

Liberty

May 1991

Vol 4, No 5

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Time to
Recall
Gorby's
Peace Prize

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— Also —

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by John Baden

The Press Collaborates in the Drug War

by David Boaz

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A Visit to Denmark's Anarchist Enclave

by Benjamin Best

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FREEDOM



After graduating from Johns Hopkins, Kris Mauren was on the management track at a major hotel corporation, based in Hawaii. But he was restless. Today, after an intensive training program under an IHS Nonprofit Management Fellowship, Kris is Executive Director of the Acton Institute for the Study of Religion and Liberty.



When her country opened up in the dramatic events of December 1989, Maria Valeanu of Romania determined to find out more about the prosperity of the west. A query to the Adam Smith Institute of London led her to IHS, where a Nonprofit Management Fellowship in the summer of 1990 prepared her for setting up the Institute Libertate in Bucharest.



Jo Kwong has a Ph.D. in natural resource economics and could be researching and teaching at a university. But she chose a different route. In 1987 she was awarded the first IHS Nonprofit Management Fellowship and is today helping to direct the Atlas Economic Research Foundation, while continuing to write and speak extensively on market solutions to environmental problems.

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Letters

Liberty's Regress

What has gotten into you? I refer to the steadily declining discussion of the abortion question.

First you published R. W. Bradford (September 1989), who argued that the root of the problem was the fact that the transformation from egg (whose destruction all agree is not murder) to person (whose destruction all agree is murder) is gradual. Positing any specific point in this development as the beginning of personhood (and the protection of the state) is therefore arbitrary in a certain sense. But it is no more arbitrary than positing a point at which a child becomes sufficiently mature that he can be held responsible for contracts, something which libertarians (and others) have no problems with. He concluded with a discussion of various stages of prenatal development and the prudence of defining one or another as the beginning of personhood. This was a sophisticated and challenging argument, notable in its avoiding the sophistry that characterizes both libertarian pro-abortion and libertarian anti-abortion arguments.

You followed that with Ron Paul's discussion of abortion and the so-called "abortion pill" (September 1990). Dr Paul wanted to avoid the slippery slope that Bradford walked across, but was reluctant to do so because he realized that with modern medical technology, prohibiting abortion entails a massive invasion of privacy and a tremendous increase in police power. This was characterized by a subtlety that is seldom seen in libertarian discussion of the issue.

Now you publish Eric Schendel's piece ("Abortion and Feticide Are Not the Same Thing," January 1991), arguing that abortion is morally acceptable because "The fetus does not have any intrinsic right to be fed and nourished, because such a right would make the woman its slave," which would violate "the fundamental tenet of libertarianism, the non-aggression principle." This is just the sort of sophistry that Bradford warned against.

Isn't it time that libertarianism outgrew its reliance on the non-aggression principle in its analysis of every possible

social problem? Non-aggression is a fine general moral truth, but it is not a magic key—some problems just can't be settled by reference to non-aggression, as the long controversy over abortion has demonstrated. Neither side can convince the other, but each can offer devastating criticisms of the other's position.

It seems to me that the top priority of both sides is to avoid walking on a slippery slope by defining away the controversy. The anti-abortionists define away the controversy by insisting that a microscopic fertilized egg is a human being; the pro-abortionists define away the problem by insisting that pre-natal life is some sort of aggression.

I am not sure that Bradford's solution is the best one, but I believe he made a major contribution by insisting that the gradual development of human life requires that we negotiate our path along the slippery slope.

I question your judgment in publishing Schendel's piece. It takes the argument back to the same silly and futile level of the 1970s: anti-abortionists offer devastating criticisms of pro-abortionists, to be followed by pro-abortionists' devastating criticisms of the anti-abortionists, neither making any progress on the issue.

Michael Townshend
Chicago, Ill.

Gristle for the Mill

Eric Schendel, M.D., argues that "Abortion and Feticide Are Not the Same Thing," and as he uses the words, "feticide" means actual killing, while "abortion" means only removal/letting die.

However, if one doesn't believe the preborn are persons with rights, the distinction is unnecessary. Why agonize over an appendectomy?

And if one is willing to concede prenatal personhood, the distinction is irrelevant in discussing abortion as it takes place in the real world. The events that are actually taking place on operating tables are feticides—dismemberment and poisoning.

But the article doesn't address personhood. And it sidesteps whether feticide is permissible under libertarianism:

"This concern is moot, as it is impossible to abort a pregnancy in the first trimester without killing the fetus." That's rubbish. It is certainly possible to remove the kid alive—even though death will result due to lack of sustenance afterward. By Dr. Schendel's own distinction, that's not "killing." Or, does "She'll die anyway" mean that it's OK to shove her through a meatgrinder?

It makes sense to talk about the killing/letting die distinction in discussing whether parents owe their children care and support; such an obligation would bar even "non-feticide" abortions if they threatened the kid's health. But does Dr Schendel really mean that the mother (and implicitly the father) is like a slave in a slave/master relationship? This is a "slavery" where the "master" had precisely nothing to say about setting things up. Odd, I thought slavery was the other way around. Or did the kid force the parents to have sex? (Powerful little devil—even before being conceived.)

The article leaves us with a choice that was obvious in the title: we can admit that it's all right to outlaw feticide, or we can defend feticide as permissible on its own face.

Until that choice is confronted, advancing the killing/letting die distinction as a defense of abortion is just a word game: let's pretend that abortion in the real world is just letting die, not explicit killing.

John Walker
Washington, D.C.

Abortions Are Not Eviction Notices

Eric Schendel's essay is so full of logical fallacies and historical inaccuracies it is hard to do it justice in the space of a letter, but I am infuriated enough to try.

All forms of legalized abortion involve either poisoning or hacking to pieces the prenatal infant. Unless Schendel believes it should be legal for a landlord to evict tenants after blocking the only exit to his property with a giant meatgrinder, his entire case evaporates like dew in sunlight.

Historically most of humanity has never viewed human life as "sacred." Chattel slavery and human sacrifice were the universal norm in almost every human culture (including Greece and Rome at their supposedly "glorious" height). Nor is there a culture that I have found that differentiated between abandoning their children and, say, burying them alive. Schendel's ideal of the "non-

aggressiveness" of abandonment is his own innovation undreamed of by the people who practiced it.

There is no analogy between a black slave refusing to work for his master and a child conceived through no fault of his or her own. Obviously, parents who put a child at risk by bringing him or her into existence are contractually obligated to keep him or her from harm.

Mark Horne
Oakland Park, Fla.

A Ruling on Innocents

Dr Tim Gorski commits a monstrous error and disparagement of the Catholic Church when he writes in his letter (November 1990) that Pope Innocent XI ruled in 1679 that "no abortion is homicide because 'the fetus . . . lacks a rational soul and begins first to have one when it is born,'" adding that "the present ban on abortion by the Catholic Church dates only from 1869."

I invite Dr Gorski to look further into Pope Innocent's "ruling," as I did. Lo and behold, the quoted "ruling" is one of sixty-five propositions that were *condemned as errors*. (*Various Errors on Moral Subjects* (II) [Condemned in a decree of the Holy Office, March 4, 1679.] [Denzinger])

Dr Gorski cites St Thomas saying the human "soul [is] created and infused." That being the case we must consider not only the rights of the child but also the rights of God as He purposes the creation. The child and its acts and its property (even if no more than its body) belong to God. After the child is born it begins a quest for happiness. God has revealed to us what we must do and believe to gain eternal happiness through the Catholic Church, not to be confused with the Conciliar Church ("Vatican II"). An aborted child will not get this opportunity even though God would want him to pass the rest of this life and be happy with Him in the next life.

The living body at all times has a soul; you cannot have living matter without a soul. St Thomas speculated that the entity was first actualized by a vegetable, then animal, then human soul. *When* the human soul makes its appearance is not relevant (it is now considered at the moment of conception). The safest course is to consider it there upon conception: even if one says the entity may not yet be a human, he may not "shoot" at it as he cannot deny that it may be a human.

So the abortionist not only violates the rights of the child (which it gets, inci-

dentally, from God) to enable it to carry out its duties of life, but also the rights of God, Who would set the child up to carry out a virtuous and meritorious existence. I would not care to be in the "shoes" of an unrepentant abortionist when he passes to an account of what he did upon the completion of his life's existence here. How can he justify himself?

Edward C. Facey
Hillsdale, Mich.

Notes on the Unemployment Equilibrium

Robert Higgs ("The Myth of War Prosperity," March 1991) convinces me that WWII was not a time of prosperity. However, the claim that the war pro-

longed the Depression by 5 years implies that, if there had been no war, the prosperity of 1946 would have occurred in 1941. That doesn't seem likely. Higgs says the GNP jumped nearly 27% between 1945 and 1946. Does he think it would have jumped 27% in 1941 if there had been no war? Why? It certainly didn't jump 27% between 1939 and 1940. Why would the next year have been greatly different?

The facts presented here point to a slightly different theory: not that the war *prolonged* the Depression, but rather that, although the war years were not prosperous themselves, the war changed the economy in some way causing a return to prosperity in 1946 and following years

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that would not have happened if there had been no war. If this is not so, then the question some economist should answer is: why did the GNP jump up 27% in 1946 instead of returning to the depressed level of 1940?

As a layman looking at this information, I can see one rather chilling "accomplishment" of the war. It reduced unemployment in 1946 and later years from what it might have been by removing from the labor force about half a million formerly able-bodied men, namely those who had been killed or permanently disabled by the war. That's a hell of a way to solve an unemployment problem.

Jim Stumm
Buffalo, N.Y.

None Dare Call It . . .

Higgs puts me in mind of a person who opens an oyster, examines it carefully and concludes rightly that it contains nothing more than a meaningless speck of sand. If 1939 was a bummer and 1946 was a winner, then it seems reasonable to assume that World War II had something to do with it.

Let's call it a grain of sand, shall we?

John R. Carter
Earlsville, Va.

Higgs Responds: To demonstrate that the war years themselves were not really prosperous was the whole point of my article. I agree that certain wartime events helped to recreate the possibility of genuine recovery once the war ended. I think I know what some of those events were—there's material for another story.

As for the oyster, when I opened it I found it full of human blood.

Clothed Alone

David G. Danielson's argument for a right to public nudity ("*au naturel* rights," March 1991) is flawed by a failure to consider the rights of those he calls "prudes." For any communication to take place, both a sender and receiver are required. No communication can be considered "free" unless both sender and receiver are willing participants in the process. Freedom of expression does not include a "right" to a captive audience. If potential or actual receivers of communication cannot exercise their collateral right to shun unwanted messages from senders, the process, by definition, ceases to be "free." In other words, my right to avoid unwelcome messages, i.e. to be left alone, is as sacrosanct as anyone else's

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Letters (continued from page 6)

right to speak his mind.

To allow a tiny minority to engage in public behavior that is considered unacceptable by the greater society is to deny the latter its right to be left alone. In a libertarian utopia private property and market force's will determine where one can freely strip, urinate, masturbate, blast boom boxes, or burn the flag. Until then, a community need not tolerate behavior widely viewed as anti-social any more than a theater audience need tolerate a boorish heckler. To suggest otherwise is to endorse a tyranny of the dysfunctional minority over the harmonious majority.

I wonder: would Mr. Danielson defend public sexual activity or elimination of body wastes? It seems to me that the logic of his defense of public nudity would defend these as well.

Phillip Goldstein
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Query

Do you need Robbins' interventionist perspective ("Peace Had Its Chance," March 1991) any more than you need a communist perspective?

Tom Palven
Farmington, N.J.

A Better Comparison . . .

It would be more interesting to discuss what level of naiveté about war and the state is displayed in James Robbins' view that "the Gulf War is a just war."

Eric O'Keefe
Spring Green, Wisc.

Not All Thumbs

Thumbs down to Higgs, Bradford & Richman. Thumbs up to Robbins.

Chuck Esposito
Dunwoody, Ga.

Yet Another Comparison . . .

The Gulf War marched off to a great start with two excellent commentaries—by Robert Higgs and R.W. Bradford. So why did *Liberty* want to go on into the casualties—by Richman and Robbins?

It was like a new Libertarian Party member who works hard and well for the Party and votes the straight Libertarian lineup. But some son of a Bush from the Republican Party wins the election.

So then the libertarian gives up. It is time, he says, to forget our differences, get behind the new president and give him our full support for his righteous cause.

Judas Priest!! *Pitiful!*

D. M. Fowle
Redondo Beach, Calif.

Value for Value

Christopher Faille ("The Love of Money and the Root of Evil," March 1991) missed the full force of Rand's "love of money" speech in *Atlas Shrugged*. It is not simply that productivity is the root of money, as Faille reads it. He missed some key moral premises, elided from the very two AS paragraphs that he partially quoted, i.e., the principle that men must deal with each other "by trade and give value for value"; this is "that moral principle which is the root of money."

Further in the AS passage: "Money rests on the axiom that every man is the owner of his mind and his effort." Money, as the non-coercive exchange medium of traders, rests on a root principle of justice. It is largely in this sense that the novel's character loves money, as an institution of just dealing.

Ross Barlow
Sugar Grove, Pa.

Quaere

Bravo for Christopher Faille! We Rand-bashers will never quit.

Why do you suppose her writings continue to be more popular and lasting than our noble criticisms?

Westley Deitchler
Deer Lodge, Mont.

The Value/Recreation Dichotomy

Linda Locke can have her freedom. From my perspective, the only freedom you have is the freedom from happiness, since it's impossible to have happiness if you have no values—and riding around in a school bus isn't a value, it's a recreation.

I love having a nice house, with children to raise, and, along with my wife, earning money as a "free" person, to pay for the values that I work for. Sometimes it's not so much fun—but I never heard that freedom was always supposed to be "fun."

Brad Gillespie
Webster, N. Y.

Biodegradable

How can Bradford tell us with a straight face that the impact of styrofoam is less environmentally harmful than that of paper packaging? It is obvious that paper biodegrades easily and harmlessly, while styrofoam lasts forever; it is also obvious that styrofoam—a form of plastic—befouls the environment far more than paper, which is made from a

natural product, wood.

Bradford has lost his credibility with me.

Margaret Miller
Portland, Ore.

Degraded Logic

I was disheartened at Bill Bradford's lapse into demonizing in his otherwise well-argued article. Bill reveals that the secret motive of environmentalists is "reducing individual liberty . . . Opponents of human liberty have flocked to the environmental movement. . . What are the environmentalists really seeking? A cleaner environment? Or control of private businesses? Or maybe just control, period."

This is pure projection, psychologizing environmentalists in terms foreign to their actual intellectual and motivational backgrounds. No doubt some so-called "environmentalists," especially professionals in government or in big green lobbying organizations, are in it for power and pelf. However, I'd bet that the vast majority of those who volunteer their time and money (or risk even more as do Earth First! monkey-wrenchers and real-life Ragnar Danesjkolds aboard the Sea Shepherd) are in it mostly for their ostensible reasons: for love of specific lands and waterways and forests and wildlife threatened with destruction, as well as out of a general desire to preserve the integrity and robust power of Earth's life support systems.

A case in point is the Port Townsend McDonald's contretemps. Bill got straight the facts that were fit for newsprint, but the motives and lifestyles he ascribes are his own fabrication. I know hundreds of probable "environmentalists" from my affiliation with Port Townsend's thriving Food Co-op, and very few could be described as "upper middle class" (too many food stamps!) or "elitists." They'd hardly say "to hell with" "the poor and the young"—heck, many of them *are* the poor and the young! Not being tourists, they don't usually sit in "trendy little restau-

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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 preferred. Please include your phone number so that we can verify your identity.

Reflections

Oil slicks vs mass carnage — Is it just me, or did it seem to you that prior to the ground invasion, most Americans were more upset by the oil slick on the Persian Gulf and the threat it posed to wildlife than the thousands of deaths resulting from the U.S. bombing of Iraq? What does this say about Americans' sense of humanity? —RWB

An honest congressman? — Tommy Robinson, returning to farming in Arkansas after six years in the U.S. House of Representatives, as quoted by the Newhouse News Service: "The country would be better off if Congress was abolished. . . . I'd rather die a broke farmer than be a career member of Congress. My conscience will be a lot cleaner." —RH

Mrs O'Connor, call your literary agent

— If you know an Objectivist (or Student of Objectivism) whom you wish to twit, here is some (chuckle) intellectual ammunition. Recently the *Chicago Tribune* published a long feature titled "1000 Years of Progress: The Millenium in Review." One segment by John Blades deals with the ten best and ten worst books of the past millenium. Those on the "best" list range from the obvious (*War and Peace*, *Hamlet*, *Moby Dick*) through the dubious (*Ulysses*, the *Snopes Trilogy*) to the obscure (*The Tale of Genji*). The "worst" list is even more amorphous and subjective. Be that as it may, number two—the second worst book of the past ten centuries—is identified as *Atlas Shrugged*, described as the "most protracted, militant and demented expression of Rand's objectivist philosophy." What is the very worst book? Alas, it is not *Mein Kampf*, *Capital*, or some deep philosophical work, but *Paul Clifford*, a forgotten novel by Edward Bulwer-Lytton. Of course, in their grim and humorless zealotry the Objectivists will see the whole thing as an attack on values, on all values, on values as such, on values because they are values, on reason because it is reason . . . oh, to hell with it. —WPM

Proof of the viability of mass transit

On March 27, Seattle had its third and final "Oil-Free Wednesday." On the theory that air pollution results from automobiles, which are used because public transportation is too expensive, the city of Seattle allowed everyone to ride buses for free.

A local television news crew interviewed bus riders, but failed to find a single rider who chose to ride the bus because it was "Oil-Free Wednesday." Despite the heavy publicity the program had received, most riders did not know their ride was free until the bus driver refused their fare, and bus ridership was no higher than usual. The experiment cost the city \$80,000 in lost income. It's a mistake to evaluate the program in terms of increased ridership, reduced automobile traffic or

reduced oil consumption, a spokesperson explained. The program was a success, she said, because it had generated inquiries from other cities all over the country. —RWB

L.A. law enforcement — Three police officers grip their long billy clubs with both hands and swing as though they are playing baseball, and going for the long ball. But it isn't a baseball they are bashing: it is a man lying prone on the ground. As they continue to beat the helpless man, twelve other police officers circle around, keeping civilians out of the area.

It was not a scene of a movie being filmed on location, so no Hollywood film crew recorded the action. It was not an arrest staged for the television semi-documentary "Cops," so no videotape crew was there.

But George Holliday was there. He had heard the commotion in the street outside his apartment; he had grabbed his videocamera and went onto his balcony. For a minute and a half he stood there, recording the beating. "I was just amazed at what happened," he said later. He had "a feeling of 'What the hell could he have done to deserve such punishment?'"

The man lying helpless on the city street was a 25-year-old unemployed black construction worker and ex-convict named Rodney King. The police filed a report saying that was driving 115 miles per hour and that his injuries were the result of his resisting arrest.

But two days later, George Holliday took his videotape to a local NBC television affiliate, which ran it in their local news report. The tape electrified local viewers and was quickly shown on national news programs. It instantly proved that the police had lied when they claimed King had resisted arrest: the only sign of resistance was a feeble attempt to raise his head, only to have a police officer stomp on it. Very quickly it was proven that the police had lied about their original charge against King as well; the manufacturer of his Hyundai pointed out that its top speed was well below 115 mph, and audio tapes of the pursuing police's radio messages made only one mention of his speed: a Highway Patrolman said, "They're about 55 miles an hour, I think."

George Holliday's videocamera recorded the police officers striking the helpless man a total of 56 times; no one knows how many times he was hit before Holliday started filming. When it was over, Rodney King was taken to the hospital, his leg broken, his skull crushed, his eye socket fractured, his face disfigured and partially paralyzed. As we go to press, physicians say that the paralysis will likely be permanent.

No charges were filed against him. Los Angeles Police Chief Daryl Gates did, however, suspend the three officers who clubbed and kicked the helpless man. He took no action against the sergeant in command, and the other eleven police officers who stood by and watched have not been disciplined.

The incident was "an aberration," Chief Gates told the press.

Practically every person in America has seen the beating, thanks to George Holliday's amateur videotape. By all accounts, the public is unanimous in its shock. The viciousness of the beating was simply repulsive.

Everyone was shocked, that is, except for one small voice. In a syndicated column published in the *Los Angeles Times* on March 10, self-proclaimed "paleolibertarian" Llewellyn H. Rockwell explained that the beating was a good thing. "[The videotape] is not a pleasant sight, of course; neither is cancer surgery. Did they hit him too many times? Sure. But that is not the issue. The issue is safe streets versus urban terror."

"Today's criminals know that they probably won't be convicted, and if they are, they face a short sentence—someday," he explained. What is needed is police who act on the following principle: "No matter the vagaries of the court system, a mugger or rapist [should] know that he face[s] a trouncing—proportionate to the offense and the offender—in the back of the paddy wagon, and maybe even a repeat performance at the

Practically every person in America has seen the beating. By all accounts, everyone is shocked—everyone, that is, except Llewellyn H. Rockwell, who argues that the beating was a good thing.

station." Rockwell went on to denounce the fact that "we are seldom shown videos of old people being mugged, women being raped, gangs shooting drivers at random or store clerks having their throats cut."

Now aside from the fact that the victim of the police beating was accused not of mugging, rape, drive-by shooting, or throat-cutting but of failing to yield to a police vehicle, one has to wonder what has happened to such notions as fair trials, innocent-until-proven-guilty, and a-government-of-laws-not-of-goons.

Rockwell concludes: "Liberals talk about banning guns. As a libertarian, I can't agree. I am, however, beginning to wonder about video cameras."

This, I submit, is obscene.

Defending the right of police to beat up those accused of a minor offense on the ground that this is the only way to make our streets safe is despicable. Suggesting that the police have a right to do so in secret is worse. In this context, the libel of stating these opinions "as a libertarian" pales into relative insignificance.

I have long argued for an open and tolerant libertarianism—a libertarianism that is based on a common belief that the power of the state ought to be reduced

and human liberty maximized, but that is generous to the wide variety of opinion within that framework. Now I have found that there are limits to that tolerance.

During the past year, Rockwell has grown increasingly hostile to libertarianism. One of his complaints has been that libertarians take political positions so unpopular as to place them outside the mainstream of middle-class America. It is bizarrely ironic that Rockwell has chosen to identify himself as a libertarian when he has taken a stand that is reprehensible to virtually every American.

"Every decent man is ashamed of the government he lives under," H.L. Mencken wrote. Lew Rockwell, however, is actually proud of his government when it mercilessly beats a man accused of nothing more than a minor traffic offense. By advancing the idea that a reign of terror conducted by secret police is necessary to the health of society, Rockwell has, I believe, resigned from more than the libertarian movement. He has resigned from decent human society. —RWB

¡Viva la videocamera! — The personal videocamera, one of the great products of human ingenuity and capitalism, has earned another distinction that every libertarian should applaud: it is the consummate anti-1984 device. In Orwell's 1984, the state watched the people. Thanks to the videocamera, the people can watch—and record—the state. Recently, a man trying out a new camera caught a bunch of white Los Angeles cops in the act of administering a brutal beating to a black man whose only outstanding crime seems to be that he was on probation for a past offense. In the end, the police released the man, complete with internal and external injuries, without charge. The spectacle of cops pounding the defenseless guy with billy clubs, while other cops watched in apparent approval, has shocked decent people everywhere, including many who used to support the police regardless of what they did. People seem to be getting the idea that the only thing unusual about the LA case is that it was captured on tape. The bright side is that the next time a cop is tempted to abuse one of us, a voice in his head may remind him that he may really be on candid camera. As a libertarian, I'm no believer in government handouts. But if I were, I'd have the government issue each citizen a videocamera. All the better to catch state thugs in the act. Any libertarian who would apologize for police brutality in the name of making the streets safe (!) is a pale libertarian indeed. —SLR

Rockwell postscript — On March 21, eleven days after his original column had outraged the nation, Rockwell revised his column for publication in *U.S.A. Today*. He excised the passage defending secret police beatings of traffic offenders and the suggestion that videocameras be banned to prevent the public's learning of such beatings, replacing them with a generalized denunciation of violent criminals and defense of policemen, this time explicitly endorsing secret police beatings only of criminals caught in the act of a violent crime. Perhaps Rockwell had seen the error of his ways. Or perhaps the outrage of decent people against his earlier column had intimidated him. —RWB

Should we laugh or cry? — In mid-January President Bush displayed his humanitarianism by making two noble gestures.



"Don't let Fred bother you — He always makes such a big deal out of April 15th."

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- When your spouse and children should hold all the stock in a corporation. See page 210.
- Advantages of general and limited partnerships and how to use them to protect assets. See page 187.
- How to legally divide assets in a marriage through trusts so that the business owner's spouse becomes "judgment proof." See page 161.
- Limited partnerships can shield your interests from the reach of most creditors. See page 188.
- How to obtain a release from an IRS Notice of Levy. See page 91.
- **Using corporations to avoid personal liability.** See page 190.
- Why you should immediately file for a Homestead Exemption to protect your rights regardless of your financial condition. See page 145.
- When to consider using multiple corporations. See page 192.
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- How to avoid IRS seizure of bank accounts. See page 203.
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First, urging Americans to oppose abortion, he proclaimed a national Sanctity of Human Life Day, calling on "all Americans to reflect on the sanctity of human life in all its stages and to gather in homes and places of worship to give thanks for the gift of life and to reaffirm our commitment to respect the life and the dignity of every human being."

Second, in the wake of the Red Army crackdown in Lithuania, Bush condemned the Soviet actions and urged the Gorbachev regime "to refrain from further acts that might lead to more violence and loss of life."

At the same time, notwithstanding his deep reverence for human life, Bush unleashed the fiercest military attack in history against the hapless Iraqis. Scores of thousands quickly perished, including professional soldiers, conscripts, and civilians—men, women, children, and infants. It appears that some lives have greater sanctity than others. —RH

What more cruel than a dream betrayed?

— Bishop Hewlett Johnson, the late Anglican Dean of Canterbury, though forgotten now, was in the salad days of the fellow-travelling phenomenon one of the prize exhibits on the Stalinoid left (nitwit division). I use the term "nitwit" not facetiously, but as a description of a particular type of "soft" Stalinophile (the "hards" were the conscious, clear-headed advocates of totalitarianism—G. B. Shaw is the archetype.)

Bishop Johnson is genuinely funny, though never by intention: "Efforts have been made to deny the reality of Russian electoral rights. Some critics, for example, point to the fact that there are no opposition candidates," "Lenin's personality matched his purpose. He was singularly lovable."

Johnson and his ilk saw the Great Soviet Experiment through the gentle eyes of fuzzy-minded, sentimental, naive middle-class reformers. They thought the Soviet Union was very nice. They thought Mr Stalin was very nice. They thought the new Soviet Constitution, with its guarantee of at least some forms of freedom of expression and dissent, was very nice. The fact that there was absolutely no provision in the entire Soviet system for any means to enforce or claim these rights would never have occurred to them. Documents meant what they said, just as in other nice (but less "advanced") countries such as Britain and America.

Bishop Johnson wrote quite a few books about wonderful socialist nations—first the big one, then, later, China, Cuba, and North Korea. Though I am probably the only one who reads them these days, the Soviet books, at least, enjoyed a vogue in the thirties and forties. At times Johnson is genuinely funny, though never by intention. A few random samples: "Efforts have been made to deny the reality of Russian electoral rights. Some critics, for example, point to the fact that there are no opposition candidates"; "Stalin is no Oriental despot or dictator. His willingness to lead his people along unfamiliar paths of democracy shows it"; "Lenin's personality matched his purpose. He was singularly lovable."

A recurring theme in the good Bishop's writings is the supposed difficulty that future generations will have in trying to

explain to their children what capitalism was. He suggests that it might be a good idea for every family to keep a few little artifacts around as educational tools to help explain to youngsters what the bad old vanished world was like. Examples that he recommends include a little money, a layoff notice, a bourgeois newspaper, a toy soldier, and a few other odds and ends—souvenirs, we would call them. None of these things, of course, would have any relevance in the new, perfectly planned society.

It is interesting to note that a recent wire service story reports that in the nations of eastern Germany, Hungary and Poland there is a thriving market in the flotsam and jetsam of the old order—bits of Soviet uniforms and decorations, secret police paraphernalia, Party emblems, little busts of Lenin and other commies, DDR flags, that sort of stuff. Soon, one may hope, these mementos will be the only corporeal remnants of communism in these lands. The day when it will be difficult for parents to explain to their offspring just what tyranny was like is on the horizon. Poor Bishop Johnson. I doubt he would find this state of affairs very nice at all. —WPM

Fallout from the Gulf — Riding a wave of popularity greater than that of any president since Harry Truman in the euphoric aftermath of WWII, George Bush looks all but unbeatable. Bush's new strength improves the prospects for the Libertarian Party. The most powerful factor working against voting for third party candidates or independents is the "why-waste-your-vote" argument. With a popular incumbent crushing an unpopular opponent in the polls, this argument becomes far less appealing. In addition, the LP's opposition to both the Gulf War and the Drug War will likely help it. Both wars are sufficiently popular that the chances the Democrats will nominate anyone critical of them are nil, but enough Americans are fed up with them that turning to a third party candidate may be very appealing, especially if the election looks like a landslide.

The Libertarian Party is rather badly situated to take advantage of this opportunity. Neither of its announced candidates have the resources to raise the funds or mount the sort of campaign capable of capitalizing on this opportunity. Whenever the LP has come up with substantial candidates capable of mounting such a campaign, it has been faced with a presidential race in which its prospects were poor because of the perception of tightness in the race between the major party candidates and consequent devastation by the why-waste-your-vote argument. Ed Clark had to face the Reagan challenge to the incumbent Carter, with John Anderson siphoning off protest votes. Ron Paul had to compete in the first presidential election without an incumbent in two decades. In 1984, when Reagan was a shoo-in, the LP nominated David Bergland, an articulate libertarian, but a man with no national standing, no organization and no means of raising funds. I suspect that unless the LP can attract new talent, it faces that same fate in 1992. —CAA

Take the money and run. — Every Congressman who's had his nose in the trough since 1980 faces a temptation next year: if he retires from office, he can keep the campaign funds he has accumulated during his tenure. But if he is re-elected, he will have to turn the money over to charity or to another political campaign.

There's big money involved: Stephen Solarz, for example,

stands to pocket \$1,393,257; Dan Rostenkowski \$1,052,462; Tom Foley \$703,361. All told, this deadwood stands to lay its hands on about \$41 million.

How this came about is a nice specimen of how Congresspeople behave. Among the reforms Congress passed in 1979, in an effort to reverse the public's stereotype of Congressmen living it up on gifts from wealthy "friends," was a provision prohibiting Congresspeople from using campaign funds for personal purposes.

This reform was badly needed, the Congresspeople figured, but it shouldn't affect them; after all, they were elected originally on condition that they could maintain their Congressional standard of living in retirement by tapping the bribes (oops, campaign funds) that they have salted away, and that cutting them off from this largesse would not be fair. You know, a deal's a deal, and all that.

By 1989, enough new Congresspeople had taken office that the right to these slush funds seemed like a privilege. So when they gave themselves a huge pay raise that year, they put an expiration date on the privilege. Incumbent Congresspeople were allowed to take their accumulated loot into private life provided they retire by 1992.

Consequently, some cynics have suggested that a lot of Congresspeople will decide not to run for re-election next year. I personally have my doubts. It seems to me that most of those that serve the public in Congress are not motivated by the lure. They are not after money: they are after power. And once they retire, the power is gone. What good is a million bucks if you don't get the limo, aren't invited to the glitzy parties, can't hobnob with the President, hassle businessmen in Congressional hearings, or get to meet Meryl Streep when she gives her expert testimony on agricultural chemicals?

Indeed, many "grandfathers" have self-righteously refused the loot, suggesting that their preference of power over money demonstrates their strong sense of ethics. "This factor has been overstated," the Hon. Vic Fazio (D-Cal.) says, "because it conforms to the worst that most people want to believe about members of Congress."

I got news for you, Vic. My worst fear is not that you'd take the cash and party. My worst fear is that you'll raise taxes, pass a bunch of stupid laws that impinge on our freedom, waste the money you collect via taxes, and generally make life miserable. And you did all those things during the past year alone.

Personally, I think the \$41 million they can grab if they retire would be a bargain. Hell, on one issue alone, their creation of the savings-and-loan debacle, they have already cost the taxpayer something on the order of \$500 billion, or more than twelve thousand times the cost of showing them the door. —EOW

Who do you think you are, Babe Ruth?

— The boxing world was surprised when Greg Haugen won the junior lightweight boxing title on a split decision over Hector "Macho" Comacho on March 9, at least so I read in the papers. It seems that Haugen is 35 years of age, over the hill by pugilistic standards, and had never been seen as a championship boxer in the first place.

The boxing world got its second surprise when it learned that Haugen had tested positive for marijuana. It is a measure of the pervasiveness of anti-drug hysteria that the Nevada Boxing Commission fined Haugen \$25,000, sentenced him to 200 hours of community service, and took away his champion-

ship. Given the fact that no one has even suggested that anyone got an athletic advantage from smoking marijuana, this last punishment is especially inappropriate.

Consider what would have happened if the sports world reacted to alcohol prohibition the same way it reacted to marijuana prohibition. Between 1920 and 1932, the possession and consumption of alcoholic beverages in the United States, except under certain very limited circumstances, was a criminal mat-

It is well-known that many famous athletes regularly violated the earlier Prohibition. One of the most flagrant was Babe Ruth, the home run king. Ruth was known to drink an entire case of champagne in an evening's partying with a bevy of prostitutes, and he drank publicly almost every day of his career.

ter, just as the possession and consumption of marijuana is today.

