tale of the Good Samaritan is dramatic. After other travelers have passed by the man lying at the side of the road in need of aid, the Good Samaritan alone stops to succor him.

The moral of the story is clear: if you help the less fortunate, you will be rewarded.

So far, there is nothing amiss for the libertarian. The code of non-aggression certainly does not prohibit the provision of aid to people in need.

But this edifying story was rudely revised by the 1983 enactment of "Good Samaritan" legislation in Minnesota. This law requires that witnesses come to the aid of anyone in "grave physical danger," or face misdemeanor charges and a fine of up to \$200. (The statute does not demand that passersby undertake acts of heroism by thrusting themselves into violent or potentially violent situations. In such instances only "reasonable assistance" is mandated, such as summoning help from the police.)

The law was prompted by the New Bedford, Massachusetts case in which a woman was raped on a pool table in front of several onlookers, and by the famous Kitty Genovese episode, in which a woman was brutally and fatally stabbed in a street in Queens, New York, in the clear sight of dozens of people who watched from windows in nearby high-rises.

According to Minnesota State Representative Randy Staben, the author of the measure, "Previously, an expert lifeguard could watch a six-month-old

baby crawl into the river and drown and sit by or do nothing about it and nothing would happen... That is totally unacceptable conduct for civilized society."

But this will not do. Any lifeguard who sat idly by while a six-month-old baby (or anyone else for that matter) drowned in front of his very eyes, would at the very least be guilty of contract violation. The lifeguard was hired, presumably, to obviate this very occurrence. That he lifted not a finger to prevent it most certainly would have been penalized—long before the passage of the Minnesota Good Samaritan Act.

Of course, if an off-duty lifeguard, or any other private citizen not contractually obligated to engage in rescue operations, saw a drowning, he would be under no legal requirement to come to the aid of the victim.

This is the nub of the dispute. According to the Minnesota code, the observer must either rescue the victim or at the very least notify the authorities of the problem. But in the libertarian law code one is bound only to refrain from the commission of aggression. In the libertarian view, there are no positive responsibilities incumbent upon the moral agent apart from

those he takes upon himself, through contractual agreement.

We can perhaps judge between these polar ethical world views by considering human action in two different aspects: the practical and the logical.

What practical considerations argue against compulsory Good Samaritanism? Given that the goal is to promote mutual aid among members of our species, is legal coercion the best, or even a reasonable means toward this end?

There are several types of evidence that weigh against such an hypothesis. First of all, the Genovese killing and the pool table rape are so newsworthy precisely because it is so exceedingly rare for people to stand by and see their fellow creatures harmed. For every such event there are literally hundreds if not thousands of cases in which people pluck little girls out of the paths of on-rushing trucks, rescue the elderly from burning buildings, beat the woods for lost children, and extricate victims from mine cave-ins, ocean mishaps, etc., often at great personal risk. Certainly, none of this activity has been motivated by a fear of running afoul of the law. Heroic events have been taking place since the dawn

of recorded history; the Minnesota enactment was a product only of the 1980s.

More to the point, were this legislation copied elsewhere, and as prominently enforced as its adherents might wish, how many heroic rescuers might *refrain* from such good deeds as the law invites, resenting the fact that these deeds were required by law? Lack of heroism might also result from a fear of becoming involved, for the Minnesota law also provides victims with a further avenue of relief: the right to launch a civil suit against the "Bad Samaritan," the person who could come to the rescue or notify the authorities but refuses to do so.

Another practical problem: in many cases of distress (e.g. drowning) an actual personal rescue is the only response that is of any help. By the time a witness can inform anyone else, the possibility of effecting aid may be long past. But the Minnesota law specifically exempts from culpability those who seek help from third parties instead of attempting an extrication of the sufferer. Presumably, it would not have been politically feasible to visit punishment on citizens unwilling to risk their own lives in Samaritan ventures. This half way measure, then, falls short of compelling the act that might be of sufficient help.

Even in a case in which mere notification can be of some use (rape, robbery in process) there is a practical difficulty. In order to get help, the onlooker will often have to travel *away* from the scene of the crime. If he is really unwilling to perform the required deed, it is easy for him to evade it under such circumstances, and it is difficult to prove otherwise.

But the impediments to this legislation run far deeper than mere practicality. There are also philosophical dilemmas.

A quandary arises with regard to causal antecedents. In the cases of flood, fire, drowning, willful infliction of violence, etc., it is rather straightforward to identify the reason for the problem. But there are thousands of people who die, and are therefore ready for some form of deliverance

from a would-be Good Samaritan, because of antecedents which are unclear, at least to some people.

Consider Ethiopian starvation. Numerous hypotheses have been advanced to explain this phenomenon: drought, civil war, imperialism, lack of foreign aid, socialism, capitalism, etc.

Suppose that a person were hauled into court by a starving Ethiopian under the civil suit provisions of a statute similar to the Minnesota law. What kind of defense would be open to

*The Genovese killing and the pool table rape are so newsworthy precisely because it is so exceedingly rare for people to stand by and see their fellow creatures harmed. For every such event there are literally hundreds if not thousands of heroic rescues.*

him?

He could reply that he had contributed to foreign aid to Ethiopia. But this justification could founder on at least two grounds. First, it might fail on the ground that foreign aid, far from being a solution to the problem of starvation, was actually a cause. Secondly, it might be unsuccessful on the ground that although contributing to foreign aid was indeed the appropriate response, the defendant did not donate sufficient funds.

This leads to the question: How much effort must a Good Samaritan put out in order to save a life?

The present Minnesota law is incomplete in the sense that it leaves open the question of how much "society," or the "authorities," are to do for the victim. If all that need be done is to notify the government of a needy person, and then the government can sit on its hands and do nothing, then the whole process is morally and practically pointless.

So we ask again of this "brother's keeper" philosophy: How much must the Good Samaritan do for others, whether "collectively"—through government—or on an individual basis?

There are really only two responses, all others are merely variants of them. One is that the Good Samaritan weigh the lives of all other people on a par with his own and continue to give

of himself and his wealth until the problem is solved or his wealth is exhausted. At any point short of this, say, after the Minnesotan has given away *virtually* all of his treasure, but still has about ten times as much as the Ethiopian, the problem will yet remain: the Ethiopian will still be starving, although perhaps more slowly, and the Minnesotan will still have the wherewithal with which to save him.

The second response represents the only real alternative. It is the polar opposite to "brother's keeperism": the complete renunciation of the Good Samaritan philosophy, and the embracing of the libertarian option of no *positive* obligation at all.

But we have not yet concluded the case against the Good Samaritan law.

Suppose the Minnesotan charged with the violation of the Good Samaritan law claimed he was a research scientist, hurrying to his laboratory to find a cure for cancer, or for AIDS, or for the aging process. He would have to concede that one person in trouble would have to make do without his good offices. But surely, it would be contended, more "Good Samaritan credits" should be garnered by a researcher who saves 10 million lives in 10 years than by a person who saves or helps to save one life today. What, in other words, is the proper discount rate for life saving?

This problem is of course as silly as it is intractable. It is impossible to determine any proper rate of exchange aiding the troubled in the present and doing so in the future. Any attempted solution to this problem is bound to founder on the question of interpersonal comparison of utilities.

The Good Samaritan law of Minnesota is arbitrary and capricious. It leads down a slippery slope toward massive income redistribution, which may not have been foreseen by its adherents. Moreover, the burden of proof would appear to lie with the proponents of any doctrine, and as yet no proof has been offered for the contention which underlies this statute: the brothers' keeper argument. □

## Essay

# The Dynamics of Voluntary Tyranny

by Stephen Cox

The most obvious and undoubtedly the most dangerous threat to liberty is the authoritarian political state. But private, voluntary organizations may also be authoritarian or even totalitarian. Such voluntary tyrannies are well worth studying, whether or not they seek state power.

The modern state is, of course, very far from operating only by means of physical coercion. It relies on psychological conditioning and on its ability to offer social rewards that people sometimes value more than liberty or material progress. When one analyzes a national state, it is often difficult to distinguish the effects of conditioning from the effects of coercion or threatened coercion. By examining voluntary tyrannies—some of the purest examples of which are to be found among religious sects that strive to make themselves independent of normal political life—we can isolate psychosocial structures of authoritarianism and discover the extent to which they promote or restrict the success of organizations that employ them.

It's all too easy, however, to create an *a priori* model of authoritarian behavior and then impose it on the religious or political phenomena one is studying. People often assume that both the cult of the state and the cult of the authoritarian religious group result from a fairly simple reversal of libertarian values and behavior. If the liberal tradition values reason and knowledge, the cult values ignorance and irrationalism; if the liberal tradition encourages individual choice, which can make society a messy, often apparently aimless thing, the cult thrives on collective planning and scheming.

A counterargument to such ideas is supplied by the example of a separatist religious group of remarkable size and energy, the Jehovah's Witnesses. Everyone has had some con-

tact with this group of door-to-door proselytizers, who turn up on Saturday mornings to offer one the chance to buy a *Watchtower* magazine. But the Witnesses have made themselves so independent from the mainstream of society that few people know anything very specific about their beliefs, their history, or their organizational structure. Few people know how closely their organization resembles that of a political state. The Witnesses are, in fact, one of the most authoritarian of voluntary "states," and one of the least "religious" of religions.

If we think of religion as a matter of faith and spontaneous emotion, as opposed to ratiocination and objective "proof," Jehovah's Witnesses may seem no more religious than the village atheist. Their belief is entirely based on severely "rational" study of the Bible, which is thought to be fully explicable by reason and Witness exegesis. There are no revival meetings, no communications from God directly to the heart, no special revelations or personal confrontations with the great metaphysical questions. By applying to Scripture a certain complicated interpretive "logic," the Witnesses can show you proof positive, no mystic faith required, that we are living in the "last days" of this "present system"; that Christ's second coming took place in 1914, since which time he has been preparing to bring the Witnesses eternal life on a paradise earth and to visit destruction on all unbelievers and their God-substitutes (churches, com-

mercial powers, governments, and especially that super-government, the United Nations); that blood transfusions, steeples, crosses, hymns not written by Jehovah's Witnesses, prayers for peace, service in the armed forces, flag-salutes, national anthems, and the celebration of Christmas, Easter, birthdays, and Mother's Day are sheer sin and paganism; that the only organization on earth that has legitimate claim to people's allegiance is the Watchtower Bible and Tract Society, the bureaucracy in Brooklyn, New York, that publishes all Witness literature, appoints all officials in all 52,000 Witness congregations, and makes all moral decisions of any consequence for the millions of Witnesses worldwide. The religious sanction for all of this is right there in your Bible, if you're just rational enough to read it right. Of course, no one is that rational, unless he or she is instructed by the WBTS, and that's why it sends its missionaries to your door on Saturday morning.

A drearier group than the Witnesses can scarcely be imagined. They attend five congregational meetings a week (not counting meetings convened for door-to-door preaching). On any given day, the order of worship is the same in kingdom halls (not "churches": too worldly a term) all over the earth. Even the selection of songs is decided upon by the WBTS. Services consist largely of reading and discussion of articles in Watchtower publications, and most of these consist of admonitions about the moral authority of

the WBTS and ideas about how to make converts to its doctrine. Any show of doctrinal or procedural originality, private religious fervor, or purely personal examination of the Bible is sharply discouraged. Even the Society's own literature has been published anonymously for the past 45 years, so as to forestall cults of personality. Any deviation, however small, from the doctrine thus anonymously announced is punished by excommunication and shunning. In their devotion to a strong and strict central organization and their rejection of allegiance to any other power, Jehovah's Witnesses more closely resemble a voluntary state than a religion. Since the 1930's, their literature has been full of allusions to themselves as "the new nation" and "the theocratic government."

In the years following the turmoil of World War II, the Witnesses grew with a rapidity that any movement would envy, sometimes increasing their membership by more than 20% a year. Their primary appeal has always been to the social group from which communism and fascism have derived their most numerous adherents, the undereducated lower middle class, and the Witnesses' growth bears some relation to patterns of disaffection and insecurity in that class. In the 1960's, when prosperity and confidence had returned to the lower middle class of the First World, Witness expansion slowed; later, it accelerated in the troubled Third World, where most of the organization's increases are now reported. Like many other twentieth-century fanaticisms, the Witness movement has established dominance over its adherents by institutionalizing both the outer world of history and the inner world of personality, using the first type of institutionalization as a means to the second.

### The Institutionalization of History

Although they reject the affiliation, Jehovah's Witnesses are one of many adventist groups that originated amid the expectations of Christ's return that were widespread in nineteenth-century America. The founder of the Witnesses (or Bible Students, as they

were once known) was Charles Taze Russell (1852-1916), a wealthy Pittsburgh businessman who in 1879 started publication of the *Watchtower*, now the largest-selling religious magazine in the world. Russell had great personal charm, a good prose style, and a determined but sadly unreliable rationalism. He got himself in trouble with orthodox folk by popularizing the idea that if God was benevolent, he would not punish sinners with an eternity of hell-fire; he also popularized the idea that the dimensions of the Great Pyramid are a symbolic guide to the history of the world.

Russell enabled adventists to recover from the fact that Christ had not visibly returned in the mid-nineteenth century, as they had predicted, by "proving" that He had returned invisibly in 1874 and would bring the world's current arrangements to an end in 1914. Russell got lucky on the second prediction; something did happen in 1914. In apparent confirmation of Jesus' prophecy in Matthew 24:7, World War I broke out. But neither Armageddon nor the millenium ensued, so Russell's followers revised his chronology. 1874 was completely dropped, Christ's second "presence" was brought up to 1914, and the end of the world was predicted for sometime during the lifespan of people who were alive during the events of 1914.<sup>1</sup>

*Authoritarian organizations  
that aspire to total control exist in a  
state of deadly competition with  
everything in their environments.*

The Watchtower Society has actually predicted the end more specifically on several occasions (e.g., 1925, 1942), thereby showing a striking indifference to the importance of effective scheming. Timothy White, author of a thoughtful history of the Witnesses, speculated in the mid-1960's that their leaders were "far too careful" to try it again.<sup>2</sup> But old habits are hard to break, especially when they are associated with an organization's legitimacy: the main thing that gives the Watchtower sect an advantage over competing groups is its one quasi-successful prediction, that regarding

1914. In 1966, the Society began leading its followers to expect that 1975 would be the end of everything. When it wasn't, the movement went into a two-year slump, suffering a painful loss of followers. Since then, it has succeeded in repairing and even increasing its membership. During each of the past three years the number of active Witnesses grew by about 7%; it now stands at 3,200,000.<sup>3</sup> Adherents—no longer including Michael Jackson, who disassociated himself from the movement last spring—may be estimated at somewhere between five and eight million, all believing that the end of the world is still *very soon to come*.

Clearly, it is not a specific understanding of history, precise knowledge about what has or will happen, that attracts and keeps members. It is instead a general idea of history, an idea that history is something that has a pattern and can be intellectually mastered. The twentieth century has acquired more *felt* history than any other age. Most of the world's adult population has experienced revolutionary changes in its everyday life—unsettling, unprecedented, and seemingly unpredictable changes. In recent decades the process of change has been particularly dramatic in the Third World. Under these circumstances, what is consoling and inspiring is not so much the prediction of a

day and an hour as the assurance that someone understands the basic process. Prophecies flourish—prophecies of a Great Leap Forward, a climactic victory of the Five-Year Plan, a New Age, a Great Banking Collapse, an Harmonic Convergence—and disconfirmation of prophecy's specifics

often does not matter. If necessary, leaders who *know history* can reinterpret specifics so as to provide unexpected support for prophecy.

