

Liberty

November 1992

Vol. 6, No. 2

\$4.00

Who
kidnapped the
Hardy Boys?

The Grunting of 535 Pigs Inside Congress Today

by Jesse Walker

Europe's Money Mess

by Leland Yeager

Anti-Drug Fever

by Daniel Klein

Searching for Anarchists in Russia

by Benjamin Best

Raising Hell with the "Buchanan Brigade"

by Thomas Walls

Also: How a philosopher got a vote for President in the Electoral College, what is happening in the revolutions in Argentina and Czechoslovakia, why profits have replaced Mao in China, and whether Barbara Bush is a Bad Mother ... plus other articles, reviews, and humor.



"Extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice." — Barry Goldwater

Volume 2

September 1988

- "Scrooge McDuck and His Creator," by Phil Salin
- "Liberty and Ecology," by John Hospers
- "The Ultimate Justification of the Private Property Ethic," by Hans-Hermann Hoppe

Plus reviews and articles by Douglas Casey, David Friedman, Karl Hess, Douglas Rasmussen, Murray Rothbard, L. Neil Smith and others; and a short story by Erika Holzer. (80 pages)

November 1988

- "Taking Over the Roads," by John Semmens
 - "The Search for *We The Living*," by R.W. Bradford
 - "Private Property: Hope for the Environment," by Jane S. Shaw
- Plus articles and reviews by Walter Block, Stephen Cox, John Dentinger, James Robbins and others. (80 pages)

January 1989

- "AIDS and the FDA," by Sandy Shaw
 - "Property, Population and the Environment" by John Hospers
 - "Ronald Reagan's 'Revolution,'" by William Niskanen
- Plus articles and reviews by Karen Shabetai, Jane Shaw, Jeffrey Tucker, Leland Yeager, William Wingo and others; and a short story by Jeffrey Olson. (72 pages)

- "Life With (and Without) Ayn Rand," by Tibor R. Machan
 - "Capitalism Comes to Poland?" by Krzysztof Ostaszewski
 - "Fear and Loathing in New York City," by Murray N. Rothbard
- Plus articles and reviews by Loren Lomasky, Michael Christian, Richard Kostelanetz, R.W. Bradford and others; and an interview with Russell Means. (72 pages)

January 1990

- "The Greenhouse Effect: Myth or Danger?" by Patrick J. Michaels
 - "The Case for Paleolibertarianism," by Llewelyn Rockwell
 - "How Roosevelt Soaked the Poor," by Richard Kostelanetz
 - "In Defense of Jim Baker and Zsa Zsa," by Ethan O. Waters
 - "The Death of Socialism: What It Means," by R.W. Bradford, Murray Rothbard, Stephen Cox, and William P. Moulton
- Plus writing by Andrew Roller, David Gordon and others; and an interview with Barbara Branden. (80 pages)

March 1990

- "The Case Against Isolationism," by Stephen Cox
 - "H.L. Mencken: Anti-Semite?" by R.W. Bradford
 - "Hong Kong Today," by R.K. Lamb
 - "Libertarian Intellectuals on Welfare," by George H. Smith
- Plus articles and reviews by Sheldon Richman, Richard Kostelanetz, John Hospers, Loren Lomasky, James Robbins, Leland Yeager, Timothy Virkkala and others. (80 pages)

Stimulate Your Mind!

There is a world of good reading in *Liberty*! Whether you want to catch up on what you missed, provide intellectual relief to your friends (or enemies!), or complete your collection, now is a good time to buy. Enjoy!

March 1989

- "Ronald Reagan: An Autopsy," by Murray N. Rothbard
 - "What if Everything We Know About Safety Is Wrong?" by John Semmens and Dianne Kresich
 - "What Do You Do When Your Mother Asks You to Kill Her?" by Michael Endres
- Plus articles and reviews by Stephen Cox, Jeffrey Friedman, David Ramsay Steele, Sheldon Richman and others. (72 pages)

May 1989

- "Man, Nature, and State: Free Market Slogans are Not Enough," by Karl Hess, Jr
 - "The Media's Election-Night 'Coverage' Policy," by Margaret M. Fries
 - "The End of the Secular Century," by Murray N. Rothbard
- Plus articles and reviews by Stephen Cox, David Gordon, Justin Raimondo, and other. (72 pages)

July 1989

- "Viking Iceland: Anarchy That Worked," by David Friedman
 - "The Myth of the Rights of Mental Patients," by Thomas S. Szasz
 - "Fetal Rights: The Implications," by Tibor Machan
- Plus articles and reviews by R.W. Bradford, John Hospers, Jane S. Shaw, Jeffrey Tucker, Leland Yeager and others. (80 pages)

Volume 3

September 1989

- "Holocausts and the Historians," by Ralph Raico
 - "My Expulsion from the Rand Cult," by Murray Rothbard
 - "Abortion Without Absurdity," by R.W. Bradford
 - "Libertarians and the Avant-Garde," by Richard Kostelanetz
- Plus articles and reviews by David Friedman, Loren Lomasky, Gary North, Jeffrey Tucker and others. (72 pages)

November 1989

- "The Lost War on Drugs," by Joseph Miranda
- "Goodbye, Galactic Empire," by J. R. Dunn

May 1990

- "Conservatism in Its Latter Days," by William P. Moulton
 - "A Population Crisis?" by Jane S. Shaw
 - "The Death of Thinking in the Schools," by Karl Hess
 - "Bork's Law," by Leland Yeager
 - "Killing as Therapy," by Thomas Szasz
- Plus articles and reviews by Bill Kauffman, Richard Kostelanetz, Robert Higgs, Bart Kosko, Loren Lomasky and others. (72 pages)

July 1990

- "Conversations with Ayn Rand (part 1)," by John Hospers
 - "The Orwellian University," by Charles Thorne
 - "Why Public Enemy is Number One," by Brian Doherty
 - "Strange Subcultures of the Right," by John Baden
 - "If You Believe in Dentistry, Why Should You Mind Having Your Teeth Knocked Out?" by William P. Moulton
- Plus articles and reviews by John Baden, David Friedman, Bill Kauffman, James Robbins, Mark Skousen and others. (72 pages)

Volume 4

September 1990

- "Conversations with Ayn Rand (part 2)," by John Hospers
 - "Is Environmental Press Coverage Biased?" by Jane S. Shaw
 - "The Pro-Life Case for the Abortion Pill," by Dr Ron Paul
 - "Fighting the Draft in World War II," by Jim Bristol
- Plus articles and reviews by Michael Krauss, James Robbins, Richard Kostelanetz and others; and a *fiction* by Harvey Segal. (72 pages)

November 1990

- "Smokes, But No Peacpipe," by Scott Reid
 - "You, Too, Can Be a Junior G-Man," by David Hudson
 - "Sex, Drugs, and the Goldberg Variations," by Richard Kostelanetz
 - "Why is Anyone Virtuous?" by David Friedman
- Plus articles and reviews by Robert Higgs, Leslie Fleming, Alexander Tabarrok, Sheldon Richman and others; and an interview with Ed Crane. (80 pages)

continued on inside back cover . . . see page 45 for first volume of Liberty

Liberty

R. W. Bradford
editor & publisher

John A. Baden
Stephen Cox
Karl Hess
John Hospers
Jane S. Shaw
senior editors

Douglas Casey
Brian Doherty
David Friedman
Robert Higgs
Bart Kosko
Richard Kostelanetz
Ronald F. Lipp
Loren E. Lomasky
Rex F. May
William P. Moulton
Ross Overbeek
Ralph Raico
Scott J. Reid
Sheldon L. Richman
James S. Robbins
Thomas S. Szasz
James Taggart
Jesse Walker
Ethan O. Waters
Leland B. Yeager
contributing editors

Timothy Virkkala
assistant editor

Kathleen Bradford
copy editor

Brian Krohnke
editorial assistant

Liberty (ISSN 0894-1408) is a libertarian and classical liberal review of thought, culture and politics, published bi-monthly by Liberty Publishing, 1532 Sims Way, #1, Port Townsend, WA 98368. Second-Class Postage Paid at Port Townsend, WA 98368, and at additional mailing offices. Address all correspondence to: Liberty, PO Box 1167, Port Townsend, WA 98368. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Liberty, PO Box 1167, Port Townsend, WA 98368.

Subscriptions are \$19.50 for 6 issues, \$35.00 for 12 issues. Foreign subscriptions are \$24.50 for 6 issues, \$45.00 for 12 issues. Manuscripts are welcome, but will be returned only if accompanied by SASE. Queries are encouraged. A Writer's Introduction is available: send request and SASE.

Copyright © 1992
by Liberty Publishing.
All rights reserved.

Inside Liberty

November 1992
Volume 6, Number 2

4 Letters *Liberty's* readers get it off their chests . . . and onto our pages.

9 Reflections *Liberty's* editors lust after Madonna, evaluate Bush's family values, evade the draft from Clinton's wind factory, make crank calls in Moscow, and scale the slopes of Mt. Liberty. Not bad for a bunch of intellectuals.

17 Judgment Day Just to prove that *Liberty* is not a single-party periodical, we offer five views of whom to vote for on November 3. Clip this, and take it to the polls.

20 Medianotes Is Barbara Bush a good mommie? Is John Sununu as dumb as he seems on *Crossfire*? And who cares what NPR and the *Washington Post* say, anyway?

Features

23 Currency Crisis: We've Heard It All Before Leland B. Yeager explains why the European monetary crisis is old hat. But will the politicians get the point? Don't bank on it.

25 Charity Begins at School? Mandatory community service. Loren E. Lomasky argues that the bad idea has not improved for all the "innovation."

27 I Run for President John Hospers remembers the first year of the Libertarian Party, his bid for the presidency, and his electoral college vote.

34 Why Argentina Stopped Crying for Evita Paul Terhorst provides the shortest history of Argentina you'll ever read and an up-to-date account of what's going on in gaucho-land.

38 Kill/Walk the Earth Richard Kostelanetz presents a few choice words.

39 At the Margins of the 1992 Republican National Convention Thomas D. Walls tells how the convention looked from the perspective of the Republican Liberty Caucus and the Buchanan Brigade.

43 The Czechs Bounce Back Gabriel Hocman tells of coupons for stocks, private ownership and high-rolling times in the former citadel of Stalinism.

46 Remembering John Cage Richard Kostelanetz asks for four minutes and thirty-three seconds of silence in memory of the late, great avant-garde composer, John Cage.

47 Marxist Capitalism: or "To Get Rich Is Glorious" George Jochnowitz describes China's move to the market, doublespeak, mysticism, and (maybe) laissez faire.

50 Stalking Liberty in Eastern Europe Ben Best visited Scandanavia, Poland, the Baltics, and Russia, looking for liberty.

58 Canada's Constitutional Crisis Scott J. Reid explains the double dealing and special-interest shenanigans behind Canada's approaching referendum.

59 Libertarianism, Christianity and Other Religions Jan Narveson argues that Christianity is not compatible with liberty, unless you want to reformulate Christianity.

62 Did Rand Stack the Ethical Deck? Gregory R. Johnson and David Kelley dispute Rand's libertarian ethics.

Reviews

64 An Election Year Exposé Jesse Walker likes the book *Hill Rat* by John L. Jackley, but he still smells cheese on the author's breath.

65 Tinkerers Be Damned? Daniel Klein joins Thomas Szasz in his fight against the "War on Drugs," but makes a plea for such tinkers as Milton Friedman.

67 Liberalism, Left and True Gregory R. Johnson critiques a history of Liberalism and wonders how such a brilliant author could have made such an error.

69 The Mystery of the Missing Fun Someone has kidnapped the Hardy Boys and put insipid substitutes in their place. David Justin Ross solves the case.

Departments

77 Notes on Contributors who we are . . . and what to look for in the next *Liberty*.

78 Terra Incognita Pieces of the real world as seen through a glass, lightly; or, what is and what isn't and what should never have been.

Letters

Flaw in the Ointment

Liberty's critique of Andre Marrou is flawed. The credibility Chester Alan Arthur ("Will to frivolity," September 1992) places in Will's diatribe reflects more upon his political naiveté than flaws in Marrou's candidacy. Will is an inside-the-beltway conservative advocate of big government. Frankly, it is surprising that Will had anything in the least bit positive to say about either Marrou or the Libertarian Party. Advocates of big government don't think much of libertarianism. If Will had deigned to take notice of the libertarians in previous races it is doubtful he would have treated Ron Paul or his predecessors any better.

The balance of *Liberty's* criticism is Andre's "sloganeering" campaign style. This is an odd charge since Andre's stump appearances are where he is most successful. I will grant that Marrou is neither a philosopher nor theoretician. Thank goodness. On TV, Andre's style is stronger than any other Libertarian presidential candidates who have appeared on C-Span. Marrou handles press questions better than any other candidate I have seen.

Karl Peterjohn
Wichita, Kans.

No Justice, No Peace

Neoconservative David Horowitz's "Pandering to the Mob" (July 1992) rested on a double standard that says a lot about the "law and order" mindset. To him, the horror of the Los Angeles riots is summed up in the "slogan that started the violence": *No justice, no peace*. That phrase, he says, "is nothing less than a call to criminal anarchy."

And how, exactly, does David Horowitz plan to prevent future riots? Crack down. Protect the law-abiding. "Strengthen law enforcement; disarm the criminals."

I have nothing against protecting the innocent from criminals, of course, though I doubt that gun control — in today's political discourse, that's what "dis-

arm the criminals" usually means — will help matters much. But I can't help but wonder why David Horowitz does not realize what he is saying. In a sentence: Peaceful acquiescence to criminal behavior is an injustice to crime's victims. Or: *No justice, no peace*.

Why, why, why is this a good sentiment when the criminals are rioters or looters, but not when they are cops? When Horowitz gives up his role as police apologist and condemns all coercion, his articles might actually belong in a libertarian magazine.

Randall Whiting
Los Angeles, Calif.

Deeper Harmonies

Since deciding to marry a devout Christian four years ago, I have had to wrestle with opinions that on first appearance conflict with my deeply held libertarian principles, and my wife has had to confront opinions that may not align perfectly with the teachings of Jesus as they are often presented. Raising children demands that we seek a common ground for our principles.

Doug Bandow's article, "Libertarians and Christians in a Hostile World" (July 1992), is an excellent aid to our efforts. But I wish he had taken his thoughts further. He does not mention the common moral ground. For a libertarian, there can be no liberty without personal responsibility; a freely acting man is responsible for his actions and does not expect others to support him involuntarily. And personal responsibility is equally necessary in Christian action. Is there merit in an act one does because compelled by the state to do it? May a Christian do unto others as he would have them do unto him if he must threaten force upon some people in order to finance those acts? What charity is there if given at another's expense?

Historically also, the Christian worldview and the libertarian political philosophy have common grounds. Bandow mentions that classical liberalism grew out of the Enlightenment; but the ideas of those eighteenth century authors actually came from religious thinkers of the sixteenth century. Protestant writers such as Hotman, Beza, du Plessis-Mornay, and Buchanan, and Catholic authors such as Mariana, Bellarmine, and Suarez attacked theories of absolutism, claimed limits on monarchical rule, argued that men had the right to resist governmental force, and generally stated the fundamental principles to which libertarians adhere to this

day. It was from the horrors of 16th and 17th century warfare in France, Germany, the Netherlands, and England over whether rulers should impose religious practices upon their citizens that political theorists first formulated their libertarian ideas. And it was after force failed to reunite Christendom under either Catholic or Reformed banners that later theorists suggested that perhaps the best solution was simply to let people decide for themselves. And those were not the thoughts of apathetic Christians; such thoughts grew in the minds of passionate believers.

Perhaps contemporary disputers over the economic and social role of the state in human action can learn from the religious disputes of an earlier day.

Frank Williams
Atlanta, Ga.

Faith and Force

I am one consistent and principled libertarian who heartily disagrees with Scorchy Shelton's view (Letters, September 1992) that "consistent and principled libertarians should reject Christianity." I accept his right to be free of religion, but I would hope that he understands that one of the most important arguments in favor of individual liberty has a religious basis. That we are endowed with inalienable rights by our Creator has always been an important argument in favor of individual liberty. If we reject the Divine source of our liberties, it will be very difficult to wrestle them back from the state without force. So long as we are able to reasonably argue that these rights come from our Creator, rather than from the State, we have a better chance of peacefully reclaiming our liberties.

Shelton is right that government has historically exploited religion to increase its power, but it can do so only when individual citizens are willing to allow it to do so. We need to proclaim vigorously our God-given rights rather than rejecting religion simply because government has so often taken advantage of people's willingness to release the tight grip that we should hold on to those rights.

John A. Bennett
Sequim, Wash.

Apologetics

I believe Doug Bandow got it wrong. A Christian doesn't have an option to be libertarian, but *must* be libertarian.

Romans 13 says the state is ordained by God to be a terror to evil and to praise those who are good. I realize that what "evil" the state is to be a terror to is not self evident from this passage alone. But, in conjunction with other teachings about the state, I believe this "evil" refers to

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.

The Real Story of Anita Hill



Do you think Anita Hill was telling the whole truth when she testified against Clarence Thomas? If so, you haven't read *The American Spectator*, America's most exciting conservative monthly magazine. In a major investigative article, award-winning reporter David Brock reveals what really happened in the Hill/Thomas affair.

- Who was the mastermind behind the plot to sabotage Clarence Thomas?
- What Senate aide spent weekends with Anita Hill at his apartment?
- Who leaked the Anita Hill story to the press?
- Who almost certainly committed perjury in testifying against Thomas?

Now the full story can be yours free, with a subscription to *The American Spectator*. We will send you a free copy of "The Real Anita Hill" by David Brock when you order a one-year (12-issue) subscription.

Isn't it time someone reported the truth about other stories shaping public debate? *The American Spectator* does. Recent articles include:

- Michael Fumento on Magic Johnson and AIDS
- Peter Collier on brownshirt Oliver Stone
- P.J. O'Rourke on America's new enemies, foreign and domestic
- James Ring Adams on the revived Medellin Drug Cartel
- Daniel Wattenberg on the Real Hillary Clinton.

Don't miss these and other investigative reports ignored by the mainstream media. Subscribe today. We are so convinced that you will enjoy the *Spectator* that we will unconditionally guarantee your satisfaction—if unhappy with the *Spectator* for any reason, simply cancel for a full refund on all unmailed issues.

Send for your trial subscription and FREE Anita Hill report today.

Send to: *The American Spectator*, P.O. Box 549, Arlington, Virginia, 22216-0549 or call 1-800-641-6644.

YES, please rush me, via first class mail, my free copy of "The Real Anita Hill" by David Brock and enter a one year trial subscription (12 issues) to *The American Spectator* for \$35. I understand that if I am unhappy with *The American Spectator* for any reason I may cancel and receive a refund on all unmailed issues.

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Charge my ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard

Card #: _____ Exp. Date: _____ Signature: _____

Name: _____ Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ zip code: _____

"The Real Anita Hill" report will be sent via first class mail within five business days. Please allow 6 to 8 weeks for subscription to begin.

Sorry, we can accept only checks and credit card orders for this special offer



25th
Anniversary
1967-1992

NLIB1

those who commit murder, theft, fraud or through their negligence harm others. (See, e.g., Exodus 21:12.)

This interpretation is reinforced by the fact that the state is to merely praise those who are good; i.e., not try to force us to be good, or to "legislate morality," but to encourage us to be good through persuasion and example.

While I believe Christians should be libertarians, I am increasingly concerned about the Libertarian Party and its candidates since they do not praise those who are good. I can ignore the attack on parents teaching religious values to their children found in the L.P. platform as a mere impropriety. But, the admitted personal failures of the party's standard bearer and the National Committee's acquiescence to them are deeply disturbing.

Clifford Thies
Baltimore, Md.

All or Nothing?

I do not believe it is irrational to argue against unrestricted access to drugs that are highly addictive and have no demonstrable positive benefits, contrary to James Ostrowski ("War on Drugs, War on Progress," September 1992).

It is clear that our society has a limited understanding of the subtle distinction between morality and law. But arguing that no difference exists between aspirin and crack is not likely to increase that understanding.

How do you tell the parents of a recovering teenage heroin addict that their pain is the inevitable price of scientific progress? A similar problem exists in explaining why it is illegal to use marijuana to treat eye disease. But why does this have to be an all or nothing issue?

Libertarians have two alternatives on the drug issue. The first choice is to stand on the intellectual high ground of perfect philosophical consistency and derive satisfaction from stoning the ignoramuses below. The second option is to first concede that the other side has a limited number of valid points and then use your intellectual superiority to find the best solution considering all factors. The second approach may be more difficult, but has greater potential for both improving our society and making libertarianism a more widely understood and accepted political philosophy.

Jim Ober
Baton Rouge, La.

Just Say No to Government

Adrian Day's letter (September 1992) suggests that it is illogical to assume that the prohibition of abortion would give rise to a bootleg abortion industry any

more than outlawing murder-for-hire would give rise to a hit-man industry.

Mr Day basically misses the point, but his choice of comparison is appropriate. Abortion *is* murder-for-hire. So if it should be criminalized, why don't we call abortion premeditated murder one and make it a capital offense?

Isn't the answer obvious? There is no moral question about the abortion issue. There is no question about the immorality of abortion. The only question is one of jurisdiction. Should the woman and her doctor be subjected to government's condemnation, or only God's?

Personally, I would like to see the woman (and her doctor) be allowed to work this one out with God. Just once, let the government stay out of it . . . Don't fund it . . . Don't prosecute it . . . Just stay out of it.

Grant W. Kuhns
Carlsbad, Calif.

The State of the State Misstated

I suspect J. Neil Schulman ("If Execution Is Just, What Is Justice?" September 1992) started from a desired conclusion and worked backward to come up with an argument to support it.

He repeats the tired claim that since "the state is no more than a group of individuals acting for a common purpose," there can be no principled reason why states can be permitted to engage in behavior denied to individuals. But his only argument to this effect is: "It is hard to imagine how the sum total of what the state may do adds up to more than the sum of the rights of the individuals comprising that group."

Failure of imagination rarely makes a good argument, and this is no exception. The obvious response for a defender of the state is that certain social institutions have emergent properties that the individuals making up that institution lack. No individual can lift 10,000 pounds without mechanical assistance, but a group of individuals can. Individual atoms of hydrogen and oxygen lack the property of wetness, but combine them in particular ways at certain temperatures and pressures and they make water.

Schulman goes on to state that "Logic dictates that if it is morally justifiable for the state to kill in just retribution, then it must likewise be morally justifiable for other individuals or groups to do as well — the Mafia, the Crips, and the Bloods included." This assumes that one group is like any other. Here, the defender of the state will simply point out that just as three hydrogen atoms or three oxygen atoms won't give you water, it takes more than sheer numbers to give you the right

to kill in retribution (or to punish at all). Some guarantee of just and fair administration, for example, might be the something more.

The burden of proof that the state does have emergent properties lies, of course, with the defender of the state, but Schulman's argument does not establish, as it purports to, that "logic dictates the impossibility of any such proof." One strong argument that states can have an emergent right to punish may be found in chapter three of David Schmitz's 1991 book, *The Limits of Government: An Essay on the Public Goods Argument*.

There are many good arguments against capital punishment, but Schulman's isn't one of them.

Jim Lippard
Tucson, Ariz.

Simple Justice

Schulman argues that in a libertarian society we would not have the right to execute murderers because our philosophy only allows us to use force to defend ourselves against aggression. Once the murderer is in shackles he can no longer threaten us.

I would like to submit that it is not against the libertarian philosophy to execute a murderer. The foundation of the libertarian philosophy is based on the following statement: "Each individual has the right to life, liberty and property provided he respects the equal rights of others." Very clearly, this means that I only have the right to life as long as I respect the equal rights of others to life. If I deliberately kill someone, then lose my right to life. Any person or group will have the right to kill me — they no longer have the responsibility or obligation to respect my life.

The only purpose for a trial is to allow an impartial jury to determine if I did deliberately kill another person and if so, to then determine to what extent I will lose my property, my liberty, and my life. They could even have me executed, for I no longer have the right to life.

Although under the libertarian philosophy we would have the legal right to kill a convicted murderer, we may not have the moral right to do so. That decision would be left up to each juror.

In answer to Schulman's question, "If execution is just, what is justice?" my answer is: *justice is losing the same rights you take from others.*

Clyde L. Garland
Houston, Tex.

Charity Bound

If the execution of sadistic murderers like Ted Bundy, Richard Speck, Jeffrey Dahmer and John Gacy is state-sanctioned

"Mind Your Business"

Continental Currency

- designed by Benjamin Franklin
- unique denominations
- issued in 1776

It was a very different world in February, 1776. Thirteen embattled colonies stood up to the British throne. Americans had protested higher taxes with a very special tea party. There was an American army in the field fighting the British, and talk of independence was in the air.

In Philadelphia, the Continental Congress authorized issuance of \$1,000,000 of paper money in denominations of less than \$1.00. The purpose was two-fold:

- 1) to help finance General Washington's army.
- 2) to help address the problem of a chronic lack of small coins in circulation.

And that is why, for the first and only time in history, the United States issued paper money with the peculiar face values of $\frac{1}{6}$ dollar, $\frac{1}{3}$ dollar, $\frac{1}{2}$ dollar and $\frac{2}{3}$ dollar.

The design of these Continentals

came from Benjamin Franklin. The obverse of each (pictured to the right) features the sundial and the slogan "Mind Your Business," reminding Americans of the importance of hard work, thrift and industry.

The reverse (pictured below left) shows a chain of 13 links, each labeled with the name of a different colony, surrounding the unifying motto "We are one."

These same designs were later adopted for the first U.S. silver dollar and the first copper one cent piece.

The notes were printed by Hall and Sellers, the Philadelphia firm that succeeded Benjamin Franklin's printing company.

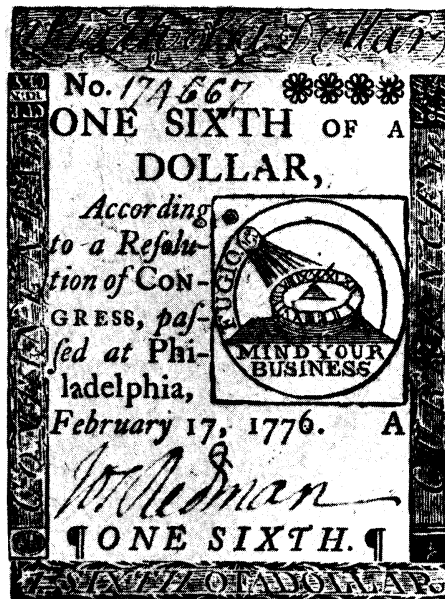
With a total of 600,000 notes of each denomination printed, it is little wonder that these are scarce today. (Currently, the U.S. prints over 1 million notes *per hour*!) Most surviving notes are in ragged condition, often with severe damage or with missing sections.

For the past two years, our buyers have quietly accumulated over twenty complete sets of these notes, as well as a modest quantity of singles specimens.

Thanks to our careful purchasing, we are able to offer these historic treasures at the remarkable price of just \$375 for a complete set of four specimens, or as singles at \$95 each.

Act Today: Orders will be filled on a first come, first served basis. This offer is limited to stock on hand.

To reserve your purchase and lock in today's price, call me (or another LCS trader) toll-free at 1-800-321-1542. Michigan residents call 1-800-933-4720. Or return the coupon below. No Michigan sales tax on sales delivered outside Michigan.



$\frac{1}{6}$ Dollar, 1776, obverse.



$\frac{1}{6}$ Dollar, 1776, reverse.