It is well-known that a great many famous athletes regularly violated this law. One of the most flagrant was Babe Ruth, the home run king. Ruth was known to drink an entire case of champagne in an evening's partying with a bevy of prostitutes, and he drank publicly almost every day of his career. His imbibing was, I would think, even more heinous than Haugen's. For one thing, he often did so publicly, thereby setting a horrible example for the youth of the day. Haugen's marijuana use was discovered only by means of a sophisticated medical test; today's youth would not ever have heard of Haugen's violation



of the prohibition were it not for the boxing authorities' testing him and publicizing their findings. What's more, marijuana smoking is only semi-criminal: in many jurisdictions it is only a misdemeanor. The Babe's drinking, in contrast, was felonious and actually a violation of the United States Constitution.

What would have happened if the Babe had been treated like Haugen? Well, I guess he would have been stripped of his achievements and honors. The 60 home run mark that he established in 1927 would be taken away, as would all his home run titles except one (in 1919, before Prohibition took effect). So would his six runs-batted-in titles, his sole batting title, his major league record slugging average (.847 in 1920) and 10 other slugging crowns, his major league record for most walks in a season . . . in fact, without the accomplishments of his years of regularly indulging in illegal substances (1920-1933), Babe would be a pretty ordinary ball-player for his era: 8 years played, 77 home runs, .297 batting average.

One thing is certain: those certainly aren't the numbers that get one elected to baseball's Hall of Fame. Maybe the baseball commissioner should pry Babe's plaque off the wall in Cooperstown.

—RWB

Not all naked aggression is bad — U.S. leaders shed many crocodile tears in public because of the atrocities of the Iraqi troops against the Kuwaitis. Lest one jump to the conclusion that the U.S. government is quick to condemn atrocities against the innocent, one might recall Cambodia. Between 1975 and 1978 more than a million people perished—and many who survived might well have envied them—at the hands of the Pol Pot regime. The Khmer Rouge received then, and continues to receive today, the support of the U.S. government. —RH

Only in Albania — The internal unrest in the last Stalinist state, Albania, has at last begun to flow over its borders: Albanians are fleeing to Italy in small boats. I hope that this indicates that the end of Albanian socialism may be at hand. This mass emigration poses a very important question for Americans: why haven't we thrown open our borders to these people?

Throughout the Cold War the United States had an open-border policy towards the Communist countries. But very few could escape to claim the asylum we offered. During the past few years, the collapse of communism has enabled large numbers of inmates of those sad countries to escape. How did the U.S. react? By putting immigration restrictions in place. Apparently, refugees from communist countries were welcome only so long as we knew few could escape. Once again, our policy gives only lip service to freedom. These immigration restrictions don't just hurt the refugees from foreign oppression. They hurt us as well, by denying the country a highly motivated group of people.

Of all those fleeing communism in recent years, the Vietnamese came here in the greatest numbers. Have they harmed this country? Not at all. They have made positive contributions through their hard work and commitment to what we think of as traditional American values, but are in fact the values of hard-working, decent, and self-interested people worldwide. A self-selection mechanism was at work—those who fled were those who had the ambition, drive, intelligence, and wherewithal to flee. The United States was the beneficiary of this Vietnamese "brain drain." This is the same self-selection

mechanism that has ensured the United States the most ambitious immigrants in the world.

So it would be with the Albanians. Here is a group of people who want something better for themselves and their families, and are willing to go to extraordinary lengths to get it. Shouldn't the United States economy be the beneficiary of their ambition? Ambitions such as these made the United States an industrial power in the nineteenth century, when GNP growth and immigration levels were at unprecedented highs. —JSR

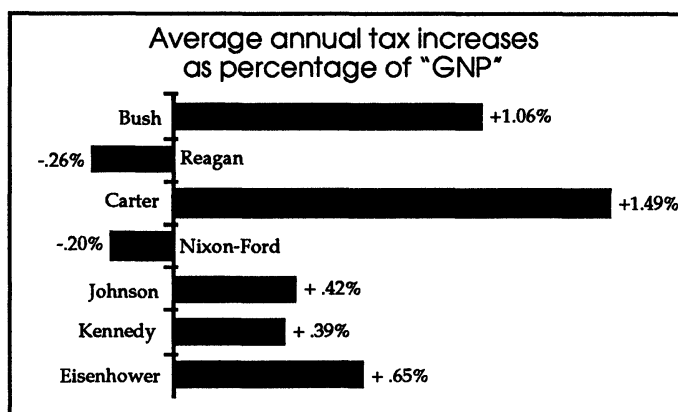
The bottom line on Reagan — Ronald Reagan had been out of office only four months when I began to feel nostalgia for him. That's all the time it took George Bush to wimp out on gun control and the minimum wage, two issues on which Reagan had stood firm. "At last I have found out," I wrote in these pages, "what it takes to make Ronald Reagan look good: George Bush."

I just came across another reason to look back fondly at the Reagan presidency. *The Wall Street Journal* published a chart listing for each postwar president the rate of domestic spending increases and taxes as a percentage of "Gross National Product."

And which president ranked first? You guessed it: George Bush. Domestic spending has increased 10.0% per year under Bush. And taxes as a percentage of so-called Gross National Product are higher under Bush than any other post-war president. Indeed, the ratio of taxes to "GNP" has risen faster under Bush than any other recent president except Carter, climbing 1.06% per year.

And how does Reagan rate? Domestic spending rose at a 1% annual rate under Reagan, the lowest of post-war presidents. Taxes as a percentage of "GNP" actually declined under Reagan. The rate of decline was 0.26% per year, also the best performance of any president since World War II.

For your information, here are the average annual rates that taxes have increased as a percentage of "GNP" during recent administrations:



This chart is really a measure of how deeply the federal government goes into the pockets of its citizens. This is only a partial measure of the growth of government: it does not include the growth of regulation and interference. But it is illuminating. For example, who would have figured that taxes rose faster under Eisenhower than under "big spenders" Kennedy or Johnson?

It is also interesting to note that although the only two administrations in which taxes declined were Republican

(Reagan and Nixon-Ford), two of the top three tax increasers were also Republican (Bush and Eisenhower).

But most of all, it illustrates a critical difference between Reagan and Bush: Reagan actually was able to reduce the level of taxation; Bush has raised taxes at a very rapid rate, despite his "read-my-lips-no-new-taxes" promise. The 1.06% annual increase in the tax rate under Bush is no small matter: in only ten years of such increases, taxes would rise as much as they did from Truman to Carter.

Apparently the old adage that "absence makes the heart grow fonder" is true of politicians as well as lovers. At least it seems to be the case with Ronald Reagan. When he was president, it was easy for those of us who value liberty to focus on his failure to cut back the scope of government, his huge budget deficits, his invasion of financial privacy, his idiotic "war on drugs," his failure to abolish the departments of Education and Energy. These failures were partly the product of his own probig government impulses. But politics is the art of the possible, and some of his failures were no doubt the result of the impossibility of getting change through a hostile Congress.

Though I hesitate to call Ronald Reagan the "best" president of the past half century, I think it is fair to say he is the "least bad" of a bad bunch. —RWB

Is the Cold War over? — Yes, the Warsaw Pact is history, and the USSR joined with the U.S. coalition in supporting the use of violence to expel the Iraqis from Kuwait. But many things remain as they were, and some things are just too bizarre to believe.

The USSR, after all, still maintains the largest armed force in the world, and its strategic weapons remain in place, aimed at the same old targets in the West. Despite some cutbacks in military forces and procurement rates, the Soviets continue to produce weapons at rates far above those of the West. Modernization of strategic nuclear weapons continues, as does the production of new submarines and silos to contain them.

Although military production accounts for perhaps 25 percent of the national product, the generals protest that severe cutbacks are impossible: there's no place to house the soldiers released and no money to convert the factories from bombers to borscht. So the Soviet military-industrial complex plows relentlessly ahead, monopolizing the best and brightest resources as the economy crumbles around it. The Ministry of Defense recently released a draft of its 10-year reform plan. The proposed reforms don't cut very deep. In fact, the plan envisions defense costs in the late 1990s above those of the early 1990s.

In view of the many facts attesting to the continuation of the Cold War—at least as far as the Red Army and the KGB are concerned—it comes as something of a shock to read in *Armed Forces Journal International* (January 1991) that the Germans (remember, they're on *our* side) have agreed to honor the contract wherein the old East German regime agreed to supply the Soviet Army with antitank missiles similar to the U.S. Army's TOWs.

Let's see if I have this straight. The United States and its NATO allies continue to prepare for war with the Soviet Union, and vice versa. Meanwhile NATO member Germany maintains on its territory hundreds of thousands of armed Soviet troops, who are not scheduled to leave for years; and the Germans bankroll the building of housing in the Soviet Union for the troops now in Germany. Simultaneously the Germans

produce weapons to shoot at the Soviets and weapons for the Soviets to shoot back at them.

Have our leaders followed Alice down the rabbit hole? —RH

The rocky road of love — The romance between the self-proclaimed "paleo-libertarians" and "paleo-conservatives," so carefully arranged by Llewellyn Rockwell (chief "paleo-lib" Cupid) and Thomas Fleming (chief "paleo-con"), has survived its first date.

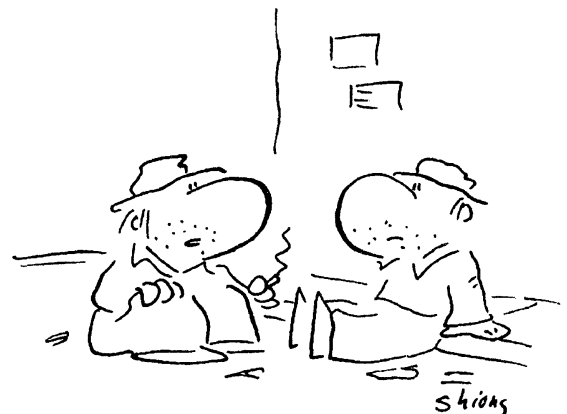
The occasion was the first "open" meeting of the John Randolph Club in Dallas in early December. Prior to this meeting, the romance had taken the form of a few private meetings between top leaders of each paleo-hyphenate. A genuine political courtship must involve the rank-and-file, but there were obvious problems: while the leaders of both groups were willing to sweep profound ideological differences under the rug for the sake of the romance, it remained an open question whether the rank-and-file of each group would find their counterparts to be . . . well, maybe a little too rank.

Paleo-libertarians, for example, might have problems accepting the sexism of the paleo-cons, or their opposition to free

The carefully-arranged romance between the "paleo-libertarians" and "paleo-conservatives" has survived its first date. As is typical of first dates between the customarily lonely, each seemed to be willing to accept the bizzareries of the other, at least for the time being.

trade. Paleo-conservatives, on the other hand, might prove reluctant to get in bed with people who advocate free immigration or free speech, not to mention anarchism.

In most romances, one party is usually more anxious to make the relationship work; in this case it is plainly the paleo-libs, whose two major spokespeople, Llewellyn Rockwell and Murray Rothbard, have started a periodical, *Rothbard-Rockwell Report*, in which they have downplayed differences between libertarian and conservative values and ideas, and explicitly promoted the idea of a marriage with paleo-cons. The paleo-lib house organ has focused a remarkable amount of its energy on establishing common ground with the paleo-cons by promoting sexual intolerance (in the form of gay-baiting and sexual in-



"The ironic part is that I had to step on a lot of toes to get where I am today."

nuendos about libertarians who support sexual tolerance) and racial intolerance, sometimes by implication (repeated *ad hominem* attacks on Martin Luther King) and sometimes explicitly (describing segregation in the South in the 1940s as "race relations as they were, can be, and should be"). In contrast, the chief paleo-con journal, *Chronicles*, has hardly acknowledged the existence of the paleo-libs, though it has published writing by both Rockwell and Rothbard.

So it was with great interest that I awaited the meeting in Dallas. Would the carefully contrived courtship heat up into a genuine romance? Alas, no invitation was extended to yours truly. But happily, I managed to interview at length three prominent libertarians who did attend, so I report mostly on what they said. Two of my sources head libertarian think tanks; the third is a member of the board of the Center for Libertarian Studies, publisher of *RRR*.

As at any first date, the two sides were a little infatuated and a little wary, sounding each other out, wondering just what each other's idiosyncrasies were and whether the romance could blossom.

Like the paleo-libs, the paleo-cons attending tended to be middle-aged white males. But differences in culture were evi-

There were two points at which the infatuees almost went home alone. The paleo-libs were taken aback when paleo-con Tom Fleming claimed, "Lynch law is good law." And many paleo-cons paled when a libertarian jested that the Grand Canyon should be used for landfill.

dent. "These conservatives were all smoking in this hotel room," the CLS board member told me. "It wasn't a real big room and some of them were even smoking cigars toward the end. Obviously, they thought, 'Well, we're not going to be pushed around by any goddam health nuts or any anti-tobacco activists.'"

There were two points at which the infatuees almost went home alone. The paleo-libs were taken aback when Tom Fleming, the very able and intelligent editor of *Chronicles*, claimed, "Lynch law is good law." And many paleo-cons paled when a libertarian jested that the Grand Canyon should be used for landfill. (Curiously, in his effusive account of the meeting, Murray Rothbard incorrectly credits this *bon mot* to Lew Rockwell, whom Rothbard promotes as "Mr Anti-Environment.")

As is typical of first dates between the customarily lonely, each seemed to be willing to accept the bizarreries of the other, at least for the time being. But are wedding bells in the offing? Ironically, it was the CLS board member who was most dubious about the prospect for nuptials. Indeed, he was downright hostile to most of the conservatives present, describing various prominent paleo-cons as "goofball" or "manic-depressive" or "semi-psychotic." (He used this last term to describe one or another paleo-con three times in a 15-minute interview.)

He was singularly unimpressed with the quality of the discussion: "It struck me as being almost like a 1970 libertarian bull session. [The paleo-cons] seemed to be surprisingly primi-

tive in their analysis of some of these questions . . . They hadn't really thought through the implications. At one point, Fleming made some childish comments about revolution . . . [Another libertarian] and I were going, 'What the hell is this guy talking about? I mean, he can't really be serious!' At one point he condemned the idea of civil disobedience as being unsupportable on some philosophical grounds or other, some sort of Russell-Kirkean grounds, but somehow he defended the idea of revolution as being the alternative and he made some sort of 1970-type macho statement. I don't know whether it's because these guys are sort of pro-Southern secessionism or what or if he was just doing it to be sort of bratty or shocking. Maybe to conservatives it is real shocking, but to libertarians who have been around twenty years it seems kind of old-hat, goofball. Jesus Christ, what's this guy talking about? It just struck me as being rather juvenile."

Nor did the CLS board member think much of the prospects for wedding bells, though he thought the mating ritual may have been the problem: "There are definitely certain bridges to be crossed. I think we'd have had a lot more understanding if we'd have simply been sitting around playing poker and drinking beer."

Murray Rothbard, not surprisingly, considers the romance to be heating up and the Dallas meeting to be of "historic" importance. "On foreign policy," he said, "there was virtual unanimity," despite the fact that the paleo-libs favor absolute isolationism as a matter of principle and the paleo-cons support "conservative nationalism," which includes U.S. intervention in Latin America.

One of the libertarian think-tank presidents believes the apparent consensus on foreign policy was partly "because it was the first session and there was a certain courtesy and tendency to not question [what was said.] But I do think there was a greater consensus on foreign policy than on drugs, immigration, and so on . . . The greatest common ground was the hatred of the neo-cons, Bush, and national centralization of power." The romance is going nicely, he told me; the paleo-libs may successfully introduce libertarian ideas into the conservative mainstream. A lot of the credit is due Rockwell, he said, who "really tried to play down the libertarian position on immigration to promote harmony."

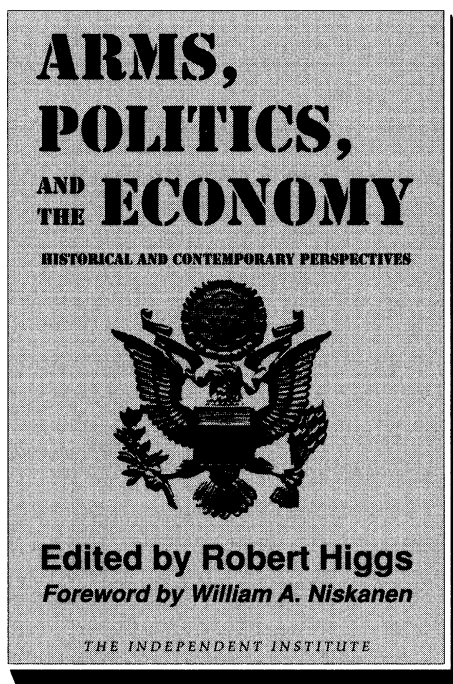
The other think tank president was less optimistic: he thought the meeting illustrated the lack of common ground between conservatives and libertarians, and he judged the prospects for any long-term relationship to be poor. —RWB

A teacher's place is in the home? — The welcome policy push for choice in education tends to obscure another important development—the growth of home schooling. Although figures are inexact (partly because it's illegal in some states to teach your child at home if you are not a certified teacher), the latest estimate is that nearly 500,000 children are home-schooled, a significant increase over the 1970s when one estimate was that 15,000 children were taught at home.

Libertarians would do well to endorse this movement, which represents a last-ditch stand against state coercion. Its strongest proponents (more than 90% in one study) are conservative Christian families, apparently upset with poor performance and objectionable moral teachings (or lack of moral teaching) in the public schools.

To me, this trend toward home schooling, however small in

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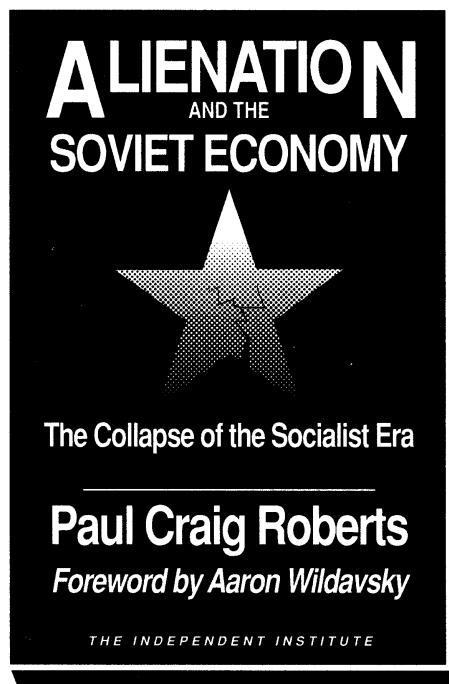
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absolute numbers, offers hope for coping with some social problems. As I have written before, one of the problems facing women today is that motherhood is often less than a full-time occupation, especially for families with only one or two children. The pull of "careerism" is very strong even for parents

Guest Reflection

What they didn't tell you at B-School

— Corporations get a bad rap in most news media—including NPR, PBS, the weekly news magazines, the major networks, movies like *Roger and Me* and now even in *Barron's* (is nothing sacred?), with its violent attacks on Michael Milken (by Ben Stein), Jude Wanniski (by Joe Queenan), and waste management companies (by Abe Briloff). Sound-minded *Barron's* publisher Robert Bleiberg should fire these wanna-be Woodwards and Bernsteins on his staff.

But do the masses really listen to the news angle on corporations? I doubt it. My theory is that the vast majority of Americans formulate their anti-corporate bias from a far more virulent and accessible source—fiction.

In particular, the Lowest Common Denominator of various ages watch *Captain Planet* on Saturday morning cartoons, *Dallas* on Friday night, and movies like *Robocop*, *Total Recall*, *Darkman* and a variety of other flicks that portray business folk as murderers, philanderers, alcoholics, and worse.

- The *Robocop* school of management recommends killing your customers.
- The *Dallas* school of management puts a bar and a wench in every office.
- The *Total Recall* school of management says to choke off the supply of oxygen to your customers. What a way to run a utility!
- The *Darkman* school of management favors killing all small landowners.

Very few business people watch these shows, because they're too busy working. And what are they working at? Trying their damndest to *please* every customer. No bars, no wenches, no murders of their competitors.

This story gets interesting when you consider the litigation explosion, and the proliferation of jury trials of individuals against corporations. Who populates juries these days but the LCD—raised on *Dallas* and *Captain Planet*, at worst, or the latest PBS shockumentary on polluting businesses, at best.

I just participated in a jury trial of a rich person suing a cash-poor corporation. I thought the corporate case was airtight, but the jury found in favor of the wealthy plaintiff—a jerk—for \$600,000 in back wages and damages. Afterwards, the clerk in this court told me that he had never seen a jury trial in the last five years which found for a corporation defending against an individual.

My theory is that anti-business propaganda on TV and in the movies is fueling an anti-corporate bias that is totally out of touch with the character of most corporations: civic-minded, customer-minded, hard-working, caring. They have to be that way or they lose their most precious resource: Customers.

—Gary Alexander

who would like to spend more time with their children.

Could home schooling restore the primacy of the family by giving mothers (it would be mostly mothers, though it wouldn't be limited to them) something worthwhile and challenging to do while staying at home with their children? It's a thought to ponder.

William R. Mattox Jr has taken this idea further. Writing in *Policy Review* (Winter 1991), Mattox claims that the biggest problem facing American children is not lack of daycare or poor nutrition or even poverty but lack of time with their parents. "The American family today lives in a time-pressure cooker," he writes, supporting this claim with a study (based on personal time diaries) showing that in 1985 parents spent 40% less time with their children than parents did in 1965.

What to do? Mattox urges that parents find more time through such things as "flexible hours, part-time work, job sharing, and most especially home-based employment opportunities." Furthermore, he says, if this were combined with free choice in education, an array of "part-day" or "part-week" educational programs might emerge. These would allow parents to teach some subjects at home while leaving others to the classroom, and would mean a true revolution in education and a big step toward freedom.

True, it's hard to envision real freedom in education, since the political opposition from public school teachers and districts is intense. But public school education is so poor that demands for choice are mounting. Support for vouchers is coming from such mainstream places as the Brookings Institution, and the recently appointed undersecretary of education, David Kearns, wants a voucher program that includes both public and private schools. Where there is turmoil, there is hope for change, and home schooling may be an important part of the result.

—JSS

U.S. taxpayers support the KGB — Late in 1990, ostensibly to aid starving people in the Soviet Union, President Bush released more than \$1 billion in agricultural credits to finance shipments of U.S. farm commodities to the USSR. At the receiving end, President Gorbachev assigned the KGB to distribute the food to the needy.

Only a complete fool would believe that the KGB would refrain from using the goods to reward itself and its friends and to augment its already substantial control over the faltering economy. Yet the Bush administration chose to direct still another subsidy toward U.S. farm interests and to prop up the anti-democratic Gorbachev regime, which is roundly hated by most people in the Soviet Union.

An enquiry would seem to be in order: either the U.S. government didn't know the KGB would grab the food, which implies that its intelligence is no good; or it did know, which implies that it intentionally transferred resources from U.S. taxpayers to the KGB.

—RH

Invincible ignorance at the Trib — It's no secret to those who live in the midwest that the *Chicago Tribune* has drifted to the left in recent years. The one-time bastion of small-government, anti-welfare-state Republicanism now routinely endorses Democrats, supports every new expansion and intrusion of the state, and denounces the eighties as a "decade of greed." To those of us who cut our ideological teeth on the

continued on page 34

Losing Our Heads in the Persian Gulf

by R. W. Bradford

The quick-and-easy victory in the Gulf War has unified Americans as has no event in recent years. George Bush has enjoyed the highest popularity of any president since the euphoria at the end of World War II, the "Vietnam Syndrome" is dead and buried, and Americans can celebrate again.

But should they?

Not according to several of Liberty's editors. But Liberty's editors are as much divided by the War as other Americans are united by it.

In the next 16 pages, they explain what to make of the Gulf War and the quick-and-easy U.S. victory.

It is not at all surprising that libertarians disagree with one another on the Gulf War. For most libertarians, just about the only legitimate function of the state is the repulsion of aggression, and the Gulf War is one of the few state actions of recent years that so qualifies. Iraq invaded a helpless neighbor for purposes of plunder, no question about it. Saddam Hussein is a genuinely bad guy.

On the other hand, the war has very substantial costs in treasure and lives, not to mention damage to the body politic: it is already being used as a justification for the U.S. to play the role of world policeman and for other increases in the power of the state. So the issue was a tough call for libertarians like me who believe foreign policy should be motivated by both morality and prudence.

And, of course, some libertarians believe that virtually any foreign intervention by the U.S. is morally wrong and should always be opposed. These libertarians are outspoken in their opposition to the war.

So there's no surprise that libertarians are divided on the issue. What is surprising—and disappointing—to me is the degree to which the Gulf War has inflamed passions. Judging from the letters and phone calls we have received, many libertarians are so worked up on the issue that they are unable to keep a level head on their shoulders.

Several readers, for example, have written to accuse *Liberty* of being horribly one-sided on the issue. Most of these letters consider *Liberty* to be anti-war, but some consider *Liberty* to be pro-war. The truth is that *Liberty* is neither. *Liberty* takes no stand on the issue. Our editors take stands, and because our editors disagree with one another, the commentary on the war that we have published has sometimes supported the war and sometimes opposed it.

Mostly the letters characterize the position they attribute to *Liberty* as thoughtless, idiotic, or worse. Typical of these letters is one from a reader responding to the four short comments on the war from our March issue. It begins by attacking Robert Higgs' analysis at considerable length, and proceeds to rake over the coals both my own piece and Sheldon Richman's. Naturally, what was most interesting to me was the attack on my piece, which was characterized as "opposing the war."

But not a single sentence or phrase in my piece suggested I "opposed the war." Not one.

Yes, my piece was extremely critical of the Bush administration's handling of the crisis that led to war: I believed then and remain convinced today that if the Bush administration had acted prudently, Iraq would never have invaded Kuwait in the first place, and that its diplomatic blunders after the Iraq invasion have cost the people of the United States dearly. But this does *not* amount to "opposing the war."

Even more troubling was the letter-writer's assertion that our coverage had been one-sided, a criticism I also got from a frequent contributor to *Liberty*, who wrote of his disappointment at *Liberty's* "knee-jerk" reaction against the war. We have published criticism of the war by Sheldon Richman and Robert Higgs. But I don't think it reasonable to characterize either of their analyses as "knee-jerk." Even more troubling to me was the claim that *Liberty's* analysis had been uniformly anti-war.

While it is certainly true that *Liberty* has published more analysis that can be characterized as anti-war than can be characterized as pro-war, it is simply incorrect to suggest that we have published only anti-war writing. Didn't these people—and the others who wrote with similar complaints—read Jim Robbins, Steve Cox, and Leiland Yeager's writing on the subject?

This same sort of loss of perspective, it seems to me, is evident in much of the feedback we have received from libertarians opposed to the war: the most common theme is an indignant how-dare-you-publish-pro-war-bullshit.

My own guess is that the Gulf War has so inflamed the emotions of libertarians that they have lost their perspective. In a certain sense, this is not surprising: most Americans have lost perspective. Wars have inflamed passion and destroyed perspective ever since the need for widespread public support for war became manifest at the beginning of the democratic age. But I had thought—hoped, actually—that libertarians were better equipped than most people to keep their cool during state-induced crises, thanks to their relatively sophisticated tools for analyzing state action. Perhaps I was wrong. □

Two Kinds of Patriotism

by Robert Higgs

Genuine patriotism involves something other than loyalty to one's government, willingness to fight its wars, and celebration of its military victories.

The fighting in the Persian Gulf region prompted numerous manifestations of what is commonly called patriotism, in the form of flag-waving public displays of approval for Operation Desert Slaughter. The people who made a spectacle of "supporting the troops" seemed convinced that those who did not favor the war were giving aid and comfort to Saddam Hussein and betraying "our boys" (and girls). After an absence of nearly twenty years, the love-it-or-leave-it crowd emerged in full force.

According to polls conducted during the first month of the war, a large majority of the American public supported the Bush administration's decisions to initiate and continue a fierce military assault on Iraq. Moreover, in assessing the credibility of the administration and the military as opposed to the news media, most Americans expressed far more trust in the government's story than in the media's. One poll found 57 percent of the respondents wanted more censorship, even though the news was already being controlled to a degree without precedent in the past forty years. As Knight-Ridder's Dick Polman observed, "When public passions run high in wartime, skepticism often yields to nationalism."

An impassioned public gives vent to its nationalistic impulses in many ugly ways. Not only were Arab-Americans and foreign Arabs living in the United States harassed and threatened; Pakistanis, Koreans, and others mistakenly identified as "the enemy" suffered sim-

ilar abuse. As usual, an inflamed public demands not just Americanism but "one-hundred-percent Americanism," which in practice usually boils down to something worse than nativism.

This appalling conduct proceeded from little more than herd instinct. Many Americans viewed the Gulf conflict as simply "us" against "them." It seemed never to occur to these self-righteous folk that the United States may not be God's gift to the planet, divinely destined to dominate all who inhabit the earth.

Ironically, those who most visibly supported the war—lower middle class whites—stood to suffer the greatest losses, for they are the segment of the population whose members compose the bulk of the ground combat forces and therefore are at greatest risk of being killed or wounded in a shooting war. Why did the mothers and fathers of this class seem to relish the prospect of their own children's being placed in jeopardy?

The root of this pathetic behavior is the confusion in the minds of many people between the nation and the government that rules the nation. Blind, subservient obedience to the state (remember the "good Germans" under Hitler?) and unwarranted trust in the president's honesty and judgment caused a multitude to act as if the inter-

ests of the government coincided with their own interests. Our rulers must take special delight in the enthusiastic public expressions of patriotism, which confirm that the government's deceptions, manipulations, and frauds have achieved the desired effect. Joyful producers of cannon fodder—what more could any Spartan state desire?

The editors of *The Wall Street Journal*, who have never met a war they didn't like, opined on February 11 that the obtrusive flags and yellow ribbons bespeak something deeper in the public mood. In their views denizens of the "mainstream culture" were reasserting their pride in themselves after enduring twenty years of post-Vietnam villification by writers and broadcasters inhabiting an effete elite culture. The identity and self-interest of these professional naysayers are said to hinge on constant criticism of America's shortcomings. The intellectuals view workaday patriotism as an unjustified and even dangerous effusion of "blue-collar workers, right-wing Republicans and Southern yahoos."

The *Journal's* editors, self-appointed spokesmen for the silent majority, proceeded to ask: "What about the sum total of daily effort, production, good works and individual achievement that coexisted alongside the problems . . . ?" The question is apt. But not even the most affirmative answer to it justifies or excuses the outburst of pseudo-patriotism. For while the *Journal's* question speaks quite properly of individual efforts, productions, good works, and achievements that one ought to weigh against the ills of the nation, the conclusion refers to "the country's faith in itself"—as if the whole society were a purposive entity rather than a conceptual abstraction.

The truth is that we are some 250 million separate persons composing a nation, an aggregate with neither heart nor soul. We agree on very little. The genius of America—the ideal that has made it a workable and relatively productive society—is a social, political, and constitutional order in which diverse individuals enjoy a relatively high degree of freedom from interference by those who disagree with their ends or their means. If there is anything uniquely admirable about this so-

What it means "Victory" in the Gulf what it means

ciety it is the protection of individual liberty.

Even a cursory study of American history demonstrates beyond question that the greatest sacrifices of the people's liberty and the most savage plundering of their pocketbooks have been associated with the nation's involvement in war or events likened to war, such as the Great Depression, which Justice Brandeis called "an emergency more serious than war." The association is not mere coincidence; it is a matter of cause and effect.

Emergencies, especially wars, lead most citizens to slacken their resistance to the persistent efforts of the government to extend its control of economy and society, including our precious civil liberties. Supporting the government's foreign military adventures that are unnecessary to defend the population from attack means voluntarily giving up our lives, liberties, and property to those who stand ever ready to take and dispose of them for their own purposes. Citizens who forgo the active employment of their rational and moral faculties during wartime transform themselves into putty in the hands of deceitful and unscrupulous rulers.

Genuine patriotism is something else altogether. Unlike the chauvinism now passing for patriotism, it has nothing to do with nationalism, jingoism, and xenophobia. It involves a deep familiarity with, special appreciation of, and preference for what is uniquely American—the land itself, the ideals, creations, customs and language, the oddities and gentle perversities. Authentic American patriots value tolerance, social and religious pluralism and above all, liberty.

Genuine patriotism does not just come with the territory. People cannot genuinely love something about which they are profoundly ignorant. Effort and experience must come first. Having worked to know America, its darkness along with its light, one may still love it. But an easy, automatic allegiance, acquired at the maternity ward, has no more foundation than a sheep's com-

mitment to its flock.

Although true American patriots love what is genuinely lovable about their country, they do not do so invidiously. There is no need to hoist America by shoving down the rest of the world, and only a fool would try to do so.

This country can boast of much, but it also lacks much: the cleanliness and tidiness of Switzerland, the grandeur of the great mountains of Nepal, the ancient culture and civilization of Egypt, the venerable philosophies and classic art of China, the music and literature of a dozen European countries, the poetry of a hundred alien tongues.

Fortunately, there is utterly no conflict between authentic American patriotism and membership in the world community. And there is certainly no sense in which Americans are entitled to make war against others who do not make, or even threaten to make, war on them. Mass murder is a hideous action, and no one should support it on the strength of the accident of having been born at a certain time and place, subject to rulers drunk with power and disoriented by their ambitions.