The Witnesses' many failures have not prevented them from developing a line of interpretation on the many historical events that they did not dream of predicting but that they can nevertheless use to reinforce their institutional legitimacy. For example, in the Watchtower Society's tortured interpretation of Revelation 12:15-16, World War II is analyzed as the result of Satan's attempt to destroy, not democracy or peace, but the Watchtow-

er Society.<sup>4</sup> Like political radicals who imagine themselves as constantly acting in a spotlight "on the stage of history," the Witnesses believe that all the various episodes of their denominational adventures—conventions, campaigns for converts, changes in doctrine—are spotlighted by Bible prophecies, whose application is discovered by the Witnesses *after* the prophesied events take place.

The analogy with radicals is not the only one that should be made, however. Most people in modern, progress-oriented countries have a sense, which is encouraged by political leaders of every ideological coloration, that if the standard of living increases or the risk of war decreases, their political organization must have had something very directly to do with it, either causing it or predicting it; history is thus appropriated by all sorts of political groups as a source of legitimacy. Despite the Witnesses' self-imposed distance from the "secular" world, they imagine that they exist in a peculiarly intimate relationship to its *history*: the chief significance of World War I was that it signalled the beginning of Christ's reign (invisible to anyone but the Witnesses), the chief significance of World War II was that it was a fascist-religious conspiracy to eliminate the Witnesses' organization, and so forth.

People who are interested in the empirical details of history are not, of course, very likely to form such one-

dimensional views of it. The Witnesses are not interested in the details—and even if they were, such specifics are notoriously malleable by authoritarian organizations. It doesn't take a police state to make them so. Many Witnesses collect the works of Russell, especially the six volumes of his *Studies in the Scriptures*. These texts have

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not been dumped down the memory hole, but they are read (when they are read at all) from the institutional rather than from the empirical point of view. Though the early Watchtower literature is filled with failed prophecies and obsolete doctrines, it is regarded not as evidence of mistaken historical speculation but as a token of the movement's historical continuity, its own triumph over time. Watchtower publications frequently quote Proverbs 4:18: "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."<sup>5</sup>

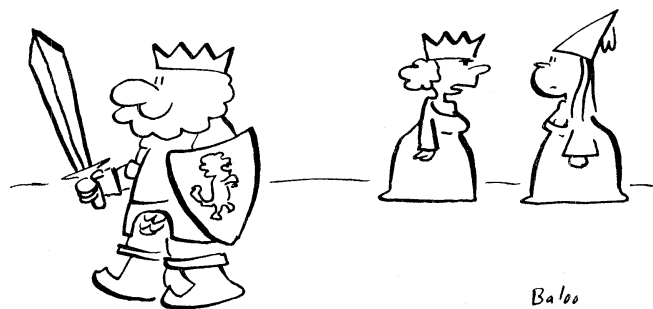
The second charismatic President of the Watchtower Society was Joseph Franklin Rutherford (1869-1942), an attorney and at one time a temporary judge in his native Missouri. Judge Rutherford was one of the most visible

figures of the 1920's and 1930's, although he is almost never mentioned in histories of the time and has never been the subject of a biography or monograph. He was a prolific writer, a man with a liking for 16-cylinder Cadillacs, a fire-breathing orator in the manner of William Jennings Bryan (whom he admired) and Father Coughlin (whom he detested), and a

first-rate American crank who advertised himself as an "international authority on Bible and government questions." He was "absolutely not controlled by any part of the Devil's political-commercial-religious organization." <sup>6</sup> The Judge renamed the Bible Students

"Jehovah's Witnesses" and turned them away from the mild pieties of Pastor Russell, who had been unwilling to form a definite denomination and had imagined that there were Christians in all the churches, not just his own. Rutherford sent his followers out on the streets with picket signs reading "Religion Is a Snare and a Racket."

He first made himself famous by writing a work called *Millions Now Living Will Never Die*, thus demonstrating his genius for naming things, and for flamboyant press agency. The Witnesses' belief in his authority was never shaken by the failure of his stupendous prediction. On Braeburn Road in San Diego there stands a villa where Rutherford nursed his health and hid from the insalubrious weather at Watchtower headquarters in Brooklyn. This sunny house he called Beth Sarim, the House of Princes, and deeded it to Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and other Biblical figures whom he expected to be resurrected any day and reign as "princes in all the earth." They would of course repair to San Diego to enjoy the Judge's hospitality. They never appeared, and the Judge himself died at Beth Sarim in 1942. A few years later, the Watchtower Society sold off the house. Did large numbers of followers secede because of this obvious historical disconfirmation? Seemingly not. Specific historical misunderstandings cannot destroy belief in an organization that has made itself the master and embodiment of



"He says he's going to rescue the Holy Land from the usurping Saracens — I say he's going to ogle the belly dancers!"

history.

## The Institutionalization of Personality

Such desperate beliefs, originating in the profound disorientations of our century, lead people to prefer an "understanding" of the history of the universe to an understanding of their own history of hope and belief and disappointment.

Judge Rutherford, who seems to have had an unhappy marriage, devoted his last book, *Children* (1941), to an attempt to reason young people into postponing marriage so that they could spend all their energy spreading the Watchtower message. The time before Armageddon was simply too short for people to do anything but preach. A decade after the Judge's death, Nathan Homer Knorr (1905-1977), third President of the Watchtower Society, ended all this nonsense by getting married himself. No great protest was initiated by those whose personal lives had been deformed by Rutherford's miscalculation, and of whom no notice was taken in Watchtower publications.

When the self becomes institutionally anesthetized to the significance of its personal history, it is prepared for other types of institutionalization. In anonymous modern society, a major source of in-group activism is simply the quest for friends. A recent anthropological researcher has determined that a major reason for people's becoming Jehovah's Witnesses is appreciation for the Witnesses' close ties of friendship. But she reports that even friendship becomes institutionalized: "Strong ties with specific members are not as common as would be expected, but rather, friendship ties with people as representatives of the group are the ideal."<sup>7</sup> Barbara Grizzuti Harrison, author of an interesting account of life at Witness headquarters during the 1950's, tells the story of a man dying of a heart attack at a Witness gathering. While waiting for help to come, his friends spiffed up the room and congratulated themselves on their opportunity to "give a good witness" to the police—almost ignoring their dying brother.<sup>8</sup> Witnesses call the Watchtower Socie-

ty "our mother," and it's not an idle metaphor. While the authoritarian group masters the confusion of the external world by institutionalizing history, it masters the difficult world of personal events by institutionalizing the self's primary relationships. A lively book about the Witnesses calls

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their organization "a classic example of Orwellian oligarchical collectivism...Individuals may come and individuals may go, but the society will continue; like Orwell's Ingsoc Party, it is 'immortal.'"<sup>9</sup>

Everyone has known people who were led to join a political group by a desire to promote freedom, only to identify themselves so firmly with the group as to support almost any authoritarian practice or position. Jehovah's Witnesses illustrate this institutionalized domestication of the desire for liberty. As a group, they have won many important judicial victories for civil rights—for freedom of speech, freedom of publication, freedom of assembly, and freedom from harassment by school authorities. Judge Rutherford was imprisoned in 1918 by a government incensed at his antiwar propaganda; in the 1930's and 1940's, hundreds of Witnesses were the victims of mob attacks whipped up by rival political and religious authorities enraged by the Witnesses' refusal to salute the American flag. They suffered small-town bigotry at its worst. In 1935, the New Jersey legislature attempted to get at the Witnesses with a purported anti-Nazi law. Because the Witnesses constantly fulminated against other religions, New Jersey unconstitutionally moved to outlaw speeches or literature that counselled "hatred, violence, or hostility against any group or groups residing in this state, by reason of race, color, religion or manner of worship."<sup>10</sup> Bigotry in the service of toleration! The Witnesses were helped out of their various legal

problems by the ACLU, the Supreme Court, and such sympathetic individuals as Eleanor Roosevelt. During the Viet Nam War, a strange phenomenon developed in which some U. S. draft boards tried to save themselves from legal annoyances by exempting *only* Witnesses from military service.

None of these experiences, however, made the Witnesses conceive any better opinion of this Satanic world. People who were originally attracted to the organization by its battles for freedom and its generally anti-establishment attitude did not consider agitating for freedom in their own organiza-

tion—which, like many radical groups, encouraged its members to define "true freedom" as serving "the truth." Even the self's desire for freedom can be institutionalized, if that desire can be identified with a restricting formula for freedom.

An amusing (and pathetic) anecdote about Watchtower President Knorr indicates something about the underlying humanity and yet the grotesqueness of the institutionalized personality. Knorr was a hard-bitten, efficiency-conscious corporate manager. He was also a stern upholder of Witness orthodoxy against the claims of all competing religious groups—about which, apparently, he knew very little. As I have indicated, the most distinctive thing about Witness theology is its interpretation of twentieth-century history, an interpretation that is focused on the importance of 1914. But according to a former associate of Knorr, he remarked to a meeting of the Witnesses' Governing Body that "There are some things I know—that Jehovah is God, that Christ Jesus is his Son, that he gave his life as a ransom for us, that there is a resurrection. Other things I'm not so certain about. 1914—I don't know. We have talked about 1914 for a long time. We may be right and I hope we are."<sup>11</sup> The supreme leader of this supremely separatist organization had full confidence only in the beliefs he shared with virtually all other Christians; concerning the Witnesses' distinctive ideology, he was *not* certain. He did not suggest any revision of views; neither did he advise his colleagues to continue con-

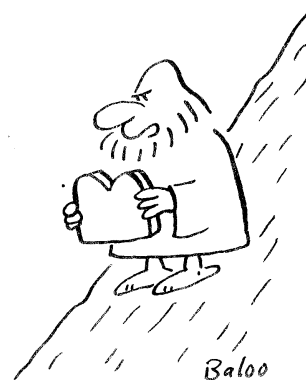


spiring to fool the membership. He merely engaged in a stray moment of self-revelation that did not stop him for a moment from believing and enforcing the institutional doctrine that had become his own reason for existence.

## How Well Does All This Work?

Not everyone stays as institutionalized as Knorr. Like any other group that insists upon its ideological uniqueness and purity, the Witnesses have suffered from a number of purges, schisms, and defections.<sup>12</sup> Sometimes members have left or have been thrown out because they want the organization to be still more "separate from the world" than it is. Trouble has also come from people who want to re-establish ties with the non-Witness world. These people are usually second- or third-generation Witnesses who are better educated than their parents and are therefore equipped to mount an intellectual challenge to their views; one of the self-limiting features of authoritarianism is its tendency to alienate the intellectuals whom it needs—and may, in fact, have trained. An organization that demands tight discipline develops certain positive characteristics in its converts: they work hard, they show up on time for meetings, they learn how to process information, they conserve the money they might otherwise spend on momentary pleasures. The convert generation usually passes many of its positive characteristics along to its children—but it usually does not pass along its naive sense of "intellectual" discovery. A third-generation Bolshevik is virtually a contradiction in terms.

I will return to the problem of the intellectuals. It must be admitted, however, that even the great disappointment of 1975 produced only a brief depletion of the Witness ranks, so well institutionalized were the majority of members and so persuasively did the Society's literature harp on the importance of loyalty to God's "ark of salvation" (i.e., itself). This does not mean, however, that authoritarianism is an enormous success, even in its own terms. The Witnesses are a laboratory experiment, not just in people's ability to oppress themselves, but also in the self-limitations of authoritarian structures. By reviewing the results of



"I'm not *either* a single-issue nut!"

this experiment, we can codify at least six general laws of diminishing success for modern authoritarian bodies that control their members in large part through ideological and social conditioning. The term "laws" should be taken, of course, with a grain of salt: no historical "laws" have thus far turned out to be universal or infallible. But these six are, I think, fairly reliable.

According to the carefully marshalled statistics of organizational progress in the Witnesses' recent *Yearbooks*, during 1984, 1985, and 1986 the group spent an almost incredible 1,776,965,284 hours proselytizing, and during the same period it baptized 595,089 new members. This means that the acquisition of a convert required an average of 2986 hours of labor—a figure never listed by the otherwise statistics-loving Watchtower Society. M. James Penton, author of the most complete history of the Witnesses, very accurately observes that they are wedded to an "extremely inefficient" method of preaching.<sup>13</sup> But the Society refuses to employ electronic media or mass-market advertising. To move away from door-to-door preaching would mean an unsettling break with institutional tradition. The Witnesses' whole existence is centered on the door-to-door work; if the Society abandoned it, millions of people would have nothing to do. Success defined as growth competes against success defined as control and continuity. To keep its hold on itself, the organization must resist even productive types of accommodation to mainstream society's ways of doing things. Operating here is the Law of Competitive Histories: the more an or-

ganization historicizes itself, determining all its actions by some idea of loyalty to its own history, the less able it is to adapt to historical change. Organizations that initially prosper by offering a source of stability to people lost in the maelstrom of change eventually ossify in their fixed beliefs about history.

A second law, which is related to the first, is the Law of Necessary Expansion. Authoritarian organizations that aspire to total control exist in a state of deadly competition with everything in their environments. Even a totalitarian state that permitted no communication with the outside world would still have to compete with the joys of laziness and frivolity for control of its citizens' lives. But the more an authoritarian organization attempts to deny and negate all the aspects of life with which it must compete, the less contact with life it preserves, and the less equipped for competition it becomes. Members who have become highly conditioned by the organization may find their existence so empty and static that they begin insensibly to withdraw, absenting themselves either physically or spiritually. The organization has to add zealous new members faster and faster just to maintain its position. Sophisticated statistical analysis indicates that the Witnesses lost over 1,200,000 active adherents between 1967 and 1983, a huge mass that simply melted away.<sup>14</sup> The Society must run faster and faster just to stay in the same place. Given its antiquated methods, this is a difficult task. Faced with similar problems in maintaining a zealous body of partisans,

the Chinese Communist Party seems to have nearly given up, the Polish party has collapsed, and the Russian party may be reaching its moment of truth.

After more than a century of concentrated effort, the Witnesses have yet to become a significant proportion of any country's population. Only in Guadeloupe, St. Helena, and Zambia do they approximate so much as 1% of the populace, and in Zambia their membership has been static for a long time. In the United States, which has been more witnessed to than any other part of the globe, only one person in 318 is a Jehovah's Witness. Better results might perhaps be expected from a group that promises people eternal life if they join and imminent destruction if they don't. The Witnesses have notably failed to make a deep impact upon the world.

Clear evidence of failure often causes authoritarian organizations to resort to compromise and accommodation. The Witnesses have so far resisted this temptation, at the cost of limiting their potential membership. But even an authoritarianism that is determined never to compromise can do curious things to its own institutions. A classic instance appears in the recent history of the Watchtower movement as it is narrated in a memoir by Raymond Franz, a nephew of Frederick Franz (1893- ), the current Watchtower President.<sup>15</sup> Until his departure in 1980, Raymond Franz was a leading member of the group's inner councils. His account of events at Brooklyn headquarters is a fascinating case-study in relations between ideological and bureaucratic structures in an authoritarian group.

Like any other state, the Watchtower organization can only affirm its existence by denying the authority of all other states. Yet the Watchtower Society is a state-chartered corporation. Rutherford achieved dictatorial control over the Witnesses by exerting the power of his office as President of a corporation deriving its legal existence from the state. In order to argue that the power of the presidency came not at all from a secular source, Watchtower doctrine held that the Witnesses have a Governing Body

that was appointed by God, that this Governing Body existed in some form or other even in the days of the Apostles, and that in the twentieth century it merely used the Watchtower Society's corporate structure for business purposes. In Frederick Franz's homespun phrase, the Governing Body was the dog, and the corporation was the tail. The only problem with this historical analysis, as Raymond Franz ex-

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plains, is that until the 1970's no Governing Body existed. For the first ninety years of the Witnesses' existence, all important decisions were simply made by the corporation President.