Yes! Please send me the Fractional Continental paper money that I have indicated below. I understand that I may return them for a full refund for any reason within 15 days of receipt.

___ Set of 4 Denominations
(\$ $\frac{1}{6}$, \$ $\frac{1}{3}$, \$ $\frac{1}{2}$, \$ $\frac{2}{3}$)

@ \$375 = ___

___ Single Note

@ \$95 = ___

Postage & handling \$5.00

Total Enclosed _____

name _____

address _____

city/state/zip _____

phone # _____

Liberty Coin Service

300 Frandor Ave, Lansing MI 48912

• 1-800-321-1542 (Michigan 1-800-933-4720)

murder, then state imprisonment of rapists, child-molesters, drug dealers, and burglars is state-sanctioned kidnapping and state taxation on consumer goods is state-sanctioned theft.

The death penalty is justified on moral grounds. When, for example, someone has raped and murdered a child, that person has relinquished his right to live. Capital punishment in such a case is an act of retribution and demonstrates that a society and legal system genuinely are dedicated to preserving and protecting the rights and safety of the people. Charity also must be displayed towards the victims of crimes and their families.

Haven Bradford Gow
Irvington-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Rights Over Balance

James Taggart ("Rights wronged," Sept. 1992) condemns the majoritarianism of Justice Scalia and his three dissenting colleagues, who believe that rights which the Constitution does not unambiguously address should be left to the mercies of the electoral process. As a lawyer and libertarian, I share Taggart's dismay at the restrictive reading which Scalia gives to the Bill of Rights and to the 14th Amendment. But we should think very carefully before endorsing Taggart's free-and-easy reading of those provisions.

There is no question that the Bill of Rights was meant to protect more than the few rights it explicitly mentions. The Ninth and Tenth Amendments prove this. But nothing in the text of these amendments, or in the writings of its authors and ratifiers, reveals what additional rights they were meant to protect.

So how are we to determine what unenumerated rights the majority may not violate? In one of two ways: either let five unelected justices "fill in the blanks" or let democratic majorities decide through constitutional amendments and statutes.

Taggart would likely argue that the former option is not as standardless as I make it sound. Several of the Founders, Taggart might argue, articulated an overarching nonaggression principle which provides guidance for determining how to fill in the constitution's ambiguous interstices. The ones who did, however, were few and far between. Even Jefferson (who played no role in drafting either the Constitution or the Bill of Rights) advocated public education. Too many of us cling naively to the notion that the Founders were libertarians. No reader of Article One, Section 8 can share that conclusion.

Taggart's approach to constitutional interpretation, then, by freeing the justices from the literal text of the constitution, would end up letting justices give consti-

tutional status to their own subjective opinions. That approach did produce the right to abortion which we libertarians defend. But, on the whole, the result of that approach would more likely be unlibertarian.

Recent history confirms that libertarian scruples carry little weight with Supreme Court justices. The same Supreme Court that invented the right of privacy in 1965 in *Griswold vs Connecticut* came perilously close to inventing a "right" to welfare five years later in *Goldberg vs Kelly*. In an infamous footnote, a five-justice majority quoted approvingly from a law review article which urged expansion of the definition of "property" under the 5th Amendment to include welfare entitlements. For a time, constitutional "rights" to public education and free housing were not far behind. Taggart's argument contains everything the advocates of such jurisprudence need to set such "rights" beyond the reach of the democratic process.

To escape this quandary, Scalia and others like him hold to the doctrine of "original intent." When confronted with an ambiguity in the Constitution — like the Ninth Amendment — we must determine what the authors and ratifiers themselves intended by it. And when their stated intent sheds no light on the question (which it seldom does), then the courts must resist the temptation of "filling in the blanks" themselves. This does mean leaving the question to an illfunctioning electoral system. But we have less to fear from that system than we do from the tyranny of five unelected philosopher-kings.

Taggart is correct when he says that the Constitution is about rights. But it is also about checks and balances — about keeping too much power out of too few hands. Taggart, I fear, would sacrifice one of these constitutional values in a dubious effort to strengthen the other.

Ron Kozar
Dayton, Ohio

Logico Bizzarro

Michael J. Dunn's lengthy letter (September 1992) is about as stupid as a letter can get. Just one example of its bizarre illogic. Mr Dunn advises: "I cannot presume to second-guess a verdict when I am not acquainted with *all* the facts relevant to the case . . . nor should anyone else."

By this logic, I suppose Mr Dunn would not "presume to second-guess" the verdicts of the show trials of Stalin, since he was "not acquainted with *all* the facts relevant" to the cases. He would not "presume to second-guess" the conviction of various individuals of the crime of speaking out against the military draft

during World War I, or the famous Supreme Court decision upholding the conviction of a New York City launderer for the "crime" of charging too low a price for pressing a pair of pants.

Janice Holman
Chicago, Ill.

Captured and Verse

Michael J. Dunn states that "... two other black passengers . . . were not mistreated in any way." The Los Angeles *Daily News* for 4/12/92 reports that "[a] passenger in Rodney King's car on the night King was beaten by police filed a lawsuit in federal court on Thursday, claiming that officers also beat him during the incident." After he was thrown to the ground, he could hear King screaming nearby, and every time he attempted to find out what was happening he was hit on the head.

Is there any legal reason why innocent witnesses to a crime are not permitted to watch the actions of the police?

It's true that King was a convicted felon on parole, but that information was not known at the time of the beating.

Whatever happened prior to the 66 seconds of the video tape does not justify one full minute of beating with batons. Police are supposed to *capture* suspects, not administer punishment. Notice also, that despite King's "aggression," no officer was hurt.

The people of Los Angeles and Ventura counties did not see "a conveniently-truncated presentation of the facts in the case," they saw the entire trial, live, gavel to gavel on channel 11. No one to whom I talked could believe the jury's verdict. Polls in both Los Angeles and Ventura county were strongly in favor of guilt.

The trial judge ruled that officer Powell should be re-tried on the charge on which the jury hung. He stated, "Based upon my view of the evidence presented at the just-completed trial . . . I find that the interests of justice *require* [verbal emphasis in the original TV report] that there be a second trial in the case of *People vs Powell*."

Despite the injustice of the acquittal, there is an even greater injustice in trying the officers again at a federal level. I always thought that it was the actions of the accused that was the body of the crime, not what each of several legal jurisdictions choose to label it.

Wm. O. Felsman
Woodland Hills, Calif.

Cancel my Subscription!

Constructive criticism is one thing. Your now vicious attacks on the Libertarian Party have turned me off!

Anonymous

Reflections

No crazy here — No sooner had Hornell Brewing announced that it was offering a new malt liquor under the brand name "Crazy Horse" than Surgeon General Antonia Novello went on the warpath. Her objection to the name? "It may appeal to drinkers who want to go 'crazy.'"

The good sense that Gen. Novello shows should be applied to other products. Lucky Strikes, for example, may have an unfair appeal to smokers who want to "get lucky," making them very popular among teen-age boys and Vegas visitors. Kool-Aid has no doubt for years taken advantage of people's desire to be "kool." While we're on the subject, maybe it's time to get "Crazy Glue" off the market.

—RWB

Are you listening, Madonna? — Bill Clinton is probably lying when he promises good government and moderate spending. George Bush is, of course, a confirmed liar. The obvious alternatives, Ross Perot and Andre Marrou, are duds. Madonna just released a book of provocative nude photos. If you're still offering "spankies" to people who don't vote, Madonna, I've left my address and phone number at *Liberty's* office.

—SJR

Resisting the Bill of Rights — It is a cliché of civil libertarians that if you put the Bill of Rights up for a vote, Americans would reject it.

Well, in Wisconsin, it *was* put up for a vote, though the franchise was limited in this case to members of the Board of Regents of the University of Wisconsin. The question was whether to rescind a rule the Regents had passed in 1989 that prohibited "hate speech" on campus. The very first amendment in the Bill of Rights prohibits government restriction on freedom of speech, a fact that had eluded the Regents until it was pointed out to them by the Supreme Court.

Well, the Regents dutifully repealed the prohibition. But in a move reminiscent of the die-hard south after the Supreme Court banned racial segregation in 1954, the Regents worked up a reworded version that they hoped might somehow survive a court challenge, or at least postpone the imposition of free speech on their beloved campus.

On September 11, the Regents dropped even this version, explaining that "racial incidents" had mysteriously subsided. By a vote of 10-6, they abolished their restriction of free speech. Progress indeed — when the issue is forced by the Supreme Court, fully 63% of the Regents of that august university support the First Amendment.

—RWB

Quiz — When natural disasters wreak devastation, the federal Disaster Relief program customarily picks up 75% of the cost of rebuilding; the remaining 25% is the responsibility of state government. But in the wake of

Hurricane Andrew, President Bush grabbed five minutes of free television time to announce that this time the feds would pay all the costs. The reason for this bold departure from precedent is (pick one):

A. That's just the sort of kinder, gentler president he is.

B. What's money anyhow? The Treasury is rolling in the stuff and needs to find a way to spend some before even more piles up.

C. Mr Bush wanted to ensure that *Miami Vice* is able to start shooting new episodes as soon as possible.

D. It's been four years since the last presidential election.

—LEL

Patrolling for bigger fish — On August 26, just after Hurricane Andrew struck Florida, the *Detroit News* quoted the following remarks of a lieutenant colonel "whose Florida National Guard battalion was deployed to discourage looters. "Looting," he declared, "is very contagious. Even good people will loot, if they can get away with it."

Well, what do bad people do when they can get away with it — smoke marijuana?

The colonel further opined that "the Los Angeles riot proved to us that looting is very difficult to keep under control." That's interesting. I thought that the Los Angeles riot had proved how important it is for law-enforcement agents to keep property owners from using guns to protect their property at such times as law-enforcement agents prove incompetent to do so.

A Florida store-owner who watched "looters walk right past him, through the broken windows to get soda pop and cigarettes," seems to have gotten the point. "What are we supposed to do, call the cops?" he asked. "The cops have bigger fish to fry at the moment."

—SC

Profiles in perfidy — Senator Ted Kennedy gave Governor Lowell Weicker of Connecticut the John F. Kennedy "Profiles in Courage Award" for raising taxes in his state, despite the fact that one of JFK's most notable achievements was his growth-inducing tax cut. But then, JFK didn't even write *Profiles in Courage* — though he accepted the Pulitzer Prize for writing it. So the award to Weicker may be appropriate, after all . . .

—JSR

Just say "no" to hurricane victims? — We all saw the horrible damage that Hurricane Andrew wreaked on south Florida and Louisiana and that Hurricane Iniki wrought on Kauai. It's no wonder that the American people have generously opened up their wallets and sent aid to the victims. And, given the sorry state of American social ethics, it should not surprise us that all Americans will be taxed to provide some additional \$12 billion in aid to those

victims.

South Florida and the central Pacific are places where hurricanes are facts of life. The National Hurricane Center reports that a total of 59 "major hurricanes" came ashore between 1900 and 1990, or about one every 18 months. *The World Almanac* lists 35 Atlantic hurricanes that inflicted substantial numbers of deaths in the Caribbean, Gulf Coast, and Atlantic seaboard in this century alone. That is one every 2.5 years. These 35 hurricanes caused the death of 24,542 people, or an average of 701 deaths per storm. In this context, Hurricane Andrew — with 55 fatalities — wasn't even much of a disaster: it would rank 29th on the *Almanac's* list.

The same is true of the latest Hawaiian hurricane. Only a decade ago, Hurricane Iwa ripped apart the same south coast of Kauai that Iniki hit. In Hawaii and south Florida, it is not a question of *whether* a hurricane will hit. It is a question of *when* one will hit.

People who choose to live in these areas realize that they face the risk of a hurricane. They can avoid that risk entirely by living somewhere else. Or, they can prepare for it by constructing hurricane-proof homes, or by buying the insurance needed to rebuild when a hurricane hits.

In the wake of Andrew and Iniki, those people who prepared for the inevitable storm, whether out of prudence, self-reliance, or the pride that prohibits living on charity, sustained negligible damage or could rebuild with the proceeds of their insurance. They have no need for aid.

So the aid goes to people who lack the pride, self-reliance, or simple prudence to prepare for the inevitable. These people are very much in evidence in Kauai. *USA Today* reported the following charming vignettes:

"Where's the federal government?" asked Milli Millari, 39, standing in line for food. "We don't know where to go to for help."

State Department of Human Services employees . . . milled around outside their building wondering what to do. "We want to help," said Renee Sandong, 32. "Our job is to furnish welfare, but how can we? We've received no instructions from anyone."

Are these the kind of people you want to reward? Wouldn't it be better for them to get a little reality check?

The \$12 billion appropriated so far will cover "100% of hurricane relief expenses." It is hard to imagine a more idiotic public policy. By the same logic, why not pay 100% of rebuilding costs whenever someone's house burns down? Whenever

someone gets in an auto accident? Whenever someone gets sick? Why not simply abolish the insurance industry and figure that the government will cough up the dough whenever anything goes wrong in anyone's life?

The message given by the President and Congress to the people of the hurricane belt is: Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we will be there to pay for the consequences of your own negligence and imprudence.

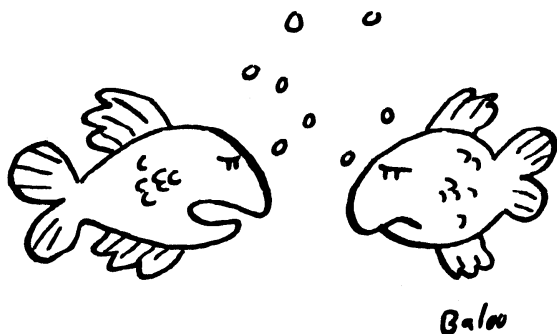
—RWB

Clinton and the draft — A lot of Clinton's supporters are genuinely puzzled regarding Clinton's continued lies and evasions regarding his draft history. Doesn't he understand, they ask, that people aren't going to hold his efforts to avoid the draft against him?

They are right, of course: most people *do* understand and even sympathize with his evasion. But they fail to understand Clinton, whose lust for political power knows no bounds. His stated reason for choosing elaborate evasion over resistance was that he wanted to maintain his "political viability." What other anti-war college student feeling the pressure of the draft was worried about being elected to higher office decades later? As a politician he wants to be all things to all men, and he fears that his evasion will offend some small segment of the population.

Truth is not really meaningful to Clinton. "Facts" are just bits of information that can be manipulated and explained away. If lying gets one greater popularity, then lie. Unfortunately, he has always depended on his personal charm to get away with his lies, and has never developed an understanding of the fundamental principles of successful prevarication. The most important principle is that it is not lying that causes problems, it is *getting caught lying*. When confronted with unpleasant information about past actions, the optimal course is to assume that one's accusers have access to virtually all information that is available, and to construct an interpretation of the events that minimizes damage to oneself.

But Clinton feared the damage that such a course might bring, and was self-confident — even cocky — about his ability to convince people of his lies. So Clinton got caught in a ratchet action. He denies a certain charge. When evidence comes out showing that the charge is true, he admits it, but offers another explanation. When new evidence shows that this explanation is a lie, he offers yet another explanation. When evidence is raised that shows the new explanation is also false, he offers yet another preposterous explanation. He didn't do anything to evade the draft, well maybe he agreed to join the National Guard, but he quit to face the draft. Oh, well, he guesses he does remember that he didn't change his mind about the Guard until he got a high draft lottery number. His uncle didn't intervene on his behalf, but, oh yeah, well, maybe his uncle did. He didn't call on his mentor Sen. William Fulbright for help, oops! yeah, now that the correspondence from Fulbright to the draft board has been found, he guesses maybe he did. He didn't ask a college roommate, who happened to have a position in the administration of Republican governor Winthrop Rockefeller, to intervene . . . oops, yeah, well maybe he did . . . And, hey, it's not his fault that he has to keep changing his story: "These



"And I say Jacques Cousteau *can* whip Lloyd Bridges!"

Republicans keep coming up with new and different stories. They change their stories every week."

Happily for Clinton, this doesn't seem to bother the American people much. The polls show that voters are responding to this long record of mendacity with one big collective yawn.

Confession is good for the soul: I am exactly the same age as Bill Clinton, and I did everything I could to avoid being drafted and sent to Vietnam. In my case, that didn't include recruiting governors or U.S. Senators to pressure my

Bill Clinton explains, "I did what my local draft board told me what the procedures were and I followed them." His draft board was different from mine. I don't recall my draft board advising me how to get the Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to intervene on my behalf.

draft board, and I think my hostility to that sort of corrupt influence-peddling might have prevented my doing so. But in all candor, I have to say that if the tactics I used — teaching school until I discovered that my eyesight failed to meet minimal Army standards — had not kept me out of the Army, I might have done the same, if I had had friends in high places.

As I write these words, CNN is playing in the background, and Bill Clinton is lying. "I did what my local draft board told me what the procedures were and I followed them." His draft board was different from mine. I don't recall my draft board advising me how to get the Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee or the Governor of my state to intervene on my behalf . . . —CAA

How sex turns conservatives into flaming socialists — The president, I think, is dangerously pink; "family values" are a stepping stone to socialism. Bring up sex, and the right starts to sound like an unholy marriage of Jeremy Rifkin and Chairman Mao, only louder.

Take this right-wing cliché: Only full abstinence from sex can provide 100% certain protection against sexually transmitted diseases; therefore, abstinence should be the public school system's recommended policy. Now change it only slightly: Only full abstinence from industrial production can provide 100% certain protection against industrially transmitted diseases; therefore, the government should embrace a policy of deliberate deindustrialization. Conservatives denounce people who say such things as cryptosocialists and environmentalist cranks. It never occurs to them that they are similarly cracked.

Life is a succession of opportunities and risks; each of us has, or should have, the right to make our own decisions as to what risks we will take. The anti-industrial puritans at least have a grain of a point —

when producers become polluters and impose risks on others, they are going too far. But mutually consensual sex is nothing like this. If a pair prefers the pleasure of unprotected sex to the possibility of AIDS, herpes, or venereal warts, that decision is their own affair, and the government has no business telling them to stop or bailing them out if their risk turns sour. Think of it as a free market in sex.

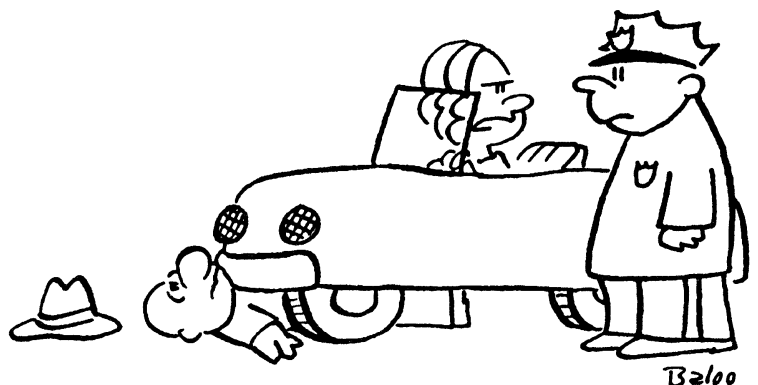
Where does the right get its neo-Naderite obsession with protecting people from themselves? It is rooted the same place as that same obsession on the left: not in concerns with safety, but with enforcing one view of how life should be lived. It is an example of social engineering, something that conservatives usually claim to oppose. The enforced lifestyle is called "the family," a classic example of doublespeak — what is being supported is one particular sort of family, preferred by only a minority of the populace; it is called "the" family to semantically delegitimize other living arrangements. When it comes to family issues, conservatives are far more statist than liberals. The latter only want to subsidize certain family arrangements, through such programs as national day care. Right-wingers want to socialize the family, by banning alternatives to their preferred familial arrangements. In the ideal world of Dan Quayle and Pat Robertson, parents will be able to send their children to any sort of school they want, but will all subscribe to the same monopoly family structure, enforced by government decree.

Families should be neither fostered nor repressed by the state. They should be let alone — laissez faire — to develop as they will. In a free society, families, like other intermediary institutions, should be creatures not of the state, but of the people who make them up and the values they hold dear. That, if the phrase must exist, is what "family values" should mean. —JW

They've got your number — A friend writes from Moscow that despite Russia's technological backwardness most telephones have caller ID. Well, no joke — they probably just threw a switch at KGB headquarters and reversed the signals. —JSR

Smoke gets in your skies — Smoking on Cathay Pacific's transpacific flights to Hong Kong is no longer permitted. Another small blow against personal liberty?

No, a small demonstration that liberty works — when it's allowed to. Cathay Pacific's smoking ban is a purely business



"You can't arrest me! — I have no-fault insurance!"

decision; no Surgeon General or legislature forced it to do so. Now people who want a completely smoke-free flight between Los Angeles and Hong Kong can enjoy one, while those who wish to light up or don't care if others do can book a seat on one of the other airlines that fly this highly competitive route. The result: No one is coerced, customers have more opportunity to get what they want, and Cathay Pacific will, if it judged correctly, reap the rewards of more dollars on its bottom line. Now if only our anointed Protectors would put that in their pipe and smoke it! —LEL

Family values in action — The pundits are puzzled over George Bush's apparently contradictory views on abortion. First he says that he thinks it should be illegal, except under certain extreme circumstances. Then he says that if his granddaughter were to want to have an abortion, it would be "her choice" and he would stand by her. So does this mean he would keep abortion legal? No, he still wants to ban it. Hmm.

But there really isn't anything difficult to understand here. George Bush is simply continuing his tradition of holding his family above the law. I'm sure that he thinks stealing money from S&L depositors should be illegal, too, but that hasn't kept him from "standing by" his son Neil. And if allegations of his brother Preston's contacts with the Yakuza (the Japanese mob) turn out to be true — why, then, he'll "stand by" his bro, too. This is what family values mean to our president.

So if his granddaughter was pregnant and wanted an abortion, I'm sure that Bush would be happy to help her out, even if abortion were made against the law. In fact, if it would help him in the polls, he might even perform the operation himself. —JW

Who's on first? — Texas Republican Senator Phil Gramm, although not too demanding that his colleagues live up to the spending-restrictions bill that bears his name, is conscientious about analyzing the cost of Bill Clinton's supposedly "moderate" taxation and regulatory plan. According to Gramm's figures, which have been ignored in the media generally, the Clinton plan to raise taxes on business and rich individuals, and to mandate a slew of programs including employee retraining, health care, and parental leave, would have cost \$125 billion if in effect in 1991. With business profits totalling \$189 billion in that year, it would have meant that 66 percent of profits would have been taxed

away.

The media, generally, are taking Clinton's "moderation" hook, line, and sinker. His economic plan is called "putting people first." First in the unemployment lines, perhaps.

—KH

The health hazards of not going capitalist — Some of the results of the Soviet nuclear program have now become public, and they're pretty much what you predicted they would be.

There's a lake where the Marxists dumped some of their nuclear waste; it's been calculated that you could get a fatal dose of radiation from standing on the bank of this lake for thirty seconds.

Of course, the Marxists were generous enough with their refuse to pollute several of the biggest rivers in Europe and Asia. And when methane built up in a mine, they exploded a nuclear bomb to disperse it, then sent the miners back to work the next day. I don't need to tell you that the officials may have been a little lax about informing the miners what might happen to them. They may also have been a bit neglectful about giving out any warnings to the 40,000 troops over whom they exploded a nuclear bomb in an attempt to impart an extra measure of realism to one of their war games.

Furthermore, who says that socialism isn't efficient? When the Soviets wanted to dispose of an outmoded nuclear icebreaker, they just detached the back end of the ship and let it and its nuclear reactors sink into the ocean.

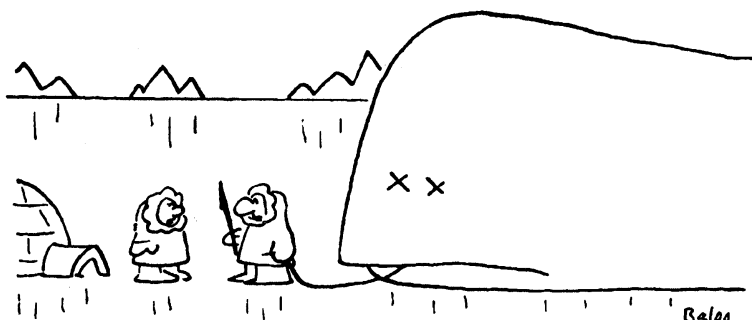
Seriously, now, shouldn't Senator Gore, whose name appears on the outside of a funny little book about "the environment," be told to stop worrying about the disastrous effects of *air conditioning*, *frozen food*, and all his other awful examples of capitalist society's *lack of communion with nature*, so he can check out what happens in places that don't have much air conditioning, frozen food, or capitalism? —SC

So much for the Great White Hope — I just watched Pat Buchanan deliver his speech to the 1992 Republican Party Convention. I have to say, if the paleolibertarians really want to make a principled political dent, they're going to have to find a new standard-bearer.

In all his speech, Buchanan made two libertarian points — less than even Bill Clinton managed. He condemned ecostatism in no uncertain terms — forgetting, I suppose, that his party's nominee continues to boast of his support for the Clean Air Act. And he slammed Governor Clinton for the bizarre limits he would place on school choice — preferring to ignore the almost as stringent caps George Bush endorses. Oh. He quoted the National Taxpayers' Union, too. I suppose that that was nice. Sorta. I guess.

What was the rest of the address about? The usual crap, of course. Censor pornography, ban abortions, shoot the queers. Make sure that women are denied equality before the law. A bit of militarism; some Spiroisms, too. The sort of things you expect from the far right.

Worst of all was his bottom line: *Vote For*



"Big deal!"

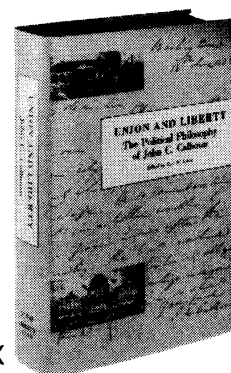
UNION AND LIBERTY: THE POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY OF JOHN C. CALHOUN

Edited by Ross M. Lence

"This is the finest collection in a single volume of Calhoun's important works enunciating all aspects of his political philosophy, a philosophy that profoundly influenced the course of American history. Calhoun's ideas continue to influence political discourse, and no doubt always will. All his major speeches are here. . . . Most important, all the selections are complete and unabridged. This is truly an editorial triumph." Robert V. Remini, Professor Emeritus, University of Illinois

This outstanding collection begins with Calhoun's two most significant works, the *Disquisition* and *Discourse*. They are followed by twelve other important speeches, letters, and political essays.

626 + xxx pages, index. Hardcover \$35.00 0-86597-102-1; Paperback \$9.50 0-86597-103-X



OTHER NEW AND SIGNIFICANT TITLES

FURTHER REFLECTIONS ON THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE

By Edmund Burke
Edited by Daniel E. Ritchie

"All large history collections will want this volume." *Library Journal*

This volume brings together, for the first time in accessible and unabridged form, Edmund Burke's most important other writings on the French Revolution.

Hardcover \$25.00 0-86597-098-x
Paperback \$ 7.50 0-86597-099-8

NEW INDIVIDUALIST REVIEW

Introduction by Milton Friedman
For the first time in Paperback

Written from 1961 to 1968, the seventeen issues of NIR set "an intellectual standard that has not yet, I believe, been matched by any of the more recent publications in the same philosophical tradition." Milton Friedman, from the Introduction

Paperback \$12.50 0-86597-065-3

ON LIBERTY, SOCIETY, AND POLITICS: THE ESSENTIAL ESSAYS OF WILLIAM GRAHAM SUMNER

Edited by Robert C. Bannister

"This is the finest single-volume edition of Sumner's works ever to appear." Ronald Lora, University of Toledo

Hardcover \$30.00 0-86597-100-5
Paperback \$ 7.50 0-86597-101-3

SOCIALISM

By Ludwig von Mises
Translated from German by J. Kahane
Foreword by F.A. Hayek

"Most readers today will find that *Socialism* has more immediate application to contemporary events than it had when it first appeared." F.A. Hayek

Hardcover \$30.00 0-913966-62-2
Paperback \$10.00 0-913966-63-0

FREEDOM AND THE LAW

Expanded Third Edition
By Bruno Leoni
Foreword by Arthur Kemp

"Bruno Leoni weaves together the teachings of economics, political science, and law with a profound grasp of the institutions that a society of ordered liberty requires." Peter H. Aranson, Emory University.

