

Liberty

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December 1994

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A Special Report

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by Grover Joseph Rees

Truth and Lies in the Balkan War

by George Manolovich

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by R. R. McGregor

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Letters

School of Engineering or Mystery Cult?

Jesse Walker's article "The Institutions of Higher Tuition" (September 1994) prompts this letter.

This year, I'm retiring from 29 years in electronics. My first job in this industry was for Hughes Aircraft Company. There was a saying at HAC, "It takes two years to teach electronics to a grad double-E." These bright youngsters hadn't learned about parts being other than ideal, but they had learned esoteric procedures requiring hours in the computer room, that inner sanctum of the elite, while I solved the same circuit parameters in about 20 minutes with nothing more than a pencil, a piece of scrap paper, and a six-inch slide rule.

When I showed one of the young engineers how I solved one such problem, he remarked, "It's sure to be correct, and it accords with theory, but they never taught us that way in college!"

Of course! If the professors taught as simply and directly as they could and should have, they couldn't impress their colleagues when it came time to divvy up funds between departments.

Kenneth H. Fleischer
Los Angeles, Calif.

Positronically Not a Hack

I share Brian Doherty's sentiments about Isaac Asimov ("I Like Ike," September 1994) and wonder how R.W. Bradford could seriously propose that Asimov is a "hack." While Asimov did include in his bibliography many anthologies he edited with others, he never claimed to have done more work on those books than he did. Anyway, sub-

tract those and that still leaves hundreds of books he wrote all by himself.

Doherty observes Asimov's "subjective crankiness" in *I. Asimov* as compared to the more reserved assessments of contemporaries in his earlier autobiographical writing. It's worth noting that Asimov's wife encouraged him to be more emotionally revealing in this, his last book, and that those few who bear the brunt of that crankiness had died by the time of writing.

David M. Brown
New York, N.Y.

This Is Pragmatism?

I enjoyed Bart Kosko's discussion of "Libertarian Pragmatism" (September 1994) — until I got to the last page. Kosko's talk of "social experiments" on floating cities and Mars would be more appropriate in some new age publication, like *Omni*. Libertarianism needs to be rooted in reality, not some utopian ideal; otherwise, our philosophy will be taken as seriously as Communism.

The goal of the libertarian movement should not be the creation of a pure neoclassical society, but the gradual building of a more free world. This can be accomplished in more realistic ways: spreading our philosophy, increasing the number of voters registered with the Libertarian Party, lobbying for libertarian legislation. Such humble goals may sound mundane compared to Kosko's suggestions, but anything more grand is science fiction.

Holger W. Michaelis
Los Gatos, Calif.

Preach Fuzz

I can see why Bart Kosko likes the word "fuzzy" so much, though the word that came to my mind was "slippery."

"Slippery," "fuzzy" — what the heck, in the fuzzy dictionary they're synonyms, right?

Jamie McEwan
Lakeville, Conn.

Cinema of Liberty

I appreciated Mark Skousen's "Oscar Shrugged" (July 1994), especially his inclusion of *Hombre*. I was only

sorry to see so many other libertarian movies left out. Two westerns worth watching are *The Ballad of Cabal Hogue*, in which Jason Robards is left to die in the desert by his ostensible friends, finds a source of water, and then begins to sell it to other wayfarers for all the market will bear; and *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*, in which Warren Beatty plays an entrepreneur who fights to protect a small business he built up from almost nothing against an extremely hostile take-over by a large conglomerate. The fact that his business happens to be a brothel gives the film another libertarian turn of the screw (so to speak).

I also recommend the apparently anti-libertarian movie *Thief*, starring James Caan as a professional robber who steals only uncut diamonds and cash. At one point, he explains property rights to a squad of policemen who expect him to pay them a portion of his ill-gotten gains if he wishes to stay in business. The irony is piquant as he refuses to give up any of the money he has acquired by his own efforts. "Make your own scores!" he yells defiantly.

Finally, it is unfortunate that Skousen decided to include *Sometimes a Great Notion*. Ken Kesey's book is one of the greatest modern novels in English, but I'm sure everyone involved in the movie version would like to forget they were ever associated with it. The fact that it was rereleased under the title *Never Give an Inch* indicates how poorly the book was adapted, for as the Stampers knew very well, their family motto was "Never Give A Inch," and they weren't about to change it just to conform to some namby-pamby conventions about grammar.

Robert L. Gaede
Weldon, Calif.

Not Insane, Not Responsible

Dr. Thomas Szasz ("Diagnosis in the Therapeutic State," September 1994) observes that current nosology reflects society's justifications for stopping nonviolent behavior. Nosology also creates ready *excuses*. Psychiatrists label behavior a disease to justify coercion. Individuals call behavior a disease to escape personal responsibility.

Henry E. Jones, M.D.
Monroe, La.

Letters Policy

We invite readers to comment on articles that have appeared in *Liberty*. We reserve the right to edit for length and clarity. All letters are assumed to be intended for publication unless otherwise stated. Succinct, typewritten letters are always preferred. Please include your phone number so that we can verify your identity.

Reflections

Hooray for Hillary! — This is a note of appreciation for everyone involved in the health care reform process. For 20 months, reformers and opponents were locked in a vicious legislative struggle. Plans were made, unmade, remade, and discarded. Hundreds of White House operatives held secret meetings at which nothing was accomplished — but because the meetings were secret, they led to indictments for the first lady and her advisors. Congressional staffers worked overtime crafting compromises, only to see their efforts frustrated by CBO number-crunchers who seemed to take their responsibilities a little too seriously. Public confidence in the president plummeted. Senators and representatives spent hours debating — in committees, on the floor, in back rooms, and in their home states — building animosities with their colleagues and with the public that may take years to heal. The respected Senate majority leader turned down consideration for a place on the Supreme Court in order to shepherd reform through Congress, and came up empty-handed. Other legislative initiatives were shunted aside, delayed, forgotten. Proposed government programs were shot down because the money to pay for them was earmarked for the new health care system. Thousands, even millions of man-hours were dedicated to the drive for health care reform.

And all of this effort, the ideas, the exertions, the passions of the reform group produced exactly nothing. And you think Clinton is doing a bad job? I wish the entire government worked as hard, and produced as little. —JSR

Vouching for Christine — New Jersey Gov. Christine Whitman recently defended her support for a state-wide voucher program, stating, "The only thing we have to fear is success." That's a new twist on an old saying. I can only assume she was speaking for the teachers' union. —TL

Check with Zero Mostel — Swiss voters have approved a ban on all forms of racism, including "belittling" of the Holocaust. Does this mean I can't sing "Springtime for Hitler" in Zurich? —JW

Smoking out the Puritans — In *Democracy in America*, Alexis de Tocqueville criticized the Connecticut Code of 1650, which prohibited tobacco, adultery, sex between unmarried persons, and a few other innocent pleasures. At the 1994 *Liberty* conference, I did my civic duty by conspicuously lighting a cigarette during the question period after my talk. Chaotic eddies of subversive blue smoke curled up in the hotel's meeting room. Now, given the unruly and un-P.C. crowd we had, I admit that this was a cheap revolt à la Don Quixote. Yet, another speaker later asked me for a cigarette with which to do the same. From then on, one could sense a slow but constant degradation of public morality, although unfortunately we did not (to my imperfect knowl-

edge) break all the prohibitions in the seventeenth-century Puritan codes. —PL

O.J. and counterfactuals — In the spring of 1968, I was appointed director of the School of Philosophy at the University of Southern California. Never having taken on administrative duties before, I was less than confident of my ability to fulfill the requirements of the job. I would have been even less confident had I known what my first problem would be upon taking office.

The first week of the September term had barely concluded when a frantic call came from the Athletic Department. How *dare* we flunk O.J. Simpson? I knew nothing about this — it had happened in the spring term. A temporary instructor had flunked half the students in his introductory philosophy course after his appointment had been terminated because of drug abuse. O.J. had received an F as well. If that grade wasn't changed, he would not be permitted to play football. "Change the grade!" It was not a request but a command.

The instructor had vanished into the tropical night and couldn't be located. So I got in touch with his teaching assistant, who had done most of his test-correcting. Luckily, she had kept all the tests. We spent several evenings going over O.J.'s papers. They weren't very good, but there were some even worse. I called in O.J., and he couldn't answer many questions. But neither, I surmised, would most of the other students assigned F's. We calculated that he had done no worse than some students with D's.

I ended up giving him a D, a bare pass. That was enough for the Athletics Department. They thanked me profusely and I never heard from them again.

And so it was that O.J. got to play football that season, and win the Heisman trophy that launched him on his stellar career. I have often reflected, in the light of recent events, what would have happened had I let the F stand. Lots of things that have happened, wouldn't have happened. For the want of a shoe the horse was lost . . . if Cleopatra's nose had been a little longer, she wouldn't have appealed to Marc Antony, and Egypt would never have been part of the Roman Empire.

But the tragedy might have happened anyway, by a different route. Or O.J. could have got into trouble some other way. If . . . if . . . —JH

Squeeze the Juice — I've been told that some prospective jurors for the O.J. Simpson trial were excused because they could not bear the financial hardship. What hardship? Don't they know that being an O.J. juror would mean instant celebrity?

A juror ought to be able to garner at least a few thousand from the tabloids after the trial is over. And a clever juror

could parlay it into much more than that. Suppose the prosecution proved their case absolutely and without doubt, and eleven members of the jury voted guilty. If I were the twelfth member, I would naturally vote *not guilty*. I'd have to come up with a plausible reason, of course — something very media-friendly. No doubt the defense would supply a useful rationalization during the trial — maybe some spiel about racist cops planting evidence. My reason would have to be good enough to stand up, if only temporarily, and to strike an emotional chord with a section of the viewing public.

The object of creating a temporarily hung jury would be to ratchet up the tension outside the courtroom and put the media feeding-frenzy into overdrive. In the process I would be distinguishing myself from the other jurors, thus enhancing my own marketability once the trial was over. Of all the people in the jury room, I would be the one with a unique story to tell. That would ensure access to every media outlet after the trial, and could be parlayed into a book deal, something a juror might not otherwise get. And I wouldn't have to have any ethical problems with letting a guilty man go free, because I would "grudgingly" give in eventually, and the verdict would be the same. (If the rest of the jury voted not guilty, I could vote guilty to the same effect.)

Financial hardship? Being an O.J. juror is a once-in-a-lifetime money-making opportunity. Why should the lawyers get all the loot? —JSR

To your health — On September 26, Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell admitted that health care "reform" was dead. This is the best economic news in years. It means the government won't yet take over another seventh of the U.S. economy after all, with all the horrible consequences of government mismanagement, higher taxes, and declining productivity.

It was also the best health news in years. Thanks to its defeat, Americans won't be forced to accept Soviet-style health care, with long lines, rationed services, declining standards, loss of research, and shorter lifespans.

Clinton claimed it was the partisanship of the Republicans and special interests that defeated his scheme, but he couldn't be more wrong. The Republicans hardly even opposed his measure. In the usual Republican fashion, they proposed a more "moderate" version of his program. They only stood up against it after the people made it clear that they didn't want it. (I remember something columnist Tom Anderson said back in the 1960s: "Democrats want to move to socialism at 100 miles an hour. Republicans only want to socialize at 50 miles per hour.")

It wasn't the special interests who defeated it. It was the exact opposite of the special interests, the general interest of all Americans. It took time, but people came to realize, at least for now, that Clinton's program would cause either health care rationing or escalating taxes, or (more likely) both. The Republicans finally noticed that the people didn't buy the scheme, so they stopped proposing watered-down versions and began to oppose it. The Democrats still don't have a clue. They are simply out of

touch, and they will be justly rewarded by the voters.

If any single individual merits our thanks, it surely is Rush Limbaugh. Almost alone among Americans with a public platform, Limbaugh proposed no compromises, again and again making the obvious TANSTAAFL point, explaining day after day how the Clintons' reform would degrade the quality of medical care. He was virtually the only prominent conservative to stand firm.

There is a temptation to join Rush in a champagne toast to our nation's good fortune, or to join other pundits in offering a detailed analysis of how the defeat of health care reform represents a paradigm shift, from the old centrally planned, mechanistic outlook to a more sensible market-based approach.

But I have left my champagne corked. The advocates of government power and planning have lost a battle, but they will "carry on this fight," as Sen. Mitchell promised in his admission of temporary defeat. In the war to defend free institutions, we have won battles before. Socialized medicine was first credibly proposed in this country in the time of Harry Truman. It was defeated then, as well. But during the four decades since, medical care has been incrementally socialized, through the creation of Medicare, Medicaid, mandated insurance programs, tax incentives, and a million and one tiny increases of government power. We are paying the price for these past losses, and losses of this sort will likely continue, whether or not a broad-based program like the Clintons' is ever enacted. In the long run, it makes little difference whether we get socialized medicine as one great goofy scheme *à la* Bill Clinton or gradually via Republican reforms and conservative compromises.

On second thought, maybe I'll uncork my champagne and drink a toast to Rush Limbaugh. Without his bacchanalian efforts, the entire war might have been lost already. —RWB

Engineering consent — D.C. politicians have temporarily given up on producing a health care reform bill. Though the media did not treat this as a cause for celebration, opponents of Bill Clinton did. The American people at large should have, too. And not just because the various reform packages nearly all called for further cartelization, subsidy, regulation, and, yes, socialization. The health care bills should have been opposed even by stalwarts of the Democratic Party, for reasons of *social engineering*.

Americans have a love-hate relationship with social engineering — that is, with the ideology of the Democratic Party. Considering how obnoxious and high-handed and (usually) idiotic social engineering is, the hate part of this relationship is no surprise.

But what is most astounding is how superficially Democrats regard their core beliefs. Most Democrats treat their favorite social engineering schemes pretty much the same way conservatives treat their pet policy obsession, crime: symbolically rather than scientifically. But at least conservatives are not being untrue to their basic ideology; their beliefs have *always* been mushily symbolic. After all, conservatives have long argued the superiority of ritual over science. The Democrats have no excuse, for the Democratic tradition of social intervention has always rested, and can only

**Liberty's Editors
Reflect**

CAA	Chester Alan Arthur
RWB	R.W. Bradford
JH	John Hospers
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BtK	Bart Kosko
PL	Pierre Lemieux
ML	Michael Levine
TL	Tom Loughran
WM	Wendy McElroy
JSR	James S. Robbins
TWV	Timothy Virkkala
JW	Jesse Walker

rest, on Progressive attitudes about science.

To have any standing, social engineering should be experimental, as John Dewey taught, and should proceed piecemeal, as Karl Popper suggested. Wholesale reform should be limited, as much as possible, to several states, and should not be conducted at the level of the federal government. State-by-state policy differences could then be studied, contrasted, and appraised using the tools of modern social science. Only after a long run of testing different approaches should one policy overall be chosen at the federal level, if at all. Regarding the planning of health care reform, this means no secret meetings, no exclusions of health care experts, no pre-conceived agendas. And not a year-long study, but a *generation*-long study.

But such a scheme for actual investigation is almost never advanced by the proponents of social engineering. And politicians advocate such studies only as an element of pork, not program. Those who believe in the efficacy of social engineering should ask themselves why this is the case. It should be their crisis of conscience.

But those who do not favor social engineering probably already have the answer: the closer policy studies approach the level of actual science, the more certain the conclusions will be that government intervention does not work. In short, the real social engineer, by practicing his art, would merely engineer himself out of a job.

Thus, health care reform — and all other reforms — proceed only on the impetus of symbol and dogma, and die out of cowardice, intimidation, and distraction. These reasons have less to do with science, or even scientism, than with politics as we know it, and probably always will know it. —TWV

The *laissez* of two evils — Many Americans who remember their pre-OSHA-DEA-IRS-FTC-SEC-EPA-BATF-ETC revolutionary tradition seem to sympathize with the Quebec secessionist movement and the election of a separatist government on September 12. I only wish they were right.

What actually happened is that the separatist Parti Québécois won the election on a platform that stressed its social democratic program. The PQ's old-timer brand of socialism is illustrated by one of their electoral ads titled "No *laissez-faire*. Only solidarity." Disregarding what every student of French history knows (that the correct spelling is "*laissez-faire*"), the



"Well, I got fired again — thanks to those crummy lunches you pack for me.

ad went on to argue that more state intervention is needed — in a province where public expenditures already amount to 55% of the GDP!

Yet the secession of Quebec would at least dismember the tyrant, and shake up what is becoming one of the most highly regulated, tightly regimented, and politically correct societies in the Western world. —PL

The closing of the American mouth —

Two days before the school year began, the Chicago public school system announced that the Richard J. Daley Elementary School on the city's south side would be closed down for health and safety reasons; children would be bused 3.25 miles through some of Chicago's most dangerous neighborhoods to another school. A renegade group of parents, worried about the gang violence that might occur on the bus ride, pulled their children out of school, announcing that until the Board of Education accommodated their children by providing schooling in a building nearer to home, they would be on "strike." The parents then set up a makeshift school in a parking lot outside Daley, teaching the children themselves while pressuring the Board to negotiate.

The Board responded not by addressing the concerns of the parents — which were only slightly overblown — but by threatening them with stiff fines and neglect charges. The Board remained steadfast in its decision to bus the children to the distant school, arguing that no more convenient outlets were available. Eventually, Board members said, a new building would be built, but that, of course, takes time; the parents would have to be patient.

But the parents would have none of that. They had been complaining for months about Daley School's conditions, getting no response. Then, with hardly any warning and no public dialogue, the Board had announced their decision to shut down the school and shanghai the students. The parents, caught off-guard and justly pissed off, decided to up the ante.

I am a product of the Chicago public schools. I have witnessed — among many other things — a seven-week teacher strike, racial fights, a student stabbing a principal, and (of course) teachers who didn't give a damn about teaching. I had come to expect anything — or so I thought, for nothing prepared me for what this batch of parents did next: they went on a hunger strike. Needless to say, their actions had ceased to have any tinge of reasonableness. City Council called a vote on the matter and voted against the parents, who raised such a ruckus that a second vote was held, in which the parents lost again. But *again* the parents pressured the council into a re-vote, prevailing at last. The children will now have classes in trailers until a new school is built. Who says the government isn't responsive to the needs of the hungry?

I remember going on several hunger strikes back in my Chicago school days. Only I didn't call them "hunger strikes." I called them "not eating this disgusting cafeteria glop." Just think: if only I'd had the sense to adopt the jargon of civil disobedience, I might have won myself an education! —ML

Clinton collects his wits — I was delighted to learn in early fall that my old co-worker and all-around great guy, Mike McCurry, currently the State Department spokesman who glares at thick Serbs and mulatto Haitians via CNN, was about to succeed the hapless Dee Dee Myers as White

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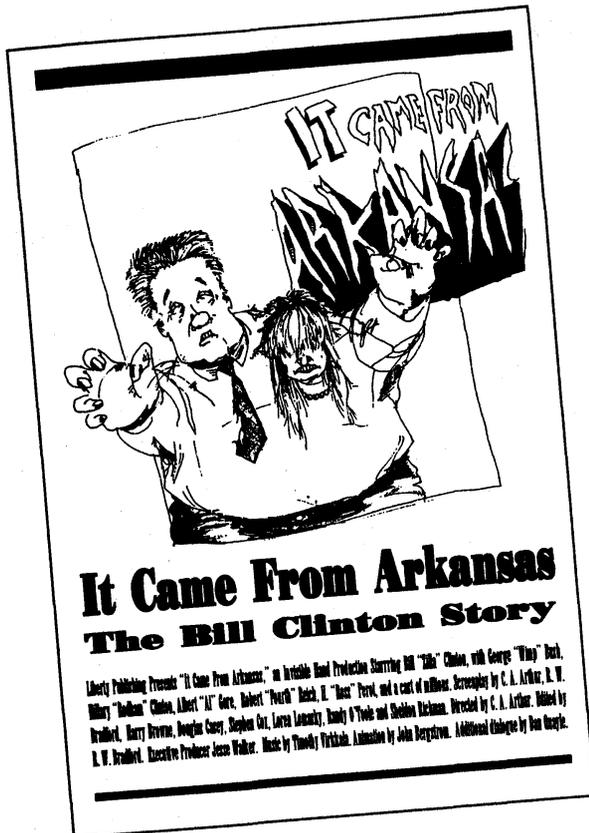
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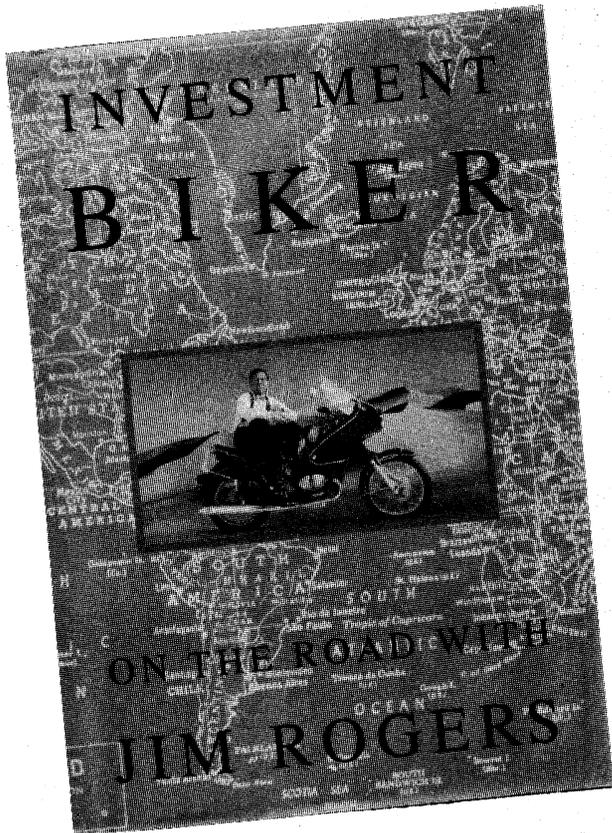
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House press secretary — until Dee Dee wept wept, and as we mustn't let the girl (no matter how numbskulled) cry, she gets to keep her job until the end of the year. Then she can rake in millions as the kind of fast-buck Beltway consultant candidate Clinton railed against eons ago, back in 1992. Mike McCurry will replace her in 1995, and I predict here and now that virtually overnight, Bill Clinton will acquire a wry wit, and as a result we'll have to read nauseating stories about his newfound maturity and how when the light strikes just right Clinton in repose looks like JFK and ah, wasn't Camelot grand? It'll all be McCurry's fault.

Mike McCurry came to Senator Pat Moynihan (for whom I was a legislative assistant) from Senator Harrison Williams, the Abscammed crook from New Jersey. Mike had — and still does have, I'm sure — *brio* and sparkle and a mischievous humor. We — the entire office (regular liberals are far less P.C. and uptight than conservatives) — joked with good old American insouciance: hate criminals laughing all the way to the Gulag. The conqueror of Haiti seems humorless, but I've been told that Hillary, when not Wielding Power, is actually droll and quick-witted (honest!), so perhaps Mike will have an appreciative audience.

Mike hooked up with presidential candidate Bruce Babbitt before the 1988 primaries; all of a sudden, that Arizona gob of phlegm became a veritable Will Rogers, dispensing wisecracks and pointed observations that were patently the work of Mike McCurry. (Notice that Cabinet Secretary Babbitt has not said a single amusing thing for two long years now.) So prepare for a Bill Clinton spouting Harry Truman homespunisms, Adlai Stevenson martini witticisms, JFK I-just-nailed-Angie-Dickinson-and-now-let's-snap-towels-in-the-locker-roomisms. The protean Clinton, reborn as comic.

I remember Mike had a poster in his office from the film *The Candidate*. (He'd been an extra, I think.) "McKay for Senate," it may have read, with a photo of a pensive Robert Redford. A real keepsake, that, and the film's final scene retains its punch. Redford, the idealistic young lawyer who has trimmed and juiced to win a U.S. Senate race in California, turns to his campaign manager and says, "What do we do now?" I wonder.

Good luck, Mike. You're a far better man than the weasel you serve, so take notes and write a tell-all book in '97 and

then assume your rightful place alongside our old colleague Tim Russert in Sunday morning TV land, where the stakes are lower (no Waco or Haiti to defend), the pay is higher, and you don't have to look at Andrea Mitchell every morning. —BK

Soot and Old Spice — Sad but true: barring a major change in buying patterns, women will be responsible for one of the most pernicious forms of pollution in the twenty-first century. Consider the following facts:

On the one hand, a new environmental movement claims that "Perfume Pollutes" (*The Wall Street Journal*, May 13). The feature explains that "What cigarette smoke was to the past decade, other smells — fragrant and foul — may be to the '90s."

On the other hand, Kevin Goldman reports in his September 9 *WSJ* marketing column that nearly 70% of men have their fragrances purchased for them by their wives and girlfriends.

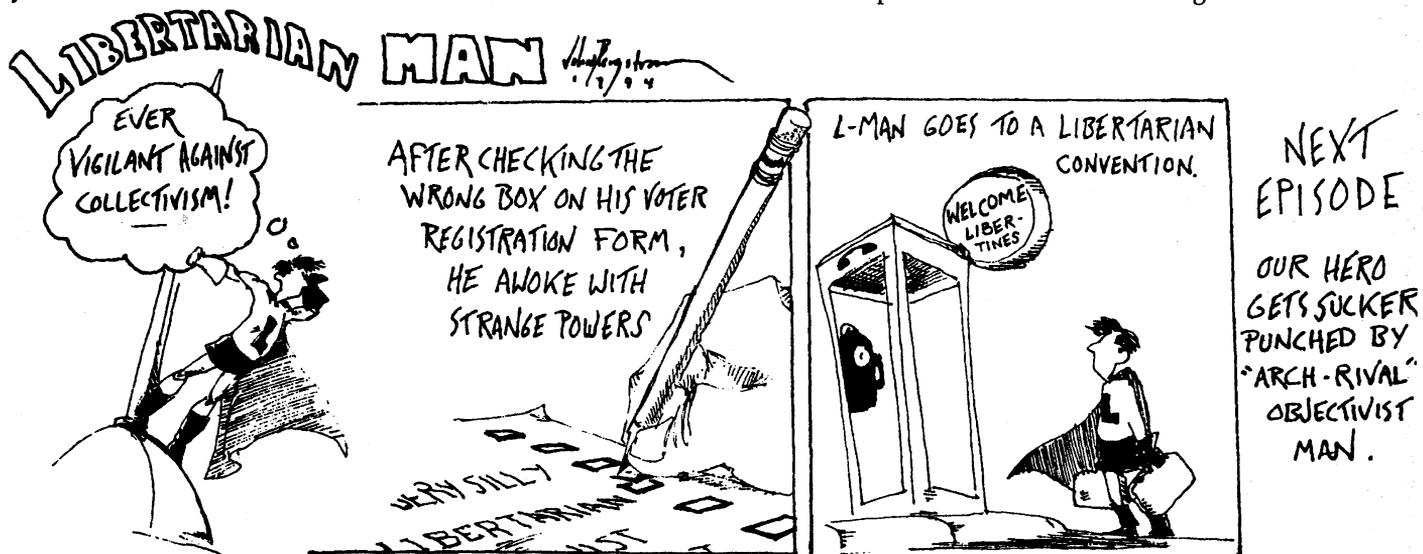
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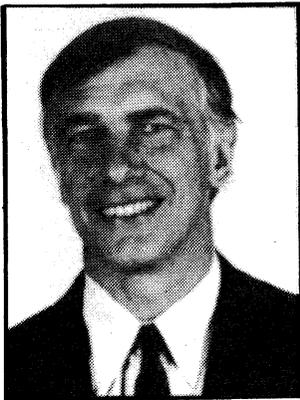
—PL

Get thee to a nunnery — As an anti-politico, I have been profoundly influenced by the onetime anti-electoralist Harry Browne. Thus, I was distressed by his announced intention to run for president. My husband, on the other hand, was irritatingly amused. To forestall a messy domestic scene, he raised his hand and explained the difference between us. "The pope has been caught in a whorehouse," he grinned. "You are a Catholic; I am a Protestant." —WM

Bentham's back and there's gonna be trouble — Last spring I saw the stuffed corpse of Jeremy Bentham in the main hall of the University College London. The godless founder of the hedonic calculus died in 1832. He had the school he helped found display him in a glass case — and there he sits right now. The staff has long since cut off his head and replaced it with a wax copy topped with a straw hat. His dead head lies in state in an unnamed safe.

Bentham argued for laws that favored the greatest happiness of the greatest number of people. He put forth the *util* as the unit of happiness. Today the util forms the basis of utility functions of modern economics. He opened his *Principles of Morals and Legislation* with a bald statement of utilitarianism: "Nature has placed mankind under the governance of two





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sovereign masters, *pain* and *pleasure*. On the one hand the standard of right and wrong, on the other the chain of causes and effects, are fastened to their throne. They govern us in all we do, in all we say, in all we think; every effort we make to throw off our subjugation will serve but to demonstrate and confirm it."

UCL students parade Bentham's glass case around the campus at the start of each school year. New data on the utils of students in the U.S. may lead them to march in the streets in their own homage to Bentham.

Jon Cowan and Rob Nelson of Lead or Leave (an advocacy group for young people) report in the *Los Angeles Times* that an average 72-year-old will get \$98,600 more in benefits from the state in her lifetime than she pays to it in taxes. So her cost-benefit ratio is less than one: C/B<1. But a 27-year-old can expect to pay \$203,000 more in taxes than he gets in state benefits. So his cost-benefit ratio exceeds one: C/B>1. And no doubt his cost-benefit ratio exceeds one far more than hers falls short of it.

The hairline case of C/B=1 carves the population into two fuzzy sets: the gets and the get-nots. This now seems to match the fuzzy split between old and young and we can take it as a modern definition of the class struggle.

Popular views of government change with the ratio of the two sovereign masters C and B. The question is whether they change with anything else. —BtK

I, Hack — In the September *Liberty*, Brian Doherty ("I Like Ike") fumes at my opinion that Isaac Asimov was a hack writer, and in a letter published in this issue David M. Brown wonders how anyone, even I, could "seriously" contend this. Against my opinion, Doherty testifies that Asimov played an important role in his life, and Brown cites Asimov's incredible prolificacy. Neither response offers evidence against my view of Asimov, but they do suggest that my opinion is patently offensive, at least to some.

Like Messrs. Doherty and Brown, I have read Asimov extensively and think he is a good writer. But I am also convinced that he is a hack writer. In its broad sense, a hack is someone who writes, not because he has something to say, but solely as a means to other ends — usually money or fame. In its narrower sense, a hack is a person who writes for hire at the direction of others.

I did not suspect that Asimov was a hack until I read through the 1500+ pages of his first two volumes of autobiography (*In Memory Yet Green* and *In Joy Still Felt*). I observed his delight in the three rewards he received from writing — money, fame, and sex — and the way writing provided an escape from a dreary existence. His parents wanted him to be a physician, but he couldn't handle the lab work, so he became a biochemist instead, much to his parents' shame. He didn't have much luck with women. Etc.

Once he was visiting a friend — a famous astronomer, as I recall. At this point, he had already written several books and only-God-knows-how-many articles for the popular press on astronomy. At some point over dinner, he mentioned to his

astronomer host that he had never actually looked through a telescope. His host insisted that Asimov accompany him to his attic and look at the stars through his telescope, something Asimov did only with great reluctance.

He wrote one genuinely memorable piece of fiction, the short story "Nightfall." In the first volume of his autobiography, he tells how the story came to be written:

[Editor John W. Campbell] had come across a quotation from an eight-chapter work by Ralph Waldo Emerson called *Nature*. In the first chapter, Emerson said: "If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore; and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God . . ."

Campbell asked me to read it and said, "What do you think would happen, Asimov, if men were to see the stars for the first time in a thousand years?"

I thought, and drew a blank. I said, "I don't know."

Campbell said, "I think they would go mad. I want you to write a story about it."

We talked about various things, thereafter, with Campbell seeming to circle the idea and occasionally asking me questions such as, "Why should the stars be invisible at other times?" and listened to me as I tried to improvise answers. Finally, he shooed me out with, "Go home and write the story."

Twenty-two days later, Asimov delivered the story to Campbell, and nine days later finished revising it to satisfy Campbell, who paid him 1.25¢ per word for his effort.

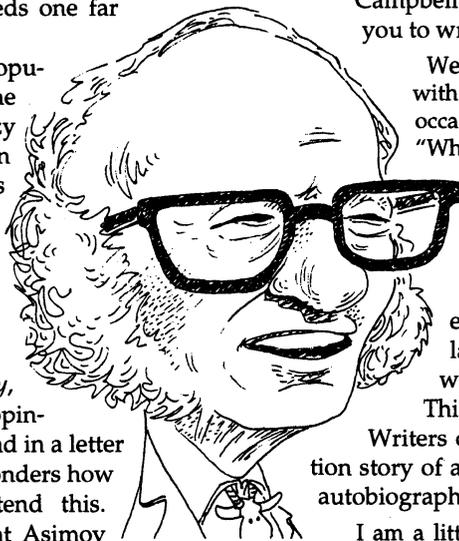
Thirty years later, a poll of the Science Fiction Writers of America declared it the best science fiction story of all time. In a footnote to this episode in his autobiography Asimov wrote:

I am a little sensitive when people overestimate the importance of such contributions. It is one thing to say, "I think people would go crazy if they see the stars for the first time in a thousand years. Go home and write the story." It is quite another to go home and actually write the story. Campbell might suggest but it was I who then had to go home and face the empty sheet of paper in the typewriter.

Yes, Asimov wrote the story. But it was Campbell's idea, Campbell's plot, even Campbell's title — the elements that made "Nightfall" a great story all came from Campbell.