By the mid-1970's, however, the Witnesses had become so institutionalized, and they had begun to take their own institutional propaganda so seriously, that most of the high officials of the Society decided to make themselves the Governing Body that had hitherto existed only in doctrinal fantasy. One of them remarked, "I say if we are going to be a Governing Body, then let's get to governing! I haven't been doing any governing till now."<sup>16</sup> This momentary contact with empirical reality produced a bureaucratic upheaval. When the Governing Body actually started to get the idea of making its own decisions about doctrine and policy, major changes began to be seriously considered. The palace shake-up came close to ruining the Witnesses' authoritarian character. Only when conservatives on the Governing Body succeeded in removing all identifiable liberals from Witness headquarters was the organization's continued "purity" ensured. This near-revolution illustrates the negative effects of the Law of Diminishing Cynicism: the more an organization succeeds in institutionalizing personalities, the more its hard-core members will tend to believe their own propaganda and attempt to live up to it—often with disruptive or even disas-

trous results.

Any change is dangerous to an authoritarian organization, even change designed to make it conform more fully to its own ideology. Total conformity can never be achieved; there is always room for insiders to insist that changes must be made for the purpose of achieving it. A Law of Competitive Purities begins to operate. Varying ideas develop about the best way to pursue the unattainable goal, and since no purist can tolerate a different sort of purist, confusion is virtually unavoidable.

The operative principle of authoritarianism is, of course, centralization: because power is concentrated in a small group, that group must make all important decisions. This virtually eliminates the possibility of *coherent* Machiavellianism. An authoritarian body that takes its responsibilities seriously is likely to make decisions on a harried, ad hoc basis. Raymond Franz's descriptions of the hapless, Politburo-like Governing body make this point well. "I would liken the Governing Body," he observes, "to a group of men backed up against a wall with numerous persons tossing balls at them for them to catch and throw back. The balls come so frequently and in such number that there is little time for anything else. Indeed, it seemed that every ruling made and sent out only brought additional questions thrown at us from new angles, leaving little time for truly positive, constructive thought, study, discussion and action."<sup>17</sup> A Law of Diminishing Competence is a danger to every authoritarian organization.

The more decisions a power-group appropriates to itself, the less chance it has of making them with some appearance of intelligence and consistency, and the more chance it has of alienating people who have any regard for these qualities. The Watchtower Society has, by all accounts, succeeded in alienating almost every intellectual in its ranks—and this suggests a sixth and final law, the Law of Diminishing Intelligence. The phrase is by now self-explanatory.

What all of this indicates is not that authoritarianism isn't really dangerous, but that it has certain limiting mechanisms built into it, mechanisms

that do their best to cripple its development. In national states, these mechanisms are harder to isolate than they are in voluntary "states," and they may be inhibited to some degree by the state's ability to coerce where it cannot persuade. This is no consolation to people living under the world's 150 or so authoritarian governments, even though most of those governments are fragile and changeable, lacking support from mass movements with enough ideological power to institutionalize the populace decisively. But some consolation may be provided to observers who fear that authoritarianism easily succeeds and easily preserves itself. It is consoling that authoritarian groups must suffer the psychosocial consequences of their psychosocial innovations. And it is consoling that human beings have many needs, desires, and priorities, and that these constitute a variety of competitive forces that cannot be satisfactorily accommodated by structures that remain authoritarian. Only brute force is really dependable in keeping people under control, and the continuous and determined application of force requires the kind of organization that is likely to be subverted by the mechanisms I have been discussing.

Fifty years ago, Sinclair Lewis published a novel called *It Can't Happen Here*. Lewis's protagonist argues for the thesis that America is fertile ground for authoritarianism. "Look how Huey Long became absolute monarch over Louisiana," he says. "Remember the Kuklux Klan? Remember our war hysteria, when we called sauerkraut 'Liberty cabbage' and somebody actually proposed calling German measles 'Liberty measles'? And wartime censorship of honest papers? Bad as Russia! Remember our kissing the—well, the feet of Billy Sunday, the million dollar evangelist...Remember when the hick legislators in certain states, in obedience to William Jennings Bryan, who learned his biology from his pious old grandma, set up shop as scientific experts and made the whole world laugh itself sick by forbidding the teaching of evolution?...Not happen here? Prohibition—shooting down people just because they *might* be transporting liquor—no, that couldn't happen in America! Why, where in all history has

there ever been a people so ripe for a dictatorship as ours!"<sup>18</sup>

This is the perennial libertarian nightmare—and it's not a mere fantasy; America, like most other developed, "progressive" countries, has far too often shown a willingness to identify progress with some authoritarian

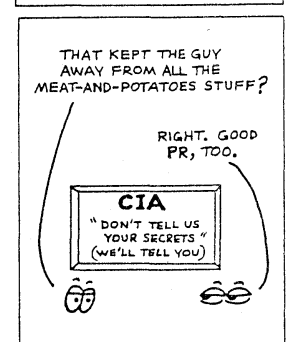
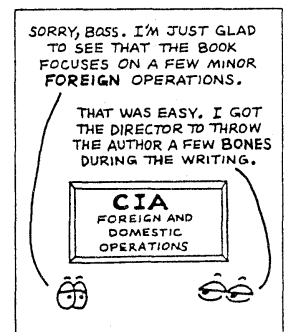
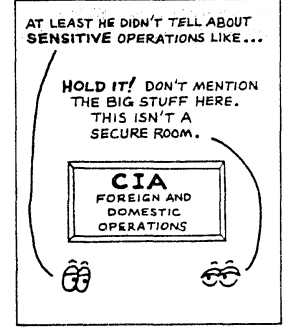
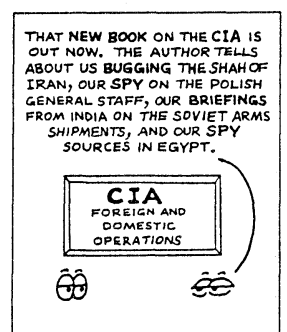
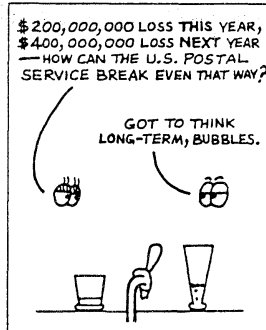
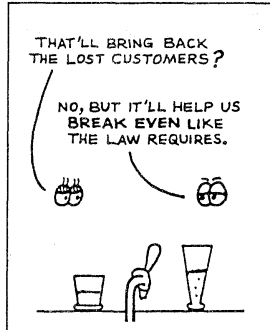
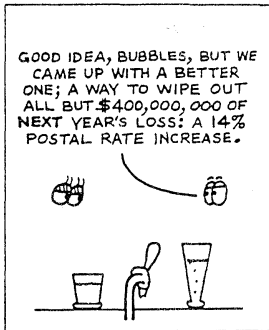
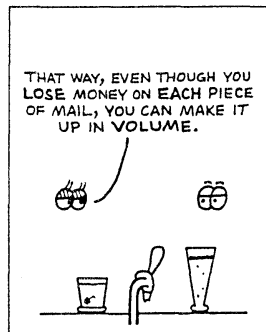
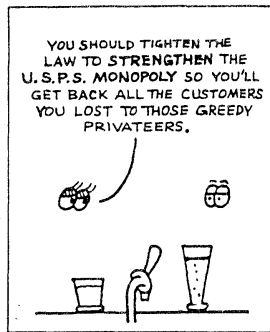
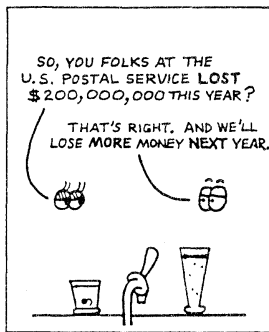
movement. But the nightmare isn't quite reality, either. The Huey Longs and the Father Coughlins and the moral majorities and the Watchtower Societies go their ways, victims of people's wise dislike of dwelling too long and too intently on any one psychological need or moral imperative. □

## Endnotes

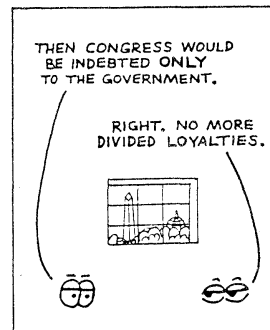
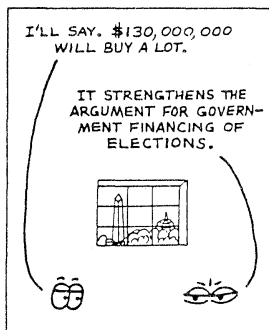
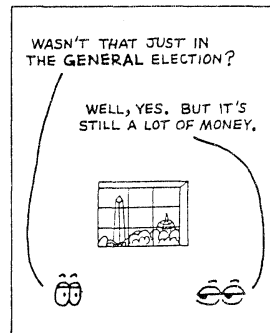
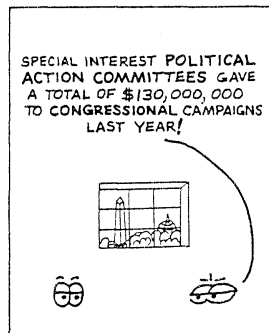
1. On the relation of the Watchtower organization to the prophetic and millenarian tradition, see Carl Olof Jonsson, *The Gentile Times Reconsidered* (Lethbridge, Alberta: Hart, 1983); and M. James Penton, *Apocalypse Delayed: The Story of Jehovah's Witnesses* (Toronto: Univ. of Toronto Press, 1985).
2. White, *A People for his Name: A History of Jehovah's Witnesses and an Evaluation* (New York: Vantage Press, 1967), p. 399.
3. Figures derived from reports in the statistical tables of the 1985, 1986, and 1987 *Yearbooks of Jehovah's Witnesses* (Brooklyn: Watchtower, 1984, 1985, 1986).
4. Anon. [Frederick Franz?], "Then Is Finished the Mystery of God: (Brooklyn: Watchtower, 1969), pp. 318-22.
5. This scripture is, for instance, posted as an admonition in the preface of the *Watchtower Publications Index 1930-1985* (Brooklyn: Watchtower, 1986), p. 5.
6. Advertising copy appended to Rutherford's book *Riches* (Brooklyn: Watchtower, 1936).
7. Alberta Jeanne Brose, "Jehovah's Witnesses: Recruitment and Enculturation in a Millennial Sect," Diss., Univ. of California, Riverside, 1982, p. 109.
8. Harrison, *Visions of Glory: A History and a Memory of Jehovah's Witnesses* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1978), pp. 346-47.
9. Heather and Gary Botting, *The Orwellian World of Jehovah's Witnesses* (Toronto: Univ. of Toronto Press, 1984), p. 186.
10. White, p. 318.
11. Raymond Franz, *Crisis of Conscience* (Atlanta: Commentary Press, 1983), p. 217.
12. Picturesque accounts of Watchtower schisms are given in Jerry Bergman's valuable *Jehovah's Witnesses and Kindred Groups: A Historical Compendium and Bibliography* (New York: Garland, 1984)—an important contribution to the study of what might be called "vernacular" religious culture.
13. Penton, pp. 242-45.
14. Penton, pp. 292-95.
15. Raymond Franz, pp. 39-94.
16. Raymond Franz, p. 73.
17. Raymond Franz, pp. 95-96.
18. Lewis, *It Can't Happen Here* (New York: Sun Dial Press, 1935), pp. 21-22.



"Do some jokes about how fat Liz Taylor is."



## POLITICAL ACTION COMMITTEES...



## BURONIC EPISODES

BY BOB CORTIN

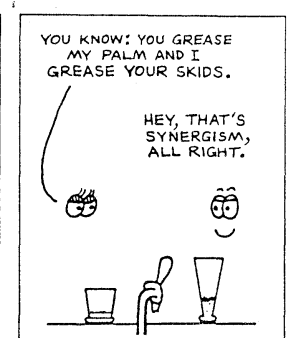
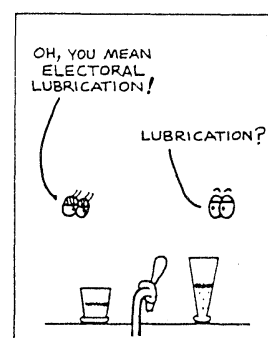
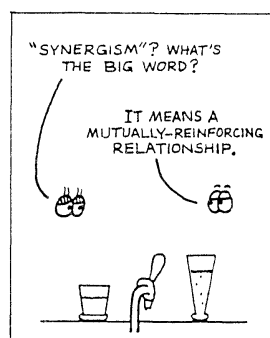
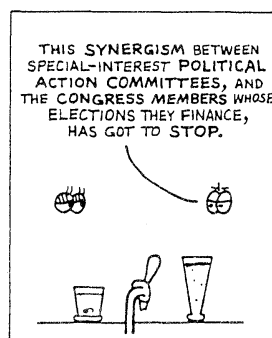
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"BOSS"

"BUBBLES"

"BONG"

## ...AND MORE PAC'S THAT EVENING



## Fiction

# Flight

by David Waldron Galland

He knew he was in trouble as soon as the plane touched down. Out of the scratched and faded window of the Antigua Air DC-10 he spotted two men. Both wore cheap suits and unfashionable dark glasses. The plane taxied past them, air brakes rattling. He sat heavily back in his seat and let out an audible sigh. The game was over. The flight had inevitably ended.

The passengers gathered their belongings. The man sat still, his eyes closed.

"Sir—we have reached St. John," said the stewardess.

He pushed to his feet and retrieved his oversized briefcase from the overhead bin. The stewardess watched him carefully, for he did not look well. He shrugged, smiled, and shook his head as he searched for a way to accept his fate.

His legs felt like lead as he stepped down the metal stairs. The sun was all too typically tropical. Before he reached the bottom, beads of nervous sweat turned into a torrent, that he vainly tried to wipe away.

He moved towards the gate, where the two other Americans stood close, their arms folded across their chests. They were standing next to the immigration official.

"Passport, if you please."

Without setting the briefcase down, he reached into his jacket for the falsified Peruvian document.

"So sorry sir. We have orders not to allow the entrance of Peruvian nationals today. You will have to depart on the next available flight."

He did not try to argue. He only asked a question he already knew the answer to. "Where is the next flight to?"

"Miami. The departure gate is just there and the plane is scheduled to depart in..." the agent consulted his

watch, "...fifteen minutes. You may board now."

The trap had closed.

The two other Americans followed him to the gate. They made sure that he went up the stairs. They waited in the shade while the plane took off.

The flight would last fifty-five minutes. In Miami, they would take his briefcase. Then they would take his freedom.

The plane climbed into cloudless sky. He was forty-two years old. He had been a commodities trader for the past twelve years. In the beginning, he had played by the rules. Then, four years ago, at the pinnacle of his career, he had completely and totally misread the markets and had lost a majority of the funds entrusted to his small firm.

Out of pride, more than anything else, he had tried to cover his losses by transferring funds from non-discretionary accounts. Within a week, he had lost another million dollars—money he had no right to trade. After a sleepless, hopeless night, he had made a decision to run. He transferred another million into a numbered account in the Bahamas, left his twenty-room house and his wife, and drove his Rolls Royce to the airport.