It ought to be a maxim, as Auberon Herbert declared, that what one person cannot do morally, no collectivity of persons can do morally, and certainly

Citizens who forgo the active employment of their rational and moral faculties during wartime transform themselves into putty in the hands of deceitful and unscrupulous rulers.

no government can do morally. Ordinary Americans have no just quarrel with the ordinary Iraqis to whom the U.S. attack brought so many deaths and such vast destruction.

Even if the war in the Gulf had been morally justified, it was unwise; it will be productive of immense mischief for years to come. Among the evil consequences of the pseudo-patriotic support for it will be immediate and delayed diminutions of American liberties that an overreaching government

might otherwise have been unable to affect. Knowing that the populace will swallow foreign adventures happily, future administrations will resort to them whenever plausible occasions present themselves. Of course, plausibilities can always be trumped up.

No one should forget that war is the health of the state. Delmore Schwartz stripped away the glorious mask of

war when he called it

Organized pain, a formal agony:

In war's magnified ache, brilliantly blared,
The poor mistake their grandeur and their
grief;

Adding their weakness, they affirm the
state

(from "Coriolanus and His Mother")

To distract us from our real troubles
and the oppressions they have heaped

upon us, politicians lure the populace
with the siren song of war:

the song that is irresistible:

the song that forces men

to leap overboard in squadrons

even though they see the beached skulls.

(from "Siren Song," by Margaret Atwood)

Genuine patriots do not encourage
their fellow citizens to make that fatal
leap. □

Liberty Triumphs in the Desert

by James S. Robbins

One effect of the war has been the explosion of certain myths, myths that no reasonable person should have believed, though many, of course, did.

Throughout this conflict we witnessed the sad spectacle of isolationist libertarians opposing U.S. intervention in a situation justified by both strategic need and idealist creed. It makes one think that isolationists stand for not much of anything in the foreign policy realm, except blind reac-

tion. An article in the March *Liberty* quoted pacifist Jeanette Rankin—the same person who alone voted "no" on the war resolution with Japan. What sort of moral standing does she have? Most libertarian literature I came across used the same old bromides all the other critics were using, bromides that have been laid to rest, at least temporarily, by reality.

The first is that there is something called the "Arab Nation" or the "Arab Masses." There is an underlying (though unintended) tone of racism to these claims, a myth reinforced by those who want to see an Arab uprising (e.g., supporters of the PLO) and those who fear Arab nationalism (John McLaughlin and Patrick Buchanan were very big on this score). But as Faoud Ajami pointed out, the deep divisions in the Arab world over the war pretty much put to bed the idea of a pan-Arab identity. The Arabs, to their credit, were not swayed by the irrational mystique of the "Arab leader," a force Arabs were said not to be able to resist. Former Egyptian strongman Nasser was brought up in this context *ad nauseam*, and even in defeat Saddam

was predicted to have prestige, even though Nasser's was ended by the 1967 loss to Israel. By the time this goes to press, Saddam may be the newest "Arab martyr."

Those states that sided with Saddam mostly did so for reasons unrelated to Arab nationalism. Jordan did so because King Hussein, an alien ruler among a mostly Palestinian population, had to placate his people. They, and the PLO, supported Saddam because he supported them—a nice geostrategic move from a man who had not previously shown much interest (other than rhetorical) in the Palestinian cause. Of course the PLO made a tactical blunder not only by backing the wrong horse, but by alienating Kuwait and Saudi Arabia, their major sources for funding. Yemen sided with Iraq, but Yemen is a traditional enemy of Saudi Arabia, so that was no surprise. Algeria may have been the purest example of a disinterested pro-Saddam Arab state, but even Algeria would not promise the beaten Saddam sanctuary. And most of Saddam's supporters vanished after his army was crushed in the field. The

sight of Palestinians in Amman throwing stones at the Iraqi Embassy the day the pullout from Kuwait was affirmed pretty much sums things up.

The Arab states opposing Saddam were also driven by national self-interest. Syria and Saudi Arabia are obvious candidates, since Saddam threatened them directly. Egypt got into the fray in order to boost its own prestige, and assert its claim as the leading Arab state. The Arab opponents of Saddam were said to be ruling groups out of touch with their people. Domestic unrest was predicted. But most of the unrest was in Amman, Jordan (which was also the media center for the "Arab Masses" reports). Opposition leaders and fundamentalists were interviewed giving their insights into why Saddam should not be opposed. But what else were these people supposed to say? They are the opposition, after all.

Pan-Arabism has again shown itself to be a mythical force, appealed to in times of calm but unable to stand up to pressure. It is also, like the Pan-Slavism of the nineteenth century, a handy tool for any dictator or demagogue to use

while furthering his own political ends. Let us not forget the heartfelt Arab unity displayed on August 2, 1990; Saddam loved Kuwait so much he wanted to marry it to Iraq.

A related point was fear of Arab-Israeli conflict. Here again was another irrational fear, namely that Israel would retaliate if attacked no matter what, and that the coalition would then split apart as the Arab States took the field against the common Zionist foe. But it was not to be. Not only did Israel restrain itself from responding to Saddam's Scud terror-bombings, but even Syria affirmed the right of Israel to mount defensive strikes if it was attacked. Self-interest overcame native hostility, and the Middle Eastern diplomats showed themselves to be more than a match for a scenario that caused American pundits (including myself, I must confess) many worried hours.

The course of the war, and the shortness of the ground conflict, beat even the most optimistic predictions, which made the most pessimistic seem all the more ridiculous. Unfortunately, libertarians latched onto them, supplanting rational analysis of warfare with doomsday scenarios. Honestly, just because one opposes a policy doesn't mean one has to tune out. Thousands of casualties were predicted, yet we barely topped a few hundred. This was because critics based their numbers on analyses of the Iran-Iraq war, the worst example possible. Did these analysts expect the United States to send 16 year olds against machine-gun nests armed with sticks? The type of offensive we were going to pursue was obvious as early as last fall—an envelopment, a replay of the 1940 Manstein Plan for the invasion of France. Yet still one heard about trench warfare, stalemate, Iraqi artillery, and so forth.

Another bromide was that the price of oil would skyrocket, and here libertarians abandoned an earlier, more rational and market-oriented line, namely that world oil markets were glutted and prices would not increase. This argument was used to oppose U.S. troop deployment; once the troops were on the ground, arguments had to be crafted to oppose the possibility of their use. It's sad that objectivity is so easily abandoned, because the first argument turned out to be true. As the ground

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war commenced, gasoline prices were only three cents above their August 1, 1990 level, and this included the additional five cent gas tax instituted this winter. In other words, the price was lower. Even the destruction of the Kuwaiti oil facilities seems to have made little impact on world crude prices. I suppose now isolationists will argue that because of this the war was meaningless. So it goes.

The war exploded other myths that weren't espoused by libertarians. One was that the press corps is the watchdog of the people against the government. This concept has haunted the country and inflated the egos of newsmen since the Vietnam era, but will no longer. Press complaints about restrictions were not echoed by the American people, 80% of whom thought more restrictions were needed. The coverage was fascinating, primarily because it was often live, though press priorities were sometimes hard to figure (e.g., breaking away from an important briefing because sirens had been heard in Dahrán, long after the Scuds had been shown to be impotent against Patriots). And though the reporters complained that press briefings were not informative, it was often because they either didn't understand what they were being told (the reporter who thought we were concentrating battlefield preparation bombing behind the lines was a classic case) or asked the wrong questions. Still, these were people skilled at Pentagon reporting, covering budget battles, weapon system developments, Defense Department politics and the like; they were not military specialists. Some took umbrage at a sign that appeared outside the Pentagon briefing room welcoming the "temporary war experts," but their surprise at the course of the war showed their limitations. The final act was when Western journalists were taken captive in Basra while trying to cover the anti-Saddam unrest, and some national press organizations demanded we not pull the troops out until they were released.

The war settled a debate which had lingered since the 1980s over defense priorities. In the mid-1980s, a school of defense reformers arose which espoused low-tech solutions to the problems of modern warfare. Citing the cost of high-tech weapons, these planners built models showing that cheaper, cruder weapons applied *en masse* would achieve as good if not better results for less money. They also claimed that the "smart" weapons were too complex to work. The war showed them wrong on both counts. In the first place, the weapons worked, and magnificently so, on land, sea and in the air. In the second place, if they had been replaced with dumb weapons, the consequences for civilians (and thus for U.S. diplomacy) would have been horrendous. For example, instead of putting one smart weapon through an air shaft to knock out a bunker, the entire block would have had to be bombed, World War II-style. The arguments against the Strategic Defense Initiative were shown so pathetically wrong by the performance of the Patriot that the Union of

We have restored American prestige. If there was any question internationally about the power of the United States, there is no longer. Isolationists may argue about the utility of this, but such a show of force will generally intimidate international troublemakers. The world will be more peaceful for a few years, barring a Soviet meltdown.

Concerned Scientists is now trying to disassociate Patriot from SDI.

Those are the myths. But what have we done? In the first place we have restored American prestige. If there was any question internationally about the power of the United States, there is no longer. Isolationists may argue about the utility of this, but such a show of force will generally intimidate international troublemakers, and I expect the world will be more peaceful for a few years, barring a Soviet meltdown.

The Soviet Union has been further marginalized on the world stage, despite its various "peace proposals," which only accomplished delaying the

ground action (and the liberation of Kuwait) for a week. With the rapid erosion of Soviet influence has come unforeseen fringe benefits, such as increased

cooperation from Syria, a Soviet client state looking for a new patron.

The United States helped remove a dictatorship, or at least render it ineffective. This is always good in the zero-sum world of governments; one less tyranny is better than one more. We also freed Kuwait, at least from Saddam. If it will free itself from its own problems, that would be even better.

The domestic political fallout from the war is difficult to gauge. Democrats tried quickly to shift attention from the war to domestic problems, until their pollsters informed them that they were generating resentment. Since then they have fallen back on the claim that "votes of conscience" against the war are out-of-bounds in future political races. I doubt this will get them very far either, especially if there are more examples of the type of duplicity practiced by Senator Kerry, who sent letters to constituents supporting or denouncing the war based on what he thought they wanted to hear. However, I also doubt the Republicans will be able to translate the war into gains on the local (Congressional) level, since it is a year and a half before the elections, and there are many issues to be addressed. George Bush is the biggest winner; few serious Democrats will be considering a run against him in 1992, unless some sort of national crisis interposes. This will bring the less viable candidates to the fore (such as Jesse Jackson, George McGovern and John Silber), further tarnishing the image of the Democratic Party.

The only reservation I have about the outcome of the war is that it was so successful it has set a tough standard to meet. I doubt that future wars on this scale will be as quick, as clean, and as easy as this one was. Public expectations may be raised so high that the normal sort of reverses one can expect during warfare would have greater than usual effect. On the other hand, whenever the next war is, critics will be in the forefront reminding everyone that it "won't be another Iraq," just as Iraq was to be no Panama, and Panama no Grenada. One thing is certain—none of them were "another Vietnam," and we can only hope Desert Storm has put that shameful episode behind us once and for all. □

Don't take my word for it. — I am known to be somewhat skeptical about the government's honesty and intentions. So take it from an impeccable source, the *New York Times* (March 3, 1991), where Thomas L. Friedman and Patrick E. Tyler give a blow-by-blow account, based on extensive information provided by anonymous "senior officials," of the decisions leading to the U.S. war against Iraq.

The lead paragraph reads: "The Bush Administration began planning an offensive campaign to dislodge the Iraqi forces from Kuwait early last fall even as Administration officials insisted in public that the only mission of United States forces was to defend Saudi Arabia and enforce United Nations sanctions."

So the diplomacy, the Baker-Aziz meeting, the get-out-of-town deadlines, and all the rest of the hocus pocus was indeed as much a sham as it appeared to be. Despite the handwaving, designed to give the President the appearance of "going the last mile" for peace, the administration actually set in motion its juggernaut of war as early as August and allowed nothing to deter it from its hellbent course.

—Robert Higgins

A new record for slaughter — The U.S. triumph over Iraq appears to set a new record for slaughter in wars between the high-tech West and low-tech third-world countries. According to press reports, Gen. Schwartzkopf estimates Iraqi losses at 100,000, compared to allied casualties of 150. This 667-to-1 kill ratio was achieved by superior U.S. technology and financial resources. (Those "smart" bombs and missiles cost a lot of money.)

The old record was set by the British on September 2, 1898. A force of 28,000 British and Egyptian soldiers attacked the Sudanese capital of Omdurman, defended by an estimated 50,000 Sudanese, or "dervishes" (devils) as the British called them. The British were armed with rifles, the "dervishes" with knives and muskets. But it wasn't the rifle-vs-musket advantage that carried the day for the British. Here's how Winston Churchill tells the story:

"At a critical moment the gun boat arrived on the scene and began suddenly to blaze and flame from Maxim guns, quick-firing guns and rifles. The range was short; the effect tremendous. The terrible machine, floating graceful on the waters—a beautiful white devil—wreathed itself in smoke. The river slopes of the Kerreri Hills, crowded with the advancing thousands, sprang up into clouds of dust and rock. The charging Dervishes sank down in tangled heaps . . . The infantry fired steadily and stolidly, without hurry or excitement, for the enemy was far away and the officers careful. But presently the mere physical act became tedious . . . And all the time out on the plain on the other side bullets were shearing though flesh, smashing and splintering bone; blood spouted from terrible wounds; valiant men were struggling on though a hell of whistling metal, exploding shells, and spurting dust—suffering, despairing, dying."

When it was over, the British and Egyptians had lost 40 men. The Sudanese dead were estimated at 11,000. The kill ratio of 275-to-1 was a record that looked like it would hold up for centuries. But, as they say in sports, "all records are made to be broken," and in the U.S. war against Iraq, the technological advantage of our high-tech equipment compared to the Iraqi tanks proved even bigger than the advantage of Maxim guns over muskets.

But the aftermath of the slaughter was the same: the British drove their enemy back to the Stone Age (in fairness, the Sudanese had hardly emerged from it by the time of the Battle of Omdurman); the U.S. drove its enemy back to a "pre-industrial age," as the U.N. delicately put it. General Kitchener, who headed British forces, became a national hero, just as General Schwartzkopf has. The slaughter at Omdurman also increased Britain's military confidence and encouraged them to further military adventures, notably its disastrous invasion of the South African Republic and Orange Free State a year later.

—R. W. Bradford

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No Victory for Liberty

by Sheldon L. Richman

Most Americans look at the balance sheet of the war, see one hundred American soldiers dead and one hundred thousand Iraqis dead, and are pleased. But if they placed truth, freedom and the Constitution on that sheet, they might come to a very different conclusion.

What is there for opponents of George Bush's Gulf War to say now that it has ended swiftly and (at least as of mid-March) decisively? Does the military outcome refute those who counseled against the intervention? Many supporters of the war seem to think so. Republican politicians, newspaper columnists of various stripes and talk-show hosts would have the dissidents publicly confess to gross misjudgment, motivated by a hatred for everything American, before taking a vow of silence and slinking away into the night, leaving them to their boisterous celebrations of what columnist Haynes Johnson calls America's "unalloyed sense of national standing."

But not so fast. The military victory does not refute the dissidents, not many of them, anyway. True, those who expected huge American casualties were proven wrong. But the case against the war for many people had nothing to do with expected casualties. It was a principled, anti-imperialist case. Anyway, the radical dissidents were not the only ones who expected large-scale American deaths. Military people and conservatives such as Patrick Buchanan did too. (Buchanan, whom no one has charged with hating America, said in August that Bush's policy had "quagmire written all over it.") In a subtle way, the error validates a larger point made by many opponents of the war. Predictions of heavy casualties were influenced by the administration's gross fear-mongering about the awesome power of the Iraqi military. "A lot of what was said from here [the Pentagon] was carefully or-

chestrated disinformation," a Defense Department spokesman told *The Washington Times* after the war. The Iraqi military was said to be the fourth largest in the world (a place it held with several other countries) and very well equipped. Some skeptics and opponents of the war pointed out that its awesomeness was mostly on paper: after eight years of war with Iran, it managed to win only a small slice of territory. Moreover, it was mainly outfitted with Soviet-made equipment. Need more be said? Nevertheless, the Bush line about Iraqi power, particularly about the notorious Republican Guard, carried the day. Given this fearsome data about Iraq's power, predictions of heavy casualties were not out of line. Nor was the judgment that the potential costs were too high to make any foreseeable benefits worthwhile.

Now we have seen that the Iraq military was not all that powerful or even vicious. (While Saddam was using the primitive Scud and no chemical weapons, the U.S. government was using such barbaric devices as cluster bombs and fuel air explosives—known as the "poor man's nuclear weapon"—and such barbaric measures as bombing *retreating* bumper-to-bumper convoys.) Iraq's impotence gives the lie to Bush's hysterical ranting about Iraq's threat to dominate the Middle East and to im-

peril our very way of life, and makes a mockery of the Saddam-as-Hitler buncombe. Other differences abide: Hitler had a world-class military and a large industrial economy. Saddam Hussein had neither; he was simply the ruthless dictator of a Third World country who beat up a small neighbor. It happens all the time and will keep happening. Why did we have to get dragged in?

Thus, the dissidents are shown to be correct insofar as they doubted that the reason for this war was the need to stop a powerful madman who threatened civilization. And as long as we're talking about bad predictions, how about the warmongers' prediction that only a credible preparation for war and unflinching support for President Bush would maintain the peace? As Maxwell Smart might have said, "Missed it by *that* much."

A further word about the small number of American casualties: Stalin said that one death is a tragedy, a thousand is a statistic. The American public seems to have turned that around: a thousand deaths would have been a tragedy, a few is not. How much satisfaction should one take in the fact that, apparently, fewer than 100 American men and women died in the war? A person can only die once. Each fatality is a major tragedy for the

victim and his (or her) loved ones. Reservist Christine Mayes of Rochester Mills, Pennsylvania, was 22 years old. The day she left for Saudi Arabia she became engaged; she asked her husband-to-be to hold her engagement ring so she wouldn't lose it. Shortly after getting to Dhahran, an Iraqi Scud missile hit the barracks she was in and killed her. Yes, Saddam Hussein's men fired the Scud. But that is far from the whole story. How many Scuds had Saddam fired at Saudi Arabia (or Israel) before George Bush launched his war? And who is responsible for Christine Mayes being in Dhahran? Each of the deaths is a similar catastrophe. Individualists should not take satisfaction in the "small number" of casualties.

The dissidents also expected many Iraqi casualties, and in this they were right on the money. The problem is that most Americans don't care about enemy casualties. At least 60,000 Iraqi conscripts, and probably many more, died at the hands of the American and allied military. The *Washington Post* says that heaps of corpses were buried in mass graves in the desert. The civilian toll may never be known. Baghdad and Basra took horrible poundings.

The leader of Iraq's Kurdish guerrillas says 3,000 civilians were killed or wounded in northern Iraq alone. Maybe the United States wasn't targeting civilians, but Air Force General Merrill A McPeak said that the precise hits exemplified by those videos at the military briefings represented less than 7 percent of the 88,500 tons of bombs dropped. More than 62,000 tons of

Perhaps the scariest consequence is to be found in the incessant declarations that the Gulf War has finally killed the Vietnam Syndrome. Frankly, I've always been a fan of the Syndrome.

bombs missed—or hit targets said to be selected in error. While 90 percent of the 6,250 tons of "smart" bombs were said to have been on target, only 25 percent of the 81,980 tons of unguided bombs were on target. (It took 790 sorties to knock out 33 bridges, according to Gen. Norman Schwarzkopf.) The

total tonnage dropped was more than was dropped during eight years in Vietnam. In fact, it constituted the most intense aerial bombardment in history. Buildings were obviously not the only things being blown to smithereens. It is interesting to note that some of the heaviest bombing of Baghdad came just hours before Bush's cease-fire went into effect. Why? And why has the subject of civilian casualties been dropped by the intrepid Fourth Estate? Lastly, how many deaths occurred *after* Saddam accepted UN Resolution 660 calling for withdrawal?

The civilian deaths in the bombing of the Baghdad shelter sparked widespread discussion about just-war theory. The majority view was that although the civilian deaths were unfortunate, this was war and civilians sometimes die in war. Besides, since Saddam Hussein allowed the civilians into the shelter, which the U.S. government says was a military facility, guilt for the deaths lies with him. Let's examine this.

I am willing to stipulate that a reasonable moral code would not condemn someone for killing an innocent

I was a fool for the U.S. Army — A week or so after President Bush announced that the Gulf War had ended, I received a letter from a reader of an investment newsletter that I write. He quoted from the newsletter my prediction of "substantial casualties" should the U.S. invade Iraq. "I expect this sort of thing from the wacko peacenicks but I'm surprised at you and disappointed in you," etc.

I defended myself vigorously. "I am sorry that my analysis was not entirely accurate," I wrote him. "But as I state in every issue of [the newsletter], 'all information is derived from sources believed to be reliable, but accuracy cannot be guaranteed.' In this case, I based much of my analysis on statements of the U.S. military, and those statements turned out to be false. In part this was deliberate: according to reports in the *Washington Times* and *The Wall Street Journal*, the military systematically misled the press and the public into thinking that Iraqi military strength was far greater than it actually was." General "Butch" Neal admitted as much: "We might have created a picture that they had a better capability than they really possessed."

When I read Sheldon Richman saying something very similar in his essay on the Gulf War, I suddenly realized that Richman and I were were making excuses for our own failure. What we explained was true enough—that our expectations were in line with statements by America's mili-

tary leaders—but we had failed to answer a very important question: Why did we believe these statements?

Consider the situation during the military buildup and the war itself. The press could go only where the military wanted it to go. It could see only what the military wanted it to see. Virtually its only source of information was military spokesmen. And dispatches from the war zone had to be cleared by military censors. Plainly, the press reported what the military wanted it to report.

And what did our military leaders want the press to tell the American people? Put yourself in their situation. Would you want to portray your opposition as weaker or stronger than it actually was?

If you portray the opposition as weaker, the casualties will be far more than people expect. Wives, husbands, fathers and mothers of the dead soldiers will be notified of deaths they did not anticipate. How will the people back home react? Will they support continuation of the war? Or will they doubt both your credibility as a military leader and the wisdom of continuing the war?

That is exactly what happened in Vietnam. By all accounts, the turning point in Vietnam was the Tet offensive. As the Vietnamese new year (Tet) approached in 1968, the evening news was full of reports that the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong were hurting badly, that they wouldn't be able to fight much longer. In a desperate ef-

person when it was the only way to save his own life. What I would like to know is what that has to do with what happened in Baghdad? Before the United States started the war against Iraq, the Iraqi military was no threat to any Americans. It is a moral travesty to start a war without provocation and then to claim that the war justifies exposing innocent people to the clearly foreseeable risk of injury and death. One criterion of just-war theory is proportionality. There was no threat to the American people or the integrity of their society; thus the U.S. government should not have been endangering innocents. But, some will say, we were protecting innocent Kuwaitis who were being subjected to Iraqi atrocities. What this answer implies is that the U.S. government may kill innocent Iraqis in order to save innocent Kuwaitis. I submit that this is a choice that the U.S. government should not be permitted to make. The basic principle of a decent, not to mention libertarian, foreign policy must be the same as that of the physician's oath: Do no harm.

Many dissidents predicted that there would be adverse consequences from Western intervention in an area long

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resentful of Western intervention. It is too soon to say that these predictions were wrong. I believe they will prove right. The resentment of the Muslim world, from Rabat to Jakarta, is too strong to discount.

Dissident predictions also dealt with the domestic consequences of the war. Here libertarians are particularly well qualified to speak. The war cost lots of money. How much in total is hard to say now, but the estimates have run as high as \$86 billion. The Congressional Budget Office and General Accounting Office say \$45 billion and \$34.4 billion, respectively. But that is just the beginning. There is talk on Capitol Hill about veterans' benefits and a new GI Bill. Before the war the debt was running at \$300 billion this year. How soon will it be before the first tax bill comes up? Oh yes, we are assured that U.S. allies will kick in some of the money. I doubt the amount paid will be anywhere near what has been pledged (\$53.3 billion in

cash, services, and equipment). Moreover, I hope the taxpayers of those countries raise hell about their governments' promises, which were made under duress. There is subtle taxation without representation in all this. The whole thing is quite unseemly.

(Incidentally, I have had it with the Orwellian guff about "our troops" risking their lives for us. These are people who have chosen a profession that punishes them for thinking about what they are actually doing. They shoot whomever they are told to shoot. And what are we to make of those military parents, men as well as women, who screw up their children by putting themselves at the mercy of an employer who can order them into war at any time and can imprison them if they refuse?)

Another domestic consequence of the war will be in the area of energy policy. Bush's recent energy proposal seems to emphasize production, but it is far from the deregulation we need. Anyway, when Congress gets hold of the Bush proposal, it will probably become a fascistic mandatory conservation program. And we all know how

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fort, the Communists made a massive offense against the U.S. Their attacks on U.S. and South Vietnamese positions were horribly expensive in terms of their own soldiers' lives, nearly destroying their ability to continue to fight.

But they did manage to increase U.S. casualties. As Americans saw reports of the battles on their television sets, saw the body bags being loaded onto planes, and read about losses in their evening papers, they lost confidence in their military leadership and lost the will to continue the war. By any military measure, the North Vietnamese lost

Facing this situation—having total control of what the press reports and every incentive to overestimate the strength of the enemy—what would you do?

the battle. But by destroying the credibility of the American military leadership, they had broken the will to fight.

What happens if you portray your enemy as having greater military power than it actually has? If you have miscalculated, and your casualties are many, the people are prepared. This is what you had told them to expect, and your portrayal of the enemy as a subhuman beast has pre-

sumably given the people the resolve to support the war effort despite the casualties. On the other hand, if casualties are less than you have intimated, how will people react? Will they say, "You are a fool to have believed the enemy was so strong. We need new, competent military leadership."? Of course not. They will rejoice that their brothers, sisters, sons, daughters, fathers and mothers will *all* return home. They will celebrate. They will declare you to be a brilliant strategist, a great hero and a great man.

Now I ask you: facing this situation—having total control of what the press reports and every incentive to overestimate the strength of the enemy—what would you do?

I think it is pretty plain that only an exceptionally honest person would overcome the temptation to give the press a less than candid appraisal of the enemy's power. It is also pretty plain that politicians like President Bush, Defense Secretary Cheney and General Powell do not rise to the top because of their candor. Politicians prosper by bending the truth, by talking around the truth, by withholding the truth—and by lying.

Defense Secretary Cheney, General Powell, and President Bush were in a position where they had every opportunity to lie and every incentive to lie.

Yet I believed them. Like most Americans, I was caught up in the phony news coming from the Gulf. I was a fool.

— R. W. Bradford

good Bush is at resisting the Democrats in Congress when it comes to meddling with the economy.

Perhaps the scariest consequence is to be found in the incessant declarations that the Gulf War has finally killed the Vietnam Syndrome. Frankly, I've always been a fan of the Syndrome, so I'm sorry to see it go. Rep. Dante Fascell (D-FL), a key warmonger in the House, said recently, "Right now there's no 'Vietnam Syndrome.' It's behind us. We know now that the American people are willing to go to war and to win. And in the rest of the world there is a great respect not only for the power of the U.S. but for the Western values that we have been espousing for so long." (Such as the cheapness of life as indicated by a policy of leveling cities?) According to Evans and Novak, burying the Vietnam Syndrome was one of the biggest motives for prosecuting the war. A senior White House aide told the columnists, "This is the chance to get rid of the Vietnam Syndrome. We can show that we are capable of winning a war." The commanders in this war were junior officers in the Vietnam years. No wonder Bush rebutted every hint of a nonmilitary resolution and why the administration's nightmare scenario was an Iraqi withdrawal from Kuwait before Saddam's military was destroyed.

For those wishing to limit the power of government, there is a danger that the victory will make people think that fighting and winning wars is easy, that from now on, as Bush put it, "what we say goes." This is true not only because the war was over quickly but also because it was so sanitized. There was almost a sense that no one was really dying. Thomas E. Mann of the Brookings Institution said that "the experiences of the war are positive beyond our wildest dreams." Democratic pollster William Hamilton said, "My gut tells me this war has been a good thing for the American psyche. People feel good that something we did worked." Evans and Novak wrote, "A fearsome, transcendent America is emerging from Bush's flawless conquest of Saddam Hussein." And Rep. Bud Shuster (R-PA) said, "The Gulf is evidence that the United States is no longer the wimpish America we thought it was." (Wimpish indeed! In Vietnam, where the United

States fought "with one hand tied behind its back," the military killed about two million Vietnamese and dropped more bombs than in all of World War II. In light of the demands made on Saddam Hussein, it is revealing that the U.S. government has yet to give mine maps to the Vietnamese so they can locate the left-over mines that as recently as 1989 were still killing people.)

But is the Vietnam Syndrome really over? That depends on what we mean by it. If it means the American people's reluctance to engage in protracted and seemingly purposeless wars that kill lots of Americans, then it has not been dispelled. Before the war, a majority of Americans favored fighting Iraq—unless the cost would be 1,000 casualties or more. Then the majority opposed it. This war was fast and light on American deaths. But will they approve a war in the Third World that they believe will be long and bloody? I don't think so. But the problem is that many people will conclude that wars with countries bigger than Panama and Grenada need not be protracted and

If the United States had lost the war, would Iraqis have been patrolling the streets of Washington the next day? No, the American people would not have really lost anything, except perhaps their naive illusions about their government. Only George Bush and his clique would have lost. (Yes, the war was about jobs!)

bloody, and thus they will be more willing to go to war. So the Vietnam Syndrome may be weakened. God help us.

These obituaries for the Vietnam Syndrome got me thinking about what the terms "winning" and "losing" mean. What if the United States had lost the war? Would the Republican Guard have been patrolling the streets of Washington the next day? Would Saddam's picture have been hanging in our living rooms? Would my kids be learning Arabic in school? The American people would not have really lost

anything, except, one would hope, their naive illusions about their government. Only George Bush and his clique would have lost. (Yes, the war *was* about jobs!) In winning the war, what do the American people really win? A more activist government. Thanks, but no thanks. I'll take a loss. The upshot is that there is a fundamental conflict of interest between the people and the state. From a libertarian standpoint, the war was a bad proposition going in and it has remained a bad proposition. There was no threat to us, and in fact the whole damn thing was unnecessary. The United States built up Saddam Hussein during his war with Iran, after encouraging his invasion in 1980 by channeling reports to him exaggerating Iran's military weakness. The U.S. then apparently aided Kuwait in its provocative activities before the 1990 invasion. When the invasion of Kuwait came, George Bush worked overtime to prevent an Arab solution and thus to prevent war. In other words, having created the monster Saddam when they needed him to fight the hated hostage-takers in Teheran, U.S. policy-makers decided to dismantle him when that need disappeared. For enlightening accounts of American *realpolitik* in the Gulf since 1972, including treachery against the Kurds, see Christopher Hitchens' article "Why We Are Stuck in the Sand" in the January 1991 *Harpers* and Michael Emery's "How the U.S. Avoided Peace" in the March 5, 1991, *Village Voice*. See also Dilip Hiro's *The Longest War*. These and other articles in the alternative press, which are invaluable in understanding U.S. foreign policy, demonstrate that in war, it is rarely the case that one side is all good and the other all bad. There are governments on both sides. Libertarians shouldn't have to be reminded what that means.

The ultimate questions for any libertarian finding himself seduced by the easy victory over Iraq, and its apparent "can-do" lessons about intervention, are these: Is it likely that the power of the U.S. government will be reduced as a result of this war? And will the government's heralded new prestige advance or choke the remnant of liberty the American people still possess? □

What it means
 "Victory" in the Gulf
 what it means

The Intellectual Poverty of Opposition to the Gulf War

by Stephen Cox

"There is nothing new under the sun." It is even more true that there is nothing new in the organized "peace movement."

One of the most salient images of the Gulf War originated not in the deserts of Arabia but in the deciduous campus of the University of California, Berkeley. It was a picture of six or seven war protestors lying on the ground, pretending to be dead. They were surrounded by a mob of at least 50 journalists and cameramen—an enormous, many-eyed monster toiling desperately to perceive and reproduce.

When I saw that picture, I knew that the anti-war movement was dead, even though publicity still fed on it.

I knew it was dead, not because I saw that so few people turned out for it, but because I saw that its arguments had died.

An anti-war movement, at least in America, is not an organization that goes out and *does things* that might actually stop a war. An anti-war movement is an organization that argues. Although arguments may be louder when voiced by 60,000 people than by six, they aren't necessarily stronger or more effective.

In 1967, I called the *Detroit Free Press* to announce that an anti-war organization of which I was a member would soon gather at the Federal Building to protest the Vietnam War, and wouldn't it be nice if the *Free Press* decided to cover the event? The guy on the other end of the line responded only by giving me permission to "go make a fool of yourself if you want to." No coverage.

But the Gulf War protests were covered by the media down to the last six participants. And they meant nothing. They meant nothing because they had nothing serious to argue.

Notice—I didn't say: because they hadn't an issue worth arguing about. There may well have been such an issue in this war, but the issue didn't emerge. And those among my conservative and libertarian friends whose anti-interventionist principles led them to make common cause with the mainly left-wing war protestors should notice what a peculiar spectacle these people made of themselves and the honorable cause of peace.

This is brutally evident, of course, in the case of the upper middle-class theater piece that I have just described: the die-in. A die-in is intended to acquaint people with the strange fact that in a war, people die. The die-in's motivating assumption is that its audience is too stupid to discover this fact in any other way, but *not* so stupid as to miss the die-in's curious logic. The audience is expected to understand immediately that a bunch of healthy, self-confident, would-be politicians lying around in jogging clothes in front of the Biology Building actually *represents* an equal number of poor mutilated human beings lying dead in the ruins of a third-world city.