Like any hack writer, Asimov faced the "empty sheet of paper," and like any hack writer, he filled it with words. He wrote easily, he wrote well, and he wrote prolifically. But there is little evidence that he had any real interest in biology, or physics, or the Bible, or mathematics, or Shakespeare, or fiction, or any of the myriad other subjects he wrote about. He was a man of few passions besides his own success, few interests beyond his own career. He was a food critic who wouldn't eat, a film critic who refused to see movies. —RWB

No flies for dinner — "Democracy is that system of government under which the people, having 60,000,000 native-born adult whites to choose from, including thousands who are handsome and many who are wise, pick out a Coolidge to be head of the state. It is as if a hungry man, set before a banquet prepared by master cooks and covering a table an acre in area,



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should turn his back upon the feast and stay his stomach by catching and eating flies." In the seven decades since H.L. Mencken made this observation, little has changed. In 1992, Americans had three prominent choices for president: a corrupt governor of a backwater state; a demagogic, power-lusting multimillionaire; and a hypocritical elitist whose presidency had already failed. The best the Libertarians had to offer was a marginal small-time hustler who had somehow managed to be elected to a single term in the Alaska House of Representatives.

But things are looking up for 1994, at least for libertarians. And I'm not referring only to Harry Browne, who offers the Libertarian Party its most articulate candidate ever. Besides Browne, there is a Republican who strongly supports the libertarian position on health care and a whole panoply of property rights questions — perhaps the most important issues the nation faces. And there also is a nascent new party that has a libertarian program and a possible independent candidacy by a quasi-libertarian.

Virtually alone among Republican politicians, Sen. Phil Gramm of Texas opposed the Clintons' health care scheme tooth and nail from the start. His proposal for tax-exempt medical savings accounts was the only legislative proposal that would actually help alleviate the very real problem of uncontrolled medical costs that the Clintons claimed to address.

Gramm has also shown extraordinary courage and eloquence in defending private property. Witness, for example, his response to a loaded question from Michael Kinsley on a recent *Crossfire*: "You love the private sector. One of the reasons that Mike Synar lost his primary election is this issue of mining and grazing rights," Kinsley said. "He supported President Clinton's plan to reduce the subsidy that miners and big ranchers get by cheap use — below market rate prices — on federal land. Why should you, as a free-marketer — an alleged free-marketer, an alleged private enterpriser — favor the subsidy from the taxpayers to grazers and ranchers?"

Gramm refused to be put on the defensive. "I supported a compromise to raise rates when you could show that [they were below] market value. But the president wanted to go further than that. He wanted the government to engage in national land-use planning. Basically his agenda is to drive people off public lands."

"Wait a minute!" Kinsley interrupted indignantly. But Gramm was not to be stopped. "I want to charge market rates.

I want to let people use the land. Even better, if the land is being used for grazing, why does the federal government own it to begin with? Why don't we sell it, take the money and pay off some of this debt that's mortgaging the future of our children? Why does the government need to be in the grazing business? My basic position is this: I want government out of the land business. I want productive land that is used for private purposes in the private sector. When you've got a secretary of the interior going around and saying that private property is an outmoded concept in 1994, that scares the hell out of people, and it ought to. It scares the hell out of me."

Later in the same program, Gramm was accused of opposing democracy by opposing Clinton's programs in the Senate. Gramm patiently explained that he and his Republican colleagues opposed the president because they thought he was wrong, and that "if the American people oppose [the Democrats] they'll get crushed [at the polls]; if they support them they will triumph. That's what democracy is about."

"I thought democracy was majority rule," Kinsley interjected, as Pat Buchanan started on a line of questions. "Not *our* democracy," Gramm snapped. "It's what the Constitution is about. We don't believe in majority rule when it comes to free speech and private property."

Gramm is on the long list of Republicans itching to run for president in 1996, and he remains a long-shot. But he is also the first serious major-party contender for the presidency to articulate fundamental libertarian principles since Ronald Reagan did in 1980, and he seems to have less of a stomach for compromise than did Reagan. Gramm is far more than the best of a bad lot. He is an individual who merits the support of those who value liberty.

Then there's the nascent Constitution Party, which bills itself as the "party of principles, not politicians." Its program is almost identical to that of the Libertarian Party, except that it calls for "the strongest national defense force in the world." Aaron Russo, the Hollywood producer responsible for *Trading Places*, was inspired by the political success of Ross Perot to return from a three-year exile in Tahiti to launch the party.

One has to wonder why Russo is launching a new party rather than participating in the LP. Right now, the CP's assets seem to consist of an 800 number, a post office box in Beverly Hills, an extremely libertarian program, and Russo's considerable energy and commitment, and it's hard to see the CP having major impact on the political process. But in January 1992, it was hard to see how Ross Perot could have much impact, and he garnered 19% of the popular vote, enabling Bill Clinton to be elected.

Meanwhile, actor Michael Moriarty has told the Libertarian Party's national committee that he plans an independent campaign for the presidency. "I do think I would make a pretty good president of the United States," he said, citing a laundry list of government actions that make him "mad as hell." To date his campaign has pretty much been limited to his appearance at the LP meeting and the resultant coverage in the *LP News*, and whether it will go any further remains to be seen.

1996 promises to be an exciting year.

—CAA

GUMP vs. RAIN MAN



Blank canvass — I do not like door-to-door solicitors, but I do like door-to-door proselytes. It is amusing to talk with people who seek to *give* wisdom away. My purpose in arguing with such people is never to convert them to my faith(s), but simply to remind them that there are other views — sometimes

diametrically opposed to theirs — that can be believed and defended, rationally. I like to watch their faces as they meet the devil, so to speak.

The most recent such unsuspecting zealot to knock on my door was a Sierra Club activist, working to oust my state's Republican senator, Slade Gorton. He was most earnest, and yammered on about Gorton's awful environmental record. He expected me to be sympathetic to his cause (I live in a very "green" town), and when I mentioned that I was rather heterodox on environmental issues, he assumed I thought that the Sierra Club was too radical. He immediately showed me "what we are up against, the 'real' radicals," which turned out to be the organized environmentalist opposition, the "Wise Use" movement. He showed me a xerox of an article describing the "Wise Use" agenda, with their main points conveniently highlighted in green. I looked over the agenda, which included privatizing some national parks, and then said that there was nothing on the sheet that I disagreed with.

Ah, the look of incredulity! He immediately informed me that Wise Users "want to cut down old-growth forests in order to protect the ozone layer!" I then informed him that if the production of oxygen were your chief concern, then old-growth forests would indeed be a waste of space: younger forests far out-produce mature forests in photosynthesis activity. "But," I said, "this is undoubtedly a nutty way to make policy. I mean, ozone layer, *come on*: what do we really know for sure about climatic trends?" Distancing myself from the Wise Users (who seem to favor industrial uses for natural resources over recreational uses), I nevertheless defended the privatization of national parks. I labored to explain to my benighted interlocutor why his ideas, combined with the incentives faced by bureaucrats, inevitably yield environmental catastrophe.

That same day one such canvasser knocked on the door of a local conservative family, and was directed to look at the bumper of their van: "Slade Gorton for Senate!" And next to it: a bumper sticker extolling the Grateful Dead. "I can't believe that you would have those two stickers on the same bumper!" he ejaculated. Smiling, the householder suggested that the young lad should consider not judging people's politics by their taste in music.

But the cognitive dissonance was just too much for the activist. He retreated into his ideology, and went on to the next house. —TWW

Telephone privacy, 1876–1994 — The FBI, DEA, and other law enforcers have just won the right to scan all our digital phone and fax calls when they feel they need to. They did so in the name of "telecommunications reform." The House passed such an FBI-backed measure from Don Edwards (D-Calif.) in a late-night voice vote on October 5. Patrick Leahy (D-Vt.) had pushed a like measure through the Senate Judiciary Committee with a 16–1 vote. He then got the Senate to pass his version of the Edwards bill moments before the 103rd Congress broke for recess. I spoke to Leahy's staff earlier that day. They assured me the bill would not outlaw encryption and that they would remove the last holds on the Hill to pass it. Hours later they did.

The final bill will force phone companies to retrofit their phone lines with devices that let the FBI and others "plug in" and listen to digital talk. Bill Clinton is sure to sign it into law.

At issue is the First Amendment right to say what you want

to say in your own way. The new digital phones convert what you say into long strings of 1s and 0s. To say it in your own way you can encrypt those 1s and 0s with the latest smart software. The FBI wants to be sure it can crack the codes you use. It wants to limit the kinds of codes you can use and wants to be sure it can listen to you use them. The FBI does not want you to speak in a language it cannot hear or understand.

A few months ago the Clinton Administration tried to do much the same thing for the FBI with its failed "Clipper Chip" proposal. That would have built the codebreaker right into new computers and phones and modems and satellites.

The new FBI bill goes straight to the phone companies. The bill does not outlaw encryption per se. It lets "law enforcement" access digital phone signals and thus lets the state's networks of computers process the signals and perhaps decrypt them. FBI Director Louis Freeh claims that last year the FBI failed to carry out 91 court-ordered wiretaps because of poor line access. The new bill will pay the phone companies \$500 million to retrofit the phone lines as the FBI sees fit. Thus will the state pay for our prior consent with our own tax dollars.

The state has long held that it does not need a warrant to tap our wireless phones and faxes. Agency computers can scan our wireless calls for key words just as the National Security Agency scans foreign data lines for key words and case leads. That is why the NSA needs those twelve underground acres of computers in Fort Meade, Maryland.

Now the FBI, DEA, and your local police can also scan your phone line for key words. They need just the slightest "probable cause" that you are involved with drugs or other "crimes." They do not even need that if they think what you do, say, send, or receive might affect "national security." Thanks to the Edwards-Leahy bill we once again have to trust the good will of unchecked state agencies that buy computers by the ton and that swap databases at the speed of light. —BtK

Russell Means liberty — When I returned to Port Townsend from the *Liberty* Editors' Conference, someone handed me a bright red flyer:

Free Rally

Spiritual restoration of all peoples to the land and water

Kah-Tai Peninsula, Olympic Peninsula,

North America, Mother Earth

Hear: Russell Means, well-known Indian Activist

Chief Chetzemoka Park (in Gazebo), Sunday

Gathering starts at 7:00–10:00 AM

Elders, Children, & Families of All Nations Welcome

Join Us in a "Healing Walk" Through Town

Ending at the Jefferson County Courthouse

No Alcohol, Drugs or Weapons

It was the first flyer I have ever received in Port Townsend for a "Healing Walk," as well as the first specifying "no weapons." I was intrigued.

Russell Means burst on the libertarian scene when he sought the Libertarian Party presidential nomination in 1987. He lost the nomination by an eyelash to Ron Paul, and drifted out of the movement. In the past few years, he has built a very successful career as a film actor. There were many who believed that his libertarian period was only a pose, or at best a brief phase he passed through. I hadn't seen Russell Means since I interviewed him for this magazine in 1989, and wondered just how much libertarianism he retained.

The flyer seemed a bit vague about the time Means would speak, but I figured he wouldn't show up too early. Means wasn't there when I got to the park at 7:30, but a couple dozen denizens of the local counterculture were, looking — aside from their wrinkles and saggings — like the '60s had never ended. A woman introduced herself to me, and then introduced me to a tree on the other side of the park. A rally organizer, Means' "spiritual brother," lectured us on the need to change the name of the Quimper Peninsula to Kah-Tai Peninsula, which means "passing through," and suggested that its permanent residents (himself included?) should vacate their homes so that the land could return to its pre-European idyll. Another offered a lengthy prayer to "Earth Grand Mother." After half an hour or so, I decided to take a walk on the beach.

When I returned to the park a half-hour later, Means was already speaking. The crowd had swelled to 42, including babes in arms and the city policeman there for crowd control. If the organizers were disappointed — they had blitzed the town and the concurrent Wooden Boat Festival with leaflets — they didn't show it.

Means was his old self, attired in long black braids, leather coat, and beaded belt; his marvelous stage presence prevented the baby blue polo shirt and double-knit pants from detracting from the effect. He held the crowd of elderly hippies, new agers, and crystal-worshippers as tightly in his grasp as he had

held Libertarians at the 1987 Seattle convention.

As usual, Means spoke without notes and without organization, jumping from topic to topic in an almost schizophrenic fashion. His general themes were "the Indian way," healing the Earth, and spiritual wisdom. But what was most interesting to me was the intrusion of libertarian themes into his discursive discourse. "I am a great believer in free market economics," he said, then denounced "the idea that you can pay someone — even the government — to care more about your life than yourself."

He denounced speed laws, Clinton's crime bill, even zoning and public schools. "When you invite the state to control your children, like with organized religion, you can be spiritually lazy. But when you live in an anarchic society, you can be responsible. But when you're paying people to be responsible for you, watch out! [My son's] allegiance should be to his family and clan and Mother Earth, not to valueless government workers. When did education get taken away from the family? When did schools become government?" Even environmentalists were targeted: "They're among the most anti-Indian people in this country."

After an hour or so, Means stopped talking and turned the meeting back to its organizer, who tried to get the crowd to march on the county courthouse underway. In this she failed, after Means said that he preferred to ride in a car. —RWB

Haiti

D-Day matinee — Washington's "military experts" predicted that the Marines would land in Haiti on Saturday, September 17th. So my wife and I felt a little guilty discussing the idea of going out that D-Day to a matinee screening of *Quiz Show*. Something seemed unpatriotic about sitting in an air-conditioned theater, eating popcorn, and having a good time while American boys and girls were about to go to war in Haiti — as part of the U.N.-led "multinational force," of course, including 30 Israeli cops, 15 Jordanian minesweepers, and ten flood-watchers from Bangladesh — and perhaps sacrifice their lives to make that country safe for democracy and a nutty Marxist priest.

Moreover, as a working journalist I was also concerned about the opportunity costs involved in watching a movie on a day history was being made in Washington. I was thinking about the action I'd miss: attending "off-the-record" press conferences in the White House; listening to a briefing at the Pentagon; shmoozing with my fellow reporters in the State Department press room; watching my former colleague from the *Jerusalem Post*, Wolf Blitzer, transmitting the White House's propaganda line to a news-hungry world. Twenty years from now I could tell my grandchildren: *Yes, I was there in the middle of all the excitement, as the world was holding its breath, when the leaders of the "only remaining superpower" ordered its troops into a crummy little island in the Caribbean.* Instead, I was about to watch Robert Redford's anti-business film about a stupid quiz show from the '50s.

During the previews, as I was completing my last visit to the toilet, I had this image of the "crisis room" in the White House. You know: the president and all his "top foreign policy aides" like Secretary of State Warren Christopher and his deputy Strobe Talbott making "tough decisions" around a long table, *à la* the Cuban Missile Crisis. As I returned to the theater I was stopped by a Secret Service type (sunglasses, earphones, everything). The four seats behind us were reserved for officials from the administration, he explained, and he wanted to make sure I wasn't carrying a weapon or something.

I wasn't, so he let me sit down. "It's probably Chelsea and her girlfriends going to movies while Dad is coordinating the invasion and Mom is putting some final touches on the health care plan," I told my wife.

"Yes," she agreed, "with the grown-ups busy preparing for the war, it's probably the kids going out to the movies."

As the previews ended, the mysterious film buffs arrived to take their seats, and I turned back expecting to see Chelsea's braces and three babes from Sidwell Friends. Instead, to my surprise, I found myself looking straight into those two sad eyes of our secretary of state. Next to him was that famous FOB and renowned draft-dodger, Strobe Talbot. They were accompanied by two middle-aged ladies who looked like their wives.

Yeah! As America and its allies prepared to go to war, as U.S. planes and aircraft were on their way to Haiti, as the world watched and waited, the president's two top foreign

policy aides — and the main proponents of invading Haiti — were eating popcorn at the movies! And I thought I was missing something.

Later I learned the two were angry at Clinton for sending Jimmy Carter to Haiti to try to reach an agreement with the bloodthirsty generals in Port-Au-Prince. The two born-again hawks were apparently opposed to a peaceful settlement of the stupid “crisis” and, in any case, were angry at Carter for taking upon himself the duties of the secretary of state. So these two great men of honor were protesting the president’s decision by going to see *Quiz Show*.

Well *that* was clearly a great moment in American diplomatic history. And I was there!

—Leon T. Hadar

Black Jacobins, white Lafayettes — Here are the words with which Bill Clinton concluded his explanation to the American people of why their sons and daughters should be placed in jeopardy and billions of their tax dollars spent to help reinstall a defrocked Marxist priest to Haiti’s presidential palace:

I know many people believe we shouldn’t help the Haitian people recover their democracy and find their hard-won freedoms, that the Haitians should accept the violence and repression as their fate. But remember, the same was said of a people who, more than 200 years ago, took up arms against a tyrant whose forces occupied their land. But they were a stubborn bunch, a people who fought for their freedoms and appealed to all those who believed in democracy to help their cause, and their cries were answered, and a new nation was born, a nation that ever since has believed that the rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness should be denied to none. May God bless the people of the United States, and the cause of freedom. Goodnight.

This sounds pretty good, doesn’t it? I mean we’re all for freedom and democracy, and wasn’t it swell those foreigners helped us win the Revolutionary War?

But wait a minute. What foreigners helped us? Was it a rich and powerful neighbor, who sent in an army to occupy our country, while our elected head-of-state sat in their capital city, lobbying their legislature and executive to put him back in power?

Nope, the only foreign countries to help us in the Revolutionary War were France and Spain. And they didn’t help us because they favored freedom and democracy. The France that aided the American Revolution was the France of Louis XVI, advocate of the absolute power of divinely appointed kings, the virtual antithesis of freedom and democracy. The Spain of Charles III that came to our aid was, if anything, even less free and less democratic. Then why did Louis XVI and Charles III

help the American Revolution? Their motives were plain: Louis XVI wanted to hurt Britain, his enemy, and if that meant helping some British colonies establish their freedom . . . well, that was a small price to pay; Spain hoped to regain land in the New World lost to England in the Seven Years War.

But “freedom” and “democracy” are pretty effective buzzwords. Or are they? At the time of our triumphal occupation of our tiny neighbor, only 47% of Americans supported the move. A week later, support had dropped to 40%.

—R. W. Bradford

No blood for votes — Shortly before American troops invaded — er, *occupied* — Haiti, my TV was filled with films of Haitians demonstrating against U.S. intervention and against Aristide. Dan Rather and his colleagues told us we shouldn’t put too much stock in the images we were seeing, since, after all, Haiti was a dictatorship and the people there didn’t feel free to speak their minds. Well, fair enough.

After the troops landed, the TV news was filled with Haitians cheering their new overseers. The footage looked a little familiar — were these real Haitians, or was this stock footage of jolly Negroes hooting it up for the Marines, left over from our incursions into Grenada and Somalia? No, look: that sign in the background is in French. This must be Haiti.

Dan Rather, so unusually skeptical a few evenings before, did not suggest that

this outpouring of support might be as paper-thin as the anti-Aristide demonstrations that preceded the invasion. Or that opponents of the invasion might be remaining wisely discreet for the moment. Or that any Haitian, agents of General Cedras’ thuggish regime excepted, might be anything but overjoyed at the prospect of his island being occupied by a foreign power.

But a Haitian need not adore the *junta* that terrorized his country to be wary of an American occupation. The last time U.S. troops held western Hispaniola, they reintroduced the *corvée* system of forced labor, dispossessed thousands of natives of their lands, and suppressed every uprising with an iron fist. And even if this generation of Haitians has already forgotten those crimes, they still might be a little dubious about their “liberators” after watching their efforts to enlist the services of the old regime’s military and police force.

Even if Aristide were the saint his handlers have painted him to be — which he isn’t — none of this bodes well for the future of Haiti. Or America, for that matter. Or anything else, except Clinton’s legislative program, which now presumably will receive the support of the Congressional Black Caucus. Altogether, a typical victory for Global Democracy. —Jesse Walker

Demo-crazy — Some points about democracy are so widely ignored in the administration and the media that,



though trite, they need frequent repetition. Many people prate about "restoring democracy" to Haiti, and the U.S. operation there even carries the name "Uphold Democracy."

Haiti never had any democracy to restore; we need not dwell on that fact. Democracy means more, anyway, than whatever the outcome of a single election may have been. Let's not confuse ourselves by blanketing several distinct concepts — liberty, equality, fraternity, harmony, a market economy, the American way of life, whatever — together with a particular political arrangement all under a single label. Nobody is entitled to legislate the meanings of words, but the central meaning of democracy (as Joseph Schumpeter wrote) seems to be an arrangement whereby political rulers are chosen and periodically subject to replacement by the votes of a broad electorate in relatively free and competitive elections.

Democracy itself is scarcely the criterion of what candidates and what policies the voters ought to choose. We hear *ad nauseam* that Father Aristide got nearly 70% of the votes in the 1991 election. So what? That figure may suggest something (possibly about the experience, information, and judgment of the electorate), but what does it demonstrate? Since when are facts, even such judgment-tinged ones as facts about a person's competence and moral character, established by majority vote? Even if other people have voted heavily for a particular politician, how does that historical incident commit me — or the American people — to admiring him or sending troops to support him?

Democracy is not an end in its own right. Constitutional democracy is an instrument that may possibly uphold conditions under which people have a chance at peace, freedom, prosperity, and happy lives. For nations that can handle it, democracy works less badly than other methods of choosing, disciplining, and replacing rulers. As *The Economist* editorialized in its issue of August 27, a democratic system bolstered by suitable traditions offers chances for political continuity, for reliability of property rights, and therefore for peace and prosperity.

Haiti cannot establish these conditions merely by wishing for them, or merely by wishes plus American troops. What that country needs now is a benevolent dictatorship, externally imposed and monitored, to enforce peace and security and so give Haitians a chance to get along successfully with their own lives.

I cannot see how it is in the interest of the United States or of any other power, however, to shoulder the burden of trying to provide those conditions.

—Leland B. Yeager

Adventures in nation-building — Every president should be allowed to have his own little military adventure, just to get it out of his system. Even "draft-dodging, gay-loving, pot-smoking, womanizing" presidents.

Bill Clinton, still sore after being bested by an African "warlord," has decided to spend his adventure "restoring" "democracy" to Haiti. So far, the non-invasion has showcased Clinton's most endearing quality: his incompetence. He embarked on this adventure with little public support and a mish-mash of half-assed justifications. Even the Republican-conservative establishment has registered their opposition. The Gingrich-Limbaugh-Dole axis is usually eager to have the 82nd Airborne shed Third World blood in the name of "national security," but for once — strangely enough, during the reign of the Vicar of Hope — they have decided to defer to the

ghosts of Taft and Lindbergh. The only enthusiastic supporters of Clinton's war policy have come from the usually pacifist black-leftist elite — and even they seem to be having some second thoughts, now that the colossal failure of Operation Uphold Democracy is becoming clear to all.

Clinton's Haiti policy looks more like George Bush's handling of the 1991 Civil Rights Act than any past military adventure. In 1990, Bush vetoed a civil rights bill that overturned several Supreme Court decisions, calling it a "quota bill," and lost forever any chance to gain support in the civil rights community. In 1991, he signed a virtually identical bill that managed to infuriate almost everyone else, especially the fire-breathing Pat Buchanan, who later had some success on the campaign trail berating the former president with the "quota bill" issue. The biggest beneficiaries of Clinton's Haitian policy will be those who decide to seek his job in 1996 — and those who would have died had a "competent" president been in charge.

—Clark Stooksbury

Cleaning up — In the first week of October, *The Nation* reported that the CIA helped *establish* America's current Public Enemy Number One: FRAPH, Haiti's secret police. This story is not very surprising. Once again, the best argument for an American intervention abroad (Panama, Iraq, Somalia, etc.) appears to be "let's clean up after ourselves." Hardly stirring, but perhaps appropriate for this environmentally conscious age.

—Timothy Virkkala

Keep the homefires burning — During the Gulf War, hawkish friends and acquaintances of the Republican persuasion told me I was wrong to oppose the war publicly, because antiwar demonstrations are bad for the troops' morale. They told me the military was right to censor soldiers who tried to tell reporters about their apprehensions, because this too would endanger morale. They told me it was impossible to "support the troops, not the war," as one popular slogan had it, because one could only support America's soldiers by supporting their mission. When I brought up my personal variation on that slogan — "support the troops by saving their lives" — they sneered and said I would never understand geopolitical realities.

I wonder how those hawks feel now that Bill Clinton is in charge of America's foreign policy. I don't see them complaining about press coverage of military dissatisfaction, typified by Army Specialist Marc Pierre's statement in the October 3 *USA Today*: "Ask anybody what we're doing here and they'll say, 'I don't know.' This is a joke." I don't see them saying it's impossible to empathize with Pierre without also supporting Clinton's Haiti policy. I certainly don't see them stifling any criticisms for the sake of troop morale.

I suppose I shouldn't look this gift horse in the mouth. If even Rush Limbaugh is willing to drop his put-aside-our-differences-and-support-our-president-in-wartime mantra, just because he happens for once to oppose a war, that can only be good news. But when President Kemp or Cheney or Dole or Powell sends warships to Korea, will the Republicans remember their brief tenure as dissenters? Or will they return to their old role as Thought Police?

—Jesse Walker

Coincidence? — On August 25, 1994, President William Jefferson Clinton's crime bill was passed, thanks to a last-

Gem Proof Silver Dollars

...less than \$10 each!



U.S. Silver Dollar, 1983 Olympic



U.S. Silver Dollar, 1986 Statue of Liberty



During the 1980s, we warned you against buying the Proof Silver Dollars offered by the U.S. Mint. We felt the Mint's prices were so high that those who bought were guaranteed to lose money.

We were right. People who bought from the Mint did lose money, and lots of it.

But today, the market has over-reacted. It is possible for you to buy these large, 90% silver dollars at a fraction of their issue price, *even cheaper than common date Mint State Morgan and Peace dollars*. But you must act quickly!

The 1983 U.S. Silver Dollar issued to commemorate the 1984 Olympic Games in Los Angeles — with its Olympic discus thrower on its obverse and a deviant American Eagle on its reverse — is a magnificent coin. Back in 1983, the U.S. Mint charged \$24.95 for it.

That price was too high, and savvy investors stayed away from the 1983 Olympic dollar.

Today, you can buy the 1983 Olympic dollar, in gleaming Gem Proof condition, still in the special protective holder issued by the U.S. Mint, for less than \$10.

Its price today is a bargain.

Bargains from the Eighties

The same is true of the 1986 Statue of Liberty Silver Dollar, pictured above to the right: its design is beautiful, its high purity and heavy silver content make it a magnificent coin. At the Mint's price of \$22.50, it was too expensive. But at today's price of about \$10, it's a bargain.

The same is true of the 1987 U.S. Constitution Silver Dollar, and the 1988 Olympic Silver Dollar . . . they are magnificent coins, beautifully designed and perfectly struck. And overpriced by the Mint, but a bargain at today's price.

A Very Special Opportunity

Over the past few months, we have been quietly acquiring the underpriced Silver Dollars from the 1980s, carefully acquiring only coins in Gem Proof condition, in the original protective holders is-

sued by the U.S. Mint. Thanks to our careful efforts, we have been able to accumulate more than 2,000 specimens, which we offer in bulk lots as cheaply as \$9.95 per coin.

That's a savings of 54% to 69% compared to the U.S. Mint's original issue prices, which ranged from \$22.50 to \$32.00! Think of it . . . Silver Dollars struck to the high standards of the classic Morgan Silver Dollar, at a price well below both the original issue price and the current catalog value! And in Gem Proof condition!

Act Today! The low price has already stimulated buying from dealers and investors. We are aggressively buying coins for our inventory, but we cannot guarantee to hold our price once our inventory is depleted.

To confirm your purchase, call toll-free at 1-800-321-1542. (In Michigan call 1-800-933-4720.) Or return the coupon below.

Yes! Please send me the rolls of 20 U.S. 90% Silver Dollars in Gem Proof condition that I have indicated below. I understand that all are Commemorative issues from the 1980s, issued in accordance with the old standard for U.S. silver dollars as issued 1878-1935, and are backed by your exclusive guarantee of grading and authenticity, and that I may return any within 15 days for a full refund.

___ Gem Proof Silver Dollars (1-4 rolls) @ \$210/roll = ___
 ___ Gem Proof Silver Dollars (5-9 rolls) @ \$204/roll = ___
 ___ Gem Proof Silver Dollars (10+ rolls) @ \$199/roll = ___

Shipping & Handling \$5.00

Total Enclosed ___

Name _____

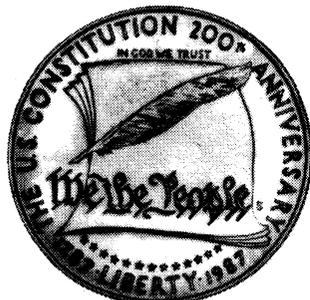
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1987 U.S. Constitution Silver Dollar



1988 Olympic Silver Dollar

minute decision by several members of the House Black Caucus to foresake their opposition and cast their lot with the president. Twenty-five days later, the United States sent an army of occupation to Haiti, thanks to a last-minute decision by Bill Clinton to foresake his opposition and follow the policy recommendation of the Black Caucus. It makes one wonder: if the president's crime bill had passed easily, without needing the support of the Black Caucus, would Marines be shooting Haitians today?

I know Clinton promised us more cops on the street, but I assumed he meant *in this country*. —Chester Alan Arthur

Why are we in Hispaniola? — The Haiti crisis — what a bore. If you suspend your moral indignation for even a second, the boredom becomes oppressive. If you think about the electronic media's attempt to fill almost a week of dead air with reports on Our Conquest of Haiti, a foregone conclusion, the boredom becomes overwhelming.

Consider what happened when Rush Limbaugh suspended his indignation. He paused, just for a *second*, in the midst of a fiery denunciation of Clinton's war policy. And immediately it occurred to him that there was something more interesting to talk about. He remembered that he, Rush, had a popcorn husk lodged somewhere in his gullet. "It doesn't cause me any pain; but I know it's there, and I'd like to get it out." Would gargling with Snapple get it out? Was it proper to gargle with Snapple so that ten million people can hear you? And so Rush whiled away the afternoon of September 16, as he waited for the Marines to start conquering Haiti.

If nothing is happening *now* in a crisis that simply *has* to be covered (American lives being at stake, and all), what can a poor electronic medium do?

Well, it might find something interesting to say about how that crisis came to be. It might explore its history. Haiti has a very interesting history. It is a place, as Faulkner described it, that "might have been created and set aside by Heaven itself as a theatre for violence and injustice and bloodshed and all the satanic lusts of human greed and cruelty." My most vivid memory of reading the history of Haiti is the image of one of its many deposed presidents being torn to pieces by a mob while trying to scale the wall of a foreign embassy.

The great television networks could have whiled away the tedious hours of "crisis" reportage by retelling some fasci-

nating stories from this history, like the story of how the United States once decided to set things right in Haiti and ended up occupying it for 19 years. Viewers would certainly rather learn about this than watch a bunch of white people sweating like crazy in the tropical sun and glaring into the camera to tell us, hour by hour, that President Carter is still negotiating with General Cedras.

But some Haitian stories — all Haitian stories, in fact — are better off not being told, if one has any lingering sympathy for Democratic presidents who want to intervene in Haiti (and who else would?). Radio talk show hosts, who are almost all conservative Republicans, are free to liven things up a little. Even though Rush was evidently bored with the whole matter, he did manage to convey some information about our previous invasion.

But the television people, who are almost all "liberal" Democrats, did nothing to expand the brief narration of Haitian history that Clinton delivered in his stop-or-I'll-shoot speech of September 15. "Two hundred years ago," intoned the Mouse That Roared, "the Haitian people struggled for independence. But once they had achieved it, their hopes for freedom were snuffed out." Oh, gosh. Who snuffed them, do you suppose? And who kept them snuffed? No human agency is stated. It must have been a hurricane or something. But nothing that American know-how can't fix.

That was the implication, and none of the television people, who are supposed to be so avid for facts, was willing to send the office boy down to the library to get a book that might shed some light on it all. The problem of Haiti had to remain present time, and personal: Will we or will we not put Jean-Bertrand Aristide, the "democratically elected president of Haiti," back in power?

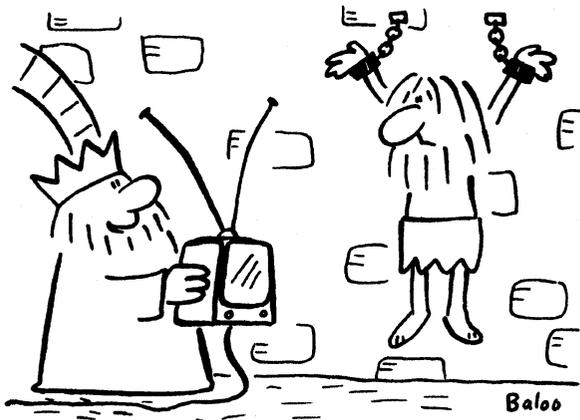
In that case, maybe somebody could add a little spice by telling us the personal history of our friend J-B.

Clinton did the best he could do. He called his buddy "Father Aristide" so often that one began to picture J-B as Bing Crosby and Clinton as his old Irish housekeeper. But there was a hint, just a slight hint, of something not entirely . . . not entirely mentionable about Aristide. The hint came when Clinton threw a kind of Rotary luncheon in the East Room and had the good "parish priest" stand up and give his word that if he ever got back to his parish he would refrain from telling mobs to burn his opponents to death.

Sly little J-B didn't say that in so many words, of course, but you'd be able to catch his meaning if you'd ever seen the notorious videotape in which he croons about the wonders of a certain "instrument" — an instrument that sounds a lot more like a burning tire fastened around somebody's neck than it sounds like "constitutional government" or any other interpretation that has been wrenched to fit it.

This videotape, with its fascinating insight into a personal history at least as interesting as that of O. J. Simpson, was not much exploited by the television people. The only person who seems to have shown it during the crisis was John McLaughlin. McLaughlin was outraged by what it seemed to indicate about the political causes that Clinton would use our military to support. McLaughlin's Group acted as if outrage were beside the point. Discussion ceased.