Since then, he had remained a step ahead of the government by skipping from one Third World country to another, bribing his way when necessary. When the U.S. had begun to pressure Venezuela, a country where there was a weak but potentially serviceable extradition treaty, he had

climbed aboard the plane for Antigua. Now, it was all over. He was on the last flight he would take for a long time. The next stop was a U.S. jail.

Sitting next to him on his last flight was a middle-aged woman wearing an ill-fitted brown wig. Across the aisle, a British-looking man was reading a *Time* magazine. In front of him sat a young boy—probably around eight years old—and his father, Americans. He studied the faces of them; soaking in every detail of their features as if trying to store away memories for the day when the humans who surrounded him would be cut from a considerably different cloth.

He ordered a double Vodka martini on the rocks and took a long sip. The alcohol brought his heartbeat down; his mind began to unfreeze from the stress of the airport encounter. Accepting the inevitable, he tried to savor the last minutes of his freedom.

He had cherished his freedom, even if it required that he remain constantly on the run. Acceptance vanished. He ordered another martini, questing for the peace of a minute before. He touched the briefcase, wedged under the seat in front of him. All that money—still well over \$600,000 left—and it couldn't buy him another hour of freedom. Or could it?

He was staring at the woman's head. Why not? What did he have to lose?

He opened the briefcase carefully, and retrieved a yellow note pad and a

pen. He began to scribble; slowly at first, then more rapidly as the ideas solidified.

He was a methodical man. He never did anything without first working it through. He glanced at his watch. He had a little less than thirty minutes before the plane would touch down in Miami. He finished off his second drink, tucked the note pad into the seat pocket, took the briefcase out again and reopened it. He reached inside and removed a packet of the crisp green bills. He stashed the \$10,000 packet into his coat pocket and stood up.

He moved slowly up the aisle to the front of the plane. He casually perused the magazine selection, grabbed an old copy of *Newsweek*, then walked slowly back, surveying the passengers carefully. As he approached his seat, his eyes riveted on the man and his son in the seats in front of his.

The boy was fidgeting with a toy car—a replica Rolls Royce—on the service table. It was the father, though, who interested him. He had brown curly hair and wore glasses. He looked to be about the same height. The bone structure was just about right. The father, feeling himself under intense observation, looked up from his book. The boy looked up, too.

"Can I help you?" the father asked.

"Oh, yes—perhaps. May I sit?"

The father looked discomforted. As a typical American, he felt strangers were to be avoided; their motives to be suspected until proven honorable.

"Sure, why not?"

He slipped into the aisle seat next to the boy.

"I am in a bit of a fix—I need some help, and am willing to pay for it."

The father looked uncomfortably. The boy sank back in his seat, his large brown eyes focused on the stranger's face.

"You see," the man continued, "I am in the middle of a rather nasty divorce case. I am afraid the authorities will be waiting in Miami to hand me a subpoena."

He could see the father relax somewhat. This man was also divorced, he thought.

"I understand. I am only recently divorced myself. But I really don't

know how I could help..."

"I know this may sound a bit off the wall—but, I'd like to rent your passport...and, uh, your eyeglasses."

The father's warning signals went off again.

"I don't think that's a very good idea. I'm sure there are penalties for that. A passport is a very important thing. Sorry, I don't think I will be able to help you." He was already turning to his book.

"Wait a minute—just hear me out.

*He had remained a step ahead of the government by skipping from one Third World country to another, bribing his way when necessary.*

All I need is a five-minute head start. Once I'm through immigration, you can merely tell them you lost your passport—that it must have been stolen. As I said, I'm willing to pay." He threw the packet of one hundred dollar bills on the service table in front of the Rolls Royce. The boy sat bolt upright in his seat, his eyes fixed on the stack of bills.

"I... that's quite generous. But I don't..."

"It's ten thousand dollars. For five minutes' work," the stranger insisted.

"No really. This is pretty strange. We don't look anything alike. My hair is brown and curly, yours is blond and straight. It would never work." The father was studying the stranger's face.

"That's my problem," the stranger answered. "I have a way around that. Are you interested? Five minutes for ten thousand dollars. What do you say?"

"Never work. My passport is stamped for two travellers—my son and me."

The man was right. He leaned back, trying to come up with another angle.

"I could go with him." The boy had spoken.

The stranger looked down at him.

"Yes—that would work."

The father's face flushed again.

"Are you crazy? It's out of the question! Now I think you'd better return to your seat," he whispered

angrily.

He stood up and returned to his seat, but he reappeared a minute later with the briefcase. He sat down again and opened it cautiously. Despite his precautions, the boy saw the contents. His mouth fell open.

Another two packets of money dropped on the serving table.

"Now it's twenty-five thousand for five minutes' work." He played his hand and watched the man's face.

"I'll leave your son outside the arrival gate."

The father was terribly uncomfortable. The money would make all the difference in his life right now. He would be able to buy a house and move his son out of the dingy ground floor apartment they now lived in.

"That's very generous.

But really, I would have to be crazy to let some stranger walk off with my son."

"I'll double the offer." Time was running out. They would land in Miami in fifteen minutes—the money was becoming increasingly worthless to him as each second passed.

The father leaned back in his seat. His breathing grew erratic. He was struggling to resist temptation.

"Daddy, I can go with him. It will be o.k. If anything happens I can yell and the cops will grab him."

"A good point. I sure as hell wouldn't try anything. Then I'd be out of my \$50,000 and end up getting the subpoena just the same. What's your name, son?"

"George."

"You're a smart boy, George. Well, what do you say?"

The man's face twitched. His voice was barely audible when he answered.

"What do you want me to do?"

"First, put the money in your carry-on bag. Give me your passport—and your glasses. Right before we land, go into the plane's bathroom. Once we're down, and the door is open, stay in there for five minutes—then walk out. If anyone stops you on the way off, tell them you misplaced your passport and were looking for it on the plane—that you thought you dropped it in the bathroom. They will have to believe you. If the customs agents get too pushy, just tell them that some stranger had been sitting next to



you—that when you went to the bathroom, maybe he stole the passport from your carry-on bag."

"But what about George? I'll have to make a scene about his being missing when I return to my seat."

"Right. But I have a better idea. Go to the bathroom. Leave it unlocked, but pretend you're unconscious. Wait in the bathroom until somebody finds you. Tell them that somebody hit you when you were coming out. Then you can raise all kinds of hell about George being missing. By that time I will be safely away. Once I'm gone he can run back into the terminal and tell them that I threatened him so he would keep his mouth shut while we went through immigration."

"I don't know—this is getting pretty complicated..."

"Look, I know it's not the best plan... but it will work. Especially if you hit yourself on the head when you are in the bathroom. There is no way they can implicate you in the plan."

"What about the money—what if they find the \$60,000?"

"George can carry it. If they catch me, then I can say I gave some of the money to George to get it through customs for me. It will work. It has to."

The fasten seat belt sign came on. He got up hurriedly and returned to his own seat before the father could raise any other objections.

He leaned over and whispered in the ear of the woman who sat next to him. She gave him a shocked look, and he handed her something. She quietly tucked the packet into her purse, meekly slid off her wig, and placed it into his hand.

He got back to his feet, and returned to the seat next to George.

"O.K., you'd better get going."

"The rest of the money?"

The man fished out three more packets and slipped them into the carry-on bag at George's feet.

"I must be crazy," the father said in a resigned tone and then slowly pushed himself out of his seat. He walked carefully down the aisle and into the restroom.

The stranger slipped into the seat the father had occupied, crouched down and pulled the wig over his head. He put the glasses on and turned to

George.

"What do you think?"

"There's some hair sticking out of the side." The boy's small fingers reached up and tucked the errant hairs back inside the wig.

"You're a good kid George. We're going to be fine."

"Sure... Daddy." said boy with a wink. He loved a good adventure.

The stranger pulled the handkerchief out and wiped the sweat off of his palms.

*"All I need is a five minute head start. Once I'm through immigration, you can merely tell them you lost your passport..."*

"What do you want to be when you grow up?" he asked. It was the only question he knew to ask a kid.

"Rich," George answered without hesitation. The man chuckled.

"Is that so?"

"Yup. I want one of these," he said, holding up the toy Rolls Royce.

"How are you going to get rich?"

"I got some ideas. I want to be a businessman."

"Good for you. Money is a good thing... just don't ever let it run your life."

He felt a tinge of regret. He knew he had hurt a lot of people with his own particular business activities. If he had to do it over again, he would have never ventured into the dark side of business. But it was too late now. The no smoking sign came on; the pilot announced their imminent arrival at Miami International.

The plane landed and the doors were opened. He checked his watch, reached down, and grabbed the briefcase. George picked up his father's carry-on bag, stood and stepped into the aisle. The man followed closely behind.

At the air-conditioned arrival ramp, three men were waiting, clones of those who had put him on the plane in Antigua. George and the man walked by, hand in hand. It was as if the physical connection between the two made them invisible.

"Almost home free," the man whispered to George as they approached

the immigration counters. A line from a previously arrived flight had formed. The man glanced nervously at his watch. Three minutes had passed since they had deplaned. It could only be three, maybe four more minutes before they discovered the boy's father in the bathroom. After that, he would have maybe a minute.

An old couple who had just arrived from Mexico dickered endlessly with the immigration official. Then came a Latin man whose papers the cool immigration officer carefully surveyed. Three others stood between them and the immigration desk. Two minutes had been lost waiting in the line. Sweat began to form on the man's forehead and his hand became wet in George's.

The man felt George's hand slip from his. Before he could say anything, George had walked to the head of the line, speaking to the people in front of him with a sad look on his face. The man thought about making a run for it. Then George waved to him. He walked forward as if the small boy were his puppet master. Those ahead of him in line wore looks of concern on their faces.

"Thanks," George told the line.

"Better get the boy to a doctor," said the plump lady who had relinquished her place at the head of the line. "You never know what terrible germs the Caribbean countries have that can cause diarrhea."

"Yes, yes. Of course," said the man with relief.

The immigration official waved them forward. He looked over the passport.

"How long have you been out of the country?"

"About a week."

"How're you doing sonny?"

The sad look returned to George's face. "Not too good sir. I have diarrhea."

The immigration official looked non-plussed.

"Yes, of course. Everything's fine. Go ahead."

The man looked at his watch. Seven minutes had passed since they had walked off the plane.

They stepped quickly through a pair of pneumatic doors and into the

baggage claim area. The only obstacle to his freedom was a line of stainless steel counters with bored looking customs officers standing behind them. Beyond them, another set of pneumatic doors. Sunlight could be seen as the doors opened letting an elderly couple, struggling with their bags, through.

Not having any bags was suspicious—but he would have to take a chance. Time had almost certainly run out.

They walked up to the counter. A black woman, her hair in a net, asked them for their declaration forms.

She looked the two over, trying to judge if they were worth having searched.

"Daddy, I have to go to the bathroom again," George whined.

"My son has a case of Montezuma's revenge," the man said, doing his best to play the role of the distressed parent.

"Uh huh. Don't you folks have any suitcases?"

"No...they got stolen from the hotel

last night."

She perked an eyebrow. George began to shift from foot to foot and pulled on the man's sleeve.

"Oh...okay. Go ahead," said the Customs officer.

The man reached for George's hand, but it did not reach up to meet his. The small hand had come to rest firmly on the handle of the man's briefcase. With the other hand he clutched the carry-on bag firmly. The man started to pull away and the boy followed, attached by one small limb to the briefcase.

All they had to do was walk through the pneumatic doors and they would be free. The customs official went on to the next couple. The man began to step towards the door. Twenty steps were all it would take.

After four steps it dawned on him that the boy was beginning to slow him down. He looked back. George had both feet planted firmly on the floor and was letting the man drag him.

"Wha..what the hell are you doing?" the man whispered fiercely with

out stopping his impeded stride towards the door.

"I'm not going any further," George said, rather too loudly, the man thought. He looked around quickly to see if anyone had noticed, then turned his attention back to the boy.

"Fine—then I'll see you around." He started to pull away, but the boy still clung to the briefcase grip.

Awareness, then disbelief came over the man." Let go of the briefcase!"

"NO!" the boy said, this time loud enough to cause the man to wince. The doors between the customs and immigration area swung open for a brief moment. Down the hall leading to the immigration counters, he could see the two men in suits shoving their way through the crowd in his direction.

He tugged hard at the briefcase, but George held fast.

"You little bastard," he growled.

George made a face and opened his mouth wide, an unspoken threat to yell; his eyes stared at the man, daring him to try pulling the briefcase away again.

The man's hand slipped from the briefcase. He walked quickly to the doors leading to sunlight and freedom. He turned, looked back at the boy and shook his head in dismay. With a heavy shrug, he walked straight through the doors and disappeared into the crowd which was waiting for arriving passengers. The boy followed tentatively, walked out to the curb, and climbed into a waiting taxi.

George's father got home three hours later in a police cruiser. George was standing at the door, a grim look on his face. The father rushed to him, knelt down and gave him a warm hug.

"George...oh, George... I thought he had kidnapped you. Thank God."

The policemen stayed for thirty minutes, took down a description of the stranger, phoned in their report, then drove off. As soon as they were gone, the father turned to George.

"The money, son....do you have the money?" His voice was thick with anticipation.

George smiled broadly. He ran to the small closet near the door and came back with the carry-on bag. His father's face lit up.

"It's all here, Daddy. All sixty-thousand." □

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# Reviews

*The End of the Conservative Era*,  
by Robert S. McElvaine, Arbor House, 338 pp., \$18.95

## Bubble-Gum Liberalism

William P. Moulton

Lord knows I have never been an enthusiast for the type of regulatory harassment perpetrated on the public by such agencies as the EPA and OSHA. I don't do handsprings when one of these bureaucratic satrapies orders—in the name of public safety, of course—that training wheels be placed on horses or that kitchen knives be equipped with NeverSharp® blades. However, in the case of *The End of the Conservative Era* by Robert S. McElvaine, I would be inclined to permit myself a small exception. The inclusion of a barf bag would have been a definite measure for the public convenience. It need only have been a small one, discretely tucked under the front cover, but it would have been a generous gesture, and probably a useful one.

Harsh words, perhaps, but just. What we have been seeing recently is a collective licking of the polemical and journalistic chops of the left. The prospect of a post-Reagan America has engendered a great revival of fundamentalist liberalism, in the modern debased usage of the word. Aided by the current administration's own self-inflicted wounds, the denizens of the Order of Indignation and Concern are loudly braying that the long dark night is nearly over. I use the term fundamentalist advisedly, for the general line we are hearing is that the partial, trimming of the wings of the welfare state which has occurred is a bizarre aberration in our history, a sort of fever which, having reached crisis, will now abate. The litany goes something like this: the American

people are leaving an age of greed and individualism, and will soon be safely back in the house of compassion. The New Deal and Great Society coalitions will rise from the ashes, and we will all dwell in the valley of affirmative government forever.

Many journals and more than a few books are presenting these themes. So, why do I select McElvaine's book for consideration? I did consider others in this genre, especially Robert Lekachman's *Vision and Nightmare: America After Reagan*. I chose the McElvaine book because it is heavily promoted, it is apparently widely read, and the starkness and simplicity of its author's thought and style make it an archetype of contemporary left-liberal advocacy.

And some things are too good to pass up. Consider the following passage:

"If we could understand the workings of nature and begin to harness it for our own benefit, could not the same be done with society and the economy? If humans were prepared to intervene where the hand of Mother Nature had previously gone unchallenged, why should they allow the 'invisible hand' of Adam Smith to control the economy without human guidance? Social scientists ought to be able to do in society what natural scientists seemed to be doing in their realm: discover the ways in which things operate, and engineer improvements."