Hardcover \$20.00 0-86597-096-3
Paperback \$ 7.50 0-86597-097-1

GEORGE WASHINGTON: A COLLECTION

Compiled and edited by W.B. Allen

"Washington comes across as a real person, but an extraordinary one. For the reader wishing to have the essence of Washington at hand, this is the volume." *Wisconsin Magazine of History*

Hardcover \$30.00 0-86597-059-9
Paperback \$ 9.50 0-86597-060-2

Please send me the following titles:

☐ Enclosed is my check.

☐ Please send me a catalogue.

Name _____

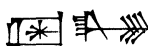
Address _____

City _____

State/Zip _____

Quantity	Title	HC/PB	Amount
Subtotal			
Indiana residents add 5% sales tax			
Total			

To order by phone, call 317-842-0880; fax 317-577-9067. Prepayment by check, VISA, or MasterCard is required on all orders not for resale. Shipping and handling and a \$15 minimum apply to credit card orders. We pay book rate postage on orders prepaid by check. Please allow approximately four weeks for delivery.



LIBERTY FUND

7440 North Shadeland, Dept. N205, Indianapolis, IN 46250-2028

George Bush. That other populist rebel of the primaries, Jerry Brown, wouldn't even mention Bill Clinton's name when he spoke to the Democratic convention. But that supposed man of honor, Patrick J. Buchanan, wasn't about to put principle before future political career. So he turned his back on all he is supposed to stand for, and endorsed George Bush. Forgive me if I do not join him, and shame on any libertarian who does.

—JW

We, The Climbing — Reading Murray Rothbard's "Me and the Eiger" (September 1992) reawakened a gnawing discontent which I felt when the article was first published in *Liberty*, and which now begs to be expressed.

The first thing that bothered me was the premise: *Jews don't climb mountains*. The author writes that any inclination to climb is an example of "goyim-nachas," and that "there is not a single Jew who has ever climbed the Eiger." When I first read this passage I thought of a man I was well acquainted with, a Jew born in Vienna in the late twenties. He fled the Nazi Anschluss with his family and spent World War Two in England, too young to fight. After the war he emigrated to help build Israel. He was a man of deep religious faith, and an intellectual, a well-known scholar in his field. Somewhere in his eventful life, he found time to climb the Eiger.

I thought of a former classmate of mine, a strict, conservative American Jew, and one of the toughest men I ever met. He, a friend of his (another conservative Jew from MIT) and I made an early spring expedition up Mt. Washington in New Hampshire. The MIT fellow and I were fairly conventional in our approach — we just climbed up the rocky peak and then went back down. But my classmate didn't want such tame thrills. He climbed the wall of a steep cleft known as Tuckerman's Ravine and then skied down on the thin carpet of snow nestled in the shadowed crevice. Later at the base he rewarded himself by diving naked into a stream formed by runoff from melted snow. The fact that I could stand in the water barefoot for only thirty seconds before the pain became too extreme gives you an indication of his stamina (or maybe my pain threshold).

But beyond these acquaintances, I thought of the founder of Jewish law. Moses is one of the most famous mountain-climbers in history. And he didn't climb mountains "because

they are there." He climbed to find God, and did. Many religions place their gods on mountaintops. It is a proper place for them, and for some Men as well.

The second problem I had with the article was the defense of a lifestyle which might be called "The Virtue of Slobbishness." There really is something revolting in the notion that it is a virtue for intellectuals to adopt sedentary lifestyles. At base, it projects a mind/body dichotomy. And I don't find going to a conference and then staying indoors very imaginative or soul-inspiring.

I once attended a seminar in rural Vermont, and one evening while others were glued to the tube I stole away to explore an old railroad gradient. Several hundred yards down I ducked through a pine grove to discover a stream cascading over granite rocks down a steep slope into a rippling lake, the whole ringed by a field shimmering with lightning bugs. I scrambled up a cool, dew-wet grassy slope to the head of the waterfall and looked down at the moonlight reflected on the dark, swelling basin. Call me anti-intellectual, but not once did I think, "Man, I could be watching TV!"

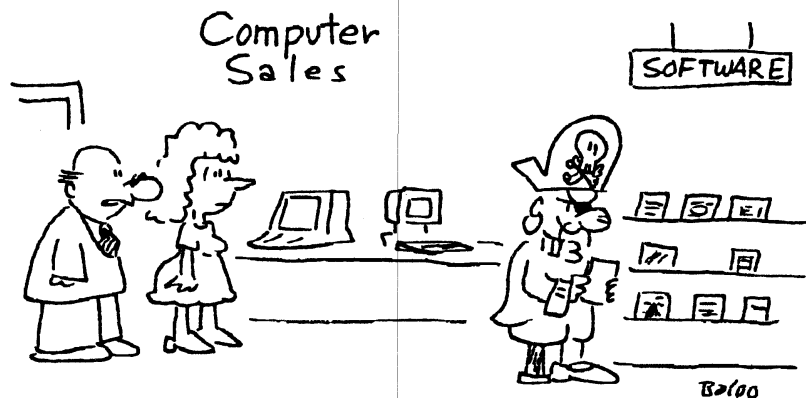
There is no rule that states one can't both climb and discuss ideas. Or if there is, I disobey it: I once scaled Mt. Liberty (appropriately) in the company of two philosophers while discoursing on Locke's theory of property rights.

And even if one is not in a conversational mood, climbing focuses the mind. Success on a climb requires not just physical fitness, but also an act of will. Mt. Liberty is on the south end of the five-peaked Franconia Ridge. Dominique, we call her, and you'll have to break New Hampshire granite before you tame her. I have a piece on my desk mined from that very spot, expertly cracked with a single hammer blow on my wedding night — but that's another story.

One can think clearly up there, far above the treeline, driving oneself onward, muscles aching, lungs straining, ascending the peaks in turn. The cold fall wind bites into exposed flesh, prompting one to tear off one's jacket and shirt, pressing onward up the final peak, Mt. Lafayette, the highest on the ridgeline, pulling oneself across the broken rock, scrambling up scree-strewn ledges, mounting the thick, jagged boulders, finally standing alone atop the pinnacle, drinking in the pure air, glorying in the blinding sunshine, with nothing but the rock, the sky, and the figure of you, laughing like a maniac.

Direct your attention northward and you will see the town of Bethlehem, New Hampshire, nestled in a valley. A popular resort in the early part of this century, it is now a retreat, a haven of artists, writers and poets. But every year Bethlehem is visited by the people who made it a resort in the first place — Hasidim, escaping the concrete grid of New York for fresh air, forests, and hiking in the White Mountains. Which brings me back to the first point.

I have nothing against couch potatoes. It is not a question of ethnic background, of intellect or of culture versus nature. It is a matter of testing oneself, of setting goals and achieving them, and of bettering one's life in the process.



"Keep an eye on that guy."

Sir Edmund Hillary said he climbed mountains because they are there. Not me. I climb mountains because I am there.

—JSR

Aborted logic — For years, pro-choice Democrats have attacked Presidents Reagan and Bush for using a "litmus test" (in this case, opposition to *Roe vs Wade*) when selecting judicial appointments. For years Republicans have denied the charge. If the recent Supreme Court decision affirming *Roe vs Wade* is any evidence, it seems pretty plain that the Democratic accusations were false: three of the five justices appointed by Messrs. Reagan and Bush voted to uphold *Roe*.

Curiously, the same pro-choice Democrats have nominated for the Presidency a man who has promised to use a litmus test (in this case, support for *Roe vs Wade*) a prerequisite for Supreme Court nomination, thereby illustrating the mendacity of their earlier criticism.

Between two and four Supreme Court justices will probably be appointed during the next four years, so the election of Bill Clinton would have several very unfortunate consequences.

It would assure that the very questionable legal reasoning of *Roe* is upheld, thereby encouraging other acts of judicial activism.

It would preclude from appointment to the Court a great many first-rate legal thinkers, including most who are pro-choice, because they are critical of the flaccid argument in *Roe*.

Most importantly, it would reinforce the equation of support for *Roe* with support for freedom of choice. Whether freedom to have an abortion is lurking in the Ninth Amendment (as Justice Blackmun argued in *Roe*), is implied by the Fourteenth Amendment (as various legal scholars suggest), or is not guaranteed by the Constitution at all, is quite distinct from whether women ought to be able to decide whether to have an abortion without interference from the state.

The judicial activism of *Roe* has fertilized the politicization of the courts. These days people who are passionately pro-choice as well as people of opposite passions demand litmus tests of judicial appointees and organize demonstrations around courthouses in an apparent attempt (vain, so far, thank God) to intimidate judges.

Well, what would have happened if the courts had concluded that the Constitution had nothing to say on the issue? Most people in most states plainly support the right to choose, and abortions would be both legal and easily available in those states. In a few states, where the more "conservative" forms of Christianity are popular, abortions would be limited or outlawed, forcing residents of those states to travel elsewhere for an abortion.

Curiously, this is pretty much what the situation is today: in certain places where conservative Christianity is pandemic, abortions are already unavailable, because physicians themselves have objections to abortion or are intimidated by aggressive anti-abortion zealots. Anti-abortionists would be fighting a losing battle, with freedom to choose gradually being established everywhere. The battle would be in legislatures and at the ballot boxes, not in the courts. When anti-abortionists lost, they would have their fellow citizens to

blame. They might bemoan the sinfulness of the modern age, but they would be far less likely to blame the perdition of abortion on a "conspiracy" of secularist, atheistic, liberal judges. The level of fanaticism and hatred would be far lower than today, and the integrity of the independent judicial system would not be at risk.

—RWB

Gore vs Quayle vs the environment — Dan Quayle runs the White House Council on Competitiveness and is the target of environmental groups for his deregulatory fervor and pro-business attitude. His message: the environment costs jobs.

The easy vote for environmentalists, then, should be for Al Gore. His recently published *Earth in the Balance* describes his eco-philosophy and his prescriptions for change. Few will fault his compassion and commitment to environmental issues. He writes constantly of the "dangerous dilemma that our civilization now faces," and how he has renewed his commitment to ecology.

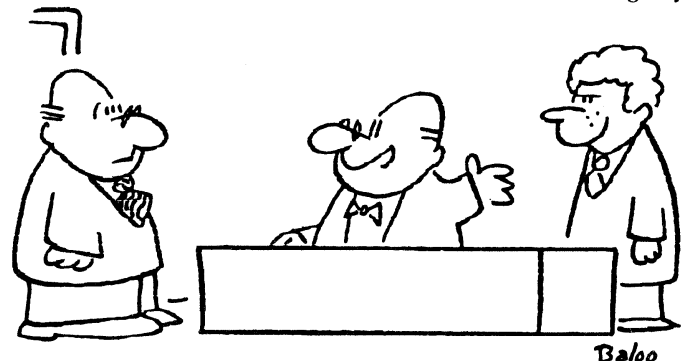
For those whose concern goes beyond a Green religion, good intentions are insufficient. His unswerving, and uncritical, environmental ideology is surely as disturbing as Dan Quayle's seeming rejection of the importance of ecological balance (all Quayle appears to be concerned with are the costs imposed on businesses).

Al Gore's prescriptions are certainly radical; some are borderline nonsense, e.g. "the strategic goal of completely eliminating the internal combustion engine over, say, a twenty five year period." Even more alarming is his explicit rejection of open scientific debate: he argues that scientists who doubt the greenhouse theory "should not be given equal weight," because doing so "undermines the effort to build a solid basis of support for the difficult actions we must soon take."

Senator Gore is right, however, when he says on the stump that there is a false dichotomy between jobs and the environment. In the long run, prosperity and environmental integrity are mutually dependent, a fact that Vice-President Quayle does not acknowledge.

Meanwhile, the Council on Competitiveness has been labeled environmental enemy number one by the Gang of Ten environmental groups. Its goal is to dismantle the environmental regulations promoted by the Green groups while bowing to its own special interests.

But Dan Quayle and Al Gore are not in comparable positions. As a member of the Senate, Gore can vote for vaguely



"I hope you don't mind if my son chews you out, Entwistle — I'm trying to get him interested in the business."

worded bills and hide among his fellow Greens, while Dan Quayle is the Bush administration's deregulatory point man. Senator Gore clearly does not face the tough decisions as a candidate that Dan Quayle does as Vice-President.

Consider this summer's flap over the enforcement and interpretation of the toxic emissions portion of the 1990 Clean Air Act. It was interpreted as an attempt by Dan Quayle and the Council on Competitiveness to weaken a piece of environmental legislation which the Bush administration had strongly supported. The *New York Times* said that the regulatory interpretation, as written by the Competitiveness Council, would allow companies to "increase air pollution without prior notice."

This is correct, but as Gregg Easterbrook writes in *New Republic*, "only in the sense that the *Times* is free to publish without prior notice; legal penalties make it unlikely this will happen." In reality, then, it was only an administrative decision about minimizing regulatory transaction costs.

It is more useful to compare Governor Clinton's record in Arkansas, where, for example, the chicken industry is given special treatment, to that of the Bush administration. Both records show that the political pressures brought to bear upon elected politicians make it unlikely that the environment will constantly win out over the economy, especially in a recession. Should Senator Gore become Vice-President, he will face the reality of such environmental trade-offs.

Perhaps he will learn that the real key to solving environmental problems is to create incentive-based solutions which are insulated from political pressures and respond to changing information and values. Property rights and markets are the best approaches to environmental problems that we have found, providing reasonably satisfactory approaches to nearly all environmental problems. This is something that neither candidate understands. Instead, each promotes his own brand of environmental demagoguery: Gore raising the spectre of environmental apocalypse, Quayle the spectre of economic apocalypse.

— guest reflection by Robert Ethier

Coming of age — However many votes the Libertarian Party presidential ticket receives on November 3, the 1992 campaign has already demonstrated the LP's growth and maturity as a genuine political force. Paid membership stands at an all-time high of 10,250, up more than 60% from 1988. More importantly, the 1992 campaign marks the first time that the LP has run a genuinely national campaign without exogenous financial support. In 1976, the campaign was funded extensively by the personal donations of Roger MacBride, its nominee. In 1980, the LP campaign was underwritten to the tune of more than a million dollars by its vice presidential nominee, David Koch. In 1988, the LP campaign was augmented by financial support from those who had supported Ron Paul's earlier career as a Republican member of Congress.

Only in its campaigns of 1972 and 1984 was the LP on its own. In 1972, the infant party's nominee was on the ballot of only two states. In 1984, the name of LP nominee David Bergland was on the ballots of only 38 states; his campaign was practically invisible.

This year, LP nominees Andre Marrou and Nancy Lord will appear on the ballots of all 50 states. What's more, the LP campaign has already begun a modest program of television advertising, with a rotation of ads on CNN Headline

News that is scheduled to last until election day. It has also run ads in Washington, D.C., and New York, and plans to roll out television campaigns in Chicago and Los Angeles, on the theory that by concentrating efforts in media centers, the campaign may come to the attention of the news media. The 1992 campaign has already eclipsed the 1988 campaign, which achieved ballot status in only 47 states and failed to run any television advertising at all.

This accomplishment is all the more impressive considering that Marrou and Lord have no personal following outside the LP, meaning that fund-raising has been limited pretty much to LP members.

—CAA

Predicting the unpredictable — A year ago, I annoyed delegates at the Libertarian Party convention by predicting that the LP nominee — undetermined at that time — would likely receive only 200,000 votes. That was 800,000 votes fewer than the guess of anyone else I talked to. But I recognized that predicting the LP vote total is an exercise in predicting the unpredictable.

The most important influence on the vote total of third-party presidential candidates is the perceived closeness of the major candidates in the polls. When the race is perceived as close, many more voters are moved by the "don't-waste-your-vote" argument than when a race is perceived as a landslide. Right now, the polls show a big margin for Clinton, but a lot can change before election day. Clinton's margin has gyrated crazily, making it difficult to project how voters will perceive the race come election day.

The bizarre performance of H. Ross Perot, who has jumped into, out of, and back into the race, has done more than provide material for television comedians. He won't be elected president, but he may spend a lot of money on television advertising, and he will get a lot of protest votes.

Okay, enough caveats. How many votes will Marrou get on November 3? I suspect that an extraordinarily substantial number of voters will not make up their minds until election day. As a consequence, the vote totals of Perot and Marrou are impossible to predict with any kind of precision. My best-case scenario — a lot of voters tire of Perot's evasion, Bush's mendacity, Clinton's sleaze, and are attracted to the LP's vision of increased individual liberty, and overcome the temptation of the don't-waste-your-vote argument — is that Marrou will receive 800,000 votes. My worst-case scenario — the polls show a close race reducing the protest vote, which goes almost entirely to Perot, and the libertarian message doesn't get through — is that the LP standard-bearer will get only 100,000 votes. My prediction of 300,000 seems like the most reasonable guess to me.

—CAA

Still Bushwacko — "He's jumping from one sinking ship to another." That's how friends of former libertarian guru Murray Rothbard describe his support for Pat Buchanan, until Buchanan got killed in the primaries, followed by his endorsement of H. Ross Perot, until Perot withdrew, followed by his endorsement of George Bush, only to watch Bush collapse in the polls.

The re-entry of Perot into the race raised the question: will the unpredictable jump back to former hero Perot or stick with new hero Bush? On October 4, Rothbard assured me that he remains loyal to the president. Of course, this left Rothbard with 30 days to change his mind again . . .

—CAA

Judgment Day

This time, do it despite fear and loathing

— On November 3rd I plan to do something I've never done before in my life: I plan to vote Republican. (I once voted for a Democrat: Arthur Goldberg, for governor of New York, but just in outraged protest against Nelson Rockefeller.) Yes, I am supporting the reelection of the President. Am I unaware of the President's shabby record: the biggest Washington spender since LBJ, instigator of an unnecessary war in the Middle East, would-be shaper of a sinister "New World Order," and the "conservative" leader who has caved in on everything from job quotas to more new taxes? Obviously, I am as aware of this as I am of his contemptible lack of principle, his nearly proverbial spine-

lessness, his hypocrisy almost surreal in its blatancy. Then why support him? Three good reasons: the two Clintons and Albert Gore. A Clinton-Gore administration would mean (a) hundreds of left-liberal federal judges and a couple of Supreme Court Justices in place for the next generation (Hillary would have a big say in this); and (b) tens of thousands of jobs in Washington filled, not by mindless opportunists mouthing conservative clichés, but by committed leftists "consumer advocate" busybodies, "civil rights" agitators, radical feminists, and eco-freaks, these last led by the lunatic "environmentalist" Gore himself. Such an administration probably wouldn't survive more than one term. In the meantime though, the cause of liberty and private property would be set back at least a couple of decades. If this doesn't convince you, then think of this, and think very, very hard: do you really want to have to listen to Bill, Hillary, and Al Gore virtually every day for the next four years? Hold your nose — and support the President! —RR

Odds off — Most days I relish the idea of a big defeat for George Bush. His ignominious loss might not only drive him from public life — finally — it would likely expel his rotten, sleazy, tax-eating crowd from the Republican Party:

James Baker, Charles Black, Rich Bond, Richard Darman, Nicholas Brady. Eccccchhhh! These guys are every Democrat's image of a Republican: complacent apologists for the status quo. They deserve a worse fate. But on other days I truly fear a Clinton victory. He is surely a scheming, ambitious, ruthless power-luster who has dreamed of being president since he was in knee-pants. His running mate is a true-believing environmental crackpot who, with a straight face, proposes to us a new "organizing principle" for civilization. One can imagine who will staff a Clinton administration. Heaven help us. Here is the best argument yet for a "none of the above" line on the ballot.

So what to do? Do what I do. Take comfort in the fact that there is not a damn thing you can do about the outcome of the election. You have about as much chance of influencing it as you have of reversing the course of the Mississippi. You'll sooner die in an auto accident en route to the polls than determine the winner. So stay at home and do something worthwhile.

Would I risk my life for one of those clowns? The question answers itself. —SLR



Making democracy safe for America —

It's not a boast but neither is it a confession: I'm supporting Bill Clinton this year. I do so not because I discern in his person or policies outstanding qualities of statesmanlike leadership that

will provide this country a new era of peace, prosperity, and liberty. There is much in what he has said and what he has done that makes me uneasy. To shower Bill Clinton with plaudits strikes me, frankly, as crazy. Still, the Arkansas governor has one noteworthy attribute that makes him the people's choice — at least this person's choice — for president in '92: he's not George Bush.

A realistic understanding of what one can and can't expect from American politics vintage 1992 yields, I believe, solid reasons for desiring a change of name on the mailbox in front of the house on 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. The case for supporting Clinton is basically similar to and derives from that for supporting a democratic system of governance. Each is

deeply flawed, and yet each is demonstrably superior to all other alternatives genuinely open to us.

If a democracy rewards blatant and egregious betrayals of trust with another term in office, it fails to exercise the one check that voters have over their would-be masters. As a matter of policy, then, we should welcome and encourage electoral outcomes that bring about the involuntary retirement of the worst of the worst.

No president in this century is more deserving of that fate than George Bush. He has, to an unparalleled degree, made a career of cynical equivocation and backsliding. I hardly need remind anyone of the 1988 "No new taxes!" pledge. It is, though, worth noting that this wasn't merely one of the hundreds of campaign promises that are routinely forgotten the day after election. Who, after all, supposes that the paper on which party platforms are printed is worth the sacrifice of even one tree? But this was different. Bush deliberately employed a rhetoric that gave him no out that would not leave him appearing ridiculous and contemptible. By his own choice the no-tax pledge was made a defining test for his qualities as an officeholder and as a man. The American public duly responded. If it now buys his excuses and vapid apologies — "Congress made me do it!" — or his desperate and demagogic juxtaposition of his one [sic] tax increase versus the 128 [sic] of Bill Clinton, this would send a signal to all future political aspirants that the citizenry's stupor is so complete that its power to punish duplicity can, for all practical purposes, be disregarded.

Nor is the tax betrayal unique. I can't think of one issue George Bush has made his own on which he hasn't subsequently flip-flopped. He (dubiously) characterized Saddam Hussein as "worse than Hitler" yet ended the Iraq campaign with Saddam comfortably in control of his torture chambers; he piously declaimed against quotas and preferential treatment yet signed a so-called civil rights bill that featured exactly that; he has presided over an efflorescence of economic regulation that makes Jimmy Carter look like a libertarian by contrast. And during the current campaign he has excoriated "tax and spend" Democrats while desperately throwing money at every possible constituency in which he could hope to buy a vote: victims of Hurricane Andrew, wheat farmers, employees of companies manufacturing superfluous tanks and fighters. If someone had designed a test case of whether there were any limits to the hypocrisy that the American electorate will bear, he could not have engineered a better experiment than George Bush.

As bad as the Bush incumbency has been, the reelection campaign has been worse. No presidential aspirant has so openly appealed to bigotry and intolerance since the George Wallace effort of 1968. There is, of course, no clear sense attaching to the "family values" slogan trumpeted so incessantly from the podium in Houston and reverberating throughout the country. But although precision of discourse is more than one has any right to expect from this generation of Republicans, the not-so-hidden message is one of exclusion. It is not only Murphy Brown who is beyond the Republican pale; so too are religious unbelievers, homosexuals, pot smokers, admirers of Penthouse centerfolds, and all who believe it is not the job of government to be the moralistic nanny of its citizens. "God is on My Side" is a pitch better suited to an Iranian Ayatollah pri-

mary than an American election, but maybe these days the deity is more whimsical and easily distracted than usual. We should not be. If this sort of sanctimonious arrogance merits any reward, let it not be an earthly one.

I'm not a Clinton enthusiast. He is, though, undeniably brighter than Bush and has displayed the ability to formulate sentences that contain subject, verb, and object. He has even shown some pluck in supporting free trade with our North American neighbors against fervent AFL-CIO protectionists and has generally gone a good way toward avoiding knee-jerk obeisance to the constituencies in front of which Mondale and Dukakis spasmodically genuflected. Clinton has eschewed gay-bashing and jingoistic flag-waving. His taste in good-time girls is, admittedly, well below Kennedy's standards, and he has ducked the opportunity to say the real reason why he avoided the draft is because he thought it moronic to risk life and limb in Vietnam. Still, he is, to put it simply, the best we can hope to get as a nominee of the Democratic party. Its self-reform, albeit modest, should be encouraged.

Conversely, the Republican capitulation to Know-Nothing, xenophobic bible-thumpers should be punished. This is a party whose standard bearers have entirely run out of ideas — assuming they ever had any in the first place. By handing it a four-year sojourn in the wilderness we afford it an impetus for embracing new ideas and a new leadership. This election, then, should be viewed as a medium-term investment in political possibilities. I look forward to George Bush's early retirement and, in 1996, to writing for this journal a semi-enthusiastic "Why I support Weld" piece. —LEL

Go for Perot — As *Liberty's* political correspondent, I was conscripted to write an endorsement of Ross Perot, when none of *Liberty's* editors volunteered to do the nasty job.

I can think of three reasons to vote for Perot:

- If Perot gets enough votes, it might frighten the major parties to take some action to reduce the federal deficit.
- If Perot gets enough votes, it might bring about a healthy re-alignment of the major political parties.
- A vote for Perot discredits both major political parties.

Of course, these reasons also apply to voting for Libertarian Party candidate Andre Marrou, who favors the Bill of Rights, unlike Perot. And wants to eliminate the budget deficit *while cutting taxes*, unlike Perot's plan to raise taxes.

But if you don't much care for the Bill of Rights and figure higher taxes are better than lower taxes, H. Ross Perot is the man for you!

—CAA

Marrou for liberty — The best argument for Bill Clinton is that he's not George Bush. The best argument for George Bush is that he's not Bill Clinton. The best argument for Ross Perot is that he's not Bill Clinton *and* he's not George Bush. The only reason that no one argues for Clinton or Bush on grounds that they are not Ross Perot is that Perot has no perceptible chance of winning.

The problem with voting for Clinton, Bush, or Perot is that none of them has any idea of how to solve the problems the nation faces. Whoever is elected will be a bad president. He will hurt people.

When I told an old friend that I was supporting Andre



Un- common policy sense.