In other video venues, discussion hardly began. During the afternoon of September 16, CNN's Port-au-Prince correspon-



"You're all out of shape, so I'm going to let you watch Richard Simmons."

continued on page 69

Journal

Out of Cuba: Cubans in Florida and on the High Seas

by Grover Joseph Rees

As Castro plays Clinton like a fiddle, Cubans flee their island. Some find freedom, others a watery grave.

September 17, 1993 (Friday)

It is good to be back at the Miami International Airport. It is an exciting and informative airport: like Heathrow or Honolulu, unlike LAX and DFW, it tells you right away just where you are and puts you in mind of other places it might be interesting to go. I spent a lot of time here two years ago, when I worked for INS and Haitians had been designated Alien of the Month. Now I have a feeling that this honor may soon devolve upon Cubans, and so I have come back to learn more about them.

Finding some Cubans does not take long. The first person who talks to me in Miami, the waitress at the airport coffee shop, begins the conversation in Spanish. My halting response causes her to switch smoothly and cheerfully to English, but the culture war does not end there. She takes my order for coffee to mean that I would like a *café cubano*, which is thicker than espresso and comes in a tiny paper cup with lots of sugar. She turns out to be right about this, but somehow I know the authors of *The Immigration Time Bomb* would not approve.

Time Bomb is the anti-immigration bible. It was written in 1985 by then Gov. Richard Lamm of Colorado, a left-of-center Democrat who had achieved national prominence with his suggestion that old people should be dying with dignity and without undue delay, and a man named Gary Imhoff from a group that calls itself the Federation for American Immigration Reform, or FAIR for short. The book uses the Cubans of Miami as an illustration of immigration run amok: they have taken American jobs, sucked up "massive amounts of federal resettlement aid," displaced and alienated members of other minority groups. The authors also suggest that the Cubans who came in the 1980 "Mariel boat-lift" — generally acknowledged to have included many thousands of law-abiding people along with a much smaller number of career criminals deliberately sprinkled into the mix by Fidel Castro — were really almost all criminals. Finally, and maybe worst of all, the Miami Cubans have

lived in "isolation and insularity," retaining their ancestral language and strong emotional ties to their home country. I have packed a copy of *Time Bomb* in my briefcase, right next to *1001 Pitfalls in Spanish*.

The anti-immigration people are right about one thing: Spanish is spoken here. What is harder to understand is why they mind. More precisely, why does "feeling like a foreigner in your own country" bother me so little and them so very much? What exactly do they mean, the people who say things like Last American Out of Miami, Please Pull Up the Flag?

One response to this sort of thing is that Miami has done awfully well by being the gateway to Latin America. Thirty years ago, as Lamm and Imhoff acknowledge, it was a "quiet, undistinguished city"; now it is among the great commercial and cultural centers of our hemisphere, with the problems but also the advantages of a great city. This transformation is generally acknowledged to have resulted not only from geography but also from the resettlement here during the 1960s and 1970s of much of Cuba's professional and business class. If commerce with Spanish-speaking countries is your ticket to greatness, you might just decide to get used to hearing some Spanish spoken. You might even learn some yourself.

A more complicated answer has to do with the uses to which Spanish-speaking is put. My encounter with the waitress turns out to be typical. People speak to me in Spanish more often than not, perhaps because my features are dark, perhaps just because they are used to people being able to speak Spanish. As soon as it occurs to them that I would be more comfortable speaking English — this generally happens after a sentence or two — they do so. This seems the best of both worlds: real bilingualism, not the Orwellian phenomenon of the same name that keeps schoolchildren from ever learning English.

By addressing me in Spanish but being willing and able

to speak English if I prefer, Hispanic Americans are welcoming and including me, maybe even complimenting me. I am made to feel like an insider, not a foreigner; and I get to learn a little Spanish. This is the very opposite of the Paris Syndrome, in which control over the choice of language is wielded to establish dominance and in which little or no useful information is exchanged. In America beyond the melting pot, assimilation works both ways.

Perhaps the Cubans I have encountered on previous visits to Miami are altogether different people than those the *Time Bomb* people are worried about. Most of the ones I meet are as American as I am, unless I get extra credit for being monolingual. Indeed, these people have much in common socially and culturally with my own family in Louisiana. Although most of us born since World War II and the invention of television have grown up speaking only a few words of French, this makes us sad and a little embarrassed; and we know from our grandparents that it is possible, even easy, to be a true cultural Cajun and a true patriotic American.

The Cuban-Americans seem to be getting both parts of this equation right. Even those who grew up here seem to speak Spanish fluently and often, but they also speak English without a Hispanic accent. Some aspects of assimilation can be disconcerting: one young man introduces himself as Angel, pronouncing it as in English. I have not met anyone who has done this with the name *Jésus*. In a related development, however, I know a few Cubans who have left the faith of their fathers for evangelical Protestantism.

The Miami Cuban residential pattern is like that of Italian-Americans in the middle of this century: ethnically mixed suburbs, ethnically homogenous working-class neighborhoods, no slums. Cubans do not contribute disproportionately to crime or to the welfare rolls. In the two congressional districts dominated by them, the Republican primary is tantamount to election; but in the current mayoral campaign many Cubans are supporting a conservative Anglo Democrat against a nominally Republican Cuban who is deemed insufficiently anti-Communist. With immigrants like these, who needs nativists?

September 18, 1993 (Saturday)

Early in the morning I meet Nick Gutiérrez, who has arranged for us to fly over the ocean, a few miles from Cuba, with *Los Hermanos al Rescate* — Brothers to the Rescue. We will be looking for people who have escaped from Cuba on small boats, rafts, and inner tubes.

I met Nick a few years ago when he was president of the Georgetown chapter of the Federalist Society, a group of conservative and libertarian law students. He is now an associate at a downtown law firm — the “blue chip” kind with three English names on the door, but a number of the partners and nearly half the associates have Spanish surnames. Nick is also the president of a group called *Puente de Jóvenes Profesionales Cubanos* (Bridge of Young Cuban Professionals). Like any number of other exile organizations, the Puente wants to help determine the shape of Cuba after Castro. Specifically, it wants a “democratic Cuba with constitutional safeguards and a free market economy.”

Some of these young people, including Nick, are hoping that free markets and constitutional safeguards will begin

with the return of the property that was confiscated from their own parents after the revolution. This issue is complicated and controversial, but it is generally agreed that the luckiest exile families are those whose homes were nice enough to be turned over to high-ranking Communist officials. It should be both politically unproblematic and morally satisfying to dispossess the current occupants of these homes — in contrast to the innocent third parties who have been assigned to most confiscated houses — once the government falls. Moreover, some residences of party officials have been well-preserved while everything else in Cuba has crumbled. A few young Cuban-Americans have taken advantage of the recent relaxation of travel restrictions to conduct discreet inventories of what is left of their families’ homes and businesses. Most, however, prefer to postpone their homecoming to a time when it will not generate hard currency for Castro. They all expect this time to come soon.

Nick and I drive north and west of the city to Opa-Locka Airport, on the edge of the Everglades. The Opa-Locka runway is shared by a private aviation terminal and a Coast Guard base. The Coast Guard side is where we INS employees would catch planes for Guantánamo, the United States naval base on the south shore of Cuba, where we used to interview Haitian boat people who had been intercepted on the high seas.

During the time of the Guantánamo operation, those Haitians who were found to have a “credible fear of persecution” were brought into the United States to apply for political asylum. Those who were deemed ineligible for asylum because they were fleeing other things than political persecution, or just looking for a better life — about 65% of those encountered — were returned to Haiti on Coast Guard cutters. The INS asylum screening on Guantánamo stopped in May 1992, when our government decided that the 35% screen-in rate was acting as a “magnet” for an unacceptably large number of departures from Haiti. Since then the Coast Guard has been interdicting boats full of fleeing Haitians and repatriating them without asylum interviews. Opa-Locka was part of all that, and so was I; and so I find some awkwardness but also some comfort in our new association in an enterprise whose goal is to bring *balseros* — raft people — into the United States, no questions asked.

At the Opa-Locka terminal there is a group of older men, with a few young ones and two young women, sitting at a round table drinking cafe cubano. Most are wearing T-shirts and baseball caps with the Cuban flag on them, or with a stylized drawing of the flag along with a wave, a boat, and a seagull. Nick and I stand respectfully outside the circle. After a minute or so the man who seems to be in charge looks over.

“¿Qué tal, Nick?”

“¿Qué tal, Don José?”

This is José Basulto, who organized the *Hermanos* two years ago and who, as I have been told several times in reverential whispers, fought at the Bay of Pigs. He is sharing what seem to be intelligence reports with the assembled pilots and spotters: We may pick up our one-thousandth person today. There are a lot of people out on the water today, even including some military people. Things are really falling apart in the country. It looks like Castro will be out in two or three months.

In a few minutes a television crew from Orlando arrives, and Don José switches from Spanish to English. He reminds the pilots not to drop food and water to the balseros unless it is absolutely necessary: a package can hit the water with the force of a cannonball. Besides, going three more hours without water, until the Coast Guard comes, will not kill these people. Jumping into the water to get the package might kill them. And remember: if you have problems, I am your ambassador on the ground.

Each of the pilots is assigned an area somewhere between Florida and Cuba and a code name: Carlos will be Gull Bravo today. No, Carlos is always Charlie. Okay. And where is Gull Alpha? Señor Alpha, check out Elbow Cay. See if the people who were there last night have been picked up. If not, I am gonna raise hell. Now let's go. Of course, we are gonna pray first.

We say the prayer on the runway, joining hands. We pray for safety, for luck, and to be together soon in Cuba.

Five minutes later, Señor Alpha has already taken off, in a tiny single-engine plane festooned with *Hermanos al Rescate* stickers. The two young women are with him. The plane to which Nick and I have been assigned takes a while to fuel up, and then there are some negotiations about whether the airport maintenance people gave us the right sorts of life jackets. I am impatient: I sense that all the luck and all the balseros will be with Señor Alpha today.

Our pilot, Gilberto, is a businessman who owns his own plane and spends most of his Saturdays flying with the *Hermanos*. The pilots donate their time and the use of their planes; the organization pays for fuel and a part-time secretary.

The copilot, Arturo, introduces himself as a former captain in the Venezuelan Air Force. He is only 29, but he is a man who knows a lot about a lot of things — about Cuba, about Florida, about airplanes and politics and why things happen the way they do — and who is not unwilling to share this knowledge. After the counter-revolution he will be the obvious choice for minister of information. It is good to have him in the plane, because he knows how to keep a conversation going, and it turns out that the principal occupational hazard of staring at the ocean for hours on end is the danger of falling asleep. Several people have warned me of this danger. They all add that if I fall asleep, someone might die.

Many of the balseros do die. Often the searchers find empty rafts or inner tubes; occasionally they have found bodies, or parts of bodies. Usually, however, the only evidence is circumstantial: someone in Cuba telephones a friend in the United States to ask that the *Hermanos* or the Coast Guard make a special effort to find their son or brother, who is somewhere out on the ocean. Most of the time, about three-fourths of the time, the person is never found.

Finally we are airborne. For a few minutes we fly along the coastline, past the city and Biscayne Bay and the northern tip of Key Largo. Then the Keys fade away to the west and we head due south over the ocean, toward Cuba. After a few minutes a sleek white corporate-looking jet swoops down out of nowhere and flies alongside us, close enough that we can see faces in the cockpit. Arturo tells me it is a Cessna Citation 550 belonging to U.S. Customs, engaged in a search for drug dealers. After a minute or two it pulls away and climbs quickly back into deep heaven.

When we cross the twenty-fourth parallel, over international waters about 40 miles from the coast of Cuba, we come into the range of "Havana Center" air control. Gilberto duly reports our presence in the area, and a man answers in American-accented English. Maybe this is Axis Sally's grandnephew, or maybe just a long-lost member of the Yale Class of 1969. Gilberto tells him we are going to be flying around in the area for five-and-one-half hours. Havana Center requests no further information and has presumably figured out who we are, but Gilberto adds: Brothers to the Rescue. He says it in an over-and-out sort of voice, with the merest trace of *Hi There Fidel*. Notwithstanding my fondness for people who help tyrants to read things without their spectacles, this worries me.

Arturo says not to worry. Nobody bothers you unless Fidel wants. But what if Fidel does want? Well, then they would bother you no matter what you say.

At least once Fidel did bother the *Hermanos*. This was in 1991, a few months after they had begun flying. In those days they did not bother to report their presence to Havana Center. Then one day a MiG flew out to investigate. A few minutes later two F-16s from Homestead Air Force Base flew out to investigate the MiG. Eventually everybody went home, but Havana subsequently

sent a message that it could "not guarantee the safety" of the *Hermanos*. This was no surprise to the *Hermanos*, who had never regarded the Cuban government as an especially reliable guarantor of safety, but they began reporting to Havana Center.

They do not, however, reveal their exact search pattern. Once, during a discussion over the radio among several of the pilots, the ambassador on the ground admonishes, "Gentlemen, we must maintain security at all times. Don't go giving away your position." The danger is not so much that our planes will be shot out of the sky as that if we find any balseros, they will be picked up by Cuban gunboats before the Coast Guard can get to them. Most of the people picked up by the Cuban government are brought back to be tried and imprisoned, but there are stories about gunboat crews using raft people for target practice. So we report our position to Opa-Locka by reference to our progress along the secret flight path rather than to latitude and longitude, and we keep



an eye out for gunboats.

Just before we arrive in our designated search area, we see Elbow Cay off to our right. Like the other islands between Cuba and the Florida Keys, it is small and uninhabited and belongs to the Bahamas. Because we have not heard anything on the radio about the people who were there yesterday, I gather that the Bahamian authorities have come for them.

At 10:03 a.m., however, Gull Alpha reports six people on an island called Anguilla Key. The pilot reports how to find them. José Basulto will call the Coast Guard, who will call the Bahamians. Congratulations all around.

A few minutes later we arrive at Cay Sal, the only island in our own search area. Arturo tells us to get ready, we are going to "orbit it." We fly around the island, checking for rafters who may have washed ashore. On the far shore are two abandoned buildings. There are also small boats. We see no people, but Nick thinks he sees footprints, so we go around twice more.

I see no footprints, just a perfect white beach and turquoise water. I resist this thought, feeling like a man who has just found himself coveting his neighbor's wife in church. Anyway, the plane could never land there. Eventually we decide the boats must belong to whoever once owned the houses.

For the rest of the morning and into the afternoon we fly back and forth, 500 feet over the ocean. It is hot. They were right to warn me about the danger of falling asleep. Looking for small objects on the surface of the ocean is like grading law exams: excruciatingly boring, but unlike most boring enterprises in that it requires your attention to be riveted upon its object at all times. You must not miss a single detail lest you commit a grave injustice. We do our best, and we manage to stay awake, but we do not save any lives today.

When we return to Opa-Locka we find Señor Alpha washing his airplane. He is Alfredo Sánchez, a tall, greying man who seems athletic and slightly professorial, and he is about to put another Hermanos al Rescate sticker on his plane. There are perhaps 20 of them, each with the drawing of a flag and a wave and a seagull, one for every time Alfredo has helped to rescue someone.

Today Alfredo's copilot, Virginie Buchette-Puyperoux, was flying the plane when they arrived at Anguilla, about 30 miles north of Cuba. Virginie flew about 300 feet over the water while Alfredo and his daughter Sofia scanned the island.

Then Alfredo saw the people. "They were hard to see, because they were in the bush toward the center of the island, away from the shore. But there were five of them, waving at us, and one of them had an orange flag. We went back ten to 15 times, and sometimes we could not see them. We dropped a message that said, stay there, someone will come. They were very happy, and they waved again. Then we continued our search. Of course, if it had been a raft instead of people on an island, we would have circled until they were picked up."

Alfredo Sánchez escaped from Cuba in 1962. Now he owns a sugar cane farm near Palm Beach, and he has been flying with the Hermanos since the beginning. He regards these missions as an obvious thing for him to do, and the quest of these Cubans for safety and freedom as his own.

Some of the people he has helped to rescue have later flown with him, looking for other balseros.

Virginie, an articulate and dazzling young Frenchwoman, is one of several non-Cubans who flew today. She is a commercial pilot who gives flying lessons out of Opa-Locka, and she learned about the Hermanos when a Cuban-American colleague began flying rescue missions. Virginie joined not because of any special interest in Cuban politics, but because she thought it would be "fantastic to save a life." These were the lives she was in the best position to save, and now she does it two or three days a week.

I ask Virginie whether she is concerned about the potential immigration consequences of her activities, or about the possibility that an ongoing rescue program could operate as a "magnet" to encourage more unsafe departures. She points out that people were risking their lives to escape Cuba long before there were any rescue missions. While she agrees that too much immigration can be a problem, "the handful of people we save will not cause any problems for America."

September 19, 1993 (Sunday)

The news today is all about Cuba. On Friday a Cuban air force pilot took his MiG on a 13-minute flight to Key West, flying 50 feet above the water at 500 miles per hour to avoid radar detection. He requested political asylum upon his arrival. Another Cuban is in a Miami hospital after having his foot blown off in the minefield the regime has planted around the United States base at Guantánamo. "At least I am free," he tells a *Miami Herald* reporter. "Here with one foot, I am a man anyway. There, with two feet, I was just a dog."

The most amazing recent news is the arrival in Miami of several balseros who had been forcibly returned to Cuba after being picked up by a Mexican vessel. Cuban-American organizations and members of the Florida congressional delegation lodged urgent protests with Washington. In what must have been an interesting series of negotiations, our government convinced Mexico to convince Havana to let this group of balseros leave instead of prosecuting them under Cuba's harsh illegal-exit laws.* They flew to Mexico and then to Miami. The Cuban community celebrated all week, except during the funeral service for the seven members of the group who died during the sea voyage.

Cubans here are less enthusiastic about the latest piece of news, which is that Havana has turned over two accused drug smugglers to our Drug Enforcement Agency. A month ago the suspects drove their speedboat, the *Thief of Hearts*, into Cuban territorial waters in order to elude a pursuing U.S. army helicopter. The Cuban government took them into custody, and yesterday the DEA flew to Havana for what the *Herald* characterizes as "a historic transfer of prisoners" to complete "the first U.S.-Cuban drug bust."

* According to a story by *Miami Herald* reporters Alfonso Chardy and Lisette Alvarez, leaders of the Cuban American National Foundation also negotiated directly with Mexico. The Foundation had earlier decided to support NAFTA, but might have reconsidered its support if nothing had been done about the deported balseros.

Cuban exiles have nothing against drug busts, but many of them oppose any expansion at all of our relations with Castro. They worry that this case may be part of a pattern — fewer travel restrictions, new telephone service, a rumored renewal of negotiations on longstanding immigration disputes — that will allow Castro to extract important concessions in other areas, or at least to shore up his tottering domestic and international support by claiming a dramatic change in his relationship with the United States.

Nor is it even clear that a closer relationship with the Cuban government is on balance a particularly effective drug enforcement strategy: there is reason to believe that the biggest drug smuggler in Cuba is the government itself. A few months ago the U.S. attorney in Miami was reported to be preparing an indictment against a number of Cuban officials, including Raúl Castro, the brother of Fidel, alleging a longstanding conspiracy to import massive amounts of cocaine into the United States. Nothing appears to have come of this project, and today DEA Administrator Robert Bonner is quoted as saying that the *Thief of Hearts* case is “an important step forward in our bilateral, counternarcotics relationship.”

Today I drive to Key West to visit the Cuban Refugee Transit Home, where most rescued balseros begin their new lives in the United States. The Transit Home is located in a modest building in an even more modest neighborhood, surrounded by take-out restaurants and aging trailer homes with wooden porches attached and something that looks like a permanent yard sale. In back of the Transit Home there is a collection of balsero artifacts, including some of the rafts themselves. They range from six to 18 feet long, and from absolutely pathetic to nearly seaworthy.

The people on duty this evening — all Cubans, all volunteers — tell me I should have come earlier. There was a group of several people, men and women and children, who had been rescued yesterday. They had only been on the water for a couple of days. On Friday they saw a fighter plane coming toward them from Cuba, flying fast and low. At first they thought it was the government looking for them; then the plane flew by and they understood. It was the MiG pilot on his way to Key West. They waved and cheered, and the first thing they asked when they were rescued the next day was whether the pilot had arrived safely. They left a couple of hours ago for Miami, where they will be resettled by the U.S. Catholic Conference.

A young man comes in with plates of food for the volunteers. He has flown today with the Rafters Rescue Legion, a new group that flies out of Key West. Today he saw Cuba for the first time in his life. He says this softly, in English: *I saw Cuba today. I saw Cuba.*

The only balsero at the Transit Home tonight is Vicente Torres. He is 29 years old, and he was rescued three days ago after spending two weeks on the ocean.

Vicente lived in Havana, in an area called Arroyo Naranjo. He was the manager of a market. He says he resigned before he left, because “if they catch you, the sen-

tence is higher if you have a job. They claim you stole goods from your place of employment.”

He planned his departure for two months, telling no one. “*La seguridad* tries to find who is preparing an illegal exit. Whole families have been arrested when rafts are found in homes.” So Vicente purchased an inflatable raft in another city, telling the black-market vendor that he planned to resell the raft “as a business deal.”

Vicente left at 9 p.m. and rode his bicycle to the ocean, carrying the raft and two inner tubes in a sack. Then he threw the bike away, inflated the raft and the inner tubes, and put out to sea.

“The experience? There is nothing to compare. I had calculated six to seven days, but I got lost. I don’t know whether I was in the Gulf or the Atlantic Ocean. On the second night a Cuban boat bumped me, maybe by accident, maybe on purpose. I did not reveal myself. I escaped the propellor.

“During the two weeks I saw several boats. They saw me but would not help. The one that came closest was a container ship, on the fourth day at about 10 a.m. I do not understand what the words mean in English, but I could read the letters on the back of the ship: M-E-A-T-L-O-A-K. The captain saw me and he changed course and sailed away.

“On the fourteenth day, I was rescued by a ship called the *Melbana*. They circled until the Coast Guard came.

“I hid from the sun under the inner tubes. I always had faith in God, but there were moments when I started to doubt. It is a difficult moment. There is nothing to compare.”

I ask Vicente why he wanted to leave Cuba. He says he could not support his two children. “I did not have any possibility, because of the level of the life being lived.” He quotes various prices of things, blaming them all on Fidel. “I decided to risk my life to see if I could make it to America. Maybe I can bring my children here someday. Maybe they will have a chance.”

Now I find myself thinking like an INS interviewer: Vicente does not sound like a political refugee. He sounds more like what we call an “economic migrant.” Just to be sure, I ask him whether he had any personal problems with the government, or with the Committee for the Defense of the Revolution in his neighborhood or at work. “No, I do not like the whole situation with the government, but I had no personal problems. I avoided them.”

Then how would he respond to people who say there is no room here for people like him, people fleeing economic conditions rather than political persecution? The question is translated, and for a moment Vicente looks at me as though at a madman, or a monster. Then he decides that maybe I just don’t get it: “*Es el mismo sistema!*” It is the same system.

“All things are tied together: the political system, the economic system, the social system. I had no ambitions, just to live a free life. But Fidel is putting brother against brother, just to prove that somebody still supports the Revolution.”

Vicente will not have to qualify for refugee status in order to remain in the United States. Because he and other balseros picked up by the Coast Guard are “paroled” into the country by INS, they are the beneficiaries of the Cuban Adjustment Act, which provides permanent resident status after a year for Cubans who are lawfully admitted or paroled.

Even in the absence of the Adjustment Act, however, those baltersos who did not have the requisite fear of political persecution at the time they left Cuba would probably have acquired such a fear — or at least a solid objective basis for it — in the very act of leaving. Not only the length of sentences typically imposed on persons who are caught attempting to flee the country, but also the rhetoric surrounding enforcement of the illegal-exit laws, strongly suggest that the regime is punishing such people not as routine law-breakers but as perceived enemies of the state.

Vicente does not know the U.S. asylum law, but he knows what will happen to him if he goes back: "My best friend was sentenced three times, first to nine months, then 18 months, then two years. The judges are strict because they charge you with being *desafecto al proceso revolucionario* — alienated from the revolutionary process." Human rights observers report that sentences can be even higher for baltersos charged under a catch-all provision punishing *peligrosidad*, or "dangerousness."

After I have wished Vicente well and turned to go, I have an afterthought, a question I used to ask when I was with the government: How did our people treat you? He brightens. "Beautiful." The Coast Guard? The INS? "Yes. Beautiful. They were all trying to help me. You cannot understand how badly the government treats people in Cuba. Here they were gentle. It is like night and day. There is nothing to compare."

January 1, 1994 (Saturday)

Fidel is still in power. The United States has not charged Raúl Castro or any other Cuban official with conspiracy to import cocaine. On September 28, a week after I left Miami, the Justice Department announced a new agreement for "expanded repatriation of Mariel Cuban felons."

A few Cubans, including relatives of the prisoners, expressed objections to the substance of this agreement. They claim that we have no way to monitor the treatment of prisoners who are returned to Cuba, and that many of those we have returned in the past have "disappeared." Others objected to the timing. Representative Lincoln Díaz-Balart, a Miami Republican, was quoted as saying that "Castro is pursuing these negotiations to create the impression, even on these supposedly technical immigration matters, that the United States is changing its policy. We shouldn't be giving him straws to grasp."

Last week Fidel Castro's daughter applied for political asylum while on a trip to Spain. She says she has no particular objection to socialism except that it causes food shortages, but that she vehemently objects to her father's slogan, "Socialism or Death." She says she believes human beings were meant to live, not die.

The Coast Guard has just announced that the number of baltersos recovered in 1993 was about 50% higher than in 1992. This means about 3000 people, as opposed to about 2000 in 1992. The increase amounts to far less than an order of magnitude, and the total is a tiny fraction of the million or so people who wander across the southern border every year. The only thing newsworthy about the Coast Guard

announcement is that it was made at all. Government announcements about how many people of a particular nationality have arrived in the United States are often the first sign that this nationality is about to be identified as a special immigration problem. If you are a boat person, even one with a strong refugee claim, this kind of attention is not what you want. Ask the Haitians and the Chinese.

Congress is unlikely to repeal the Cuban Adjustment Act any time soon, even though many immigration-policy aficionados regard it as a "Cold War relic" that gives Cubans an unfair advantage over Haitians and others who are refused entry into the United States unless they can qualify as political refugees. Even without repeal of the Adjustment Act, however, our government could deny protection to Cubans by simply not admitting or paroling them in the first place. No law would prevent us from picking up Cuban boat people on the high seas and returning them directly to Cuba, just as we do with Haitians and have recently begun doing with Chinese. Ironically, we will become more likely to want to do this if conditions become worse in Cuba — even if what becomes worse is political repression. The more intolerable the government becomes, the more people will leave, and the more announcements we are likely to hear about how many more "migrants" reached our shores this month than last month.

The strongest argument in favor of a change in our policy toward Cubans is the tension between this policy and our current policies toward persons of other nationalities. When I was in the government it seemed that equal protection arguments were almost always made in favor of giving less protection to the favored group, never the other way around. When we were deciding what to do with the Haitians, I cannot recall anyone in the government suggesting that we should just let them all in because this is what we do with Cubans. Whenever we were considering a favorable decision with respect to Cubans, however, someone would always ask how it was going to make the poor Haitians feel.

Distinctions can be made, of course, including the one between authoritarian and totalitarian states. Under a rigorous and country-neutral application of the refugee laws, a regime that requires the affirmative economic and moral support of every one of its subjects — and seeks to bring this condition about by creating new kinds of human beings — would be likely to produce many more genuine refugees than an unfree state in which political persecution is pretty much limited to people who shout "Down with the emperor" in front of the imperial palace.

My own position, and that of most of the Cuban-Americans with whom I have discussed the question, is that we should go further to resolve the tension between our treatment of Cubans and of other boat people by resuming refugee interviews for Haitians, and by not repatriating anyone to any place in which he or she has a well-founded fear of persecution. If the government of Haiti or of any other country should begin a Cuban-style campaign of punishing all returned boat people as enemies of the state, then nobody (except serious criminals who have forfeited any claim on our protection) should be forcibly returned to that country.

This does not mean that such people would necessarily come to the United States; there are other safe countries in the world, and most of them owe us a few favors. It does mean that we should begin the discussion by eliminating the options that should properly be regarded as unthinkable.

Even the most starry-eyed Statue of Liberty buffs have gotten the point by now that it is regarded as undesirable for the United States to be stuck with even a few thousand more huddled masses than are deemed economically and culturally useful. A few million such extra people, even if shared with the other civilized nations of the world, would presumably be regarded as undesirable in the extreme. But that the United States — i.e., the good guys — should forcibly return someone like Vicente Torres into the custody of someone like Fidel Castro, and should in the process transform freedom flyers into “alien smugglers,” is unthinkable.

June 1, 1994 (Wednesday)

I am back in Miami, looking for Vicente Torres. It's been almost nine months since he arrived in Miami, and I have decided to use him as my case study of immigrant success or failure.

Having had the good fortune not to be a social scientist, I still believe that data is the plural of anecdote. Or at least this: that anecdotal evidence, honestly acquired and honestly confronted, is helpful and perhaps essential for getting to

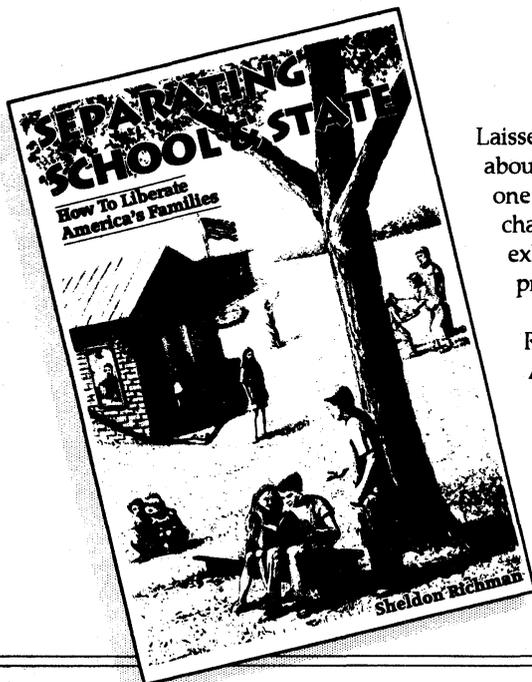
the truth of a matter. Legions of statisticians have addressed the employment and welfare implications of recent immigration. Two legions, to be exact: one has concluded that immigrants work harder and use fewer social services than native Americans, the other that immigrants *both* “take American jobs” *and* resort to welfare in ominous numbers. Some of the analyses on both sides seem convincing, but my attempts to reconcile and synthesize them have been unsuccessful, mostly because the two sides have chosen to count different things. So when I meet immigrants and people who work with immigrants, I ask them awkward questions about their friends and relatives; and when I meet anti-immigration people who tell me they know a woman who gets her AFDC check sent to her in Mexico, I ask for her name and address.

I have been looking for Cubans on welfare, and so far I have not met any. The only ones I have heard about are those who receive refugee resettlement assistance during their first six months here and a few old people on Medicaid. It may be, however, that by beginning my search among the Cuban-American lawyers and journalists I already knew, I pre-selected my encounters in ways that were destined to reinforce my comforting stereotype. So Vicente is my random sample; he selected himself last September when he inflated those inner tubes. My guess is that he has two jobs and that his English is already better than my Spanish.

My survey is unfortunately cut short by my inability to

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Professor Emeritus of Philosophy
University of Southern California



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John Taylor Gatto (New York Teacher of the Year) says: “Mr. Richman is right—state schooling doesn't work because it can't work.” And Dr. Walter E. Williams (John M. Olin Distinguished Professor of Economics at George Mason University) calls this book “a powerful contribution.” You'll call it an essential addition to your bookshelf.

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find Vicente. After numerous calls to various resettlement agencies, I find someone who is able to locate the people with whom he lived for a few months after he left the Transit Home. But Vicente has moved, and the resettlement agencies do not keep track of their clients after they have been resettled. The phone book yields only the information that Vicente Torres is an awfully common name in Miami. I would have known this if I had paid more attention to *The Immigration Time Bomb*. The good news is that refugee resettlement appears to be the only social service program that actually ends when it is supposed to.

During the course of my search I meet Dr. Raúl Hernández, who works in the refugee assistance division of the Catholic Conference. His office is in the section of Miami called Little Havana, but most of the clients today are Haitians. Dr. Hernández has been working with refugees ever since 1980, when he escaped from Cuba in the Mariel boatlift.

He was in his twenties then, already a doctor, working in the western town of Pinar del Río. He was a devout Catholic and therefore a presumed enemy of the state. The government had allowed him to become a physician anyway, because he got top grades in his science courses and managed to finesse his other classes, which were mostly about Castro. He had wanted to become a psychiatrist, but the authorities said it would be impossible for a Christian to cure mental illness; instead he would only influence people with his fantasies.

Dr. Hernández had applied for permission to emigrate even before Mariel. Instead of getting permission, he became the object of an "act of repudiation," in which a government-organized mob gathers outside the victim's house hurling stones and insults. Then he heard on the Voice of America about the people at the Peruvian embassy.

In May of 1980, a few Cubans managed to evade the cordon of armed guards that always surrounded the embassy. The Peruvians tried to persuade them to leave, but eventually agreed to give them asylum. Castro, in an effort to punish Peru, removed the guards. The predictable result was that thousands of people tried to get in. Buses full of people from all over the country headed for Havana. About 11,000 people managed to get into the embassy grounds. There was no food and no room to lie down. Castro announced that all the people at the embassy were common criminals and *escoria*, "scum," and Communist mobs attacked the people who were outside trying to get in. People were killed.

Dr. Hernández thought the whole thing might be a trap, but he left Pinar del Río for his family home in Havana to await developments. The first thing his father said was, "Why are you here? Why are you not at the embassy?"