McElvaine's thesis is straightforward. The American electorate and American society itself swings back

and forth, forth and back, between progressive moods or "eras" and reactionary periods. He terms this process "a sort of Newton's Third Law of Political Attitudes." Needless to say, progressive eras are good and reactionary eras are bad. McElvaine believes that the country is starting, in the late 1980's, on a swing toward a new progressive epoch. This swing is inexorable but it could end as simply an historical spasm with no lasting results unless the Democratic Party is willing and able to channel these historical forces into a comprehensive progressive agenda. Finally, and this is the central motif of the book, McElvaine believes that the term "liberal" has acquired too many negative connotations and should be scrapped by the left. In its place he advocates the term "New Progressivism." Boy, does he advocate it: the words NEW PROGRESSIVE /S/ISM [McElvaine's caps] appear endlessly in the text. It is clear that the author intends that this phrase replace the word "liberal" in political discourse—a development which most libertarians would welcome, since it might provide us with a chance of reclaiming a banner that statists stole from us years ago. After all this, the reader is given a rather laborious scenario, involving state-by-state analysis of recent voting trends, of what the author assumes will be an electoral sweep by New Progressive candidates in 1988 and through the 1990's.

What is one to make of this book? Well, not much, really. There are two problems with McElvaine's work—his ideas, and his method of political analysis. Normally, the ideas would be discussed first, but in this case the manner in which ideological trends are discerned and analyzed is central. So much so, in fact, that the methodology short-circuits any serious consideration of the ideas presented. For this reason, we'll look at the book's political epistemology first.

The key point is that, even if McElvaine's theory of an impending swing to the left turns out to be accurate, he could hardly be called a prognosticator,

since the evidence he presents is so trivial. I can't recall an approach to political thought as Philistine as McElvaine's.

His number one exhibit is current rock lyrics. An obsession with rock lyrics is pandemic in the right-wing fever swamps, but I have never before encountered such madness on the left. Every chapter begins with lines from one or more rock songs, and countless others are analyzed in the text. We are treated to excerpted segments of the *oeuvre* of such political philosophers as Brian Wilson, Mark Knopfler, Sting, Don Henley, Roger Hodgson, John Cougar Mellencamp, Billy Joel, Jackson Browne, Kris Kristofferson, Elvis Costello, Richard Page, Cory Hart, Peter Gabriel, Bruce Hornsby, Stevie Wonder, and, above all others, Bruce Springsteen. Chapter 8 is titled "The Springsteen Coalition," and McElvaine is not trying to be funny.

Now, I have never heard of half these people. Admittedly, this may demonstrate only that I don't listen to rock music, but it does hint at a more fundamental matter, namely, that such things as rock lyrics are ephemeral and transitory. That is, they are of little import at the time of their popularity (how many young people do you imagine listen to a rock group because of the political implications of its lyrics?), and they are quickly forgotten. Trying to discern political trends from such fluff would be akin to searching for signs of economic ups and downs during the Eisenhower era by analyzing the plots and dialogue of *The Honeymooners* and *I Love Lucy*.

In many of McElvaine's examples it is doubtful that the political implications are even there to be analyzed. Like the right-wing crazies of twenty years ago who found drug and commie propaganda in every line of pop music, McElvaine may be hearing messages that exist only in his mind. Of course, there are always a few songs around with political themes. I certainly won't deny that the words in Stevie Wonder's song "It's Wrong" are about apartheid. No argument there—although it is fair to observe that since almost everyone in this country is more or less opposed to apartheid, it's not clear how much of a "shift to progressivism" is being demonstrat-

ed.

Many more of the lyrics quoted by the author—and he quotes a lot of them—seem to be nearly devoid of meaning, certainly political meaning, and definitely of political meaning that would be obvious to or in any way motivate a casual listener.

After his exhaustive (and exhaustive) analyses of musical lyrics, McElvaine turns to movies. This approach might have some possibilities. At least it could be argued that it is more likely

*McElvaine believes that the term "liberal" has acquired too many negative connotations and should be scrapped by the Left—a development which most libertarians would welcome, since it might provide us with a chance of reclaiming a banner which statists stole from us years ago.*

that real political themes would be packaged into a movie than into three-minute song. I shouldn't have gotten my hopes up. We are, once more, given very little. Most of the productions reviewed are of the teen-exploitation variety. The centerpiece is *Pretty in Pink*. For those of you unfamiliar with this pleasant little piece, the plot is: poor girl meets rich boy, they overcome class barriers and the objections of friends and finally fall in love. McElvaine sees all sorts of satire and attacks on the American class structure in this. But consider: this plot has been used (sometimes with reversed sex roles) in—how many movies? Perhaps five hundred? How many novels? Perhaps five thousand? Whatever the exact figures, none of the others seem to have heralded the dawning of a new age of class warfare, and it seems ludicrous to assume that *Pretty in Pink* will do so. The same goes for the author's other examples. Who, ten years from now, is going to remember, let alone be influenced by, such cinematic gems as *Back to the Future*, *Footloose*, *Desperately Seeking Susan*, *St. Elmo's Fire*, *Lost in America*, and *Down and Out in Beverly Hills*? There is nothing wrong with these movies. They're just not very important, and eventually this whole pop-sociology approach to political analysis becomes tedious. Would it really be too much to ask to be given an occasional refer-

ence to some person or book or even thought that possesses some proven staying power?

Such superficiality is also apparent in the author's analysis of voting patterns. Since McElvaine is mostly concerned that the Democrats recapture the White House, he places more emphasis on presidential than on congressional voting. Therefore, although he rejoices at the good Democratic showing in the 1986 elections, he is more involved in trying to place the 1984 presidential election in an optimistic perspective—a formidable challenge for a member of his party. The chapter about this centers on the fact that, if every state that gave Walter Mondale at least 39% (!) of its popular vote were to end up in the Democratic column in 1988, the

party's candidate would have 368 electoral votes—enough for victory. Yes, indeed, and if every state that gave Hubert Humphrey at least 39% of the vote in 1968 had gone Democratic in the next election, George McGovern would have won handily. Aside from the fact that, in the American context, getting 39% of the vote in a two-way race means one has lost by a landslide, the entire approach is simply one of dreaming, not of political analysis.

Now for the book's ideas, which are very simple, to say the least (I doubt even Robert McElvaine's best friends would claim the he is a deep philosophical thinker). We are dealing here with a very stripped-down, almost comic-strip version of the contemporary moderate-left agenda. I would go so far as to say that McElvaine, who is a professor of history at Hillside College in Jackson, Mississippi, would probably make a very successful junior high school teacher. He presents his views clearly, simply, without the untidiness and loose ends (like thought and critical perspective) which often accompany such things.

McElvaine's specific agenda? Well, basically, McGovernism, with an odd twist here and there. Higher taxes, more social spending, more regulation of almost everything in economic life, a polity based on community and compassion and responsibility (the terms New Community and New Responsibil-

ity are thrown in occasionally, along with the ubiquitous New Progressivism). Crime and poverty and drug abuse will be wiped out by a larger gush of federal dollars, of course. Labor unions must be strengthened. The family farm must be protected at all cost. Foreign policy must be centered on solidarity with progressive forces throughout the world. (In fairness, McElvaine is not as mesmerized by left-leaning Third World despots as most "progressives" are.) The buzzwords here are "affirmative government."

In two crucial respects he departs from the policy groupings which were once characterized as left-liberalism. In both of these issues, however, support is growing among "progressive elements."

First, McElvaine advocates a National Service Program. As he observes, "nothing could more clearly show a commitment to reversing the self-centered individualism of our times and the building of a New Community." Such a program, "particularly a required one," would "embody the return of service, idealism, cooperation, community, character and responsibility." Yes, and also, of course, regimentation, docility, submission, tyranny, and similar virtues. But, as Mrs. O'Connor would say—blank out. As part of his service ethic, the author also recommends the drawing up of a Bill of Responsibilities to "complement" the Bill of Rights.

The second major policy area in which "New Progressivism" departs from what was seen as left-liberal ideology until quite recently is that of foreign trade. Simply put, McElvaine is a protectionist. True, he wants a careful, fine-tuned wall of tariffs. Indeed, he prefers the term "promotionism." The bottom line, however, is that "we" must be protected from "excessive foreign competition."

There are several themes that thread their way throughout this book and that I find especially galling. Since they are not peculiar to McElvaine but are endemic in modern liberalism, they are worth identifying:

*Only leftists are idealistic.* On every page, the motives of those on the left are identified as compassion (the word parades endlessly before the reader), caring, concern, decency, the desire to help the less fortunate, the wish to live in—help to create—a better world, and, in general, to improve both individuals and society. The left is also said to exhibit courage, candor, humanity, wisdom, and fair-mindedness. In contrast, those on

the starboard side of the spectrum are portrayed as motivated by greed and selfishness. Their mindset is one of ignorance, hedonism, and "apathy."

This idea that only those on the left are "concerned" and "caring" about anything other than immediate personal concerns is central to the polemical style of so-called progressives, and its effects go far beyond the confines of one rather silly book. I invite readers to ask themselves when was the last time they saw or heard, in a major media outlet, a conservative or libertarian described as "concerned" or "compassionate" or "thoughtful."

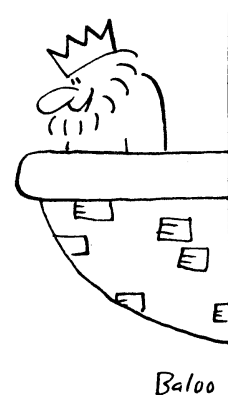
This type of canard is so offensive that, if McElvaine were to call me on the phone and tell me that he would listen to anything I had to say for sixty seconds, I would respond in this manner: "It may shock you to discover this, but there are people in the limited government, free-market camp who are actually motivated by a concern for the fate of the society in which they and their fellows live. They are even worried about the rights and conditions of so-called 'ordinary people' who are being victimized by the state. Many of them are so worried that they are willing to subject themselves to the ridicule, hostility and subtle ostracism that are, especially in the academic world, so often the price that one pays for violating the prevailing statist orthodoxy. Their ideals, in short, are not a function of the morning stock reports."

*Fear of governmental power makes no sense in a democracy.* This belief has been a staple of left-liberals for sixty years, and was typified by the statements of the late pop-sociologist John

Gunther, whose oft-repeated dictum was, "I have never understood those who say they don't trust government; what they are really saying is that they don't trust themselves." McElvaine puts it in his own way: "By the 1890's liberals were coming to understand that many of the fears of government developed under monarchy and aristocracy need no longer apply under a democratic government." And: "In a democracy, liberals reasoned, government ought to be an instrument of the people, not their enemy."

It seems almost pointless to comment upon such a myopic misunderstanding of history. Though the crimes of states that have a representative republican form of government may not be of the same magnitude as those of totalitarian states, they are considerable. What would a list of crimes committed by democratic states include? Aggressive wars, of course. Plenty of those. Conscription of lives, wealth, and property. Sentencing of people to life in prison for possession of a bottle or two of whiskey (U.S.A, 1927-1931) or for voluntary drug transactions (U.S.A, since 1983); hanging young men for purchasing a small quantity of heroin (Malaysia, 1986); herding innocent and dependable persons, mostly native-born citizens, into concentration camps (Western United States, 1942). The list could be extended considerably. The point is that it would be ludicrous to assert that in these cases the state was the friend or "instrument" of its hapless victims.

*Only governmental and "public service" activity has meaning—private actions are without significance.* This is



"True, we're 156 billion over budget, but I want only the *best* for you guys!"

one of those attitudes—not really a doctrine—that permeate so much left-wing writing. McElvaine constantly tells us that, after the widespread activism of the 1960's, the students of the following decade "merely" pursued education and careers. Wallowing in selfishness and careerism, they became doctors and engineers and inventors and nurses and cosmetologists and accountants. They married and raised children. And some, of course, undoubtedly went to the bad and added to the population of our prisons, mental hospitals, and potter's fields. All of these people made their own career decisions, at least in some sense of the term, and lived by them.

To McElvaine, all these men and women are invisible, irrelevant. The only human activity worth recounting, and certainly the only kind worth praising, is of the left-activist variety. Naderite activists, Peace Corps volunteers, anti-nuclear demonstrators, the strikers of fashionable political poses regarding South Africa—these alone are vital, real, authentic. Merely being a decent and productive citizen is, McElvaine implies, pretty boring and tawdry compared to shutting down a nuclear power plant or teaching Nicaraguans how to drive tractors.

What, when all is read and done, is one to make of a book such as *The End of the Conservative Era*? Certainly as a work of political analysis it doesn't add up to much. It gives the reader a hodge-podge of allegedly encouraging signs culled from pop lyrics, teeny-bopper movie plots, and snippets from surveys of (mostly) college students. Together these are said to herald the dawning of a new age of liberal activism demanding even more massive government intervention in the economy and our lives. But really there isn't much meat on McElvaine's plate. The approach is bubble-gum liberalism. There is no awareness of the fact that significant ideas might underlie political issues. A look at the index sets the tone. We have citations for Bruce Springsteen (lots of them), Sting, Linda Ronstadt, and other entertainers; for Bruce Babbitt, Mario Cuomo, Joseph Biden, Gary Hart, Edward Kennedy, and other Democratic leaders, with a few socialist writers such as John Kenneth Galbraith and Michael Harrington. What about John Locke? The authors of the Cato Letters? Montesquieu? Thomas Jefferson? Forget it! They're all dead, after all, and never once had a hit record. □

## ***Capitalism for Kids from 9 to 90:***

***How to Grow Up to Be Your Own Boss*, by Karl Hess,  
Enterprise Publishing, 1987, \$14.95 hb, \$9.95 pb**

# ***The ABC's of Fun and Profit***

R. W. Bradford

The usual defense of capitalism is that capitalism delivers the goods: it is, essentially, a consumer's view of capitalism. This is, of course, correct. Unfortunately, this line of defense does not encourage a very deep understanding and certainly no great degree of loyalty to the capitalist system. Instead it seems to encourage a "gimme, gimme" attitude, and this attitude scuttles understanding of—and sympathy for—real "capitalistic" activity, or the people who carry it out. It is a style of argument that easily plays into the hands of capitalism's enemies.

Karl Hess understands this very well. *Capitalism for Kids* introduces its readers to capitalism by way of an understanding for *entrepreneurial* activity. It is not a textbook geared to impart scholastic knowledge, but a guidebook for living well in a capitalist society. It is a "how to" book designed to aid kids (of all ages, but particularly those in their second decade of life) in taking responsibility for their own lives. It offers advice, encouragement, and inspiration. And it gives the work ethic more glamour than most kids will find elsewhere.

*Capitalism for Kids* is an important book, not only for kids and their parents. It celebrates capitalism like no other book I can recall. For Hess, capitalism is not an economic system in which every dog has his day, provided he can eat enough other dogs. Rather, capitalism is a milieu in which every individual can pursue his own ends and seek his own fulfillment.

Other libertarian thinkers have argued the same point, but few so elegantly. It is written simply, so the target audience should have no difficulties understanding the message. But it is a

joy for readers of all ages, thanks to Hess' almost poetic exposition.

Hess accomplishes much with this book. He gives support to the *very idea* of kids working. There is much cultural influence to the contrary, and this might be the most important service he provides for many readers. And it is just one of the many ways Hess encourages kids to stand apart from the crowd.