Further, the audience is expected to be both sophisticated enough and sympathetic enough to derive precisely the right set of political attitudes from the performance. Passers-by are not expect-

ed to decide, for instance, that thank God these protestors aren't up to some real mischief, that at least this idiotic form of protest keeps them down on the pavement.

It's hard, therefore, to decide whether one's intelligence is being flattered or insulted by the latest example of the educated classes' attempts at persuasive argument. It's easier just to ignore it all, trying not to worry about the educational system that turns out people whose idea of discourse with their fellow-citizens is to lie around playing dead.

But this is the discourse of gesture. What about *real* discourse, the argument of words?

Here, there's nothing much to report. We've heard it all before. That doesn't make it wrong, but it does make one wonder about the idiotic form in which it's now being presented.

My general assumption is that in any given argumentative situation, people want to bring their *best* arguments forward. So, what pacifist slogan was rejected as *less* than the best when, last summer, the bumper stickers on anti-war Volvos suddenly blossomed with declarations to the effect that "You Cannot Simultaneously Seek Peace and Prepare for War (Albert Einstein)"? Have the displayers of such

signs ever considered what they might say if anyone ever took them seriously enough to reply, "Well, why can't you?"

Of course, the Einstein sticker and the "Arms Are for Hugging" sticker and all the rest of them are the devices of generic pacifism, the kind of thing you see even when the country is not turning its plowshares into swords quite so briskly as it was during the past few months. They are the last, sad

"No Blood for Oil!" I find this a particularly daring argument against the war, especially when it appears on the rear end of an oil-burning vehicle conveying an anti-war activist to work.

pieces of intellectual wreckage left by the pacifist movement, a movement to which the modern world owes much of its moral sensitivity, a movement that has been sinking slowly, over long years, into utter imbecility. In so far as anti-interventionist principles are based on pacifist principles, I am afraid that they have been shipwrecked, too.

But let's leave the wreck of generic pacifism and consider the arguments used specifically against the Gulf War, arguments that are often echoes, not of grand pacifist hopes (and naivetés), but of the shrewder, though smaller, skepticisms of earlier epochs.

One of the arguments most frequently hurled against the recent war was the "Why the hell are we there, anyway?" argument, which was used so tellingly against World War I and Vietnam. It's a specific argument, meant for those specific situations in which we *don't* even know why we're there. But this year, any argumentative hose fits any historical nozzle. Apparently, the assumption is that if the Vietnam War wasn't adequately explained, the Gulf War probably isn't being adequately explained either.

Now, you may agree or you may not agree with the administration's explanations of why the hell we were in the Gulf. The explanations, however,

were readily available:

1. Iraq invaded and destroyed its neighbor.

2. Unpunished actions of this kind create precedents for invasions of other countries, particularly by the original aggressor.

3. When Iraq invaded and destroyed its neighbor, it took control of oil resources that are important to the United States, and it threatened other resources in the neighborhood.

4. Only the United States had the power and determination to lead a campaign against Iraq.

As I say, one doesn't have to agree with these explanations. One can certainly come up with arguments against them. But if the anti-war movement had good counter-arguments, why did we hear so many of its spokesmen alleging that the administration had "never given any clear account of why we are there," and that the administration "veers from one argument to another—first they say we're in the Gulf to punish aggression, then they say we're there because we need the oil, and then they say we're there to protect other nations. What can you do with all these contradictions?"

This gives us all fair warning of the care we need to use in conversing with anti-war activists. If you ever talk with such a person, make sure that you say only one, very simple sentence, and that you say it over and over, using the same words every time. Don't be caught remarking to the activist that it might be nice if he stopped over to your house, *and* had a drink, in order to get better acquainted *and* to meet your friends *and* to discuss world affairs. He'll tell you that you're veering crazily from one idea to another, and that if you're not insane, you're a criminal.

Or maybe he'll simply scream continually: "No Blood for Oil!" I find this a particularly daring argument against the war, especially when it appears on the rear end of an oil-burning vehicle conveying an anti-war activist to work. It's similar in form to the slogans of previous war eras: "No Blood for British Interests" (WWI); "No Blood for Dictators" (Vietnam); "Not One Cent for Tribute" (the wars of the French Revolution). Oops! That last one's an

old *pro-war* argument. Sorry. The form of *pro-war* and *anti-war* arguments is sometimes so similar that one forgets where one is with them.

But "No Blood for Oil" is less similar in *content* to any of these slogans than it would be to "No Blood for Clothes" or "No Blood for Food." And again, what if you responded: "Well, why not?"

Well, why have I been dwelling on the small change of argument, on slogans and bumper-stickers? Why don't I talk about those hours-long speeches that people still deliver at the better antiwar rallies? Part of the reason is that during the last war I was often a participant in such affairs, and I never knew, even then, even one person who was argued into an anti-war position by an anti-war speech. By anti-war articles, yes; by speeches, never.

But the anti-war articles with which the "establishment" press was recently filled were all, as far as I could see, just rhetorical variants of slogans and stickers such as the ones quoted above—and as for the speeches, well, as far as I could tell, they were *worse* than the Vietnam speeches.

The extended verbal arguments seemed to come in four major varieties:

1. "This war is bad because it's an anti-feminist, anti-gay, anti-black, anti-homeless-people war." This is the non-war anti-war argument, the argument that has nothing to do with the war.

2. "This war is bad because the American people are going to rise up and protest and kick ass and make the politicians run for their lives and occupy the Chancellor's office and call off classes and really kick ass." This is the *pro-war* anti-war argument. It's not compatible with any pacifist argument, but the thought is, I guess, that maybe nobody will notice. In any event, we're expressing ourselves.

3. "This war is bad because young Marines [who in daily life are normally hated and feared by the protesting classes] will be coming home in body bags oozing blood in quantities sufficient to prove how horrible a thing war really is." This, in essence, is just another *pro-war* anti-war argument, just as crude and transparent in its motive, but remarkable for its implication

that no one before this minute has ever considered the idea that war has human casualties, and for its determination to deny even a shred of imagistic dignity to those casualties.

4. "This war is bad because we gave Saddam Hussein some weapons, and now we realize what a mess we've caused, so we're trying to clean it up." This is the there's-no-time-like-the-past argument. There's another like it: "This war is bad because we didn't intervene in Lithuania, so why should we intervene anywhere else, I ask you." These arguments, which would teach the present to live supinely in thrall to the past, are akin in their effect to that changeless staple of anti-war oratory: "War never solved anything!" Well, it solved Hitler. It solved Xerxes. It solved Jefferson Davis. It solved, but for our intervention, the Iraqi problem with Kuwait.

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But seriously, folks: Do you really expect people to believe that if I'm stupid enough to sell a gun to the lunatic down the street, then for this reason I shouldn't try to rescue one of his victims, after I come to my senses about the situation? And do you really expect people to believe that just because I don't pick a fight with the James Gang, I shouldn't fight with the guy who's trying to mug my little sister?

The rest of what I have to say is an open letter to the libertarians who recently joined anti-war coalitions and who adopted, or at least tolerated, such arguments as I have mentioned.

If you are sincere when you argue in this way, then you are in serious intel-

lectual trouble.

If you are not sincere, then you are not the only one who realizes this about you. Almost any audience would have strong suspicions—almost any audience except the people whose politics or personal interests will lead them to agree automatically with any anti-war argument you care to fling at them. But these are the people who don't need any of your arguments.

Your arguments imply something, not just about your own sincerity, but also about the way in which you view your audience. They imply that your view is not very favorable. They imply that you believe that your audience is one for whose sake intelligent arguments need not be developed.

And this is really too bad. After all, the country might need some intelligent arguments against war, the next time a war comes around. □

Gasping his own people — In the last issue of *Liberty*, Sheldon Richman reported that "three analysts at the U.S. Army War College have concluded after exhaustive study that Iraq did not gas the Kurds." Several readers and at least one editor of *Liberty* wrote to express disbelief in Richman's statement, asking that he be required to put up or shut up.

So I called Richman for the source of his claim. Within five minutes, he faxed this back to me:

To get the study rebutting the charge of Iraq's gassing the Kurds, write to Stephen C. Pelletiere, Strategic Studies Institute, U.S. Army War College, Carlisle Barracks, PA 17013. It is called "Iraq Power and U.S. Security in the Middle East" (1990) and it is free. An excerpt:

"Having looked at all the evidence that was available to us, we find it impossible to confirm the State Department's claim that gas was used in this instance [against the Kurds after the Iran-Iraq war]. To begin with there were never any victims produced. International relief organizations who examined the Kurds—in Turkey where they had gone for asylum—failed to discover any. Nor were there any ever found inside Iraq. . . . In March 1988 [during the war] the Kurds at Halabjah were bombarded with chemical weapons, producing many deaths. Photographs of the Kurdish victims were widely disseminated in the international media. Iraq was blamed for the Halabjah attack, even though it was subsequently brought out that Iran too had used chemical weapons in this operation, and it seemed likely that it was the Ira-

nian bombardment that had actually killed the Kurds." (p 52)

During (and since) the war, it seems to me that hardly a day went by when I did not hear on the television news the claim that Saddam gassed his own people. It is apparent that this "fact" was of crucial importance in selling the American people on the proposition that Saddam was a monster who had to be removed.

This "fact" has a lot in common with the "facts" that helped sell America on World War I and the Vietnam War: although it was widely believed and had tremendous motivating force, it just wasn't true. The "fact" that got the U.S. public worked up in support of World War I was the cruel and unjustified German torpedoing of the *Lusitania* in 1915, a passenger ship serving no military purpose, and the consequent death of 1198 innocent people including 128 Americans. After the war, the U.S. and British acknowledged that the *Lusitania* secretly carried 4,200,000 rounds of ammunition; many authorities believe it was the explosion of this ammunition that caused the ship to sink so rapidly at the cost of so many lives. Congress first authorized U.S. military action in Vietnam after the military reported an attack on an American ship in the Gulf of Tonkin. Subsequent investigation revealed that the attack consisted of some Americans seeing something that might have been torpedoes coming their way, but then again might not have been.

What ought we conclude from this? I am not really sure. At the very least, we should remember to take the statements of our government and military leaders with a grain of salt, especially when they incite us to war. Or maybe a mountain of salt.

— R. W. Bradford

Beer, Chips and the Gulf War

by Matt Kibbe

"War is hell." Or maybe war is a football game . . . the Super Bowl, only bigger, with even neater instant replays and bigger tailgate parties. And weren't those Nintendo pictures of bombs homing in on their targets neat?

"Truth is the first causality of war." This little news-bite of wisdom appeared, *ad nauseam*, throughout the networks' coverage of the Persian Gulf conflict. Broadcast journalists in Dhahran, smartly dressed in their best Banana Republic nouveau-military combat fatigues, would continually mouth the phrase, as if doing so somehow released them from the burdensome task of actually uncovering and reporting the truth.

Instead of a hard-nosed, honest look at the war, the American viewing public was treated to a 24-hour-a-day media extravaganza seemingly more appropriate for a professional football game. Call it the Gulf Bowl.

At any time of the night or day, regardless of whether I chose to watch ABC, NBC, CBS or CNN, I could flip on my set to see the same large, three-dimensional letters slowly unfold across the screen. WAR IN THE GULF they would read, accompanied by the same sort of portentous music usually reserved for the Olympics and the Super Bowl.

I have to admit that I was one of the nervous types, more concerned with the potential loss of American lives and the potential wholesale transfer of power to the state than I was with the potential price of gasoline. I fully expected U.S. military involvement in the Gulf to devolve into a pointless massacre, ultimately resulting in the further de-stabilization of an already schizophrenic region—regardless of whether Coalition forces won or lost.

But what I saw on my TV screen wasn't hellish at all. Heck it was almost fun. Cold Bud in hand and a bag of chips at my side, I could just sink back with the remote control and flip through the endless flow of game stats,

hourly press events, and chalkboard strategy sessions. All of the elements of a good ball game were right there on the screen. Plenty of Scud interceptions; tens of thousands more sorties completed. The Patriots were having a very good season.

Multi-colored charts illustrated casualties with little Iraqi jets and tanks stacked up against little U.S. jets and tanks. Happily, in both cases our stack was much, much smaller than theirs. Everyone understood that each one of those little jets and tanks represented big jets and tanks that had contained real live people, now probably dead, but it was easy to lose the human context and get caught up in the slick presentation of the data.

Slicker still, the networks had instant replay. Thanks to the modern technological wonders of warfare, Americans everywhere watched as the cross hairs of smart missiles coldly converged upon the front doors of Iraqi buildings. Then, black. "A clean hit," the attendant representative of the military might have observed. " . . . Let's see that play again." And we did, dozens of times, during hourly ritualistic press conferences in which nothing of substance was ever conveyed. Like Saddam's rhetorical blather, it was all very Orwellian.

Every network had at least one retired general or admiral on the payroll, adding institutional color to the play-by-play combat coverage. These pay-

per-view experts each sat by, ready at moment's notice to reinterpret technical military jargon into common English and second guess the opinions and predictions of some other "expert." Some even had chalkboards, *à la* retired NFL coach and sportscaster John Madden, with which to hash out potential war strategies. Would we go with the long bomb or flank left into Iraq around Saddam's elite Republican Guard?

Just about everyone seemed to pick up on the sports motif. "If this was a real football game," said one Air Force Sergeant stationed in the Saudi desert, "we'd probably be winning fifty to nothing." Reflecting on the quick success of the ground war, Desert Storm Commander Norman Schwarzkopf triumphantly observed: "Once we had taken out [the Iraqi Air Force], we did what could best be described as the 'Hail Mary' play in football."

Even President George Bush, Head Coach of the Coalition team, got into the spirit of the game, promising to kick Saddam Hussein's ass all the way back to Baghdad. It was a hyperbolic victory unmatched by anyone, including the Iraqi dictator himself. Never mind that Bush would not lose a drop of sweat, let alone a drop of blood, fighting. He had delegated that unfortunate task to other, apparently more expendable, Americans.

The only important media incident occurring during the war that was not treated as a major sports event was the

major sports event of the season—the Super Bowl. It was transformed into one big Persian Gulf pep rally. The only thing missing was Bob Hope's monologue. Instead of asking questions relevant to the game, network reporters with apparently nothing better to do asked the ball players to analyze the war, which they did. Now I have absolutely nothing against professional football players, but as a group they are better known for cameo appearances in Lite beer commercials than they are for their keen geopolitical insights.

In all fairness to the broadcast media, the war-as-football theme probably originated with the United States government. What the viewing public back home would see and more importantly what they would not see, was strictly regulated by U.S. military censors in Saudi Arabia. It had to be that way, it was claimed. Saddam was watching CNN. As a result, every report you and I watched or heard had already cleared the stringent test of the Joint Information Bureau (JIB). Or was that the Ministry of Truth?

Of course, the main reason for the censorship was political spin-control. As one Air Force doctor who had treated wounded soldiers in Vietnam put it, "two things people should not watch are the making of sausage and the making of war. All that front page blood and gore hurts the military."

Unlike Vietnam, play by play coverage of this war was seldom, if ever, muddled by the bloody human costs being incurred during battle. Personally, I did not see a single dead or wounded American soldier. Not one. *Ignorance is strength* seemed to be the JIB's operational rule of thumb.

With all content removed for strategic purposes, the media was left with nothing to do but stack toy planes. The big question is: Why did the networks accept their new assignment as government lap dogs with such zeal? Their war coverage was at best a superficial treatment of what I suspect most of us would consider a dead-serious issue.

As you read this, the New World Order promised by President Bush—the stated *raison d'être* behind the war—ought to be close at hand, if not fully realized. No more death, no more

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oppression, and no more injustice in the world. Our teammates in the Gulf Bowl, particularly the governments of the Soviet Union, Saudi Arabia, Syria and Kuwait will all have stopped their own oppressive ways and replaced their ugly dictatorial regimes with something decidedly more democratic

and beautiful. The Middle East in general will be free of senseless violence and omnipotent governments.

If all goes as promised, the supposed benefits of the Persian Gulf war will far outweigh any costs incurred during the battle.

Or will they? "Our liberty," warned Thomas Jefferson, "depends on freedom of the press, and that cannot be limited without being lost." The government may have won the war, but the American people have paid dearly in both lives and liberties. □

Give George Bush His Due

by Loren E. Lomasky

I am not alone in having used these pages to reprove and burlesque George Bush. Indeed, I don't recall his receiving many plaudits in *Liberty* from anyone. But it would be churlishly obstinate now not to give him his due. Bush's Desert Shield/Storm policy was energetically formulated, insistently pursued, brilliantly executed, and has made America and the world a more secure place in which to live.

Libertarians don't like war. (Let's hope that, at least in this one regard, we are not a minority.) We hate the cheapening of life it necessarily embodies, and history affords us good reason to fear the degradation of freedoms that typically accompanies calls to arms. For all that, sometimes going to war is justifiable. All except extreme pacifists concede that one may permissibly defend oneself against overt acts of aggression. That right to exercise self-defense is simple in principle but complicated when the contending parties are states. There does not yet exist a well worked-out libertarian theory of when countries as such—rather than individuals acting singly or in voluntary confederation—may permissibly pick up the sword. Instead, libertarians too often retreat to a seductive purity of decrying all

Only one firmly determined to keep blinkers in place come what may can fail to acknowledge that Operation Desert Storm was, on balance, a decisive victory for liberty and global civility.

action that carries the imprimatur of governments. In our best of all possible worlds there would be no governments or, if there were, these would have the character of voluntary protective associations. Actual governments are thoroughly contaminated by their coercive excesses. It follows that any state activity is to be condemned, mobilization for war most of all.

This is easy—too easy. We do not live in our best of all possible worlds, and I don't expect we ever shall. We can, though, continue to theorize about what such a utopia would be like. The activity is worthwhile because, if nothing else, it

keeps us sensitive to injustices that are not widely perceived to be such. (Someone ought to keep shouting that Social Security and Wars on Drugs are vicious!) But if, utterly enamored by these ideal constructs, we decline to think hard about how reasonably to evaluate choices between admittedly flawed alternatives we neuter ourselves, we become ideologues who cannot be taken seriously in practical matters.

Iraq, both before and after devouring Kuwait, had distinguished itself as the most thuggish and dangerous resident of a neighborhood in which barbarism has long been the rule. Its deeds were bloody and it aspired to worse. Destruction of its war-making capabilities was a consummation devoutly to be wished. That has now occurred, and sensible people should be delighted. We should positively exult in the fact that this result was achieved at a cost orders of magnitude lower than could reasonably have been predicted.

Nonetheless, costs there were. Some 100 American and allied soldiers perished. That total is dwarfed by Iraqi casu-

alties—not, alas, only those who thoroughly deserved to find themselves at the business end of a Tomahawk missile. A different sort of cost was the political necessity of embracing Syria's odious Assad, a butcher of no mean accomplishment in his own right, and of having to defer to the theocratic strictures of a Saudi Arabia that still has one foot firmly planted in the Islamic High Middle Ages. And, if yet one more chorus of the nagging refrain is needed, the Kuwait that has now been liberated never was and probably will not soon become anything close to a liberal democracy.

Still, only one firmly determined to keep blinkers in place come what may can fail to acknowledge that Operation Desert Storm was, on balance, a decisive victory for liberty and global civility. (Please, though, can't we come up with a more digestible term than "New World Order"?) So, hats off to a president whose penchant for prudence did indeed this time yield a bonanza, to troops who fought gallantly and well, and to a country whose citizens overwhelmingly realized that this was the right battle for the right reasons at the right time. □

Moulton, "Invincible Ignorance," continued from page 18

old *Tribune*, the change has been as disconcerting as it would be if *Our Sunday Visitor* turned its back on Holy Mother Church and endorsed Seventh-Day Adventism.

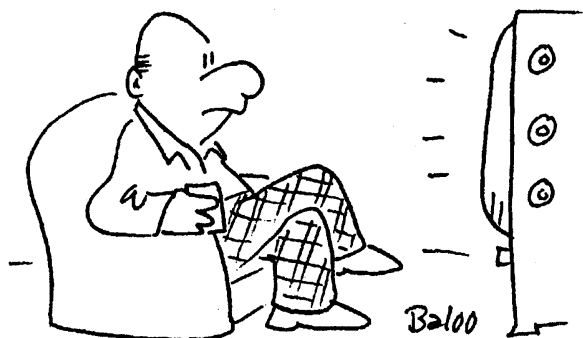
Even so, I was shocked by the March 17 inaugural column of the *Tribune's* new financial editor, John McCarron. After giving an account of the volume of junk mail that a new editor receives, he singles out one category that he finds "enormously entertaining"—the studies (he puts the word in ironic quotes) sent out by free-market think tanks. Although he finds them all contemptible, he singles out for special abuse the Cato Institute. McCarron begins his attack on Cato, which he sarcastically terms "my favorite" among these groups, with a diatribe against the life and views of Marcus Porcius Cato the Elder, a Roman Senator of the second century B.C. best remembered for his role in instigating the destruction of Carthage; apparently McCarron is under the impression that the modern institute is animated by the values of this particular ancient Cato. The problem is, the Cato Institute was not named for Marcus Porcius Cato. It was named for *Cato's Letters*, a series of pamphlets with libertarian themes written by John Trenchard and Thomas Gordon in the early 18th century that

helped to inspire the American Revolution. Trenchard and Gordon chose the pseudonym Cato after one of Marcus Porcius Cato's descendents, a fellow remembered as an exemplar of resistance to despotism, because he chose suicide rather than submission to Julius Caesar. "Cato" has, in both the French- and English-speaking worlds, long been used as a pseudonym by people writing on behalf of liberty.

This passed right over McCarron, which I suppose shouldn't surprise us. Except for one thing: every issue of *The Cato Journal*, the Cato Institute's major publication and the subject of McCarron's glee, explains why the Cato Institute chose its name.

In any event, the new financial editor of the august *Trib* doesn't like the policy prescriptions of any major free-market institute. After subjecting their every recommendation to ridicule (without, however, providing any argumentation; typically, he simply dismisses the Laffer Curve as "bunk"), McCarron then suggests that the academics at these think tanks are merely insincere hacks on the lookout for cushy positions, but has second thoughts: "Then again, it could be that the supply-side academics who lend their credibility to these organizations believe this stuff. Legalize freedom, and all that." Finally, he wonders when "the Heartland, the Heritage, the Reason, the Cato or the Somebody [will] explain why deregulation and lower taxes didn't spare us from Michael Milken, the savings and loan ripoff, the wreck of the single-hulled Exxon Valdez . . . and a few other legacies of laissez faire."

To have a person of leftist inclinations and total economic ignorance in a responsible position at a major newspaper is by now commonplace. For him to be financial editor, and for his articles to appear in the paper's business section, is, one hopes, much less common. Would it really have been too much of a strain for the *Tribune* to have found, for this job, someone whose understanding of economics rises above puerile left-liberal clichés? —WPM



"The story you are about to hear is sort of true . . ."

Commentary

Journalists and the Drug War

by David Boaz

Before the press enlisted in the Gulf War, it was enrolled in another, more protracted, war.

"War is the health of the state," wrote Randolph Bourne in 1918, explaining why wars, destructive as they are, are often popular with those who run the state. War has always been, for instance, an ideal reason to raise taxes on an otherwise recalcitrant citizenry. Indeed, Thomas Paine said in *The Rights of Man* that the British government didn't raise taxes to fight wars, it fought wars to raise taxes.

Throughout American history governments have used the exigencies of war as an excuse to constrict the constitutional liberties of American citizens. Among the extensions of federal authority conducted under cover of wartime are conscription, standby censorship authority, the Trading with the Enemy Act, the income tax, tax withholding, wage and price controls, rent control, and Prohibition, which really began with the Lever Act of 1917. Not to mention the imperial presidency.

Advocates of extensive government recognize the truth of Bourne's insight. When the British scholar Michael Foot was leader of the Labor Party, he was asked for an example of the kind of socialism he favored. He replied, "The best example that I've seen of democratic socialism operating in this country was during the second world war. Then we ran Britain highly efficiently, got everybody a job. . . . The conscription of labor was only a very small element of it. It was a democratic society with a common aim."

Here Foot has put his finger on it, to mix a metaphor: Outside of wartime it is very difficult, indeed impossible, to rally millions of free citizens around a common aim.

The American socialist Michael Harrington also hailed the efficient planning and social justice practiced by the American government during World Wars I and II. Unlike some more bloodthirsty rulers and court intellectuals, collectivists such as Foot and Harrington don't relish the killing involved in war, but they love its domestic effects: the centralization and extension of government power.

The connection between war and overweening government was also noted by conservative William F. Buckley, Jr., who wrote at the dawn of the Cold War that "we have to accept Big Government for the duration—for neither an offensive nor a defensive war can be waged . . . except through the instrument of a totalitarian bureaucracy within our shores."

The media, of course, play an important role in the modern state's war-making abilities. It is through the

media that the citizenry must be rallied, and so it is essential that the media not confuse the issue through debate and dissension. As Paul Fussell writes of World War II in his recent book *Wartime*, "Because in wartime the various outlets of popular culture behaved almost entirely as if they were the creatures of their governments, it is hardly surprising to find that they spoke with one voice. Together with skepticism, irony, and doubt, an early casualty was a wide variety of views about current events."

But wars are dangerous in the nuclear age, and ever since Vietnam we're not even sure we'll win. So today—or at least until the election of President George "Old Death and Taxes" Bush—the government looks for crusades that may be designated metaphorically as wars, or as the moral equivalent of war, a term originated by William James, who wanted to conscript American youth into a vast social-work army to "get the childishness knocked out of them." Now this isn't all bad; better metaphorical wars than real wars. But

metaphorical wars do have a lot of the unfortunate consequences of shooting wars.

The modern era of metaphorical wars probably originated with the War on Poverty, which began about the same time as the Vietnam War and ended about as successfully. There was great media acclaim for the War on Poverty and little real debate. It was a war, after all, and America could do anything if she just put her mind to it.

Later we got President Jimmy Carter's Moral Equivalent of War—the energy crisis, with its Jamesian emphasis on government direction, sacrifice, and reduced living standards. This too was warmly embraced by the national media. Establishment liberal columnist

Who would have thought that a generation of journalists who laughed at Reefer Madness in college would have enlisted so readily in the War on Drugs?

Joseph Kraft wrote that President Carter must "generate a sense of urgency" about the crisis, while establishment conservative George Will headlined his column, "Hit Us Hard, Please, Mr Carter."

Time gushed over Energy Secretary James Schlesinger, who "views the energy crisis as a blessing in disguise, a beneficial testing of the nation's spirit and ability to cope. In his estimation, the crisis, if handled properly, will provide the opportunity for the American people to recapture the old virtues of sacrifice and a sense of shared destiny." Schlesinger no doubt would have considered it defeatism to point out that a simple lifting of price controls would end the energy crisis, as indeed it did just four years later.

And then we got the war on drugs. Much more than Carter's Moral Equivalent of War, this one has it all—a well-defined enemy, threats to children, gun battles, bodies in the street. Like shooting wars, it brings with it a lot of deaths and a lot of civil liberties abuses. War fever and the need to rally

'round the general may explain why there was no media criticism of Bennett's statement on "Meet the Press" that we need to move beyond beheading drug dealers to start executing bankers who "trade in drug cash"—virtually every banker in today's world.

Who would have thought that a generation of journalists who laughed at *Reefer Madness* in college would have enlisted so readily in the War on Drugs? Yet every television network and major newspaper enthusiastically became part of the propaganda machine. *Newsweek* runs cover stories on "The War in America's Cities" and promises to cover it "as aggressively and . . . as regularly as we did . . . the war in Vietnam." And it did: eight cover stories in 1988-89, articles on the drug war in 29 issues during 1989 alone. Drugs are an epidemic, *Newsweek* says, "as pervasive and dangerous in its way as the plagues of medieval times." *U.S. News and World Report* calls drugs "the nation's No. 1 menace." CBS News has a running segment called "One Nation, Under Siege," and the *Washington Post* reports on Washingtonians who are "on the front lines."

When Drug Czar—and what a warlike term that is—William Bennett unveiled his battle plan at the National Press Club, the club's president, Peter Holmes of the *Washington Times*, who presided over the event, selected only softball questions from those submitted by the audience (including two tables full of oppositionists). There were tough questions submitted about the efficacy of Bennett's strategy, the past failures of alcohol and drug prohibition, and so on, but the hardest-hitting one put to him by the National Press Club was, "Do you think bureaucratic turf wars will interfere with your strategy?"

(Bennett, of course, has been replaced by ousted Florida governor Bob Martinez, who has little to recommend him for the position except, apparently, President Bush's feeling that Republican chief executives who violated their campaign promises not to raise taxes should stick together. But in keeping with our theme, it's interesting to note Bush's stated reason for his

choice: He praised Martinez for having "signed more than 130 death warrants" and thus having earned a "batfield promotion.")

Concern over drugs rose from 10 percent to 60 percent in national polls in less than a year—while reported drug use was falling. Why? It might have something to do with the constant media hype about drugs—*Time* and *Newsweek* covers, nightly network coverage, whole shows devoted to drugs. The media's stance in the drug war, so reminiscent of Paul Fussell's recollections about World War II, was summed up by Associated Press senior columnist Walter Mears: "In President Bush's renewed war on drugs, there's no political argument about the enemy, the objective or even the weapons." Not much for journalists to do but get the word out, then.

Journalists always have a weakness for terrifying statistics—Paul Ehrlich's population projections, Mitch Snyder's homelessness numbers—and the drug war provides plenty of them. Crack-addicted babies have become a genuinely frightening media story, with columnist Jack Anderson and former *New York Times* editor A. M. Rosenthal leading the pack, warning that 375,000 crack-addicted babies were born last year. What's the truth? It's hard to say. But considering that the 1988 Household Survey on Drug Abuse reported that some 484,000 people used crack on a monthly basis, it would seem unlikely that 79 percent of them had babies. Bennett's official strategy document claimed "as many as 200,000 babies are born each year to mothers who use drugs" as well as "100,000 cocaine babies are born each year." Bennett told Ann Landers' 90 million readers that 100,000 babies each year are born to mothers who use crack—upping the ante from simple cocaine.

The only hard number is a report of 8,974 "crack baby cases" in eight cities. Drug researcher Dale Gieringer suggests that that makes Bennett's 100,000 figure plausible, though it seems likely that New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, Miami and four smaller cities would have a lot more than 9 percent of all the crack babies in the United States.

Newsweek quotes a researcher as saying, "It's as if the part of the brain

that makes us human beings capable of discussion or reflection is wiped out." But in fact two out of three crack-exposed babies show no obvious problems at birth, and Dr. Ira Chasnoff, director of the National Association for Perinatal Addiction Research and Education, says that crack babies develop "within the normal range for cognitive development and are not, as some people have stated, brain damaged."

It's also unlikely that anyone would have figured out from the media coverage of crack babies that women have four times as much risk of delivering low-birthweight babies if they use cocaine throughout pregnancy, compared to three times as much risk if they use tobacco regularly. Occasional cocaine use creates a risk factor of 1.8, about the same risk created by having three drinks a day.

Journalists and politicians have swallowed whole the most alarming allegations about the danger and addictiveness of crack. Peter Jennings said on the ABC Evening News that using crack "even once can make a person crave cocaine for as long as they live."

For journalists the silver lining in the unprecedented flow of drugs into the United States is the opportunity for great photographs of Drug Enforcement Administration agents or local law-enforcement personnel with huge quantities of captured cocaine.

Pat Buchanan declared on CNN's "Crossfire" that "I've talked to people in the drug war, and they say . . . crack—if some kid gets involved in that and gets hooked on that, in a couple of weeks you can finish off a human being." Rep. Patricia Schroeder (D-Colo.) asserted on PBS's "Firing Line" that crack has a 70 percent addiction rate. Yet the government's own figures report that about 2.4 million people have tried crack while only 484,000 have used it in the past month—an addiction rate of 20 percent

at most.

The media have also credulously reported assertions by Bennett and other drug warriors about the effects of drugs on worker productivity: drug abuse costs the United States \$34 billion—or maybe \$60 billion—a year, drug users are 3.6 times as likely to injure themselves or another worker in the workplace. "Drugs: Silent Killer of Profits," headlines the *Boston Globe*. These figures seem to stem from two "studies," both of which have been thoroughly discredited by John P. Morgan of City University of New York Medical School. A Firestone Tire and Rubber Company study was never published, just discussed in an in-house newsletter, and in any case drew its conclusions from interviews with workers who had sought or been referred for treatment—hardly a random sample. A Research Triangle Institute study found that households containing someone who had ever been a regular marijuana user had lower incomes than other households—thus the lost-productivity claim. But it showed nothing about current marijuana use, and it failed to account for the possibility that marijuana use might be more prevalent among those with lower economic opportunities. (And as drug policy researcher James Ostrowski has pointed out in a major study for the Cato Institute, 80 percent of the RTI study's estimated social costs of drug abuse are more properly described as the costs of drug prohibition.)

For journalists the silver lining in the unprecedented flow of drugs into the United States is the opportunity for great photographs of Drug Enforcement Administration agents or local law-enforcement personnel with huge quantities of captured cocaine. It seems that not a week goes by without a report of "New Hampshire's biggest drug bust," "the biggest drug bust in middle Georgia history," "the largest drug bust ever in the United States outside of Florida," "the second-largest drug bust ever by European law enforcement," and—drum roll, please—"the largest drug bust in history." Dollar figures are always provided by helpful police flacks—cocaine with a street value of \$3.3 million, \$20 million, \$73 million, \$2 billion. By going to

Arkansas personally to lead a nationwide series of raids on marijuana fields, former attorney general Edwin Meese III got his picture in every paper in the country—ironically wearing his Adam Smith tie as he raided small businesses. Perhaps the high point of media hype for the DEA was NBC's three-night miniseries "Drug Wars: The Camarena Story," featuring Tom Brokaw as himself.