Then Castro announced that people who wished to leave the country could do so from the port of Mariel. The standard analysis of this decision is that he was having such fun punishing the Peruvians that he decided he might as well punish the United States as well. But the United States refused to be intimidated: the Carter administration,

to its great credit, welcomed the boat people, and allowed hundreds of Cuban-Americans to take boats to Mariel to rescue their friends and relatives. (Although it is not widely remembered, Ronald Reagan also mentioned Cuban and Haitian boat people in his acceptance speech at the 1980 Republican convention, as among those to whom the United States is a "shining city on a hill.") Castro, who had described the refugees as "thieves" and "scum" all along, eventually decided to make these words come true. He dispatched thousands of prisoners and mental patients to Mariel. People who had come to pick up their relatives were required to carry a few passengers from the official government list as well.

Even during Mariel it was necessary to have an exit permit in order to leave the country. No one could get an exit permit without approval from his neighborhood Committee for the Defense of the Revolution. Doctors and others whose skills were useful to the state were not generally allowed to leave. Fortunately, the head of the Committee in Dr. Hernández's neighborhood was a decent enough fellow: he signed a letter Hernández had written saying "this man is an antisocial element," which gave him priority for the boatlift. After a few days at a processing center and a camp called El Mosquito, Dr. Hernández was taken to Mariel and put on a boat for Florida.

Of the 125,000 people who managed to leave before Castro closed the gates again, as many as 20,000 were prisoners, mental patients, and other "antisocial elements." Because the line between political and nonpolitical criminals in Cuba is not a distinct one, it is impossible to know how many of these would have been considered criminals in the United States. We do know that the group included about 5,000 violent recidivist criminals. Castro eventually accepted many of the criminals back; the rest are still incarcerated in the United States. The overwhelming majority of the Marielitos, however, have become productive and law-abiding Americans. As Dr. Hernández points out, the Mariel population differed in certain respects from earlier Cuban immigrants. For one thing, they had less money: "The whole upper-middle class had left in the 1960s." So what distinguished the people who came in Mariel was that "they were able to think. There were writers, artists, professionals. The cultural and intellectual life of Miami was greatly enhanced."

Dr. Hernández, whose flight was motivated by his beliefs and who had been singled out for mistreatment because of these beliefs, would be a refugee by almost any standard. I ask him whether the United States should be more exacting in its scrutiny of those whose motives for leaving appear to have a strong economic component. Like Vicente Torres, he disagrees. "Repression is in your blood. You sleep with repression and humiliation, with not being able to raise your hand. So you think only about survival, and when survival becomes impossible, you have nothing." *Es el mismo sistema.*

August 5, 1994 (Friday)

The Coast Guard announced today that it has picked up 173 Cuban boat people in the last four days. People are start-

ing to come not just on rafts but on large boats, some hijacked from the Cuban government. Whether or not this means that something new is happening in Cuba, it will almost certainly set off a new wave of concern in immigration enforcement circles.

August 8, 1994 (Monday)

Castro has made it official: Another Mariel Boatlift. In response to the recent boat hijackings — and to what the newspapers are characterizing as an anti-government “riot” when the police tried to stop one of the boats from leaving — he blamed everything on the U.S. policy of accepting Cuban exiles. In retaliation he has threatened to let everybody leave.

There used to be a joke in West Germany, as it then was, about East German dictator Erich Honecker. In the joke Honecker is trying to find the strongest possible words to tell his mistress how

much he loves her. “I would do anything for you. Why, for you I would even open the borders.” And she responds coquettishly, “You’re just saying that because you want to be alone with me.” Some Cuban-Americans think Castro can no longer afford to let people leave: it would not be hundreds of thousands this time, it would be millions, and this would show the world how terrible things are in Cuba.

I think this is a miscalculation. If Castro opens the borders and even a few thousand people leave, the other fellow will blink. I miss Jimmy Carter.

August 9, 1994 (Tuesday)

Jorge Mas Canosa, the chairman of the Cuban American National Foundation, has announced that Cubans should not leave even if Castro lets them. Instead they should stay in Cuba and “work for democracy.” Mas Canosa has long had a close relationship with the State Department; he has been an important restraining influence on the desire of many career officials at State for diplomacy-as-usual with Cuba. Perhaps he is returning past favors, or perhaps he is worried about a political backlash in Florida. It seems unlikely that many people in Cuba will be persuaded.

August 15, 1994 (Monday)

The Coast Guard has picked up over 1,000 Cubans in the first two weeks of this month. This is far more than in any other two-week period since Mariel. It is still, however, a

tiny percentage of the total number of undocumented immigrants who come to the United States, mostly from relatively safe places. A thousand people is a quiet evening on the border at San Diego. So maybe if the rate does not increase much beyond what it is now, and Castro does not “officially” open Mariel or some other port, the United States will not rush to change its policy.

August 19, 1994 (Friday)

Today the United States blinked. Having picked up another 2,000 boat people in the last week, our government reversed its 30-year policy of accepting Cuban escapees. Instead of being paroled into the United States, boat people encountered at sea will be taken to a “safe haven” in Guantánamo, and perhaps eventually to various Latin American countries. Those who make it to Florida will be detained in an



INS facility and placed in immigration exclusion proceedings.

The new policy is far from indefensible. Offering a “safe haven” instead of asylum or refugee resettlement in the United States is designed to protect people who are fleeing persecution without encouraging migration to the United States for economic or quality-of-life reasons. Our government recently began applying the safe haven policy to Haitian boat people, so applying it to Cubans has the virtue of symmetry. The important thing is that we are not forcing anyone back to Cuba.

Still, this seems a bad time to change our policy in a way that suggests Cuba might not be such a bad place to live after all. In announcing the change, President Clinton said he was not going to let Castro “dictate United States immigration policy.” But this is of course just what has happened. Castro did not like our immigration policy, so he decided to make us change it, and we changed it.

August 28, 1994 (Sunday)

The news is all bad. The safe haven policy is deemed not to be working: since it was announced, another 15,000 people have left Cuba. One way to look at this is that the policy is working: we have announced that people who flee Cuba will be safe, even though they will not be in our territory, and they are willing to accept this because they would rather be anywhere than in Cuba. Journalists who have inter-

viewed the Cubans in Guantánamo, however, are generally of the opinion that the Cubans are leaving because they still believe they will eventually be allowed to go to Miami. (In contrast, the departure rate for Haitian boat people climbed sharply this spring after President Clinton announced that we would resume asylum pre-screening, then dropped dramatically when we shifted to a safe haven policy for Haitians.)

The administration's apparent plan is to proceed from a policy that is merely ill-advised to one that is affirmatively immoral: direct repatriation to Cuba. At the moment this is not considered feasible. Americans might not be ready for televised reports of people being dragged kicking and screaming back to Cuba, and Castro might not be ready to take the people back. So we are going to negotiate with the Cuban government. The shape of the table at these negotiations will be "low-level" and "strictly limited to immigration." This is announced often, to assure those who worry about such things that there is no plan to end the economic embargo against Cuba. Even so, any number of bad things and virtually no good things could come out of these negotiations.

One sign that at least some government officials would like to start sending people back to Cuba is a report in today's paper, attributed to U.S. government officials, that Castro may have released some prisoners to join the exodus. If what these unnamed officials cared about was keeping criminals out of our safe havens, they would be quietly devising measures to identify them and screen them out. The only purpose served by leaking the story to the press is to create a public impression that the boat people are a bunch of undesirables who are probably in cahoots with Castro. This is a rotten thing to do, especially since the Coast Guard reports that it has yet to encounter an actual criminal. No information has been leaked about how many doctors, teachers, Catholics, Protestants, grandparents, and young mothers with babies are among the boat people.

September 9, 1994 (Friday)

The negotiators announced their deal today. We have done the one thing worse than forcibly repatriating people to Cuba, which is to deputize Fidel Castro as our special agent in charge of making sure nobody leaves. This means he will go back to doing what he was doing a few weeks ago and for 30 years before that. From now on, however, he will be doing it with our blessing.

In return, the United States will accept 20,000 or so legal Cuban immigrants per year. We should have been doing this all along, but it is no substitute for decent treatment of people who manage to escape. A prospective emigrant is not "legal" until he or she gets permission from the Cuban government to leave. Nor is there any evidence of a correlation between the people who can qualify for immigrant status and those who most need our protection.

The chief Cuban negotiator, Ricardo Alarcón, is a smoothie. He is on all the television talk shows, reminding us that Cuba can only agree to our demand with great reluc-

tance, because "after all, the right to leave one's country is a fundamental human right." Alarcón has also announced that Cuba will enforce the human embargo by "persuasion" — wherever possible.

September 14, 1994 (Wednesday)

A story in the *Washington Post* this morning reveals important details of how the latest exodus started. The first in the series of government boats commandeered by people trying to escape Cuba in July was a tugboat called the *13th of March*. About 68 people boarded the boat before dawn on July 13. They made it out to sea but were followed by three other government vessels. When the tugboat was seven miles from shore, the government boats attacked. They "pummeled passengers on its deck with water cannons, then systematically sank the boat by ramming it in unison until it broke apart."

When the boat sank, mothers tried to swim or hang on to floating objects while holding their children's heads above water. They begged the crews of the government boats to save them, but instead the crews turned the cannons on the people in the water. María Victoria García, 28 years old, lost her grip on her ten-year-old son, Juan Mario. He sank below the water. "I never saw my little boy again," Ms. García told the *Post* reporter. "What happened that morning was premeditated murder. It was a massacre."

Thirty-seven of the passengers on the *13th of March* were drowned. The dead included 13 women and seven children. The anti-government "riot" in early August was a manifestation of public outrage at the sinking. These facts have been well-known in Cuba for two months. Dissidents there have begun to call the sinking and the demonstration "Cuba's version of Tiananmen Square." Yet somehow these details were not reported in the United States until today.

President Clinton knew about the sinking of the *13th of March* when he made the agreement with Cuba. Indeed, he cited it as a reason for tightening the economic embargo the day after we stopped accepting balseros. It is hard to believe that the president, who appears to be a weak man but not a bad man, would have made the agreement with Castro if he had known the facts that were reported this morning. He is, after all, the president who finally stood up to his own advisors and stopped the forced repatriations to Haiti when it became clear that "they are chopping people's faces off down there." And yet it is difficult to believe that our government, which sees every sparrow fall when it comes to such matters as hypothetical criminals in boatlifts, could not have known that this is what our new partner and colleague means by persuasion. Perhaps we made a secret side agreement: no more child-killing.

We Americans should have known better. When we defined "another Mariel boatlift" as the one thing to be avoided at all costs, we forgot that there are other things in the world that need avoiding. When our premises lead inexorably to wrong conclusions — when they lead us to do things we would once have called "un-American" — then we must correct our premises. □

"Behind Your Back: What Do Other People Really Say About You And Your Libertarian Ideas?"

"Dear Michael,

"Behind Your Back: What do the people you talk to really say about you and your Libertarian ideas? After I leave a conversation and walk out of the room, what do they really say about me and my Libertarian ideas?"

"This question has been bugging me since 1991. In 1993, I bought your *Essence of Political Persuasion* tapes. Within 14 days, the people I talked with started asking me to tell them more about libertarianism, agreeing with me more often and treating me nicer. I got compliments!

"Okay, to my face, people seemed to react dramatically better when I used your Political Persuasion formats and approaches. But what were they really saying behind my back?"

"I decided to put your tapes to the test. I and two libertarian friends (one woman and one man) started regularly attending libertarian events, meetings and speeches. We also went to "mixed" parties (Parties that had libertarians and non-libertarians). We'd split up, and eavesdrop (Yeah, spy!) on conversations. We were listening for libertarians who were presenting libertarianism or arguing it. We just listened and waited until the libertarian left the group. Then we naively asked the non-libertarians what they thought of the ideas and how they felt about the libertarian who just left.

"Then we did the same thing with me using your *Essence of Political Persuasion* and one of my friends standing quietly by during my comments and discussion. I'd excuse myself. Then, after I left, my friend would innocently ask what the non-libertarian listeners thought of my ideas and how they felt toward me.

"We did this **Behind-The-Back Test** at 41 different gatherings, with 74 different (unsuspecting) libertarians (including 6 nationally known libertarians) in 138 different conversations. We did the **Behind-The-Back Test** with me using your Persuasion methods at the same 41 gatherings, in 87 different conversations.

"I mainly used your 'Political Cross-Dressing', 'Intellectual Judo', 'Rapport Recipes' and 'Words Are Weapons, Words Are Tools'.

"Michael, although I had 51 fewer conversations than my fellow libertarians (87 vs 138), your *Essence of Political Persuasion* got me 14 TIMES AS MANY POSITIVE REACTIONS TO OUR LIBERTARIAN POSITIONS and 27 TIMES AS MANY FAVORABLE FEELINGS TOWARD ME.

"Imagine convincing 14 times as many people about libertarianism and having 27 times as many people really like you.

"Michael, I tested it. I proved it. I did it. If it works for me, it'll work for every other libertarian.

"How convinced am I? Here's \$89.85 for 3 more sets of *The Essence of Political Persuasion*.

Name Withheld, Los Angeles, CA

Divorced Mother Gets Job

"Dear Michael,

"...although I have been a home-maker for the last eight years, my divorce made it necessary for me to go back to work. Whenever I felt like 'Why Me?' or 'It isn't fair', I'd listen to your Self-Responsibility tape, and start making choices and taking action.

"I used your rapport techniques, 'Intellectual Judo' and 'Isolate the Concern' to get a job selling Toyotas. (I have never sold anything, anywhere to anyone 'til now.)

"My first month, I earned \$1,700. Then I started listening to your Persuasion tapes during my drive to work and on the way home for 6 solid weeks.

"Michael, my second month, I earned \$4,300. I earned \$5,800 my third month - and won the Salesperson of the Month award for my dealership.

"Your *Essence of Political Persuasion* training tapes helped me regain my self-esteem, earn a good income and support my son and daughter.

"Michael, you saved my life."

M.B., Miami, FL

Shy Libertarian Gives Speeches

"Dear Michael,

"I used to be the shy guy who quietly sat through libertarian meetings. Since I started using your Persuasion Tapes, my communications skills and self-confidence have skyrocketed. I joined Toastmasters, and practiced 'Political Cross-Dressing' and 'Reverse Macho Flashing' from your *Essence of Political Persuasion* on them.

"Now I'm giving libertarian speeches to Service Clubs in my town.

"I used to be Clark Kent. Now I'm faster than Brady Bill bullets, more powerful than an Amtrack locomotive, and able to leap IRS buildings at a single bound."

C.N., San Antonio, TX

1-900 Libertarian Phone Sex?

"Dear Michael,

"The libertarian movement is like 1-900 phone sex. We spend hours talking with people about all the amazing things we're going to do, what it's going to be like and how good it'll feel. We spend hours Liber-teasing each other until we get our fantasy release.

"I'm married. My wife and I have a young daughter. Being a good husband and a good daddy to our little girl takes commitment and work. But I wouldn't trade one minute of my marriage or my family life for any amount of phone fantasy talk.

"I want real individual freedom in my life time. Your *Essence of Political Persuasion* audio tapes have given me the skills and confidence to bring more

people into the libertarian movement and get them active.

"I'm fed up with liber-fantasy. I want liber-reality. We can't lose with the stuff you use. Your Persuasion tapes are the shortest distance between 2 minds."

C.M., Portland, OR

Captain Convinces Commander

"Dear Michael,

"The other night, at a social event, I got into a conversation with fellow officers over foreign policy. My Commanding Officer overheard our discussion and joined in.

"I used your 'Welfare Pigeons' and other Self-Responsibility ideas, 'Political Cross-Dressing', and turned your 'Welfare Junkies' Metaphor into a 'Warfare Junkies' Metaphor. We talked for a couple of hours.

"A few weeks later, I ran into my Commanding Officer at another gathering. He waved me over to his table and introduced me to his guests as the man who had convinced him that Europe should pay for its own defense. He then repeated my persuasive case for his guests. We had an interesting, thoughtful discussion.

"By using your persuasion methods, I was able to change the mind of a man in a position of authority. Please tell your readers that they can change the minds of leaders, centers of influence, professionals, bosses and others in positions of authority. All they need is your Persuasion Tapes and a little practice."

Captain stationed in Germany

Do you really want more people saying, "Yes, I Agree!" when you present libertarian ideas?

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Taxonomy

Crimes of Opportunity

Taxes are rising everywhere. But some places' taxes are rising faster than others'.

Government is the fastest-growing industry in the United States. An examination of the growth in taxes between 1981 and 1991 indicates that, taking into account changes in the cost of living as reflected by the Consumer Price Index, state and local taxes rose an average of 29.5% per person during the ten years ending in 1991. Per capita federal taxes, in contrast, rose "only" 11.1% during the 1980s — again, after adjustment for changes in the cost of living.

Two obvious — but not widely appreciated — conclusions can be quickly drawn from these facts.

1. Despite all the talk of tax-cutting, the widespread tax revolt, and the election of anti-tax candidates, taxes rose very substantially during the "decade of greed."

2. Taxes are growing faster — almost three times as fast — at the state and local level than at the federal level.

As with overall levels of taxation and total personal taxation, there are wide variations from state to state. Taxes rose fastest in New Hampshire. They declined significantly in two states: Alaska and Wyoming. Curiously, those three states are all low-tax states by one measurement or another: Alaska and Wyoming have the lowest personal tax rates in the nation, while New Hampshire has the lowest rate of taxes as a portion of total personal income.

But there is a relatively simple explanation for this phenomenon: taxation is a crime of opportunity. With a prosperous economy and the lowest taxes in the country, elected officials in New Hampshire were able to increase per capita taxes by a whopping 58%. The reason per capita taxes declined in Alaska and Wyoming is that they both collect most of their taxes from the energy industry, which moved from boom in 1980 to bust in 1990.

Eight of the ten states in which taxes rose fastest began

the decade with below-average taxes; four of those states began the decade in the bottom ten. It should not be surprising that New Jersey and Connecticut, the two states whose tax increases made the "top ten" in 1990 after beginning the decade with below-average taxes, both face significant tax revolts. (Despite its huge tax increase, New Hampshire both began and ended the decade with the lowest taxes as a percentage of gross personal income.)

All of the ten states in which taxes grew most slowly began the decade with above-average taxation. Six of the ten began the decade ranked among the ten highest-tax states.

The sad fact is that in today's political culture, taxes rise as fast as people will tolerate them. And sometimes faster. At the current rate of increase, state and local taxes double every 27 years. It is small consolation that the day will eventually come when Americans will have to ask themselves how long they can continue to increase the size of government without destroying the economy.

As is obvious from the map to the right, there is a regional pattern to the rate at which taxes are rising. In states east of the Mississippi, taxes rose an average of 33.6% during the past decade; west of the Mississippi, the average increase was "only" 22.1%.

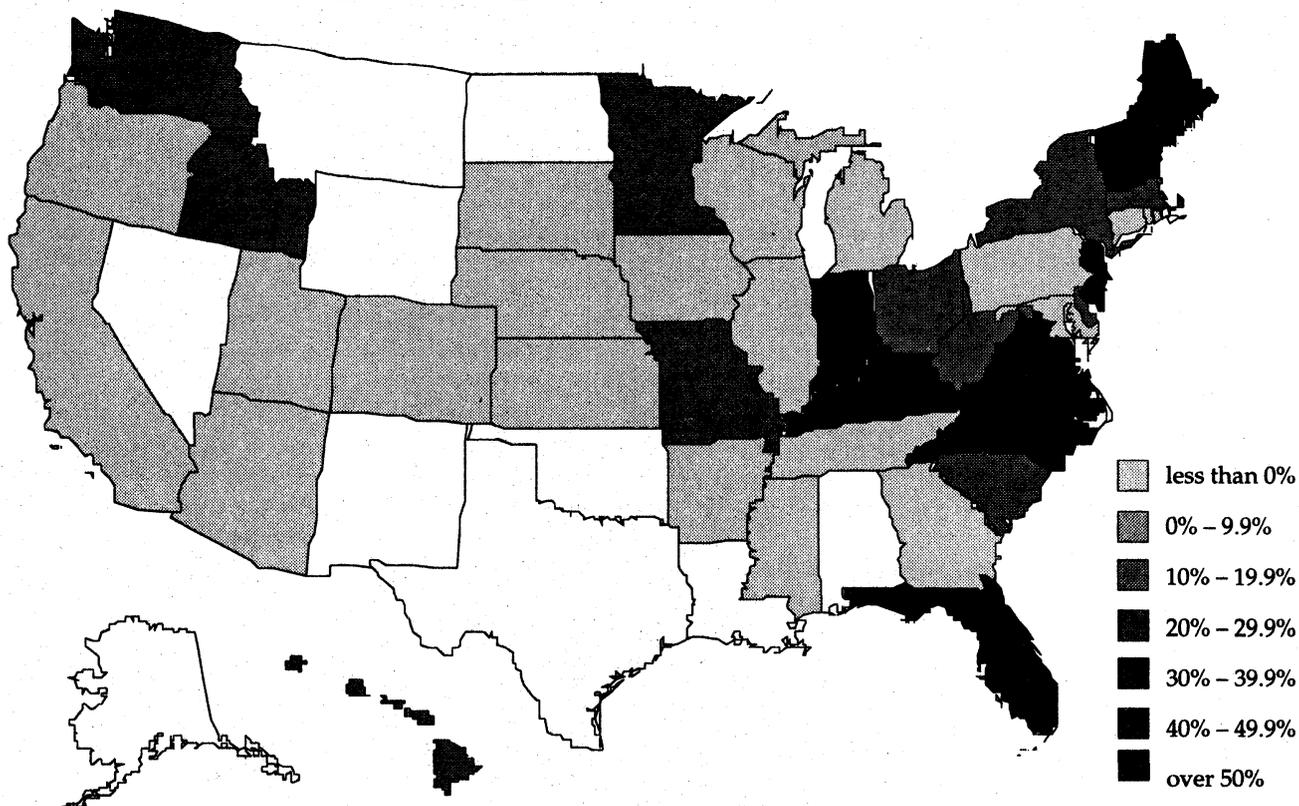
Here are tax increases broken down by regions:

Region	Increase 1981-91	Taxes per capita 1991
New England	38.6%	\$3,176
Mid-Atlantic	34.9%	3,603
South	30.6%	2,532
Midwest	29.6%	2,825
Plains	20.6%	2,672
Mountain	20.4%	2,821
Pacific	22.7%	3,416

Happy taxpaying!

— R. W. Bradford

Increase in state and local taxes per capita, 1981-1991



State	1980-81	1990-91	change	rank
Alabama	\$ 1,938	\$ 2,254	16.3%	10
Alaska	19,734	11,044	-44.0%	1
Arizona	2,192	2,805	28.0%	27
Arkansas	1,534	1,957	27.6%	24
California	2,679	3,309	23.5%	18
Colorado	2,338	2,983	27.6%	25
Connecticut	2,315	3,389	46.4%	45
Delaware	2,613	3,457	32.3%	33
Dist. of Col.	3,218	4,907	52.5%	50
Florida	1,914	2,834	48.0%	48
Georgia	1,966	2,526	28.5%	28
Hawaii	2,884	4,000	38.7%	40
Idaho	1,812	2,388	31.8%	31
Illinois	2,294	2,813	22.6%	17
Indiana	1,806	2,574	42.5%	43
Iowa	2,241	2,865	27.9%	26
Kansas	2,222	2,781	25.2%	20
Kentucky	1,660	2,454	47.8%	46
Louisiana	2,321	2,660	14.6%	9
Maine	1,852	2,741	48.0%	47
Maryland	2,501	3,035	21.4%	15
Mass.	2,536	3,319	30.9%	30
Michigan	2,499	3,012	20.6%	13
Minnesota	2,646	3,525	33.2%	34
Mississippi	1,657	2,056	24.1%	19
Missouri	1,665	2,224	33.5%	35
Montana	2,443	2,529	3.5%	5
Nebraska	2,260	2,878	27.4%	23

State	1980-81	1990-91	change	rank
Nevada	\$ 2,582	\$ 2,904	12.5%	7
New Hampshire	1,679	2,658	58.3%	51
New Jersey	2,441	3,647	49.4%	49
New Mexico	2,968	2,941	-9%	3
New York	3,164	4,362	37.8%	38
North Carolina	1,686	2,387	41.6%	42
North Dakota	2,804	2,899	3.4%	4
Ohio	1,884	2,596	37.8%	39
Oklahoma	2,228	2,489	11.7%	6
Oregon	2,619	2,980	13.8%	8
Pennsylvania	2,059	2,589	25.7%	21
Rhode Island	2,303	2,821	22.5%	16
South Carolina	1,720	2,371	37.8%	37
South Dakota	1,933	2,288	18.4%	11
Tennessee	1,661	2,137	28.6%	29
Texas	2,144	2,543	18.6%	12
Utah	2,014	2,434	20.9%	14
Vermont	2,065	3,017	46.1%	44
Virginia	1,984	2,800	41.2%	41
Washington	2,356	3,173	34.7%	36
West Virginia	1,825	2,406	31.8%	32
Wisconsin	2,425	3,055	25.9%	22
Wyoming	4,596	4,192	-8.8%	2
U.S. Average	2,322	2,964	27.7%	-

Per capita taxes corrected for inflation, in constant 1991 dollars. Data: U.S. Census Bureau, Bureau of Labor Statistics.

Warning

The Bedlamming of America

by Seth Farber

Secret informants, universal surveillance, abolition of constitutional rights — is this the old Soviet bloc, or America after “health care reform”?

In 1992, when the German government opened the files of STASI, the East German secret police, six million of the country's eighteen million citizens discovered that friends, neighbors, even family members had been informing on them. Vera Wollenberger, the member of parliament responsible for opening STASI's archives, was shocked to discover that the man who betrayed her to STASI, sending them detailed reports on her anti-government activity and her personal life, was her own husband.

STASI and its informants believed they were working for the common good, and often surreptitiously intervened in individuals' lives to foster their socialist education. Needless to say, the victims of this surveillance saw things differently. But in the context of East Germany's political culture, STASI was doing no wrong: people who were insufficiently socialist *had* to be “helped” — for their own good.

Bill Clinton's health reform plan may be dead in the water, but 1995 is sure to see both a new White House proposal for “universal health care” and a watered-down Republican version promising the same thing. Such plans establish the foundation for an American totalitarianism, comparable in the scope of its surveillance and its ability to encroach on our private lives to the totalitarian governments of the old Soviet bloc.

All the politically viable medical care plans, whether proposed by Republicans or Democrats, accept the pernicious premise the psychiatric-

industrial complex has lobbied for aggressively: “Mental illness is an illness like any other illness.” The corollary of this premise is that there ought to be parity in insurance coverage for mental and physical illnesses. The old White House version promised unlimited coverage for inpatient and outpatient treatment of mental disorders by the year 2001.

With unlimited insurance available, psychiatrists would have a strong incentive to find new reasons to incarcerate people and force them to take dangerous drugs. Bounty-hunting school counselors would scour children and adolescents for signs of mental illness, and send their catch off for indefinite stays in psychiatric wards. Multi-million-dollar marketing campaigns would try to convince the American public that mental illness is ubiquitous, and that the afflicted individuals have a “right to treatment” that requires incarceration in a psychiatric hospital. Even if they do not want treatment. Even if they feel that nothing is the matter with them.

Only one obstacle would stand in the way of this future: if psychiatry gets a blank check, the treasury may

go bankrupt before the therapeutic police state is fully entrenched.

Building Bedlam

All this may sound unbelievable, even outlandish. But the trend has been underway since the '80s. Universal coverage would only accelerate it.

In the spring of 1992, Rep. Patricia Schroeder, head of the House Select Committee on Children, Youths, and Families, quoted from a Justice Department briefing:

Current intelligence shows psychiatric hospitals and clinics are defrauding government programs and private insurers of hundreds of millions of dollars annually. . . . Our investigative team found that thousands of adolescents, children, and adults have been hospitalized for psychiatric care they really did not need. . . . Documents, affidavits, and testimony obtained by the Committee will show a systematic plan to bilk patients of their hard-earned dollars, strip them of their dignity, and leave them worse off than before they went for help.

In most cases, the patients did not personally pay for their treatment: the cost was passed along to everyone

who pays health insurance.

Schroeder's conclusions were confirmed by investigative journalist Joe Sharkey in his book, *Bedlam: Greed, Profiteering, and Fraud in a Mental Health System Gone Crazy*. Sharkey, a former editor at *The Wall Street Journal*, notes, "By the end of the '80s, millions of Americans who had never before come into contact with psychiatry were using greatly expanded health insurance benefits and spending stretches of time in the new psychiatric hospitals 20 to 30 days on average, rather than the five or six days a patient with a serious medical problem might spend in a general hospital. It was the triumph of medically-oriented psychiatry, a profession which, according to Peter Breggin, exists now at 'the political center of a multi-billion-dollar psychopharmaceutical complex that pushes biological and genetic theories as well as drugs on the society. It is a political institution licensed by the state, financed by government, and empowered by the courts.'"

In 1984, there were 220 for-profit psychiatric hospitals in the United States. Four years later, there were 440. These hospitals may be privately

Clinton's proposal for "universal health care" would establish a system comparable to the totalitarian governments of the old Soviet bloc.

owned, but they subsist at the public trough. Some of their revenue comes directly from the federal government, which began providing medical insurance in 1965. And some comes from private insurers, whose behavior is channeled by subsidies, tax preferences, and state-level regulation: by 1990, 29 states would mandate that employers provide inpatient coverage for mental health care, 41 coverage for alcoholism, and 27 coverage for drug abuse.

Today, psychiatric hospitalization can cost as much as \$1,000 a night. Tomorrow, with unlimited insurance coverage, it's likely to cost even more. From 1969 to 1988, private psychiatric hospital expenditures increased from

\$220 million to \$46 billion — an average annual increase of 32.5%. (If defense spending had grown at this rate, by 1989 it would have been \$16 trillion — about three times the GNP.)

In 1989, the federal government alone spent more than \$360 million on inpatient mental health and substance abuse treatment for its three million civilian employees; the military's CHAMPUS program spent even more. Of all the money spent on health care in the U.S. today, mental health is the single largest expense.

The Market in Children

Children have been a particularly lucrative market. In 1987, the American Medical Association's official newspaper, *American Medical News*, reported that "psychiatric admissions to private hospitals nearly tripled between 1980 and 1986 for those younger than 18. . . . Patients are hospitalized for periods consistent with their insurance coverage and discharged with diagnoses that question whether hospitalization is appropriate. . . . The cost of inpatient psychiatric care is estimated at about \$1,000 a day per patient. . . . The hospitalization rates have been particularly startling given that the population of ten-to-nineteen-year-olds declined 11% from 1980 to 1987." In 1987 (the last year with available figures), well over 300,000 children were in psychiatric facilities.

A 1990 federal review of 500 psychiatric inpatient cases found that two thirds of them did not require treatment. A 1993 study by the New York State Commission on Quality Care for the Mentally Disabled found that more than half of the children in state-run psychiatric residences did not belong there, and that "three quarters of the children . . . had no psychotic symptoms and almost all were receiving psychotropic drugs." Jim Kent, vice president of the National Health Professional Programs Corporation Managed Care Company in Tampa, estimated that 80% of adolescent admissions were unnecessary.

These statements actually understate the problem, since they imply that genuinely troubled patients receive genuinely therapeutic treatment. In fact, the programs are almost uni-

formly punitive and repressive. They seem designed to turn children into docile conformists, to make them accept arbitrary rules, to suppress individual initiative. Professor Ira Schwartz of the University of Michigan described them in the *Journal of Adolescent Health Care*: "It typically consists of rigid and punitive 'behavior modifica-

The programs seem designed to turn children into docile conformists.

tion' regimes . . . characterized by excessive and sometimes lengthy use of isolation; solitary confinement, often for minor misbehavior and rule infractions; mail censorship; and restricted or absolute prohibitions on visitation and use of a telephone." It is not unusual to find excessive use of restraints, handcuffs, and solitary confinement.

Seventeen-year-old Naomi Clements' parents first confined her to a psychiatric hospital when she was 13. Worried because she smoked marijuana and spent time with youths several years older than her, they were persuaded by slick advertisements that Naomi's spirit of adolescent independence stemmed from a mental disorder. Once committed, Naomi was put on lithium; she was told she was chronically "manic depressive" and that, just as a diabetic must take insulin, Naomi would need to take lithium for the rest of her life. Her reluctance to conform to the draconian rules of the hospitals that housed her was interpreted as pathological resistance. On one occasion, she was put in isolation and strapped to a bed for three days. Another time, after 13 days in seclusion, she made a desperate attempt to get out by eating the room's only light bulb. (This ploy was successful: she was rushed to a regular hospital for treatment.)

Although Naomi recovered from the physical ordeal, the emotional wounds remained. Her parents today regret that they institutionalized her and believe that they were duped by psychiatry. Needless to say, their relationship with their daughter is even more strained now than before.

One of the most common diagnoses

used to justify incarcerating youths in mental hospitals is "Oppositional Defiant Disorder." Here's how *The DSMIII-R Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders* describes this ailment: "Children with this disorder commonly are argumentative with adults, frequently lose their tempers, swear and are often angry, resentful and easily annoyed by others. They frequently actively defy adult requests and rules and deliberately annoy other people. They tend to blame others for their own mistakes or difficulties." So now childhood itself is a disease!

So, apparently, is adolescence. Many youths in the 1980s were hospitalized for "Identity Disorder," described by the *DSMIII-R* as "Distress regarding inability to integrate aspects of the self into a relatively coherent and acceptable sense of self. There is uncertainty about a variety of issues relating to identity, including long-term goals, career choice, friendship patterns." These symptoms need last only three months and impair "social and occupational (including academic) functioning" to qualify as a mental disorder. Anyone who has not taken leave of common sense will have a hard time distinguishing these "symptoms" from the normal features of adolescent development.