Hess celebrates the opportunities kids have in entering the world of business. Contemporary American culture and education does not expect kids to work; so logically enough, kids are not directed towards even thinking about it. The very least *Capitalism for Kids* will do for each one of its readers is suggest the possibilities, the many possibilities open to every kid in choosing his career. This support for the *very idea* of kids working is, by itself worth the price of the book.

Hess insists that work can be *fun*, as well as profitable. Though we have all heard (or voiced) this idea time and time again, Hess is a good deal more convincing on this score than most of the rest of us. He puts this idea at the front of the book, in chapter 1. "I hope," he writes, "that you will never have to do things that bore you or that you hate, just to make money. A lot of people do. One of the reasons you may enjoy starting a business of your own...is that you can choose something that you want to do rather than something you feel you have to do." And later, tying it to self-esteem: "Money is just a way to keep track of how well you're doing. It's just one way. The way you feel about yourself is the bottom line." I suspect that other kids reading this book will find it persuasive as well. *Yes, work can be fun!*

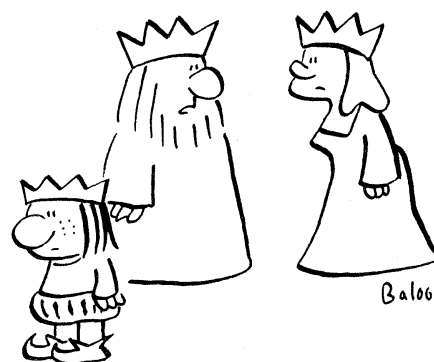
*Capitalism for Kids* teems with ideas, hints, and pointers on the problems



involved in working on your own and setting up your own business. Chapter 5, "Your Friend the Computer" gives some important advice and suggestions on the uses of this device in ways other than computer games, with which most kids are now familiar. Chapter 7, "Investing Time and Dollars," and Chapter 10, "Laws, Liability, and Licenses" cover everything from law to accounting, savings to investment.

All the discussions relate back to the most important aspect of most kids lives: their families. The sixth chapter ("The Family That Works Together") continues his descriptions of successful businesses in which kids participate, only this time within the family. Kids will find this interesting, of course, but it is adults who will take the suggestions to action. And the final chapter, "This Part is for Your Parents," will be read by every bright kid with as much interest as the rest of the book, simply because it is addressed to their overlords. It will certainly do kids no harm, and perhaps a lot of good. Hess stresses the importance of developing the right attitudes and values within the family itself, and on the superiority of "process education" to "content education." He includes many suggestions for parents to provide the right sort of education for their kids. And by reading this chapter, those kids whose parents do not follow Hess' advice will have some inkling, at least, how to learn to deal with this failure.

Hess lends truly *moral support* to kids. He does not portray capitalism as a game to get rich and beggar-thy-neighbor. He quite successfully explains the importance of moral behavior without ever seeming to preach or condemn. Here he succeeds where many other libertarian writers have failed: he neither rams morality down the reader's throat, nor makes it seem like a matter of cold calculation and cunning. Hess—no matter how he might label his own moral philosophy—seems to be in the same camp as Adam Smith, the author of *The*



"How on earth are we ever going to teach him the value of money?"

#### *Theory of Moral Sentiments.*

Almost incidentally, Hess makes a good case for the politics of liberty. It is all the more convincing because it is tied in with his other purposes. By making *entrepreneurial* activity so attractive, the political system which gives it the most room to operate seems simple and natural. And, even more amazing, his eighth chapter, on volunteerism, ties philanthropic activity with career goals and libertarianism all in one very neat package. What more could you ask for?

And *Capitalism for Kids* is a celebration of bright kids. I can think of no other book that offers more encouragement to those kids who might feel lonely because they are a bit different. The most entertaining parts are those that describe the various exploits of kid-entrepreneurs. Hess holds these savvy and industrious youngsters up as models and heroes, which they certainly are.

The only section that might present problems is the third chapter, "Capitalism and Other Isms," where Hess discusses broader political and economic issues. An important word or two is introduced without definition

("totalitarianism" and "demand"), and this might confuse some of the younger readers. But the meanings of these words will most likely be gleaned from the context—or maybe already known by the kids most likely to read the book: the bright ones.

*Capitalism for Kids* concludes with the stories of several adults whom Hess asked to write about their lives as business-people and "go-getters." They are an interesting and varied lot, ranging from the founders of large corporations to professional people and small entrepreneurs. Their stories are interesting and inspiring.

The range of advice to kid-capitalists is refreshing. This is not one of those books which claim to have found "the one true way." The expert advice ranges from the trite ("Remember that we all climb the ladder of success one step at a time") to the peculiar ("I strongly believe that the pursuit of money is the root of most misery in our lives, because we end up doing things we hate in order to get what we think we want, namely, money.")

Over and over again, in both exposition and anecdote, Hess celebrates the diversity of life under capitalism. For Hess, the wonder of capitalism is its ability to accommodate the differences among human beings: it offers more opportunities for a greater variety of people than any other system.

*Capitalism for Kids* isn't just for kids. But by introducing kids to capitalism and to the responsibilities and joys of self-reliance and individual action, it has the potential of being the most important book most kids will read. □

*The only freedom which deserves the name is that of pursuing our own good in our own way, so long as we do not attempt to deprive others of theirs, or impede their efforts to obtain it.*

—John Stuart Mill  
*On Liberty*

*There is no art which one government sooner learns of another, than that of draining money from the pockets of the people.*

—Adam Smith  
*The Wealth of Nations*

**Libertarian Cartoons and Assorted Quotations, Volume I**, by Mike Timko, with illustrations by Mike Hill, Dax Hunter and Robert Leet, Libertarian Mutual Press, Box 25908, Los Angeles, CA 90025, 67 pp., softcover, \$9.00.  
**Free Market Yellow Pages**, Dagny Enterprises, PO Box 224, Long Beach, CA 90801, 1987-88, 102 pp., \$4.00.

## Libertariana

### Mike Holmes

Mike Timko's *Libertarian Cartoons* is an example of libertarian *samizdat* (self-published) literature; thus it requires the warning that it is highly personal and idiosyncratic in style and content.

In fact, this book has some of the weirdest cartoons ever seen in a libertarian publication, including a few (such as one with two Christs on crosses) that are totally incomprehensible.

The book begins with an extensive index of the subjects and authors of short, one- or two-paragraph-length quotations, undoubtedly the product of a handy word processing program. The remainder consists of left-hand pages of quotations, grouped roughly by subject, with one-line headings and right-hand pages of cartoons "published here for the first time."

The cartoons are apparently intended to relate to the quotations, though many readers may only discover this halfway through the book, as I did. At their best, these cartoons are genuinely funny or ironic (Gerry Ferraro and Phyllis Schlafly in fatigues poised over the body of Lady Liberty arguing about abortion and social welfare, with a portrait of Stalin floating above, captioned "Say it ain't so, Joe"). Most, however, are old-fashioned and crude, with lots of balloons full of talk and panels of action, accompanied by obvious labelled symbols. Imagine a typical libertarian computer programmer who smoked pot while penning Thomas Nast-type cartoons and you've got the idea.

A new libertarian cartoon symbol—Michele the Mongoose—makes its appearance in many of these cartoons, looking more like an overgrown rat or squirrel, and making moralistic libertarian comments about the action in the panels. If these samples are any indication, I'm afraid Michele, like the fanged "libertarian" don't-tread-on-me rattle-

snake, is best relegated to the dustbin of history.

A few of them are borderline outrageous. A school principal talks to a parent on the phone and denounces sex education, then humps his secretary on his desk while discussing contraceptives; the "moral" is spelled out (in case you didn't get it): Disband the public school system. Where is Marshall Fritz when you need him?

The final two cartoons, tributes to the late Elvis and Groucho, respectively, are strangely out of context. A number of cartoons feature Mondale and Ferraro—rather dated for 1987. A couple of the ones with Reagan are gems, such as his famous joke about "bombing the Russians" with Pentagon generals in the following panel taking it seriously. Well, ya just gotta see it...

The quotations are eclectic: mostly about philosophy, war and peace, natural rights, history, education, and so on. A few are original Timko-isms (and the only copyrighted element of the book, oddly enough) but most are unexceptionable in content. But the disjointed style is distracting after a while, and a lot of the quotations are of the "so what" or "huh?" variety. There is a large section on cooperatives and mutualism, leading me to suspect this is partially Georgist propaganda.

There are a few gems here, and Mike Timko is a nice guy and a great used book merchant. But perhaps this book is best reserved for those with very complete libertarian libraries.

A similar conclusion may hold for the *Free Market Yellow Pages*. This year's edition is twice as long as last year's, but the price has also doubled. A product of the indefatigable Dagny Sharon and her mini-conglomerate of enterprises, the *FMYP* brings to mind the old joke about the talking dog: the miracle is not how well it talks, but that it talks at all.

The book is slickly produced with an authentic Ma Bell-type yellow cover and yellow pages with phone listings and ads. Lots of ads, including about 10 pages or so touting various affiliated Dagny Enterprise ventures and products.

The listings are indexed by name but not category, although it would appear to be heavy with computer, alternative health and publishing services-related listings. There is a wide variety of other listings, including a few from products and services you probably never heard of.

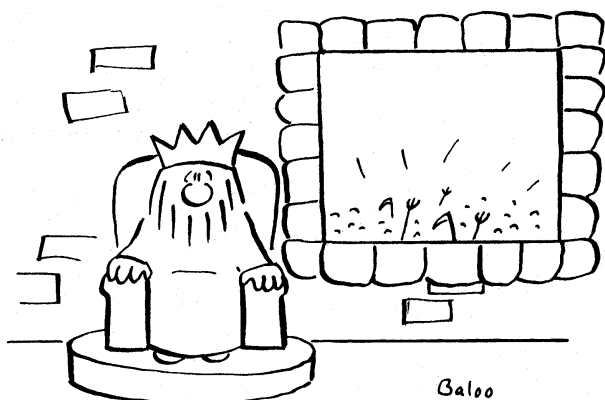
Most of the listings are from the Southern California area, where the book is published. The political orientation is heavy with romantic neo-Objectivist and science fiction allusions and the decidedly anti-political LeFevrean and "agorist" libertarianism popular in Orange County. Judging from the listings, you would never know there was a Libertarian Party or any political libertarian activity whatsoever.

The ads are also heavy on "Durk & Sandy" food supplements, various smaller libertarian organizations, and "P-I" (per inquiry) ads from various investment and libertarian booksellers. It is hard to believe these ads draw customers, but they must since this is the second edition and Dagny isn't a philanthropist.

The "Dagny Personals" are a refreshing if bizarre change from the run-of-the-mill Yellow Page listings, with lots of would-be "John Galts" and "Dagny Taggarts" looking for mates. As Dagny says, "Life is lovelier with a libertarian lovelmate!"

Overall, this is not a product I would give to the uninitiated as an introduction to the libertarian movement. It comes off too kooky, quirky and a bit silly. Hard-core Rothbardians, who view libertarianism as strictly an intellectual and philosophical movement, will be horrified at the "space cadet" Randian overtones of this project. After all, the real free market produces much better "yellow pages" of businesses and services in the real free market—and gives them away!

But, if you're into libertarian subculture and science fiction agorism, the *FMYP* is sure to put you in touch with like-minded souls. (And if anyone knows what ALHCo Gold Transfer Orders are, it is worth noting that several of the businesses, including Dagny herself, accept them.) □



"I...AM...PEASANT...HEAR...ME...ROAR...IN...NUMBERS...TOO...BIG...TO...IGNORE..."

## Booknotes

### Libertarian Cooking:

#### Rabble-Rousing Recipes from Assorted Libertarian Luminaries

Marty Zupan and Lou Villadsen, eds.  
Santa Monica, CA: Marty Zupan, 1987,  
96pp., \$8.95

This delightful booklet reveals far more about the personalities of the various leading libertarians than it adds to the applied science of cookery; but whether a stroll through this little book is worth the steep price depends on the conscience, and the pocketbook, of each potential reader.

Examples: Milton Friedman, contributing a veteran Jewish recipe for stuffed cabbage, praises his wife's cooking as compared to his mother's. David Friedman follows his passion, contributing several recipes for medieval cooking (Yechh!). Leonardiggio, a historian who claims Albanian and Sicilian ancestry, contributes several brief recipes, prefaced by lengthy historical disquisitions about the greatness of both the Sicilians and the Albanians, whom, we are all astonished to find, are the oldest and noblest people in Europe, contributing kings and statesmen everywhere. James Buchanan, determined to be a southern

redneck to the last, provides a recipe for "the best dish in the world," which turns out to be, *mirabile dictu*, Middle Tennessee *field* corn [fit for cattle, that is] which takes an hour to cook. At least! Karl Hess's favorite dish, which he mysteriously calls "Untitled," turns out, to even the minimally discerning, to be not very esoteric peanut butter cookies.

—MNR

### Arslan

by M.J. Engh

Arbor House, 1987, \$17.95

This is a book that got a second chance. It first appeared in paperback in 1976, and died a quiet death. But it is not unlamented. Over the years it became the darling of several science-fiction critics, and a few "mainstream" critics as well. Now it is in hardback, and once again the critics are heaping praise on the book.

It is the story of the end of civilization as we know it, and of the possible end to the human race; the world has been conquered. The conquerer is a charismatic tyrant from Turkistan (Arslan), and his method is a very clever

form of terrorism. He understands people, and he knows how to rule them, but where he differs from most previous tyrants is that he has no great desire to *rule* the whole world: the end he seeks is the complete destruction of humanity.

Just as *Brave New World* was most unsettling to utilitarians, *Arslan* might have been a great challenge to "Earth Firster" types: but the author had other themes in mind. What Ms. Engh seems to have attempted is an analysis of tyranny and of the choices the subjects of tyranny must make in order to survive. The theme is resistance and accommodation.

Unfortunately, the author seems to have been the chief victim of Arslan's charm, for she fails to imbue the work with the proper degree of "catastrophic moral horror" which the story cries out for. The unwary reader might wind up like the people of Kraftsville, U.S.A., and accept the tyrant as a neighbor and friend.

The most unsettling thing about the book, then, is that it is not very unsettling. As a work of art it falls short not because it lacks an aesthetic sense (though it does have several problems along these lines), but because its moral sense is so perversely weak. A tragedy of a work, not a work of tragedy.

—TWV

### The U.S. Bishops and Their Critics: An Economic and Ethical Perspective

by Walter Block

The Fraser Institute, 1986, 127 pp., \$5.00

In 1984, the Catholic Bishops of the United States published a detailed Pastoral Letter analyzing and criticizing the American economic system. The Pastoral Letter argued that modern capitalism, as practiced in the U.S., fails to provide adequate housing, food, opportunities—or much of anything else—for the poor.

The response was immediate—hails and bravos from some quarters, criticism from others.

In *The U.S. Bishops and Their Critics*, Walter Block scrutinizes both the Pastoral Letter and the criticisms of it. In a fundamental sense, Block argues, the Bishops have failed to take a global view. The "poor" in the U.S. are poor only in relation to the American middle class and rich; in the context of so-called Third World countries, the American poor are very well off indeed.

The Bishops have failed to provide any argument for enriching America's so-called poor while doing little or nothing for the much poorer people in the non-developing world. Block finds this failure especially puzzling within a church whose largest membership is within these poor countries.

While Block sympathizes with the goals of the Bishops, he is not convinced that the policy recommendations would achieve those goals. He patiently shows that most of the policies the Bishops advocate cannot achieve their goals. Block goes further: he argues that in many cases their policy recommendations (if followed) would produce results contrary to their stated intent.