These days the media seem willing

One purpose of the drug war is to give liberals a chance to demonstrate their toughness. Liberals who were never very keen on fighting communism have been gung-ho about invading Colombia, assassinating Panama's tinpot dictator Manuel Noriega, and using the military to keep out drugs.

to blame everything on drugs. The bombs mailed to federal judges were immediately blamed on drug defendants—until a civil rights lawyer received one. KPIX-TV in San Francisco produced a segment, also broadcast on KING-TV in Seattle, saying that marijuana caused cancer. Other than the California doctor who made the charge, no one has offered any evidence of such effects by a drug that was described by administrative law judge Francis L. Young of the Drug Enforcement Administration as "one of the safest therapeutically active substances known to man." Journalists at first even fell for President Bush's televised claim that drugs are sold in Lafayette Park, across the street from the White House. (Though considering more recent reports of journalists being offered drugs in Justice Department corridors, that one may not seem so unlikely.) One might even point out the frequent use of the term "drug-related murders" when every cop on the beat knows that such murders are a result of drug prohibition, not drug use.

One of the biggest distortions of the

media war on drugs is the emphasis on illicit drugs rather than alcohol and tobacco. *Newsweek's* 29 stories on drugs in 1989—many of them multi-parters—compared with 5 stories on alcohol. Nobody covers alcohol or tobacco regularly as "a plague upon the land." Yet tobacco kills about 390,000 Americans a year, alcohol about 150,000, while total deaths from illegal drugs are about 5,000 a year. According to Ostrowski, "for every death caused by the intrinsic effects of cocaine, heroin kills 20, alcohol kills 37, and tobacco kills 162" (assuming the same number of users). There are apparently no deaths traceable to marijuana. Alcohol is clearly the drug with the most social costs in terms of accidents, violence, lost productivity, and effect on babies. But you wouldn't know it from watching the evening news.

Media credulity about drugs didn't begin with the Bush years, of course. Why did *Washington Post* editors and Pulitzer jurors believe Janet Cooke's pharmacomythological tale in 1980 about an eight-year-old heroin addict? Because they knew almost nothing and believed almost anything about drugs. That same year the media were up in arms about an invasion of heroin from Iran; "Mideast Heroin Flooding Europe," the *New York Times* warned, while the *Los Angeles Times* chimed in with "Iran Heroin Flooding U.S., Agents Report," explaining that "more than 10 times the amount available in the late 60s may end up in the United

States." A year later a Drug Enforcement Administration agent acknowledged to *Inquiry* magazine that the flood never arrived.

Drug legalization, the moral equivalent of the anti-war movement, has been relegated to fringe television time and occasional op-ed articles. Politicians and their handmaidens in the media have scared people so much that they're ready to jettison the Bill of Rights—perhaps, for some officials, the real point of the drug war.

Rep. Charles Rangel, the Harlem Democrat who heads the House Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control, illustrated the wartime mentality in his response to former secretary of state George Shultz's call for legalization. Such a policy, Rangel said, would be a "declaration of defeat," and even discussions of it "do not belong in any true forum for national policy making." Jesse Jackson makes the wartime analogy explicit: "If someone is caught transmitting the death agent to Americans, that person should face wartime consequences." President Reagan's assistant secretary of state for narcotics, Ann B. Wroblewski, declared Eli Lilly & Co. "AWOL" in the war on drugs when it declined to sell the government a herbicide to be sprayed on coca crops in Peru and Bolivia.

The drug war serves several related purposes right now. One is to provide a new national enemy as the Cold War winds down—a reason to keep the military budget up. The movie *Lethal Weapon 2* jumped on two bandwagons

by making its villains South African drug dealers. But South Africa, abhorrent as its political system is, is not really very threatening to Americans, so drug dealers will have more staying power—though Japanese businessmen, "invading" our shores with cars and VCRs, may yet edge out the drug dealers. And most recently, of course, we have discovered another Hitler in the Persian Gulf, and the outbreak of a shooting war has made even a War on Drugs seem uninspiring.

Another purpose of the drug war is to give liberals a chance to demonstrate their toughness. Liberals who were never very keen on fighting communism have been gung-ho about invading Colombia, assassinating Panama's tinpot dictator Manuel Noriega, and using the military to keep out drugs.

Finally, like everything in Washington these days, the drug war feeds the tax lust of the establishment, including both the permanent government and the media. Lesley Stahl of CBS News couldn't wait for Bennett to finish explaining his drug program so she could ask him breathlessly, "Doesn't this mean we'll need a tax increase?" Democrats and network journalists joined in the chorus for a tax hike to fight the drug war. After Budget Director Richard Darman conceded to a congressional committee that yes, the Bush administration would support a tax increase in case of war, conservative economist Herbert Stein rejoiced; well, then, he said, how about the war on poverty, the war on illiteracy, the war on drugs, whatever, let's get on with it.

Politicians have only to say the magic word *war* to get journalists enlisted in their latest crusade. Maybe if the word were banned from political discourse we could rediscover the tradition of adversary journalism that was awakened during the Vietnam War, the tradition by which journalists hold governments accountable for their actions. Journalists gathering at the National Press Club to debate changing the name of the H. L. Mencken Library, while people die a few blocks away in an unwinnable war, would do well to recall Mencken's words: "The function of a newspaper in a democracy is to stand as a sort of chronic opposition to the reigning quacks." □

In the Woods

Sundays my father silently drove
from town to the church where he sometimes
loudly preached. Mostly I came along
to see the dead black clock
against the high back wall,
resting on knotted wood floors,
and to hear the bell clang high
outside, high amid the green
branches of the terrible high pines.

—William Meyer, Jr.

Argument

The Press: Jealous of Its Freedoms, Careless With Ours

by Richard Minitier

The press benefits from the wide-open, unrestricted free market more than any other profession. So what have journalists got against free markets?

Journalism is the freest of all trades or professions. Indeed, the print media suffers from practically no government regulation at all. Neither federal nor state governments censor the press, with certain very narrow exceptions. And courts have protected the press from licensing and other regulations that restrict entry into the field, or otherwise hamper free operation.

Part of what sets the newspaper industry apart from other businesses is the First Amendment. The nation's founders thought the freedom to speak one's mind so important that they sought to safeguard this liberty explicitly in the Constitution. In fact, the First Amendment is so unambiguous and the press has been so vigorous in the defense of its rights that it is much freer now than it has been at most times in our nation's history. There are few legal constraints regulating what a journalists may write, and no state-imposed barriers to securing a post at a newspaper or launching a new publication. Obscenity, as affirmed in *Miller v. California*, is now defined so narrowly that obscenity laws are virtually ineffectual. Similarly, libel and slander claims have been severely restricted by the courts. Since 1966 the Freedom of Information Act has given the press access to most government files.

One need not pass a state-

mandated test or hold a degree from a trade school or college to be a journalist. In fact, until ten years ago, most working reporters didn't have college degrees, and even today, few hold degrees in journalism. While credentialism is creeping into the print media it has yet to exercise the kind of control it enjoys over most professions. To be hired at any newspaper, large or small, one merely has to prove one's merit. Usually this is done by supplying clips of previously published articles and personal references. High school and college newspaper positions are easy to come by, yet experience in these positions is more help to an aspiring journalist seeking his first professional job than is a journalism degree. A novice can talk his way into a job at a mid-sized newspaper by passing a grammar and editing test and can work his way into writing in a manner of months. I know—I did.

Nor are newspapermen subject to state regulation, which is not to say that their professional standards have

suffered. In order to raise the standards of their craft, newspapermen have formed a plethora of voluntary associations, ranging from the Society of Business Editors to the Society of Environmental Journalists. And they publish trade journals, such as *Editor & Publisher* and *The Columbia Journalism Review*, to disseminate new ideas and techniques. What's more, these societies and publications confer awards to particularly talented practitioners of their craft, further boosting the quality of journalism by introducing another form of competition into the marketplace. This is regulation as it occurs in the free market: regulation by example, competition and persuasion; that is, regulation without compulsion.

There are no restrictions to starting newspapers. The only qualification for a newspaper publisher is sufficient funds. Many small town newspapers set up shop with little more than a computer, an eager staff, and a few well-thumbed reference books. There

are practically no restrictions on newspaper ownership.*

Newspapers receive no state subsidies, benefit from no tariffs, and rarely lobby for special privileges. They function within the free market. And their revenue comes from their customers: advertisers and readers.

The "Decline" of the Newspaper

There are those who believe that journalism is not healthy today. They note that many newspapers are dead

Freedom of the press is the cornerstone of the foundation of a free society and it's the building block that's most nearly intact. The press is the ultimate liberal institution, (mostly) self-governing and self-critical, evolving as society evolves. What works well for journalists could work equally well for other professions.

or dying, and that press lords are cannibalizing the rest. Surely, they would insist, the press is suffering in the free market.

It is true that large urban daily newspapers are fading away. In 1950 New York City supported 12 major newspapers and New Yorkers purchased 6 million more copies than they do now. Newspapers such as the New York *Herald Tribune* and *The Sun* have disappeared, and evening newspapers, once ubiquitous, are rare today. Even once-successful major city newspapers face declining circulation. In 1949 New York's *Daily News* had over 2,245,000 readers; in 1990 it had a little over 1,097,000 readers. Worse still, a crippling strike almost forced it to close its doors forever.

But the plight of urban newspapers is not a market failure. While the total number of urban newspapers has de-

clined, the remaining city papers have picked up new readers. The New York *Times* had about half of one million readers in 1950 and can boast over one million today. This is an example of what economists call a market consolidation.

Another cause of declining city newspaper circulation is that many people rely exclusively on television and radio for news, drawing down demand for newspapers. The growth of television news is obvious to anyone. But it is not the whole story. Forty years ago, you could get week old news in magazines, day old news in newspapers, and a superficial report of hours-old news on radio or television. Today, cable television offers a variety of news reporting around the clock, ranging from the general (CNN, CNN Headline) to the highly specialized (ESPN, FNN), and anyone with a home computer can get up-to-the-minute news on an incredible array of subjects by tapping into sophisticated information systems.

The flight from city to suburbia has also fundamentally altered the market for news. Considering that thousands of newspaper readers just up and moved from city to country, the circulation decline of major metropolitan newspapers is not mysterious. It is simply a matter of people preferring their hometown paper to a distant city publication. As the readership of city papers fell off, causing some failures, the circulation of suburban newspapers rose sharply. *Newsday*, a Melville, New York-based daily, grew from 96,000 readers in 1950 to over 700,000 in 1990; it is now the largest suburban newspaper in the New York area. The *Asbury Park Press* (Neptune, N.J.) had only 22,000 readers in 1950 but attracts almost 160,000 today. The *Times-Herald Record* (Middletown, N.Y.) grew from 10,000 readers in 1950 to over 85,000 today.

This dramatic transformation of urban and suburban newspapers is not limited to the east coast. While the urban Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner* went out of business in 1989, California's *Daily News* has grown from a small semi-weekly in the 1970s to a suburban daily with a circulation over 180,000. Readers' needs have

changed and so have the newspapers they buy.

The de-centralization of information has led to a transformation from a cluster of outlets in large cities to a broad array of urban and suburban newspapers. And with this change came the end of the "city outlook" of the majority of the mass media. So some of most famous newspapers of this century are no longer in print. But a greater public good has been served. As the market process corrected what one could hard-heartedly call a "surplus" of newspapers, newspapers emerged that could better serve the public. Suburban papers grew and urban papers adapted. Even mammoth newspapers such as the New York *Times* have added sections to appeal to the concerns of non-urban residents. That would have been unthinkable in the 1950s.

And not only have suburban newspapers benefitted from the transformation of the newspaper industry. The 1980s witnessed an unprecedented number of magazine start-ups. Most of these new journals were directed at a

One need not pass a state-mandated test or hold a degree from a trade school or college to be a journalist. A novice can talk his way into a job at a mid-sized newspaper by passing a grammar and editing test and can work his way into writing in a manner of months.

specialized readership or niche markets. Free weeklies, such as the *City Paper* (Washington DC), have also benefitted from the decline of urban newspapers. They provide a news source for readers who might otherwise not pick up a paper at all. What's more, the self-proclaimed Alternative Press provides a wide range of views that might not be printed by mainstream papers. How many articles from the *L.A. Weekly* could find a home in the pages of the Los Angeles *Times*?

* One notable exception: the Federal Communications Commission restricts the common ownership of newspapers and broadcasting stations in the same community.

Since newspapers exist in one of the freest markets in America, they could not help but adapt to a changing readership. The problem was not simply that too many newspapers were chasing an ever-shrinking number of urban readers, but also that the total amount of national advertising garnered by newspapers fell sharply. In 1950 national advertising accounted for about 25 percent of newspaper revenues; by 1978 it had dropped to about 14 percent. This really hurt. Since the late 19th century large, urban newspapers had held a major share of the national advertising market. But this is not the case of journalism suffering as an industry. It is a case of an industry in the midst of a wrenching transition. Some firms will adapt and prosper and others will wither and die. That's normal and healthy.

Newspaper bankruptcies are not new in America. William Leggett, legendary editor of the *New York Evening Post* in the 1830s, earlier edited three other newspapers, each of which failed. He speculated that the causes of the bankruptcy of these journals had less to do with demographics than with the political leanings of his would-be readers: "He who strives to be a reformer, and to discharge his high trust with strict and single reference to the responsibilities of his vocation, will be sadly admonished by his dwindled receipts that he has not chosen the path of profit, however much he may be consoled by knowing it is that of honour." In other words, one cannot keep a newspaper going that people simply do not want to read, no matter how noble it is.

On the other hand, not all editors must choose between profits and reforming editorials as Leggett did. Most strike a balance between the two and manage to make money. Fortunes have been made in the newspaper business—from William Randolph Hearst to Rupert Murdoch.

The Myth of the Malignant Monopolists

The widespread denigration of Hearst and Murdoch as "press lords" and "greedy monopolists" is a sign of anti-capitalism, not of understanding how the newspaper industry functions

in society. Murdoch and those before him created jobs, spurred innovation, bankrolled necessary capital improvements, and created new forums for information. Indeed, Murdoch is single-handedly responsible for bringing the British press into the modern era. "Incredibly, as recently as four years ago, British newspapers were still printed with hot lead, a process that had changed only by degrees since Gutenberg's day," Murdoch told the Manhattan Institute last November. Since Murdoch opened his high-tech printing plant in 1986, Fleet Street has

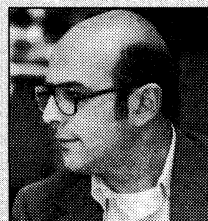
undergone an electronic revolution.

True, Murdoch invested in his new plant and equipment because he was after "greater freedom and flexibility, and higher profits." He wasn't seeking a renaissance of British journalism. But that's what happened: with new technology it became a lot cheaper and easier to start a newspaper; and since 1986, several new British newspapers have sprung up. Murdoch didn't know he would inspire an information revolution. But he does realize that the market operates in mysterious ways. "When the beaver gnaws down a tree,

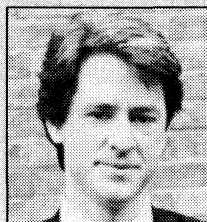
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—Roger Wells, Buchanan, Va.

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he is not thinking of his vital ecological role. Nevertheless, he has one," he observed.

Calling Murdoch or anyone else a "monopolist of the media" is a corruption of language. As wealthy as he is, Murdoch does not own every media outlet in New York, London, or anywhere else. Nor could he; the ease of

Most reporters seem blind to the benefits of competition. The same reporter who frets over "cut-throat competition" in the industries he writes about fails to appreciate the role it plays in his own. Competition tests ideas; it's what makes The Wall Street Journal superior to Pravda.

entry into publishing makes monopoly practically impossible. Even if a single firm owns all the newspapers (or the single newspaper) in a given market, it cannot exploit its position: competition quickly arises in the form of suburban papers, "free" weekly papers, broadcast television, cable, electronic networks—if not in the form of a daily newspaper. So long as entry into publishing is unrestricted, monopoly is not a problem.

The reason we have one-newspaper towns nowadays is that people receive news from a myriad of other sources—even in small towns newspapers compete with radio and television stations—and the demand (both in advertising and readers) for a second newspaper is not great enough to support one. The sole newspapers of St. Louis and Kansas City were both challenged by new papers recently, but both rookies struck out.

Freedom in the Press

The news media have operated in an environment with less government interference and more freedom than virtually any other enterprise. They have been exempted from many taxes and regulations (for example, most states exempt newspapers from sales

tax and have special provisions in their child labor laws to exempt newspaperboys). Because of the First Amendment, entry into publishing is practically without restriction, and competition has been heavy. Indeed, growing appreciation of the First Amendment has actually increased the press' freedom to publish.

It is the press alone, among our civil institutions, that remains largely free of government control. Indeed, the history of almost every other sector of civil society is the story of a continual, incremental surrender of liberty. Gun control, compulsory schooling, peacetime conscription, racial quotas, immigration quotas, land use laws, and the income tax were unknown until this century. Journalists often appreciate the blessings of their own liberty. Ironically, they seldom are much interested in securing the blessings of liberty for others.

Most reporters seem blind to the benefits of competition. The same reporter who frets over "cut-throat competition" in the industries he writes about fails to appreciate the role it plays in his own. Competition tests ideas; it's what makes *The Wall Street Journal* superior to *Pravda*. It's ironic that competition has such a bad name among journalists—members of a profession in which competition is usually friendly and collegial. One thing is clear: if reporters properly understood the principle and workings of competition, they might look at government monopolies in transportation and education differently.

Most journalists are indifferent—or downright hostile—to the principles of the free market. Yet they understand the principle of free speech, if only because it allows them to perform their vocation with the smallest hindrance.

There seems to be an implicit understanding on the part of many journalists that free speech is important because knowledge is necessarily limited. They realize that only when the broadest diversity of views is presented can something akin to truth be transmitted. Few journalists, however, understand the implications of the general principle of limited knowledge. Because no one person or group of people can ever possess all the requisite

knowledge about any one thing, the only way to discover truth is through the clash of opinion. If knowledge is limited, then government action should always be suspect. For as surely as no man possesses perfect knowledge, no government agency has special access to Truth. A big, centralized state with limited knowledge has the capacity to make big mistakes. Reporting the missteps of the Leviathan should be the bread and butter of reporters in a democratic society. This insight, grasped by earlier generations of reporters and editors, has been lost on ours.

About the only criticism of government that most reporters are liable to voice is that government does not have enough power—power over non-journalists, that is. Investigative reporters, a term once thought redundant, today preoccupy themselves with that ever-shrinking segment of society the state has yet to fully police. The "story" is that the State is not "helping" certain people as much as it should, or that the ideals of social democracy have been betrayed.

It wasn't always like this. Once reporters were skeptical of government enterprise, rooting out corruption and incompetence among bureaucrats and politicians. What journalist today would write, as H. L. Mencken wrote early in this century, "The ideal government of all reflective men, from Aristotle onward, is one which lets the individual alone—one that barely escapes being no government at all?"

Freedom of the press is the cornerstone of the foundation of a free society and it's the building block that's most nearly intact. The press is the ultimate liberal institution, (mostly) self-governing and self-critical, evolving as society evolves. The freedom enjoyed by the press is both a case study of how liberty works and a vision of how liberty would operate in other lives and occupations. What works well for journalists could work equally well for other professions.

The freedom that the press enjoys offers the best case study for a free society. If journalists came to understand this, they might be more friendly to liberal ideas. Or, anyway, they might stop warning us about the horrors of deregulation. □

Something *Anarchical* in Denmark

by Benjamin Best

On his recent tours through Europe, Benjamin Best smelled something peculiar in Denmark. Perhaps it was freedom. You be the judge.

Christiania is a functioning anarchist community covering 85 acres, surrounded by Copenhagen. About a thousand utopian socialists and anarchists, hippies, drug-freaks, bikers and down-and-outs call it home. The laws of Denmark and Copenhagen are not applied to Christiania, and the police rarely enter the area.

Most "CA-nits" (as the inhabitants are called) do as they please without concern for government regulations. Christiania has its own flag (three yellow circles in tandem on a red background) and its own radio station, along with many shops, cafés, businesses and co-operatives.

For hundreds of years, the site of Christiania was a military compound consisting of the large barracks and parade area adjoining a series of bastions that jut into Stadsgraven, a body of water that acts as a moat. The Danish military abandoned the compound in 1971, with no immediate plans for it. Some hippy squatters moved in, publicizing their find with a photo-tour that appeared in an underground newspaper. Would-be settlers came in droves, and declared their new land the "Free State of Christiania." No government official was prepared to evict the squatters forcibly. In 1973 the government officially acknowledged the existence of Christiania, declaring it a "social experiment" which would be allowed to

continue for another three years.

By 1976, government opinion had soured, and the supreme court declared that the inhabitants of Christiania should leave "without unnecessary delays." The inhabitants did not budge, and government authorities were still unwilling to take the steps a forcible eviction would require. Christiania continued to exist in this legal limbo for eleven more years.

The "Free State" is divided into nine physical areas, and is organized by co-operatives, which regularly meet to discuss common problems. No taxes are paid to Denmark, though residents do pay "rent" to their local co-op. The payment of "rent" is enforced only by social pressure, and many residents do not pay. Revenues from "rent" are divided into three funds: water/electricity, area fund and common fund. CA-nits send a yearly check to the Ministry of Defense, which holds legal title to the land, for water and electricity. The Ministry deems the amount inadequate, but so far has not cut off utilities.

A monthly meeting of representatives from the co-ops and the nine areas distributes the common fund to a health house, "garbage gang," radio station, kindergarten, community newspaper, post office, etc. General meetings of CA-nits represent the highest authority in the community.

Christiania does have rules. Cars and weapons are not permitted. Hard drugs are prohibited. Christiania residents addicted to hard drugs are moved outside the community for rehabilitation. Hashish is sold openly, but is mainly restricted to a single street, rechristened "Pusher Street" by residents. It is the main thoroughfare.

Many "visitors" to Christiania arrive at the front gate in a taxi-cab, make a beeline to Pusher Street, and then return to their cab with their merchandise. When I visited in 1987, I was taken aback by all the signs that say "no cameras," but when I visited

last summer, I learned that this only applies to Pusher Street. A hash dealer who is being photographed may well destroy your camera.

As Karl Popper has observed, the "paradox of tolerance" is that tolerance often allows free rein to some very intolerant people. A motorcycle gang known as the "Bull Shit" claimed Christiania as part of its turf, and became engaged in a gang war with the

Christiania seemed like a microcosm of anarchy in a world of statism. I could see drugs being sold openly, and there were public baths where naked men, women and children bathed together without inhibition. Big dogs were common, and it seemed to me they played the role of the Colt 45 in the Old West—personal self-defense.

Danish chapter of the Hell's Angels. In 1987, the body of a murder victim of their turf war was discovered entombed in concrete.

Most of the residents of Christiania co-operated completely with Copenhagen police in the removal of the corpse and the removal of the "Bull Shit" from Christiania. Undoubtedly this incident, along with repeated complaints from the governments of Norway and Sweden that Christiania is a major conduit for drugs arriving in Scandinavia, led to a new decision by the Danish parliament. A "control group" was established (by parliamentary majority), with a mandate to adapt Christiania to its surrounding society without destroying its special characteristics.

So when I visited Christiania last summer, things had changed since my visit three years earlier. The motorcycle gangs were gone. But drugs were still sold openly, and there were public baths where naked men, women and children bathed together without inhibition. Big dogs were common; it

seemed to me they played the role of the Colt 45 in the Old West: personal self-defense. I walked through Christiania several times, observing the people, the dogs, the stores, the bars, the restaurants and the buildings (some of which were graced with fabulously beautiful psychedelic artwork). I felt the fear and fascination of being in the midst of what was either anarchy or a pirate community—particularly at night, when the dogs became abundant and savage dog-fights were frequent.

I didn't see much evidence of the parliament's "control group." As far as I could determine, the only actions the "control group" had taken were to require the licensing of bars and cafés serving liquor and to prohibit the on-premise selling and consumption of drugs at those establishments. Some bars have complied with the anti-dope requirement. But others have not, and in many such cases the police have conducted raids, confiscating everything that wasn't nailed down. I visited a couple of these cafés; they contained little else than dilapidated wooden furniture and a bunch of people sitting around with drinks and dope. Dope is also smoked fairly openly on the streets of Christiania.

Vast sections of "rural" Christiania lie along the Stadsgraven. Here there are many farm animals, tents and odd-looking structures that were never built to conform to any building code. I also saw an enormous greenhouse—and can only speculate on what is grown inside.

In the beginning, a large number of CA-nits lived on government welfare. Others commuted by bicycle to jobs or schools in Copenhagen. But as in North America, the hippies of the '60s and '70s became the entrepreneurs of the '80s and '90s. The community has grocery stores, repair shops, a bakery, an art gallery, a print shop . . . all of which operate without government taxation or regulation. The *Spiseløppen* restaurant, near Christiania's front gate, has a reputation of being one of the best eating establishments in Copenhagen. I was escorted past barking dogs and clutter into a new plant shop where I bought a cactus. At Green Hall, a large warehouse, I

watched a forklift truck unloading a pallet of building supplies off a flat-bed truck. I was amazed to see that the front of the bicycle factory was made of large glass panels. Obviously, the owner has no fear of break-ins or thieves.

I spoke to a man who had been living in Christiania since the beginning, one of the principal operators of the well-known "Faggot House" theatre-café. He described Christiania as "80% Klondike, 20% Utopia." He resented the fact that the capitalistic drug merchants on Pusher Street earn a large amount of money that does not benefit the Christiania community as a whole. He was, nonetheless, proud that Christiania had never become a haven for prostitution or gambling.

I attempted to explore some of the barracks residences, but found that a door on each floor locked out strangers such as myself. Although all property in Christiania was originally up for grabs, most CA-nits now have a clear idea of where the boundary lines are drawn between what belongs to them and what does not. The squat-

Christiania is moderately independent of its surroundings. Hash is sold openly and no one pays taxes. Most inhabitants do as they please without concern for government regulations. Christiania has its own flag and its own radio station, along with many shops, cafés, businesses and co-operatives.

ters have become *de-facto* owners of their rooms and rural lands.

To me, Christiania seemed like a microcosm of anarchy in a world of statism. How long it will retain its character, I am not certain. In 1991, after 20 years of occupation, the squatters will become legal property owners under Danish law. Will legitimization of ownership become a pretext for taxation and government regulation of CA-nits? □

Travel

In Quest of Dr Cepl

by Ronald F. Lipp

Seeking one of Czechoslovakia's leading free marketeers, Ron Lipp felt as though he had entered a twilight zone, a domain unfamiliar to him, though perhaps not to Franz Kafka.

Everybody told me to talk to Dr Cepl. The attaché at the American Embassy had urged me to. Dr Jezek in the Ministry of Finance was more emphatic. "Go see Cepl. He is the most important guy in Prague for you. If you see nobody else, see Cepl."

Dr Cepl is the Vice Dean of the Law Faculty at Charles University, the principal Czech law school. Since the Dean, Ivan Mucha, is a sociologist, you might say that Cepl is the leading Czech legal academician. He is also an advocate of capitalism and freedom, a supporter of the anticommunist movement, and a scholar of property rights. Unfortunately, he was in England during my week in Prague. Dean Mucha told me Cepl would be back the next Monday and gone again to Venice on Sunday. No wonder Cepl had withstood the Communist regime. He was never in town long enough for them really to oppress him.

Before I left Prague for Poland, Mucha had given me Cepl's telephone numbers, both at Charles University and at home. I began calling from Warsaw on Monday afternoon, asking the hotel operator to try both numbers. The phone lines to Prague were busy. For the next two days I tried to call between appointments and in the evenings. The lines stayed busy. The operator was beginning to recognize my voice. We were not developing a close relationship.

On Wednesday, I finally got a free

line to Prague. No answer at the Law School. Then I remembered. It was a Czech holiday. I asked the operator to try Cepl's home. The line to Prague was busy.

On Thursday morning, I tried again—a breakfast-time call to catch Cepl when the law school opened. The operator rang through. A baritone voice said "Hello." "Dr Cepl, please." "Speaking." I explained my mission and my keen desire to see him before I left for the States the following week. The voice replied, "I go to Venice Sunday and I must prepare my lecture on Saturday. I have a little time tomorrow, but tonight would be best. You can stay over so we have time to talk."

"I will try my best to come tonight, unless the arrangements are impossible. Otherwise, tomorrow for sure." Cepl promised to be in his office from 1 to 2 p.m., so I could call with the details of my arrangements.

Now all I had to do was get there. Prague is a scant 300 miles from Warsaw, 50 minutes by air; about like a trip from San Francisco to LA. At home, I would have driven to the air-

port, bought a ticket on the next shuttle with United or U.S. Air and been in Cepl's office a couple of hours later.

Exhilarated at connecting with Cepl, I grabbed a quick breakfast with my daughter Stacie and set off with her to make arrangements. LOT and CSA, the Polish and Czech national airlines, provide the only air service—one or two flights a day in each direction. The hotel receptionist told us that the nearest LOT office was at the Forum Hotel, a 10 minute walk.

At the Forum, the LOT agent said that a flight would leave for Prague at 4:00 that afternoon, with a return flight to Warsaw scheduled for 8:20 the next morning and that space was available on both. After an extended struggle with a computer keyboard, which she approached with some trepidation—punching at each key experimentally as though it might explode—she was able to reserve space for me. "But," she said, "tickets can only be issued at the LOT office near the Marriott Hotel. And you will need a Czech visa to get into Prague and a new Polish visa to get back into

Warsaw. Oh, and I think the visa office at the Czech Embassy closes for the day at 11 a.m."

Stacie and I ran for the door and hailed a cab. "Fifty thousand zloty if you get me to the Czech Embassy right away!" The cabby gave me an enthusiastic smile, stripped the gears, and shot down the street. Perhaps my offer had been excessive.

We arrived at the Embassy at 10:15. A queue of a dozen or so stood before the visa window. Most of them looked

"Fifty thousand zloty if you get me to the Czech Embassy right away!" The cabby gave me an enthusiastic smile, stripped the gears, and shot down the street. Perhaps my offer had been excessive.

like students. All of them looked unhappy. Someone passed back a blank visa application from a stack near the window. "You need to fill this in. You also need two photographs and \$17 in cash. If you're American, it has to be in dollars."

I always carry a stash of small U.S. bills when I travel; sometimes they open doors when nothing else will. And before starting the trip, I had entertained the fantasy of somehow getting into Lithuania, so I had stuck a couple extra visa photos in my wallet. Now my only problem was the clock and the line in front of me.

There seemed to be two clerks working the visa window. From time to time, one of them appeared, accepted an application, and retreated into a back office. A few minutes later, he would emerge with the stamped visa and the queue would shorten by one.

At 10:55, there were still eight or nine people in front of me. This wasn't working. "I have an urgent meeting in Prague tonight," I announced to the crowd. "Would anyone like to sell his place in line to me?" The group turned to look at me, rather startled. A German youth, second in line, expressed interest. He was going to Czechoslovakia by land and could get

his visa at the border. But it would cost him more and, being German, he would have to pay in Deutschmarks. I had some left from a stopover in Frankfurt. We struck a bargain at 40DM and I took over his position. My prospects were looking considerably better. I was now second to a young Japanese girl. "I wish I could help you," she said, "but I have a train reservation for today."

At 10:57, a visa clerk appeared. "No more today," he declared and retreated to the back office. The crowd erupted. Several applicants began shouting and someone banged his fist on the glass partition of the visa window.

The clerk returned, accompanied by an older woman who seemed to be his assistant. The crowd crushed against the window. "No more. Come back tomorrow."

As the clerk neared the window, I shouted with as much authority as I could muster: "I have an urgent meeting at Parliament tonight in Prague. You must issue this visa." The Japanese girl poked my ribs with her elbow. "And this young lady is with me." I thrust my hands through the window. In one hand I held my LOT reservation slip for the afternoon flight and the calling card of a prominent Czech legislator I had visited a few days before. It was the most intimidating card I could find in my wallet. For once, I figured the abominable Polish telephone system would work to my advantage. There was no way the clerk would call Prague to verify my story.

The clerk took the papers and examined them with his assistant. They exchanged anxious glances. Abruptly, he grabbed the visa papers from my other hand and strode from the room.

A few minutes later, he returned with the precious visa. "What about my companion?" The clerk looked first at one of us, then the other. His lips curled into a contemptuous smile. "No more today; come back tomorrow." He slammed the window shut. "I'm sorry; I tried," I told her as I retreated from the office.

It was now 11:15. The only police office in Warsaw which extends visas is located across the Vistula River on the other side of town. A cab delivered Stacie and me to a drab barracks-like

building and another queue. By 11:45, I was before the visa officer, who explained that I must complete a lengthy form, go to a bank for a visa voucher, which would cost me 130,000 zloty, and return with a voucher receipt.

I left Stacie at the station to complete the form while I set out to find the nearest bank. At the corner, an elderly Polish gentleman who spoke excellent English offered directions. Take a right, go two blocks, and turn right again. The destination turned out to be an apartment building. No bank. I stopped a young man. He had no English, but spoke French. I should have gone left, he told me, not right.