All We Madmen

Just as STASI regarded a third of East Germany's citizens as insufficiently socialistic and a potential threat to political stability, so the mental health professions regard increasing numbers of American citizens as mentally ill and a threat to social stability. In 1988, the National Institute of Mental Health estimated that 30% of all Americans suffer from mental disorders. The latest study, published by the prestigious *Archives of General Psychiatry*, claims that 48% of all Americans will suffer a mental disorder at some point in their lives, and that 30% suffer from a disorder in any given year. The news media dutifully reported this "discovery" as though it were a scientific fact. The *New York Times* headline read "One in Two Experiences a Mental Health Disorder."

Like virtually all psychiatric studies of human distress, the NIMH study is based on the questionable assumption that unhappiness has nothing to do

with anything in individuals' lives, but is a manifestation of a medical or biological disorder requiring medical intervention. Like so much of the "science" of institutional psychiatry, this flies in the face of not only common sense, but also any understanding of what it means to be human. "Mental illness" is a misleading metaphor, a smokescreen preventing us from identifying the real causes of distress. A

Anyone who has not taken leave of common sense will have a hard time distinguishing "Identity Disorder" from the normal features of adolescent development.

man may be in a state of despair because his wife has abandoned him; a young person may be undergoing an identity crisis at a critical juncture of her life; a boy may be lonely and shy and not have developed efficient social skills for making friends; a woman may have trouble adjusting to the difficulties of growing old. In every case I have dealt with, there is something disturbing the person, and when the problem is identified there is a sense of relief, even if it does not lend itself to an immediate solution.

In studies like NIMH's, the particulars at the root of people's emotional pain are invariably ignored, and the pain is interpreted as a symptom of an illness. The person is then "scientifically" classified and prescribed psychiatric drugs. As the adage goes, if one's only tool is a hammer, one treats everything as a nail. The medicalization of psychological discourse prevents the application of common sense, therapeutic skills, and intuition to the task of alleviating human suffering.

The NIMH study laments that "the majority of people with psychiatric disorders receive no psychiatric treatment," concluding that this "argue[s] for the importance of more outreach and more research to end barriers to professional health seeking." The journalists who reported these "findings" treated them as scientific conclusions, rather than a politically motivated ploy.

Yet the authors of the study, printed in a journal read primarily by psychiatrists, did not go to great lengths to conceal their political motives. Indeed, they note that their research provides "the first nationally representative data that can be used in the current debate about health care policy in the United States" (emphasis added).

Psychiatrists don't just generate "scientific" documentation of mental disorders old and new. They also popularize these "discoveries" through the media, and try to convince as many people as possible that they suffer from them. In the '80s, U.S. hospitals spent an aggregate \$1.5 billion on advertising and marketing; a significant percentage of this came from the mental health sector. In Sharkey's words, "Hospital suites now bustled with a new breed of professional: the marketing expert, an executive whose background was often not in health care but in such fields as hotel management, fast food franchising, and advertising."

Television and newspaper ads define everything from poor grades to coming home late for dinner as symptoms of mental illness, exhorting anxious parents to take their children in for a psychiatric exam before it's too late. According to Schwartz, the ads "tell parents the message that if your child is having difficulty, you owe it to yourself as a responsible parent to bring your child into our hospital for diagnostic assessment. If you don't . . . something very terrible can happen to your child. They could end up in jail or committing suicide. In addition, of course, the ads remind parents that their insurance will pick up the tab."

The threat of suicide is one of the most powerful inducements for families to place one of their members in a psychiatric hospital. But R.E. Litman, who has extensively researched the issue for over 20 years, believes that hospitalization *increases* the incidence of suicide. "Psychiatric hospitals are stigmatizing. For most people they are frightening . . . a blow to their self-esteem . . . a sign that they are considered to be a helpless mental case." Whether or not Litman is right, one thing is clear: no inpatient program available at private psychiatric hospitals, or any other accredited mental

health care center, has proven effective in predicting or preventing suicidal behavior in their patients.

This abuse inflicted on hundreds of thousands of people could not occur without the complicity of the psychiatric profession and its allies in psychology and social work. Hospitals go out of their way to develop reliable referral sources within the community. An investigation by Texas State Sen. Mike Moncrief found that "social workers, school counselors, probation officers, crisis hotline workers, and even ministers were paid to refer patients to private psychiatric hospitals — people in our communities we have all been taught to trust, not to avoid."

Due Process?

Mental health personnel play a critical role in the scandalous project of turning ordinary people into mental patients. In order to hospitalize someone against his will, in order to convince an individual that she needs to be hospitalized, in order to bill insurance companies or the government for the cost of hospitalization, a psychiatrist or psychologist must first perform a "psychological evaluation." The bogus nature of these evaluations is demonstrated by the fact that mental health workers virtually always find prospective patients to be mentally ill and in need of treatment. Nevertheless these ceremonies provide a facade of scientific legitimacy for what other would be seen as (at best) self-serving manipulation and (at worst) criminal violations of individual rights.

The Supreme Court recognized in *Addington vs State of Texas* (1978) that rules of due process must apply to people in danger of being incarcerated in mental hospitals. Justice Burger wrote, "The Court repeatedly recognized that civil commitment for any purpose constitutes significant deprivation of liberty that requires due process protection. . . . Moreover, it is indisputable that involuntary commitment to a mental hospital after a finding of probable dangerousness to self or others can engender adverse social consequences to the individual." The Court's decision also included this astute comment: "At one time or another, every person exhibits some abnormal behavior which might be perceived by some

as symptomatic of a mental or emotional disorder, but which is in fact within a range of conduct that is generally acceptable. Obviously, such behavior is no basis for compelled treatment and surely none for confinement."

By the Court's standard, there is no basis for the confinement of the overwhelming majority of people in psychiatric facilities today. It is simply and plainly a violation of their rights.

So why are they still being confined? Because there is a difference between theoretically having a legal right and actually being able to exercise it. While mental patients' rights are protected *de jure*, in practice they amount to a dead letter.

Youths, of course, have no rights at all; they are at the mercy of their parents, who may be deceived by advertisements or a smooth-talking diagnostician. But even an adult who demands a hearing is unlikely to receive a fair one: judges typically assume that the hospital psychiatrist's "expert" opinion constitutes clear, convincing evidence that the person is mentally ill and dangerous to himself or others.

Psychiatric Pushers

Since the feelings of distress and unhappiness that lead people to seek psychiatric help are not medical in nature, except when they are actually physically ill, it is not surprising that the mental health system has been so unsuccessful in solving them. Because of this, psychiatrists' power has been threatened by competition from non-medical therapists, who typically charge much lower fees. In the early 1960s, Thomas Szasz and others presented new models for understanding the problems of life, models that refrained from interpreting deviant or troublesome behavior as symptoms of illnesses. At about the same time, pioneers in the family therapy movement — Salvador Minuchin, Jay Haley, Virginia Satir — discovered that thinking of their patients' emotional problems as diseases impeded their ability to help identify and solve them. A wide range of "acting out" or "crazy" behaviors actually emerged from conflicts between family members (or couples); their patients required conflict resolution, not medical diagnosis.

By the early 1970s, as Peter Breggin points out in *Toxic Psychiatry*, "the American Psychiatric Association was in financial trouble. It was losing membership and its total income was \$2–4 million per year compared to its current income of over \$21 million. . . . In general psychiatry was losing badly in the competition with psychologists, social workers, counselors, family therapists, and other nonmedical professionals who charged lower fees." At the same time, a small group within the profession were criticizing the APA's relationship with the pharmaceutical industry. In response to these criticisms, the APA formed a "Task Force to Study the Impact of Potential Loss of Pharmaceutical Support." The taskforce concluded that many local APA member organizations and various training programs would fold without drug company support.

Breggin summarizes the developments that took place:

The floodgates of drug company influence were opened and . . . would grow wider each year. Nowadays, dozens of seminars are supported by the drug companies and the individual names of the companies are honored conspicuously with advertisements in psychiatric journals and newspapers prior to the meetings. . . .

In 1980 the APA voted to encourage pharmaceutical companies to support scientific or cultural activities, rather than strictly social activities as a part of the Annual Meeting program. . . .

Whatever function APA had ever filled as a professional organization was now superseded by its function as a political advocate for the advancement of psychiatric and pharmaceutical business interests. Continually reiterated is the conviction that only a medical or biological image can enable psychiatry to compete economically.

By 1985, almost 20% of the APA's revenue came from pharmaceutical advertisements. Their scientific meetings were entirely funded by the drug companies, which are also by far the leading funding sources for academic psychiatric research. To further the cause of medicalizing human life, the APA helped launch an organization of parents of patients, the National Alliance

for the Mentally Ill, which receives funding from pharmaceutical companies and, under the "right to treatment" slogan, demands unlimited power for psychiatrists to drug and incarcerate people.

Biopsychiatry was back in business, under new management.

One unfortunate consequence of the merger of psychiatry and the pharmaceutical industry has been the virtually unrestrained drugging of America.

Television and newspaper ads define everything from poor grades to coming home late for dinner as symptoms of mental illness.

Large segments of the American population are now on toxic psychotropic drugs. Hundreds of thousands of children who are restless in school are given psychiatric labels and placed on amphetamines for years at a time.

The January 16, 1994 *Psychiatric Times* suggests driving this trend further: "The use of psychiatric drugs in children under five years of age is a new frontier. . . . Though limited research exists on the safety and efficacy of pharmacotherapy in pre-school children, some psychiatrists have begun to use drugs such as . . . Ritalin, clonidine . . . and lithium . . . for children with severe cases of distress, aggression, and attention-deficit/hyperactivity disorder."

Virtually everyone who enters a psychiatric facility is forced to take neuroleptic drugs (e.g., Mellaril, Prolixin, Haldol, Stelazine). These drugs have many dangerous and frequently irreversible side effects, the most dramatic of which is tardive dyskinesia (TD), a frequently irreversible neurological disorder that the APA acknowledges will afflict approximately 20% of the people who take these drugs on a long-term basis. Breggin describes the disorder: "TD often begins with uncontrollable movements of the face including the tongue, lips, mouth, and cheeks; but it can start with almost any group of muscles. The most common early sign is a

quivering or curling of the tongue. Tongue protrusion and chewing movements are also common and can become serious enough to harm teeth. The hands and feet, arms and legs, neck, back, and torso can be involved. The movements displayed are highly variable, and include writhing contortions, tics, spasms, and tremors. The person's gait can be badly impaired."

At least a million people — perhaps more — suffer from TD in the U.S. alone. Breggin has called TD "probably the worst medically-induced catastrophe in history."

The purpose of these drugs is not to help people overcome problems that make them unhappy, but to make them docile and easy to control. This was frankly acknowledged by the psychiatrists who pioneered their use in state hospitals in the early '50s. Dr. Heinz Lehmann, the man who introduced Thorazine to North America, wrote in 1954 that the drug's purpose "is to produce a state of motor retardation, emotional indifference, and somnolence." The psychological effects of these drugs — emotional blunting, intellectual confusion, apathy, lack of initiative — were so similar to the effects of psychosurgery that by 1955 Lehmann was calling Thorazine a potential "pharmacological substitute for a lobotomy."

To this day, it remains standard practice to force mental patients to ingest neuroleptic drugs. Even if a patient successfully obtains a hearing to protect her right to refuse her "medication," she is unlikely to receive due process for the reasons mentioned above.

Furthermore, although courts have ruled that failing to inform patients of the risk of TD constitutes negligent practice, in my experience patients are almost never told about the risks involved in taking their drugs. Instead, they are told that they *need* the drug and must under no circumstances try to withdraw. But I know many people who have had breakdowns and been labeled "mentally ill" who have nonetheless — with emotional support — weaned themselves from psychiatric drugs.*

Ironically, the same system that

* See Farber, *Madness, Heresy, and the Rumor of Angels*, Open Court, 1993.

does so much to push one set of drugs on the public also profits mightily trying to banish another collection of chemicals. In 1986, approximately 65% of American employee health insurance plans provided for inpatient treatment for substance abuse. By 1990, over 95% did. Although these programs rarely do the targeted drug abusers much good, they bring millions of dollars to the ever-expanding addictions control arm of the psychiatric-industrial complex.

Fight the Power

The hegemony of psychiatrists within the mental health system, the merger of this system with the pharmaceutical industry, the explosive growth of private psychiatric hospitals, misguided regulations mandating insurance coverage for psychiatric treatment — all these pernicious trends would be strengthened by Clinton-style health care reform. Clearly, the president's scheme vests inordinate power in precisely those groups that demonstrated in the 1980s that they cannot be trusted to use power responsibly.

Under a Clintonian medical system, the taxpayer will be charged heavily for services that are unnecessary, ineffective, and frequently harmful. But even worse, basic constitutional rights will be trampled. Trusted

The president's scheme vests inordinate power in precisely those groups that demonstrated in the 1980s that they cannot be trusted to use power responsibly.

friends will become psychiatric informants, seeking out "sick" citizens to turn in for a cut of the insurance windfall. Families will be torn apart as parents send healthy children to therapeutic prisons. A psychiatric STASI will emerge.

For these reasons, everyone committed to the basic values of American liberty should oppose Bill Clinton's "reforms." □

Remapping the Balkans

by George Manolovich

Truth is still the first casualty of war.

Most Americans, following the media's lead, blame the war in the Balkans on "Serbian aggression." The conflict just doesn't make sense to them — but then, few have tried to make sense of it. And a lot of what they're hearing from politicians, pundits, reporters, and "experts" simply isn't so.

Students of Balkan history and culture are bewildered by the contradictions between what they know and what they see and hear. They know that Serbs, Croats, and Muslim Slavs are not ancient enemies; that the Serbs only appear to be the villains because they have been winning the war, allowing the Muslims to win the victimology sweepstakes; that most of the bloodshed would have been avoided if the international community had allowed the Serbs of Croatia and Bosnia the same right of self-determination that the Slovenians, Muslims, and Croats enjoyed. But their voices are unheard, drowned out by the drums of the war party.

Serbia Is Not Yugoslavia

Early in the war, the media and the "experts" told us that the Serbs fight because they are still enamored with Communism and the ideal of a single, centralized multi-ethnic state, and that this was why they attacked Slovenia and Croatia. This explanation falls flat. The media have confused Serb nationalists (people who want to liberate and unite ethnically Serb lands) with Yugoslav nationalists (believers of any South Slav ethnicity

in the Communist multi-ethnic state) because a series of historical and geographical accidents put these two forces on the same side. But not all Serbs are Yugoslav nationalists, and not all Yugoslav nationalists are Serbs. Conflating the two is like calling Stalin a Georgian nationalist because he was ethnically Georgian.

This distinction becomes clear when one compares two figures: Radovan Karadzic, leader of the Bosnian Serbs, and Slobodan Milosevic, president of Serbia. Karadzic is a Serbian nationalist; Milosevic is a Yugoslav nationalist. Karadzic wants the best possible deal for the Bosnian Serbs. Milosevic wants the largest possible state under his control, regardless of who populates it.

The media call Milosevic a Serb nationalist, but Milosevic's actions belie this characterization. Would a Serb nationalist accept the Contact Group's proposal, which forces the Bosnian Serbs to join the Muslim-Croat Federation and requires them to give up land? Would a Serb nationalist seal the border between Serbia and Bosnia, thereby isolating the Bosnian Serbs? Would a Serb nation-

alist betray the Serbs of Krajina in order to have good relations with Croatia?¹

All this raises questions about the media's motives and competence, especially when they use expressions like "Serb-led" to describe the Yugoslav People's Army's attack on Slovenia and Croatia at a time when Croats, Muslims, and others still shared its leadership. Communists of all ethnic backgrounds opposed Slovenian independence, because it meant their dream of a united Yugoslavia was breaking up. Serb nationalists, on the other hand, had no reason to oppose an independent Slovenia — and they didn't.

Croatia is a different story. In the beginning, Serbian nationalist irregulars and the Yugoslav People's Army fought against Croatian nationalists side-by-side. No more should be read into this than is read into the American-Soviet alliance against Nazi Germany: they shared a common enemy, even though they differed on long-term goals and political philosophy. For the Communists, losing Croatia meant a further blow to the Yugoslav idea. For Serbs living in Krajina — the

enclave claimed by the Croats in which the overwhelming majority of the locals are Serbs — an independent Croatia with the same borders it had as a Yugoslav republic meant being ruled by the same people who 50 years earlier tried to exterminate them, and who were now openly hostile to them

The Serbs only appear to be the villains because they have been winning the war, allowing the Muslims to win the victimology sweepstakes.

again. Had the new Croatian state redrawn the map to exclude Serbian Krajina from its borders, Croats would have fought against the Yugoslav People's Army only.

History, True and False

The media and the experts have been paraphrasing each other about a history that never existed. "These people have been fighting each other for centuries," they like to say; there are repeated references to "centuries of ethnic hatred." Could anyone in the media tell us which centuries they are talking about? How many examples of this "ethnic fighting" can be found before the twentieth century?

In reality, Serbs and Croats lived as friendly neighbors for centuries. Area Muslims were considered either Turks or Serbs and Croats who had converted to Islam — the idea of a "Bosnian Muslim" nationality was invented by the Communists in the 1960s.² It wasn't until the creation of Yugoslavia after World War I, when these groups were put together in the same state under their own control for the first time, that any animosity appeared. This animosity bloomed full and ugly in World War II, when Croatian collaborators sided with the Axis and were rewarded with their own state. The Independent State of Croatia lasted from 1941 to 1945 and comprised most of the modern republics of Croatia and Bosnia-Herzegovina. Figures vary, but some authors put the number of Serbs killed by the Croatian Nazis at over a million; others were

forcibly converted to Catholicism. The concentration camp at Jasenovac was the site of as many as 100,000 executions.³ Muslims generally sided with the Croatian state, which officially favored them and made a concerted effort to turn them against the Serbs.

Half a century later, most Croats and Muslims either pretend nothing happened or argue that Serbs must share the blame because they fought back. Had the Croats and Muslims ever come to terms with their past, the Serb movement for an independent Krajina and a Bosnian Serb Republic would be much weaker.

Developments since World War II have strengthened the Serbian will for independence. During the first 40 years of Communist Yugoslavia, Tito's government strongly discouraged Serbs from displaying any forms of ethnic identity. (Tito himself was an ethnic Croat, though his loyalty, of course, was to Yugoslavia.) When Croatia declared itself independent in 1992, it declared itself a state for Croats and made the Serbs an "official" minority. Then it adopted the flag it had used in World War II, renamed streets after Croatian Nazis from World War II, and rechristened its currency after its World War II money.

To get a sense of why the Krajina Serbs reacted as they did, imagine how German Jews would have felt if, following German union in 1991, the Kohl government had adopted the swastika flag; renamed streets after Himmler, Goering, and Hitler; and redubbed its currency the Reichsmark.

War between Serbs and Croats could have been avoided had Krajina been excluded from the new Croatia. Helmut Kohl and the European Community could have been statesmanlike and conditioned recognition of Croatia on redrawing its borders. Instead they rushed to recognize it as it was.

In Bosnia, events took a different track. When the parliament of the Republic of Bosnia-Herzegovina voted for independence in 1992, the Serbs and Croats supported the creation of a confederation along ethnic lines. The Muslims, by contrast, called for a centralized state, giving Serbs the impression that the Muslims wanted to rule over them, bringing back ugly memories of

World War II. Had the Muslims agreed to confederation at the beginning, there might have been no war at all, or only a short Slovenian-style war with the Yugoslavs. Unfortunately, the E.C. built on its example in Croatia — and the U.N. joined in — by extending recognition to Bosnia-Herzegovina with its Yugoslav borders.

So the Bosnian Serbs took up arms, and the Muslims hired a press agency. Yugoslav soldiers — who, by this time, were almost all Serbs — again fought alongside the Bosnian Serb irregulars. When the Yugoslav Army bowed to international pressure and pulled out of Bosnia, the land they held was taken over by the Serb irregulars, who became the Bosnian Serb Army.

Almost all media reported that Serbia had invaded Bosnia and that Milosevic was trying to create a "Greater Serbia." This impression was reinforced by two factors.

First, when Lord Owen and Cyrus Vance arrived to try to solve the Bosnian quagmire, they chose to negotiate with Milosevic; the Bosnian Serb leader, Radovan Karadzic, was virtually ignored. Milosevic, of course, was more than happy to stand in the spotlight

The simplistic picture of Serbs in black hats and Muslims in white describes the conduct of the war as poorly as it does its causes.

and pretend that he spoke for all Serbs, including those from Bosnia who neither elected nor liked him.

Second, the media repeatedly referred to the Bosnian Muslims as "the Bosnians" and the Bosnian Serbs as "the Serbs," a linguistic sleight-of-hand giving the impression that the Muslims were the indigenous people and the Serbs were invaders from Serbia. Properly speaking, "Bosnian" is a geographical designation applying equally to any Serb, Croat, or Muslim from Bosnia.

History, then, suggests two possible interpretations of the war in Bosnia. One is that it is an ethnic and religious war with Serbs getting re-

venge for what happened to them during World War II. This interpretation explains much of the barbarism, but it does not explain why the Serbs expel Muslims and Croats. Nor does it explain why the Serbs stopped trying to gain land. It also inadequately explains Muslim and Croatian actions. Why does Alija Izetbegovic demand that Bosnia have the same borders it had as a Yugoslav republic? Why did Muslims fight other Muslims in the Cazin region? And why were the Croats fighting the Muslims?

A better interpretation is that the Serbian nationalists only want to unite the Serbs and the land they stand on⁴ and to be free from Croatian and Muslim rule. Croats and Muslims also want land and independence, but their leaders, Franjo Tudjman and Alija Izetbegovic, want as much land as the U.N. and E.C. will recognize, regardless of who lives on it. In this respect they are much like Milosevic. Thus, the Muslim leadership insists on the "integrity" of Bosnia-Herzegovina, and the Croats refuse to negotiate on the question of Krajina. The Serbs stopped trying to gain land when they already controlled all the land Serbs lived on, plus some areas they considered strategically or economically important. They seem willing to give up some of the territory they acquired, but are unwilling to be part of a Muslim- or Croatian-ruled state.

Unfortunately, the starting point for all the foreign "peace proposals" (i.e. ultimatums) has been for Bosnia to remain together as one state. The recent proposal by the so-called Contact Group is a typical example. The media reported that the plan gave the Bosnian Serbs 49% of the territory and Muslims and Croats the other 51%. In fact, the Bosnian Serbs would get zero percent because the plan would not give them independence. Not surprisingly, they rejected it.

Proposals of this sort suggest that the interventionists are more interested in victory for the Muslims than in peace for the region. If they really wanted peace, they could have offered independence to the Bosnian Serbs; the Muslims would have had to live with it or lose international recognition. By insisting on the Muslims'

agenda, the "peacemakers" have prolonged the war.

The "Atrocities" Question

And a bloody war it is. Most people are appalled the first time they see the results of battle; the carnage, destruction, and losses stand in stark contrast to their usual peaceful, comfortable existence. This is especially true today,

Imagine how German Jews would feel if the Kohl government adopted the swastika flag and renamed streets after Himmler, Goering, and Hitler.

when most Westerners have been fortunate enough to enjoy a lifetime of peace.

In World War II, the Allies firebombed Berlin, Dresden, and other cities until they were almost levelled. Yet American newspapers did not describe those bombings as "atrocities" — reporters were battle-hardened and the bombings were considered an ordinary part of warfare. Today's journalists are as horrified as the rest of us upon seeing war's destruction for the first time: every time a bullet reaches its target, it looks like an "atrociousness."

By that standard, whoever lands more mortars and fires more bullets commits more atrocities. In this war, the Serbs were more successful — initially — so it follows that they received worse press. Many of what were called "atrocities" early on were no more awful than the usual horrors of war — which is not to say that Serbs committed no despicable acts.

Lack of battle experience was compounded by a lack of pertinent education. Reporters were often ignorant of the region's language, history, and geography, so they relied on translators and press releases, making their reporting inaccurate and unreliable. Another factor further clouded this already murky picture: the Muslim leadership hired an advertising agency to win the war in the media.⁵ Little needs to be said about the tremendous job this agency has done creating a positive (victim) image for the Muslims and a negative (aggressor) image for the Serbs.

This formula of savvy P.R. and inexperienced, incompetent reporting mixed to a potent brew in Sarajevo, where a complex situation was reduced to stories about Serbs shelling the city. Reporters neglected to mention, for example, that when the war broke out, Muslim soldiers occupied the Sarajevo hospitals, that only a small percentage of the hospital rooms continued to function for medical purposes, and that the other rooms became quarters and offices for Muslim soldiers. They also failed to report that these soldiers would point guns at the heads of Serbian doctors while the doctors operated on Muslim patients;⁶ that Muslim gunners, sometimes with mortars and artillery, were stationed around the hospitals; that they occasionally fired on Serbian targets outside the city. But they always highlighted the Serbian return volleys that hit the hospitals.

The most damaging story for the Serbs was the Markala Market massacre. In February 1994, the media reported that a "mortar" exploded in a crowded Sarajevo marketplace, killing 68 people. Photos of the dead and television images of the bloodstained concrete horrified the public and prompted NATO, under U.S. leadership, to bomb Serbian targets and create an exclusion zone around the city.

The media blamed the Serbs for the killings, although the Serbs had nothing to gain — and much to lose from the negative publicity. The Muslim leadership, on the other hand, had a lot to gain: more credence for their image as victims and support for intervention against the Serbs. When the U.N. finally finished its report on the explosion, it concluded that Muslim forces were probably responsible.⁷ But there was no outcry against the Muslim leadership for bombing their own people.

In short, the media's simplistic picture of Serbs in black hats and Muslims in white describes the conduct of the war as poorly as it does its causes. Ugly acts have been committed on all sides.

Despots and Leaders

Part of the blame for this must fall at the feet of foreigners. One of the tragic ironies of the Balkan war is that the interventionists have actually invigorated the despotic regimes of Slob-

odan Milosevic, Franjo Tudjman, and Alija Izetbegovic.

Milosevic was the epitome of unpopularity a few years ago. In March 1991, over 100,000 protesters gathered in Belgrade to demonstrate against "Slobo" and his government. He used tanks and police to disperse the crowd, but they regathered and were appeased only when the interior minister resigned. Many thought it just a matter of time before Milosevic was gone, too.

Then foreign "experts" Cyrus Vance and Lord Owen stepped in to save his regime and make him more powerful. When the Serbs in Krajina and Bosnia began fighting for independence, Vance and Owen didn't go to Milan Babic in Krajina or Radovan Karadzic in Bosnia to find out what the Serbs wanted. They went to Milosevic, putting him on center stage and making him spokesman for all Serbs at a time when his influence was in decline.

And when they *did* discover Karadzic, the media, especially television news, portrayed him as a madman or crackpot. Ironically, among the major participants, Karadzic is probably the least illiberal. Milosevic recently tried — unsuccessfully — to replace Karadzic with his own man, citing Karadzic's "increasing drift toward capitalism and Chetnik traditions." One of Karadzic's followers replied, "The Serb people did not fight to build socialism."⁸ He also may be the least ambitious: Dobrica Cosic, former president of Yugoslavia, stated that Karadzic did not want to be leader of the Bosnian Serbs, but that Cosic insisted on it.⁹

Foreign politicians and reporters have embraced Muslim leader Alija Izetbegovic and his team like friends of the family. How they reconcile this support with Izetbegovic's philosophy — stated in *The Islamic Declaration*, which calls for a Muslim fundamentalist state in Bosnia — is unclear. Izetbegovic, unlike most Bosnian Muslims, is a fundamentalist. Lately, he has been crusading for Bosnian Muslim women to give up mascara and tight dresses and to take up veils and traditional attire. Muslim men from Bosnia, who sometimes like to drink alcohol and eat pork, have been asked to be more Middle Eastern. So far, his attempts have met with resistance, especially among young women.

Embracing Izetbegovic means ignoring or attacking his rival, Fikret Abdic, leader of the Muslims in the Cazin region. Cazin is a Muslim enclave in northwestern Bosnia completely surrounded by Serbian-controlled areas; Abdic declared it an independent state but was ignored by the E.C. and U.N. Unlike Izetbegovic, Abdic seems to get along with his Serbian neighbors; he has even received sup-

*As long as there's a chance
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side, the Muslim leadership
won't sign an agreement that
doesn't give them all of Bosnia.*

plies from them. And though Cazin isn't large, it's bigger than Liechtenstein and probably has as good a chance at survival.

In August 1994, Izetbegovic's army launched a successful offensive against Abdic in Cazin. Not surprisingly, the media neither denounced this aggression nor mentioned that 40,000 Muslim supporters of Abdic fled Cazin ahead of Izetbegovic's army and found refuge in Serbian territory.¹⁰

International hypocrisy reached its high point in Croatia, where Franjo Tudjman is supported by the West despite his obvious anti-Serbianism and rumoured anti-Semitism. Fanatics have bombed and burned down Serbian churches and houses in Croatia; though the culprits are usually known, few are arrested and fewer are punished.¹¹ Croatian radio even announces the addresses of Serbs who still live in Croatia, thus helping fanatics locate their next victims.¹² But the West turns a blind eye to Croatia's violence.

The Solution

Why is self-determination fine for everyone in Yugoslavia except the Serbs? The Serbs of Krajina and Bosnia should be allowed the independence they demand. If peace is to come, Western governments will have to tell the Muslims that they will give them no arms and will not support them militarily. As long as there's a chance the Marines will rush to their side, the

Muslim leadership won't sign an agreement that doesn't give them all of Bosnia. Being told unequivocally that they should give up such hopes would force them to negotiate.

The Croats, likewise, should be encouraged to negotiate. They have no legitimate claim to Krajina, and hanging onto it makes it a potential West Bank or Gaza Strip. In addition, the E.C. and U.N. should recognize the Republic of Cazin.

The Muslim and Croatian leadership will not like this solution. But disliking something and being willing to fight against it are different things. The Serbs' backs are against the wall; they believe they are battling for their lives. The other groups have less to lose.

The Muslim and Croatian leaders tell us that they are Westerners. It is time we gave them an opportunity to prove it. □

Notes:

1. Milosevic told Zvonimir Markovic, head of the Office of the Republic of Croatia in Belgrade, that the fate of the Krajina Serbs would be decided by the Serbs living there in a referendum, and that "you in Zagreb will not be dissatisfied with its outcome." Quoted in *Slobodna Dalmacija*, translated in *V.I.P. Daily News* (Belgrade), July 19, 1994.
2. Stevan K. Pavlowitch, "Who is 'Balkanizing' Whom?" *Daedalus*, Spring 1994, pp. 206-207.
3. See *Martyrdom of the Serbs* (Palanched's Press, 1943), one of the few books about World War II in Yugoslavia published during the period.
4. Bosnian Serbs now control about 72% of the land of Bosnia-Herzegovina. Although they were 32% of the population before the war, they say they had 64% of the land. This figure may be correct if, as they say, Serbs were primarily farmers and Muslims were primarily city- and town-dwellers.
5. Peter Brock, "Dateline Yugoslavia: The Partisan Press," *Foreign Policy* no. 93.
6. Interview with a Serbian doctor who worked two months in a Sarajevo hospital.
7. *The (London) Times*, February 19, 1994; and *Reuters News Service*, February 18, 1994.
8. *Telegraf* (Belgrade), July 6, 1994.
9. *Duga* (Belgrade), June 1994.
10. For example, *Deutsche Presse Agentur*, August 9, 1994.
11. For example, *Start* (Zagreb), June 2, 1994.
12. Peter Michael Lingens, "Kroatische Variationen zum Thema Hass," *Der Standard* (Vienna), August 8, 1994, p.19.

Celebration

Ended Quest

by David Ramsay Steele

All men die. (A statement thus far not falsified.)

Sir Karl Popper, the founder of critical rationalism, who died on September 17 in London, was by all accounts a distinguished philosopher. As to the enduring importance of his contributions, opinions differ widely. Among most professional philosophers, Popper is regarded as a respectable thinker, but not one of the stars of the twentieth century. A few other people, such as the present writer, conjecture that Popper's thought is to be ranked with that of Plato, Hume, Kant, and Russell.

Popper's achievement currently looms far higher in the popular and journalistic consciousness than it does in that of specialists in the areas Popper was most concerned with. In this respect he is like Freud, or Sartre, or like George Orwell was 30 years ago (a case where the experts have now fallen belatedly into line with the verdict of a wider public).

Popper's reputation, like Orwell's, suffered a setback in the West because he had committed the mortal sin for a Western intellectual — he was anti-Communist. His celebrity has yet to attain its zenith. Inside the Soviet bloc, Popper, along with Hayek, made even greater strides in intellectual circles, with favorable consequences for the future of this region.

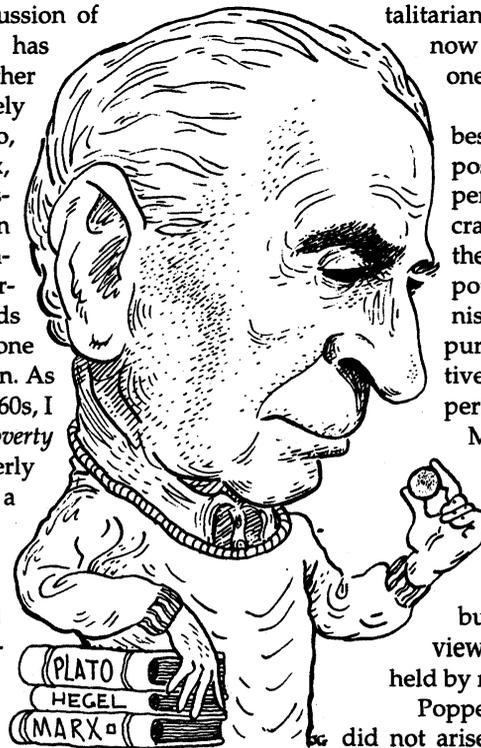
Popper is best known for his two anti-totalitarian works, *The Poverty of Historicism* and *The Open Society and its Enemies* (1944). These works were conceived together in the 1930s, and Popper referred to them as his "war effort." After some years, they made a

formidable impact, though most commentary has concerned peripheral issues. Much discussion of *The Open Society* has turned on whether Popper accurately represented Plato, Hegel, and Marx, and much discussion of *Poverty* on whether his construction of "historicism" corresponds to a doctrine anyone has ever believed in. As a Marxist in the 1960s, I picked up *The Poverty of Historicism* eagerly expecting to find a capable attack on my own position, and was disappointed to find Popper capably attacking doctrines I had for the most part never held. (A necessary first corrective to *Poverty* is Alan Donagan's article in *The Philosophy of Karl Popper*.) Popper's interpretation

of Plato is still controversial, though Popper's view of Plato as a totalitarian is probably now the majority one.