But Block is not simply criticizing the Bishops' analysis; he posits alternative policies that would better achieve those goals. Perhaps the outstanding value of the book are these alternative solutions to social problems. Block's scenarios convincingly show how people acting within the free market can solve the very problems that the Bishops decry. The "failures" of the marketplace, according to Block, lie not from any inadequacy of the free market, but rather from the damage done to the free market by state coercion. And the solutions to those problems lie in eliminating government intervention so that the market process can work.

In addition Mr. Block takes on the critics of the Pastoral Letter. He argues they are often inconsistent within their own frameworks and fail to identify the underlying errors of the Pastoral Letter.

*The U.S. Bishops and Their Critics*, is consistent, well-reasoned, and concise. Maybe it is too concise: I found myself wanting more discussion on some topics. Nevertheless, it is a book of interest to anyone concerned with social justice... and perhaps the perfect book to give to that friend or relative infected with contemporary liberal Christian social views.

—KRB

### The Law of Power (Das Gesetz der Macht, 1926)

Friedrich von Wieser  
translated by W.E. Kuhn  
Bureau of Business Research,  
University of Nebraska-Lincoln, 1983,  
402 pp., \$15.00

Friedrich von Wieser is the Austrian economist that libertarians don't talk much about. Despite his influence in the development of marginal utility theory—he coined the term, for one thing—and despite the influence he had during his life, he is virtually ignored by the contemporary libertarian crowd of Austrian economists. This is partly because he seems so far outside of the mainstream of Austrian theory as we Americans see it: Menger, Böhm-Bawerk, Mises, Rothbard, Kirzner, et. al. His handling of methodological individualism is very odd by our "state-of-nature" standards, and his sympathies with twentieth century "progressivism" beyond the pale.

Still, his writings are worth reading: not only for the good ideas—some of them quite lost on the contemporary Austrian readership—but also for his poor ones. Some of his ideas are distinctly "unlibertarian" and there is no better place to come to terms with your enemies' errors than in the writings of someone with whom you have much in common.

In this book the author stepped out of the realm of economic theory and into the realm of sociology. The problem he set for himself is the problem of power. And by this the author did *not* mean what libertarians normally mean: the ability to coerce. Instead, Wieser investigated "social power," which he defined as the "*command over the minds of the members of society*." Coming to terms with his notions on the subject is all important to developing a thorough understanding of a line of reasoning often used to support the notion of the "unworkability" of

laissez faire.

Friedrich Hayek, his most famous student, called him a "puzzler," a thinker who took his own, very distinct path, a path not always easy to follow. Nevertheless, this "road less travelled" can be rewarding. —TWV

### The Man and Woman Relationship: A New Center for the Universe

by C.A. Anderson  
Anderson's Publications, 238 pp., \$25.00

Libertarians are neither universally nor uniformly savvy and sane. Nutty ideas can be found in abundance, and if you doubt it, you might want to examine *The Man And Woman Relationship* and test your opinion—a more ludicrous work of "philosophy" can hardly be imagined.

The author's thesis is simple: "The man and woman relationship represents an essential expression of the order and nature of life....this expression is viewed philosophically as a system, or more precisely a thought-system." Unfortunately, he does not explore the nature of sex in a scientific way, but, instead, in the manner of a pop-philosopher. There is much talk of "individualization" and "unification," and most of this talk is balderdash. But judge for yourself:

"The two sexes [are] intrinsic to the two-way process of existence... All division is sexual division. All individualization is sexual individualization. There are no non-sexed entities. Everything so formed is sexually formed." Or, "A surrender to homosexuality then is defined as not coming to terms with one's true attraction, but a succumbing to life's sexual demand resulting in a state of non-attraction, of non-sexuality, of non-life... In essence, the result of homosexuality is death, not a balanced renewal of life as exists within the capacity of the man and woman relationship. With this in mind, we may now call homosexuality by a name more appropriate to its nature: homo-nosexuality."

What is embarrassing in all of this is that he is, indeed, a libertarian. The last third of the book is devoted to political and moral theory. Thankfully, I doubt if this self-published book will be widely read. But perhaps it has a future in the libertarian movement as a source of amusement: pick a sentence at random and laugh. —TWV

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Watch for this feature in future issues of *Liberty*.

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## Film

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### *The Road From Dystopia*

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Timothy W. Henderson

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Most dystopian visions are so powerfully bleak that their creators seem to have been blinded by the darkness of their own creations and therefore unable to see and suggest a course which might lead away from the nightmarish worlds they've envisaged. It is as though humans are considered by these artists to be somehow foredoomed by their natures to seek and acquire the requisite scientific knowledge to make possible their own enslavement and destruction, but to be unable to cultivate the social wisdom and personal ethos which would empower them to purposefully utilize that knowledge and yet also live peaceably and respectfully with one another.

There are, however, at least three theatrically-released feature films belonging to the dystopian genre which stand apart from their fatalistic peers because each, in some way, suggests an alternative to the dystopian possibility. Not coincidentally—indeed, logically—in all three cases the metaphorical journey on the road from dystopia begins with an explicit recognition of the individual as not merely a subordinate element of some state "entity," but an absolute end in himself, and leads, implicitly, to the suggestion that the proper political principles for such individuals are libertarian.

#### **THX 1138**

Universal, 1971

Screenplay: George Lucas  
& Walter Murch

Director: George Lucas

Music: Lalo Schiffrin

Cast: Robert Duvall, Donald Pleasance, Maggie McOmie, Don Pedro Colley, Ian Wolfe

George Lucas' relatively little-known first feature, *THX 1138*, is by far his lowest-budgeted and least commercially-successful film. It is also his most poetic, resourceful and, arguably, his best. Cer-

tainly, it is the only theatrical film of his with substantial ideational content. This is unfortunate, because, with *THX 1138*, Lucas demonstrated an uncommon ability to author a film confronting profoundly important issues with both eloquence and elegance of expression.

The basic plot *THX 1138* is simple. Set in a futuristic, subterranean, hi-tech industrial society, conceptually (but not stylistically) suggestive of the worker's realm in *Metropolis*, the eponymous protagonist (portrayed by Robert Duvall) is, like each member of the populace, just another number, an economic unit, a replaceable cog in the state's production machine. When, in a plot development reminiscent of 1984, THX is weaned from his state-mandated sedatives by LUH, his female roommate, he awakens to an awareness of his ultra-regulated, ultra-routinized, and ultra-homogenized state-controlled existence. Unlike the kiss-on- (and tongue-in-) cheek affections of Lucas' later megahits, the love which develops between THX and LUH is passionately felt and physically expressed (until, of course, the state intervenes). Lucas' treatment of this action is deft and tasteful, and its inclusion is artistically integral because it provides the character of THX with an essential motivation and supplies the impetus which sets the plot-mechanism in motion. It is rare and fine to witness how this love relationship—which is at once realistic and imaginative, matter-of-fact and romantic—deepens THX's sense of self and emboldens him to strive for his liberation.

THX's subsequent efforts to regain his identity and reclaim his being become a struggle to divest himself of the statist tyranny which straight-jackets his life. From here, the underlying course of the plot advances straightforwardly, as THX crusades to win his freedom on both the inner and outer fronts. Superficially, however, the ter-

rain covered is wide ranging, and Lucas, through THX, explores a small atlas-full of topical areas. Beside sex and love, he also examines violence, drugs, media, law, science, religion, and philosophy. These micro-manifestations of THX's macro-conflict constitute the most original and intriguing aspects of the narrative, and I will forego discussing these aspects so as not to dilute the potency of the film for those who have yet to see it. But no description can diminish the impact of the film's final shot, wherein THX emerges victorious, having escaped from the claustrophobic, stupefying, growth-inhibiting confines of dystopia, to stand upright on a boundless plain, his silhouette shimmering, as though vibrant with glorious energy, like the awesome, blazing, depth-compressed sun behind him.

Although we learn no more of THX's story—now *there's* a sequel that would *really* be worth seeing!—it is clear that the ending of the film is but the beginning of a new chapter in his life. He has set his first footstep upon the road from dystopia.

#### **Logan's Run**

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 1976

Screenplay: David Zelag Goodman

Director: Michael Anderson

Music: Jerry Goldsmith

Cast: Michael York, Jenny Agutter, Peter Ustinov, Richard Jordan, Farrah Fawcett-Majors, Roscoe Lee Browne

Based on a taut and interesting, though pulpy book by William F. Nolan and George Clayton Jones, *Logan's Run*, the movie, is nothing more than a big-budget bagatelle. But it is worth watching for the few inadvertent virtues unexcused by whoever was responsible (maybe some committee in MGM's Box Office Demographics Department) for apparently deleting any material that may have been deemed controversial.

Set in a dystopia principled like a PG-rated version of *Brave New World*, residents are provided for and governed by the state, but are otherwise encouraged to lead pointless, hedonistic lives (the superficiality of which is unintentionally enhanced by the film's tacky, Vegas/disco production values). The gimmick of the story is that each individual, upon his or her twenty-first birthday, must participate in a ceremony called Carousel, wherein, as pre-

scribed by the compulsory state-religion, he or she stands at the center of an arena, forming a circle with his or her birthmates, surrounded by cheering thirty-five-year-olds posing as teenagers. Then, after some preliminary mumbo-jumbo, he or she must (inexplicably) ascend into the air and burst into flame. The official government explanation for this procedure is that participants will be reincarnated as babies in the government's industrial nurseries, but this is so preposterous that even some of the characters in the movie can't suspend their disbelief. These free-thinkers generally become Runners who try to escape through the "glass curtain" (i.e., the dome that surrounds the city) into the wilds which lie beyond, in search of a fabled place named Sanctuary. Runners are pursued by well-trained, well-equipped, and very effective state assassins called Sandmen. The only explanation for the perpetuation of this state of affairs is tradition, i.e., things are the way they are now because that's the way they've been in the past (an explanation which is not dissimilar to the "reasoning" underlying the opinions of some real-world conservatives).

The viewer's lagging interest becomes piqued when Logan, a former Sandman turned Runner, and Jessica, a member of the Sanctuary underground, escape from the dome to seek Sanctuary. After enduring some generic cliffhangers and brief gratuitous nudity, the heroic couple discover to their dismay that Sanctuary is just a myth. The best they actually encounter is a desolated, overgrown Washington, D.C. (Not bad, considering the implied absence of regulators, tax collectors, and subsidy-seeking special interest lobbyists, but it's no Galt's Gulch.) They do, however, discover one lone old man, who verifies their thesis that there is indeed life after twenty-one. Armed with this knowledge, and with specimen in tow, they return from their excursion on the road from dystopia, to enlighten the amazed population regarding the possibilities of wrinkles and senility, a happy ending which, though perhaps somewhat wanting in profundity, at least hints at one important libertarian precept: Every individual is the sole property of him or her self, and insofar as it is humanly determinable, if that individual does not attempt to wield the power of life and death over others, then no other individual (or group, or sentient computer, or whatever) has the moral right to wield

such power over him or her.

### *The Last Chase*

Universal, 1981

Script: C.R. O'Christopher, Roy

Moore, and Martyn Burke

Director: Martyn Burke

Music: Gil Melle

Cast: Lee Majors, Burgess

Meredith, Chris Makepeace,

Alexandra Stewart, Diana

D'Aquila, Harvey Atkin

When released in 1981, *The Last Chase* received slight notice, critical or otherwise. Lacking both the visionary flash of *THX 1138* and the megabudget of *Logan's Run*, it's not surprising that this film passed with scant acknowledgement. What's unusual, however, is that virtually all the criticisms the film did receive addressed neither its merits nor its shortcomings, but curtly dismissed it on misunderstood ideological grounds, a critical approach which served no end other than fostering the common perception of the critics themselves as short-sighted and narrow-minded elitists. Then, as now, with so much unoriginal work of negligible worth being touted as daring and new, it's a shame that a film like *The Last Chase*, which actually attempts to present a libertarian theme from a heroic standpoint—and, honestly, how many of *those* have you seen?—is relegated to obscurity.

Though *The Last Chase* is a production of decidedly modest means, director Martyn Burke depicts, through judicious selection of locations and a matte shot or two, a dystopic eastern America which incorporates elements of both the 1984 and *Brave New World* with modern real-world referents, thereby creating an environment which might just as well be an alternative now as a possible near-future. As the story unfolds, we learn that, twenty years ago, America's oil supply either ran out or was cut off. A subsequent plague, possibly the result of germ warfare, claimed much of the population, including the wife and son of the protagonist, Franklyn Hart (Lee Majors). Now, all non-government motor vehicles have been outlawed and destroyed, and the totalitarian bureaucracy which rules the country has ironically assigned Hart, a former race car driver, the job of appearing before young audiences to speak in praise of the Mass Transit Authority. One day,

Ring, a computer-whiz, teen-age outcast whose pastimes include jamming the state communications system and blowing up things (not people) in symbolic protest and retaliation, hears Hart stop mid-way into one of his prepared speeches and start extemporizing on the good old days of fast cars, competition and privacy. Naturally, Hart's reward for speaking his own mind is to be sentenced without trial to incarceration in a Rehabilitation Center, so he decides to escape in a super-charged Porsche that he'd hidden years ago. Concurrently, Ring's secret computer lair is discovered and he runs to Hart, the only person he knows to be sympathetic with his views. One step ahead of the police, Ring arrives just in time to roar off with Hart across the post-disaster wilderness of the central U.S. toward a burgeoning west-coast community alleged to exist by Radio Free California.

Hawkins (the state personified, in an effectively modulated performance by George Touliatos) knows that he must nullify Hart to prevent news of Hart's escape from "disturbing the balance, order and tranquility of the most perfectly worked-out system," or, less euphemistically, undermining the repressive state hierarchy of which Hawkins is a highly placed member. Hawkins' two-fold strategy is to monitor Hart's progress (employing one of those extraordinary television tracking systems, possessed by all tyrants of cinematic dystopias, which utilizes a technology bordering on the magical in its ability to see any action from any angle, anytime, anywhere), then send a refurbished Sabre fighter jet piloted by former ace Captain J. G. Williams (Burgess Meredith) to search out Hart and destroy him. Hart and Williams do meet up eventually, but not before Hart and Ring encounter a variety of other obstacles and diversions, including a romantic interlude shared by Hart and Eudora, a pioneer woman living on a rustic Indian settlement.

Despite the drawbacks of some plot implausibilities, an unevenness of tone which vacillates between the adult and the juvenile, and some misconceived character touches in Williams' airborne behavior, *The Last Chase* generally succeeds in its delineation of contrasts between the neurotic, cold, gray domain of the powercrats, and the color, vitality and harmonizing of nature and technology evinced by the peaceful, self-



## Hint

# Buy a Good Book and Save a Poor Soul

by Erika Holzer

All right, so we preach too much to the converted. In the magazines and newsletters we subscribe to and pass back and forth. At the autograph parties where we buy each other's books. In those op ed pieces and letters to the editor that end up on the pages of "friendly" publications. Unlike the "other side," we forget, some of us, that there's a war going on out there!

A few years ago, I stumbled on a new weapon I'd like to share with you. My nephew's birthday loomed and all he could talk about, the football nut, was Roger Staubach. Now Staubach just happened to have a book out and his accomodating publisher passed on my copy for autographing. My birthday gift scored a touchdown. That left nephew number two, whose birthday loomed. The kid was into mysteries and Mickey Spillane had just launched a line of juvenile suspense. I tracked down the elusive fellow's address, made my pitch, and got my birthday inscription.