By Warsaw standards, the bank was a breeze. After a short wait at the information window, the clerk directed me to the voucher window. Only three customers stood ahead of me. At my turn, the voucher clerk completed the form and sent me on to the cashier's window, where I paid for the voucher and got my receipt. Less than half an hour altogether. I felt lightheaded.

Back at the police station, Stacie and I rejoined the queue. When my turn came, I entered the visa office and produced the receipt and the application which Stacie had completed for me.

"Good. Return tomorrow for your visa."

"But my plane leaves in three hours."

"This is for today?"

"Yes."

"Wait outside."

The hall outside was a long, windowless corridor of faded, greasy-looking walls faintly lit by greenish fluorescent bulbs. The walls were broken by seven or eight doors, all of them closed. I noticed that all the doors, except for the one to the visa office, were padded and covered with shiny vinyl. I remembered stories about rooms with such doors. I decided not to think about them. The clerk appeared from the visa office carrying my forms. She went by me without a glance and tried one of the doors. It was locked. So were the others. My watch showed 12:30. Lunch time. She disappeared up the stairs at one side of the corridor. The building was silent.

After what seemed a very long time, the clerk returned with my passport, bearing a new visa stamp. She handed me a blank form titled "Visa Application." "You must complete this form and present it at the airport passport control before leaving the country." I glanced at the application. It asked the same questions as the form I had already completed for her. I was about to ask about this, but something told me not to. I took the application and said "Thank you." We left the building.

We returned to our hotel after 1 p.m. I placed a call to Cepl to give him the good news. There was no answer. I gave Stacie Cepl's office number and the home number which Dean Mucha had given me, and left her to continue trying Cepl while I went to buy my airline ticket.

I arrived at the LOT office near the Marriott hotel and joined a long queue the International Ticket window. It was 1:30 p.m. By 2 o'clock, I had made

The law school at Charles University is housed in a cavernous neoclassic stone building with the air of a mausoleum. No lights were burning. A faint twilight suffused the building from windows in the perimeter and a kind of skylight above the central staircase.

it to the front of the line. I waited to give the clerk my reservation form, but couldn't catch her eye. I then noticed that she and the clerks at the other two positions had quit attending to customers and seemed to be clearing away their papers. I tried to ask the clerk at my position for help getting a ticket. She ignored me. A Polish man in the next line explained that the shift had just ended. But where, I asked, were their replacements? "Oh," he said, "the next shift won't start till 2:30."

Three other women drifted in behind the counters. They hung up their coats. One of them polished her nails.

Another read a magazine. A third conversed with her neighbor. The queues waited for the half hour to go by. At 2:30, the new shift started. The clerk took my reservation slip and processed my ticket. I then joined the queue at the cashier's office. At 3 o'clock, I emerged with a ticket and hurried back to the hotel.

Stacie had still been unable to reach Cepl. I threw the notebook containing all my notes and addresses and a change of clothes into a small bag. I asked her to keep trying him at the office and at home and headed for the airport.

The international terminal at the Warsaw airport is a study in controlled chaos, filled to the bursting point with milling crowds of East Europeans, Germans, French, Pakistanis, Japanese, Egyptians, and black Africans, with assorted trunks, suitcases, duffels, and shopping bags, trying to find the right queue for check-in, passport control, customs, security, or transit bus to be taxied to their planes. Somehow it all seems to come together, although one very distinguished looking orthodox gentlemen seemed to be in some difficulty with the authorities over his passport, an Indian family was engaged in a heated discussion with a customs agent over something in their luggage, and an irate German couple was rescued at the last moment from boarding a plane bound for Sofia instead of their intended flight to Paris.

After the day's tensions, I relished for a change the tedium of the slow progression through the snakelike queues, knowing that I had papers and passage in hand. In due course, the transit bus took us across the tarmac to the LOT Tupelov. The half-empty plane took off on schedule and arrived without incident in Prague at 5:30.

As I rode in the cab from the Prague airport to the city center, I savored the prospect of my return. There is a magic to Prague, especially in the old town with its endless winding medieval streets, all the more tender for their long neglect. And I was returning with the comfort of one who at least superficially knew his way around. On the other hand, I had had first-hand experience with the folly of arriving at night without accommoda-

tions. These days the hotels are overwhelmed by the onslaught of tourists, businessmen, foreign government delegations, and assorted passers-through. I didn't much care for the thought of finding a room if Stacie hadn't connected with Cepl.

The law school at Charles University is housed in a cavernous neoclassic stone building with the air of a mausoleum. The building was nearly deserted when I entered. A few students scurried out the main door. I ascended the steps of an enormous

I realized for the first time that I was really alone. I could not imagine that the Dean had simply abandoned me here, but he had been gone a very long time. And what did I really know about this man?

entrance hall to the main floor which contained the faculty offices. No lights were burning. A faint twilight suffused the building from windows in the perimeter and a kind of skylight above the central staircase.

I wandered down the corridors, examining the names on calling cards placed on each office door. The typewritten letters were barely legible in the dim light. I found Cepl's office and knocked. There was no response. I pounded the door harder. The sound echoed off the stone walls of the corridor. Then there was only silence.

In my earlier visit to the law school, I had met with Dean Mucha in his office, a spacious chamber that entered off his secretary's office. I had written down her number: room 54. I worked my way through the corridors until I found the number. The place card announced: secretary to Dean Mucha. I tried the door knob. It was locked. I pounded on the door. No response. I began to feel very tired.

I walked down the hall to the next door. This should be about the location of the Dean's own office, although I didn't remember such a door during my earlier visit. I turned the knob and pushed on the door. It swung open,

pulling me into the office where Dean Mucha sat around a table with several students.

The Dean sprang in surprise from his chair. The students looked up in amazement. One of them dropped his papers on to the floor. My cheeks turned hot.

"We are conducting a seminar," the Dean announced, rushing over to me. I blurted out my story. The Dean took me by the arm into his secretary's office and led me to a couch. "I will check on Cepl." The Dean returned to his office in a state of agitation and

I found Cepl's office and knocked. There was no response. I pounded the door harder. The sound echoed off the stone walls of the corridor. Only silence.

began speaking into the phone. He then rushed from his office into the hallway, leaving by the same door I had entered. A few minutes later, he returned and came into the secretary's office in an evident state of agitation. "It seems Cepl is in the building, but he cannot be found." He again began making calls on the phone.

The calls were to no avail. The Dean replaced the telephone receiver, still obviously agitated. I pressed my apology on him for the disruption I had created and urged him to resume his seminar.

The Dean returned to his office. I sat down on the couch in his secretary's office. Through the open door between the offices, I could hear the proceedings, but not quite see the assembled group. I removed the notebook from my bag and began recording the events of the day.

Every few minutes, a student passed within sight through the open doorway and exited into the hall. With each departure, the conversation in the adjacent room grew quieter. After a while, the Dean appeared in the doorway, glanced in at me and, without a word, disappeared into the hallway, closing the door behind him. I looked

at my watch. It was 7:00 pm.

By 7:30, the light was growing too dim to write by. It occurred to me that through this whole experience, not a light had been turned on in the school. I walked into the Dean's office. It was empty and dark. A door on the far side lead to a vast conference room, equally dark and silent. I returned to the Dean's office, opened the door to the corridor. The hall was nearly in blackness, a faint light coming from a skylight above the entry well.

I realized for the first time that I was really alone. I could not imagine that the Dean had simply abandoned me here, but he had been gone a very long time. And what did I really know about this man? Did his agitation reflect concern for my situation or outrage at my unseemly intrusion? I decided it was time to take matters in my own hands.

I went to the phone at the secretary's desk. It was a multi-line instrument. I had no idea what code was necessary to get an outside line. I tried Cepl's home number. A man answered, sounding somewhere between drunk and half asleep. He spoke in a slurred Czech. "Prosim, Dr Cepl," I said. The attempted dialogue, between his slurred Czech and my few words of phrase-book Czech and German and useless English, established that he was not Dr Cepl, did not speak German or English, and wished that I would do something I was glad I could not quite understand. I hung up. Perhaps a wrong number. By the third attempt, reaching the same fellow, I realized that the home number for Cepl, given to me in Mucha's hand, was wrong. And this was the number that Stacie had been trying all day from Warsaw.

By some odd impulse, I rang Mucha's home number. Perhaps I could find out if he had gone home. I rehearsed the speech, should it be his voice which answered the phone, by which I would demand to know what was going on. His wife answered. She too spoke only Czech. I tried to explain that I was in Dean Mucha's office, that he had left, and that I was trying to get Dr Cepl's home number. She grew very excited and our conversation lapsed into incoherence. I apologized

for the interruption, and hung up the receiver.

I now realized that my last link to Cepl and Mucha was broken. I was on my own. I remembered that the Intercontinental Hotel was across the street from the school. They might have a room or know where one was to be had. In any event, they had a secretarial service which had been marvelously helpful in deciphering the strange hieroglyphics of the Prague phone book; perhaps they could find Cepl's real phone number, if he was listed.

I decided to go to the Intercontinental. I was loathe to leave my bag with my notebook and clothes, but if I took them, Dean Mucha might return and think I had left for good. So I turned on a light in the room, extracted my notebook, and left my bag with a note propped against it. "Dean Mucha. I have gone to look for you. Please don't leave without me." I stepped into the corridor, trying the door from the outside. The last thing I needed was to be locked out in the hallway. The door-knob turned. I left it ajar anyway. I descended the stairs of the main entrance hall and walked to the front doors of the building. They were locked. All of them. I walked around to the ground floor windows, hoping to slip out one. All had heavy metal bars. The side doors were also locked.

I stood in the main entrance hall, barely able to see the stairs in front of me in the fading light. I imagined myself a few hours earlier in the Czech Embassy in Warsaw desperately struggling for a visa to bring me to this place. I felt somehow transparent.

As I ascended the stairs to return to Mucha's office, I was overcome with the silliness of my reactions. I have always thrived on challenge and adventure. So here I was. Maybe the trip would be for nothing. At worst, I would spend a cold night in a strange building.

On the way up the stairs, I came by a men's room. One necessity accounted for. On returning to Mucha's office, I decided, like Robinson Crusoe, it was time to take inventory of my resources. It was dark outside, well past 8 o'clock, so I began turning lamps on in the offices. Against one wall of the

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Fiction

Publish and Perish

by Lawrence Thompson

Wilson Standish drained the contents of his glass and placed it down on the table. The man sitting before him personified everything wrong in his life. Hans Prendergast, his partner, had married the woman he loved and corrupted their magazine, *The Elemental*, into highly profitable, commercial pap. He had long ago reconciled himself to the realization that Mary was beyond his reach. He knew it when they started *The Elemental* together twenty years before. He didn't have to like it, though. And he would never reconcile himself to the shame of his own failed poetry. Never.

"You're cheating on Mary," Standish accused coldly. He gripped the glass while slowly swirling the amber fluid within. Prendergast wrung his hands nervously.

"Yes, goddammit!" Prendergast glanced furtively about the Club, as though he feared they were being overheard despite the hush fields surrounding the booth. "How did you know?"

"You just referred to an Anonymous as 'she' and in the twenty years I've known you, you've never done that. You're publishing your lover's work, aren't you?"

"My God, Wil, don't tell anyone," whispered Prendergast desperately. "I have my reputation to worry about."

Standish grimaced. "Why do you do this? Why do you see other women behind Mary's back? Why not just leave her?"

"And ruin my career? You know very well she held onto fifty-one percent of my share in the firm. It's not fair: before I came, all you and Mary had was a half-assed poetry journal. It's been twenty years, Wil, twenty years since you introduced me to Mary. . . a lifetime. I was the one who popularized the magazine. I steered us into publishing on the public net. If it weren't for me, the firm probably wouldn't be here today." Prendergast slugged back the remainder of his drink. Wiping his mouth with his hand, he added "You've never been married . . . you don't know what it's like to be a prisoner."

"You're right." Standish glared with disdain at his partner and added sarcastically: "I wouldn't know anything about that." Prendergast made him feel bland and ordinary, emphasizing a life devoid of excitement or adventure: a life without poetry.

It had come again, though. Out of nowhere, a poet of such honesty and strength as Standish had not encountered in many, many years. The poems were listed as Anonymous but unmistakable in their genius. Their themes, liberty and enslavement, spoke directly to Standish. Hundreds of others had felt the same, inquiring over the net and in person as to the identity of the poet. He had to know for himself. He had to find her.

When the State polices speech, is there any consolation in thought and art? Alas, the Muse of Poetry may be more indifferent than benevolent, and in a world of malevolent politics, where is the respite?

"Who is the woman?"

"A prostitute. She advertises in *The Elemental*. After I began to see her, I agreed to publish some of her poems in return for . . ." He paused and looked knowingly at Standish. "Additional favors." Standish's expression soured further.

"How could I have known that her poems would be popular?" exclaimed Prendergast. He fell silent as a serving girl set another drink on the table. After she moved away, Prendergast leaned forward and whispered fearfully, "Government men were asking about her."

"What did you tell them?" He tensed for the answer.

"Everything, of course."

Standish closed his eyes and spat, "You ass!"

"What was I supposed to do?" whispered Prendergast furiously. "I don't want to be jailed for sedition. The Government could ruin us both."

"What's her name?"

"Why should you care? You have nothing to do with this matter."

Standish gritted his teeth and said, "Perhaps I just want to find out if she thinks you're a bastard for the same reasons I do. Now give me her name."

Laura Freeman's infocell on the net read, "For sugar and spice and any device, try this little girl." Standish felt somewhat soiled as he keyed in the same access code used, doubtlessly, by countless others before him. The screen strobed as the vidphone rang at the source. It flashed for a long time. He was about to give up when the face of a young woman appeared on the screen. She squinted back into the screen through hair that floated about her face in straggly waves.

"Yeah, what?" She yawned audibly.

"Ah, yes," stammered Standish, "I would like to set an appointment . . . if possible."

"Set an appointment', eh?" She grinned wearily and raised her baby finger in a mock gesture of civility. "Sure, no problem. Come on over. I'll get out the silverware and put the tea on." Her laugh tinkled across the net like breaking glass. There was a pause. The screen blurred and crackled. Standish struck the dented frame of the vid-unit and cleared the interference. "Come to 422 Flanders Row. Apartment Zero." He saw that her eyes were large and sharp. The pupils were condensed to minuscule pinpoints. The wild eyes made him feel as though she couldn't really see him, as though she were in a religious ecstasy.

"Which sector?" The screen began to stutter again.

"It's in the Arcade. See ya later, honey." The transmission died with a flurry of electronic hisses and wails. Standish blinked, and then stepped out into the acrid summer air of the city. An impatient man, who had been waiting for the vidbooth, swore at him as he stepped by.

Standish walked the short distance to a taxi stand and tripped the electronic hailer. It failed. He flipped open the panel for the telephone back-up. In a nasal whine, the operator told him a taxi would arrive momentarily.

While waiting for the cab to arrive, he watched the breath-taking orange glow of the sunset illuminate the skyline. Pollution sunsets, he had heard it said, were the most beautiful and spectacular. Long ago, he thought it would have inspired a poem; one that might have been filled with beauty, elegance, simplicity and a little bit of sadness. Poems like the mysterious

anonymous verse he had seen appear over the past weeks in his own magazine: the poems of Laura Freeman. Recalling them, he felt again the innocent force of the words that recoiled against the locks and bars of some unknown, unseen prison. He could almost feel the extraordinary light illuminate his face and body, freeing him from a gray world of shattered dreams.

A taxi floated momentarily between Standish and the sunset, casting a shadow over him. The snake-like hiss of hover repulsors assaulted his ears as the craft settled gracefully to the ground. A door slid open to allow him entry. The grubby passenger compartment was spartan and contained only a single bench-type seat and a window too dirty to see through. The face of the cabbie appeared on a screen set into the wall before him.

"Where to, mac?" The tired face hadn't seen a razor for two or three days.

"422 Flanders Row in the Arcade."

"Flanders Row . . . where the poppies grow"? You sure you want to go there, bud?"

"Quite sure," sniffed Standish indignantly.

"Your funeral." The uncaring face vanished from the screen, leaving Standish on his own for the journey into the city core. The taxi began to rise unsteadily, as the repulsors cut in and out. The vehicle jerked into motion and the engine wailed ominously. My funeral indeed, thought Standish nervously.

After some minutes, he heard the distant rush of the repulsors. The cabbie appeared on the screen again. He plucked a cigarette out of his mouth and said, "Okay, 422 Flanders Row. Are you sure this is where you want to be?"

"Yes, thank you," he insisted, and paid the charge by running a credit disk through a slot.

He watched the breath-taking orange glow of the sunset illuminate the skyline. Pollution sunsets, he had heard it said, were the most beautiful and spectacular. Long ago, it would have inspired a poem . . .

Standish stepped out of the cab onto Flanders Row. Garbage lay strewn over the crumbling pavement. Glancing a short distance, he could see a fallen structure blocking the old road. There were no pedestrians anywhere to be seen. Unnerved by the eerie silence, he climbed the steps and entered 422.

Inside the antechamber, Standish regarded a panel of numbered buttons. The screen had been smashed but there must have been a viewer hidden somewhere inside the room, for the main door slid open when he buzzed. Moving through the lobby, he nodded nervously to a crazed old man sitting on an overturned crate. A mangy cat shot past as he approached Laura Freeman's door. He knocked and listened to the soft, quick patter of bare feet.

"Who is it?" asked a muffled, feminine voice.

Standish cleared his throat nervously. "I called earlier."

The door flew open to reveal a youthful girl with auburn bangs and a saucy smile. A shabby apartment framed her slight form. A large bed was pushed against the wall near a tiny kitchenette. A worn-out sofa and chair dominated the center of the

small room.

"Come on in," Laura beckoned with a wicked grin. She moved ahead of him into the center of the room. She wore only a white T-shirt and baggy oriental pants, tied at the waist. Turning to him, she folded her arms and stuck a business-like stance.

"I take MasterCard, Amex or debitdisk. And cash, of course. One fifty, and I'm yours for the night. Anything else, more or less, can be negotiated."

"That is acceptable," replied Standish, dropping a wad of cash on a side table. They stood staring at each other for several moments until, impatiently, Laura spread her arms and asked, "Where do you want to start?"

He nodded toward the overstuffed sofa. She began to work at the knot holding up her pantaloons, but he stopped her with a gesture. "There is no need to remove your clothing. If you are comfortable the way you are now, that is fine." She shrugged and slumped into the chair. He sat opposite her on the couch, uncomfortable and out of place.

"So, what's the score?" she asked brazenly.

"I just want to talk for a while."

"Hey, that's two nights of talking in a row. Last night it was some lady. Okay, let's shoot the shit."

"Poetry," replied Standish in a measured voice. "I want to talk about poetry."

"This is very weird," intoned the girl. "That rich lady yesterday? She wanted the same thing. What's happened, anyway? Doesn't anybody like sex anymore?"

"The man you gave your poems to? He's my partner."

"Yeah, he's one of mine: a big-time netman. He said he would publish them. I'm kind of surprised that he did. I don't know why anyone would care about that stupid poetry. Why is it worth a hundred and fifty bucks to you?"

"Have you been reading the underground papers recently?"

"No, they just fire me up and then depress me."

"Your poetry is being voiced by the revolutionaries and anarchists. You seem to have struck a chord with them."

She sat bolt upright. "Oh shit! Does the Government know that it's me who wrote them?"

"Most certainly. Prendergast told them."

"That sonofabitch! If I ever see him again, I'll castrate him." Laura slumped back into the chair as the rage drained out of her. She looked pale and tired, like someone who had had nothing but bad deals in life. "I guess that means I'll have to split again." She put her hands to her head and groaned. "Why, why, why?"

"Because the poetry you have written is some of the best I have read in a long time. You have a tremendous talent. You're extraordinary. You should be thankful."

Laura laughed. "Oh, this is special. Some guy shows up, tells me I'm in bad with the Government and that I should be thankful?" She shook her head. "I've got nothing to be thankful for now."

"That's not true," replied Standish in dismay. "What you have, your gift, is very special. Some people would kill to have it."

Laura furrowed her brow in thought. "I don't have a gift. It's an urge. A compulsion. A curse. Once I heard that people took drugs to bring on creative urges. I do the opposite. I drug up to shut down the urges. Which reminds me . . ." Laura stood and bolted across the room. She returned with a small, black

box and a bottle of cheap liquor. Flipping up the lid of the box, she retrieved a syringe and a small glass flask of clear liquid. She talked as she prepared the injection. "I don't see what's so hot about the creative urge. It builds up in me like a volcano and when it explodes I see myself for who I really am . . . not a pretty sight. When I'm stoned, I become ordinary."

"You're wrong," protested Standish. "Your poems are brilliant and you don't even have to make an effort. What more could you want?"

"I want what you and everyone else have. I want diamonds and money." She glared at him, her tiny face outraged. "I want to be able to buy boys and girls! Whenever the poetry comes on, it reminds me of everything I'll never have: a mother, a father. I'll never get to grow up like normal kids. I'll never live in a house in the country. Those are ordinary things for ordinary people. I may be extraordinary but I'll never be free. So don't you tell me about what I need." Tying a rubber hose around her upper arm, she held up the syringe, then filled it with the drug, tapped it and punctured the needle into her arm. Standish flinched at the sight but Laura made no expression at all.

"For sugar and spice and any device, try this little girl." Standish felt somewhat soiled as he keyed in the same access code used, doubtlessly, by countless others before him.

"What is it you want to be free of?" asked Standish, shifting nervously in his seat.

"Look around you," she answered wryly, pulling the needle from her arm, the drug gone from the syringe. Unscrewing the lid of the bottle, Laura popped a pill into her mouth and slugged back a mouthful of alcohol.

The effect of the drug visibly dulled her moments after she took it. "Honeydew," sighed Laura, lolling in the exquisite ecstasy of the drug. "The milk of paradise: that's what the woman yesterday said. About my poems, not this stuff." She waved her hand over the narcotics paraphernalia and laughed. "The whole world has gone crazy." She grinned like a lunatic. "Why did you come here? Not just to tell me that you love my poetry, unless you're as crazy as the rest of the world."

Standish drew in a deep breath then let it out slowly before speaking. "Many years ago, I tried to be a poet but I failed to write good poetry." He paused and laughed softly. "I suppose that makes me a bad poet, then. There was a woman and she loved my poetry."

"And you loved her?" asked Laura.

He smiled. "I suppose I did. We started the magazine together. Then she married Prendergast and he took over."

Laura reclined further back in the chair. "The same one who rattled on me?"

"Indeed. The same."

She shrugged. "What can you expect . . ."

"Have you ever been in love, Laura?"

"Every night, mister. Every night." She smiled at him in a way that made him blush. "Some nights are more wild than others, though." She stood slowly, breezed like ether across the space between them and slumped down beside him. Pressing herself close to him, she took his hand. Standish placed an arm

around her awkwardly. She melted to his side, drifting away into a deep sleep. For two hours she drowsed in narcotic bliss, awakening to find Standish holding her just as he had when she dozed off. "Jesus!" she exclaimed sleepily. "Sorry about that. It was the drugs that did it. You're not getting much value out of this body tonight." She rubbed her eyes. "Feel like doing some damage to each other yet?" He shook his head. She gripped his chin with her hand and shook it.

"Okay, lover, but I'm starting to feel a bit slighted." She lifted herself up and kissed him. "You can know me better than anybody if you want." She grinned. "I'll even make poetry for you." Standish slipped from her side and stood, his face flush and red.

Laura furrowed her brow in thought. "I don't have a gift. It's an urge. A compulsion. A curse. Once I heard that people took drugs to bring on creative urges. I do the opposite. I drug up to shut down the urges."

"No telling when the Government men will get here," she remarked, folding her arms. "Today. Tomorrow. Maybe never. But you got to make up your mind tonight." Laura stood and crossed over to him, swaying slightly. Her face held an expression of mild annoyance, as though she had had an offering thrown back in her face. "Maybe I should just split now."

"You don't have to run. I will take you into my protection. You can stay with me."

"Come off it," exclaimed Laura. "I'm sixteen and you've got to be forty. I'm supposed to be the naive innocent and you the worldly cynic, not the other way around. I guess that comes with being so damned extraordinary. I've been wanting to get out of town anyway. It stinks." She took his hand in hers.

"You can have more money if you need it," he said.

"I won't turn it down. What I want to say is this: if you want to do it with me right now, I would really like that." She took his hand and placed it against her chest. Beneath her breast, he could feel the gentle meter of her heart.

"Do you recognize this girl?" The sad-eyed detective stared inquisitively at Standish over the body of Laura Freeman. The blinding whiteness of the walls, floors and sheets in the morgue was broken only by the dismal gray of Detective Hollow's long raincoat and the dull blue pallor of Laura's skin. Standish slumped a little when he saw her lying there. Waves of hair framed her head, making her look as though she floated in water. The slackened jaw and the bulging eyes . . . It reminded Standish of Laura's own description: volcanic. He felt tired and frustrated, as though the world were whirling madly out of control and, for all his efforts, he could change nothing. Certainly it was too late to do anything for Laura. The muses had taken her in the final ecstasy.

"Her name is Laura Freeman. She was a poet."

"Among other things, perhaps," replied Detective Hollow wryly. "She overdosed," he added casually. All routine. "Palcaline and IXT. A very deadly combination, as you can see. May I ask about your relationship with the deceased?"

"I wasn't her client, if that's what you mean," retorted

Standish testily.

"I believe you, Mr. Standish. Do you know why?" Standish did not respond. "Because yours was the only name in her book that was not in code." Hollow smiled grimly. "She was a bright girl. Our people in cryptology were impressed." He pulled the shroud back over her face and shoved the slab back into the cooler. The sound of the fridge door slamming shut resonated throughout the death house with a horrible finality.

"She's free at last," whispered Standish. "For she on honeydew hath fed, and drunk the milk of paradise."

"What was that you said?"

"Just something Laura told me when I met her. I only wanted to help her."

"You tried," offered Hollow. "That sets you apart from almost everyone else in the world."

"Do you know where she came from or who her parents were? What's her story?"

"I thought maybe you would know. She came out of no place special and she's vanished back into it. I suppose you and I make up the beginning and end of her story." Standish nodded. For Laura, he was her alpha and Hollow, her omega.

"What is to become of her body?"

Hollow shrugged. "Incineration is the standard procedure. It'll be done later today."

"No," stated Standish firmly. "Would it be possible for me to take possession of the body. I wish to have it buried properly."

Detective Hollow stared at Standish with sad eyes. "Sure," he said. "No problem."

As they walked into the stale city air outside the morgue, Hollow grabbed Standish by the arm and thrust a wad of papers and notebooks into his hands. "These were amongst her personals. You may as well have them."

"Her poetry?" asked Standish softly. Hollow nodded.

"It would be best if you didn't mention how you got those poems. I know what they're all about."

"I thought you might be Government," confessed Standish suddenly. "I thought this might be a trap."

Hollow shook his head. "I'm MainForce. I'm a cop. But accidents still happen to people like me. See that those get published but be careful." The gray figure of Detective Hollow turned on his heel and began to walk away. Turning back, he asked: "Do you think she'll be famous someday?"

Standish replied, "Without doubt!"

"Isn't it always the way?" He smiled sadly, shook his head and disappeared around a corner.

Wilson Standish occupied the front pew of the empty cathedral. The priest mouthed the last prayers of the funeral rites over the flower laden casket of Laura Freeman. Some had wondered why Standish had made such grand arrangements for a common whore. All he would say to them was that the passing of such an extraordinary individual should be marked by an extraordinary funeral.

Ashes and dust, he thought. And yet, the sadness had passed. Laura had found release from the prison of her genius and now he could not but thank God that he was not possessed of that same destructive, volcanic force that had consumed her. Laura had written and died in the false love of a thousand strangers and in the unattainable dream of normalcy.

He had tried to help her. In return, perhaps unwittingly, she

had given him a great boon. An ordinary man in a world without love, Standish for a fleeting moment had been touched by the extraordinary. He felt it first in traces when he read her poems then, most powerfully, in that rundown apartment on Flanders Row. The warm glow of the extraordinary had not left him. She was still with him in her poetry.

The ceremony ended. The priest folded his vestments and placed them on the altar, gently and carefully smoothing out the wrinkles. Shaking hands with the padre, Standish noticed for the first time a rack of candles near the entrance. A single flame flickered amongst the assembly of tallows.

"Who lit that?" he asked.

"I did." He turned quickly to find Mary Prendergast standing behind him. Tall and attractive, Mary wore a black dress suit and sad smile. "You went to seek her out for the same rea-

son I did."

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw a shadowy figure lurking in the darkness at the rear of the cathedral. Turning, he tried to penetrate the shadows but the figure had vanished. The look in Mary's eyes showed that she had seen it as well.

Standish nodded and followed her gaze back to the coffin. "Must it always be so? Must they always perish?"

"She has not perished," expressed Mary with soft-spoken passion. "The Government would have to wipe her poetry from each of our memories before they could wipe her away completely." She walked up to the coffin and laid a single yellow rose upon it. Her fingertips brushed gently along the smooth wooden surface of the box. She turned away and put her arm through Standish's. They walked slowly down the aisle away from the altar. □

Letters, continued from page 8

rants" sipping non-refillable Perrier bottles; instead, from what I see, they usually buy foods with a minimum of packaging and processing, eat at home, and dispose of their wastes through composting, reuse, and recycling. Bill's "upper class" jibe may have some basis in terms of the average education and intelligence of members of the co-op, but a lot of them live their lives of voluntary simplicity regarding resource consumption.

I think his case that the significance of CFCs has been blown all out of proportion is very convincing, and I bet that if this case were presented calmly and sympathetically to the environmentalists that I know, it would receive a fair hearing and be grudgingly accepted.

Steve Schumacher
Port Townsend, Wash.

Bradford responds: Ms Miller's letter illustrates the folly of relying on so-called "common sense." Shortly after my article was published, *Science* published an elaborate examination of the environmental impact of polystyrene cups versus paper cups, which provided several fascinating specimens of how the truth is often counterintuitive. The article noted, for example, that the biodegradation of a paper cup is more harmful than incinerating that same cup. Biogradation produces methane and carbon dioxide in a 2:1 ratio, while burning produces carbon dioxide only. "Depending on the model chosen, a molecule of methane has 5 to nearly 20 times the warming effect of a molecule of carbon dioxide." The incinerated cup only seems worse, because it releases its pollutants all at once, while the biodegraded cup releases it slowly.

The article also notes that, although a foam cup is made entirely of hydrocarbons (oil and gas), the manufacture of each paper cup uses more hydrocarbons than does a foam cup, and the balance is tipped further in favor of foam if the paper cup is lined to make it resistant to liquids. An unlined paper cup uses 28% more petroleum, 33 gr of wood vs 0 for a foam cup, and 36 times as much other chemicals. It also consumes about twice as much steam, six times the electricity, and emits far more pollution into the atmosphere and ground water. In sum, it appears the environmental impact of a paper cup is far greater than the impact of a foam cup. ("Paper Versus Polystyrene: A Complex Choice," by Martin B. Hocking, *Science*, Feb 1, 1991, pp 504-5.)

It notes, without comment, that a paper cup costs about 2.5 times as much as a foam cup. This is not surprising: all the extra electricity, water, wood, petroleum, and other chemicals that go into manufacturing a paper cup cost money. This suggests a sensible rule of thumb: the lower the cost of a product, the less its environmental impact. Talk about counter-intuitive!

Mr Schumacher makes some serious charges against me. I plead not guilty to several, but am willing to cop a plea to one.

I did not suggest that the secret motive of environmentalists is "reducing individual liberty." I said that "environmental horror stories often have a life that transcends scientific evidence, partly because they . . . provide a rationale for those who advocate . . . reducing individual liberty." My claim

that opponents of human liberty have flocked to the environmental movement is a factual claim, having nothing to do with the motives of environmentalists. It is a claim easily substantiated by simple observation.

Mr Schumacher is on firmer ground in his criticism of my claim that environmentalists are really seeking "control, period," as opposed to a cleaner environment.

I would hope that my meaning was clear from the context (which Mr Schumacher does not quote): I was referring to environmentalists who first pressured McDonald's to use foam packaging and then pressured them to use paper packaging.

In retrospect, I ought to have put a qualifier in the question asked at the beginning of my final paragraph, so that it asked, "What are these environmentalists really seeking?" This would have eliminated any possible ambiguity. I am convinced that while many in the environmental movement are ill-motivated, many (myself included) are not.

I cannot argue with Mr Schumacher's characterization of the opinions and lifestyles of his friends within his food co-op. However, I do not believe that members of his co-op constitute the power elite that was responsible for the banning of foam packaging in Port Townsend.

A postscript: consumers are no longer in danger of finding a tepid mass of goo packed in a cardboard box when they order a McDLT at McDonald's in Port Townsend. No, the city has not decriminalized polystyrene foam. The Port Townsend McDonald's has removed the McDLT from its menu.

A Petition to the Norwegian Storting

Rescind Gorbachev's Nobel Peace Prize

Honorable Members of the Storting:

You awarded Mikhail Gorbachev the 1990 Nobel Peace Prize for his "leading role in the peace process which today characterizes parts of the international community." Although there was some merit to your decision at the time, recent events have demonstrated that rather than playing a "leading role in the peace process," Gorbachev has increasingly taken belligerent actions destructive of peace both within the various Soviet Republics and within the larger community of nations.