These works are best viewed as expositions of Popper's own democratic credo, with the historical or hypothetical antagonists being treated purely as illustrative examples. Popper's account of Marx, for instance, contains inaccuracies, but these are most often the incorrect attribution to Marx of views that have been held by many Marxists.

Popper's anti-Marxism did not arise from any commitment to libertarian principles. As we learn from his intellectual autobiography, *Unended Quest*, he grew up in Vienna as a thoroughly



committed supporter of the Social Democratic Party, which is to say, at first, the Marxist party, then, after about 1918, the party of traditional Marxists, opposed to Bolshevik methods and therefore opposed to the Communists who aligned themselves wholeheartedly with the new regime in Russia. Although Popper as a teenager decided that Marxism's "scientific socialism" was precisely *not scientific*, he remained an uneasy supporter of

Popper's reputation, like Orwell's, suffered a setback because he had committed the mortal sin for a Western intellectual — he was anti-Communist.

the Social Democrats, partly because they were the only major party which truly wanted democracy.

Popper seems to have become more sympathetic to free-market solutions over the course of his life, yet he appears never to have addressed the question of whether there might be any powerful general considerations against relying on the government to get things done. Politically, he seems to have followed the trajectory of most social democrats: pragmatic and surprised acceptance of the fact that, in one piecemeal area after another, the malodorous market would in fact produce better results than government intervention. I don't suppose he ever abandoned his view that "under an unrestrained capitalism" (which, the context shows, means the kind of capitalism Marx wrote about, capitalism with substantially free competition), "an uncontrolled gangsterism of wealth may rule" (*The Open Society*, volume 2, page 127; the work contains many other passing endorsements of interventionism). However helpful libertarians have found many of his specific analyses, Popper was a social democrat, a moderate socialist or enlightened statist, never a libertarian or even a liberal in the mold of Hayek. If, with socialism out of the way, the final struggle is to be between libertarians and welfare-statists, then Popper per-

sonally sides with the latter, though the former can make better deployment of his arguments.

Popper's claim to greatness rests in his work on "philosophy of science" — though Popper always saw science as a kind of test case for knowledge in general. Popper's important works in the philosophy of science are his *Two Fundamental Problems of the Theory of Knowledge* (still untranslated); *Logic of Scientific Discovery* (1934); *Postscript to The Logic of Scientific Discovery* (1982–83, in three volumes: *Realism and the Aim of Science*, *The Open Universe*, and *Quantum Theory and the Schism in Physics*), and his collections of essays, *Conjectures and Refutations* (1963) and *Objective Knowledge* (1972). Also important are his replies to critics in *The Philosophy of Karl Popper*, edited by Paul Schilpp.

Popper claims to have solved the "problem of induction." The problem is this: there are reports of observations (such as: at 3:00 a.m. in Chicago last Wednesday an object was seen to fall to the ground with an acceleration of 9.8 meters/sec./sec.) and there are statements of universal generality, scientific laws or theories (such as Newton's inverse square theory of gravitation). What is the relation between these two kinds of statements?

Traditionally, the answer supplied has been, broadly, that an accumulation of statements of the first type (observation reports) somehow substantiates, or warrants, or justifies, or probabilifies statements of the second type (theories or laws). This alleged process of accumulation of facts to arrive at hypotheses, which after further accumulation of facts, become promoted to laws, is known as "induction," which used to be handily defined as "proceeding from the particular to the general."

But the question then arises how this can be so, since laws make predictions about many unobserved occurrences — indeed, about an infinite number of such occurrences. Over two centuries ago, David Hume showed that it is not possible to make a sound inference from the particular to the general. Hume went so far as to point out that it is not even possible to logically derive, from statements about a

finite number of observations, however large the number of such observations, a conclusion that a universal law is made any more *probable*. For instance, if we observe 10,000 white swans, then assuming the number of swans to be indefinitely larger, this accumulation of observations does not prove that all swans are white, nor does it even make it the slightest bit more probable that all swans are white.

The past 200 years have not turned up anything that would call Hume's argument into question. Logically, it can never be warranted to proceed from a limited number of observations to a universal law. Broadly, philosophers have responded to this finding in one of three ways: (1) they have (as Hume did) thought that such a finding calls reason itself into question; or (2) they have thought that the mind brings other ordering principles than logic to the observation of events, and that these ordering principles somehow guarantee truth; or (3) they have argued that since scientists and ordinary people allegedly *do* practice induction, there just has to be some

Politically, Popper followed the trajectory of most social democrats: pragmatic and surprised acceptance that, in one piecemeal area after another, the malodorous market in fact produces better results than government intervention.

method of inference by induction, even though no one so far has managed to pin it down.

Popper makes a sharp break with these traditional "solutions." Popper accepts Hume's finding that neither laws nor the probability of laws can be deduced from observation reports, but he lays great emphasis on a well-known, undisputed, and apparently trivial point: although no observations of white swans can substantiate the statement that all swans are white, a single observation of a non-white (for example, black) swan is sufficient to

disprove that statement.

According to Popper, no amount of evidence can ever substantiate a universal theory. But this does not mean that there is no way to choose among theories, for theories can be refuted. Science proceeds, not by trying to substantiate or justify theories, but by trying to refute, kill, or dislodge them. Induction is not only impossible; it is unnecessary. Rationality is saved — what could be more rational than abandoning a theory when it is refuted? But rationality is not employed to substantiate theories. The best theories always remain unsubstantiated guesses.

We can never say that we have proved from "the facts" that a theory is true, or even likely to be true. What we may be able to say is that we have tried hard to refute a theory, and been unable to do so, whereas other theories have been refuted. In a contest between two theories, we try to find testable consequences of both theories which are mutually incompatible. It may then be possible to show that one theory is contradicted by an observation report, whereas the other is not. In that case,

we reject the second theory and say that the first theory is the best we have, for the time being, though we have not substantiated it and never can.

For this procedure to work, it's important that theories be *testable*. Every theory should come with the explicit or implicit assertion that certain kinds of possible observations would falsify the theory. A theory which seems to "explain everything" may therefore be most unsatisfactory. If it is compatible with any possible observation, then no observation could count against it. In that case, the theory has to be classed as non-scientific, though it may still be meaningful and worth discussing, and it may be possible to adapt it so that it becomes scientific. Popper early on determined that the theories of Freud, Adler, and Marx were unscientific in the sense that they could be reconciled with any imaginable observation.

The above is the bare bones of Popper's "critical rationalism." The doctrine has, naturally, attracted many criticisms of varying merit. David Miller's *Critical Rationalism: A Restatement and Defence* (1994) provides an

up-to-date account of the debate.

Popper made a number of important contributions which have influenced discussions outside the ranks of those concerned with critical rationalism as a whole. To mention one example, his conception of "propensities" is a development of the view that the universe is objectively non-deterministic. According to Popper's objective view of probability, the number on which a roulette ball will come to rest is not determined by all the circumstances obtaining at the point where it is thrown onto the wheel. Chance is not an artifact of our ignorance: nature objectively contains randomness, things that could go in more than one way.

As an individual, Popper was dearly loved by students and others who worked with him. He was often a bit cross with people he thought had misrepresented him, and this gave him the reputation of being "difficult." At the same time, he observed a curious kind of tactful reticence or even timidity with respect to certain confrontational issues.

Through his teaching, Popper ac-

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quired disciples, but also numerous disciples-turned-apostates, including such prominent figures as Lakatos, Feyerabend, and Agassi. The late W.W. Bartley III was the earliest notable apostate but he later returned to Popper's good graces, and himself became a hammer of the apostates. (Popper largely accepted the generalization of critical rationalism Bartley had presented in *The Retreat to*

Commitment.) Although Bartley defended Popper stoutly, including an article entitled "A Difficult Man," in conversation with me Bartley once referred to some then-recent testiness of Popper's and muttered a sour remark about defensible and indefensible ways of being "difficult."

Popper and his disciples never constituted a dogmatic church. There are several instances where Popper

promptly admitted error in response to criticism. It was a leading critical rationalist, David Miller, who pointed out a mistake in Popper's attempt to elaborate the notion of "verisimilitude," a mistake which Popper immediately acknowledged.

Popper's tactful reticence is illustrated in various episodes. In an early draft of *Unended Quest*, Popper recalled the time when he had first encountered Viennese proponents of Zionism, and posed them the question: What about the people who already live in Palestine? The Munich attack on Israeli athletes occurred as Popper was completing this autobiography, and caused Popper to delete that passage. When Popper was once under consideration for a teaching job in Australia, and a question was asked in the Australian parliament about appointing a foreigner to such a post, Popper immediately withdrew his application.

This surprising willingness to back down perhaps arose from Popper's youth in an assimilated Jewish family surrounded by rising anti-Semitism. Popper made the rather unusual observation that, since Jewish intellectuals were disproportionately active in leftist politics, and this fact was used by anti-Semites, these Jewish intellectuals had some responsibility to desist from such activity. And when some demonstrating socialists were shot by police (in Vienna after World War I), Popper, although sympathetic to the socialists and appalled at excessive police force, concluded that adherents of the Marxist theory of class struggle were also partly to blame.

If I have rated Popper correctly, he solved the problem of induction, advanced a viable alternative to both empiricism and idealism, and showed a way to abolish the dependence of rationality upon justification. This concludes the inductivist epoch which began during the Renaissance, and even the justificationist epoch which began with the Greeks. If I have over-rated Popper, he was at least a philosopher of note and an effective intellectual propagandist against totalitarianism, who hastened the liberalization of the world and therefore its future peace and prosperity.

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Disunited Colors

by Susan J. Rutter

Nothing is more frightening to the academic Left than an uncaptioned image. No response comes easier than censorship.

You used to be able to recognize a Benetton ad from its collection of happy-looking, vapid, multi-ethnic models in colorful clothing. From 1984 to 1991, the Italian company peddled its pricey fashions with casual, asexual images of people from around the world. The ads seemed whole-

some next to the soft-core fantasies proffered by Guess? and Calvin Klein. Like U.N. blue helmets in a war zone, they seemed to offer a kind of hope: amidst lust and perfidy, innocence survived. Through its ostentatious support of global harmony, Benetton designed advertisements the whole world, or at least naive Americans, could identify with.

Then the company launched its United Colors of Benetton campaign, with its disturbing images of race, religion, and international politics. Like the earlier ads, these contained no text beyond a small logo in a corner of the page. But in place of the previous pluralistic idyll, the new ads depicted a corpse from a Mafia hit, a man dying of AIDS, a priest kissing a nun, a refugee boat, the bloody clothes of a soldier, a placenta-smattered newborn, a black woman nursing a white baby, the genitalia of 56 people. If some of these images don't ring a bell, that's because many weren't published in the United States. France, Italy, the Scandinavian countries, and the U.K.'s Advertising Standards Authority also banned some of the ads.

Benetton is a company with an activist agenda. It has sponsored clothing redistribution drives to benefit the

poor and has distributed a safe sex brochure. Mr. Benetton once even invited Fidel Castro to teach "revolutionary values" at his Italian design school, Fabrica, where he does his best to bar "privileged" students. The United Colors campaign is supposed to raise consumers' "consciousness" while making its pitch. Benetton's adman, Oliviero Toscani, explains: "We are not selling a product. We want to show human realities that we are aware of." This Madison Avenue doublespeak may alarm a skeptic, but the company itself seems to believe it.

There are three general lines of complaint against Benetton's ad-images. The first charge is that the ads reduce racism, AIDS, and terrorism to "simplistic images" that exploit and trivialize serious issues.¹ Those who make this claim presumably don't believe that Benetton is anything other than a profit-seeking business using the spectacular imagery of suffering to sell clothing.

At first glance, this is a reasonable enough assumption. But Mr. Benetton's obvious extracommercial agenda and the risky extremism of the ads' imagery seem to undermine it. Al-

though it is tempting to say that Benetton is purely opportunistic, it is undeniable that many find the company's tactics repulsive — a fact that hardly enhances the bottom line. Indeed, in a 1992 *Advertising Age* poll of 18-to-34-year-olds (Benetton's target market), 82.7% said they were uninfluenced to shop at Benetton stores by the ads, and some were influenced adversely. And each new ad is more jarring than the last. (The most recent: a photo of Ronald Reagan doctored to look as if he were dying of AIDS.)

The second argument is that Benetton is symbolically "appropriating, taming, and controlling" problems that are potentially disastrous to the flow of business as usual.² And Benetton is indeed turning important realities into a "market mechanism," stripping them of their intensity and submerging them into the capitalist cause. But this is neither the end of the world nor a good reason to ban the campaign. Benetton does not change AIDS, racism, terrorism, or political persecution, but uses *images* of them to attract attention, sell products, keep the company name fresh in the mind, and "engender debate."

The third complaint is that some of the images perpetuate racism. But do they? One banned ad featured the hands of two men, one black and the other white, cuffed together. Both men wore identical business suits, yet certain minority "leaders" claimed the image implied that the black man was a criminal and the white man a cop. One wonders who exactly is perpetuating racial stereotypes here.

According to one critic, "almost invariably the white figure in [the ads] is presented in the dominant, active position."³ But this was certainly not the case with the handcuffed men. That photograph is deliberately ambiguous, and the activists who reject it are guilty of a short-sighted iconophobia — and of projecting their own racist thinking. Their black-man-as-criminal mantra is an automatic defense that serves to paste the stereotype back into place. In this case, it is a purposeful misreading of the company's intention.

Another Benetton image pictures a black woman nursing a white baby. In the United States, it was only published in articles condemning it. This ad invoked the stereotype of the black woman as slave/wetnurse and is a good example of the deliberate ambiguity Benetton employs. The image favors neither person, neither race. The bare-chested woman is cropped at the neck and waist, while the baby is whole and can be seen as more valuable and "in charge." But babies are completely dependent and vulnerable. Far from fixing the bodies into stereotypes, Benetton seems to have carefully designed the ad to question them.

One suggestion comes up in almost all the anti-Benetton arguments: to provide a caption, a text, for greater understanding. As one critic wrote, "captionless and with no originary information provided, the images seem like snippets from a rock video or movie."⁴ Another complained that "the image of the AIDS patient, stripped bare of his identity and with no accompanying text [and] the image of the firebombed car, exploding in an unknown country for unknown reasons, displays a cartoon awareness."⁵ And bell hooks, a black feminist and modern cultural critic, railed against "ads that focus on Otherness [that] make no

explicit comments, or rely solely on visual messages" for their meaning.⁶

But these are real images, not cartoon images. The bombed car was a victim of Italy's ongoing bout with urban terrorism. The refugee boat was photographed escaping Albania. The "nameless" AIDS patient is David Kirby with his family in Columbus, Ohio, who was featured in *Life* magazine weeks before Benetton used the

The call for captions represents a desire to ensure we'll read the photographs the "correct" way.

photo. Equating these ads with snippets of rock videos or movies is the stance of those who would sooner censor than analyze or debate.

The captionlessness and drama of some Benetton ads, particularly the AIDS victim and the refugee boat, scare those who would protect the issues they represent by making the images invisible. The call for captions represents a desire to ensure we'll read the photographs the "correct" way. It is the product of an irrational fear of imagery combined with a lack of faith in ordinary people's ability to understand the issues involved.

Benetton has also earned leftist scorn for its "strategic self-othering in relation to dominant cultural norms." This is what allegedly happens when, following the collapse of colonialism, the dominant culture (white America) still feels the need to dominate weaker people. Because capitalism is ruthlessly, almost genetically implanted within white middle-class America, the dominant culture does this even through advertising. The array of colors, so beautiful in Benetton's advertisements, urges the viewer to "self-other" or somehow "eat" these identities with their eyes and fantasies.

Why does white middle-class America desire the Other? Because they fear blacks and other exotics and believe them to be less constrained by all that represses white culture: Victorian habits, stifling professionalism, double standards, neuroses, and a lot of

capitalist fallout; and because they can then learn a bit of this ethnic "savagery" and un-self-conscious Zen-like living, allowing them to cast the Other back to the side. In this way, the argument goes, Benetton is capitalizing on the fantasy of pleasure through (sexual) contact with the Other, by recognizing capitalist America's boredom in the absence of new frontiers to conquer.

But minorities cannot be "protected" from the vulgar marketplace. Multi-racial imagery in advertising — or the commodification of otherness, if you prefer — is already in full swing. And Benetton has always refrained from the tired, sexually charged ad.

In such magazines as *Self*, *Vogue*, and *Rolling Stone*, Benetton inserts unusually "real" images into an otherwise banal string of carefully contrived large lips, open mouths, breast shots, and long hair. Fashion magazines are places of luxurious fantasy where the real world seldom intervenes. Seeing a full-color newborn baby or a man's "H.I.V. POSITIVE" tattoo tends to disrupt the reverie of magazine-reading.

There is, admittedly, something fundamentally weird about using agit-prop to sell clothing and perfume. Perhaps if Benetton released its images without its name attached, they would create less controversy.

The Left's reaction to Benetton's ads is a modern example of people granting images imaginary powers, of the fear of imagery that informs current politically correct censorship. The censors' unwillingness to candidly discuss these images and their issues amounts to an underestimation of those consumers who would see them, and it hurts a company the Left might have called an ally. □

Notes:

1. Fred Bacher, "Fear and Clothing in L.A.," *The Humanist*, September/October 1992, pp. 45-46.
2. Carol Squiers, "Special Effects," *Art Forum* 30, May 1992, pp. 18-19.
3. Jan Nederveen Pieterse, *White on Black: Images of Africa and Blacks in Western Popular Culture*, Yale University Press, 1992, p. 209.
4. Squiers, p. 18.
5. Bacher, p. 46.
6. bell hooks, *Black Looks: Race and Representation*, South End Press, p. 28.

The Market Meets Deep Ecology

by R.W. Bradford

Like it or not, cows are tools.

In "Deep Ecology Meets the Market" (November 1994), Gus diZerega proposes four "environmental rules . . . that can be occasionally overridden — but with the burden of justification always resting on those who would override":

1. A strong presumption against creating non-recyclable or non-biodegradable products.
2. No prolonged degradation of renewable resources, such as soil, water, fisheries, and (when they are being used in their resource capacity) forests.
3. A diverse flora and fauna. No extinctions of life forms not actively injurious to humans.
4. Nothing living can be appropriately treated as a pure means. (pp. 32, 34)

On the surface, I suppose these seem sensible. Who doesn't appreciate "a diverse flora and fauna"? Who favors extinctions of "life forms not actively injurious to humans"? Who wants "prolonged degradation" of "soil, water, fisheries, and . . . forests"? And if we create too many "non-recyclable or non-biodegradable products," the world will be overrun with trash, and who wants that?

But like many ecological ethical propositions, they have problems. For one thing, given enough time, biology degrades everything on the Earth's surface. And just about anything can be recycled, if you're willing to expend enough resources in the process.

And just what does "prolonged

degradation" mean? Should land never be cleared for farms? Wouldn't this mean a return to primitive society? Isn't that a bit drastic?

It is diZerega's fourth "principle" that seems the most problematic: his prohibition against using any living thing as a "pure means." Throughout history and pre-history, human beings have used all sorts of plants and animals as "pure means" to their ends. Every single day, every single one of us does.

Virtually everything you eat started out as a living thing. The coffee you drank this morning was brewed from a bean that grew on a tree raised solely for use as the base for a beverage for human beings to drink, without a single thought to its own life, except as an instrument of our own. The sugar you put into it was refined from a tropical grass that was planted, raised, and harvested solely as an instrument for you and your brethren. The milk you poured into it was taken from a cow that was domesticated, bred, and nurtured solely so that its milk might be used as food for human beings.

Long before the industrial and in-

formation revolutions ushered in the modern era, human beings learned to domesticate animals and to raise crops for their own ends. The cow from which came the milk you drink or the burger you eat did not exist in nature. Her ancestor was domesticated at some shadowy time in pre-history, and bred through trial and error to be what she is today: a marvelously efficient means of converting otherwise inedible plants into delicious, nutritious food. She's stupid, slow, easily herded, easily led to slaughter. At no stage in the process of domestication and animal husbandry was she anything but a "pure means" to human ends. At no stage in the life of the particular cow from which you got your morning milk was she anything but a "pure means" to human ends. To your ends.

The same can be said of the wheat from which your bread was made. It was domesticated, bred, raised, harvested, milled, and baked as a "pure means" for human ends. For your ends. Even for Gus diZerega's ends.

Okay, maybe I overstate the case a little. After all, diZerega qualifies this principle by suggesting that "it can be

occasionally overridden — but with the burden of justification always resting on those who would override." So maybe it's morally acceptable for humans to have treated plants and animals as "pure means" for all of human existence — provided in each and every one of the cases presented continuously to each and every human being, we stop to evaluate whether this is one of the "occasional cases" where overriding this moral precept is justified. Of course, people who spend so much time contemplating the morality of so many actions fundamental to their own survival and prosperity wouldn't have much time for the actions necessary for life.

It is not everyday that we are advised to engage in a course of action that entails the virtual extinction of humanity as we know it. Given their startling character, one might expect diZerega to offer a tightly-reasoned proof, a detailed defense, or at the very least a thorough elaboration of the derivation of his ideas.

I have searched diZerega's article for such a proof, defense, or derivation. Here is what I found:

We could only care about passenger pigeons because at some level we realize it is good to be alive, and that this goodness is not applicable only to ourselves. Being alive *may not be the ultimate goodness*, but it is *an important value nonetheless*. This insight leads to respect for other living beings, human and otherwise.

Respect, at this level of discussion, is too abstract to provide us much

guidance. It means, minimally, that what is respected can *never* appropriately be treated purely as a means to an end. (emphasis added, p. 31)

This is a genuinely astonishing passage. First diZerega knocks out the foundation of any argument for the proposition that "being alive" is some-

DiZerega devotes fewer than 200 words to explaining his thesis.

thing that must always be respected, then he concludes that being alive must always be respected! Surely, a value that "may not be the ultimate goodness, but . . . is an important value nonetheless" can never lead to a universal moral commandment.

A few pages later, he presents his thesis again, in these words:

There is a fourth principle — one that grows from the implications of being human, rather than the need to maintain a viable ecological community:

Nothing living can be appropriately treated as a pure means.

This is a rejection of the despotic notion of property rights as applied to living beings. Interestingly, this idea — "It is mine to do with as I will" — is central to individualist liberalism. Thus, an ideology devoted to fighting against despotism carries at its very core a commitment to despotism in another context. Much

more appropriate is the idea of stewardship, where ownership implies responsibilities as well as rights, and not unlimited arbitrary power. (pp. 33–34)

That's all there is on the subject. DiZerega devotes fewer than 200 words to explaining — if that is not too strong a word — this thesis. And most of those words are about its consequences (we must reject our "despotic notion of property rights"). Only seven words — the principle "grows from the implications of being human" — so much as hint at how diZerega came to know that the principle he posits is true or right!

Not a single reader of this journal has responded to "Deep Ecology Meets the Market." This was a tremendous surprise to me. When I accepted it for publication, I figured such a bizarre thesis would stir up considerable controversy, that this journal would be buried in responses from readers, including not a few who would ask me whether I had lost my mind in accepting it for publication.

I can only speculate about its failure to stir up controversy. Did readers gloss over his cascade of words without paying attention to their meaning? Did they focus only on the euphony of his words? Did readers consider it a bizarre satire, an editorial joke? Did anyone but *Liberty's* staff even read the piece?

I don't know the answers.

But I suppose I should answer the unasked question of why I ran the piece in the first place. No, it wasn't because I wanted to beat up on diZerega; I'm sure that someone who believes it is always inappropriate to treat any other living thing as a pure means to his own ends has a difficult enough time in this world without my getting on his case.

I published the piece because I believe it is a well-written and provocative essay on a subject that interests the readers of *Liberty*. I remain convinced that it is well-written, and that readers of this journal are interested in philosophical and ethical questions that relate to ecology and human society. Where I went wrong was in thinking it provocative. And given the bizarreness of its thesis, I still don't understand why it provoked no response. □

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Testimony

Confessions of a Gnostic Gardener

by R.R. McGregor

The mark of Cain is still being applied to the temples of renegade horticulturalists.

I kept telling my wife that no one would notice the marijuana I was growing in the back yard. Trees block most of our yard from the neighbors' view, and the plants were scattered next to shrubs and stumps, looking like any of the other weeds around the place. I only tended them after dark, and I was confident that I could harvest from them all summer with no problems. But she was worried sick about it.

She doesn't mind that I smoke marijuana, though she rarely smokes it herself. Oh, she does enjoy a bowl of good hashish when I can get it, and she likes a few puffs of high-quality sensimilla once in a while to enhance our lovemaking, but she doesn't bother with green home-grown pot. She's quite satisfied to wind down after work with a glass of wine.

No, it's not the smoking she worries about. It's the Gestapo — the Drug Police — and the nosy neighbor behind us who'd be happy to see us dragged from our house in chains and burned at the stake.

We're heretics, she says.

So I cut down the green and bushy plants, just when they were getting to the point where I'd be able to pinch off a nightly pipeful of mild leaf. I had wanted to keep them, to nurture them until autumn when their budding flowers would sparkle with cannabinol-rich dots of resin.

If it were just me, I would have kept the plants. For years, I'd rehearsed dramatic courtroom speeches

in my mind, imagining I could handle my own case as a *pro se* defendant were I ever arrested for drugs. I'd plead the Ninth Amendment, convincing the jury with impeccable rhetoric that Congress has no constitutional power to prohibit the voluntary ingestion of any substance. I'd talk about how George Washington promoted hemp as a cash crop, how he grew cannabis at Mount Vernon — and not just for rope and canvas, but for medicinal use as well. I'd testify that marijuana is the best (if not only) therapy for glaucoma, that it eases the pain and nausea of cancer chemotherapy. I'd point out that it has been used as a fiber crop for thousands of years, and that an acre of marijuana can provide as much fiber for paper as an acre of 50-year-old trees. I'd wind up by telling the jury about their right — based on the Magna Carta — to nullify unjust laws, and that it was their duty to acquit me in spite of anything Congress might say.

I'd even romanticized about doing time. Some of the greatest people in history had been to prison — Voltaire, Paine, Thoreau. I'd get in shape, I'd

study, I'd write essays that would shake the foundations of orthodoxy. Or so I would imagine.

But it's not just me. My dear wife, my love, could be thrown into the street, if not into prison, and all the precious things she has collected through the years auctioned off to buy more bullhorns, bullets, and battering rams for the local moral guardians.

It's ironic that cultivating my own hemp for my own use is a federal felony bearing draconian penalties, while possession of an ounce or less of black market pot is (in our state) a misdemeanor. The law actually encourages me to support the black market and all that entails.

Who knows where black-market pot comes from? It could be grown by a harmless laid-back hippie in California, or a poor farmer in Kentucky trying to earn enough to pay the taxes on his land. Or it could be smuggled into the country by Mafia types who deal in murder and extortion. Worse, it could be brought in by CIA or Communist operatives who'll use their profits to finance murderous covert actions.

Most people may think of pot

smokers as anti-establishment hippies. But while I've always had a healthy suspicion of authority, I've never really considered myself a hippie. I grew up in a working-class family in a place where, once out of high school, girls got married and boys joined the service. I learned about smoking pot in Vietnam. While the hippies celebrated the Love Generation in San Francisco in '67, I was an 18-year-old Marine tank mechanic on a sandy beach in Chu Lai.

My battalion's enlisted men's club served only beer, usually warm, and

I wanted to keep them, to nurture them until autumn when their budding flowers would sparkle with cannabinol-rich dots of resin.

I've never liked beer. I used to trade my two-can ration for sodas or small cans of orange juice, so I seldom had the benefit of the drunkenness that most of my fellows used as a diversion. After a few months "in country," when I had earned the trust of those around me, one of my buddies offered me a joint to help relieve the alternating drudgery and tension of daily work and nightly guard duty.

I can still remember that first joint — the wonderful sense of relaxation and pleasure, the tunnel vision, the time distortion, the laughter as we sat around a candle passing it back and forth, watching the curling smoke jerk in zigzag movements as the thundering artillery behind us made the very air shake. From that time on, marijuana was my favorite drug. With pot, Vietnam became tolerable, at times even enjoyable. There is no peacetime experience quite comparable to watching the

sun rise out of the South China Sea, leaning back against a machine gun in a bunker made of sand bags, or riding on the fender of an M60 tank, watching the sun flash through a green jungle canopy — if there's a little cannabis around to enhance the scene. It was even possible to pretend that we were actually doing something positive for our country, though few of us really believed it.

So I'm not interested in ending my habit, thank you, though I know there are many in this free country, the country I unquestioningly served in my youth, who would in a heartbeat force me into some brainwashing "chemical dependency" clinic to "cure" me of my illegal affliction. Even with those who know and like me, I must be careful. While most of my friends are people who, if they don't smoke themselves, are tolerant of the pastime, there are many whose good opinion of me would change to either pity or disdain, as if I harbored some dark perversion, if they learned of my habit. My in-laws are deeply religious, and I'm not sure that there aren't a couple of them who would, reluctantly, turn me in to the police for my own good. They would surely pray for my soul.

The possession of my soul is what it's all about. My wife is right: we're heretics.

Heresy is about choosing, and a heretic is one who chooses an unacceptable dogma or creed. My wife and I have accepted the idea that our lives and bodies are our own, and that we should be able to decide for ourselves what to do with them. We claim an inalienable right to prescribe our own medications, our own painkillers, our own therapies for dealing with the diseases, trials, and stresses of life.

In these insane times, this is heresy bordering on treason.

Heresy did not end with the conclu-

sion of the religious wars of the seventeenth century. Secular religions with new orthodoxies have arisen, and these new orthodoxies have defined new heresies. In Nazi Germany,

Jews, homosexuals, and gypsies were persecuted for political and social reasons above and beyond religion, as were dissident poets in the Soviet Union and racially mixed couples in the Old South.

Right now, Native Americans eating peyote to better commune with their god are heretics. And so are marijuana smokers around the world — except, perhaps, in Holland. We are subject to arrest, imprisonment, and possible death for our behavior.

No — that last sentence is not quite true. Behavior is not really what the persecution is about. Heresy is essentially a thought-crime. The outward act is merely a manifestation of the true crime: the defiance of authority, the failure to conform to orthodox belief. Authoritarians are not merely interested in controlling behavior. Their true interest is not the body, but the soul.

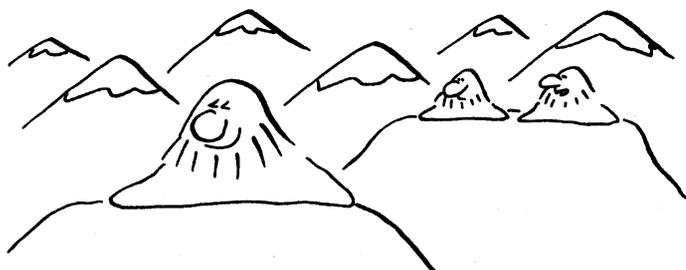
Prohibitionists describe marijuana as a gateway to stronger drugs, a downward-spiraling road to mental and physical debilitation, degradation, disease, and death. There is some truth to this, but only metaphorically. The gateway that marijuana opens leads not to physical death, but to the death of intolerance and blind obedience.

When all the drug users are caught, or killed, or cured, who will be the new heretics — the new Jews, queers, niggers, witches, Satanists — the new scapegoats for the new orthodoxy?

Marijuana is an introspective drug. With the right dosage, external time seems to slow down and internal time speed up. The mind seems to work faster, giving the user time to analyze the thoughts and emotions that normally fly past unnoticed. This allows the user to think critically and deeply.

Critical thinking is the stronger drug authoritarians fear.

In my case, the physical, behavioral heresy of smoking marijuana has led me away from the authoritarian belief-systems that hold sway in so much of



"He's very undogmatic — his mantra is 'If you say so.'"

the world, toward a kinder, gentler, and terribly heretical belief system. If I were to label my particular brand of heresy, I would call myself a Pharmaceutical Gnostic. Like the Christian Gnostics of former centuries, I will not blindly obey the authoritarian orthodoxy of the moment; I value self-knowledge over unthinking faith. And like the Christian Gnostics, this places me and those I love in danger of persecution, financial ruin, imprisonment, and, if I would be so foolish as to physically resist, injury or death at the hands of the authorities.