What Has Government Done to Our Health Care? by Terree P. Wasley. The crisis in health care is the result of a long history of government meddling in the medical marketplace. In a variety of ways the state has limited the supply of and overstimulated demand for medical services. Wasley's prescription for reversing the ills of the system is to give consumers the power to control their own health care spending. 1992/160 pp./\$19.95 cloth/\$10.95 paper

A Search for Enemies: America's Alliances after the Cold War by Ted Galen Carpenter. The passing of the Cold War is the most important development of the late 20th century. Yet Washington clings tenaciously to a host of obsolete, expensive military alliances, including NATO, that have the potential to embroil the United States in conflicts unrelated to its vital interests. Carpenter proposes withdrawal from those entangling alliances and a policy of nonintervention. 1992/212 pp./\$22.95 cloth/\$12.95 paper

Liberating Schools: Education in the Inner City edited by David Boaz. America's most innovative education analysts take a good look at American schools—especially those in the inner city—and offer proposals for major structural reform. The book, which includes the editor's thorough critique of the public school system, presents a compelling case for choice in education. 1991/220 pp./\$25.95 cloth/\$13.95 paper

Quagmire: America in the Middle East by Leon T. Hadar. The author challenges the Washington foreign policy consensus, which demands that the United States remain the dominant power in the Middle East. After examining American policy through the Persian Gulf War and arguing that the United States cannot impose order in the region, Hadar concludes that it is time for America to disengage from the Middle East and adopt a policy of benign neglect. 1992/240 pp./\$23.95 cloth/\$13.95 paper

Patient Power: Solving America's Health Care Crisis by John C. Goodman and Gerald L. Musgrave. The price of health care and insurance is skyrocketing because few people spend their own money on medical services. The authors' innovative solution is to restore power and responsibility to consumers by allowing them to buy their own tax-free medical insurance and to set up tax-free medical savings accounts. The result would be a consumer-directed system of competition and innovation. 1992/550 pp./\$29.95 cloth/\$19.95 paper

Sound and Fury: The Science and Politics of Global Warming by Patrick J. Michaels. The author, an environmental scientist, writes that despite the current hype and science-by-press-release, the greenhouse effect poses no serious threat to the world we know. The most disturbing finding of his study, however, is the willingness of some to distort science to expand the government's control over our lives. 1992/208 pp./\$21.95 cloth/\$11.95 paper

Marrou, he argued for Bush, explaining, "I cannot think of a better man who could be elected to the job."

"If you were an inmate at Auschwitz," I asked, "would you argue that Eichman ought to be retained because you couldn't think of a better man who could be selected for the job of commandant?"

"Don't quote me by name in your article," he responded.

I won't. But the story illustrates an important point. The best electable candidate may not be any good, and it may not be a good idea for us to participate at all. The "don't vote" argument makes even more sense when one considers that the vote an individual casts makes virtually no difference in determining the winner of the presidential election.

But seductive as that logic may be, on election day I will vote. Voting in a presidential election offers us an especially effective opportunity to state an opinion. Refusing to vote is not an effective means of protest. Study after study shows that virtually all non-voters are motivated by indifference to the outcome, not by any desire to protest the status quo, so nobody will interpret your not voting as a protest.

If you believe that individual freedom ought to be maximized and the power of government minimized, by voting for the candidate of the Libertarian Party and its nominee Andre

Marrou you can make a powerful public profession of your beliefs.

The LP platform and its candidate, whatever their shortcomings, are proud and unambiguous advocates of human liberty. The Democrats, Republican and Perotists are not. Marrou's shortcomings as a candidate are manifest. But they are also irrelevant on November 3.

The choice is clear.

Vote for Bush and more of his wussy, semi-conservative administration, in which the power of government (as indicated by taxation) rises 15% each year, and civil liberties are trampled.

Vote for Clinton and his wussy, semi-leftist policies in which the power of government (as indicated by taxation) will likely rise 20% each year, and different civil liberties will be trampled.

Vote for Perot to protest Clinton and Bush and support Perot's "pragmatic" program that includes higher taxes, more gun controls, and suspension of Constitutional rights.

Stay at home election day and give tacit consent to the status quo.

Or vote for Andre Marrou and make an unambiguous statement of your support for human liberty and an unambiguous protest against the growth of government. —RWB

Medianotes

Bad Mommie — The cover of the October 4 *New Republic* blares "Why Barbara Bush Was a Bad Mother." Inside the magazine, Marjorie Perloff, a prominent academic and political busybody, cites as evidence her recollections of Mrs Bush (whom Ms Perloff "knew only slightly") from the time 14 years ago when her daughter Carey was a friend of Barbara Bush's daughter Dordie, her fourth-grade classmate at a private school. "Dordie . . . seemed to be largely on her own, a classic poor little rich girl . . . Sometimes when she came over to play with Carey, I would help her with her homework . . . as Carey remembers it, Dordie's mother never spent a moment with the girls when they were playing at her house, never inquired about homework, and Carey never sat down at a family dinner. . . . Mrs Bush, Carey recalls, preferred to shut herself up in her third-floor sewing room doing needlepoint. . . . once Carey was invited on a Sunday afternoon to go sailing on the Chesapeake with Dordie's father. On that particular Sunday, as Carey reported when she got home, Barbara Bush, evidently not a keen sailor, stayed home."

Wow! What a scoop! A friend of the Bushes' daughter from 14 years ago never ate dinner with the full family! Mrs Bush didn't go sailing with her daughter, but spent time by herself doing needlepoint! Time to call the child welfare office.

Whether Barbara Bush was a good mother, I do not know,

the pleading of this slight acquaintance from more than a decade ago to the contrary. Nor do I care.

Nor do I know why *The New Republic* would descend to the level of *The National Inquirer*. But I do care. When the nation's leading political magazine abandons its standards, there must be an explanation. Do *TNR*'s editors hate George Bush so intensely that they have lost their senses? Or is this merely a crass attempt to goose newsstand sales? —RWB

Radio ga-ga — This summer, I spent some time in northeastern Connecticut, a surprisingly remote area where one can go a long, long way to find a restaurant, hotel, or movie theater. I discovered how hard it is to drive a car when you can't find a radio station to redeem your empty moments.

I did find a couple of top-forty stations. At certain hours of the day, an all-news channel from New York could also be heard fairly distinctly. But I soon ran out of curiosity about the rhyme schemes of rap songs, borough politics, and traffic conditions under the East River. I began to suffer acutely. I couldn't raise a country music station. Searching for some gospel music, I found only an apocalyptic hum at the spot on the dial where the religious broadcaster was supposed to be. "Talk radio" was unavailable, even if I had wanted it.

What *was* available, and that in abundance, was government radio. No fewer than six PBS stations loudly beamed the

Why isn't everybody a libertarian?

Why aren't people breaking down doors to join the Libertarian Movement?

When you explain libertarian ideas, why aren't people dropping to their knees and protesting, "All my life, with open arms, I've waited for you and your message. How do I join? When's the next meeting? Is there a limit to how much money I can give?"

Is Something Wrong With Your Libertarian Ideas?

You be the judge.

Re-examine the political and economic ideas of Rand and Von Mises, Friedman and Rothbard, Hazlitt and Hayek, Bastiat and Heinlein, Jefferson and Paine.

Browse through the catalogues of Laissez Faire Books, Freedom's Forum and Liberty Tree.

Scan the policy reports of the Cato Institute, Heartland Institute and Reason Foundation.

Leaf through *Reason*, *LP News*, *Freedom Network News*, and *The Pragmatist*.

Or this issue of *Liberty*.

Need more proof? Compare your libertarian ideas to the statist ideas you read in the newspapers and magazines. To those you see on television. Liberal and conservative, socialist and fascist, totalitarian and populist.

Not even close, is it? Liberty wins hands down.

"You Libertarians have a 24 carat gold idea—freedom—and you can't even give it away. Ever ask yourself why?"
Congressman Sam Steiger, 1976

In 1976, I was the Arizona Libertarian Party's candidate for the congressional seat held by Morris Udall.

I lectured people who weren't interested. I debated when I should have discussed. I talked when I should have listened. I talked down to everyone.

If there was an offensive, shocking way of presenting a libertarian position—I used it.

Every so often, people would try to agree, but I didn't notice. I

couldn't take 'Yes' for an answer.

My campaign taught me how to lose friends and alienate people.

Finally, it sunk in. My problem wasn't other people. It was the man in the mirror. Me.

Do You Lose Friends And Alienate People?

Some libertarians have a more-rational-than-thou attitude. Or smarter-than-thou. Or more-principled-than-thou. Or more-ethical-than-thou.

Are your 'discussions' really lectures? Do you try to convince by beating the other person into submission? Do you behave like a tormentor, not a mentor?

And when you fail to persuade, do you blame the listener? The other person isn't rational enough, or intelligent enough, or good enough? It's always their fault?

That is the road to permanent failure.

Failure is feedback. It's telling you to do something different.

The people you don't convince are showing you what does not work. Are you paying attention?

The marketplace of ideas works just like the free market. Consumer response is a teacher. Are you learning?

The Art Of Political Persuasion.

I felt stupid and embarrassed by my campaign in 1976. But I was determined to salvage something from my experience. I wanted to learn the art of political persuasion.

I began to read. It's now over 1,000 books on psychology, epistemology, semantics, salesmanship, cybernetics, self-help, hypnosis, communication and creativity.

I interviewed specialists in communications and persuasion. I asked questions and took notes.

I applied the scientific method to everything I learned. I tested every approach, technique and format. I observed and listened.

I began to write up my results. *How To Get Converts Left & Right* and *The Late, Great Libertarian*

Macho Flash were published by Reason.

I followed these with more articles: *The Militant Mentality*, *The Myth Of Mushrooms In The Night*, *Leveraging Liberty With Language* and *Intellectual Judo*.

The libertarian audience wanted more, so I launched a seminar. *The Art Of Political Persuasion Marathon Weekend Workshop* has been offered all over the United States and Canada.

Then, I tested my teachings in the field. I was the organizer and fund-raiser for the 1988 Marrou VP Campaign, Project 51-'92 ballot effort and the 1992 Marrou For President Campaign. Between Fall 1987 and Fall 1991 I raised more than \$500,000 for these projects. \$519,344 to be exact (source: FEC).

Now, after 12 years of study, testing and results, I have produced a three hour audio tape learning program: *The Essence of Political Persuasion*.

What You'll Learn In Only Three Hours.

- How to influence with integrity.
- Open the door with rapport.
- From confrontation to conversation.
- The power of metaphors, parables and teaching tales.
- Political Cross-Dressing: how to get converts from the liberal left and the conservative right.
- The Late, Great Libertarian Macho Flash: abuses and uses of intellectual shock tactics.

- *Leveraging Liberty With Language*: the semantics of libertarian persuasion.
- Intellectual Judo: gently win people over without arguing.
- And many more easy, enjoyable and effective ways to make libertarian ideas irresistible.

Does It Really Work?

"*The Essence of Political Persuasion* is bold, imaginative and brilliant. It is the most innovative and effective program of its kind."

Andre Marrou, 1992 Libertarian Party presidential nominee.

"I've personally listened to Michael Emerling's political persuasion tapes several times. This program is great. It's a necessity, not a luxury, for all libertarians."

Jim Lewis, 1984 Libertarian Party VP nominee and 1992 Marrou For President Campaign Manager.

"Michael Emerling's political persuasion tapes are superb. I have listened to them many times. I continue to be impressed by the power and sophistication of his techniques."

Vince Miller, President of International Society For Individual Liberty (I.S.I.L.).

"I have a set of these political persuasion tapes. I had to learn it before I could teach it. Thank you very much, Michael Emerling."

Marshall Fritz, founder of Advocates For Self-Government

FREE BONUS TAPE WITH THIS OFFER

- ☐ Yes! Send me *The Essence Of Political Persuasion* Audio Tape Program for only \$29.95 and the free bonus tape—an added \$10.00 value—Emerling's *The Missing Factor In The Libertarian Equation: Self-Responsibility*.

name _____

address _____

city _____

state/zip _____

L

60-Day Trial Period
If, within 60 days, I am not completely satisfied with the Tape Program, I will return it to you for a full refund of the purchase price. And I can keep the bonus tape as a free gift.

Michael Emerling
Box 28368
Las Vegas NV 89126

same news and samer opinions into my quivering receiver. It was reassuring to know that even in a sparsely populated agricultural community, the government was able to oversupply what the population didn't care to supply for itself. I felt better when I left.

—SC

Caught in the Crossfire — The tables have turned on *Crossfire*, CNN's combative evening talk show. Since the program premiered a decade ago, leftists have complained — accurately — that the show's format, in which one host comes "from the left" and the other "from the right," was skewed toward the conservative wing of the spectrum. Right-

Sununu is basically a center-right Republican party hack. When Bush was accused of selling out conservatism, Sununu chose party loyalty over ideology and refused to criticize the President — mostly because, like his former boss, he doesn't have much ideology to speak of.

wingers were represented by Pat Buchanan and, later, Robert Novak — both strong, ideologically committed conservative spokesmen. But the left's banner was held by milquetoast liberals: first Tom Braden, a dull centrist whose "progressive" credentials include articles with titles like "Why I'm Glad the CIA Is Immoral," then *The New Republic* columnist Michael Kinsley, a neoliberal whose opinions differ greatly from the bulk of the left's. Only occasionally was a bona fide leftist allowed to say "from the left" at the end of the show, as when columnist Julianne Malvaux sat in for a vacationing Kinsley.

Plus, not only are Braden and Kinsley less ideologically committed than their conservative counterparts, but they had less on-air presence as well. Braden had none of the pit-bull intensity that works best on the show, and Kinsley, though a brilliant and witty writer, has only recently become at all tele-genic. Buchanan and Novak, by contrast, were naturals in front of the camera.

But times have changed. Kinsley, though still heterodox ideologically, has gained on-camera confidence. And Buchanan has left the program, to be replaced by former White House Chief of Staff John Sununu. Suddenly, it is the conservative side that is poorly represented.

For while Buchanan, Novak, and the various substitute hosts of the right were ideologically solid conservatives, Sununu is basically a center-right Republican party hack. In recent episodes, while Kinsley tore into Bush reelection officials for various bits and pieces of campaign sleaze, Sununu found himself weakly ascribing all of Bush's problems to "the Democratic congress." Thus, for example, when guest Paul Weyrich accused Bush of selling out conservatism, Sununu chose party loyalty over ideology and refused to criticize the president — mostly because, like his former boss, he doesn't have much ideology to speak of. Since he doesn't have much that is intelligent or original to say either, his performance soon becomes pretty pathetic.

The ideal *Crossfire* would either stop pretending to reflect a liberal/conservative division that no longer describes the spectrum of political thought or hire sharp, radical hosts from each side of what remains of the left/right divide (say, Alexander Cockburn and Samuel Francis). But if they want to make just one small positive change, they should dump Sununu. Let him play with his stamps instead.

—JW

Murphy Brown, Ph.D. — The politico-cultural war over "family values" has turned television into an ugly wasteland of pointless news reports and bogus "weighty" commentary from TV sitcoms. But wait! There is hope: sociology and the *Washington Post* to the rescue!

According to a front-page story in the September 21 issue, conventional "family values" (Ma and Pa together, raising the kiddies) doesn't necessarily grant you the blessings that the Fifth Commandment and Republican politicians advertise. It seems that certain research in our Queen of the Social Sciences, Sociology, shows *no difference* between the performance on standard mathematical tests of youths who have fathers and those who don't, when comparisons were made only between those with mothers of similar background.

Of the sample group, 1700 strong, the white females also showed no "statistically significant" differences in behavior. (The said behavior was measured, however, not through scientific observation, but by interpreting the evaluations of the mothers themselves, as recorded on questionnaires.) For black girls, Daddy's presence seemed to make them *even more* of a discipline problem. Black males blessed with fathers are unfortunately *more prone* to hyperactivity, anxiety and depression. Whither white boys? Their results go unreported in the *Post's* longish story (four half-page columns).

This story abounds with insights from the cutting-edge of science. These scientists, brave men and true, have discovered that "households with intact first marriages . . . had a significantly higher family income than the alternatives . . ." so maybe it's not "family values" after all — it's just filthy lucre that makes all the difference.

As if the father working to support his family wasn't part of family values.

As if years of equally convincing "sociological research" hadn't come to opposite conclusions.

As if people were variables in an equation.

As if the discipline of sociology ever gave us any useful knowledge that an observant member of human culture who may read a good work of fiction every once in a while doesn't already know.

As if any sane, thoughtful human being should pay these frauds a bit of attention.

That the *Post* ran this ridiculous story is no surprise. There is a war on. Libertarians might do well to think about what personal choices are most conducive to the survival and maintenance of a free and voluntary culture that will be of value to a person of humane sentiments. Liberals might do well to look at the sad facts about the economic viability — if no other viability matters — of the typical fatherless household in America. And conservatives might do well to stop idolizing a past that probably never existed, and question whether making value questions a part of public policy isn't what got us into our welfare-state mess in the first place.

—BD

Explanation

Europe's Money Mess: We've Heard It All Before

by Leland B. Yeager

On the mark, off the markka, into the dark dark dark — captains, merchant bankers, eminent men of letters . . . everybody uses money. But despite all the talk talk talk, no one seems to understand it.

In mid-September, Europe's monetary crisis captured headlines around the world. The story was endlessly told and retold in newspapers and on television, with dramatic photos of wild currency trading, interviews with everyone from heads of state to persons in the street, and pontifical explanations from talking heads.

But the attention never seemed to stray from the minutiae, the ephemeral, the insignificant: the floating of the Finnish markka, the bizarre increase in the Swedish interest rate from 16% to 24% to 75% to 500%, the floating (and sinking) of the Italian lira. A larger perspective was never presented.

To the newscasters, the "dramatic events" seemed surprising, even unpredictable. Yet we've seen it all before. The events of the past month are no more surprising than the change of seasons. When governments try to fix the exchange rates of their paper currencies, a crisis of the sort we have just witnessed is inevitable.

How It Happened

In the spring of 1991, Finland and Sweden, without formally joining the European Community's Exchange Rate Mechanism, unilaterally pegged their currencies to the ECU (the European Currency Unit, defined as a basket of the currencies of the twelve member countries). They took this action to prepare for the new economic environment emerging as Europe neared union and to gain the benefits

hoped from stable exchange rates. Stability was short lived. In November, under bearish pressure, Finland devalued the markka by 12.3 percent against the ECU. The crisis triggered speculation against the Swedish krona, which abated only after the Swedish Riksbank showed impressive firmness.

On September 8, Finland decided to let the markka float against other currencies. It promptly sank, falling 16% against the German mark. Smelling the possibility of a repeat of Sweden's devaluations of 1981 and 1982, traders sold their positions in the Swedish currency. Again the Swedish Riksbank tightened policy, raising its overnight interest rate to 24 percent, then 75 percent, and on September 16th briefly to 500 percent.

Meanwhile, the Italian lira was under pressure, thanks partly to Italy's huge public debt. The German Bundesbank had spent DM24 billion during the week buying lire, and the Bank of Italy had raised interest rates several times in hopes of stopping the lira's decline. On Sunday, September

13, Italy threw in the towel and devalued the lira by 7%.

On Monday, September 14, the German Bundesbank apparently heeding worldwide complaints, cut two key interest rates by a fraction of a percentage point. The Bundesbank had been maintaining high rates to stave off inflation feared from the monetary expansion that financed German reunification. The U.S. dollar rose 2.4 percent against the mark from Friday's rate. World stock markets reacted with euphoria, with stocks rising 2.1% in the U.S., 2.2% in Britain, 4.0% in France, and 4.4% in Germany.

The euphoria proved short-lived as the German interest cuts were recognized as hardly more than trifling gestures. The Italian lira, whose devaluation was now seen as too little and too late, came under another frenzied bear attack.

On Wednesday, September 16, the London stock market plummeted as the pound weakened to and below its floor rate in the Exchange Rate Mechanism. The Bank of England raised its minimum lending rate from

10% to 12%. When this failed to strengthen the pound, the Bank announced another increase to 15%. But before this rate increase could be put into effect, the speculation against the pound triumphed: Britain abandoned its defense, floating the pound by suspending its participation in the ERM. The Bank of England rescinded the second increase in its interest rate. The government announced an urgent meeting in Brussels later that same evening on how to restore stability to the foreign-exchange markets and recalled Parliament from its summer recess. In late New York trading that same day, Wednesday, the pound

In explaining why a house of cards collapses, it is diversionary to discuss someone's cough, the rumble of a train or airplane, or a puff of air through an open window.

dropped a remarkable 4.3 percent from Tuesday's rate.

On Thursday, September 17, Italy joined Britain in letting its currency float temporarily free of the ERM, while Spain devalued the peseta by 5 percent within the mechanism. The Bank of England returned its minimum lending rate to its pre-crisis level of 10 percent. Conjectures were rife that the Swedish Riksbank would have to abandon its defense of the krona and let it float after all. The next day, Prime Minister Major said that Britain was in no hurry to rejoin the ERM. The pound fell to a new low against the German mark, and the French franc, Irish pound, and Danish krone came under renewed bear attack.

Why It Happened

Here is where I say, "We've heard it all before." The story of minor events and rumors apparently triggering major repercussions is old hat. I recall the old days when, as an economist specializing in such matters, I was called on to explain headline-grabbing currency crises. Now, as then, although chain reactions of troubles may

be morbidly fascinating, the details are fundamentally unimportant. In explaining why a house of cards collapses, it is diversionary to discuss someone's cough, the rumble of a train or airplane, or a puff of air through an open window. Yet as Jacques Ellul observes in *The Political Illusion*, the public has an appetite for the latest news, dramatically portrayed; and this appetite crowds out attention to fundamentals.

The European Monetary System, with its Exchange Rate Mechanism, replaced predecessor arrangements (the so-called "snake") early in 1979. The EMS with ERM is essentially a European miniature of the worldwide Bretton Woods system.

At the end of World War II, the Bretton Woods agreement introduced a system of fixed but occasionally adjustable exchange rates among independently managed national currencies. The system suffered recurrent episodes of one-way-option speculation as speculators seized heads-I-win-tails-I-break-even opportunities. When a pegged exchange rate is seen as no longer correct, the direction of any adjustment is evident; so speculators betting on that change reap big gains if it does occur and suffer only small losses if it is somehow avoided. The crises of 1947, 1949, 1956, 1957, 1961, 1964, 1967, 1968, 1969, and 1971 illustrate this point. For morbid fascination, one might well review the events of January to March 1973 in the final stage of the system's long-drawn-out collapse. (A similar chain reaction had already occurred in 1931, during the collapse of the international gold standard, which had been restored after World War I in a modified form foreshadowing Bretton Woods in crucial features.)

Crises of this sort had already occurred within the European Monetary System before the events of September 1992, some culminating in official exchange-rate readjustments. But crises had been less conspicuous in the EMS than under the Bretton Woods system for two reasons. First, the EMS is a local rather than worldwide system. Second, EMS members have been less insistent on national monetary independence and more willing to accept

the anti-inflationary lead of the German Bundesbank.

In essence, the ERM is a scaled-down version of Bretton Woods. As it exists so far, it is an incoherent straddle between two extremes, either of which *would* be workable. First, exchange rates might float freely among independent national currencies. Second, exchange rates might be permanently fixed — but it is hard to see how permanence would be credible unless exchange rates themselves were abolished, that is, unless a single currency replaced the formerly separate ones. Unmysteriously, an incoherent straddle is crisis-prone.

Policymakers and the public give too much attention, I think, to the subordinate issue of exchange-rate arrangements and too little attention to what exchange rates *are*, namely, relative prices between distinct national currencies. What sorts of things are these currencies? Since the gold standard collapsed over the period 1929–1936 and especially since all pretense that currencies have a meaningful gold

How long will national governments continue to get away with running up debts repayable in nothing more definite than pieces of paper of undefined value printed by themselves? That this absurdity has gone generally unrecognized for so long must trace to some deep-seated money illusion.

basis was abandoned in 1971, each currency is a mere fiat unit of undefined value. The purchasing power of the dollar depends on interaction between demand for money denominated in dollars and the supply of dollars. The supply of dollars is ultimately subject to active or passive control by the Federal Reserve, unrestrained by any clearcut rules or guidelines.

It is absurd for currencies to remain undefined in value and that their val-

continued on page 26

Objection

Drafting School Kids

by Loren E. Lomasky

A moronic idea, loved both Left and Right, will be tried out in Maryland.

Too many students leave the public schools unable to spell, do long division, or locate Europe on a world map. The inferior quality of its educational product is, then, one reason to be leery of a state education monopoly. But that's not the only worrisome aspect of public education.

Monopoly confers power, and that power is magnified when consumption of the good in question is compulsory. Imposition of controversial curricular decisions is one way in which the state has imposed its preferred conception of education on reluctant parents and children. And now we observe an increasing tendency to employ this power outside the classroom.

Maryland recently became the first state to require all students to perform community service as a price of being allowed to graduate. As of the 1993/4 school year, all incoming ninth grade students will be required to complete 75 hours of service as defined by local school officials and approved by the superintendent of education. South Carolina and the District of Columbia seem set to follow, and the cities of Atlanta, Detroit, and Springfield, Massachusetts already have similar requirements on the books. Apparently it's an idea whose time has come — but how good an idea is it?

Some critics of mandatory community service (MCS) charge that its guiding idea is incoherent. The professed aim of MCS, they note, is to en-

courage a charitable reaching out to others in distress, to instill in students a spirit of civic volunteerism. But to require voluntary service is blatantly contradictory.

This objection is on the right track but, as stated, misfires. As Aristotle pointed out in the *Nicomachean Ethics*, individuals become virtuous (or vicious) through being habituated to perform virtuous (vicious) actions. Children initially are directed by externally imposed threats and rewards, and so what they display is only the outward appearance of bravery, temperance, liberality, etc. However, if the training "takes" they will increasingly internalize the desire to act in such ways. What was officially compelled becomes an aspect of their own character. Every parent knows what it's like to push a reluctant child into worthwhile activity — practicing the piano, visiting crusty old Aunt Sally, turning off *Beverly Hills 90210* to do homework — in the hope that eventually the child won't need the push. A case for MCS can, therefore, be made as an application of Aristotelian moral

education, the aim of which is to render students more charitable than they otherwise would be.

But while there's nothing contradictory about teaching the worth of volunteering via voluntary means, a state-imposed MCS requirement is defective in theory and practice. The impersonal and unwieldy school bureaucracy can log the requisite service time, but it isn't able to provide the careful monitoring and reinforcement that parents and other suitable moral educators afford. A desultory hour of service will count for the same sixty minutes as one offered enthusiastically; wasted efforts will chalk up the same credit as those in which someone may have actually been helped. The lesson that most students will learn is how to get by on the cheap.

An additional and deeper problem is posed by the need to determine what will and will not be allowed to count as fulfillment of MCS. As creations of the state, public schools are required to display neutrality toward the diverse conceptions of the good held by the citizenry. Unlike private parties,

they are not at liberty to adopt partisan positions on disputed issues of religion, politics, or morals. In practice, of course, neutrality is often strained. MCS will stretch it past the breaking point. Suppose that Johnny wants to put in his 75 hours working on the Libertarian Party ballot-access drive, Fred his distributing Jehovah's Witness tracts to people whose eternal souls are in jeopardy, and Jill her time standing in front of the Planned Parenthood clinic handing out glossy color photos of dismembered fetuses — will they be allowed to do so? If not, the school system is exercising an illegitimate veto over a value commitment that the student has every right to maintain. But if no qualitative requirements are imposed, then MCS becomes the near-vacuous requirement that students choose something to do for which they don't receive a pay-

check. (But isn't that to impose the controversial value claim that there's something especially meritorious about laboring without financial compensation?)

The only lesson that most students will learn from mandatory community service is how to get by on the cheap.

The point is that judgments of what constitutes service of the good and what constitutes hindrance of it are necessarily made from some peculiar point of view. Parents, churches, and voluntary associations are entitled to

make such judgments, no matter how idiosyncratic, and to act on their behalf. That is why they can be forces for moral education (and miseducation): through advocacy and example they pick out certain ways of life as worth pursuing and others as to be shunned. Character is formed in children as they progressively come to take on or reject such perspectives. But in a liberal order the state is expressly barred from such advocacy. The dilemma, then, is this: MCS guidelines that sharply distinguish permitted from impermissible activity necessarily are illiberal, but toothless guidelines leave the concept of service an empty shell.