It is true that Gorbachev made some notable accomplishments: for example, finally allowing the Eastern Europeans to chart their own destinies. But the withdrawal of Soviet troops from the former Warsaw Pact has not been smooth, and the Soviet Union has taken the opportunity to leave trouble in their wake, such as fueling antagonisms between Czechs and Slovaks in Czechoslovakia. You also cited the "greater openness he has brought about in Soviet society" which "helped promote international trust." But you chose to overlook the first Baltic crackdown and the bloodshed in Azerbaijan in which Soviet troops hacked demonstrators to death with entrenching tools. Since then Gorbachev has made a second move against the Baltics, and political unrest on the Soviet periphery has continued. New restrictions have been placed on the Soviet media (overt restrictions, not the subtler forms such as denying newsprint to the opposition papers), and some independent publications have been shut down. Criticism of Gorbachev is illegal—even unconstitutional—and the situation grows worse daily. Of the Soviet economy not much needs be said; Gorbachev certainly won't be awarded a prize for economics.

Gorbachev was the second Soviet citizen to win the Nobel Prize for Peace, following Andrei Sakharov, who won in 1975. Sakharov, the father of the Soviet H-bomb, was punished for his opposition to the war in Afghanistan, reflecting the spirit of munitions manufacturer Alfred Nobel. Freed from internal exile by Gorbachev, Sakharov was also one of the first victims of the contraction of *glasnost* when his criticisms of Soviet policy began to be "edited" from electronic and print media. Gorbachev himself muzzled Sakharov on the floor of the Congress of Peoples Deputies.

How can you recognize both Andrei Sakharov and Mikhail Gorbachev as forces for peace, when one strove to repress the other?

On March 11, 1991, the largest anti-government demonstrations since 1917 were held across the Soviet Union, the demonstrators united by a common theme—the ouster of President Gorbachev. On the same day, you awarded Lithuanian President Vitalis Landsbergis the Norwegian Peace Prize, indicating that you yourselves recognize the importance of his opposition to Gorbachev's repression of the legitimate aspirations of the Lithuanian people.

How can you recognize both President Landsbergis and Chairman Gorbachev as forces for peace, when one is striving to repress the other?

Of course, Gorbachev's mixed record does include some important steps towards the resolution of conflicts. But to say "things might be worse" does not recommend Gorbachev for this important award. A Nobel Laureate should be held to a higher standard of scrutiny, one of unimpeachable motives and unqualified results. Mikhail Gorbachev has failed on both these counts.

It would be impractical to get Gorbachev to return the \$710,000 awarded with the 1990 Peace Prize. But the title can be easily revoked, and in light of his record, *it should be revoked*. I therefore beseech you to consider taking this historic step, to rescind the honorific Nobel Laureate that was given to President Gorbachev.

Sincerely,
James S. Robbins

Assessment

California's Man-Made Drought

by Richard L. Stroup

Like the Soviet economy, California's water has been managed by government for years. And like the Soviet economy, California's system of water management is breaking down. But solutions to California's man-made drought are at hand—if only we can transcend Soviet-style thinking.

While the bombs were falling on Kuwait and Baghdad, *The Economist* took time out to discuss "another desert war," the one in California over water. *The Economist* correctly understood that California's crisis is not meteorological, but rather institutional. California's five-year drought has merely brought to the surface, and to public visibility, problems that stem from political and bureaucratic control of a natural resource.

In the West, water is wealth. Because politics controls water in California, the result is the equivalent of war—fighting among all the factions seeking politically controlled wealth.

Normally, special interests as powerful as California farmers are able to get their way in the political setting. But a drought is different. Populist forces—in this case, an uninformed citizenry stirred up by the media and environmentalists antagonistic to diversion projects in the first place—shed a glaring light on the special advantages of the farmers, and the pendulum starts to swing the other way.

Currently, the State Water Project is cutting off all its farming customers, and the federal Central Valley Project is cutting deliveries by 65%. One farmer quoted by the Associate Press said that the farmers are "really frustrated." After all, "We're good conservationists. We take care of our grounds. We deal with the insects, the pesticides and the politicians. And then we have folks who have captured the

media attention by bad-mouthing us."

Such facts as these are fueling the war over water in California:

- Federal water delivered to farmers is so heavily subsidized that farmers pay about 15% of the capital cost, and none of the operating cost, on the Federal water they get. (That doesn't mean that all the current farm owners enjoy a windfall; many of them bought the privilege of "cheap" water by paying the full capital value of this privilege from the previous landowner.)

- More than half the federally irrigated land in California is devoted to crops that are in surplus, are heavily subsidized, and probably would not be grown there without subsidy.

- Cows get far more water than all the people and non-agricultural industry in California. Irrigated pasture and alfalfa for livestock consume 8.3 million acre-feet of water annually, while municipal and industrial uses together represent less than 4 million acre-feet. (An acre-foot is enough water to cover an acre of land with a foot of water, or 326,000 gallons.)

- Rice and cotton farmers use over

6 million acre-feet of heavily-subsidized water per year—enough to put the entire state of Connecticut under 2 feet of water. Even with the huge water subsidy, the farmers are not competitive on the world markets: rice farmers have been paid up to 3 times the market price for their product and cotton farmers 1.5 times the market price, thanks to government price supports. This is not surprising: rice is a monsoon crop and cotton is traditionally grown on moist Mississippi delta land; neither crop is usually grown on dry desert land.

- Farmers pay far less for water than municipal users: federal water prices to farmers in the Central Valley Project are \$1.50 to \$8.00 per acre-foot while urban California users pay roughly \$200 per acre-foot.

- During the drought, some water-short municipalities have made gardening by homeowners illegal. A picture in *Time* in February showed a Los Angeles resident being apprehended for the crime of watering his hedge.

Water wars pit every water-using faction against every other. City dwellers are angry with farmers for

using too much water, while farmers are angry with environmentalists for opposing dams, and "no-growth" advocates don't want water for cities, either. But once the rain falls, the issue will disappear from the headlines and the political battles almost surely will again be won by the farm lobby. They may quietly wring additional huge taxpayer subsidies (to "make up" for current reductions in water deliveries).

Property Rights to the Rescue

Firm, tradable property rights to water would bring a quick cease-fire to this war and slow down the further legislative thefts that are likely to come when the voters' backs are turned. When property rights are recognized and voluntary exchange is allowed, it is in everyone's interest genuinely to "reason together" about water or any other commodity. If your rights to the water are secure and you can easily transfer them when you wish, I must learn what you want and modify my offer to you until I gain your voluntary agreement. You, too, have every incentive to be reasonable and no cause to be fearful of my taking something involuntarily from you.

It is not surprising that rice and cotton farming require huge subsidies in the form of cheap water and price supports: rice is a monsoon crop and cotton is traditionally grown on moist Mississippi delta land; neither crop is usually grown on dry desert land.

In a market, the winners of a specific water allocation pay for what they get, while those who "lose" (that is, bid too low) save their purchasing power for other opportunities. Bids lead to voluntary cooperation, and higher prices (because all interested parties are free to make bids) spur entrepreneurial innovation in conserving water.

In spite of low levels of rain, there is plenty of water in California. If mar-

kets were allowed, federal analysts, environmentalists and economists agree, water in California could be reallocated so that all classes of users would gain—and many would reap huge gains. Only a small percentage of the water would change hands and virtually no water users would lose. Threats to the environment (and to taxpayers' wallets) from proposed new projects would evaporate.

About 85% of the water in California is used in agriculture, which produces 3% of the state's economic output. All non-agricultural users could increase their use of water by more than 35% if willing agricultural water users sold them 6% of their water. Since much crop water is wasted today (because of political restrictions), a 6% decline of agricultural water would have a small effect on agricultural capacity. Indeed, it would be virtually unnoticed if some of the revenue received by farmers were plowed back into more efficient irrigation schemes, better use of replenishable groundwater, and less-water-intensive cropping patterns.

Today, however, California water allocations are tightly controlled by California politics. And this leads to war. After all, I may be able to get your water, or force you to use it as I wish, via political manipulation. If I can successfully portray you as greedy and unworthy, you may lose political legitimacy (as some farmers feel is happening to them right now). Or I may join in a coalition that simply overpowers you politically. Winning such battles may allow me to get what I want with no compensation to you whatever.

Both the winner and loser pay in time, effort and money to fight the battle, but as long as political control reigns, the loser can plot to gain back what the winner has won. You cannot buy a political result—you can only rent it. The war never really ends. Any victory is temporary.

Of course there are, in a sense, private property rights to California water. Under the traditional "appropriation doctrine" (which developed in much of California and the West because of the relative scarcity of water), the initial claimant established ownership of the right to the use of the water

by diverting it from a stream or river. If you claimed it the water was yours to use, and you had that right as long as you used the water.

The problem today is that the right to water is not always firm and often is not freely tradeable. To begin with, the right never was a complete one—only a usufruct right, that is, a right to "use" water. Title to the water itself remains with the state. In addition, trades are

Federal water delivered to farmers is so heavily subsidized that farmers pay about 15% of the capital cost, and none of the operating cost, on the Federal water they get.

regulated by the state. This is rationalized (and to some extent justified) by the need to account for return flows, protecting those who had a right to those flows. (Indeed, only the consumed portion of a diversion right, not any return flow, should be tradeable.)

Once the government, especially but not exclusively the federal government, took charge of damming rivers and diverting water, joint ownership by irrigation districts became common, and the right to trade at all came under tighter political control. What might have been a natural evolution to more complete property rights, as water rights became more valuable, was blocked by government control—that is, by politically dominant factions.

Solving the Problem

The solution to the problem is not inherently difficult. It is not even necessary to stop or reverse the subsidies currently in place, to settle disputes and get water into the hands of people who want it the most. By enabling the same factions that cause such bitterness and harm in a political setting to operate in a market, no water-users will be hurt and virtually everyone will be better off.

The federal government and the state of California should simply allow those with rights to the special water allocations to sell their rights when they so desire. Past subsidies need not

be taken away; a farmer who is offered \$80 for an acre foot of water will treat it as worth that much, even if he only pays \$8 for the water. Transferable property rights could also serve the growing demand for amenities. In-stream flows can receive additional protection if fishing groups, for example, are allowed to bid for water rights. Environmental groups also could direct some of their immense flow of funds—the top ten groups now spend \$500 million per year—to this purpose.

In the process, some people will become wealthy. Farmers receiving water at a few dollars an acre-foot will sell it for hundreds. But no one will be hurt, and they will be selling value that simply doesn't exist now, while the trades are prohibited.

The federal government is on record as officially favoring water trades, in principle, and a few trades of this sort have actually occurred in California. But principle seldom overrides pragmatism in politics, and it's not clear that any politician has the incentive to push what is in fact a "win-win" situation. The idea of free trade is almost always disturbing to people who have operated in a protected setting; farmers are fearful that they will somehow lose their rights if trading is allowed, and "fairness" critics think that farmers shouldn't get rich on taxpayers' money (even though they are already using the

Urban users, some of whom have been arrested for the "crime" of watering their gardens, are forced to pay a price more than 125 times as high as farmers in the Central Valley.

same taxpayers' money and not necessarily getting rich).

Whether politicians or bureaucrats can buck this opposition remains to be seen. The lack of property rights in politics means a lack of entrepreneurial authority and incentive. Change is always difficult and costly, and to ask a politician to bear the cost—personal and political—of bringing about change, without the promise of large personal gain, is to ask too much.

Politics also provides "standing," in what sometimes becomes a kangaroo court, to anyone with a voice or political clout. Unlike the common law courts, those seeking to control others need not provide evidence that they personally have a legitimate stake in the issue (such as experiencing direct harm). Politics generally demands no rules of evidence. The mere suspicion of harm can (and does) lead to draconian requirements.

The lessons from California's drought should be applied to natural resource management and conservation generally. We have seen how and why political control of a resource necessarily leads to distorted prices, hampered trade, reduced efficiency, inequities and endless, unnecessary strife. The individual voter simply cannot be counted on to monitor and control politics effectively in the public interest. Each voter, knowing that he or she will not cast the decisive vote in an election, remains largely ignorant (though often with strong opinions) and often doesn't even bother to go to the polls. Liberty—the right to act unless others are illegitimately harmed—and economic progress are the resulting victims.

By contrast, the same voter's purchase of a product or a share of corporate stock is entirely decisive. The buyer will be stuck with the purchase, and pay for it personally. Thus, both products and investments are selected and monitored with far more care than are politicians, their policies, and their appointees. We should trust resources more to such markets, and less to the political "market."

What would have resulted, had this been done much earlier with California water? Many dams could have paid for themselves privately, and those who paid and claimed the water would probably own them in a way which would now hold them personally accountable. The rest of the water supply projects should not have been built. The California agricultural economy might be less frenetic, but more solid. Taxpayers inside and outside California would be privately financing other, more productive projects. The "other desert war" would never have been fought. □

Ayn Rand and Her Movement

In an exclusive interview, Barbara Branden reveals intimate details of life inside Rand's circle. The fascinating topics include the weird psychological manipulations within the group, the expulsion of members in kangaroo courts, the glaring errors in Nathaniel Branden's memoir about his affair with Rand, and Rand's fight in a posh Manhattan restaurant with Alan Greenspan.

This account, expanded from its original printing in the January 1990 *Liberty*, includes information that cannot be found in any other source. And it is available only from Liberty Publishing. \$4.00 per copy, ppd.

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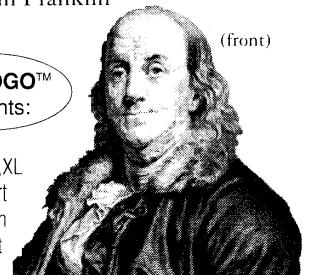
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Lipp, "In Quest of Dr Cepl," *continued from page 48*

conference room I noted a long leather couch. It would do nicely as a bed. An annex off the secretary's office included a small kitchen with fixings for coffee and, in a small refrigerator, a half filled bottle of wine, a roll, a piece of cheese, and a tin of pineapple. Not exactly a sybaritic feast at the Hotel Pariz, but I wouldn't go hungry. I sat on the couch and resumed writing my accounts of the day.

And then Mucha returned. "I think we must try Cepl at home." He opened his address book to look up the number. I observed over his shoulder that it differed by one digit from the number I had been trying all day. Mucha engaged in an animated telephone conversation in Czech, then handed the receiver to me.

"This is Cepl. I think you have betrayed me—you have appealed to higher authority." The voice was a scratchy baritone with an unmistakable mirth lurking beneath the syllables.

"On the contrary," I rejoined. "It is

you who have betrayed me. You have conspired with the phone system to defeat my mission."

"In Czechoslovakia, no such conspiracy is necessary. The telephones manage this obstruction quite well on their own."

He told me he had received a call from Mrs Mucha who was beside herself and had the impression the Dean had become a missing person. I tried to explain my earlier conversation, speaking to both men at once, but Mucha's manner became all the more agitated.

Cepl proposed that I should take the subway to his stop, where he would meet me. I should take supper and stay the night. We could talk at leisure. "You will know me. Look for a tired, old Czech peasant who is quite tall."

Mucha escorted me through the building, unlocked a door and told me he regretted he could not join Cepl and me. I apologized again and told him that next time I would do a better job

of making arrangements in advance.

An hour later, I sat in a warm, cozy kitchen over supper and a glass of Moravian wine, chatting with Cepl and his wife. We adjourned to his parlor and talked long into the night about communism and repression, about intellectuals condemned to years in prison or exile or shoveling coal for factory furnaces, about the underground and the students' revolt, about the new Prague Spring and whether it would last a little longer this time.

When weariness at last overcame us, he gave me a cot in an adjacent room to catch a few hours rest before my early morning plane back to Warsaw. I lay there, revisiting the day's events. I had gone through so much to get to this evening's conversation. And it was such a trifle against what the Czechs and the Poles endured every day. I would go to Warsaw in the morning and to California in a week. But I would be back. □

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Reviews

Bionomics: The Inevitability of Capitalism,
by Michael Rothschild. Henry Holt, 1990, 423 pp, \$24.95.

Economy as Ecology

John Baden

From 1971 to 1978, I was with the Environment and Man program at Utah State University in Logan, Utah. Since my home was a ranch near Bozeman, Montana, this involved a regular commute, affording me plenty of opportunity for observation and reflection.

My route took me through the little town of Preston, Idaho. There was a billboard on the edge of town with a single, straight forward declarative sentence:

The American Constitution Is Divinely Inspired.

I saw that sign dozens of times and always wondered: how do they know? I have immense respect for our Constitution, but I couldn't think of an empirical test of its divine origin. Yes, the Founders gave our nation the recipe for the world's most successful large-scale constitutional experiment. But success is hardly conclusive proof of divine origin. Luck or great intelligence could lead to the same end. The socialistic Hutterite communes of the Northern Plains have been highly successful for over a century while the Mormon's United Order failed in less than a decade. Yet few in Utah believe that the Hutterites are the Chosen.

Although I never figured a way to prove or disprove the divine inspira-

tion of the Founders, I found myself thinking about our Constitution and the men who wrote it. The Founders understood that nearly all polities are predatory: governments normally work as engines of plunder. The only reason that people prefer the predatory state to anarchy is that it economizes on violence, freeing people to specialize in production rather than looting or self defense.

People use politics to gain control of the coercive power of the state. Political entrepreneurs arise promising order in exchange for the opportunity to administer justice—and for a claim upon a portion of the society's wealth. Whatever their initial motives, the temptation to plunder normally follows and eventually dominates political decision making. Triangles of special interests, administrators and elected politicians work creatively to tax, regulate and take from some to give to others. This pattern is highly persistent. It provides some measure of regularity, making anarchy nearly everyone's last choice.

To the degree that order fosters wealth creation, this exchange has a positive sum. Exploitation, however, is inherent to this system. The Founders' major intellectual problem was to design a constitution, a set of rules for making rules, that gave the state sufficient power to maintain order while constraining opportunities to use the coercive apparatus of the state to the

advantage of special interests. The Constitution that they wrote is an attempt to minimize plunder by the state. And, judging from the predation that characterizes most states in the world today, it is a fairly successful attempt.

The Founders' understanding of political economy remains unsurpassed. *The Federalist Papers* stands as one of the greatest works of political philosophy. It is a powerful intellectual tool and provides a science of politics. In my judgment, it a genuine classic of political economy, ranking alongside *The Wealth of Nations*.

Such classics are, of necessity, most rare. They integrate important and disparate findings into a new perspective, enabling us to understand patterns and relationships that were previously unseen. Discovering such a work is like finding glasses for a 3-D movie: we glue them to our corneas and the world never again looks the same.

James Buchanan and Gordon Tullock's *The Calculus of Consent* (1962), which introduced economic logic to public sector decision, is an example of such a work of scholarly origin. Marion J. Levy's *Modernization and the Structure of Society* (1966) is another. Both these revolutionary books are the work of sophisticated scholars. Not surprisingly, works by those innocent of the formal academic process normally lack the sophistication of those that pass through peer review filters.

The Political Economy Book of the 90s?

Michael Rothschild's *Bionomics* is my early nomination for the 1990s' book-that-matters in political economy. It is a challenging and eye-opening look at both nature and society, an important expansion of our understanding of political economy. It is all the more remarkable because Rothschild has written a brilliant and sophisticated work without any formal training in economics.

Rothschild's approach is unconventional, in that it lacks the highly sophisticated formal proofs that characterize the work of professional economists. The absence of such proofs, while potentially a weakness in the eyes of professionals, is perhaps one of *Bionomics'* strengths. It makes *Bionomics* acceptable to those whose natural sympathies lie more with St. Francis than with Milton Friedman.

The prime failure of economics, Rothschild argues, is that it "remains

Our economy and our ecology share more than the Greek root oikos (eco). The economy is better understood as an ecologic system, as opposed to a machine isolated and insulated from the environment.

wedded to the classical Newtonian paradigm of a mechanistic model" of the world. "Sadly," he writes, "several generations of economists have spent the last century elaborating a system of thought that tries to explain the intricate relationships of economic life with concepts invented to describe the motion of planets" (44).

In Rothschild's view, the cost of mathematical elegance is insulation from the real world of economic evolution. Science's mechanistic models are inappropriate for organic, creative systems like the economy. By simplifying assumptions, he argues, mathematical and econometric models exclude precisely those features that make an economy vibrant.

For him, the ecosystem, not the machine, is the appropriate model for an economy. In an ecosystem, he explains, resources flow up the value-added chain like energy moving up through tropic levels of an ecological system. Instead of replicating their genes in progeny as frogs make tadpoles, firms convert resources into products. Hence "products are like the sea shells abandoned by molting crabs—shaped by the genes, but not alive" (215). The analogy goes further;

major urban areas with their great economic diversity parallel the ecological diversity of the rainforests. And governmental suppression of economic activities (through, for example, price controls) replicate the destruction of the rainforests.

The problem with contemporary economic theory, Rothschild argues, is that it misses the essential evolutionary feature of capitalism. Natural selection is analogous to economic competition among firms. Only when the spontaneous coordination of the market is permitted expression, he argues, can prosperity and freedom replace command-and-control impoverishment. (Essentially he discovers for himself what Hayek explained in his classic essay, "The Use of Knowledge in Society.") Hence, progress is dependent upon how political and economic institutions utilize or ignore knowledge. This process is the time-lapsed analog to biological evolution. When economic dynamics are misunderstood "momentous policy decisions hinge upon political mood swings and raw intuition, unaided by any deeper comprehension of how an economy works." This is the fundamental problem of democratic capitalism.

Rothschild applies his understanding to vexing problems of education and human capital development, poverty, capital investment, pollution, and parasitism in the corporate and governmental arenas. His proposals for reform are prudent, temperate and modest. He sees America's public school education system, for example, as the functional equivalent of the Soviet agricultural system. As a solution Rothschild advocates removing the "parasitic hook" of public school bureaucracies. "Students and parents," he says, "like shareholders, must be granted the power of choice" (312). While his conclusion is not original (most political economists support such proposals) Rothschild's use of the "parasitic hook" of biology is compelling. His discussion of parasitism would fit well into *The Federalist Papers*:

To create an environment where cooperation flourishes, the elimination of exploitation in all its forms should be the chief objective of a society's laws. But keeping antiparasitic laws in step with a rapidly evolving

economy isn't simple. Identifying the economy's true parasites and writing laws that destroy their hooks requires a bionomic perspective. (292)

Rothschild understands that our economy and our ecology share more than the Greek root οίκος (eco). The economy is better understood as an ecologic system, as opposed to a machine isolated and insulated from the environment. Economy and ecology are linked in a potentially positive-sum game where nature bats last. But only when our legal and economic arrangements tie the right to act with a responsibility for the action's outcome can we expect a positive-sum game.

Rothschild has it right. Though not exposed to important fields such as public choice theory, he has rediscovered and integrated many subfields of economics. His vision, while profoundly effective, however, is not without precedents.

For example, public choice theory emphasizes the importance of institutions and how the information and incentives they create affect opportunistic behavior (e. g., *The Calculus of Consent*, 1962). Austrian economics emphasizes spontaneous order and the impossibility of wide-scale planning (e. g., Thomas Sowell's *Knowledge and Decisions*, 1980). "Law and economics" stresses the importance of secure property rights to achieve progress. All reject the mechanistic approach that Rothschild holds in disdain.

Aside from Milton Friedman, whom Rothschild quotes once, the leaders in the development of this sort of non-mechanistic economic thinking have escaped his notice; his endnotes and index contain no reference to Alchian, Buchanan, Coase, Demsetz, Epstein, Hutt, Kirzner, Mises, Niskanen, Olson, Posner or Tullock.

Clearly, political economy incorporates a far richer, more subtle and sophisticated body of knowledge than Rothschild realized. And as a Harvard-trained J.D. and M.B.A. the odds are small that he would have been exposed to the views of public choice or Austrian economics. Which makes his work all the more remarkable.

I applaud the development of a "bionomics" paradigm that harmonizes liberty, prosperity, and ecological

integrity. The greatest value of *Bionomics*, however, will come when people understand the pervasive reality of

economic forces and how they may be harnessed to achieve policy reforms that foster liberty and prosperity. □

***The Trouble with Canada*, by William Gairdner. Stoddart, 1990, 470pp., \$29.95 [Canadian].**

Hope for a Troubled Land

Scott J. Reid

In Canada, the publication of a major book offering a libertarian analysis of the political system is a pretty rare event. The classical liberal paradigm is so alien to Canada's intellectual class that William Gairdner's *The Trouble with Canada* is only the second book-length attempt in living memory to look at Canada from a classical liberal point of view.

As might be expected in an intellectual climate as stifling as ours, *The Trouble with Canada* is not the product of a professor of Canadian Studies. Its subtitle "A Citizen Speaks Out" suggests its homely origins, which are borne out by its contents. For example, Gairdner insists on referring to the parliamentary, common-law system of government as the "English" model, and to the bureaucratic, centralized system as the "French" model. These designations have something to do with the contrast between the British constitutional monarchy and the regime of Louis XIV. But they don't particularly relate to Canada's present-day French-English cleavage. Given the contempt with which the "French" model is treated in the book, it is all too easy for the casual reader to consider the book to be anti-Quebecois.

"This is a book," Gairdner declares on the opening page, "designed to change minds." It would not be wise to speculate whether *The Trouble with Canada* will have any impact upon the drugged Canadian masses, but it has certainly influenced one man's career.

It was this book that inspired Stanislaw Tyminski to write *Sacred Dogs*, the book that launched his campaign for the Polish presidency. Tyminski was new to libertarian ideas when he ran for president, and it seems likely that most of his knowledge of libertarian philosophy at the time of his election bid was based upon his reading of Gairdner's polemic.

The Trouble with Canada is on the whole easy and pleasant to read, and its relaxed and conversational tone may do much to help it achieve its author's stated goal. It is neatly divided into two sections of equal length. The first is essentially an introduction to libertarian thought, chock-full of references to people like Thomas Sowell, Milton Friedman, Charles Murray, Walter Williams and F. A. Hayek. It is a depressing comment on the ideological climate in Canada that such a section would be considered necessary in a book that is, after all, about public policy, not philosophy.

The second half of the book holds greater interest for those already conversant with libertarian theory. Here Gairdner focuses on showing how Canada has been led from prosperity to relative impoverishment by the policies of a government more intent upon solving ethnic tensions than with making the economy work. An enormous amount of money has been spent on what Canadians like to call "national unity." Official bilingualism, "multiculturalism" (i.e. subsidies for self-proclaimed ethnic minority leaders), and intergovernmental transfer payments to Canada's less wealthy prov-

inces have all been adopted in the name of keeping the country from splitting apart on ethnic lines. Judging from the current state of public opinion in Quebec, where polls show that about two-thirds of the population favor independence, these efforts have not been enormously successful. Whatever their success, Gairdner notes, these efforts have been expensive. He calculates that the bill for official bilingualism was \$350 million in 1987 and that multiculturalism cost \$53 million in 1986-88. This is big money in a country whose population is smaller than that of California.

But this is only part of Canada's problem. Canadian public policy has concentrated on issues of social "justice" (i.e. wealth redistribution), the protection of uneconomic industries through high tariffs and stifling regulation, and the pre-Thatcher British-style nationalization of sectors of the economy viewed as being too important to leave to the businessmen.

Not surprisingly, these programs have resulted in the creation of a whole range of new special interests, and have transformed the political system from a relatively open English structure to a byzantine "French" bureaucratic model, in which only well-organized pressure groups have access to the political leadership. Consequently, the system is vulnerable not only to pressures from the original series of conflicting interests, but also to lobbying by a wide variety of special interests created by the system itself. As these groups achieve success in encouraging new spending programs, taxes have soared relative to levels in the United States, funding for the original transfer programs has been redirected, and the country has been left with a system in which economic growth has been sacrificed in order to transfer wealth from the politically weak to the politically strong, with no noticeable benefit to the underprivileged or to the cause of national unity.

Gairdner spends much of the second section exploring the dynamics of some of these interest groups. One of the more perverse, and one in which he has a special expertise, is the state-supported system of amateur athletics. (Gairdner is a former Olympic decath-

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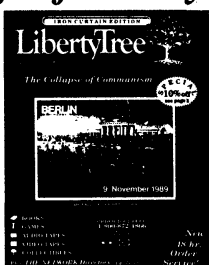
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lete.) State funding of amateur athletics was started as a way of raising the national consciousness and sense of national pride of Canadians. If our athletes could take on the world, it would show that Canada is capable of playing an important role on the world's stage. In fact, however, Canada's Olympic athletes have become a national embarrassment. The Ben Johnson scandal—he and his teammates doped up at the taxpayers' expense—is only a symptom of the whiningly self-indulgent attitude adopted by Canadian "amateurs." Gairdner describes a meeting of Olympic athletes which he attended in the early 1980s:

[A] serious suggestion was put forth that hundreds of these athletes had been "deprived" of education because they were competing for Canada. They were demanding "compensation for lost education." In a recent newspaper article, [a professor of physical education] . . . lobbied for a minimum salary for international athletes at \$32,000 per annum . . . We are told that training is a full-time occupation today. But this is nonsense . . . No one is physically capable of real training more than four hours a day—and of this, very little, at most half, can be all-out training. Beyond this, there is only high-class athletic pampering, or time-wasting. What are they doing with the other twenty hours each day? I suspect that Parkinson's Law sets in, and the job fills the time allotted. (383-4)

The analysis in the second part of *The Trouble with Canada* is backed up with a 33-page section containing annotated graphs of economic statistics. At first I found it disconcerting to have to refer back to this section, instead of finding the graphs embedded in the text in the usual manner. But this section does have an advantage: it provides a quick and ready reference to consult after the book has been read.

Gairdner's policy recommendations are interesting, and I regret that he did not devote more time to fleshing them out. He recommends that Canada adopt the sort of decentralized federal system described in, of all places, Leon Louw and Frances Kendall's *South Africa: The Solution*. Gairdner's recommendations do have merit, although I can't imagine the Canadian intellectual elite being favorably impressed with

the notion that we should reform our political system on the basis of recommendations originally proposed for the pariah of nations. Following Louw and Kendall, he advocates the adoption of a highly decentralized federal system in which governments would be forced to compete with each other to gain and keep "customers" (residents and investors). A properly structured decentralized system might also overcome Canada's ethnic divisions without the expense and futility of nationwide official bilingualism. He also recommends the use of popular initiatives as a way of limiting the legislative and

Canada has been led from prosperity to relative impoverishment by the policies of a government more intent upon solving ethnic tensions than with making the economy work.

budgetary discretion of the politicians. This sort of thing is old hat in the U.S., but in Canada the idea of direct democracy is practically revolutionary—should Gairdner's suggestion gain much popularity, we can expect shrill warnings about the dangers of consulting the unwashed on matters of state from the various beneficiaries of the status quo.

In America it would seem naive for an author to present such a series of constitutional proposals for serious consideration. Canada, however, is going through a period of internal crisis, and new sets of proposals are being set forth continually. Most are drafted by bureaucrats and politicians with an unhealthy stake in the status quo. (Even the authors of a recent report of the Quebec Liberal Party recommending *de facto* independence for their province cannot bring themselves to recommend an end to those delicious intergovernmental transfer payments!) If Canada's renewal is to be successful, there will be need for more genuinely original and different proposals of the sort set forth by Gairdner. □

Capitalism, by Arthur Seldon. Basil Blackwell, 1990, xiv + 419 pp., \$29.95.

On the Side of the Angels

Leland B. Yeager

Born in 1916 in London's East End, raised in near-poverty, a First Class Honors graduate of the London School of Economics, Arthur Seldon has been a university economics tutor, economist in the brewing industry, adviser to the Australian government, and vice president of the Mont Pelerin Society (a group of liberal-oriented scholars, businessmen and activists that first met at Mont Pelerin, Switzerland in 1947). He is now retired with the title of Founder President of the Institute of Economic Affairs, which he and Ralph (now Lord) Harris established in London in 1955. The IEA has published hundreds of books and pamphlets meeting high academic standards, many written or edited by Seldon himself, applying classical liberalism to a wide range of policy issues.

Now Seldon gathers the fruits of a lifetime of observation, study, reflection, writing and, evidently, personal contact with participants and controversialists on all sides of public issues. His words carry conviction when he says that the purpose of his book is the "defence and assertion of the common people, especially the poorest in every continent" (p. 96).

Seldon defines socialism and capitalism by their reliance predominantly on the state or on the market for economic organization. He shows socialism's poor performance, reviewing both theoretical arguments and the actual experiences of recent decades. He argues in convincing detail that capitalism could have performed even better than it has if only the state had not preempted or interfered with private enterprise and inventiveness, as in education, medicine, housing, and retirement programs. Environmental problems, also, could have been handled more successfully by better definition of property rights and fuller enlistment of market incen-

tives. "The real or supposed defects of capitalism . . . are not endemic: they are largely the results of overgovernment or mis-government. They can be removed. The real defects of socialism—suppressed unemployment and inflation, widespread privation and injustice, overweening authority, suppression of freedom in economic activity, political rights and cultural life, ingrained nepotism and jobbery, and much else—are endemic. They are parts of the system; without them socialism is unworkable" (218–219).

Seldon answers the moral case against capitalism made by clerics and other intellectuals—and by those "High Tories" who look down their noses at what they see as the grubbiness of capitalism. What these critics call greed, he thinks, might better be called the urge to improvement and responsibility to self, family, friends, and associates. He compares how "greed" operates and how well or poorly it is disciplined under capitalism and socialism.

As an example Seldon cites the debate about a market in transplantable organs. Many people feel "a sense of revulsion against the use of the human body for monetary gain." But what is so moral about condemning patients to death by suppressing the voluntary transactions that could have supplied the necessary organs? (Or do the moralizers recommend compulsion?) "Is the ultimate political value to be that the antipathy to commercialism shall prevail in order to buy votes on the cheap? Is nothing safe from the political process?" (309)

Seldon is perhaps at his best in analyzing government. If political democracy is good, many people seem to feel, then applying it to more and more aspects of life is good also. Invoking the theory of public choice, Seldon gives many reasons why people's preferences get registered much less accurately through the political process than in di-

verse voluntary transactions. He explains why political control of economic affairs favors the elite, the wordsmiths, the maneuverers and schemers, and the seekers of government-conferred advantage, over ordinary people. It is not surprising that intellectuals number among the last-ditch defenders of quasi-socialism, grudgingly conceding the market's virtues but now hoping to enlist them as an instrument of government control.