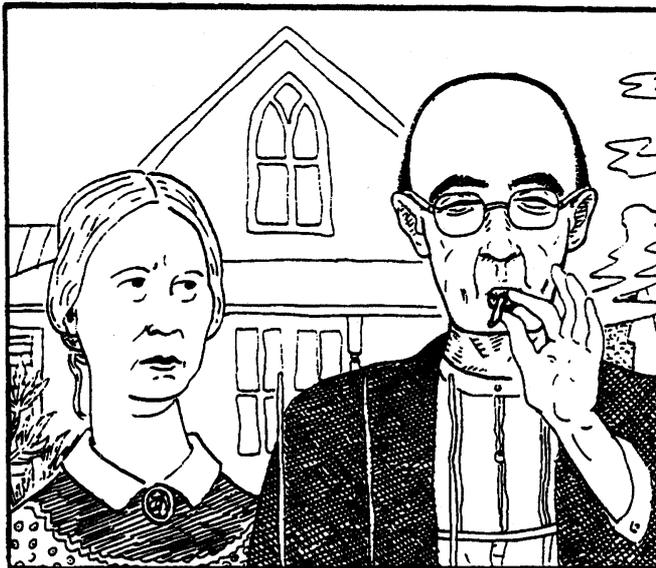
Today's pharmaceutical orthodoxy lies at the core of the concept of the therapeutic state: the idea that people are unfit to determine their own best interests, that they are too irresponsible to use medicines and other chemicals wisely or moderately, that the state has a legitimate interest in enforcing the opinions of its own experts. This orthodoxy is upheld by politicians, police, mental health experts, and physicians who insist that people use only officially

sanctioned substances and therapies to kill their pain or cure their ills. It is also promoted by pharmaceutical corporations, who spend obscene amounts of money lobbying to maintain their monopoly on the manufacture and sale of drugs.

Of course, it isn't necessarily wise to suggest publicly that physicians have enriched themselves and shut out competition with a legal monopoly on prescriptions and medical certification, effectively prohibiting pharmacists, homeopaths, herbalists, and midwives from prescribing remedies; that mental health practitioners are making enormous sums from the proliferation of chemical dependency clinics; or that politicians and police are unconstitutionally expanding their power yet further into our private lives. Such claims are usually met with rage, scorn, and derision, followed by the plaintive cry that our priesthood's actions have no such selfish motivation, and are all for the public good.

The real irony is that the United States was created as a haven for gnos-

tics. Freedom-seeking Old Worlders, weary of religious and social persecution, flocked to the American colonies. The Declaration of Independence was a kind of gnostic manifesto, proclaiming that people have a political right to pursue their own vision of happiness, limited only by the rule that, since everyone has such a right, no one may coerce others into following any particular vision. I read the Declaration of In-



dependence every few months to remind myself of what this country could and should be, and my heart breaks to think how its promise has been betrayed in so many ways.

If drug prohibition were this country's only problem, I wouldn't complain. But it's only one symptom of a malady that has plagued humanity since Cain slew Abel: the insatiable desire to use force to control the behavior and beliefs of others. Persuasion and education can change minds, but these methods are usually slow and often ineffective; there are always those who stubbornly refuse to change their ways. Coercion, by contrast, is expedient and effective.

St. Augustine, in his early writings, decried the use of persecution to gain converts to Christianity, claiming that conversion was meaningless without freely given consent. Later in life, he changed his mind, because he saw so many examples of the effectiveness of coercion. He saw that persecuting a few would lead others to convert out of fear, and that after a time no one would

remember why those few wouldn't go along with the crowd. The message was not lost on Hitler, Stalin, or the DEA.

Is there hope for the future? Will authoritarianism give way to a freer, more tolerant society? I'm not sure. The ideal of individual liberty seems to be declining in America. The obvious racial and class imbalance in drug persecutions is widening the gulfs between ethnic and economic groups, and I worry that this will result in more social chaos, more random violence, and more repression.

I also worry about the vast sums confiscated by the police, and how this booty is used to increase the sophistication of their tools for prying into our private lives. I have read of machines that hang over the entrances to landfills that sniff each truck for toxic waste. I wonder how long it will be before similar machines guard the entrances to public places, detecting illegal substances in the scent of people walking by. I also wonder, when all the drug users are

caught, or killed, or cured, who will be the new heretics — the new Jews, queers, niggers, witches, Satanists — the new scapegoats for the new orthodoxy.

Two decades ago, 70% of America favored the relegalization of marijuana. Since then, the numbers have reversed. I try to take hope in the fact that this is the result of 15 years of negative propaganda, and that what propaganda has done, better ideas can undo. Then I remember that the Partnership for a Drug-Free America is getting a million dollars a day in free advertising to convince Americans that unsanctioned drugs are today's primary evil, and I wonder whether things will ever change.

Meanwhile, I'm back in the black market, paying extortionate prices for reefer from unknown sources, calling friends who call friends who think they know someone who has a friend who has some pot, hoping to avoid the narcopolice, and praying that I won't become another forgotten gnostic martyr. □

Epistle

Dyanne Petersen
#114874
County Jail
Portland, Oregon 97204
February 1, 1994

The Honorable Robert E. Jones
U.S. District Judge
Federal Courthouse
Portland, OR 97204

Dear Judge Jones,

I know I've done some bad things but it's really not my fault. There are influences that are above one's control and one just can't help certain things. I'm not to blame!

It wasn't my fault I was born a girl. And I can't help it if I come from a broken home, that my mother was Christian and Dad an atheist so I never had consistent values at home. I was discriminated against my whole life because I'm Danish, one of the smallest minorities in the U.S. And I lived in an all-white neighborhood and attended a private school, so I never had the benefits of multiculturalism. I was also very insecure because of genetically-small breasts and crooked teeth.

With this traumatic life and overwhelming difficulties and injustices like I've suffered, I turned to crime. Yeah, it was wrong, and I'm so sorry. But I'm not to blame! I couldn't help it! Plus, I was sick!

Your Honor, if you could only get me some drug rehab; psychiatric help; anger management; behavior modification; anti-depressant, mood-stabilizing, and anti-anxiety drugs; self-esteem counselling; sex therapy; repressed-memory treatment; vocational training; educational opportunities; cosmetic surgery; housing assistance; some new clothes; and a good used car, I'm sure I could be a productive, law-abiding member of society.

I'm not a predator or a criminal. I'm a victim and I deserve pity and understanding, not punishment -- and a second, third, or even fourth chance to correct the societal, genetic, and sexist injustices I've suffered. You owe it to me! I have rights!!

I know you can give me 20 years, but with the government's benevolence and the few tax-supported services I mentioned, two years probation should be enough for me to learn my lesson and get my act together. I'll be sure to tell all my friends to think twice before trying to break the law, that crime doesn't pay. Whadayasay?

Very truly yours,

Dyanne Petersen

Memoir

Cato Free-For-All

by Robert Formaini

Prior to the '80s, the libertarian movement presented the world with a harmonious façade. But developments within the Cato Institute changed that forever. Robert Formaini was there.

In the Cato Institute's early days, Ed Crane oversaw a collection of some of the country's most talented, and temperamental, libertarians. As is frequently the case in such organizations, egos clashed often and hard. Crane saw himself as a man who was bringing big money and respectability to a group noted mostly for its "crazies." He was as much involved with the Libertarian Party as he was with Cato — perhaps more involved. That meant others were needed to manage the daily operations when Ed was distracted or away on LP matters.

David Theroux was vice president for academic affairs when I arrived to take the position of conference director in early 1978. He oversaw a half-million-dollar-a-year operation, while Bill Evers edited *Inquiry* magazine, whose offices, though housed with Cato's in a nice suite on San Francisco's Montgomery Street, were separated both by the design of the floor and by matters of management and political strategy. Evers was very close to Murray Rothbard, who was in residence at Cato that summer. Also in residence was Leonard Liggio, who, along with John Cody, oversaw a somewhat smaller part of Cato's operations.

Theroux and I designed four long seminars in 1979, and I recall being away from home practically the entire summer. By the next year,

though, Theroux and his entire department had been eliminated. The reason was his siding with Rothbard and Evers over the issue of the hiring of an economist to do policy analyses for Cato. The economist, whom I see no point in naming, was perceived by Rothbard, Theroux, and Evers as anti-Austrian and therefore, by their standards, simply unacceptable.

Although this might seem to be a minor issue in retrospect, at the time it was big news within the intellectual libertarian milieu, and phone calls crossed America as the sides sought allies and tried to short-circuit the machinations of their opponents. Crane's major ally was Roy Childs, then editor of *Libertarian Review*, a magazine housed two blocks away from Cato.

Although Crane prevailed, it was a hollow victory that sowed the seeds of a long-term vendetta by him against Theroux, Rothbard, and Evers, and by them against him. Crane told me he would eliminate all three from Cato — hence cutting them off from Koch funds — and, in

time, he did.

The first to go, in the spring of 1979, was Theroux. He was given a three-month severance, and his department was eliminated. I was given his job, which had become vice president for public policy affairs. Cato's educational efforts would now be wholly directed at policy concerns. It would take Crane another year and a half to get the others. That would occur while he was on a leave of absence from Cato, working as communications director for the Clark for President campaign in 1980. Because of Cato's tax exemption, appearances had to be maintained, so Crane went to D.C.

During that time, I served as CEO of Cato, whose offices had moved to more modest quarters on Front Street. Evers was fired in April of 1980, although the magazine limped on for a while longer, even though it never had the full support of the Cato board. They always felt that *Inquiry* was too "left-wing," since it was anti-Cold War and would publish noted authors from across the political spectrum. So

that I do not leave the impression that I was blindly followed Crane's wishes in firing Evers, let me state that I was in agreement with the decision. My reasons, however, were not personal. (Ron Hamowy and Glenn Garvin did a heroic job editing *Inquiry's* last issues as a Cato Institute publication; the magazine subsequently fell under the aegis of the Libertarian Review Foundation and the editorship of Doug Bandow.)

Rothbard's turn came at the first 1981 Cato board meeting. Murray had been on the board from the beginning

Ed Crane saw himself as a man who was bringing big money and respectability to a group noted mostly for its "crazies."

and was an original "stockholder" in Cato. (The reasons for putting Murray's securities ownership in quotes would require another article!) In any event, Crane, with Koch's wholehearted support, simply purged Rothbard from the board at that meeting.

Prior to the meeting, the board had been deluged with all kinds of written materials and rumors concerning what was happening at Cato. Crane called me into his office one day and handed me one such package. As I read it, amazed that it contained direct quotes from memoranda between Crane and myself, I suspected that Evers might have been involved. Others suspected that Crane himself might have produced it.

To this day, I do not know who wrote these things. I do know that my copies were always kept locked away in my office.

Rothbard and Evers, still active in the LP and enraged at how they had been treated, quite naturally decided to try to hurt Crane where they thought it would sting hardest: in the LP. They succeeded in wresting the LP from Koch-Crane control in New York in 1984, when Crane's candidate, Earl Ravenal, did not get the presidential nomination. Theroux never was active in the LP and, after leaving Cato, he

founded the Pacific Institute — an organization that misses him today, whether they will admit it or not.

Childs, always plagued by health and personal problems, went to New York after the demise of *LR* to write book reviews for *Laissez Faire Books*. My own relationship with Crane, having deteriorated steadily after he used spies to keep an eye on me while he was in Washington, finally ended when I left Cato in September 1981 to return to doctoral work and teaching. Cato moved to Washington, my job now falling to David Boaz.

By this time, Boaz and Crane were spending every morning in Ed's office laughing hysterically over some new information about Rothbard's activities. It was like being transported into some silly college fraternity with cliques at each other's throats. I suspect Boaz has done a good deal of maturing in Washington over the past 13 years and, knowing now that he probably doesn't need Crane anymore, is not only older and wiser, but also a more effective spokesman for libertarian ideas.

Rothbard lost interest in the LP by the late 1980s, when the twin workloads of his new UNLV professorship and his Ludwig von Mises Institute association precluded other (non-paying) efforts. This is not in any way to suggest that Murray is not committed to what he does. I have never met a more committed person, although his goals do change, sometimes on very short notice. And Murray, like Crane, always has an enemies list in his mind. Both men are surrounded, by their own design or not, with the current crop of "friends" and "supporters." Things change, of course — and so do the crops.

Llewellyn H. Rockwell, Jr.'s relationship with Rothbard is not only ideological, but financial. Rockwell has been good for Murray in some ways, and Murray is not about to overlook that. Rockwell himself is, like the rest of us, a mixed bag. The main difference between the liberal-corporatist libertarianism of Crane, *Reason*, and Cato and the paleolibertarian views of Rothbard, Rockwell, and *Chronicles* revolves around Pat Buchanan's "culture war." Those who disagree with

Rockwell on social issues (e.g. homosexuality) are *ipso facto* "Left," whether they call themselves libertarians or not.

This way, they can paint Crane as having a position no different from ACT-UP's. I suspect, although I haven't discussed this with Ed, that his position on this is a good deal more nuanced and libertarian than the Ludwig von Mises Institute people would concede.

It's been 16 years now since I first walked into the Cato Institute. I met people I never thought I would know and did things I didn't know I was capable of doing. It was, in John Podhoretz's phrase, a "hell of a ride." But for every benefit, there was a cost, some quite heavy and many simply deadweight. What I saw both pleased and depressed me. I am glad that everyone involved in those sometimes bitter episodes landed on their feet, but talented and ambitious people tend to do that.

David Theroux now runs the Independent Institute. Murray Rothbard

Rothbard, like Crane, always has an enemies list in his mind. Both men are surrounded with the current crop of "friends" and "supporters." Things change, of course, and so do the crops.

has a legitimate, though taxpayer-funded, teaching position at UNLV, plus his work with the Mises Institute. Ed Crane continues his on balance good work with Cato. Leonard Liggio is affiliated with the Institute for Humane Studies. Bill Evers, after a stint at the Hoover Institution, is now (I think) an academic.

Unfortunately, the rancor and infighting have not yet ended, and the same old animosities drive current personal, even institutional decisions. In that regard, I can think of no better advice for all of us than that of Paul to the Corinthians: It is time to "put away childish things." □

Reviews

Investment Biker, by Jim Rogers. Random House, 1994, 402 pp., \$25.00.

Wheeling and Dealing Around the World

R. W. Bradford

Jim Rogers is a legendary investor, who co-founded (with George Soros) the Quantum Fund, and with it the whole concept of a hedge fund. Back in 1980, he decided that there was more to life than work, so he retired from the business of managing other people's money, with the idea of taking things easier.

But not too easy: he continued to manage his own considerable assets, took a position as Professor of Finance at Columbia University, bought a new motorcycle, and decided he should fulfill a lifelong dream of seeing the world. Somewhere along the line he also took a position as a commentator on the cable financial network CNBC. (He's the guy who asks fund managers the tough questions on *Mutual Fund Investor*.)

He wanted to see the world, but much of the world didn't want to see him. The Soviet Union and Communist China don't ordinarily roll out the red carpet for Western tourists, especially ones who are wealthy capitalists. But Rogers persisted, and eventually, he got most of the necessary permits, visas, carnets, and God-knows-how-many other documents — and the tools needed to fake the rest.

He chose a big, black BMW motorcycle as his means of transportation. And for good reason:

The best way to go is by motorcycle. You see sights and smell the countryside in a way you can't from inside the box of a car. You're right out there in it, a part of it. You feel it, see it, taste it, hear it, and smell it all. It's total freedom.

I first learned about Rogers' travels a few years ago, when I watched a PBS documentary about his motorcycle trip through China. He did more than see the countryside and brave the inhospitable deserts and the roadblocks of Communist bureaucrats. He also traded on the black market, talked to people everywhere, and came away with an appreciation of China unlike anything else you've ever seen on PBS.

Rogers lusted for more. He wanted to travel around the world on a motorcycle, a feat never before accomplished. There were a lot of challenges: wars, revolutions, epidemics, horrible roads hardly fit for jeeps, let alone motorcycles. He figured he could overcome these, but one problem seemed insurmountable: Siberia. It is 7,000 miles across. Much of it is virtually roadless. It is thinly occupied by a xenophobic military power that until recently didn't allow foreigners even to fly over it, let alone travel on their own, on the ground.

But Rogers was determined, and he persevered. He applied to bureau after bureau, making a nuisance of himself. After nine years' effort, someone suggested he contact Sovintersport, an ob-

scure Russian organization that sponsored international sporting events. He wrote a letter, suggesting that his proposed around-the-world tour was just the sort of international sporting event that would further their ends. To his surprise, Sovintersport quickly secured permission for his tour. Figuring that he could solve the other problems along the way, he and his girlfriend set out in March, 1990.

By the time they'd finished, they had ridden some 65,067 miles on their motorcycles. They'd crossed Europe and Asia twice, crossed Africa north to south, nearly circumnavigated Australia, and driven from Patagonia to Alaska. They'd got their motorcycles bogged down in the sands of the Sahara, navigated rivers of rocks in Siberia, and barged down the Ubangi and Congo Rivers in Africa. They'd been confronted by Communist revolutionaries

On Easter Island, Rogers saw the huge giant stone heads looking out to sea. To his experienced eye, these maori "looked like a bull market that had gotten out of control."

in Peru, been held for ransom in Zaire, and bribed, blustered, and charmed their way through hundreds of borders and military checkpoints.

Rogers tells this story in *Investment Biker*, a book that combines travel and adventure with large doses of investment advice and observations on the political economies of the countries he visits. This sounds like a recipe for very strange mixed grille, but Rogers somehow manages to please the palate.

Rogers may not be a modern Ibn Battúta, but neither is he your normal tourist. In addition to describing his

unusual sights and experiences, Rogers *reflects* on what he saw and did in the 49 countries he toured. One moment he is visiting the world's largest motorcycle trade show in Germany, the next telling how Germany recovered from World War II so quickly, the next worrying that protectionism, "a dangerous worm in the apple of this economic paradise," might consume "the best part of this lovely fruit":

Protectionism exists because local producers always clamor for it. French wheat farmers want to be protected from American wheat farmers. German steelmakers want to be protected from steel manufacturers in Korea. American autoworkers want to be protected from their counterparts in Japan and Mexico. Japanese rice farmers want to be protected from those in America. In turn, American sugar growers want to be protected from Latin American producers. The list is endless — and highly organized and loud. In every country around the world such groups contribute to political campaigns, hire lobbyists, and call for protection.

After all, it sounds as patriotic as Mom and apple pie to protect American autoworkers' jobs, as well as those of Northeastern shoemakers and Southern textile workers. We all want that, don't we?

The answer is no, we don't. Protectionism not only picks our pockets, it robs us as a society. We consumers, however, have no political leader active on our behalf, we have no lobbyists, and we aren't all that vocal. If Congress erects a wall to keep out foreign steel, the price of a tin can will go up, but perhaps only by an eighth of a cent a year, scarcely enough to notice. The cost of a car might rise by 4 or 5 percent instead of 2 or 3 percent a year; again, not enough to make you hire a lobbyist

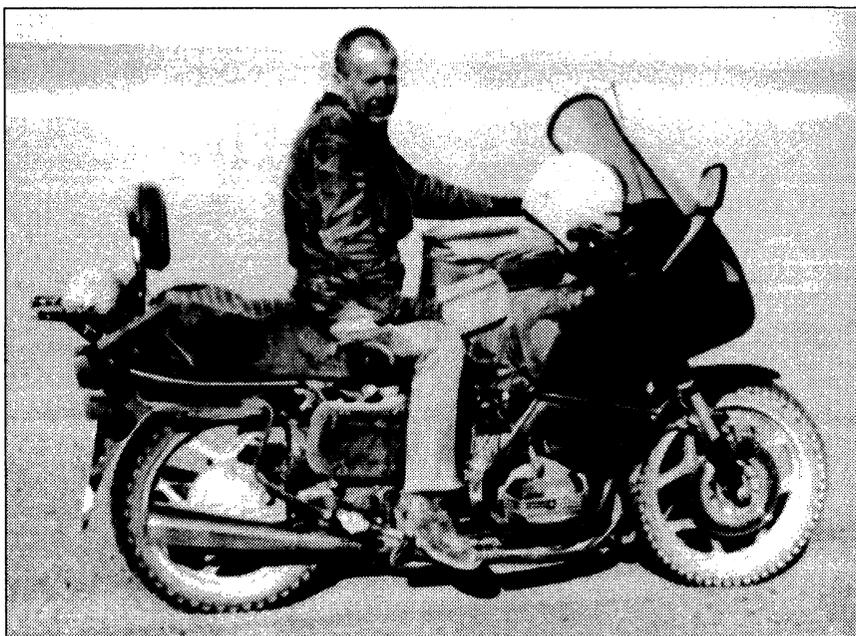
and hit the streets in protest.

Over time, however, the effect is ruinous. Protected industries stagnate and don't innovate. Their products become shoddy and overpriced. American cars back in the sixties, without foreign competition, are a prime example. Once Chrysler, Ford, and General Motors had all the business, nature took its course and gave us poorly built cars at high prices.

After reading this passage, I wondered how different the last presidential election might have been if Larry King had chosen Jim Rogers as his favorite capitalist guest, instead of Ross Perot.

The underlying cause of most of the world's social problems, Rogers argues, is statism:

... the belief that the state is the



The Sahara Desert is a long way from Wall Street.

mechanism best suited for solving most if not all of society's ills, be they health related, natural disasters, poverty, job training, or injured feelings. Statism is the greatest political disease of the twentieth century, with Communist, socialist, and many democratic nations infected to a greater or lesser degree. When the political history of our century is written, its greatest story will be how a hundred variants of statism failed.

Thanks to such digressions, *Investment Biker* is one of the most broadly appealing libertarian books ever pub-

lished. Rogers' observations on the world invariably take a libertarian approach, while never preaching or moralizing. Rogers is for peace, free enterprise, free trade, and other pop-libertarian ideas. But he doesn't shy away from radical positions, and he often adds an interesting twist to his argument. His call for the legalization of drugs, for example, concludes by suggesting that "after legalization, the freed-up jail cells could be used for corrupt politicians."

Rogers may be an adventure traveler, but he is always an investor. His trip gave him ample opportunity to evaluate what investments looked like from the ground. In every country where he saw the emergence of private property, no exchange controls, political freedom, and the diminution of the

heavy hand of government, he sought out local investments. He hunted up stock markets, parked his motorcycle, and walked in. Still wearing his black leather jacket and chaps, he placed orders for local stocks.

In *Investment Biker*, he explains why he invested in Ecuador, Bolivia, and Botswana, but not in Russia, Central Europe, or Japan. He also explains why the United States is *not* a good place to invest, why its economy is in decline, and why that decline is likely to last a lot

longer — and also why China will have the world's most productive economy by early in the next century.

Rogers sees civil peace as a vital characteristic of an economy worthy of investment, a proposition few would argue with. But Rogers seems to see a common culture and language as the most important factors in establishing civil peace. Thus he predicts that Latin America and China are on the verge of an economic boom, and that Central Europe is not.

He seems to be motorcycling on thin ice here. If a linguistic and cultural

thin ice here. If a linguistic and cultural unity is so likely to result in civil peace, why did Latin America and China spend virtually the entire century between 1850 and 1950 in civil war?

Of course, Rogers is the legendary international investor, and I'm not. And he has put his money where his mouth is. Maybe he's acting on other information or has special insights that he hasn't shared with us. But for me . . . well, let's just say I haven't bought any stock in Peru yet.

On Easter Island, he saw the huge *maoi*, the giant stone heads looking out to sea. To his experienced eye, the *maoi* "looked like a bull market that had gotten out of control." They were obviously the product of a fairly advanced society. He notes that when Western explorers discovered the island, people living there had no idea where the *maoi* had come from. He speculates that the civilization that produced the *maoi* had destroyed itself in civil war:

Armageddon in a compass of six and a half by ten miles with no exit — and today no one even remembers why. Madness. One more absurd war.

Nothing lasts forever. Trees don't grow to the sky. "If there's one thing I've learned in going around the world, it's that societies become rich, swagger around a few years, decades, or centuries, and then their hour is done." In his afterward, Rogers reflects on his own country, which he had not seen in two years:

Now that I'm back, having seen a good part of the world close to the ground, people ask me how the United States looks to me. I hate to say it, because this is my home, but I see America as an obvious short sale.

It's painful to see how hopelessly provincial and isolated we still are in this country. It's frightening that neither political party has been or is willing to address our economic problems.

Around the world we saw firsthand what statist shackles had done to so very many countries, and I can see clearly that here in the States it will have to become far worse before it gets better.

Like the *maoi*-builders of Easter Island, the United States might disap-

pear with hardly a trace. But Rogers understands pretty well why the U.S. is falling, and he explains its decline — and the policy changes that must be made if its decline is to reverse itself — in extraordinarily plain language.

In his most startling prognostication, he predicts that as the U.S. economy declines and Mexico's improves, a considerable part of the United States

will revert to Mexico. Clearly, Rogers is a man who revels in controversy.

Investment Biker is a travel book, an adventure book, an investment book, and a collection of essays on political economy. And it works on all these levels. *Investment Biker* is a book that virtually any libertarian — and anyone else — can enjoy and profit from. That is quite an achievement. □

News and the Culture of Lying: How Journalism Really Works, by Paul H. Weaver. Basic Books, 1994, 243 pp., \$22.95.

Truth and Lies in Black and White

Bruce Ramsey

The title was arresting: *News and the Culture of Lying: How Journalism Really Works*, by Paul H. Weaver. A review copy was on a reporter's desk at the daily newspaper where I work. I picked it up. Lying, are we? I looked it over. On the back were four blurbs, one of them by Edith Efron. Hmm. I'd better read it.

Weaver calls himself a former neo-conservative. (And now?) He works at the Hoover Institution. He is also a former political science instructor at Harvard, a former writer and editor at *Fortune*, and a former press agent at the Ford Motor Company.

He does not look down his nose at journalists. "I once viewed journalists as glib and superficial people condemned by their lack of theoretical sophistication and rigorous intellectual purpose to skate forever on the deceptive surface of life." But practicing journalism made him more aware of the rocks and fissures of the planet than did teaching at Harvard. Now he tends to find academic social science "shallow, unpersuasive, naive, unworldly."

I agree. And yet he says journalism lies.

Why? Because the journalist has to stick to facts and verifiable statements, without adding what he thinks. He becomes a conduit for manipulation, for the presentation of play-acting as reality.

He cites the confirmation hearings of John Tower as President Bush's secretary of defense as an example. "Each side was fighting over an issue it didn't care about (drinking) and pretending not to care about issues it cared a lot about (defense spending and political advantage)."

Writes Weaver, "On the surface there was a made-up public story put out for the purpose of manipulating others in ways favorable to the story makers. Behind that was another story, known to those immediately involved and to outsiders with the knowledge to decode it, concerning the making of the public story and the private objectives it was meant to advance. The two stories, or realities, were often wildly at odds with each other. In the real world, the role of the press was to promote public illusions and private privilege."

This happens everywhere debates

are waged on a public stage. Here in the Pacific Northwest, a battle was fought over the spotted owl: whether the bird would die without old-growth forest; whether it was endangered; how many acres of forest each pair of birds required; how many pairs there were. That was the ostensible battle. The real fight was not about birds, but about what the National Forest was to be used for — timber harvesting or hiking and animal habitat.

Often the press wrote as if the fight were about owls. But only a fool could follow the dispute for long without knowing that it was about the whole forest. It was the same with the sham battles over John Tower — or Robert Bork, or Clarence Thomas. The flames were always visible behind the smoke and cinders.

Weaver says journalism presents a false picture. Sometimes it does; a particular story may take play-acting at face

It would be difficult, maybe impossible, for a daily newspaper reporter to do his job the way Weaver proposes.

value, even when the reporter knows better. But much of today's journalism doesn't do this. Political journalism, especially, is constantly focusing on phony postures and sleazy stratagems — often so much that the reporter becomes a kind of theater critic. At election time, it sometimes seems that the press is not too credulous, but too cynical.

Sometimes Weaver is right. Maybe the reporter senses a veiled motive — but by the rules of objectivity, he can-

not just say what other people's motives are. His editor will ask him: "How do you *know* that's their motive? Can you read minds?" And if the reporter says, "Don't you see that it's obvious?" his editor will simply say, "No, I don't." (Even when it *is* obvious. Because if the editor accepts it, someone will challenge *him*.)

But the reporter has his ways. If he can get some observer to *say* the obvious, he can quote that person. Journalists do this all the time. As a business reporter, I've called securities analysts many times so they could say for publication what I already knew.

Publications also employ columnists and editorial writers. They have fewer constraints. They can write what they think about hidden agendas and "obvious" motivations. That doesn't mean they will. They may be overworked, lazy, or timid. But if they fail to do their job, it doesn't mean the system was set up in some fundamentally wrong way. Weaver wants the journalist to abandon the pretense of objectivity. A similar argument is often heard from the Left: that all observers are biased, that "objective" journalism accepts society without question and therefore is biased in favor of the ruling class, and that the honest journalist writes from a point of view.

Weaver's argues: "In real life, when we speak with others about . . . experiences we have been through, we do not confine ourselves to facts or to objectively verifiable statements. We make whatever kinds of statements we think necessary to convey our experience as we understand it."

It's a convincing argument until you start applying it. I'm a newspaper reporter. Shall I make whatever kinds of statements I think necessary to convey my experience? What would that mean, in practice?

Weaver never draws a distinction between kinds of journalism. But the biweekly *Fortune*, where he worked, is different from *The Atlantic Monthly*, or a radio station, or a wire

service, or a daily newspaper. At a daily, reporters work in beats, and sometimes have to deal with the school district or the cops or the big corporations or whatever every day. Reporters need the rules of objectivity. They have to be damned careful about making statements in print about their sources' mo-

Political journalism is constantly focusing on phony postures and sleazy stratagems — often so much that the reporter becomes a kind of theater critic.

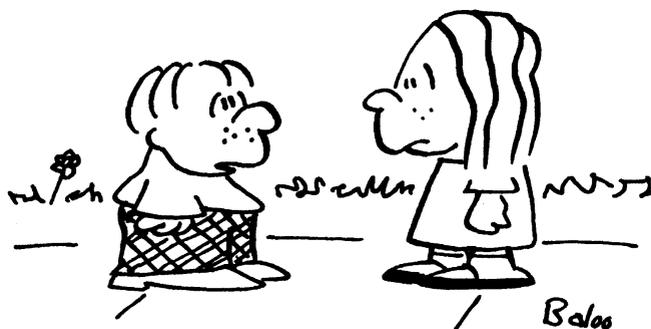
tives. In any case, they frequently have little time to think. They have to get the facts, the he-saids and the she-saids, and pass the mass of sentences on to an editor. The reader is lucky indeed if the story has a logical structure, smooth flow, and proper ending. It is usually up to the columnists, editorialists, Sunday writers, and magazine journalists to put a spin on it.

It would be difficult, maybe impossible, for a daily newspaper reporter to do his job the way Weaver proposes. It would make better sense at *Fortune* — whose arch-rival, *Forbes*, does have writers take a point of view. And in the monthlies, writers always take a point of view.

In a long historical section, Weaver relates the faults of modern journalism to Joseph Pulitzer, the late-nineteenth-century publisher who popularized the front page, the headline, and the structure of the modern news story. This is the most theoretical part of his argument, and the least convincing.

He is on more solid ground when he describes *Fortune* — though he finds relying on personal experience embarrassing. It "goes counter to the prevailing practice in serious nonfiction writing, I'm aware, but it seems to me I have little choice in the matter." I think he was not a journalist long enough. This is the best part of the book, and he apologizes for it.

Weaver then moves on to the power of editors. "Outsiders often want to know why a news medium covers a topic in a particular way, as if there



"If Santa Claus is really my father, then who's my mother?"

were some complicated explanation known only to those on the inside. There almost never is. The 'explanation' of news is almost always the obvious one: What the media run is whatever the boss says the story is, period."

The reporter may come up with the story idea, but he has to clear the idea with an editor. "The editor compares this with the picture of the world he has in his head," writes Weaver. He may agree or not. "In the end, the editor decides; the story is always covered the way he chooses."

Yes — if the editor wants to. But on a daily newspaper, editors usually don't change a reporter's story in a big way. There are too many stories coming in, and too little time for the kind of consultation and review that goes on at *Fortune*. If it's going on page one, editors will have a hand in it. But much copy gets into the paper with only a routine review.

It was altogether different on the Asian newsmagazine where I worked from 1989 to 1993. There the reporters, with one or two exceptions, worked in

distant cities, sending in copy by modem and fax. They could suggest stories, but decisions on stories were made by editors. Most of the big stories were in fact thought up by editors. We editors and rewriters sat in a room overlooking Victoria Harbor and ginned up cover stories to circulate in Malaysia and the Philippines. When the copy was faxed in, we treated it as raw material, for us to rewrite completely. The result was a slick, readable magazine — done our way.

The big editors called the shots over the little editors — especially on cover stories. The managing editor would choose the cover photo and cover line — the headline on the cover. The editor handling the story rarely had anything to say about the magazine cover, and sometimes had to modify his story to back it up.

A few times the whole story was dictated from the top. Once I was told to write a story on car-making in Asia. The boss had seen a number of small newspaper stories about car investments in Thailand, Malaysia, Indone-

sia, India, Pakistan, and China. His subordinate assigned me to supervise the cover story about it. We would tell our Asian readers that they were about to become the center of the world car industry. It was not true; the region was attracting significant investment, but as a car market it was decades behind Europe or America. It didn't matter. I had to instruct the writer to do it the way the boss wanted it written.

I left soon after. Just before I did, another editor presented an alarm-filled environmental story that predicted the extinction of the tiger. He had worked on the story for three months. The boss — a New Zealander — decided we needed to cover this from an Asian point of view. The story was rewritten. The tiger, which was being hunted so its penis could be ground up into Chinese medicine, became just another part of the Darwinian struggle. It had lost that struggle, and it was no use fretting about it in the sentimental Western way. As Asians, we should let it go in peace.

These two examples support Weav-



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David Hume



Adam Smith



Alexis de Tocqueville



Ludwig von Mises



Friedrich von Hayek

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er's thesis of "editocracy." But they contradict his thesis about objective journalism, because in both cases the stories would have been better had we stuck to verifiable facts. And that's my problem with Weaver's book. My experience as a journalist fits his theory only some of the time, and then in the manner of a three-year-old trying on a shirt backwards: It fits only until you take a close look.

But I can't trash the book either, because there are some refreshingly honest passages in it. Journalists, he says, are too often courtiers. "In the mythology of the profession, the journalist is the aggressive advocate of the little guy, a thorn in the side of the pompous and powerful, a professional rebel. In reality, however, reporters are basically submissive toward and dependent on people they perceive as powerful."