Teaching the 3 R's is something that the public schools can do, even if too often they botch the job. Let them spend an extra 75 hours on that task rather than take on another that they are congenitally incapable of fulfilling. □

Leland Yeager, "Europe's Money Mess," *continued from page 24*

ues should precariously depend on the changeable policies of central banks, which are constantly badgered with short-run-oriented advice from home and abroad, including advice from the likes of Treasury Secretary Brady.

Nowadays we hear on all sides that inflation is no longer the problem and that policy should turn towards "stimulating" economies. The several consequences of monetary policy stretch out over many years, and with lags of different lengths. Ignoring inflationary concerns today will make inflation heat up again in the future, causing a tightening of policy and the consequent relapse into recession.

When will the kibitzers, and the policymakers themselves, take the demonstrated perversity of stop-and-go policy to heart? When, also, will they and journalists and the general public cease parading their ignorance

of what interest rates are all about? Although subject to distortion by central bank policy, interest rates are determined fundamentally by "real" factors. They are prices with allocational functions. They are not just numbers arbitrarily set by central banks — at low levels when the central bankers are feeling benevolent, at high levels when they are in a stern mood.

How long will national governments continue to get away with running up debts repayable in nothing more definite than pieces of paper of undefined value printed by themselves? That this absurdity has gone generally unrecognized for so long must trace to some deep-seated money illusion, as Irving Fisher called it — the illusion that the dollar is a stable measure of value, or, if its value is not exactly *stable*, that its value is objectively given by the supply conditions of

goods and services.

More than fiddling with exchange-rate arrangements, we need attention to the character of currencies themselves. Although defining currencies in gold (or silver) was at one time probably the best solution, better solutions are now available. Ways can be found to give the dollar nearly a fixed purchasing power over a wide range of goods and services. Currencies might be sheltered from governmental mismanagement through privatization.

It is on these issues that attention should focus. It would be a shame to foreclose fundamental reform by premature embrace of pseudo-internationalism in the realm of exchange rates and money — which is just what both European and American politicians seem intent on doing. □

Moving?

If so, we understand that things may be a bit topsy-turvy

right now,

but it really is important for you to send us your new address information. If you don't, the Post Office is liable to rip off the cover of your magazine, send us the correction, and charge us for the service.

If you wish to receive *Liberty* without interruption, please notify us of your new address four weeks in advance, enclosing your current mailing label to expedite the process.

Send to:

Liberty
Circulation Dept.
PO Box 1167
Port Townsend, WA 98368

The Sociology of the Ayn Rand Cult

by Murray N. Rothbard

Read the perceptive, provocative, *notorious* analysis of the Ayn Rand movement in its heyday! Send \$4.00 to:

Liberty, PO Box 1167
Port Townsend, WA 98368

Memoir

The First Time: I Run for President

by John Hospers

In revolutionary Nicaragua, the slogan for voting was "the first time, do it for love." In running for President of the U.S. two decades ago, philosopher John Hospers had more complicated reasons.

It was just twenty years ago that the first national Libertarian Party convention met in Denver, Colorado. Dave Nolan, who had founded the Colorado party a few months before, sent invitations for a national convention to be held the third week in June 1972, to all persons who had expressed interest in libertarian ideas. A few other states, including California, had taken the lead from Dave and founded their own state parties.

Almost a hundred people responded to the invitation. We met at the Radisson Hotel in Denver. Most of us had never met one another. Many were disappointed supporters of Goldwater's candidacy in 1964; a few had come via free-market economics and the works of Mises, Rothbard, and Hazlitt. A larger number were followers of Ayn Rand and had attended the Nathaniel Branden Institute lectures. Almost all had been strongly influenced by *Atlas Shrugged*.

It was a friendly group, and an idealistic one, bound together by a common purpose: to promote the ideas of freedom and to halt the slide towards big government. Many of us felt that we were present at the beginning of something of great importance, certainly for us, and possibly for the future of our country.

At Bill Susel's urging I decided to attend the convention, so that I might help to work out a satisfactory platform for the new party. For two of the three days of the convention, we argued every plank in the platform in detail with frankness and enthusiasm.

Pip Boyles, Dave Nolan's associate from Colorado Springs, had already written the outline — more than the outline — of a good platform, and it is from his script that we worked. And work we did, far into the night, while another group worked on rules and procedures. The things we agreed on were passed quickly, but hours were often spent on details, such as whether their should be any limits on abortion after the first three months of pregnancy. Everyone agreed about involuntary selective service, but there was quite a bit of disagreement about certain aspects of international relations, such as under what conditions a nation was justified in going to war. But step by step, we worked out a platform we could support.

The next step, suggested by Dave Nolan, was to prepare a written statement of principles for the new party. A number of delegates submitted their own proposals and read them aloud to the assembled group. Some of them were ten or twelve pages long, and took half an hour to read. Some of them were lengthy Randian attacks on mysticism; others detailed the evils of collectivism and of government itself.

We sat through hours of this, with mounting impatience. There was a party scheduled to begin at midnight, but we worked on. By 2 a.m., most people there were three sheets to the wind. It was in this condition that I felt a tap on my shoulder and heard Dave Nolan saying to me, as in a fog, that he would like me to attempt writing a statement of principles, immediately, to be read to the delegates in the morning.

I don't know of anything that could have sobered me up faster. The first moment I felt an immense burden; then, a few moments later as the germ of an idea occurred to me, I saw it as an opportunity. I went to my room with a yellow ruled pad and tried to compose a few thoughts. I decided to make it brief, and as clear as possible. There would be no reference to Objectivism or any of the particular underpinnings of libertarian ideas — I was aware that different delegates had come to this meeting with different convictions about philosophical bases, and that what unified us all was a political philosophy, not metaphysics. As a few phrases began to come to me through the fog, I found myself consciously emulating the language of the

Declaration of Independence, including its styles and rhythms. I asked myself which points were absolutely the most fundamental, and resolved to restrict myself to these — the centrality of freedom, the fundamental rights of man, and the consequences for humankind of accepting and acting on these principles.

Along with several others, I presented a tentative statement of principles to the assembly the next morning. Several changes were suggested; Tonie Nathan added a sentence on property, which I thought appropriate, and it was inserted.

Retreating to the typewriter in an adjoining room, I typed the piece in its final form, and presented it at once to

Many of us felt that we were present at the beginning of something of great importance, certainly for us, and possibly for the future of our country.

the assembly. To my surprise, it was accepted unanimously. Reflecting on this later, I could think of no other occasion on which an assembly of libertarians approved anything unanimously, and I was more than ever grateful for their trust and good-will.

There was one remaining task for the convention, selecting a presidential candidate. Not everyone was sold on this project, but the majority at the convention thought it would be the best way to become known nation-wide in a short time. If libertarians were ever to become recognized by the general public, it would be desirable for them to be represented in the political arena — even though some of the delegates had very understandable reservations about being in that arena.

I am not sure why in the end I was nominated as the presidential candidate. I had not been as active in libertarian circles as some others. I would have been delighted if Ed Clark or Ed Crane, both of whom were at the convention, had received the nomination. I assume that what the party wanted in

this initial state was “intellectual respectability”; I was a professor of philosophy at USC and I had written the book *Libertarianism*, which some of the delegates had with them at the convention, and which was even quoted on several occasions to bolster one or another position that was being discussed.

I was also delighted that the convention nominated Tonie Nathan for vice president. I had met her at the convention and had come to like her very much for her uniformly sensible suggestions.

I was grateful for their confidence, if that is what it was, but of a divided mind about the sudden candidacy. All my life I had been in the Ivory Tower. It was not that I felt unable to talk with people on all levels — I never really outgrew my humble roots in Iowa — but I had never so much as dreamed of entering political life, and I dreaded the unknown even while it presented a challenge of a kind I had never before faced. I was not at all sure that I could live up to this challenge, and was afraid that I might let down all those delegates who were so full of hope for the future of the new party. It was a humbling thought, which occupied my mind as I flew back to Los Angeles.

The plane was three hours late and did not arrive in Los Angeles till 3 a.m. Word about the convention had preceded me, and in spite of the late hour, more than fifty people were at the airport cheering me as I got off the plane. All this was so totally unexpected that I scarcely knew how to react. I was moved and grateful, and don't remember what words I uttered before we disbanded for the night. I remember showing some of them the day's copy of *The Rocky Mountain News*, in which there was an article about the convention, and pictures of Dave Nolan, Tonie Nathan, me, and some other delegates. In all my years in academia, though I had sometimes been praised and sometimes cursed, I had never once been cheered. And so, I thought, begins the Political Era in my life, the first step into the Dark Unknown. I hoped that I could discharge this obligation in a way that would not dishonor the new party, which was so full of hope and idealism. When I reflected that one hasty remark from me at the wrong time might seri-

ously compromise the whole enterprise, I felt more than ever humbled, dubious, and a bit frightened.

The Early Campaign

Then the political commitments began. My first appearance was at the Libertarian Supper Club in Los Angeles. I had frequently attended its meetings, but never as a political candidate. The club was composed largely of libertarian anarchists, who were (to put it mildly) not impressed by the fact that one of their number had deserted their principles by giving recognition to their Enemy, the State. A few days later, I was called on to make some remarks at the Los Angeles Press Club, with reporters and the media present (my first experience with the Fourth Estate). For that occasion I prepared a few comments, “Restoring Liberty in America,” explaining why libertarians had formed a party and the direction in which we wanted America to go. This brief talk was printed and widely distributed among the growing group of libertarians in Southern California.

I kept in telephone contact with Dave Nolan, who was already arranging an itinerary for campaign trips across the country, one for Tonie Nathan and one for me. The thought of a campaign trip frightened me somewhat but, I thought, this will be a once-in-a-lifetime experience, and worthy of remembrance if I don't botch the job. Of course, I was familiar enough with most of the libertarian positions, and the arguments for and against them, having spent hundreds of hours on this matter the year before when I wrote *Libertarianism*.

But I was not very confident at this point of my ability to communicate libertarian ideas extemporaneously, in the give-and-take of questioning. After all, this wasn't a classroom, where one could presuppose a certain background of ideas, and develop a line of thinking point by point, from one week to another. I was not at all sure what questions or comments the “great unwashed” might throw at me, or how I would respond to questions that demanded a facility with abstract concepts for their clarification. I tended at the beginning to prepare my speeches in written form, honing them as finely as I could in the quiet of my study, care-

First draft of Statement of Principles

June 1972

PREAMBLE

John Hospers

We, the members of the Libertarian Party, challenge the cult of the omnipotent state, and defend the ~~freedom and dignity of man~~ *rights of individuals.*

We hold that each person has the right to exercise sole dominion over his own life, and possesses the right to live his life in ~~any~~ whatever way he chooses, so long as he does not forcibly interfere with the equal right of others to live their lives as they choose.

Governments throughout the world have to varying degrees operated on the opposite principle, that the state has the right to use and dispose of the lives of individuals and the fruits of their labor. Even within the United States, all political parties other than our own grant to government the right to control and regulate the life of the individual and seize part or all of the fruits of his labor without his consent.

We, on the contrary, deny the right of any government to do these things, and hold that the ~~sole~~ sole function of government is the protection of the rights of individuals: viz., (1) the right to life - and accordingly we approve legislation that prohibits the initiation of force against others, such as killing, maiming, injuring, and all forms of physical assault on life and limb; (2) the right to liberty of speech and action - and accordingly we oppose all attempts to abridge the freedom of speech and press, as well as government censorship in any form; and (3) the right to property - and accordingly we approve legislation *protects such rights, such as patent and copyright, and legislation which* that prohibits confiscation, nationalization, robbery, trespass, fraud or misrepresentation, ~~patent copyright~~, libel, and slander.

Since government has only one legitimate function, the protection of individual rights, we oppose any encroachment of government into the area of voluntary or contractual relations among men, other than to protect such relations. Men should be left free by government to deal with one another voluntarily as free traders on a free (uncoerced) market; consequently the only economic system incompatible with man's rights is laissez faire capitalism.

fully deciding when to be factual and when to try to be inspirational. I hoped this would keep me in control of things at least during the presentation, and would guide the range of questions that would be asked in the discussion period. Only later in the campaign did I speak extemporaneously with confidence.

I still don't know how Dave Nolan scared up enough money for my various trips, but it was always forthcoming.

There would be no reference to Objectivism or any of the particular underpinnings of libertarian ideas. What unified us all was a political philosophy, not metaphysics.

ing when the need arose. So far as I know, these early contributors to the campaign have never adequately been recognized. Whatever difficulties there were in financing the campaign were never revealed to me. If the situation was precarious, I was spared that knowledge.

The campaign began modestly enough; a speech to the fledgling California Libertarian Party in Los Angeles; a trip to San Francisco, and a couple of talks there, as well as several radio and television interviews — all chatty and informal, and I wondered why I had ever dreaded the prospect; speeches in San Diego and Monterey, featuring my first discussions with college students outside of USC, then a repeat performance in Santa Barbara. I spoke on the concepts of limited government, on human rights, and on the economy — regulation, inflation, and the dangers of having the welfare state and the military-industrial complex going full-speed ahead, and on the meaning of freedom of speech and press, and tolerance of dissent in a republic such as ours.

I was surprised at the degree of people's ignorance of the difference between a democracy and a constitutional republic; and on the difference between actions of government, which are always coercive, and the actions of indi-

viduals acting voluntarily and in mutual consent. It was immensely rewarding to see some of these individuals suddenly "see the light" as the implications of these distinctions came home to them.

Crossing the Country

The day after Labor Day, the national campaign began. Dave Nolan planned the itinerary for Tonie Nathan and me. The tickets were sent to us and we had only to get into a plane and go to the appointed places. My first scheduled stop was Dallas. As a new member of the political profession, I really had no idea what to expect. I exited the plane and was ushered into an adjoining room, full of reporters and what seemed to me about a hundred thousand kilowatts of bright lights. I had tried to prepare myself for every question that might be asked. But never in a thousand years would I have anticipated the first question that actually was asked: "Don't you feel that you need a bodyguard, coming to Dallas?"

Of course — Kennedy had been assassinated in Dallas. I assured them that I felt as safe here as anywhere else, and that any insecurity I felt was not for life and limb. With the ice thus broken, I answered numerous friendly questions: what was the new party all about? What were its aims? What were its hopes for the future? I answered as best I could, aided by the warm and friendly atmosphere. When one reporter asked me, mostly in jest, "What will you do for me if you are elected?" I replied, "I'll leave you alone" — the first of several occasions on which I would give that response.

After the press conference, I was ushered into the reception room of a downtown hotel, where the better part of a hundred libertarians and their friends had a large assortment of foods and drinks ready. I thought I would be expected to say something formally, but I wasn't. They just wanted to meet the candidate and make sure that he was having a good time. They expressed gratitude that I had been willing to take on this job, and they asked me about the air trip and the coming campaign — they apparently knew all about the Denver convention. A small band of libertarians had met in Dallas for some time, discussing issues among them-

selves and feeling intellectually isolated from the rest of the public. Having a national party, and the prospect of a larger network of communication with like-minded people, they now felt less isolated, and seemed genuinely grateful to have "an official representative" of the new party here in their midst. Their enthusiasm was contagious.

Halfway through the evening I was driven again to the airport, en route to Houston. Houston was unbearably hot and humid, and the overworked air conditioning system in the hotel kept me awake for hours — as if reflecting on the unknown future was not sufficient. The next day was filled with various appearances, interviews at several radio stations and one on television, and newspaper reporters who showed me the article from a Dallas newspaper about my remarks at the airport, along with pictures of the event. In the evening there was an elaborate banquet. There was no formal address, but lots of questions, mostly about the coming campaign and our hopes for the future. The atmosphere was so warm that I really wanted to stay awhile. But the prepared schedule required that I fly to Oklahoma City for another round of meetings. It was all happening very fast, and I was becoming a bit adjusted to the pace. The one thing I found difficult to endure was the country-western music played loudly on the car radio as different people taxied me around. But, I thought, "I won't say anything — I am now a Servant of the Party, to do its bidding come what may." But I would have liked to hear a few refrains of Bach and Handel. In Texas, apparently, this was not an option.

In Oklahoma City there were a couple of radio and television interviews, but the main event was an address at the University of Oklahoma at Norman. To my surprise, there was a packed house. I discovered later that this was less because of the new political party than because several of the professors had used a few of my books as textbooks (ethics, esthetics, introduction to philosophy) and they had threatened their students with dire consequences for failing to attend.

That evening I received my first baptism of fire: complicated or confused questions for which one-minute answers were expected in an over-

regulated question-and-answer session, which tested my abilities at condensation to their limit. Some of the professors there were devout Marxists who took practically everything I said as heresy, refusing at first to believe that a supposedly respectable academic could take the notion of a "night-watchman state" seriously. Among this group, there was first disbelief and then sarcasm.

It was here that I began to become accustomed to questions like "What are you going to do with the poor, let them starve?" and it was difficult in a brief compass to present a vivid picture of a flourishing economy in which poverty was reduced to a minimum. Many seemed to assume that I wanted to impose libertarian changes wholesale on the present economy, crippled by taxes and regulations, but I tried to present some "gradualist" steps by which this ideal could be realized. My answers were plausible only in a broader context. But the framework of the political campaign made it impossible to present the broader context.

I tried to rise to the occasion, but I am sure that many members of the audience thought I was quite wacky. They could not believe that the author of such sensible textbooks would be capable of saying such absurd things. But the libertarians seemed to like it, and at a late-night beer-and-sandwich session, they expressed their gratitude that I had taken these people on.

It was late that night when I arrived at the home of Dr Marvin Edwards, soon to be a member of the U.S. House

All my life I had been in the Ivory Tower. I was not at all sure that I could live up to the challenge of political life.

of Representatives, and author of the book *Medicine and the State*; I had found his book very helpful in arriving at my views on medical policy. I had a pleasant discussion with him, and spent the night at his home — a short night because one of the Oklahoma libertarians arrived at 6 a.m. to drive me to the airport.

When I arrived in Tulsa, I was

ushered to a hotel where several dozen libertarians were already seated at breakfast. The breakfast session consisted mostly of "libertarian small talk," but it was full of encouragement and enthusiasm. I was sorry that I had to leave within the hour for a flight to Chicago.

In Chicago, my path crossed Tonie Nathan's. We spoke in a large auditorium at Northeastern Illinois University. How the Chicago libertarians managed to fill an auditorium on such short notice on behalf of a hitherto unknown political party, I do not know. But the session was a long one, lasting until after 1 a.m., so there was time to cover most of the major issues in libertarian thought.

My Chicago cousin, Dr Lasca Hospers, was there with her two high-school children, in order to hear "the true political doctrine" from the horse's mouth. So many libertarians — some of whom had come from neighboring states for the occasion — kept plying me with questions about such a diversity of issues that the non-libertarians in the audience seemed almost abashed into silence. The evening was so satisfying that I thought to myself, "Perhaps I'm finally beginning to earn my keep as a spokesman for libertarianism."

After a couple of radio interviews the next day — the Chicago newspapers didn't consider the event important enough to cover — I was taken to O'Hare Airport, this time departing for Boston. A group of Harvard and MIT libertarians treated me to dinner at a fine seafood restaurant, and after expressions of goodwill and good luck I was driven to Nashua, New Hampshire, where a party was already in progress. After much conversation and a few drinks, I collapsed into bed.

There were newspaper interviews and radio talk shows the next morning, but the main event was an interview with a reporter (whose name escapes me now) from the *Manchester Union Leader*, a nationally influential newspaper that has the reputation of making or breaking presidential candidates. The reporter was sympathetic to libertarian ideas, and asked excellent probing questions of a philosophical nature such as I had been accustomed to in my classes. I savored the experience of being able to treat issues in detail, and to clarify terminology before endeavor-

ing to answer a question directly — quite unlike most reporters' questions. The interview lasted more than three hours, and the reporter had hopes of devoting four columns on page 1 of the paper to a discussion of the Libertarian Party, on the basis of this interview. I emphasized particularly the differences between libertarians and conservatives. "This is the most satisfactory political

As a few phrases began to come to me through the fog, I found myself consciously emulating the language of the Declaration of Independence, including its styles and rhythms.

philosophy I have ever encountered," he said, "and we are going to put the Libertarian Party on the map."

I was greatly encouraged at the prospect of the publicity that would attend a detailed article in the *Manchester Union Leader*. Not until afterwards did I hear the bad news. The editor was quite sympathetic to libertarian ideas, and pondered the issue for some time; but, he finally decided, we were at the beginning of a close election campaign between Nixon and McGovern, and it was of vital importance that McGovern be defeated. Therefore anything that could possibly cast any cloud over the Nixon campaign should not be discussed in the newspaper, at least not until after the election. And that was that — the article was killed. But fortunately I did not know this at the time, and I was still in high spirits when I enplaned for Philadelphia.

The Late Campaign

Then followed a day and a half in Philadelphia — radio and newspaper interviews and a banquet at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel. There I encountered, among the many libertarian enthusiasts, a group of libertarian anarchists. Anarchism had not surfaced very much as an issue during the campaign — perhaps because a night-watchman state was perceived as being at least preferable to Big Brother, and also because committed anarchists de-

clined to have anything to do with the new party and didn't come to these meetings.

I was something of a pragmatist on the issue of limited government versus anarchism. If anarchism could be made to work, fine, but I didn't see how it could, at least at this point in American history, with government so thoroughly entrenched. I had problems about competing defense agencies, and a plurality of legal systems in the same geographical area. But little of this came up during the campaign, and the real battles on this issue lay in the future.

I did come out as a "moderate" on many issues, a stance that was not welcome to all libertarians. Some, probably because of their own experiences with government, were such knee-jerk anti-governmentalists that I had only to use the word "government" in a talk and they would yell "Boo! Boo!" Others were hostile to government in a more studied way. Some believed, or spoke as if they believed, that there should be absolutely no restrictions on human behavior as long as people did not kill or steal outright: no laws of defamation (libel or slander), no patent and copyright, or anything else that did not per-

When I reflected that one hasty remark from me at the wrong time might seriously compromise the whole enterprise, I felt frightened.

tain directly to the imposition of physical force.

The Iowa Interlude

After Philadelphia it was time to return to California and the opening of classes at USC. But the journey back traversed my home state, Iowa, and at the time of planning the itinerary I had requested of Dave Nolan that I be able to spend a couple of days there with my family and relatives. It was to be a brief vacation interlude in the campaign — so I thought it would be when my cousin picked me up at the Des Moines airport. But that was not to be. A lecture had already been scheduled at my alma mater, Central College, and I was told

that many people would be waiting to hear what I had to say. I had no idea what the intellectual complexion of the college was, having graduated years before when there was no particular political stance there at all. I found, however, that some professors, particularly those in the departments of religion and sociology, were socialist, and had invited some of their colleagues at the state university and other nearby colleges to attend as well. Some praised the Soviet state, others only wanted an extension of the welfare state. All wanted the producers, whom they thought of as exploiters, to give up ever more of their incomes to subsidize welfare and more bureaucracy.

This turn in the intellectual climate, here in the midst of the corn belt, came as something of a shock to me. As I stood there in the auditorium, so familiar from undergraduate days, I thought of the local farmers and merchants who were paying taxes to support the state university, and wondered whether they knew the causes their taxes were being used to promote. Outside the windows of the auditorium, which was on the edge of town, one could see well-kept houses and lawns, and behind these, rolling hills and fields of corn and grain. I thought of the pioneers who had come from Europe a century before and cleared the forests, built the houses and towns, and cultivated this rich land, and of how these pioneers might have fared if they had settled in the future Soviet Union instead. My relatives were all of Dutch stock who had come to Iowa from Holland in the 1840s. Those who came to my lecture applauded, not because they were particularly aware of the hostility of Academia, certainly not because they felt threatened by it, but because I was giving voice to a view that they had always held at the "gut level" but had never articulated, perhaps for lack of opponents within the community. In this Dutch town, named "Pella" after the birthplace of Alexander, everyone was expected to rise in the world as far as his abilities permitted, and never to depend on others if it could possibly be helped. "What you say is all true," said my uncle, who was president of a local venetian blind factory which he had started from scratch thirty years before, "but does a person need to go to a university to

learn the things you said?" I assured him that I hadn't learned them at a university, but had absorbed them through my pores during all the years of childhood and youth, thanks in part to him. High school classmates of mine were now employed at his factory, which would have been impossible had he not started it on a wing and a prayer —

Most faculty members remained of the opinion I had lost my sanity.

now it employed more than a thousand people.

The local citizens had come, not to hear any particular message, but simply to see whether "the hometown boy had made good" after these many years. I had retained their respect tonight even while I had alienated most of the academicians who had come. The local citizens had little conception of what would happen to their work, their leisure, their lives as a whole, if the paternalistic state planners ultimately had their way. Some of them had sent their own children on to higher education, unaware into what paths of thought and action they might be led. And here I was, back at home again, defending a way of thought and life which they didn't think needed any particular defense.

The Last Days

Both exhilarated and depressed by my Iowa experience, I returned to California and classes, but still spent long weekends on the campaign trail. I flew to Portland and joined Tonie Nathan at a meeting of the newly formed Oregon Libertarian Party, and then flew on to the first of two four-day weekends in Seattle. The state of Washington was of special significance because it was one of only two states where the Libertarian Party was on the ballot. (The Denver convention had taken place too late to obtain ballot status in most states.) And in Washington, a voter information pamphlet had gone out to every voter in the state, apprising each of them of what every political party, no matter how small, stood for in

the current election. The entire Statement of Principles of the Libertarian Party was printed in this pamphlet, along with pictures of me and Tonie Nathan. The result was that many people recognized me even when I walked down the street, and there was considerable voter recognition when I appeared on television programs. I do not know what promotional wizardry was employed by Skip Barron, the indefatigable chairman of the Washington Libertarian Party, but enthusiasm was high and there were more intelligent questions from outsiders than I had encountered anywhere else. There was a small dedicated group of local libertarians with whom I met every evening till far into the night, discussing endless details of strategy and position.

There were also trips to San Diego and San Francisco again, ably handled by Ed Crane, who went with me every-

Somewhat to my discomfort, I was transported in a private limousine and treated by those in charge like a king or lawgiver whose every word was sacred text.

where and got me on several long radio talk shows. But the most dramatic weekend was in Arizona, where I gave a talk at the University of Arizona at Tempe and appeared on several radio and talk shows in Phoenix. Somewhat to my discomfort, I was transported in a private limousine and treated by those in charge like a king or lawgiver whose every word was sacred text. I fear that many of my utterances were tentative ("on the one hand. . ." and "on the other hand. . .") and far indeed from being sacred. But the round of parties was endless, and I returned to California exhausted but suffused by a warm glow of the profoundest appreciation.

At about this time an exciting possibility arose. Dave Nolan phoned to tell me that I would probably be receiving a vote in the Electoral College, since a Republican elector from Virginia, Roger MacBride, was going to desert the

Nixon ranks and vote for me and Tonie Nathan. This was all to be kept secret, lest MacBride be dislodged from his place in the Electoral College. During the rest of the campaign I had a hard time keeping this news a secret, but I did, and Roger phoned to tell me of his determination to stick with it. Here was a chance to get on the map in a new way during our very first year.

And now the campaign was over. Nixon won in a landslide; the *Union-Leader* need not have been so worried about a McGovern victory. And I was back in the university full-time. On December 15 the Electoral College met and, as prescribed in the Constitution, the vice-president of the United States, Spiro Agnew, announced the results on radio and television. "One vote for president to John Hospers, and one vote for vice-president to Theodora Nathan." The vast television audience had never heard of either of us, and wondered what this was all about. Suddenly I started to receive phone calls of congratulation.