The banal expression "on the side of the angels" that heads this review expresses a judgment. In championing capitalism and rejecting socialism, Seldon is right, aggressively right, magnificently right—but tedious. His book will disappoint those who trusted several rave reviews. Readers will indeed find many new or freshly phrased ideas and observations, but perhaps not enough to justify all they must slog through to find them. The book is overlong, repetitious, and disorganized. Many sentences ramble on at Germanic length. Seldon wastes space challenging the neglectable pronouncements of even the least informed and least insightful critics of capitalism. He uses the book as a vehicle for numerous asides, repeatedly, for example, criticizing *The New Palgrave Dictionary of Economics* (published in 1987). He engages in name-dropping far beyond giving credit for ideas or referring the reader to other publications. Many autobiographical remarks concern the circumstances in which he encountered or expressed particular ideas or made particular observations.

Those who might be swayed from socialism will not, I fear, find Seldon's book persuasive. They will be repelled by its tedium, its oracular tone, and its apparent reliance on appeal to the authority of the many right-thinkers mentioned.

On balance, though, the book deserves praise. Seldon's insights into the contrast between the rival systems has many dimensions; his analysis of how well they expose poor performance to monitoring and correction is especially impressive. He understands the implications of intrusion of the political process into the everyday lives of ordinary people. *Capitalism* is a valuable compendium of capitalist arguments and of socialist errors held up to critical examination. □

Mind Over Machine,
by Hubert and Stuart Dreyfus. The Free Press, 1986. \$10.95, 230pp.
The Improbable Machine,
by Jeremy Campbell. Simon and Schuster, 1989. \$19.95, 334pp.

The Brain as Market

Peter Reidy

According to an ancient and destructive delusion, human thought and action work by the conscious application of explicit rules. Finding and stating these rules is thus seen as the task of legitimate science and as the key to our practical mastery. Though this notion has never yielded much by way of results, its believers have not given up the faith—but then, this is to be expected: hard-as-nails rationalism, for all its pretensions, has always been a faith, not a science.

The rationalists' critics tried to tell them that they'd gotten it wrong from the start and that their failure was not a mandate to work harder. No amount of tinkering would come up with the "right" rules, and no new technology would make the theory work, because it fundamentally and fatally misconceived the subject matter. The way to understand the action of an orderly intelligence, the critics said, is to understand that orderliness as the outcome, rather than the deliberate rationale, of countless acts undertaken without regard for that outcome.

One of the most recent forms the rationalist delusion has taken is the discipline of Artificial Intelligence, now approaching its half-century mark. If you thought I was talking about economics, that is the point of this review: the parallels between the "connectionist" model of intelligence and the accompanying critique of AI on the one hand, and free-market economics and its critique of central planning, on the other, are too striking to ignore. The insights of Adam Smith and Friedrich Hayek capture a bigger piece of the

world than anybody had thought.

Connectionism is, briefly, the recognition that the brain is not a single "processing unit" addressing passive memory the way a computer does. Physiologically, psychologically and epistemologically, its activities are dispersed among distinct, interacting neurons; thought is the activity of *patterns* of interaction in ways the processor-and-memory model can't capture. This is why AI has never lived up to its promises and has never caught on in industry, medicine or education. *Mind Over Machine* quotes one piece of breathless hype:

What will happen when we face new options in our work and home, where more intelligent machines can better do the things we like to do? What kinds of minds and personalities should we dispense to them? What kind of rights and privileges should we withhold from them? Are we ready to ask such questions? (p. xvi)

—and anybody who has followed the popular press since the late 1940s has seen plenty more like it. Ironically, one of connectionism's accomplishments so far has been "neural net" computing, which, by rejecting AI's traditional machinery and assumptions, has made progress on just those problems of recognition, generalization and common sense that computers have notoriously failed to solve.

The two books take different but compatible approaches. *Mind Over Machine* is an overt polemic, as well as a work of philosophy. *The Improbable Machine*, the work of a science writer, is given more to exposition and suggestion than to argument.

The Dreyfuses are brothers and are both professors at the University of

California at Berkeley; Stuart teaches engineering and operations research while Hubert (who seems to have had the larger hand in the book) teaches philosophy, in which capacity he has been making enemies in AI since the mid-sixties. His battle memoirs are among the most entertaining passages of this and his earlier book, *What Computers Can't Do*. A strength of both his books is his grasp of intellectual history; he understands that most ideas have a longer ancestry than their promoters realize. Keynes once observed that the most stridently unintellectual people are usually "the slaves of some defunct economist." Ironically, the economist in turn is usually in debt to some even longer-dead philosopher. The Dreyfuses trace the rationalistic prejudice back to Plato (who was also the inventor of social engineering), forward through Descartes and Leibniz to Husserl and down to today's propeller-heads. The opposing strain descends from Socrates and Aristotle through Pascal, Wittgenstein and Merleau-Ponty. The Dreyfus brothers' view of Socrates was new to me: the point he was *really* trying to

The brain—described physically or psychologically—faces information costs and finds its most efficient path to its objectives.

make by confounding and confusing his contemporaries was that the clear-cut definitions and knock-down arguments with which they started were inappropriate at the borders of understanding. His interlocutors' pomposity came from their having reached the stage of adult conceptual thought without having mastered its application. Compare this to Hayek on the Religion of the Engineers, which he makes out as the nineteenth century's misapplication of its new-found technological mastery.

The authors of both books are conversant with several scientific fields, not just computer science and brain research but statistics, logic and experimental and educational psychology as

well. One pleasure of reading them side-by-side is witnessing their different but mutually consistent treatments of the same experimental evidence. I was also pleased to see them answer both of the common objections to connectionism.

The first objection is that the anti-rationalist (*not* anti-reason) position is unscientifically "mystical" or "soft." They point out that what they have to say about thinking is already established science about several systems in inanimate nature—that they are *holistic*: their observable properties are properties of the whole *qua* whole and not subject to ordinary mechanical analysis. Holograms are of this nature, and so are soap bubbles. This passage from *Mind Over Machine* reads like something out of Austrian economics:

[Neuron nets] function like a soap bubble—an entity composed of molecules each physically attached only to its immediate neighbors and sensitive only to local forces—which is nevertheless formed by the interaction of all the local forces so that the whole determines the behavior of the local elements. (p. 92)

The second objection is the technicians' claim that the brain is so cumbersome and fallible as to be downright inferior to computers for any purpose of rational calculation, and so experiments have shown. *Have they?* the authors wonder. If you ask people to solve by intuition the sort of problems whose precise solution requires the sentential calculus or Bayesian probability, people will usually get them wrong. They rely on contextual clues (which aren't necessarily explicit statements) and make the most of whatever information the experimenter supplies; what they make of it is usually too much. But by analyzing case after case from the experimental literature the writers show that what makes for weakness in a contrived laboratory situation is a strength in the real world, where filling in gaps, going by experience and knowing more than we realize are our salient strengths.

Campbell calls this set of abilities the brain's "worldliness." Readers conversant with economics will want to put this another way, saying that the brain—described physically or psycho-

logically—faces information costs and finds its most efficient path to its objectives. This path may not be what an outside observer, going perhaps by some quite sophisticated rules but

Remember the Fifth Generation that was announced with such fanfare in the early eighties, a grandiose scheme by which the government-industry partnership was finally going to make Artificial Intelligence work? The last I heard, they were calling it a success because it had produced so many useful side-effects on the way to nowhere.

lacking the data available to an individual actor, would have chosen. One of Campbell's chapters uses the myth of "The Reporter in the Corridor" to describe the relation of consciousness to the neural events that underlie it:

If a connectionist network is like a huge parliament or congress in the throes of debate, then the alert, conscious mind is like a newspaper reporter hanging around outside the locked chamber, notebook in hand, waiting to be told what happened. The reporter is not allowed inside the room while the debate is in progress. All the ferment and frenzy of individuals exciting and inhibiting one another, forming coalitions, sending messages back and forth, takes place behind closed doors. When we recognize our grandmother wearing a new hat, we are aware of the fact that it is she and not our aunt or sister, but we have no idea how that decision was reached. (201)

A more familiar way of making the same point is by an analogy to the consumer making buying decisions. Most of us don't follow the international labor, commodity and capital markets, yet when we spend money on consumer

goods, our "judgments" affect those markets all they need to. Elsewhere in the book, Campbell mentions Hayek and quotes him thus:

[Economic knowledge] never exists in concentrated or integrated form, but solely as the dispersed bits of incomplete and frequently contradictory knowledge which all the separate individuals possess. The most significant fact about this system is the economy of knowledge with which it operates, or how little the individual participants need to know in order to be able to take the right action. (187)

The price we pay for the brain's speed and adaptability is its tendencies to stereotype and to jump over gaps to conclusions that are sometimes wrong and sometimes right but not (yet) justified. Campbell explains such habits as side-effects of its tendency to find order in its world and, where it can't find it, to supply it. He even cites a theory of dreams in evidence. By the psychoanalytical account, the sleeping mind encodes repressed knowledge with an eye to making it unintelligible to us. On the new theory of J. Allan Hobson, the dreaming mind, like the waking one, makes sense of things, the "things" being random electrical discharges from the lower brain.

Campbell's determination to follow through on his theme leads him, however, to some weird philosophical judgments. I doubt that Kant would welcome the news that experimentation bears him out on causality, because he didn't think empirical evidence could bear one way or another on the sort of philosophy he was

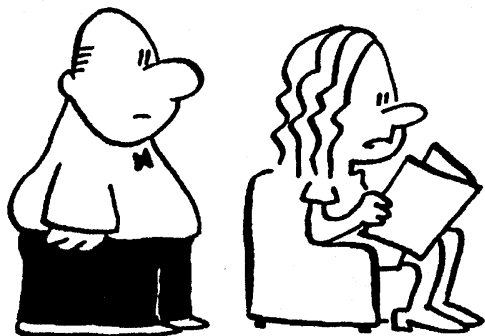


"I prefer to think of myself as *neo*-apathetic."

trying to do. And Aristotle's doctrine of categories isn't a mistaken psychology. It isn't psychology at all.

The history of AI, as the Dreyfuses tell it, amply confirms the parallels to socialism. Constructivist-rationalist AI, like constructivist-rationalist socialism, faces up to its spotty record from time to time with something to the effect of, "Up until very recently, our opponents had more on the ball than we admitted, and we should have taken them more seriously. But that was then. *THIS* time we've got it licked." The cycle between two such declarations by socialism's apologist used to be a couple of decades. For AI, it takes about five years. Practitioners of go-by-the-rules social planning have always made the most of what little they had to show for it and loved to tout their "Potemkin villages" to anyone willing to be taken in, cultivating a press that was eager to be cultivated. *Mind Over Machine* is rich in stories of how educators, academics and the military have ridden the AI bandwagon to tax-supported fortunes. Remember the Fifth Generation that the Japanese announced with such fanfare in the early eighties? If you don't, Q. E. D. It was a particularly grandiose and well-publicized scheme by which the government-industry partnership was finally going to make AI work. The last I heard, they were calling it a success because it had produced so many useful side-effects on the way to nowhere.

Connections between the intracranial and the social are there for the taking, yet I suspect that some fundamental insight, which would put them all into a single scheme, still awaits discovery. One of my reasons for recommending these books is the hope that some reader will find it. □



"Sometimes I wonder about PBS — a four-hour special on 'the History of Boredom.'"

It is not only the Left that reserves for itself the privileges of the "politically correct."

The Rise of Paleo-Stalinism

Richard Kostelanetz

Several months ago, I submitted a letter to the editor of *Chronicles*, which had previously published my writing and had a new piece in its editorial inventory. The letter has not yet appeared in *Chronicles'* pages, and I think its subject is an important one, so I shall summarize it here.

On page 51 of the May 1990 issue of *Chronicles*, amidst signed notices, is an unsigned purported review of recent performances by the sometime porn starlet Annie Sprinkle and, by extension, of the National Endowment for the Arts' grant to the Kitchen, the Manhattan cultural center presenting her. There is no evidence that the anonymous reviewer had witnessed the performance in question—no descriptions, no specific impressions; indeed, it is reasonable to suspect that he or she (or it) has never seen Ms Sprinkle. Far be it from me to defend Ms Sprinkle, who is not without literary wit (and therefore capable of defending herself) or the grant to the Kitchen (which has come to epitomize the modish mediocrity and inefficiency favored by government cultural funding). I wish, instead, to limit myself to one issue, which I'll identify by a maxim: *reviewing what you do not know is intellectually impermissible*.

When I was an undergraduate (at Brown, 1958–62), students who reviewed what they had not read, instead relying on secondary sources, were customarily flunked. No one would dispute the conclusion that *Chronicles'* editors

must be hewing to lower, grade-schoolish standards. What would the editors of *Chronicles* think of a purported review that dismissed their magazine without ever having seen it? Do they wish to define a "paleoconservative" as someone who would "never fall for the Golden Rule"? Or is it their point that Ms Sprinkle is not entitled to scrupulous review, given her background, just as some might think *Chronicles* is disqualified from such considerations, given its "conservative" outlook or yahoo (i.e., midwestern) origins?

The next question raised by this infraction is how many other reviews in *Chronicles* are similarly uninformed. 10%, 30%, 50%, 100%? (If the last, wouldn't *Chronicles* earn the "literary" distinction of being the first American opinion journal to be wholly fictive?) Since I knew about Ms Sprinkle, I could cry "foul"—but what about all those reviews of subjects I know nothing about?

And this is not an isolated incidence. A few years ago, I caught frequent *Chronicles* contributor Jacob Neusner fabricating quotations in its august pages. Since the quote in question—purportedly from *Chronicles* itself!—was attributed to *me*, I could expose it as surely false. But this misquotation was never acknowledged in those pages: no apologies, *errata*, or anything of the kind.

As *Chronicles* continues to publish Neusner, it is hard not to assume that certain (perhaps all) *Chronicles* contributors are allowed to fabricate evidence and examples, with full editorial blessing. You either have integrity or you don't; the road between is called opportunism.

The fact that Neusner teaches at Brown prompts the thought that perhaps the observed decline in standards

Balo

there should be blamed not upon the students but upon professors' setting bad examples as well as evident lapses in effective policing of their abuses. ("Call the campus cops, honey, he's doing it again.")

I cannot help but wonder about *Chronicles'* editorial policy: do the editors feel that contributors must be permitted vulgarities commonly associated with the looniest left? Or perhaps they simply assume that card-carrying paleoconservatives are entitled to "privileges" not available to other intellectuals. They should recognize, however, that this amounts to the Stalinist position that loyalists, whose "politics are correct," need not observe human niceties required of the unenlightened.

Or perhaps the "con" in "paleocon" actually refers to covert lefties working overtime to discredit the intellectual Right?

As a sometime contributor to *Chronicles*, this worried me enough to present its editors with the above facts and speculations. Not only did they not reply, but they failed to deal with any of the questions within the magazine itself, implicitly confirming that, in their considered judgment, the worst suspicions must be correct—that *Chronicles*, "a magazine of American culture," is not paleo-con but paleo-Stalinist, wishing to control more than it should, beginning with dissent from itself—or, at the very least, neo-opportunist. (How politically adrift it must feel to be paleo-Stalinist today—sort of like a Monarchist after the fall of the Romanovs!)

The whole episode reminds me of an earlier example of foot-in-throat abuse that appeared in the tome *Culture and Politics*, by the sometime chairman of the NEA's sister institution, the National Endowment for the Humanities, Ronald Berman, who has also contributed to *Chronicles*. On page 128 he writes:

But if art has become bourgeois, the artist has not. The artist thinks of himself as a political revolutionary. The function of his art is to express a position on public issues and to serve ideas. Also, to embody a particular kind of alienation, and to show that the aesthetic object is less important than the personality shaping it. The two sets of ideas are contradictory but not exclusive; the most established of museums will exhibit the blank canvas or empty

frame which is a calculated insult to its own existence.

Now, apart from the vulgarity of generalizing about a profession full of individualists (with the kind of encompassing terminology that Berman would eschew for, say, "the academic"), this is wholly wrong on general terms. I should know, because I live among thousands of artists, in New York's Soho, where the general sentiment is that they (we) have all become too bourgeois, in part because so many more of them (us) than before are now able to live off their work or from such closely related jobs as teaching art.

Secondly, very few artists (less than 10% for sure, probably less than 5%) think of themselves as political revolutionaries, for better and worse. Thirdly,

the fashion for expressionist esthetics, described in the fourth sentence, expired by 1964, some two decades before Berman writes. The snide remark about museums does not begin to understand why they have been, and would continue to be, selective in their exhibition of allegedly "blank" (i.e., monochromatic) canvases, or even why they should be.

The riot of ignorance in this paragraph is out of control. Even worse, following the example of Professor Berman, Ph.D. (Yale), in generalizing from insufficient examples, one could say that all professors-turned-government-cultural-officials talking about contemporary art are slipshod in formulating their critical ideas and grossly ignorant in their use of evidence.

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Several pages later, Berman approvingly quotes Daniel Bell, the Henry Ford II Professor of Sociology at Harvard and a professional know-it-all (Ph.D., Columbia), describing:

At the Cinematheque in 1968 the German artist Herman [sic] Nitsch disemboweled a sheep onstage, poured the entrails and blood over a young girl, and nailed the carcass of the animal to a cross.

I object to this because I was there; I saw the performance (which I didn't much like) on March 2, 1968. Since there was no stage but a single-level space, it is also clear that Daniel Bell not only was not there (perhaps instead out carousing with the *Chronicles* reviewer) but that he did not have sufficient literacy to understand the point of the performance or the tradition of "Vienna Actionism" in which Hermann Nitsch worked. Immediately prior to this remark, Bell, as quoted by Berman, deprecates an event I had not seen:

In the "Destruction of Art" symposium held in the Judson Church in New York in 1968, one of the participants suspended a live white chicken from the ceiling, swung it back and forth, and then snipped off its head with a pair of hedge-clippers. He then placed the severed head between his legs, inside his unzipped fly, and proceeded to hammer the insides of a piano with the carcass.

With good reasons for doubting Bell's veracity, I called Jon Hendricks, the art archivist who organized that 1968 Judson Church event. He told me that the chickens were not killed; they were rescued by Michael Kirby, who confirmed that fact. The first part of Bell's second sentence describes a Ralph Ortiz performance piece done not in New York City but in London; the second part of that sentence about destroying the piano describes a private performance done not at Judson but elsewhere in New York City and then exclusively for a film.

Hendricks then added that in the Nitsch performance, the sheep was not "disemboweled," because it was legally impossible to purchase in New York City a sheep still containing its intestines, and that as the lamb was held up by two men other than Nitsch, pseudo-blood was poured down on Hendricks himself, who was not "a young girl." Were Bell a baseball player, we'd say he was not fielding, at the risk of an occasional error, but hitting, striking out many times over. What would the conservative wings of the UCSD English department think, what would the Harvard sociology department think, what would the editors of *Chronicles* think, if either were described in print as "a pack of bulldykes in drag"? (Oops, there I go invoking that damn Golden Rule again.)

For evidence of "distinguished scholars" who do fake research, and for dunces who then recycle ignorance with approval, we need go no further than a chaired professor of Harvard and his admirer, the former chairman of the NEH, now a Professor of English not in the privately financed Ivy League, thankfully, but the state-supported University of California at San Diego, both holding hands in intellectual purgatory with the anonymous *Chronicles* reviewer. These subversives are transforming not only the Ph.D. degree but academic,

editorial, and governmental cultural positions into licenses to display patent idiocy, shaming not only themselves but our culture.

How would you, a reader of this magazine, feel if characterized by someone you did not know, whom you had not even met, as, say, "a notorious vegetarian." What would you think if the purported expert on your activities was a "politically correct" reviewer for *Chronicles*? A Harvard professor? The sometime chairman of the NEH? What would your judgment be of the purportedly intelligent human beings responsible for selecting *Chronicles'* reviewers? Harvard professors? The chairmen at the NEH? The problem is not just the fabricating of evidence and experience; what we see is a riot of irresponsibility as profound, because rooted with those invested with authority (not enlisted men but officers), as that ever instigated by "radical students" in the 1960s. And so decadent are our times, there are few to expose and oppose it.

One problem of academic stars or conservative reviewers writing about things they know nothing about is similar to that of star athletes using illegal drugs—they set a bad example for the children; and perhaps some of the remedies now used upon drug-abusing athletes might be applicable to members of professions that, if only to preserve collective reputation, must keep higher standards than sports (mere "games"). I'm not a great believer in the efficacy of punishing adults (such as professional athletes) for victimless crimes; but if a couple of these fakers were suspended for a year without pay (a true paleo-con solution, if ever there was one), dollars to donuts there would be a noticeable improvement in our cultural climate. Until these malefactors become more effective at self-policing, anyone reading them should remember what they would in any lawless environment—*caveat emptor*.

Most of us publicly caught making such egregious mistakes would acknowledge them (initially by publishing letters exposing them) and then rush to apologize profusely; but then about issues of intellectual integrity and professional humility, most of us are more conservative than these paleo-Stalinists. □

Up from Libertarianism

by D. G. Lesvic

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Notes on Contributors

Gary Alexander is a writer and editor living in Virginia.

Chester Alan Arthur, political correspondent for *Liberty*, should not be confused with the dead president (or any president, for that matter).

John Baden is chairman of the Foundation for Research on Economics and the Environment in Seattle and Bozeman, Montana. His review on page 59 is an expansion of a review prepared for *The Wall Street Journal*.

"Baloo," "Shiong," and "Holle" are noms de plume of Rex F. May, a cartoonist whose works frequently appear in *The Wall Street Journal* and other publications.

Benjamin Best is a computer programmer and globe-trotter living in Toronto.

David Boaz is executive vice president of Cato Institute and editor of several books, including *The Crisis in Drug Prohibition*.

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Mark Frauenfelder is a cartoonist living in Colorado. He also edits *boING*, *boING*.

Robert Higgs is Thomas F. Gleed Professor of Business Administration at the Albers School of Business, Seattle University, and the author of *Crisis and Leviathan*.

Matt Kibbe, formerly Senior Economist at the Republican National Committee, is a freelance writer and disaffected economist in Washington, D.C.

Richard Kostelanetz is the author of many books and articles. His books for 1991 include (but are not limited to): *The New Poetries and Some Old*, *Politics in the African-American Novel*, and *On Innovative Art(ist)s*.

Ronald F. Lipp, an attorney practicing in Sacramento, California, often travels to Eastern Europe.

Loren E. Lomasky is Professor of Philosophy at Bowling Green State University, and author of *Persons, Rights, and the Moral Community*.

William Meyer Jr is a free-lance artist and writer living in Beaumont, Texas. His art and essays have appeared in numerous journals in the U.S. and Canada.

Richard Minter is an Environmental Policy Analyst for the Competitive Enterprise Institute. His writings have appeared in *The Freeman*, *The World & I*, *The Christian Science Monitor*, and other periodicals.

William P. Moulton limits his activity, though not his vision, to Northern Michigan (which is *not* the same thing as the Upper Peninsula).

Scott J. Reid is vice president of a Canadian department store chain.

Peter Reidy is a software engineer with Xerox. He received a B. A. in philosophy at UCLA.

Sheldon L. Richman is a writer living in Virginia.

James S. Robbins is a writer and foreign policy analyst living in Massachusetts.

Jane S. Shaw is a parent living in Bozeman, Montana.

Richard L. Stroup is a Senior Associate of the Political Economy Research Center in Bozeman, Montana, and co-author with James D. Gwartney of *Economics: Private and Public Choice*.

Lawrence Thompson is a science fiction and fantasy writer living in Ottawa, Ontario.

Ethan O. Waters, a new star of the gossip circuit, prefers his life to be private and his statements to be true.

Leland B. Yeager is the Ludwig von Mises Distinguished Professor of Economics at Auburn University, Alabama.

Coming in *Liberty*:

- **What's Wrong with Mises and Rand** — *Milton Friedman* examines the dark side of two libertarian demigods.
- **The Passing of John Gray** — *Loren Lomasky* finds the lessons in scholar John Gray's recent repudiation of classical liberal political philosophy.
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Plus: A new look at natural rights, reviews of new books by Mark Skousen, Ludwig von Mises and others, and—as always—insightful perspectives on the passing scene and the persisting State . . .

Terra Incognita

Annapolis, Md.

Unique campaign tactic employed in the Maryland Free State, as reported by the *Chicago Tribune*:

When Gov. William Donald Schaefer saw a passing motorist give him the "thumbs down" sign during his re-election campaign, he tracked down the name and address of the motorist and wrote her a letter advising her that her "action only exceeds the ugliness of your face." Gov. Schaefer was re-elected with 59.6% of the vote

Channelview, Texas

Evidence that at least some parents are still willing to make sacrifices for their children, as reported by the *Detroit Free Press*:

Wanda Webb Holloway has been accused by police of attempting to hire a hit man to murder Verna Heath, "for the purpose of enhancing the probability of her daughter being elected cheerleader" at the Johnson Junior High School. Mrs Webb, described by police as a "mother who would go to almost any length to further the career and popularity of her daughter," believed that the murder of her daughter's competitor's mother would so upset the girl that she would withdraw from the cheerleading competition, clearing the path for her own daughter. She originally offered \$7,500 for the murder of both mother and daughter, but later revised her offer downward to \$2,500 for the murder of the mother only.

Raleigh, N. C.

Advance in the status of animals in the Tar Heel State, as reported in the *New York Times*:

Elijah Lawrence was sentenced to one year in prison for kicking a police horse. "I can't condone assault on a law officer," said Judge James Fullwood, announcing the sentence.

Columbus, Texas

Evidence that marksmanship is one of the more important criteria for law enforcement employment, as reported in the *Houston Chronicle*:

Police Chief P. K. Reiter will be allowed to keep his job, despite his conviction for shooting a deputy sheriff in the buttocks, in an altercation that developed when the Chief found the deputy in his estranged wife's bed. The charge against Reiter was reduced to a misdemeanor.

Windhoek, Namibia

Evidence of an alarming increase in Third World litigiousness, as reported by Reuters News Service:

A number of Namibians were denounced as unpatriotic by the Cabinet for criticizing President Sam Nujoma's bodyguards' policy of shooting passing motorists to clear a way for a high-speed presidential motorcade. Among those denounced was Helmut Goldbeck, a farmer, who was shot in both legs during one such incident on Jan 1.

Flagstaff, Ariz.

Evidence of educators' ability to make acute distinctions, as reported in the *Arizona Daily Sun*:

A public forum has concluded that a "formal policy of open enrollment wouldn't be appropriate for Flagstaff's schools." Pam Brown of Northern Arizona University "warned that choice could destroy the American way of life. It's not appropriate in Flagstaff or the United States."

"Choice allows a parent to choose their children's school. Education should benefit both the individual and society. Choice only benefits the individual, she said."

Cleveland

Interesting explanation of why the U.S. was spared chemical warfare in the Gulf, as reported by Reuters News Service:

Six Sioux Indians, including two medicine men, flew to Arabia to conduct peace rituals in the desert. "The trip was prompted by visions of the Earth's destruction. The medicine men say their visions showed a chemical or biological weapon that the United States doesn't know anything about."

Halifax, N.S.

Dedication to the future of freedom, as revealed in Canadian higher education, according to the Halifax (Nova Scotia) *Chronicle-Herald*:

Dalhousie University's main library has censored a banned book display for Freedom to Read Week. It replaced the banned book with a book formerly banned.

Ottawa

Defense preparation in the Great White North, as reported by *Maclean's: Canada's Weekly Newsmagazine*:

Work crews in Ottawa welded manhole covers shut to prevent Iraqis using sewers in battle against the Canadians.

London

Britain prepares for war, as reported in *The Wall St Journal*: The British Broadcasting Corp banned the Beatles' song "Give Peace a Chance" as "too controversial."

West Palm Beach, Fla.

Penological innovation, as reported in the *Palm Beach Post*:

Judge Mary Lupo sentenced a robber to write 50 "handwritten, individualized notes" to servicemen in Saudi Arabia.

Keithville, La.

Note on the ethical treatment of animals, as reported in the *Maui (Hawaii) News*:

A group of game wardens, sheriff's deputies and wildlife biologists spent nearly eight hours trying to rescue a black bear caught in a pine tree, so they could remove it to the Big Lake Wildlife Management Area. After spreading a net below the tree, a veterinarian fired several tranquilizer darts into it. But the bear didn't budge, so the authorities reluctantly decided to cut down the tree. They discovered they were rescuing a plastic bag filled with garbage.

Lt. Dalton Green of the Department of Wildlife and Fisheries, was convinced that the large black object was a bear, although he did admit that "in 20 years with Wildlife and Fisheries, I've never heard of one in this area that was confirmed. They've had a lot of sightings reported, but we've never even found a track."

Olympia, Wash.

Proof that at least one politician has a sense of priorities, as reported in the *Detroit News*:

Ralph Munro, Washington's Secretary of State, modeling a kilt made of his favorite plaid, explaining why the state should declare an "official state tartan": "It's just as important as a state rock."

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

Silver Coin Breakthrough!



Mint State 1964 Kennedy Silver Half Dollars . . . Less than \$2.50

The Kennedy Half Dollar of 1964 was the last half dollar ever issued by the U.S. Mint made from the high grade .900 silver. As such it has been prized by investors and collectors, trading at prices as high as \$13.00 each . . .

Today, you can buy them for as little as \$2.45 per coin!

Last of the Silver Coins!

On June 3, 1965, President Lyndon Johnson sent a historic message to Congress: the United States would no longer mint coins of 90% pure silver. Thirty-five years of inflation had driven down the value of the U.S. dollar to the point where the Treasury could not afford to make our coins of high grade silver.

That meant that the 1964 half dollars, featuring the new Kennedy design, would be the last U.S. half dollar of high grade silver ever issued.

One Year Type Coin

As a result, the 1964 half dollar is not only the last U.S. high purity silver half dollar issued, but it is also a unique coin: the only Kennedy half made of high purity silver.

So 1964 became the first and the last year of high purity Kennedy half dollars, or what numismatists call a "one year type coin." It thus joins such famous rarities issued one year only, as the 1909 "V.D.B." Lincoln cent, the 1883 "No Cents" Liberty nickel, the 1796 "Small Eagle" quarter, the 1907 "High-Relief" St Gaudens \$20 . . . all treasured by collectors as one year type coins!

Huge Meltdown!

The initial mintage of the 1964 Kennedy half dollar was quite large, but in the silver boom of 1980, many of these high purity silver coins were melted. No one knows exactly how many 1964 Kennedy half dollars were melted down, but some experts estimate that millions were melted for their silver value.

As a result, the 1964 Kennedy half dollars are much scarcer than their mintages indicate.

Silver Content

Each 1964 Kennedy half dollar contains 11.25 grams of silver—that's 14% more silver than the U.S. silver dollars issued in the 1970s!

Uncirculated Bargain!

For all these reasons the 1964 Kennedy half dollar has long been treasured by collectors. So it is no wonder the

1964 Kennedy half in Mint State condition has sold at prices as high as \$13.00 each. The price has fallen off somewhat in recent years, but the 1991 edition of the authoritative *Guidebook of U.S. Coins* (or "Redbook") lists mint state specimens at \$6.00 each.

A few weeks ago, we had the good fortune to acquire several bags of 1964 Kennedy halves in original Mint State condition. And we acquired them at such a bargain rate, that we can offer them to you, in beautiful Mint State rolls of 20 coins each, at prices as low as \$2.45 per coin!

Act today! Our supply of the last high purity silver half dollars is limited, and we cannot guarantee our price once that supply is sold. All orders will be sold on a first-come, first-served basis.

To reserve your purchase, call us toll-free at 1-800-321-1542. (Local residents call 351-4720; other Michigan residents call 1-800-933-4720.) Or return the coupon below.

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12 December: "Christianity and Freedom" by JGH; "Yes, Virginia, There is No Santa Claus" by RME; "Charity: Biblical and Political" by Russell J. Clinchy; and RME's review of *The Ethics of Redistribution* by Bertrand de Jouvenel.

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14 February: "The Preservation of the Bureaucracy" by JGH; "Democratized Privilege: The New Mercantilism" by RME; "The Roots of Limited Government" by Alan Barth; "Thought and Purpose" by James Allen; and RME's review of *Capitalism* by Arthur Seldon.

15 March: "Why Americans Won't Choose Freedom" by JGH; "The Origin of Democratized Privilege" by RME; "Are Compulsory School Attendance Laws Necessary?-Part 1" by Samuel L. Blumenfeld; and RME's review of *Unfinished Business* by Clint Bolick.

16 April: "Reflections on National Service" by JGH; "Politically Correct Thinking and State Education" by RME; "Are Compulsory School Attendance Laws Necessary?-Part 2" by Samuel L. Blumenfeld; "Why Not Separate School and State?" by Leonard E. Read; and RME's review of *Economics on Trial* by Mark Skousen.

17 May: "Gun Control, Patriotism, and Civil Disobedience" by JGH; "Something Must Be Done!" by RME; "Are Compulsory School Attendance Laws Necessary?-Part 3" by Samuel L. Blumenfeld; and RME's review of *This Hemisphere of Liberty* by Michael Novak.

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