Here were two concretes to make the abstraction: Personally autographed books make great gifts. But it wasn't until I began interviewing authors of consciousness-raising books (and collecting a few autographed copies in the process) that the final connection snapped into place: What a way to preach to the *unconverted*!

Time out while we open the closet to let out a skeleton called "Liberals in Our Lives." Who says they're limited to inlaws and fifth cousins? Some of us—dare I say it? Count them as...friends. And for that lapse in political purity if not in judgement, we pay the price of a nagging need to proselytize. Hence my autographed-books-as-gifts idea.

I decided to test-market it on some longtime libertarian pals, making them a Christmas gift of *To Build A Castle*—personally inscribed by Vladimir Bukovsky, the Russian dissident author I had just interviewed. And lo!—suddenly SDI was no longer a madcap idea whose time would never come.

Flush with success, I planned my next Xmas assault. With gleeful premeditation I purchased a dozen *Economics in One Lesson* and sent off autographed copies, along with tear sheets of my Hazlitt interview—in case my liberal friends hadn't read H.L. Mencken on Henry Hazlitt; to wit: "one of the few economists in human history who could really write." That got to them.

I jumped into the fray after that with birthday gifts, courtesy, you might say, of interviewees Barbara Branden (*The Passion of Ayn Rand*) and Thomas Sowell. (The liberals seem particularly susceptible to *Ethnic America*—a good way to hook them on the author and his entire mind-boggling array of titles.)

Are you beginning to grasp the possibilities? A double whammy consisting of George Gilder's *The Spirit of Enterprise* and Sobel and Sicilia's *The Entrepreneurs: An American Adventure* for that otherwise charming couple in your social circle who at the mere mention of "businessman" break out in hives and bleat "robber baron." Richard Epstein's *Takings* for the old college chum who used to invade your clothes closet and who was all set to vote for Gary Hart. Howard Dickman's *Industrial Democracy in America* for the lovable drinking buddy who, now that the unions have called off their boycott, *still* won't reach for a Coors.

Great idea! you're thinking, but it doesn't go far back enough—it can't. How do you get de Toqueville's signature on a birthday or Christmas gift of *Democracy in America* or, for that matter, Isabel Paterson's on *The God of the Machine*?

In this era of Shirley (another life) MacLaine, you can ask? You think her legions of fans (among them, no doubt, your liberal friends) will question the authenticity of, say, a mere 200-year-old autograph? However you manage it, rest easy in the knowledge that you bring a subtle new weapon to the ideological wars—all for the price of a book. □

→ continued from previous page

directed lifestyles of those few rugged souls living apart from the state. And if, despite the heroes' climactic triumph, the film's ending disappoints, perhaps it is because the viewer, having been transported along the entire length of the road from dystopia to the virtual edge of a new society and way of life, is abruptly left to employ his ingenuity in imagining what the nature of that nascent civilization might be. But probably that's for the best. If the viewer is encouraged to think and invent, to conceive a better world and to reason how to reach it, then maybe that which is only a dreamed-of destination today may become an attainable objective tomorrow.

After all, it is not as if the maps and guidelines to such a world do not exist. □

## Easy Living in the Bahamas

by Mark Skousen

→ continued from page 22

remaining in the upper school. This was one of our chief reasons for returning to the States when our oldest daughter turned 12—we didn't want to send her to boarding school!

These caveats aside, our experience in the Bahamas was enchanting, enriching, and unforgettable. I will always look back on my two years in paradise with tremendous nostalgia. And someday I may even return to the island of June. □

Mark Skousen is offering his manual *How to Open a Swiss Bank Account in the Bahamas* in its newly revised edition to readers of *Liberty* for \$20.00 per copy.

Send cash or check to "Mark Skousen," Bahamas Banking, Box 2488, Winter Park, FL 32790.

# Contributors

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"Baloo" is the *nom de plume* of Rex F. May, whose cartoons appear in numerous magazines, including the *Wall Street Journal* and *National Review*. Mr May is the editor of *The Trout in the Milk*.

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Skye d'Aureous & Natalee Hall began one of the earliest libertarian publications, the freewheeling *Libertarian Connection*, in 1968. Filthy Pierre, one of the original LCers, became its publisher in 1978, when Skye and Natalee dropped out of the libertarian "movement."

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Murray N. Rothbard is an associate editor of *Liberty* and editor of *The Review of Austrian Economics*. He is vice president for academic affairs at the Ludwig von Mises Institute, and S.J. Hall Distinguished Professor of Economics at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas.

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Brian Wright is a writer living in West Bloomfield, Michigan.

**CORRECTION:** In the last issue of *Liberty* we neglected to note that Jonathan Saville's theatrical review of Oliver North's performance at the Iran/Contra congressional hearing, *Acting Colonel*, had previously been published, in a somewhat different form, in the *San Diego Reader*, and was reprinted with permission.

# Terra Incognita

## Central Africa

Folk medicine and the sexual magic practices of people inhabiting the Great Lakes region of Central Africa may account for the origin of AIDS, according to an article in London *Economist*:

"To stimulate a man or a woman and induce them to intense sexual activity, monkey blood [for a man] and she-monkey blood [for a woman] was inoculated into the thighs, pubic area and back." The AIDS virus is very similar to a virus that infects African green monkeys, and the consensus among researchers is that it jumped from monkey to man sometime during the early 1970's.

## Texas

The battle against alcohol abuse never ends, as reported by NBC's *Entertainment Tonight*:

A Texas school district banned tee-shirts with pictures of "Spuds MacKenzie, the party animal," mascot of a St Louis brewer. Students responded by wearing Spuds tee-shirts inside out.

## St Louis Park, Minn.

America's cities struggle to enforce building codes, to protect the consumer from substandard or unsafe housing, as reported by *The Associated Press*:

Officials of this Minneapolis suburb have ordered Mark Tucker to either tear down the tree house he built for his children, or make extensive structural changes within one week to bring the building in line with the city's building code.

## Ann Arbor, Mich.

An attractive alternative to those who love culture but do not have the means to endow a chair on the faculty of a university has been developed in America's hinterlands, according to this dispatch from *The Wall St Journal*:

To raise money, the Michigan Theatre in Ann Arbor has solicited donors to endow six toilet and two urinals at a cost of \$600 each.

## Fairfax, Va.

A long overdue suggestion that the U.S. Government honor one of its most eloquent and vociferous critics, by declaring his birthday a national holiday, thereby allowing an additional day off with pay to the Congressmen and bureaucrats that so often

were targets of his opprobrium, as suggested by David Boonin of the Institute for Humane Studies, in *Daily News Digest*:

"Mencken Our Hero—The only remedy,' Mencken realized, 'is to make government weak, and to keep it weak.' It seems appropriate to suggest that we honor H.L. Mencken by declaring his birthday a national holiday."

## Traverse City, Mich.

Evidence that the tradition of tolerance has not yet taken root in America's hinterlands, as reported in the Traverse City *Record-Eagle*:

City Councilman John Markl noted that medical authorities consider homosexuals to be "the filthiest, dirtiest, human beings on the face of the Earth," and suggested that the proper way to eradicate Aids is a "few snips of the scalpel."

## Paramus, N.J.

Nightmarish possibility resulting from local legislation in Paramus, NJ, as reported in *The Wall St Journal*:

Ed Abbruzzese, manager of a Pontiac dealership, has appealed a fine for displaying too large an American flag. "I have kids, school-age," he said, "and they ask, 'Daddy, why can't you fly the flag?' Can you imagine if Russia found out about this?"

## The United Kingdom

Alarming evidence of the consequences of Britain's failure to ban Spuds MacKenzie tee-shirts, as reported in the London *Economist*:

A survey by the Royal College of Psychiatrists found that one-third of 13-year-olds drink alcohol every other day.

## Beijing, China

Shameful ignorance of economics and political theory, from the mouth of Bao Yu, a young woman who left her home in China's rural Liaoning province to go to Beijing to study accounting, and sought a part-time job to help with expense, as reported in *The Wall St Journal*:

After police repeatedly stopped Bao Yu, a young woman who left her home in China's rural Liaoning province to go to Beijing to study accounting, from seeking a part-time job to help with expenses, Ms Bao said, "I can't understand it. I just want a job. Lots of people want workers. What's the problem in that?"

## Coming in the Next Issue of *Liberty*:

- Sandy Shaw & Durk Pearson: The First Amendment and the Future of Medicine
- Ross Overbeek: Can Computers Save the World?
- Ethan O. Waters: The Two Libertarianisms

# Terra Incognita

## *The Federal Republic of Germany*

Proof of the respect for civil liberties, in the modern democratic state of West Germany, as reported in *The Wall St Journal*:

"West Germany prohibits the sale of three MicroProse Inc computer games to children—for glorifying war. F-15 Strike Eagle, for example, simulates air combat missions."

## *South Carolina*

Evidence of how intellectual and physical health go hand in hand, as reported in *The Detroit Free Press*:

The quintessential miniature golf course is Moby Dick Golf, located on Highway 17 in South Carolina. An artificial stone mountain spouts gushing waterfalls and each hole offers a literary quote from *Moby Dick*.

## *San Diego, Cal.*

"If soy sauce is banned, only criminals will have soy sauce": How advances in medical research help explain violent behavior, as reported in *The Los Angeles Times*:

The widow of James Huberty, who gained fame as the perpetrator of the McDonald's Massacre in San Diego in 1984, has sued McDonald's for damages. After admitting in her deposition that her husband had been abused as a child and abandoned by his mother, and had long displayed a violent temper and a fascination with guns, she cited the research of psychologist Robert W. Hall, published in his definitive paper. "MSG Massacre?," and argued that his murder of 21 people had been caused by eating Chicken McNuggets that had been spiced with monosodium glutamate (the prime ingredient of soy sauce).

## *The Socialist Republic of Burma*

A recent advance in the control of crime and control of the underground economy, undertaken by the Hon. Ne Win, President of the Socialist Republic of Burma, as reported in the London *Economist*:

On Sept 15, Burma demonitized all bank notes with a face value higher than 75 kyats (about 10¢ American), thereby wiping out 80% of all the currency circulating in the country. University students reacted by stoning buses, taxis and soldiers.

The Burmese government reacted by devaluing the calendar, and declaring a Buddhist holiday scheduled for Oct 7.

## *The United Kingdom*

Evidence of the respect for human rights by Britain's Conservative Party, as reported in the London *Economist*:

Delegates to this year's Conservative Party conference will consider 102 measures to support law and order. A third of them provide for the return to corporal and capital punishment including one measure that calls for the castration of rapists. Party leadership favors a more moderate measure that would enable courts to interpret the refusal of a person to answer police questions as evidence of guilt.

## *United States of America*

"A well informed electorate is the cornerstone of democracy": How Americans spend their leisure time, aside from watching television, according to a study by John Robinson of the sociology department of the University of Maryland:

The average American adult spends six hours per week shopping and one hour per week reading books.

## *United States of America*

How the public schools prepare young people for the responsibilities of citizenship, as reported in the London *Economist*:

"If common knowledge is defined as what 90% of a given group know, then for high-school juniors only two historic facts meet the test: the invention of the light bulb by Thomas Edison and the invention of the telephone by Alexander Graham Bell."

## *Los Angeles, Cal.*

The real importance of "The Color of Money," as reported in the *Los Angeles Times*:

An unemployed printer turned to counterfeiting to make ends meet, but his colorblindness led to a costly error—he used black ink instead of green for the serial numbers and Treasury Seal, making his phony bills look distinctly phony.

## *Tacoma, Wash.*

Emergency operators for the 911 system in Tacoma, Wash., recently found themselves in an emergency situation of their own, when raw sewage deluged their basement switchboard center, according to *The Seattle Times*.

"There's not much we can do," one operator said of the communications workers' predicament. "We can't call 911."

## *Tacoma, Wash.*

Evidence that bureaucrats have unique perspectives on such tragedies was provided by Ron Skaggs, director of Communications for the Pierce County Sheriff Department which ran the facility:

When asked what he thought when he saw the sewage coming through the ceiling, he said, "I was disappointed."

## *German Democratic Republic*

Proof that consumer protectionism is more advanced in East Germany, as reported in an article in the London *Economist*.

Even hair styles are reviewed by a state commission, which meets in East Berlin each year to set fashion standards.

(Readers of *Liberty* are invited to forward newspaper clippings or other documents for publication in *Terra Incognita*.)

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# Can You Afford to be Without These Insights?

- January 1983: *Analysis & Outlook* is the first investment newsletter to discuss changes in rare coin grading and to analyze the implications for investors.
- June 1983: *Analysis & Outlook* is the first newsletter to report new IRS regulations making it difficult (but not impossible) for you to maintain

your financial privacy, and to discuss how you can protect your privacy despite these regulations.

- March 1985: *Analysis & Outlook* predicts "a major increase in prices for MS-63 gold coins during the next six months." Six months later, the wholesale price of MS-63 gold coins was up an average of 49.3%.
- July 1985: While nearly every hard money newsletter recommends silver in preference to gold, *Analysis & Outlook* concludes a detailed discussion: "Gold will outperform silver by a substantial margin." A year later, gold has increased 20.4%; silver is down 14.9%.
- June 1986: *Analysis & Outlook* concludes an analysis of silver investments by recommending swapping silver dollars for other forms of silver; at the time other advisory letters recommend dollars. Fourteen months later, dollars are down 7.9%. The forms of silver recommended are up an average of 41.7%.

R. W. Bradford writes *Analysis & Outlook* to help you with your own analysis of current events and to develop your own outlook for the future.

"I can't guarantee that I will always scoop the competition on major

## Analysis & Outlook

P. O. Box 1167 Port Townsend, WA 98368 Volume XVII, No 8 August 6, 1987

### How will you remember 1987?

At least so far as your investments are concerned, I believe that you will like to remember it one of two ways: As the year in which you built a solid position in the metals that enabled you to make substantial profits in the late 80s and into the 90s, or as the year of almost apocalyptic change.

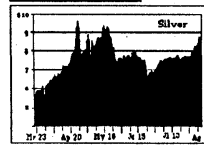
In my judgment, the summer of '87 is one of those rare times when the tandem metals of investing in gold, silver and rare coins can all combine in a year when both metals are underpinned, when we can actually expect major price moves for the silver, and when long-held ideas in the case of gold, the outlook for gold and silver is the best since 1979.

Just as there was a flow of investor money from tangible investments to precious metal gold and silver in particular during the 1980-86 period, we can now expect a flow of money from tangible investments to tangible precious metals and bonds during the 1987-90 period. As you see, we are now in a position to make a major move in the metals market, and this is a time when the metals market is in a position to make a major move.

I don't just say this because I have been following the metals market for the last 15 years. I say this because I have seen the metals market move in a way that I have never seen before. The metals market is in a position to make a major move, and this is a time when the metals market is in a position to make a major move.

It is also a time when, thanks to the tremendous introduction of silver into the precious metals market, silver is now a more widely held asset than it has been in many years. This is a time when the metals market is in a position to make a major move, and this is a time when the metals market is in a position to make a major move.

There are two ways to invest in the metals market. The first is to buy the metals themselves. The second is to buy the metals through a mutual fund. Both ways are good, but the first way is better. The first way is better because it allows you to buy the metals at a price that is lower than the price of the mutual fund. The first way is better because it allows you to buy the metals at a price that is lower than the price of the mutual fund.



stories or that all my advice will be as profitable as these examples," Bradford says. "But I can guarantee to pull no punches, to tell you the truth as I see it, to interpret events from my own perspective as an active participant in gold, silver and rare coin markets for more than 15 years."

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