My colleague at USC, Professor Kevin Robb, had never heard of the Libertarian Party until I mentioned it; when I later informed him I was running for president, he said, "President of the Faculty Council?" I told him to listen on December 15 to the Agnew broadcast. He did, while he was driving on the way to Lake Tahoe. As he described it to me later, "I was so surprised I ran my car into the ditch." Then he added, "The least you could do is make me your Secretary of State."

Finale

When the Electoral College vote was publicized on television and newspapers, and *Newsweek* devoted a column to it, I came in for publicity at USC for the first time (I had been told to keep quiet about the campaign while it was on). Professors spoke of it at faculty meetings I attended, and students were curious as to what had been going on. A campus Libertarian Party chapter was formed, and students were enlisted into the cause, some of whom I have kept in contact with to this day. Most faculty members remained of the opinion that I had joined some far-right splinter group, and concluded that I had lost my sanity. The political science department never trusted me again. Though I appeared as guest lecturer for

several classes as a kind of Exhibit A, I was thereafter kept at a distance by the "liberal establishment" that dominated campus life.

In a way, the campaign continued. I was invited to Alaska for a four-day whirlwind tour involving (or so it appeared to me) every television station in the state, and there was a great out-

When I told a friend of mine I was running for president, he said, "President of the Faculty Council?" I told him to listen on December 15 to Vice President Agnew's announcement of the Electoral College vote.

pouring of enthusiasm in a state largely populated by rugged individualists. I was invited to so many college campuses that I had to turn down many of the invitations in order to meet my obligations to my own classes. But gradually the hullabaloo died down, and I returned to the Ivory Tower.

What did the campaign achieve? I am still not sure. We received only 2,648 votes. Many people initiated correspondence with me which in some cases continued for years. I continued to have a small but devoted following in the student body. For some time my fellow professors in my own department eyed me a bit strangely, as if there were some craziness in me which they had not hitherto detected. Through the Libertarian Party I later became involved in the Abaco independence movement and in the attempt to create a libertarian government in the New Hebrides. But the main result of the 1972 campaign was, I think, name-recognition. The word "libertarian," which had been unknown to almost everyone a year before, had now been heard by many millions of Americans, with some conception (though usually inaccurate) of what the Libertarian Party stood for. With that minimum accomplished, it seemed appropriate for me to take a back seat and leave future candidacies in other, more capable hands. □

Report

Why Argentina Stopped Crying for Evita

by Paul Terhorst

The land of the gaucho is also the land of Peron, military tyranny, and absurdist economic policies. That is, until recently.

In 1981, *EuroMoney* ran the results of a new econometric model. The magazine concluded that Argentina had the world's worst economy.

By coincidence, my wife Vicki and I moved to Argentina in 1981. We saw what *EuroMoney* was talking about: inflation, recession, heavy-handed bureaucracy, debt. The economy was a mess.

Although we didn't know it then, the record over the rest of the decade would make 1981 look like the good old days. Argentina went from bad to terrible.

In 1991 came turnaround. People began to invest. Consumers began to buy. Capital began to pour in. The change in Argentina was nearly as shocking and dramatic as the revolution in the Soviet Union and eastern Europe.

How did it happen? Who were the players? And did anyone make a buck on it?

The Shortest History of Argentina You'll Ever Read.

In the early 1800's Spain, the mother country, was preoccupied with Napoleon. Argentina (and the bulk of Spanish America) took the opportunity to revolt. Rather than co-operate with one another, wealthy landowners in Argentina schemed and fought with each other. They made the Hatfields and McCoys look like the Lennon

Sisters. Only after one of the land bosses — a tyrant named Rosas — had ruthlessly crushed dissent was Argentina unified enough to adopt its 1853 constitution.

For the next sixty years, political bosses rigged all — *all!* — elections. The resulting stability produced Argentina's Golden Era. Buenos Aires showcased the famous Colon Theatre, monuments, and ornate palaces and stores. Foreigners dreamed of becoming "rich as an Argentine."

With election reform in 1912, Argentina even made a peaceful transition to democracy. But soon luck ran out. Argentina succumbed to two forces that would combine to spell disaster: the rogue military and populist President Juan Peron.

The Modern Era: The Generals versus Don Juan

The first coup came in 1930. The corrupt, petty generals took to power the way Tomas de Torquemada took to torture. Depression-era Argentina probably began to look like Spain during the Inquisition. For their swan song, the inept generals quietly supported Hitler in the early years of

World War II, while remaining officially neutral. During this period, Argentina became immensely wealthy from its trade with the belligerents. By the end of the war, Argentina's gold reserves were second only to the United States'.

In 1946 the generals gave way to elected President Juan Peron. Shrewd and ambitious, Peron and his sexy wife, Evita, squandered the enormous wealth that Argentina had accumulated during the war.

Peron passed laws to control virtually every aspect of Argentine life. One bizarre Peronist law still in effect sets forth an official Registry of Names, regulating the names of babies born in Argentina. Your family name may be Oisiewicz, Vanderwoop, Wong, or Miyamoto. You may want to call your baby Ivan, Peter, or Fu. But the law says you've got to go with Juan, or Pedro. Supposedly, there are exceptions. If your first name is Yonkel, for example, and you're willing to spend hours, days, or years fighting the bureaucracy, you may win the right to name your kid Yonkel. Understandably, most parents simply go with Juan or Maria.

Another Peronist idea was the *veda*. A *veda* was a temporary decree which made it illegal for restaurants, markets, and stores to sell meat on a given day, say Thursdays. Meat is a staple in Argentina. Peron figured that making meat illegal would restrict demand. Restricting demand would lower the price, thus helping slow inflation. The result (surprise!) was hoarding and evasion. *Vedas* didn't work, but Peron and his worshippers kept trying them.

Another Peronist law — thankfully rescinded — required that overseas phone conversations be in Spanish. An old-timer I met at the American Club, who remembers the law, told me his boss once called from Uruguay. Mindful of Peron's wiretaps, this man and his boss, both Americans, discussed their affairs in broken Spanish. To their chagrin, the operator cut in. "Gentlemen, you're advised that under Argentine law you must speak Spanish."

"But we *are* speaking Spanish!"

Perhaps Peron's most vicious idea was the Law of Supply, Peron's response to the shortages caused by price freezes in combination with mandated, across-the-board wage increases. Fixed prices and rising costs eventually make producers run at a loss. The Law of Supply forced those producers to "supply," period. The penalties were personal; run afoul of the Law of Supply and you went to jail. Theoretically, a producer could be forced to use up his capital, his life savings, and finally close the plant, before going to jail for not "supplying." (This legal monstrosity has been a dead letter in recent years, but has yet to be formally repealed.)

His wife, the immensely popular Evita, died in 1952. Peron tangled with the Church, and his idiot economic policies came home to roost. In 1955 the military took Peron out of the hen house. He wound up in exile in Spain. In only ten years, Argentina's gold holdings had fallen from second largest in the world to nothing.

Peron's Return

For the next two decades the generals and non-Peronist politicians took turns running and looting the country. Peron remained the idol of the masses, and from his home in Madrid, he

schemed and plotted a return.

In 1970 a terrorist group kidnapped, tortured, and killed a former president. The terrorists recorded their brutality on videotape, for television. The country was horrified. Those terrorists and others then proceeded to bomb shops, offices, and football stadiums. They kidnapped businessmen, attacked police and army bases, and shot people in the

The "Law of Supply" forced those producers to "supply," period, no matter how much one's costs exceeded the regulated price. A producer could be forced to use up his capital, his life savings, and finally close the plant, before going to jail for not "supplying."

streets. They coerced children to spend the night at friends' homes, and planted time bombs under the parents' beds before leaving.

In 1973 Argentina called Peron back to stop the terrorism. Peron came. He saw. Then he died.

Peron's hapless third wife, "Isabelita" Peron, took over. When things got worse, and then much worse, Isabelita begged the military to wipe out terrorism using "whatever means necessary."

Tragically, the military obeyed. Beginning in March, 1976, the armed forces "disappeared" an estimated nine thousand people. They killed terrorists. They killed friends and relatives of terrorists. And friends and acquaintances of friends and relatives of terrorists; all without due process. Some units raped women, stole children, and extorted money. They jailed politicians, including Carlos Menem, governor of La Rioja province.

But by the time Vicki and I moved to Argentina, terrorism had been wiped out. Jails were empty, and streets were crime-free. The Capitol building in Buenos Aires — where Senators and Congressmen would have met, had there been any — was wryly referred to as the Capitol Museum. But the situa-

tion was not as idyllic as it might sound.

An Eventful Year

From early 1981 to June 1982, five dictators came and went. One general after the other repeated the failed policies of the past: price controls, exchange controls, wage controls, import controls, and export controls, the whole statist she-bang. Finally, the generals gave up and undertook a task they knew something about. They went to war.

I remember the day, April 2, 1982. I was a partner in the Buenos Aires office of a big CPA firm. On that day I left our apartment at 9:45 a.m. and walked to a client's office for a ten o'clock meeting. All along the main thoroughfare, horns honked, people cheered, and old ladies waved tiny flags.

Before the meeting my Argentine client took me aside. He was excited. "Do you know what happened? All the carrying on?"

I confessed I didn't.

He said, "Early this morning we re-took the Malvinas Islands."

I said, "The Mal-what islands?"

He said, "The English call them the Falkland Islands."

I said, "The Falk-what islands?"

I knew nothing about the Malvinas/Falklands. But every single Argentine seemed to know every single thing about them. For decades Argentina has wanted the English "interlopers" out of there. The generals finally chose war.

Vicki and I stayed in Buenos Aires for the duration of the conflict. The worst time was when President Reagan, who had professed neutrality early on, came out and said he wasn't neutral after all. He would support Britain. Britain was the enemy, but Americans were now traitors.

The day Reagan tilted, our building porter stopped me. He had a tense look on his face. He said, "I've been talking around. I don't want you or Vicki to leave the building. It's too dangerous."

I said, "That's too strict. I have to leave the building."

He said, "Then don't leave the neighborhood. And when you talk to anyone in public, even Vicki, talk only in Spanish. If someone asks about your accent, tell them you're Polish." He looked at me shrewdly. "No one wants

to dump on the Poles."

Argentina's defeat in June led the generals to call elections. In December 1983, elected President Raul Alfonsín took over. Alfonsín was (and is) a decent, well-intentioned man. But he'd spent most of his life in politics. He deeply mistrusted business, especially a business making a profit. To Alfonsín, profits were *prima facie* evidence that people were getting ripped off. His response to a company reporting record earnings was to launch an investiga-

Isabelita Peron instructed the military to wipe out terrorism using "whatever means necessary." Tragically, the military obeyed.

tion. Only state-run companies, with their reassuring, money-losing ways, could be trusted.

Alfonsín believed democracy alone would solve economic problems. He promoted cooperation and bargaining. Alfonsín's idea of getting something done was a fourteen-hour meeting.

Alfonsín quickly made the generals' economic failures look like successes. By the end of Alfonsín's term the *Titanic* would look like a success. At least it sank slowly. Alfonsín tended toward the try-things-that-have-failed-in-the-past approach. He tried price controls, export controls, and the other controls that had failed Peron and failed the generals. He imported chickens from Poland to keep chicken prices down. He prohibited beef exports to keep beef prices down. When inflation was twenty percent a month, he said banks could only pay six percent interest. He banned imports, especially high tech imports, ostensibly to protect local industry. When personal computers took off, Alfonsín quickly moved to ban their importation.

One time a Japanese group wanted to import parts from Brazil, assemble motorcycles, and re-export them back to Brazil. The provincial governor where the Japanese wanted to build strongly supported the proposal. After all, the Japanese would buy bricks and

mortar, and hire workers.

Alfonsín opposed the Japanese project. Why would the Japanese invest in Argentina except to rip someone off? Alfonsín insisted on "local content," volume limits, and assurances that the Japanese wouldn't make too much money. After a prolonged fight, Alfonsín succeeded. The Japanese took their business elsewhere.

The Alfonsín crisis came to a head in 1989, when the country ran out of electricity. It seems the state-owned electric monopoly had stolen or mis-spent most maintenance money. When a drought reduced hydroelectric supplies, electricity was out for three, then four, then six hours a day. We were forced to survive the summer heat without air conditioning. Meat and chicken went bad as cold storage became hot storage. Once I got stuck in an elevator when the electricity was out and had to crawl out between floors.

Next came food riots in the province of Buenos Aires. The country's rich land normally produces surpluses, more than enough to keep its population of thirty million well fed. But under Alfonsín, Argentines began to go hungry. They took to the streets.

Finally, inflation got out of control. I remember buying a pair of tennis shoes in May 1989. In those days I carried mostly dollars — the local australs devalued too rapidly to be of any use. On this particular day prices and exchange rates were moving so frantically that the shoestore owner didn't know what to charge. He finally agreed to an austral price, and to hold it for exactly one hour. The price worked out to about twenty dollars.

I hailed a cab and dashed downtown to my black market exchange dealer. (During Alfonsín's charge, changing money was practically illegal.) I changed my dollars at the then-current rate. I hurried back and bought the shoes. But by then the exchange rate had changed. Instead of twenty dollars, the shoes cost eight dollars. I asked to buy a second pair. The shoestore owner refused my offer.

By July inflation reached the extraordinary rate — extraordinary even by Argentina's standards — of nearly 200 percent a month. Mercifully, Alfonsín didn't have long to muddle things. He stepped aside in July 1989,

six months before the end of his term. President-elect Carlos Menem took over.

Carlos the Charismatic

Menem's style contrasts sharply with Alfonsín's. Alfonsín loved meetings. Menem refuses to go to them. Instead, he wanders into meeting rooms, asks a question or gives a direction, and leaves. Alfonsín spent his life in politics. Menem and his family own a winery and farms in their native La Rioja, where Menem was governor; he is at home in a boardroom. Alfonsín was wary of the developed world. Menem says the developed world is the only world. He considers George Bush a personal friend. Alfonsín was dour. Menem is charming and charismatic. Estranged from his wife Zulema, Menem hangs out with the jet set.

But Menem is a member of the Peronist party. In an early move that was fully as nasty as Peron's dreaded Law of Supply, Menem decided to confiscate bank deposits. Under this scheme banks were allowed to return to depositors only a small part — up to a million australs (US \$500) — of their money. For amounts over \$500 banks were ordered to give depositors a slip

"When you talk to anyone in public, even your wife, talk only in Spanish. If someone asks about your accent, tell them you're Polish." He looked at me shrewdly. "No one wants to dump on the Poles."

of paper entitling them to dollar bonds. To pay off dollar bonds Argentina would have to buy dollars. Argentina's credit at the time was nil. To be kind, let's say those slips of paper were of "uncertain value."

I remember an elderly blind man, sobbing and hysterical, being interviewed on television. He'd finally saved enough money to have his cataracts removed, his sight restored. Now the bank refused to give him his

money. The old man was terrified of dying blind.

Menem's blow came just before summer in Argentina. Vacations were cancelled. Panic selling of assets became widespread as people tried to come up with scarce australs. The stock

Menem's strategy was to ride around in a custom built "Menemobile." Draped in the Peronist flag, and loaded with modern media equipment, the Menemobile evoked Peron's name, Peron's memory, and Peron's personal magnetism — but not Peron's policies.

market fell fifty percent. Shopkeepers dropped prices and sold out their stocks. The economy ground to a halt. (President Bush warmly supported the deposit confiscation scheme and the rest of Menem's early program. Vice President Quayle came to Argentina and patted Menem on the back.)

A year after deposit confiscation the economy looked worse than ever. Menem had to come up with something startling, bigger even than the Law of Supply or deposit confiscation. And in a noble experiment that reversed the pattern of decades, Menem decided to take on the bureaucracy. He moved boldly, decisively, to get the government off people's backs and out of the economic process.

A Noble Experiment

Those with power cling to power. Bureaucrats protect their turf. The guy who owns the boat always wants a bigger boat. We know these things. So what led Menem to his experiment? What led him to give up power, turf, and a bigger boat?

It's hard to say, but I think it's because he hates the try-things-that-have-failed-in-the-past approach to government. Argentine populists, social democrats, generals, leftists, and others had failed badly. Menem wanted to try something that hadn't failed: Capitalism.

Menem was well positioned to make his revolutionary move. During his campaign, his strategy was to ride around in a custom built "Menemobile." Draped in the Peronist flag, and loaded with modern media equipment, the Menemobile evoked Peron's name, Peron's memory, and Peron's personal magnetism — but not Peron's policies. Menem never committed to an ideology. When he decided to move boldly, he was free to do it — in any direction he chose.

An early move was to get government's hands off the money supply. As of April 1, 1991, the Law of Convertibility took effect. The brainwork of Harvard-trained Economy Minister Domingo Cavallo, the Law of Convertibility ties the Argentine peso (which replaced the austral) to reserves on hand. Total pesos outstanding must not exceed reserves of dollars, gold, and other hard currencies. No more cheap money, mirrors, or magic. No more printing press pathos. One peso equals one dollar, and that dollar is on deposit in the Central Bank. Overnight, Argentina had a hard currency.

The Law of Convertibility ended decades of runaway inflation. People could plan, and make decisions, with a reasonable notion of the future. Banks lent. Speculators bought stocks. People bought houses. People also bought cars, televisions, and refrigerators.

Surprisingly to some, among those who benefitted most from the Law of Convertibility were the workers. Salaried employees and wage earners are paid monthly. When inflation was 20% or 30% a month, and banks prohibited from paying interest above 6%, frantic workers had to spend their month's pay right away. Otherwise, they'd lose purchasing power. In practice this meant workers had to buy in advance what they *thought* they'd need, rather than what they actually needed as the needs presented themselves. Workers also had to live without perishables — fruit and vegetables, milk and bread — during the last part of the month, unless they wanted to buy on credit

at the expensive mom-and-pop store on the corner.

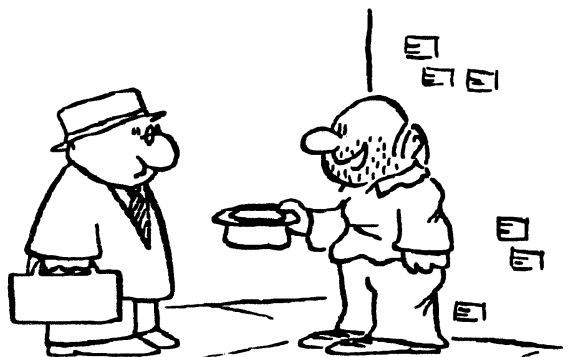
The Law of Convertibility raised workers' living standards by changing the way workers shop. Now workers can shop throughout the month, whenever and wherever they feel like it, buying only what they need or want. They can buy on sale, at supermarkets, and in bulk. As a result, most workers have transferred their allegiance from tired, old-line union leaders to their new hero, Carlos Menem.

Besides the Law of Convertibility, Menem eliminated regulations that prescribed opening hours, what products could be sold where, and the like. He closed the state grain board and the state meat board. He sold the government's TV and radio stations, the national airline, and the phone company. More privatizations, including the electric, rail, and oil monopolies, along with the military's many factories and businesses, were announced. Menem also cut back government support for the ferocious unions.

Understand, Menem is no libertarian zealot. He accepts much of the Peronist hangover. He refuses to tackle outdated labor laws. He ignores widespread corruption, an inefficient port, a scary police and court system, and other problems. But, hey, one thing at a time. By focusing so clearly, Menem makes his noble experiment that much more dramatic. Since he's limited his efforts to just one thing we can assess the results more precisely.

During the first year or so those results have been sensational.

Real estate prices soared. The construction industry strained to meet demand. Auto makers began to pre-sell production, and used cars became hard



"The economy is bottoming out, sir — How about some dregs?"

Baloo

to find at any price. Christmas spending broke all records. Planes in and out of the country sold out. The secondary debt market firmed. The stock market tripled, and for the first time in four decades capital began flowing *into* the country instead of *out* of it. Personal computers, at one time all but illegal, became ubiquitous.

Argentina still has severe problems. Reversing four decades of bad government takes time. Vicki and I recently sold an apartment in Buenos Aires. It sold in record time — one day — because the buyers wanted our telephone. The buyers owned the coffee house on the building's ground floor, where they'd been waiting three years for a phone. They bought our apartment sight unseen. The day we moved out, they ran the phone line to their coffee house below. The apartment itself was gravy. They probably refer to it as the real estate kicker they got on the phone deal.

A Look to the Future.

Vicki and I still monitor Argentina's progress, but from afar. We moved to Argentina when the country was sinking; we left when it was booming. After selling our Buenos Aires apartment we moved to Austin, Texas.

When Argentina was sinking, living comfortably there was a bargain; now living comfortably there is beyond our means. I've long since retired from my CPA job, and Buenos Aires is too expensive for a retiree living on a fixed dollar income.

Argentina is volatile. By the time you read this, the country may have

I sold my apartment in Buenos Aires. It sold in record time — one day — because the buyers wanted our telephone.

changed directions. Early this year the real estate boom stalled. Last winter (June, July, and August) the stock market plummeted. Menem and Cavallo remain optimistic, saying that things will improve again soon. They're holding firm. But the unions, opposition parties, and exporters complain. Clearly, the initial euphoria under Menem's noble experiment has given way to a realization that the country faces a prolonged, difficult adjustment to freer markets.

Whatever happens — and Argen-

tina is still so unstable that anything can happen — privatization and deregulation are facts. Almost no one advocates returning to the way things were. Even Alfonsín would have a tough time renationalizing the phone company, say, or enforcing the Law of Supply. Argentines are too used to the new way of doing things.

My friend Ramón reflects the new Argentina. For years Ramón ran a clandestine exchange house, buying and selling black market dollars behind closed doors. With deregulation Ramón's exchange business largely disappeared. These days even *banks* change money! But Ramón is busier than ever. He trades stocks and bonds, both for his own account and to accommodate old customers. He's invested in a condominium deal. He's looking to set up a private mutual fund.

Unlike the old days, Ramón works openly now. He has a fax machine, a cellular phone, and a pager. He's cheerier, and laughs more easily. Last time I saw him at his office, he was planning to borrow money for an apartment-hotel project. "Can you believe you can actually borrow money in Argentina?" he said happily, grabbing for the phone. "These days you can do anything you want here!" □

Richard Kostelanetz

Convention Notes

Raising Hell in Houston: Partying With the GOP and the "Buchanan Brigade"

by Thomas D. Walls

You saw it on TV. But the Republican convention looks very different from the perspective of a young libertarian interloper in Bush country.

I attended the 1992 Republican Convention in Houston with the Republican Liberty Caucus, a group seeking to advance libertarian goals within the GOP. I arrived in Houston on Sunday, August 16. The "Buchanan Brigade," a group of youthful Buchanan supporters, somehow secured a convention package deal meant for the "Bush Brigade," which cost \$125 and included six days at a local Roach Motel and admission to several convention events. We latched onto the deal.

At 8:00 a.m., Monday, August 17, we drove across Houston to the Astrodome. My friend Jay — a free-market anarchist — and I attended a pro-choice rally in the demonstration fields across the street from the west side of the Astrodome, while the others made the RLC's first appearance on the convention floor. When we got there, Dallas members of CHOICE were acting out a pro-choice bit on the stage. (They had paid \$25 to use the field and sound system for four hours.) About twenty women comprised the group, and they all had sculpted-foam "pregnancies" tucked under their clothes, appearing pregnant in an explicitly irreverent way. Some carried cabbage patch dolls in their arms and proclaimed in mock southern accents how much they loved their kitchens.

Two dozen reporters showed up with cameras and microphones. Hardly any spectators did, except two quiet men with Bibles whom the leader of CHOICE asked to leave. We passed out RLC literature and met all the members of CHOICE. I stuffed a foam belly under my shirt and was instantly pregnant. The media loved it; three TV stations interviewed me. Jay and I picked up extra CHOICE signs. Mine read "Against Abortions? Don't Have One!" We joined their march up and down the street that separated the demonstration fields from the Astrodome for two hours, after which I began to complain of strange pains.

After lunch a curious bunch called the Space Frontier Foundation showed up, calling for the abolition of NASA and for allowing a free market in space travel. The spokesman heralded making extragalactic travel a reality in the near future and the "terraforming" of entire planets by the end of the cen-

tury. Not surprisingly, the group was an amalgam of slightly nerdy computer programmers and sci-fi fans moonlighting as amateur aerospace engineers. They were very friendly. One held a sign reading "Why On Earth Are We Still On Earth?"

Some of the libertarian Republicans returned from the convention floor to check on us. They spoke of going through tight security, meeting a jovial and welcoming Robert Novak, shouting in conservative columnist Cal Thomas' face, and having Michael Kinsley tell them libertarians should be Democrats.

Another group with a quasi-libertarian message took the field. It was Citizens for Health, a bunch that pushes nutritional therapy and calls for an end to FDA restrictions on dietary medicines. The big speaker was Fred van Liew, a Dallas radio talk-show host. For twenty-minutes he derided the FDA's "tyranny" of controls.

At about 4:00, I entered the Sam Houston Ballroom across town for a big rally, hosted by Pat Robertson's Christian Coalition, an outfit that thinks feminists, atheists, and abortion-rights proponents are all Satanists. It was winding down and I missed Pat Boone's speech and most of everything else. This was fortunate; I didn't want to get sick on my first full day in Houston. I ran into some other RLCers there. An older woman came up to Eric Rittberg, the RLC chairman, and knelt at his feet. What the hell could she be doing? She arose slowly, grasping a small object tightly in her frail hands. "You wouldn't want to step on this!" she shouted as she turned and gave the object to a baby in a nearby stroller. It was a plastic replica of a human fetus.

I hung around as people left and got some ice water at the (of course

Gov. Weld eyed the round, blue and white "libertarian Republican" stickers we wore. "That's music to my ears" he said.

non-alcoholic) bar. I gave RLC literature to departing ralliers, but I became discouraged after many threw distraught looks at my "Freedom means Choice" button. Outside, the loving Christians were in a screaming match with those oh-so tolerant leftists. The lefties whined about Bush, abortion, and, of all things, animal rights. The conservative types defended Bush and "family values."

By that time an anti-Serbian demonstration on stage was in full gear. I met a middle-aged U.S. Vietnam veteran born in old Yugoslavia. I told him of my interest in the situation and that I spoke some Serbo-Croatian. After a five-minute chat, he led me to one of the main speakers, an older man in ethnic Croatian clothing identified as a doctor. When I said I was with some libertarian Republicans, he responded by claiming to know a Polish fellow in the area who was a famous libertarian — but couldn't remember the man's

name. I asked him if it was Matt Monroe, the unsuccessful challenger for the Libertarian Party chair in 1989. It was.

Up towards the highway ACT UP rallied with some NOW members. As I walked toward them, I heard a bullhorn emanating from a gray school bus coming down Kirby Street. As it approached, I could see the windows covered in black chickenwire; dark hooded figures shuffled about inside. The tinny loudspeaker blared out "Hwaht par, hwaht par." It was the KKK.

The bus passed the ACT UP crowd and the bullhorn screeched "Thank God for AIDS! Thank God for AIDS! God, wipe these scum off the face of the earth!" Immediately, four or five ACT UPers ran alongside the bus (I realized that it was *confederate* gray) and pummeled its side. White hoods came to the windows to shout and gesture. One of the activists latched on to a window and rode with the bus for half a block. The Klansmen inside rattled and banged on the windows and howled loudly until he let go. The Klanmobile sped up and drove off as I heard laughter inside.