Yes — far too often.

In his own case, he says, interviews with the high and mighty "have given me the feeling that I was, in a small and unofficial but still quite real way, a junior member in good standing of the American ruling class."

Maybe he shouldn't have been working at *Fortune*. He continues: "With so much psychologically at stake for me in my interviews, I usually had a queasy feeling in my stomach and a tremble in my hands as I put in the phone calls to introduce myself and set up appointments. What if they said no? a small voice worried inside my head. What if they said, Who the hell are you? Why should I bother to see and talk to the likes of you?"

A writer with that attitude will not want to come out and "make whatever kinds of statements he thinks necessary to convey his experience as he understands it." He will be too afraid. He will want those rules of objectivity, if only to hide behind. He will want that editor backing him up. In effect, he will reply to that person of power: "You should talk to me because I'll 'play it straight.' I won't try to psych out your motives or impute theories of my own. I will write down what you say, and let the readers decide for themselves."

The weakness of journalism, Weaver says, is the *system*. I don't think so. The weakness of journalism is the journalists. □

A Rebel in Defense of Tradition, by Michael Wreszin. Basic Books, 1994, 590 pp., \$30.00.

The Critic, Years After

Richard Kostelanetz

Dwight Macdonald was a curiously anomalous figure in American cultural history. He was a mostly full-time writer who didn't write much, a sometime editor who didn't edit much, a lifetime New York intellectual who wasn't Jewish and apparently didn't much like living in New York, a clear and witty writer who initially distinguished himself by publishing mostly in magazines filled with leaden obscure prose, an anarchist who wasn't a libertine, a book critic who wasn't particularly bookish (his son told me that his library at death was much smaller than mine in mid-career), a contentious individualist whose writings and career eventually commanded wide respect. Not unlike other independent critics who frequently swim over their heads, he also had an attractive capacity for providing intellectual surprise without appearing capricious or opportunistic.

Born in New York in 1906, Macdonald went to prep schools and to Yale, where he determined early that he would be a critic and so, while an undergraduate, flexed his muscles by publishing articles critical of Yale. (William Buckley, remember, had to graduate before publishing *his* attack on Yale.) After six months of executive training at R.H. Macy, he went to work for another Yale man only a few years his senior, Henry Luce. At Time, Inc., he learned to draft English prose that is comprehensible to most literate readers (as distinct from common journalism and professional jargon); indeed, he became a living argument that mass magazines provide a better literary appren-

ticeship than MFA writing programs. Resigning from *Fortune* in 1936, Macdonald became the following year an editor at *Partisan Review*. Near the end of World War II, he founded *Politics*, an eclectic political-cultural magazine — among the best ever done in this country — that was remarkably prescient not only in exposing Stalinism and the amorality of bureaucratic societies but also in publishing in 1944 Robert Duncan's "The Homosexual in Society" under Duncan's own name. (Remember that the author of the 1951 book *The Homosexual in America*, "Donald Webster Cory," was identified in the book itself as a pseudonym!) Someone should have long ago published a selection of the best articles from its pages — isn't this what the Liberty Fund is for? In 1948, Macdonald published *Henry Wallace*, a thorough devastation not only of

Like other independent critics who frequently swim over their heads, Macdonald had an attractive capacity for providing intellectual surprise without appearing capricious or opportunistic.

a leftish phoney, but of the people supporting him.

Losing interest in political criticism, Macdonald folded the magazine and, after some desultory drifting, became in his late 40s a staff writer at *The New Yorker*. After contributing some windy profiles typical of that magazine, he developed a distinctive niche in its pages:

writing extended critiques of cultural balloons — the Revised Standard Version, the third edition of Webster's unabridged dictionary, the 50-volume "Great Books of the Western World." (A persuasive 1958 deflation of James Gould Cozzens' bestselling *By Love Possessed* appeared instead in *Commentary*.) Within the American tradition of literary bombing, these take their proper place beside Mark Twain's continually reprinted essay on James Fenimore Cooper and H.L. Mencken's lesser-known deflation of Theodore Dreiser's style; they account for why Macdonald's name is remembered more than a decade after his death. Most of these essays appear in three book-length collections of his journalism — *Memoirs of a Revolutionary* (1957), *Against the American Grain* (1962), *Discriminations* (1974) — titles that his new biographer Michael Wreszin scarcely mentions. (Wreszin's biography, *A Rebel in Defense of Tradition*, contains 72 pages of notes but has no bibliography!)

To understand the continuing relevance of Macdonald's mastery of the art of elaborate literary demolition, consider that such essays hardly appear anywhere nowadays — certainly not in *The New Yorker*. The closest semblance in my recent reading is Camille Paglia's "Junk Bonds and Corporate Raiders" (1991), reprinted in her book *Sex, Art, and American Culture* (1992), where it is the only essay of its elaborate deflationary kind. One reason few such essays appear nowadays is that they are hard to publish — I know because I've tried. The only places that will run them are tight-assed party-line journals (usually "Right," sometimes "Left"). Is there any better reason for calling this the Age of Puffery?

Incidentally, though "deconstruction" probably means something similar to "demolition," the two are in practice scarcely identical, purveyors of the first choosing obscure, elitist prose styles anathema to true essayists.

The principal theme of Macdonald's later criticism is cultural decline, initially in Biblical translation, dictionary compilation, the understanding of the classics, etc. That's what made him seem culturally conservative and thus attractive to cultural conservatives. (He also disliked *Finnegans Wake*, which is

generally a reliable index of avant-garde vs anti-avant-garde tastes, and even the abstract art exhibited in the 1950s on Tenth Street, only a block or two from his apartment at the time.) Precisely because he was an essentially conservative critic — in contrast to, say, Clement Greenberg or Edmund Wilson, both of whom championed avant-garde work in their times — Macdonald never had much influence on the making of art or the development of alternative esthetic tastes.

He was also a film reviewer for *Esquire* between 1960 and 1966, where his chief theme was that Hollywood product paled before European cinema. This was so obvious and critically so easy at the time that his film criticisms, collected in *Dwight Macdonald on Movies* (1969), now seem trivial. (Wreszin doesn't mention this book at all, even though it was reprinted in 1981 as simply *On Movies*.) On the surface, all this doesn't constitute much of a literary career, making one initially wonder why Macdonald deserves such a thick biography.

By the 1970s, Macdonald was hard-

ly publishing, having encountered a writer's block (if you believe such things exist — my own feeling is that they reflect lack of preparation and/or passion). Instead, he became a professor, initially visiting several institutions, later accepting a chair at John Jay College of New York's City University, in whose Queens College branch Wreszin teaches. The biography repeats that he was a good and popular teacher who was equally friendly to secretarial staff and students, without noting that this character trait probably reflected his lifetime in non-hierarchical situations.

In an illuminating episode that apparently escaped Wreszin's decade-long research, the sociologist Charles Kadushin asked other writer-intellectuals in the early 1970s which colleague they respected most. After the tabulations were complexly completed, Macdonald got the most votes, thereby becoming in Kadushin's view the most influential. Though this was the first time I recognized Macdonald as a success in spite of himself, this elevation is no less curious to me now



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than it was then. My sense at the time was that Macdonald must have been the least disliked, notwithstanding that his best pieces were polemical and that he was personally contentious (and he acknowledged a reputation for frequently changing his mind), because he attacked cultural developments likewise anathema to Kadushin's respondents. (What would *Liberty's* readers think if a survey found other contributors rating me, say, the most influential? They would rightly wonder about wayward survey methodology. I men-

tion this only because *Liberty's* publisher has a taste for such surveys, not to mention a religious faith in their authority.)

Another reason for Macdonald's centrality is his ability to produce sentences that struck his intelligent reader's heads, for example: "The Ford Foundation is a large body of money completely surrounded by people who want some."

There is no better measure of Macdonald's continuing reputation than all the favorable reviews of *A Rebel in De-*

fense of Tradition — even in *The American Spectator* (!). The surprising paradox is that someone so controversial in his time is by now all but universally admired. (This is a truth lost upon the opportunistic butt-kissers of the world.) What Wreszin's biography fails to explain is the central anomaly of Macdonald's career: the success in spite of all the moves that seem destined to bring failure. This makes Macdonald the opposite of a previous Wreszin subject, Albert Jay Nock, who strikes me as a failure in spite of the intrinsic merits of

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his work and career.

One question I cannot answer is the quality of this biography. The current academic style is a thick, predominantly chronological book, elaborately annotated mostly with interviews and personal papers, written in undistinguished prose by an author who rarely uses the first person or threatens to upstage his or her subject in any way. Their size notwithstanding, such books are customarily discreet about their subjects' emotional lives, invariably raising more questions than they answer. This is especially true if the subject is someone recently deceased: the manuscript was probably vetted by those close to the subject, creating the impression of lost passages that may be retrieved later. Think of this as a successor to Brad Gooch's biography of Frank O'Hara last year, Linda Hamilton's of Kenneth Rexroth two years ago, or Martin Duberman's of Paul Robeson a few years before. (Duberman provides a blurb for Wreszin's book, thus certifying its modish respectability.)

Alas — I cannot for the life of me tell whether one of these books is better than another, or why, and I don't see anyone else even trying to discriminate among them. I suspect that biographies, especially of colorful intellectuals, could be written in other ways. In Macdonald's case, his own brief autobiography — "Politics Past," reprinted in his *Memoirs of a Revolutionist* — is better-written.

I first read Macdonald in 1960, when I was an undergraduate charmed by his engaging style and critical independence. *Against the American Grain* was among the first books I ever reviewed for publication, and I was thrilled again when a passage from my review was the first to appear on the back of the paperback reprint. I took seriously his advice about the career benefits of writing for mass magazines while I was young. It is not for nothing that a forthcoming book of mine — *Crimes of Culture*, a collection of demolition essays — is dedicated to Macdonald.

My sense now is that Macdonald was a writer who disliked writing, preferring talking and drinking (one vice being no worse than the other for writers); but once he got some recognition,

quite early in his career, he needed to write to support his drinking and talking. When pundit-level fame came to him, he didn't need to write anymore, so even when book contracts came his

way, he did not fulfill them.

One implicit theme of this finally sad book is the writing he didn't do, and thus the thinking his readers — beginning with this one — missed. □

Natural Born Killers, directed by Oliver Stone; screenplay by David Veloz, Richard Rutowski, and Oliver Stone, from a story by Quentin Tarantino. Warner Bros., 1994. Starring Woody Harrelson, Juliette Lewis, Robert Downey, Jr., Tommy Lee Jones, Rodney Dangerfield, Russell Means.

Natural Born Critics

Jesse Walker

Oliver Stone's latest movie, *Natural Born Killers*, has been both acclaimed and reviled. I'm not surprised that so many people don't like it; it was sure to provoke a lot of hatred, for four reasons:

(1) It cost a lot of money to make. This really gets some critics mad.

(2) It's directed by Oliver Stone. And Stone, as we all know, is easy to make fun of — sometimes because he deserves it, but usually because everyone else is doing it. This is chicness disguised as iconoclasm, like putting down Rush Limbaugh or cracking a five-year-old Dan Quayle joke; few of the trendy Stone-haters would be willing to puncture the pretensions of, say, Steven Spielberg.

(3) It's very, very violent, which is a political no-no right now. Cartoonish mass murders are tossed off with the sort of ironic detachment the word "postmodern" used to imply, back when the word meant anything at all. At the same time, it indicts the audience for their detachment from all the violence, both in the film and in the world outside the theater. Moviegoers in the Janet Reno/Tipper Gore mold are generally incapable of recognizing irony, and when they do they tend to think it in dubious taste. So, naturally, they hate the movie.

(4) It's been heavily hyped, which means it was sure to provoke a snobbish backlash. A typical critique came

from Stuart Klawans, film critic for *The Nation*, who complained that Stone's allegedly innovative editing is "thirty-year-old avant-gardism made expensive." Says Klawans: "Unlike anything you've ever seen before? We've been seeing this since Eisenhower was President!"

True enough, though, strictly speaking, Eisenhower ceased being president more than 30 years ago. Anyone who thinks *Natural Born Killers* is a Great Leap Forward in filmmaking hasn't seen many movies made outside of Hollywood. If all you care about is newness of technique, this isn't much more than Godard reshooting *Bonnie and Clyde* for MTV.

The real question, though, is whether Stone's technique serves a purpose, or if it's just a \$34 million masturbation. I resisted liking this picture for the first half hour or so, not because it was bad, but because I was afraid its virtuoso editing was there to hide an inconsequential film. Ultimately, it won me over. Believe it or not, there's a difference between not being unique and being a hackneyed set of clichés, though this distinction is often lost on the fashion-conscious worshippers of the New.

As I was leaving the theater, my friend Paul asked me what I thought of what we'd just seen. "I think that was a great movie," I replied. "But I might have to see it again to be sure."

Natural Born Killers is very violent and a little pretentious, and it occasionally devolves into pedantic moral pos-

turing. It is also witty, disturbing, and technically flawless. There were times when I both felt like laughing and felt disgusted with myself for wanting to laugh — and knew that it was precisely this tension that the director was trying to produce.

The movie slams cultural trends that deserve to be slammed — tabloid TV, using child abuse as an excuse for adult crimes — but it mostly shoots for easy targets; Mr. Stone has certainly made braver pictures in his time. Fittingly for a film about the American media, it

sometimes feels like a long rock video. I don't really mind that: it's better than anything on MTV or VH1, and Stone's soundtrack selections — e.g., the Specials' "Ghost Town" during a prison riot — are flawless. But I still can't escape that nagging suspicion that this isn't the great picture I've been telling people it is, that I've been snowed by an empty display of masterful technique.

At least I'm having a good time being fooled. I'm not sure that could be said of the Moral Guardians who hate this film. □

Comedy Overture "The Jolly Miller," Violin Concerto, and Symphony No. 18, by Havergal Brian. Marat Bisengaliev, Violin; BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Lionel Friend. CD Marco Polo 8.223479.

The Cheery Nihilist

Kyle Rothweiler

As soon as the English composer Havergal Brian's Symphony Number 18 comes marching in, it is obvious that we are in the presence of a musical intelligence that is sardonic, skeptical, ironic, iconoclastic, impatient, disgusted — one of the premier grouches of his or any other age. The huge percussion section constantly rattles and booms, the brasses roar and bellow, the woodwinds chatter and chant, the usual strings do their best to keep up — and it's all over in 15 amazing minutes. "Nietzsche loved brevity to the point of ellipsis," said Walter Kaufmann, and the same could be said of the late Brian. At the time of the work's creation — 1961, when he was 85 — Brian had lived in utter obscurity for most of his productive life; he composed 14 more symphonies before dying at the age of 96. He said that most of the people who would understand his music were dead; asked what his philosophy of life was, he replied, "Nothing matters."

Yet one gets the impression that his life was essentially a happy one. His mu-

sic is not only deeply pessimistic but also exultant and exuberant. There is no contradiction. As H.L. Mencken pointed out, it is a completely fallacious notion that cynics are unhappy just because, in their caustic candor, they make everybody else unhappy. In the last analysis there is something profoundly satisfying about living in proximity to the horrible truth — on the slopes of Vesuvius, as the philosopher said. And there is indeed a Nietzschean quality to Brian's strange but logical mixture of willfulness and fatalism, heroism and misanthropy, esthetic excess and asceticism, Romanticism and revulsion. His gnarled counterpoint and motivic bombast and bellicose satire — if Ambrose Bierce had been a composer he might have written music like this — all suggest that life is a fascinating and heroic, but also meaningless and rather absurd struggle.

This is conveyed movingly in Brian's Violin Concerto (1935), a much more conventionally Romantic work than the late symphonies. Broader, more expansive, more lyrical, sometimes even charming, it still has the Brian stamp: the solo part is diabolically difficult, almost sadistic in its demands on the fid-

ler, who often has to fight to be heard over the characteristic Brian orchestration — heavy on the brass and percussion, with an awe-inspiring virility and directness that recalls times much manlier than this depraved and sentimental century. (That is, no doubt, the reason why Brian has been neglected: modern man has had no use for Brian because Brian had no use for modern man.) The solo violin plays the role of the many brief solo sections in his symphonies: the individual scraping and clawing his way through life, achieving weirdly transcendent beauties in the midst of the bleak and black and bitter battle. For this reason I find this work one of the composer's most moving, although (or because) it is one of only two concertos he wrote.

It is worth noting that Brian the consummate outsider was, *ipso facto*, a sound and sensible critic; his comments on the English musical establishment of his time were often excellent. This in 1934: "The fact of the matter is that the BBC in its present form has been with us too long; occasional changes in its personnel make no difference in its policy, which, in music, is offensively patronising and un-English when concerned with the art in its higher form. And all this has been made worse now that the huge machine is dominating the concert hall. Why should not the BBC go out of office completely, like an

If Ambrose Bierce had been a composer, he might have written music like this.

unpopular Government?" Three years later: "If the BBC continues to develop at the pace of its career during the past twenty years, the individual in music promotion must go. The Government, when it fixed the monopoly on the nation, doubtless did not foresee the result; but that is the habit of governments . . . but, balancing possibilities and probabilities, I think that music in England will survive even an extended period of the Civil Servant in Art."

The present disc is part of a continuing cycle of Brian's symphonies and other orchestral music released on the Marco Polo label. The others so far in-

clude recordings of his "Gothic" Symphony (1927), a Himalayan work with Brobdignagian orchestral and choral forces that is probably the longest symphony ever written; the "Siegeslied" Symphony (1933), an atheist's setting of Psalm 68 with vast, grandiose, complex choral writing, terrifying in its evocation of Old Testament vengeance and bloodlust; the brief, Sophoclean Symphony Number 12 (1957); the long,

Wagnerian/Elgarian funeral march, "In Memoriam" (1912); the astonishingly inventive Symphony Number 17 (1961); and Brian's last composition, his Symphony Number 32 (1968), whose first two movements provide the most extreme expression of the composer's stony stoicism and whose last two movements are churning with life. If ever there were a musical philosopher, it was this great man. □

Booknotes

It Ain't Necessarily So — I surprised a lot of people when I decided to attend the University of Michigan. This was in 1988, and the news media were filled with tales of dark, bigoted goings-on in Ann Arbor. Racist fliers stuffed under doors, racist comments from administrators, racist jokes on campus radio . . . to hear *Time* and PBS tell it, I was heading into a den of Klannish iniquity. But this picture didn't square with what I'd seen of the place, and I decided to ignore some friends' warnings that at Michigan, someone of my political inclinations was bound to be lynched.

Sure enough, the sum total of Michigan's "racist incidents" turned out to be pretty sparse. There weren't that many racist fliers, and for all anyone knew, the people responsible for them weren't even students. The administrator's "racist comments" were only racist if you considered any criticism of affirmative action to be anti-black. And contrary to the sloppy reporting of everyone from *The Nation* to Dinesh D'Souza, the racist jokes on "the campus radio station" weren't on the campus radio station (WCBN); they were on WJXX, a carrier-current-only project with approximately zero listeners.

Sometimes, in low tones, students would speculate about who was really responsible for those racist fliers that made the national news. Were they quasi-literate bigots, as most of us had assumed? Or were they — and here the voices dropped lower — anti-racist activists? It was easy to see the boost these incidents were giving the already powerful United Coalition Against Racism, and some members of that group were clearly willing to be opportunistic and unethical.

We never found out who was responsible. A conservative student government was elected, UCAR faded away, and the media feeding-frenzy over campus racism was replaced by a media feeding-frenzy over political correctness. Eventually, the issue ceased to seem important. But according to Laird Wilcox, a veteran observer of the political fringe, those students' speculations were not out of line. Across the country, alleged acts of racism and anti-Semitism have turned out to be hoaxes, perpetrated for any number of reasons: for power, for attention, for money, for revenge. Wilcox lists over a hundred of these frauds in *Crying Wolf: Hate Crime Hoaxes in America* (Editorial Research Service, 1994, 220 pp., \$12.95), basing his research on reputable sources, usually newspapers. Wilcox is no right-wing crank out to pretend that bigotry does not exist or that these hoaxes are the result of a giant conspiracy. He is a reasonable (if maverick) independent sociologist with intelligent things to say.

What is the ultimate significance of all this? I'm not sure. One thing is certain, though: Wilcox has amassed a formidable reminder of the importance of skepticism. Anti-racists, anti-P.C.ers, doves, hawks, leftists, conservatives, libertarians — everyone with an ideological axe to grind tends to use different standards in examining evidence that supports or opposes one's beliefs. Books like this remind us how easy it is to be duped. —Jesse Walker

A Second Look — It's been eight years since *How the West Grew Rich* (Basic Books, 1986, 353 pp., \$19.95) was published. Written by Nathan Rosenberg, an economic historian known for his study

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of technology, and L.E. Birdzell, Jr., a lawyer, the book attempted to explain the sources of Europe's growth since the medieval period. It was respectfully reviewed and generally praised.

But for me it was something of a drag. It offered no overarching theory to explain how economic growth occurred. Rather, it was full of details, all of which seemed about equal in importance. Although the book was viewed as favorable to capitalism ("Capitalism, or Virtue Rewarded" was the title of Donald McCloskey's review in the *New York Times Book Review*), the authors were diffident about making any claims whatsoever. Thus, for example, while they praised property rights, they buried their admiration in discussions about diversity and autonomous power centers. Indeed, rather than offer any profound themes, they provided lists of possible factors and tentative, partial explanations.

But eight years have passed, and I now know more about economic growth than I did then. I know, for example, that history is too complex to fit easily into broad generalizations and all-encompassing themes.

And now I find that when I delve into its details, this book has a great deal to offer. Let me share two nuggets of information.

Traditional history — as I was taught it, anyway — counterpoised the oppressive rules and obligations of feudal serfs against the freedom of life in the medieval cities. Feudalism equalled constraint; cities equalled liberty.

But Rosenberg and Birdzell offer a much more favorable view of feudalism, pointing out that it was unlike any major political system up to that time. Empires in China, India, and elsewhere were based on absolute ownership and control by a single sovereign. In contrast, feudal kings had obligations to their vassals. They "were not so much true sovereigns as they were individuals who, by contract with other individuals, their vassals, had established certain rights and obligations," say the authors. Thus, thanks to its "plurality of power centers," feudalism "contained the seeds of social arrangements suited to sustained economic growth."

Rosenberg and Birdzell go on to make another rather surprising suggestion: that hereditary succession may

have been a critical factor in the rise of the West. Citing historian Fernand Braudel, they point out that a chieftain who doesn't have the ability to pass on property to his offspring will lose the loyalty of subordinates as he ages. Instead, they will cater to the higher-level chief who distributes the property after the chieftain's death, and power thus will tend to flow toward a single monarch. Hereditary succession interrupts this flow. It maintains diverse centers of power, setting the stage for eventual capitalism.

How the West Grew Rich offers many small pieces of a complicated puzzle that is still unfinished. I was pleased to reacquaint myself with this treasure trove of information. —Jane S. Shaw

Jeffersonian Principles — Originally published in 1824, John Taylor of Caroline's *Tyranny Unmasked* (Liberty Classics, 1992, 282 pp., \$25.00 hc, \$7.50 sc) is a book-length attack on what unfortunately came to be known as "the American System" of protectionist tariffs and "internal improvements." But it is still worth reading, and not only for historical interest.

It has wise things to say, and is elegantly written, though in the style of the day. Consider: "Governments able to do so, uniformly sacrifice the national interest to their own; the European governments possess this ability; therefore they have regulated commerce with a view to advance their own interest, and not the interest of the nation" (p. 9). And: "The [protectionists] say, 'that we flourished in war, and are depressed in peace, because manufactures then flourished, and are now depressed' . . . Who are We? Not the people of the States generally. They were loaded with taxes, deprived of commerce, and involved in debt. . . . It is a consequence of war to transfer property, and this has been hitherto considered as one of its evils" (39).

Liberty Classics has once again rescued another unjustly forgotten book, and presented it in an inexpensive, attractive edition. It is also a nice corrective to Liberty Classics' previous Taylor printing, *Arator*, which was, to be frank, an extreme bore (not every book this valiant publisher produces is as worthwhile as *Tyranny Unmasked*).

—Timothy Virkkala

Notes on Contributors

dent Jim Clancy kept trying to explain why some people in Haiti were afraid of Aristide, but the guy at the CNN anchor desk kept changing the subject. Two days later, much the same thing happened to another CNN correspondent, Christiane Amanpour, who mentioned Aristide's left-wing politics and said that his religious order had "defrocked" him. Although she seemed to have extensive information, nobody gave her the chance to spill it.

Throughout the crisis, television's main source of information on Aristide was his own public-relations flack, who assured all interviewers that Aristide was the Haitians' "George Washington and Thomas Jefferson and James Madison and Martin Luther King" — anything you wanted to hear; and anything you might hear to the contrary was just a discredited right-wing myth. The interviewers nodded and smiled.

The interviewer who turned aggressive was Larry King. On King's September 15 show, just after Attila the Hog's big speech, Republican Senator McCain started to criticize Aristide. King, who had gotten snippy whenever Clinton was criticized, reacted with hostility. He turned to his other guest, Democratic Senator Graham, and asked him if he didn't think there were "racial motives" behind opposition to the president's policies. Senator Graham, less partisan than his supposedly nonpartisan interviewer, said that he didn't want to "impute bad motives" to people.

Nor do I. I could see that the innocent people inside my television could sense that something wasn't quite right about Clinton's Haitian adventure, even if Clinton was a Democrat. They probably understood that he must be lying when he said that Ayiti (as the natives call it) threatens the security of the United States. Although the TV experts didn't question Clinton's sincerity, they invited the nonexperts to do it for them, making frequent references to the unfavorable view that many of "the American people" took of his policies. If, on the whole, the television people gave Clinton an easy ride, part of the reason is that they just didn't know any better. And after all, why should we expect them to know anything about politics or history, or even to guess that they don't know?

Chester Alan Arthur is *Liberty's* political correspondent.

"Baloo" is cartoonist *Rex F. May* in disguise.

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James Gill is *Liberty's* staff artist.

Leon T. Hadar is author of *Quagmire: America in the Middle East*.

John Hospers is author of *Understanding the Arts* and other works of philosophy.

Bill Kauffman is author of *Every Man a King, Country Towns of New York*, and the forthcoming *Nativist Sons*.

Bart Kosko is author of *Fuzzy Thinking* and other concise and readable tomes.

Richard Kostelanetz is an unaffiliated gadfly and critic in New York City.

Pierre Lemieux is a vagrant economist and pamphleteer.

Michael Levine is *Liberty's* elder editorial intern.

Tom Loughran is *Liberty's* newer editorial intern.

George Manolovich recently returned from a fact-finding trip to the former Yugoslavia.

Wendy McElroy is a "fellow" at the Independent Institute.

R.R. McGregor is a gnostic gardener somewhere in America.

Dyanne Petersen is a long-time libertarian activist recently convicted on a drug charge.

Bruce Ramsey is a reporter for the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*.

Grover Joseph Rees was General Counsel of the Immigration and Naturalization Service from 1991 to 1993. He is Visiting Professor of Law at the University of Detroit.

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Kyle Rothweiler has written for *Reason*, the *American Record Guide*, and other periodicals.

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Timothy Virkkala is *Liberty's* managing editor.

Jesse Walker is *Liberty's* assistant editor and involuntary film critic.

Leland B. Yeager is Ludwig von Mises Distinguished Professor of Economics at Auburn University.

On September 15, William Gray, a former congressman and Clinton's special advisor on Haiti, answered a television interviewer's question about the unpopularity of Clinton's war policy by claiming that no war is popular. Even after Pearl Harbor, Gray recalled, America might not have gone to war; it was "very, very close." Gray's intrepid interviewer,

hearing no evil, sat quietly and absorbed this sentiment. Now, as I recall, and I'm right, only one member of Congress voted against World War II — and any reasonably intelligent person would guess that that's the way things would have gone, given Pearl Harbor and all. But why should one expect such astonishing penetration from anyone on TV? —*Stephen Cox*

Terra Incognita

Houghton, Mich.

Progress in the new, "privatized" U.S. Postal Service, reported by the Associated Press:

"Hm. Looks like a misprint," commented Houghton postmaster Jim Niemela when a reporter pointed out that a new United States postage stamp displayed Houghton, along with the entire Upper Peninsula of Michigan, as submerged in Lake Superior.

Council Bluffs, Iowa

Protection of animal rights in the American Midwest, as reported by the *Omaha World-Herald*:

A Council Bluffs city ordinance says it's illegal to "worry" a black squirrel.

Weed, Calif.

Public debate in the world's greatest democracy, as reported by the *New York Times*:

City officials of Weed, California hope to revive their town's economy by constructing a prison at the base of Mount Shasta. To sell voters the idea, they are distributing promotional materials that depict beautiful sunsets over prisons and inmates building schools. Opponents charge that a prison will hurt Mount Shasta's reputation for spiritual powers.

Contra Costa County, Calif.

Progress toward a less violent society, reported in *USA Today*:

Until year's end, anyone who turns in a gun to a police station in Contra Costa County will get three free hours of therapy.

Miami

The latest in police entrapment techniques, described in the *Washington City Paper*:

Mexican zoo official Victor Bernal was convicted of violating U.S. endangered species laws for trying to pay \$92,500 for an animal that turned out to be a Fish and Wildlife Service agent in a gorilla suit.

Norman, Oklahoma

Free enterprise in action, as reported by *Human Events*:

Oklahoma Conservative Committee Chairman Elmer Z. "E.Z." Million has launched a campaign to shut down the Benetton store in Norman "to let these guys know that in our free-enterprise system, we don't need their kind of advertising."

New York

The thin blue line that separates civilization from anarchy, as revealed by the Mollen Commission and reported in the *London Times*:

Former police officer Bernard Cawley, known to colleagues as "The Mechanic," described how he earned his nickname: "Because I used to tune people up."

"What do you mean, 'tune people up'?"

"It's a police word for beatin' up people."

"Did you beat up people you arrested?"

"No. We just beat people up in general."

Germany

Entrepreneurship in the old Soviet bloc, as reported by the *Washington Post*:

Frank Georgi wants to build a theme park recreating East German totalitarianism, complete with May Day parades, an Erich Honecker look-alike, secret police, and closed-circuit TV sets showing old propaganda movies. Visitors could apply to leave, but at the risk of ostracism and petty harassment.

Italy

An untapped revenue source is uncovered in progressive Italy, according to the Associated Press:

Health Minister Pia Garavaglia has ordered dead citizens to pay an annual tax to help fund the nation's health system.

Houston

Judicial reform in the Lone Star State, reported by the *Boston Globe*:

District Judge Charles J. Hearn signed an execution order with a little "happy face" flourish. He explained that the symbol was "not intended to take away from the seriousness of anything."

Lake County, Fla.

The art of political compromise in the Sunshine State, reported by the *New York Times*:

The Lake County School Board agreed to implement a state-mandated multicultural program, amending it to require teaching that America's culture is "unquestionably superior."

Gateshead, England

Unintended art criticism, described by the *London Times*:

Two men stole a ten-foot pile of rusty scrap steel, not knowing it was a \$51,000 environmentally compatible piece of art representing a heap of rusty scrap steel.

North Palm Beach, Fla.

A new drug menace, according to United Press International:

A judge has ordered a man on probation to quit eating poppy seed bagels or go to jail, because the poppy seeds result in false positive drug tests.

Iraq

International good sportsmanship, reported by the *Boston Globe*:

In a speech marking the anniversary of the invasion of Kuwait, Saddam Hussein remarked that the war had provided his people with "good memories."

Honolulu

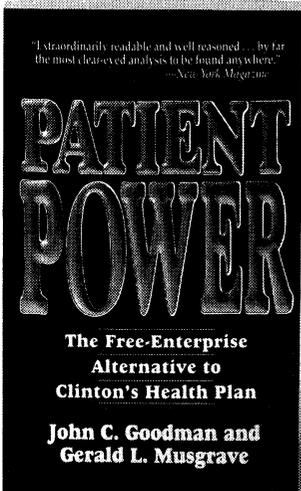
Dispatch from the front on the Island Paradise's war on crime, described by the *Honolulu Star-Bulletin*:

A 57-year-old woman was Maced by police when she could not produce identification after being stopped for jaywalking.

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

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Analyzes single-payer systems, managed competition, the Heritage Foundation's "consumer choice" plan, and Medical Savings Accounts as possible reforms.

70 Years of Federal Government Health Care: A Timely Look at the U.S. Department of Veterans Affairs by Robert E. Bauman
The federal government's record in managing the largest health care

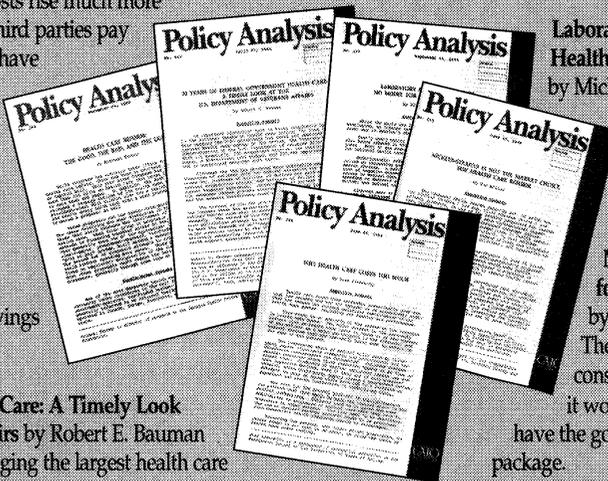
system in the nation should caution us about the dangers of turning more health care over to government management.

Laboratory Failure: States Are No Model for Health Care Reform by Michael Tanner

The reforms implemented by Hawaii, Oregon, New York, and other states should not be a model for national health care reform.

Nickles-Stearns Is Not the Market Choice for Health Care Reform

by Tom Miller
The Nickles-Stearns bill supported by many conservatives is not a free-market reform: it would mandate insurance purchases and have the government define a standard benefits package.



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