Ten minutes later, it came back. The Houston police had since caught wind of the disturbance and lined up a string of cops between the protesters and the street. The bullhorn crackled again. "No Free Trade Agreement! No Free Trade Agreement!" I wondered whether the Confederacy would be a protectionist enclave if the War of Northern Aggression had never taken place. A friend suggested that we can now accuse anyone who opposes free trade of being "in bed with the Klan." Reassuringly, the members of ACT UP held true to their name: three or four got arrested.

That evening, the RLC contingent went to meet the Ripon Society, a group of moderate Republicans that stands at odds with the Religious Right. The meeting was held at a Mexican restaurant. We went there to see Governor William Weld of Massachusetts, the featured speaker, as well as to establish common ground with Ripon Republicans. Gov. Weld eyed the round, blue and white "libertarian Republican" stickers we wore.

"That's music to my ears" he said. We asked if he'd wear one, and he said yes. Shortly thereafter, NBC's *The Today Show* interviewed him. The next day, *Today* did a spot on Weld, including the restaurant interview. On TV, one could see the sticker displayed prominently on his jacket. On the following Friday, the Miami *Herald* stated that Weld calls himself a "libertarian Republican." *The National Journal* calls Weld "a fiscal conservative and social libertarian" and says he's a fan of Hayek. In any case, he's certainly one to watch in the future, be it in a challenge to Ted Kennedy for the Senate or even the GOP presidential nomination.

Lacking a convention pass, I roamed the protest fields while Pat Buchanan and Ronald Reagan fired up the troops that evening. The KKK circled the block again, but this time their message was "Abortion is a Zionist plot to rub out the white race! No aid to Israel!" Not far behind them was what was once either a fire truck or a school bus. It was painted olive drab and had a 25-foot mock missile and a fake .50 caliber machine gun on the top. It looked realistic, if one could overlook its signs reading "Bush is Sick" and "Jail Neil Bush." The traffic light turned red, and the green missile truck pulled up behind the Klanmobile. Someone shouted over its P.A., "Cowards! Cowards!" and the Klan bus shot through the red light and around the corner. There were assorted cheers in the crowd on the field, and the policemen gawked at the strange vehicle as it proceeded down Kirby Street.

• • •

The next day there was an RLC meeting at Kay's Bar. Eric Rittberg had arranged (with help from paleo-libertarian moneybags Burt Blumert) for Lew Rockwell and Murray Rothbard to speak to us there. After arriving, I strung up a banner and organized a literature table inside. We got the barman to switch the TV to CNN. Almost all of us listened attentively to Bill Weld's speech, applauding and hooting uncontrollably when he declared, "I want the government out of your pocketbook and out of

your bedroom." In the convention audience, we could hear a mixed response of cheers and boos. One of us yelled "fascists!" at the televised boos. The nonaffiliated bar patrons looked at us strangely.

After about thirty-five people came, we called the meeting to order and proceeded with official business. We gave reports and elected officials, talked about our past successes, the status of RLC-backed candidates, and our future plans. Rodney Travis, LP candidate for the South Carolina state house, gave us a short speech but left early to return to the convention. As the official part of the meeting finished, Burt, Lew, and Murray walked in the door.

Eric introduced the three. Rothbard was the first to speak. He mirthfully conveyed his thoughts about the state of the nation, and fielded a slew of questions. One asked Rothbard what he thought of the Libertarian Party now. "Maybe they'll get less than a hundred thousand

votes," he told us. "That'll finally shut 'em up."

In more somber tones, Rockwell talked about the significance of Buchanan, and of Hillary Clinton's evil desire to promote "children's rights." (Hey, didn't some guy named Murray Rothbard plug that concept in his writings, too?)

Lew said the problem with many libertarians is that they ignore traditional social institutions such as the church and the family. He took note of the "socially tolerant" phrase on our banner. "I don't think social tolerance is a good thing. You can't be tolerant of evil," he remarked. Lew then denounced Jack Kemp, Virginia Postrel, and William Weld as statist neo-conservatives. In particular, he criticized Weld's views on abortion and the environment.

Afterwards, RLCers mingled with the guests. The paleo-leaning members of our group flocked to Lew. I went over to Murray Rothbard. "Weren't you supposed to meet with

Perot himself?" I asked.

"Yeah, but somehow that never came about. I guess you can't trust billionaires" he joked, referring to his early '80s association with Charles Koch, billionaire financier of libertarian and free market groups.

"What about your column in the L.A. Times endorsing Bush?" I inquired. "You know, I've never gotten so much flak for anything I've ever written before, from libertarians and non-libertarians alike. I've been called a Nazi for that, everything." He acknowledged that Bush was a bumbler and a windsock, but, "at any rate," he was the lesser of two evils.

I had told Jay how Rockwell had regaled a group of young libertarians with off-color jokes when he visited my campus on behalf of Ron Paul in 1988, so Jay tried a few of his favorite dirty jokes on Rockwell, climaxing with a punchline requiring him to make a peculiar motion with his mouth. Lew chuckled politely and moved away. After a few drinks, the



WHY SHOULD YOU BE READING FREEDOM DAILY?*



"Conservatives no longer take seriously the immortal words of Barry Goldwater."

— Jacob G. Hornberger, founder and president, The Future of Freedom Foundation:
October 1992 *Freedom Daily*.

"The 'new' redistributive socialism will fail, just as central-planning socialism failed."

— Richard M. Ebeling, Ludwig von Mises Professor of Economics, Hillsdale College, Michigan, and academic vice president, The Future of Freedom Foundation:
October 1992 *Freedom Daily*.

"This laissez-faire philosophy became the bedrock creed of countless Americans of all classes."

— Ralph Raico, Professor of History, SUNY, Buffalo, Cato Institute:
October 1992 *Freedom Daily*.

*WE DON'T COMPROMISE.

For a one-year (12 issues) subscription to our 48-page publication, *Freedom Daily*, send \$15 (cash, check, visa, or mastercard) to FFF, P.O. Box 9752, Dept. M, Denver, CO 80209. (303-777-3588).

paleo-trio left. I still wonder what kind of impression the lot of us made. Especially Jay.

• • •

About six RLCers gathered to leave for a party at a posh art gallery hosted by Buchananites. Eric called Ron Paul on his car phone and Ron told him he was about to arrive at the party. When we got there 45 minutes later, Lew Rockwell and Murray Rothbard were standing near the door. Eric greeted them. "Hey, guys, how are you doing?" Rockwell grumbled something; it was clear he wasn't happy to see us. We asked them if they had seen Ron, and Lew told us they hadn't. Eric said, "Oh really? I talked to Ron on his car phone 45 minutes ago and he said he was just about to get here." Rockwell suggested that we could look around but he hadn't seen him. Murray stood there silently, nodding.

We walked up to the second floor, and there was Ron Paul. We told him Lew and Murray were downstairs and hadn't seen him yet. Ron said that was impossible. He told us he'd been there for almost an hour and was talking with them earlier. We wondered

Someone asked Murray Rothbard what he thought of the Libertarian Party now. "Maybe they'll get less than a hundred thousand votes," he told us. "That'll finally shut 'em up."

why Lew had lied to us. Oh, well. We turned our attention to the work of the caterers, and we weren't disappointed.

Downstairs, young Buchananites circled Rothbard. They knew he was "a big economist" and asked his opinion on different topics. Some asked Ron Paul if he would run for anything in the near future, and he said he was thinking about it. Later on, we asked Ron if he'd join us for dinner. Lew Rockwell appeared from nowhere and

told Ron that he should accompany Rothbard, him, and some conservatives to dinner. Ron was in an embarrassing predicament, so we told him we weren't eating anywhere special and that he should go with them. Ron appeared relieved and thanked us privately for not leaving him in a bottleneck. Shortly thereafter, we drove back to the Astrodome.

After much hassle with bad convention passes, security guards, and incoherent directions I finally arrived on the convention floor. Marilyn Quayle was at the podium, explaining the value differences of Baby Boomers in the Republican Party ("Dan and I") and of those in the other party.

I spied Dan Quayle and his kids in the VIP boxes. I've heard that Dan Quayle named his boys Benjamin and Tucker after Benjamin Tucker, the 19th century individualist anarchist; in the 1970s Quayle supposedly had a few libertarians in his circle of friends. I slipped down one of the rows leading to the VP's box, covering the passes around my neck with my writing tablet. I walked briskly to the line of photographers and reporters in front of Quayle's box. The box was about ten feet off the floor, and a row of Secret Service agents trenched around the box facing outwards with arms crossed. Photographers motioned at Quayle, trying to get head-on shots of him waving for them. I shouted out "Hey Dan Quayle!" He looked. I gave him a "rolling point," a slick gesture involving a wavelike motion of the whole arm culminating in a pointing finger. He gave me a thumbs up. I then yelled a patronizing "Quayle in '96!" and he gave me another thumbs up.

I thought of doing something inane, like calling Dan Quayle "Marlin Fitzwater." Or something strategic, like folding a RLC pamphlet into a paper airplane and throwing it at him. But I didn't know what the frat-boy Secret Service guys would have done if I had. They advised us to keep the line moving so others could take pictures.

I made my way up the VIP row. I saw William Bennett leaning over in his seat, drink in hand, talking to an attractive, older woman. A little further up, I saw Gerald and Betty Ford. The famous golfer gazed fixedly at the po-

dium, completely motionless in spite of all the onlookers trying to attract his attention.

By this time Barbara Bush was addressing the audience. She talked of her family and how wonderful it was. She mustered the whole family out on the stage. Their Hispanic grandson from Miami gave a hearty "Viva Bush!" and ol' George himself came out to say a sentence or two about the importance of his family.

Bill Bennett started to speak and my friends and I decided to leave. Some of

I thought of folding a libertarian pamphlet into a paper airplane and throwing it at Quayle. But I didn't know what the frat-boy Secret Service guys would do.

us got separated from those with cars, so we paid \$5 to go back on the hotel shuttle bus. It was filled with Buchananites who mainly talked of finding a party. One of us referred to Texas Senator Phil Gramm as a redneck. A pretty but not-very-intelligent-looking Buchananite girl, stirred from her ennui, drawled "He ee-yuz nawt!" I couldn't stop laughing until I got to the hotel.

• • •

Our last day in Houston seemed much shorter. In the morning, we loaded our excess propaganda into Eric's car with the intention of giving it all away. In the Astrohalls, we hung our extra "Libertarian Republican" signs up, left stacks of literature on the tables, and handed beaucoup pamphlets out. I left more press kits in the media tents, and a woman in one tent gave me tickets for the B.B. King concert that afternoon. In the Astroarena, these tickets were selling for \$10 each.

A remnant of our group started the long drive back to Tallahassee at about 8:00 p.m. As we drove away from Houston, we heard Bush's insubstantial speech on a fading, static-filled AM station. How fitting, I thought. □

Case Study

The Czechs Bounce Back

by Gabriel Hocman

In most of the ex-Communist world, privatization proceeds at a bureaucrat's pace. In Czechoslovakia, it sprints ahead.

An old woman stands on the steps leading into the big office building near the center of Bratislava. She holds a thin, yellow booklet in a plastic cover together with a ball-point pen. She purchased it all a few minutes ago at the nearby post office.

"I do not know," she mumbles to herself. "My son told me to come here . . . a thousand crowns . . . never heard of such a thing in my life . . . vouchers . . . shares . . ."

Since the beginning of last winter, the yellow booklets of vouchers have been at the center of interest not only of that old woman, but, without exaggeration, of all the adult inhabitants of the Czechoslovak Federated Republic. They represent an unprecedented, never-heard-of form of privatization of state property.

After the Communist takeover of power in February 1948, the first and most important change was the expropriation of all means of production. The communist state "nationalized" not only the big banks, mines and factories, but the small salesmen's and artisans' workshops, followed by forced "collectivization" of agriculture. This expropriation of all means of production was quite thorough, matched in its extremism only by China, Cuba and a few other of the most oppressive communist countries.

In my father's law office, the only typewriter, the board full of papers, chairs, tables, even the doormat were

transferred into the newly formed "lawyer's cooperative." Taking these items home was regarded by the law as theft. The lawyers continued their work as state employees at a fixed salary. The conversion of private property to the almighty state was carried out mercilessly in every stratum of the society.

In 1953 new banknotes, courteously printed in the Soviet Union, were foisted on the population. Their old money became worthless. Every citizen was given an equal sum of 300 crowns. The ownership of gold was outlawed. A man who'd hidden a number of his gold coins in the garden suffered exemplary execution.

The economic power of the state was virtually unlimited. Everyone was employed by the state. Unemployment became a crime punishable with a prison sentence.

In the course of the following years, of course, the members of the Communist Party became richer and richer. They got higher salaries and better access to education, and later received advantages in buying land or

houses, which led to a marked difference in ownership. The "new class" of Party *apparatchiks* and members took over vast portions of the economy. The state-owned means of production were directed and managed by such worthy servants of the Party.

This was, more or less, the economic situation of Czechoslovakia even in 1991, two years after the "velvet revolution" supposedly ousted the Party cadres from their profitable positions of managing the economy. Those economists not compromised by the state argued that the only feasible solution was the reprivatization of the whole economy on a grand scale. They knew it would be a gargantuan task. But it was the only way.

Finding the rightful owners of what had been expropriated during the Communist era is not simple because of the passage of over 40 years. But it must be undertaken. Vaclav Klaus, vice president of the federal government, minister of finance, and leader of the rightist Citizen's Democratic Party (CDS), started the process. His approach consists of three

basic steps:

First, the rightful former owners or descendants of owners of houses, fields, restaurants, shops, hotels, etc. can ask for so-called restitution in courts of justice — and get title to their former property.

Second, the state-owned stores, shops, service and repair establishments are being sold at auction to the highest bidders — provided they were

Every citizen older than 18 years is now entitled to become a rightful owner of a part of the property of the state. The mines, banks, factories, hotels, publishing houses — everything that belonged exclusively to the state — is now being reappropriated by each and every citizen of Czechoslovakia.

Czecho-Slovak citizens living in our country. This has been called "small privatization." The apartments — either state-owned or so-called cooperatively owned — are being turned into the private property of those occupying them, for a reasonable fee.

But the third, most crucial and unprecedented step, called "big privatization," has been conducted since the winter of '91. It is nothing less than a give-away of state property to each and every one of the citizens of Czechoslovakia.

The rationale for such a step is that, during Communist rule, the state profited from the toil and sweat of all state employees, workers, doctors, tailors, farmers, everyone who worked for the state. The salaries of these workers and producers were far less than a fair share of their produced wealth. Thus, now every citizen older than 18 years is entitled to become a rightful owner of a part of the property of the state. The mines, banks, factories, hotels, publishing houses — *everything that belonged exclusively to the state* — is now being reappropriated by each and every citizen of Czechoslovakia.

Of course, such a grandiose plan is under heavy attack by former and present communists, left-wing socialists, pinky-brown nationalists. They call the whole process a fraud, trying to make the people believe that they are getting something for nothing; and that some smart operators managing investment funds will get the cream of the enterprises, leaving the ordinary citizens with the sour. Consequently, many people are simply not aware of the fact that they could become owners, and become to some small degree capitalists. But that is exactly what is happening.

Every state-owned enterprise is being transformed into a share-holder company, with exactly defined assets and a certain number of shares registered in the court. Every citizen can acquire 1,000 "voucher points," by buying the yellow voucher booklet for a nominal sum and then a stamp for 1,000 crowns, which represents the fee for organizing and carrying out the "big privatization." More than eight and a half million, about 75% of the qualified population, have claimed their share of the national wealth. Many people, myself included, are eager to get shares of enterprises, to feel like property-owners, and to join the new stock exchanges that presently are being formed in Prague and Bratislava.

An Entrepreneurial Culture Emerges

In the first wave of this process more than 600 enterprises throughout the whole of Czecho-Slovakia are being returned to its citizens, representing a value of about 250 billion crowns. This first wave began in spring '92 and should be followed with the second wave of factories and companies not yet fully prepared for being privatized. Every citizen above 18 years old could enter both waves of the reprivatization process.

Quite a number — over 400 — investment funds were formed by daring entrepreneurs trying to obtain "voucher points" from citizens and speculating with their future shares — for a profit. In fact, people unskilled in judging their own perspectives in business have confined their ownership points

to those companies that promise them ten thousand or even more crowns in one year — provided they sell their shares to the investment company. Of course, the real value of the shares is supposed to be much higher — dividing the whole value of 250,000,000,000 crowns by 8,500,000 entitled citizens, it amounts to an average of about 30,000 crowns. But this is just an average — by investing his voucher points cleverly into shares of prosperous factories with good management, every citizen can win more, often much more, for his points — but also, less, if he acquires shares of weak or insolvent companies. Everyone is supposed to learn entrepreneurial risk.

Just how is this process carried out?

The cornerstone of the process is the registration of voucher books; at registration, the 1,000 points of a citizen's voucher book are converted to shares. He can decide either to invest his points through an investment fund, or acquire shares of prosperous companies himself. In the second half of March '92, the list of all enterprises and companies chosen for the first wave of privatization was published, together with their so-called identification numbers and basic facts concerning their economic position — their capital, yearly

But what does this unprecedented act accomplish? A sense of responsibility towards property. When the state owned everything, nobody in fact owned anything, and "state property" suffered from indifference and neglect.

profits, gains vs debts, number of employees, etc. If any one citizen — or investment fund — intends to claim shares of company A, he just writes the identification number of the company on a page of his voucher book in triplicate and registers it at any post office throughout the country. Of course anyone can diversify his order — 100 points to company A, 500 to B, 400 to

C. A "price list" of points versus shares has been issued; for example, for 100 points you can get 5 shares of company A, but only one share of a more profitable company B. After each round of ordering every shareholder is told if his claim will be honored. Since for the shares of more prosperous companies the demand will probably exceed the offer, the order will not be honored, the "points" will be returned to the citizen, and the "point" value of these shares will rise. Conversely, if the demand is less than the number of shares offered to citizens, the claimant's demand will be honored, the price of remaining shares lowered, and the claimant will obtain the demanded shares of "his" company. This process is being repeated in five consecutive rounds, at the end of which all available shares are distributed among the citizens, who will be transformed into shareholders.

Since no such process has ever been conducted on such a grand scale, errors, difficulties, and mistakes are unavoidable. An information campaign using the TV network, radio, newspapers — explaining how to proceed, what strategies to adhere to in ordering shares, and so on — is now in place.

But what do we — me and each responsible citizen — hope to achieve by this unprecedented act? First, to learn a sense of responsibility towards property. When the state owned everything, nobody in fact owned anything, and "state property" suffered from indifference and neglect. To learn to save, economize, to value goods as our own is, in my opinion, the foremost aim of the privatization process. This is why the leftist parties are furiously against privatization — the voter will act at the poll as an owner, a capitalist, and will think in a different way than he would if he were just an employee.

A second aim is to give every citizen a piece of the national wealth and the responsibility that goes with such ownership. What the people will do with their share of the common wealth is entirely in their own hands. The vouchers are registered to the name of each of the citizens and so are their obtained shares. Each and every one, now a proud and free citizen of our

country, has become an owner as an individual, not in the meaningless collectivist sense of owning the "workers' state." For those who did not own much during the past 40 years, it means a lot.

So, if the Communists were able to turn our nation's people into beggars

by a stroke of the pen, our society has now made a first, hesitant, but nevertheless decisive step towards a real market economy — it has turned every citizen into an owner. And this is by no means a small achievement in our continuing struggle against the remnants of the socialist way of thinking. □

Early Liberty

Indulge your mind with the pleasure and stimulation of early *Liberty*. Or complete your collection of the most exciting libertarian magazine. The first issue is a reprint; all others are original printings. Enjoy!

August 1987, 48pp., \$4.00

• "The Films of Ayn Rand," by Stephen Cox • "Life or Death in Seattle," by Murray N. Rothbard • "The Mystery Man of the Libertarian Movement," by Ben Best • Plus reviews and articles by Ross Overbeck, Butler Shaffer, Ida Walters and others.

October 1987, 48pp., \$6.00

• "The Sociology of Libertarians," by J. C. Green & J. L. Guth • "The Apostasy of Robert Nozick," by Ethan O. Waters • "The Rise of the State," by Murray N. Rothbard • Plus reviews and articles by Stephen Cox, William P. Moulton, Mike Holmes, Jonathan Saville and others.

December 1987, 56pp., \$3.00

• "Libertarians in a State-Run World," by Murray N. Rothbard • "The Most Unforgettable Libertarian I Ever Knew," by Karl Hess • "Easy Living in the Bahamas," by Mark Skousen • Plus writing by Walter Block, Erika Holzer, Stephen Cox and others.

March 1988, 64pp., \$4.00

• "Libertarians & Conservatives: Allies or Enemies?" by John Dentinger & Murray

Rothbard • "Free Speech and the Future of Medicine," by Sandy Shaw & Durk Pearson • "The Majority vs the Majoritarian: Robert Bork on Trial," by Sheldon Richman • Plus reviews and articles by R.W. Bradford, William Cate, Stephen Cox and others.

May 1988, 64pp., \$4.00

• "Ayn Rand: Still Controversial After All These Years," by David Ramsay Steele & David Brown • "The ACLU: Suspicious Principles, Salutory Effects," by William P. Moulton • "The Two Libertarianisms," by Ethan O. Waters • Plus reviews and articles by Gary Alexander, Nathaniel Branden, Erika and Henry Mark Holzer, Jeffrey Rogers Hummel, Sheldon Richman, Franklin Sanders and others.

July 1988, 80pp., \$4.00

• "Confessions of an Intractable Individualist," by Jerome Tuccille • An interview with L. Neil Smith • David Ramsay Steele on Robert Anton Wilson's critique of Natural Rights • "Rand-Bashing: Enough is Enough," by Ross Overbeck • Plus reviews and articles by Stephen Cox, Tibor Machan, Bill Kelsey and others.

See inside front and back covers for additional back issues.

Circle each issue you want, and add \$1.00 shipping & handling per order (foreign orders add 50¢ per issue). Fill in the appropriate information below.

☐ My check is enclosed

Charge my:

☐ VISA ☐ Mastercard

Name _____

Address _____

Signature _____

City _____

Account # _____

State _____ Zip _____

Expiration _____ Phone # _____

Send to: Liberty, Dept. B32, PO Box 1167, Port Townsend, WA 98368

Commemoration

John Cage, Inventor

by Richard Kostelanetz

An important and influential American composer died on August 12. It is appropriate to honor him. But first, let us observe four minutes and thirty-three seconds of silence.

Even though he never assumed a position offering him cultural power, John Cage (1912–1992) was one of the few artists of whom it can be said, without dispute, that had he not existed the development of more than one art would have been different. A true polyartist, he produced distinguished work in music, theater, literature, and visual art. As a de facto esthetician, he has had a discernible influence upon the creation of music, theater, the visual arts, and, to a lesser extent, literature and social thought. His principal theme, applicable to all arts, was the denial of false authority by expanding the range of acceptable and thus employable materials, beginning with “noises,” which he thought should be heard as music “whether we’re in or out of the concert hall.”

Though some consider him an apostle of “chance,” I think of him as an extremely fecund inventor who, once he transcended previous conventions, was able to realize a wealth of indubitably original material. The famous “prepared piano,” which prevented the emergence of familiar pianistic sounds, was merely the beginning of a career that included scrupulously alternative kinds of musical scoring, idiosyncratically structured theatrical events, unique literary forms, and much, much else esthetically new.

When I first began following his activities, three decades ago, no one received so much persistently negative comment, not just in print but in collegial conversations. When invited

to give the 1988–89 Charles Eliot Norton lectures at Harvard, perhaps the most prestigious appointment of its kind, he delivered statements so barely connected that few professors returned after Cage’s initial lecture! An anarchist from his professional beginnings, he worked, as much through example as assertion, to eliminate authority and hierarchy, even in performance. For instance, he never composed work requiring an authoritarian conductor or even a lead instrumentalist who functions apart from a back-up group.

Not unlike other avant-garde artists, Cage tended to make works, in his case in various media, that are much more or much less than art used to be. Though the minimal pieces should not be slighted, in my considered opinion the greatest Cage works are his *maximal* compositions. *Sonatas and Interludes for Prepared Piano* (1946–48) is his longest and most exhaustive exploration of his first musical invention. *Williams Mix* (1953) is a tape collage composed of thousands of bits, intricately fused onto six audiotapes that should be played simultaneously, so

that the result is an abundance of sounds lasting only several minutes. I then like *HPSCHD* (1969) in which Cage and collaborator Lejaren Hiller filled a 16,000 seat basketball arena with a multitude of sounds and sights, and *Europera* (1987) which draws upon nineteenth-century European opera for musical parts, costumes and scenarios that are then distributed randomly to a professional opera company. Given my bias toward abundance, it is scarcely surprising that my favorite Cage visual art is the sequence of plexiglass plates that became *Not Wanting to Say Anything About Marcel* (1969); my favorite Cage text, the Norton lectures that became the long poem *I–VI* (1989).

In his notorious silent piece, the superficially much, much less 4’33” (1952), he also became an avatar of Conceptual Art, with his framing by a performer’s silence of four-minutes and thirty-three seconds of incidental auditorium noise suggests that the inadvertent sounds within the space constitute the “musical” experience and thus that all sounds, whether intentional or not, can be considered music. (One strain of conceptual art

continued on page 49

Assessment

Marxism's Post-History in Contemporary China

by George Jochnowitz

Taxi drivers are protected by Mao icons, but their religion is profit. Marx is rolling in his grave; the tremors are felt around the world — but are best understood close up.

The reforms hailed by the 1987 Congress of the Communist Party of China were interrupted by the death of Marxism.

I was a witness.

I was walking along Haidian Avenue in northwestern Beijing. It was May 20, 1989. Martial law had just been announced to no visible effect. Trucks were heading downtown loaded with provisions for the million protesters in Tiananmen Square. Among them were some of the students whom I had taught at Hebei University in Baoding, two and a half hours south of Beijing by train.

The crowds along Haidian Avenue were half strolling, half parading, giving each other the "V" for Victory sign, and rejoicing in the uniqueness of the occasion. Tiananmen Square was filled with students — everybody knew that — but in the Haidian neighborhood, there was no distinction between the students and faculty from the nearby universities and the other people who just happened to live in the neighborhood. The workers had joined the students! They were not thinking in class terms, as they had been taught to do all their lives. Instead they were demonstrating for clearly bourgeois goals — democracy and freedom. They had abandoned the class struggle and had joined with intellectuals, even though Mao had

called intellectuals the *chou lao jiu* (the stinking ninth category).

Marxism died when the workers adopted the goals of the students. Nevertheless, the citizens of Beijing did not have the convictions of their courage. Most of them were not yet ready to reject the idea of socialism, however empty of meaning it had become, nor were they quite ready to give up the comforting certitude of Marxist faith, however faint a resemblance their version had to Marx's doctrine.

Prelude to Beijing Spring

When I arrived in Baoding earlier that year to teach for one semester at Hebei University, I noted a certain amount of disillusion with China's capitalist reforms. Everyone complained that the society was corrupt. They talked about the widespread use of the "back door" (bribery and corruption; a recurring theme in my students' compositions). But they failed to realize that "back doors" are used because the front door is locked, or because there never was a front door. Power does indeed corrupt, but powerlessness corrupts even more.

I was also surprised to learn from my senior composition class that they had — or claimed to have — no faith in the value of education. How can one respect the "stinking ninth category," after all? One senior wrote about a conversation she had had with a ten-year-old elementary school dropout:

Nowadays, the most important thing for us is to earn money, money is most powerful in our society. I can earn a lot of money everyday, much more than a University Professor do. Why should I go to school? It's not worthwhile to be educated!

In China, jobs are assigned to graduating seniors by the university. There are no want ads or employment agencies. Student after student told me how he or she considered the policy a personal threat. One might be stuck teaching — horrors! — for the rest of one's life.

Job assignment is a peculiar policy for any government to pursue. People stuck in jobs they hate are not merely unhappy (and therefore more likely to cause trouble), they are also unproductive. Government assignment of

jobs, however, follows quite naturally from the theory of the "higher stage of communism," according to Marx. In this ultimate stage of history, "society regulates the general production and thus makes it possible for me to do one thing to-day and another tomorrow, to hunt in the morning, fish in the afternoon, rear cattle in the evening, criticize after dinner, just as I have a mind, without ever becoming a hunter, fisherman, shepherd or critic." Implicit in Marx's statement is the idea that there

What China's rulers hope for is the achievement of capitalism and the simultaneous suppression of liberty. Marxist ideology is the tool used to demonstrate the emptiness and selfishness of freedom as the economy becomes ever more capitalist.

are no individual talents or preferences. If this is the case, why shouldn't the government assign jobs?

The policy of job assignment explains much. China's leaders could not accept the idea that people have the right to do what they want. They could accept capitalism, but they never were happy about the idea of freedom.

China's Current Reforms

Three years after Tiananmen, the Communist Party is still not ready to criticize Marx, and is still leery of freedom, though it is supportive, in a limited way, of markets.

"China vows to gear up reforms," proclaimed a rare banner headline in the March 21, 1992 *China Daily*, the official English-language newspaper of the People's Republic of China. The occasion was the opening of the fifth annual session of the Seventh National People's Congress, which was to run for eleven days. "Planning and market forces are methods of running an economy, and can serve both socialism and capitalism," said Prime Minister Li

Peng in his report to the National People's Congress. An editorial on March 25 spoke of smashing the three irons: "iron armchairs (secure posts for enterprise officials), the iron rice bowl (lifetime employment), and iron wages (fixed salaries without consideration for work performance)."

Does this sound just a bit like capitalism? Not to Prime Minister Li. He calls his policy "socialism with Chinese characteristics." It differs from capitalism, says Li Peng, in its adherence to the Four Cardinal Principles: the socialist road, people's democratic dictatorship, leadership by the Communist Party, and Marxism-Leninism-Mao Zedong Thought. "Socialism with Chinese characteristics" is a misleading name. I would call it "Marxist capitalism."

Further semantic confusion is caused by the fact that in 1987 the 13th Communist Party Congress stated as official doctrine that China is in "the primary stage of socialism." According to Marx, the capitalist stage must precede the socialist stage. What this means to China's leaders is that everyone must love socialism, but nobody has to live it. Socialism must inevitably triumph, since Marx cannot ever be wrong, but everyone secretly hopes it will not be during his own lifetime.

What China's rulers were hoping for then and are hoping for now is the achievement of capitalism and the simultaneous suppression of liberty. Marxist ideology is the tool that will be used, as always, to demonstrate the emptiness and selfishness of freedom, even as the economy becomes ever more capitalist.

In China nowadays, people believe in capitalism with the same religious faith they once reserved for socialism. Their socialist religion has failed them, but they have yet to shake the habit of believing in economic systems. Their current faith is negative socialism — socialism with a minus sign in front of it. That is why the press exhorts the citizens to overcome a climate favorable to egalitarianism. "To get rich is glorious" is now an official slogan. Even in the days of Horatio Alger and the robber barons, Americans did not express such extravagant praise of capitalism.

China is now committed to the pursuit of Marxist capitalism — practicing the caricature of capitalism offered by Marxist theory.

Marxism is a system of belief — a faith that history moves through pre-ordained stages: primitive communism, slavery, feudalism, capitalism, socialism, and communism. Marxism also is a system of absolute moral values: the goals of the working class are good, regardless of any other context; although the revolution of the proletariat will inevitably succeed, all human action ought to be subordinate to the class struggle; practical and individual needs must always give way to the needs of society. It is indeed ironic that a philosophical system based on economics and materialism should, like an absolutist religion, reject the demands of everyday life. Marxism is a faith in materialism that has declared materialism a sin.

Socialism, unlike capitalism, was invented. People may read Adam Smith and agree with him; no one, however, treats his writings as scripture. Karl Marx's works, on the other hand, are indeed considered holy writ in much of the world. Although Marx wasn't the first socialist in history, he

Their current faith is negative socialism — socialism with a minus sign in front of it. "To get rich is glorious" is now an official slogan.

did to a great extent invent socialism. Lenin and the other creators of socialist revolutions were following blueprints that they believed in; as a consequence, their socialist states must practice indoctrination. Indoctrination may exist in capitalist states as well, for nationalist or religious reasons, but never to foster the belief in capitalism itself. There once was a country called the "Union of Soviet Socialist Republics"; it is almost unimaginable that there could be a "Capitalist States of America."

The Chinese are looking forward to

the day when capitalism will be the official faith of China. Only a Marxist — or an ex-Marxist — could ever accept capitalism as sacrosanct. Where but in China could “to get rich is glorious” ever have become an official slogan?

The Future

As China drifts further away from true Marxism, the intellectual attempts to bind past theory with current reality become all the more strained. Historian Li Shu, who insists that a sentence in the *Communist Manifesto*, “The history of all hitherto existing society is the history of class struggle,” has been misinterpreted as, “All history is the history of class struggle,” typifies the sort of nonsense that is shamelessly repeated by academics supporting the recent reforms. They wish to escape from Marx by pretending to return to his original meaning. The entire theory of the “primary stage of socialism,” the theoretical underpinning for the open-door policies of Zhao Ziyang, was an attempt to undo Marxism while claiming to follow the letter and spirit of Marx.

Events should soon make these ever-more stilted justifications unnecessary and irrelevant. Marxism is dead, even if its ghost is worshipped in Cuba and North Korea. The cooked-up version of Marxism that the Chinese Communist Party currently promotes is surely too absurd to last long.

Furthermore, the Chinese Communist Party has learned of the necessity of capitalism, and perhaps even of *laissez faire*. Hong Kong, the closest thing to a *laissez faire* market society

on the planet, is the model. 1997 — the year of reunification — is not far off.

Chinese communism’s new-found ideological flexibility, whether called “socialism with Chinese characteristics,” Marxist Capitalism, or the “primary stage,” may find its most interesting expression in the developing policy toward Hong Kong. By tak-

When five million Hong Kong residents live in the same country as a billion mainlanders, who will dominate? I think the answer is Hong Kong.

ing it over, mainland China may also be obliged to take on the idea of the *free enterprise zone*. With the Communist Party now mandating a form of capitalism on the mainland, it may, indeed, protect a *laissez faire* capitalism in the soon-to-be-acquired British colony.

Much has been made of the imminent crack-down on political freedoms in Hong Kong. Most analysts assume that the threatened abrogation of political rights (such as Hong Kong autonomy) and personal freedoms (such as freedom of speech) will be extended, after sovereignty switches to the Communist mainland, to the realm of private property. But this may not happen. The designs the Chinese government may have on Hong Kong may be nothing less than to accrue, for its own purposes, the leavening effects of

Hong Kong as a bastion of free markets.

But when five million Hong Kong residents live in the same country as a billion mainlanders, who will dominate? I think the answer is Hong Kong, no matter how much trouble the Communist Party takes to contain the political problem by curtailing “purely political” freedoms. Guang-dong Province already draws inspiration from across the border — soon to be erased — with Hong Kong.

Though this is only speculation, it does offer some hope to the people of Hong Kong.

Capitalism, Marxist or otherwise, cannot save China from its alternating periods of reform and crackdown. Only liberty can do that. Fortunately, there are signs that this savior may be on its way. A headline in the April 6, 1992, edition of *China Daily* reads: “Beijingers keep pets for fun”! To appreciate the significance of this item, it is necessary to know that owning dogs is illegal in Chinese cities. The news story informs us that “about 100,000 people were found keeping dogs illegally each year from 1986 to 1991. . . . an increasing number of Beijingers keep dogs despite the ban.” Why were dogs outlawed? According to the article, “Each year more than 30,000 people are bitten by illegally kept dogs.” I suspect there is a deeper reason for the government forbidding dogs as pets: owning dogs is an expression of individuality. When pet lovers defy the state, and when an official newspaper prints the story approvingly, then, perhaps, totalitarianism is indeed on the way out. □

Richard Kostelanetz, “John Cage, Inventor” *continued from page 46*

consists of statements or demonstrations that convey heavy doses of esthetic implication.)

Cage also revolutionized musical scoring (even collecting an anthology of *Notations*, 1969, that mostly reflects his influence), introducing graphic notations and even prose instructions in place of horizontal musical staves. The most extraordinary of his own scores is the two-volume *Song Books* (*Solos for Voice*, 3–92) (1970) that contain, in part through length and number, a wealth of

alternative performance instructions.

An anarchist in both his head and his gut, Cage always understood that much happens, in society as in art, without the intervention of the state, without the intervention of empowered authorities, without hierarchies, even without leadership. His influence, his career, could not have happened in a supervised society. I never met anyone with so much celebrity with so little taste for authoritarian postures. (It is not surprising that he

refused to vote.) He never dismissed another artist’s work as unacceptably wayward, for his sharpest criticisms exposed how something was not radical enough; even if it pretended to be. When he was chosen Norton Professor, I chided him for accepting a title (“Professor”) that would elevate him above the rest of humanity, even if only for a year. I later asked him what it was like to be a Harvard professor. “Not much different from not being a Harvard professor,” he replied. □

Travel

A Journey to the East

by Ben Best

Diogenes went looking for an honest man. Ben Best went looking for libertarians in Europe's ex-collectivist back streets.

From mid-June until late July of 1992 I traveled through Scandinavia, Eastern Europe and the northeast corner of the former Soviet Union. The pretext for the trip was two computer conferences being held in or near St. Petersburg, Russia in the first half of July, but my actual goal was to meet and confer with as many libertarians as I could. So I spent several months preparing for this trip, mostly identifying and writing to libertarian contacts in this part of the world.

When I landed in Stockholm I was met at the airport by Henrik Bejke, the Swedish representative of the International Society for Individual Liberty (ISIL). We went by bus to a night club that is a major locus of libertarian activity in Stockholm. This club is owned and operated by libertarians as a profit-making political protest. Other Stockholm nightclubs have liquor licenses and must close at 1:00 a.m.; this club has no liquor license and operates all night.

Occasionally, the police raid the club, arrest its workers and shut the club down. The workers are released a few hours later and the club is back in business soon after. So far, the authorities have refrained from taking measures that would destroy the enterprise.

This peculiar stand-off between the police and the operators of the nightclub is indicative of both Swedish tolerance and of the high political profile libertarianism has achieved in Sweden since 1980. Sweden's backlash against the Welfare State, although less dra-

matic than Eastern Europe's revolt against communism, is a national force powerful enough to have placed a conservative government in office and to have made libertarianism a household word and a force in mainstream student politics.

Just inside the nightclub's entrance is a large sign containing a quotation from Frederic Bastiat: *where law and morality stand in conflict, morality must prevail*. Similar signs around the stage and dance-floor contain quotations from Milton Friedman and other libertarians.

Henrik handles much of the accounting and administrative work of the club. He showed me the office and his computer. He had an ambition to start a Swedish libertarian E-mail system, but had no idea how to go about doing so. Also in the club's office is a libertarian library and bookstore. Among other titles, it offered a Swedish translation of *Atlas Shrugged*, in a three-volume boxed set.

Arrangements were made for me to have lunch with Einar Du Rietz, the head of the Free Moderate Students Association, the largest conservative

student organization in Sweden. Einar is a libertarian, and we talked politics and philosophy. Einar mentioned that *Atlas Shrugged* is a frequent catalyst for students to change their views from conservative to libertarian. This led to a discussion of Rand's attempt to derive ethics from metaphysics — an issue that is frequently on the minds of Randian libertarians in Europe, as elsewhere.

In his office, Einar allowed me to phone the Assistant Director of Student Affairs at the Institute for Humane Studies in Paris. She agreed with me that traveling can be made much more pleasant by meeting like-minded people in foreign countries. She faxed me a list of names, addresses and phone numbers of free market minded people in Eastern Europe. I was especially eager to make contacts in Lithuania and Latvia, partly because all my previous efforts to do so had failed. Einar showed me a letter he had received from a fellow who is active in Lithuanian libertarian student politics. I wrote the fellow a post card, telling him the arrival time of my flight to Vilnius from Warsaw.

I spent the rest of the afternoon wandering around Stockholm. Immigration is a big issue in Sweden, insofar as eight million Swedes have allowed one million foreigners to enter the country. Sweden has the largest number of refugees per capita in the world, I was told. The bountiful shipments of food to Africa from Sweden have contributed to attracting many immigrants from that continent. One Swede complained to me that Swedish laws are so tolerant that AIDS-testing of immigrants is prohibited, out of concern that this would be discriminatory. A segment of Swedish society is in reaction to this influx. On that day the newspaper headlines proclaimed the capture of "Laser Man," a person who had been taking potshots at dark-skinned people through his scoped rifle, yet had been eluding the police.

I met Henrik, my ISIL host, for dinner — and more political discussions. Public opinion polls typically show Scandinavians scoring the highest for irreligion in the Western World. Nominally, Swedes belong to the State Church, and 1% of their income is taxed to finance the Church. Any Swede can avoid the 1% deduction simply by making a formal request to the government, but most don't bother. Henrik said that the government will probably privatize the Church within the next five years, but there are evidently people who are concerned that a private church might become aggressive and obnoxious.

I had made arrangements to catch a train to Oslo at about 2:30 a.m., and someone had agreed to drive me to the train station. My driver engaged me in a discussion about the function Michael Milken served in the marketplace, and about how the state can be eliminated without violence.

I had planned my arrival in Oslo to coincide with a conference that I was told would be the largest gathering of libertarians ever seen in Norway. This turned out to be not true, for reasons that were never made clear to me. The conference was sponsored by the Progress Party, an alliance of conservatives and libertarians that is not always congenial (the Progress Party is officially anti-immigration, to the chagrin of many libertarians). Because the conference had speakers from many countries, it was held in English. The topic was

the EC and the Maastricht Treaty. Predictably, nearly everyone opposed the political centralization represented by Maastricht. Most still favored the Treaty of Rome as a method of reducing trade barriers, although one speaker vehemently opposed the EC for being an instrument of European protectionism that was thwarting the free world trade which could be achieved through GATT (the General Agreement on Trade and Tariffs).

One Norwegian libertarian, although he was ideologically committed to a pro-immigration position, ex-

Sweden's backlash against the Welfare State is a national force powerful enough to have placed a conservative government in office and to have made libertarianism a household word and a force in mainstream student politics.

pressed his concern about the impact of immigration upon Norway. He felt that far too many of the immigrants were attracted to Norway by the very generous system of social welfare. These people, he said, were coming to Norway with no intention of working for a living or becoming productive citizens. The immigration policy is so generous that it guarantees the children of immigrants an education in their native language. This can be both costly and difficult in the case of some of the more obscure African languages.

One of the speakers was a member of Parliament in Denmark, and he was among my lunch companions. I have had little experience with having friendly, casual relations with elected political figures in North America, let alone with ones who are libertarian. The election of libertarians is much more possible on the Continent than in America or Britain because Europe's electoral systems generally have proportional representation, as opposed to the "winner takes all" system in the English-speaking world: small parties with a small fraction of public support get a

small political representation in Parliaments.

Libertarianism is influential in Norwegian student politics, although less influential than in Sweden. I dropped into the libertarian students' union in Oslo and chatted with a number of the students. The ones I spoke to did not seem very well read or knowledgeable of libertarian philosophy or economics.

I took the train to Germany, where cryonicist Klaus Reinhard was my host. Although Germany has an ISIL representative, libertarianism is practically unheard of in that country — except for the non-capitalist varieties. Considering the role that Austrian Economics has played in libertarian philosophy, this puzzles me. The Scandinavian libertarians could give me no persuasive explanation. Someone translated *Atlas Shrugged* into German many years ago, but it was long out-of-print, and practically unobtainable. I gave Klaus an English-language version of the novel.

I took a night-train from Hamburg to Prague. The train itself gave me a sense of foreboding that I was entering the former Eastern Bloc. The railcar bound for Czechoslovakia was dark, old and dirty-looking — in contrast to the other railcars in the train (and European railcars in general). It looked as if it had been built to transport troops during World War II.

Prague escaped the devastation of World War II and is full of historical monuments. I would rate it as one of the best cities for touring in Europe — and yet the big influx of Western tourists is a very new phenomenon there. Prague almost seemed to be in a state of on-going celebration, or carnival.

My guidebook said that the National Museum on Wenceslas Square wasn't worth wasting time in, but I personally found the taxidermy superior to any I had ever seen — partly because the stuffed animals were on floor level and weren't sequestered in glass cages. I had never before stood so close to a stuffed rhinoceros.

The most peculiar tourist attraction I saw was the city sewer, an engineering masterpiece, the advertisements said. I bought a ticket and walked down some stairs to a "gallery" on top of the flowing sewer-water. I could see the confluence of three pipes of sewage. It smelled

How to Subscribe to Liberty

***Liberty* takes individual freedom seriously . . . and the status quo with more than one grain of salt!**

Liberty tackles the tough problems. Every issue of *Liberty* presents essays studying current trends in political and social thought, discussions of the strategy and tactics of social change, and analyses of current events and challenges to popular beliefs. *Liberty* also offers lively book reviews, fiction, and humor. You won't want to miss a single issue!

Act Today!

Liberty offers you the best in libertarian thinking and writing. So don't hesitate. You have nothing to lose, and the fruits of *Liberty* to gain!

Use the coupon below or call:

1-800-321-1542

Yes!

Please enter my subscription to *Liberty* immediately!

- ☐ One Full Year (6 issues) \$19.50
☐ Two Full Years (12 issues) \$35.00
 Add \$5 per year for foreign subscriptions.

name _____

address _____

city, state, zip _____

- ☐ I enclose my check (payable to Liberty)
☐ Charge my ☐ VISA ☐ Mastercard

signature _____

account # _____

expires _____

Send to: Liberty, Dept. L32,
 PO Box 1167, Port Townsend, WA 98368

like an outhouse, but the sewer water looked fairly clean (and greenish.)

In an attempt to get another viewpoint on Prague, I rode the subway to the end of the line, to the Prague suburbs. What I saw is typical throughout cities of Eastern Europe (and even more so in the former Soviet Union): forests of huge and identical-looking apartment buildings. The only houses in or near cities are those that pre-date communist rule. In this sense, life in the communist countries of Eastern Europe was collectivized and quite uniform. Makeshift kiosks near the subway stations selling food and household items symbolized the new spirit of enterprise.

Had I met libertarians, I might have gotten more insight into Czech politics and culture. Some Canadians who had lived there for several months told me that hatred is a standard emotion. The Czechs hate the Germans, the Russians, the Jews and the Slovaks. The Slovaks have almost the same list of hates, save for substituting Czechs in the place of Slovaks. People feel that it is inevitable that Czechoslovakia will split in two.

I took an overnight train from Prague to Warsaw. Warsaw is not the tourist attraction that Prague is. Hitler was determined to reduce Warsaw to rubble, and he did a pretty good job of it. Even the "old town" is a reconstruction, and there weren't many tourists.

Warsaw is dominated by the Palace of Culture and Science, a 30-story concrete building that was a gift from Stalin to the Polish people (built by Poles, as one Pole wryly pointed out to me). Surrounding this building is the heart of the "new Warsaw" — a collection of huge quonset huts that serves as a shopping center. The newness of a market economy to Poland seems reflected by the ramshackle buildings out of which many businesses are conducted. Nonetheless, on the ground floor of the Palace of Culture and Science itself I found a rather new clothing boutique.

I arranged a meeting with a "libertarian" student completing a Ph.D. in economics at the University of Warsaw, and also with the publisher of *Stanczyk*, reputedly "the oldest Polish journal edited by Polish defenders of laissez-faire capitalism." I was a little surprised at how eager these men were to meet with me — and adjust their schedules.

The publisher of *Stanczyk*, Krzysztof Bakowski, told me he was very self-conscious about his poor English. On the phone he told me that trying to have a conversation with an English-speaking person made him "feel like nigger talking to white person." Many times in Eastern Europe I encountered this shame people had of their poor English — while no acknowledgement was made of my ignorance of their language.

We ended up in Krzysztof's apartment, with the Ph.D. student acting as a translator. From the student I got the impression that his economics department is more like a western business department. I also found this to be the case in the Baltic countries. With the passing of Marxism, practical business has become far more important than macroeconomic theorizing.

I had seen advertisements for *Stanczyk* in *Freedom Network News*. Krzysztof said the ad had not been successful in generating interest or help from Westerners. He said, "libertarians don't help each other." Primarily, he was looking for financial support in the thousands of dollars. Since this was unlikely to be forthcoming, it seemed inevitable that he would be forced to cease publication. This is particularly ironic in

With the passing of Marxism, practical business has become far more important than economic theorizing.

light of the fact that for most of *Stanczyk's* publication history, the journal was outlawed and had to be distributed through clandestine networks.

Krzysztof said that the philosophy expressed in *Stanczyk* is both economic and political — the two being equally important. In economics, he favors complete laissez-faire capitalism — even to the point of money and banking being kept totally out of the hands of the state. In politics, however, he is fiercely anti-democratic. His view is that the masses will always vote for socialism and welfare, and that a free economy can only be achieved through dictatorship. Chile was his best model. I was a bit too stunned by his position to argue

with him, but I did ask by what means a stable free-market dictatorship could be guaranteed. I didn't get a very satisfactory answer.

The train from Warsaw to Vilnius, the capital of Lithuania, passes through Byelorussia. My Russian visa (still a visa for the "USSR," despite the political changes) was good only for the month of July, so I was forced to fly from Warsaw to Vilnius.

I was very worried about my trip through the Baltics. I had written letters to the "Free Market Institutes" of Lithuania and Latvia, but got no response. Credit cards and traveler's checks are not accepted in the Baltics and it is impossible to wire money into those countries even in an emergency. This meant I had to take ample amounts of "hard currency" (i.e., currency for which there is an exchange market, like Deutschmarks or dollars). Given the stories I had heard about the desperation of the people and the prevalence of robbery (especially on trains), I did not feel comfortable. I had also heard that the trains did not run on time — frequently with delays of two days or more. I expected that almost no one would speak English, and I was not confident I could get by on my poor Russian.

Except for a one hour delay in Latvia, my fears proved unfounded. I was met at the Vilnius airport by a man named Wasyl Kapkan. The postcard I had mailed in Stockholm had been received and passed on to Wasyl, who agreed to be my guide and to let me sleep on the couch in his apartment. We rode buses to his apartment block, and he apologized for his humble living conditions as we walked up the dirty, narrow stone stairway. His apartment was indeed small. Everything, in fact, seemed greatly miniaturized: the kitchen, the refrigerator, the toilet, the bath, etc. (Toilets are usually in separate rooms from the bathtub or sink in apartments of the former Soviet Union — presumably to allow others to wash or bathe independent of toilet use.)

Almost immediately I found myself invited to two lunches. My first host was Algirdas Degutis, President of the Libertas Institute and a very well-known man in Lithuania. He was one of the founders of the Liberal Party and was influential during the break from

the Soviet Union. Degutis translated *The Road To Serfdom* into Lithuanian, and apparently this book was widely read. He also publishes a libertarian magazine in Lithuanian called *The Speculator* (the issue he gave me contained essays by himself, Frederic Bastiat, John Williams and Tibor Machan, along with

When I teased Juri that he should go into the currency business, he replied that he would get beat up if he did.

one-page excerpts from Ludwig von Mises, Murray Rothbard and Herbert Spencer). He is a former philosophy professor, but he evidently knows a wealthy libertarian who subsidizes his libertarian pursuits — largely translation of libertarian economics books into Lithuanian. His personal library is impressive. As his views have gotten increasingly radical, Degutis has come to be disparaged by those in government. His most recent interests were David Friedman's *The Machinery of Freedom* and Ayn Rand.

By Lithuanian standards, Degutis seemed to be a fairly rich man. He had a new-looking (if small) car, and he could afford to chain-smoke packaged cigarettes. He picked me up in his car and drove me to his apartment, where I had lunch with his family.

I was quite surprised when Degutis told me he was a firm Roman Catholic. I asked him how he could reconcile the atheism of Rand's Objectivism with Roman Catholicism. He answered that he thought Objectivism and Roman Catholicism were not incompatible. It turned out that all the libertarians I met in Lithuania were Roman Catholic. Lithuania's Roman Catholicism comes from the country's historic close relationship with Poland. In this respect, Lithuania is quite different from Latvia (which is more Germanic) and Estonia (which is more Scandinavian).

The host of my second lunch was an enterprising libertarian engineer who had started a business dealing with sound systems and acoustics. He was also active in the libertarian faction of

the Liberal Party.

After lunch, he and Wasyl gave me a tour of the points of historical interest in Vilnius, beginning with the TV station offices (across from the engineer's apartment block) where the Lithuanians had confronted Russian soldiers. I could see pockmarks from bullets on the walls of the building. We ran into a fellow on the street with whom my companions exchanged a few friendly words. This man had been in charge of Lithuanian counterintelligence against the KGB just after Lithuania achieved independence. The sense of closeness to central government in a small country is almost eerie.

Vilnius has a few noteworthy cathedrals and monuments, as well as an "Old Town," but I barely saw anyone I would call a tourist. Nor did I see much in the way of tourist amenities, like fast-food vendors or souvenir sellers.

I returned to an evening meal at the apartment of the engineer's family. This meal was exactly like my lunches — bread, leaf lettuce, small unripe strawberries, greasy sausage slices, bits of cheese and some wine. Wasyl phoned Latvia to arrange for someone to meet me in Riga, and the engineer's wife packed me a lunch for the next day. These people are so poor by western standards, and yet they kept trying to give me things and help me in any way that they could — and it was difficult to give them anything in return. The extremity of their hospitality was embarrassing.

At the train station in the morning, I finally met Andrius Buldygerovas, the student libertarian to whom I had sent my postcard. He had been on a camping party with 40 or so libertarian ("neo-liberal," they say) students. We got into a conversation about cryonics and the attraction it has for so many people who have admired Ayn Rand. I said it was probably because Rand is so pro-survival, pro-technology, life-affirming, pro-reason, and anti-mystical. Wasyl was evidently impressed, because he mentioned that he was nearly finished translating *The Road To Serfdom* into Ukrainian, and he asked me to write an introduction for his edition. I protested that Degutis should write the introduction, but Wasyl kept pressuring me until I agreed — warning him that it might take months.

I took the train to Riga in a "first class" (by Soviet standards) railcar, at a cost of about \$1.20. I shared my compartment with three other people. One fellow owned a cheap-looking pocket calculator, but one might have thought it was a video game, judging by his fascination and the way he kept doing calculations. (He really seemed to be playing; I didn't see him taking figures from anywhere or writing down results.)

I was met at the Riga train station in the late afternoon by a middle-aged

I got a very strong message, during my stay in Russia, that the great majority of people hate communism and crave a market economy. Equally strong, however, was my impression that hardly anyone has the least idea of what a market economy is.

woman who did volunteer work for the Latvian Liberal Party. Professionally, she was a teacher of geological engineering at a Riga Technical School. She gave me her business card. (Every "libertarian" I had met in Poland and Lithuania had given me business cards — including Wasył, whose card was hand-printed). Her English was not very good and she seemed almost non-ideological, aside from her desire to see the Russians leave Latvia.

She did give me an excellent tour of Riga. I noted that anti-tank barricades remained standing around government buildings — as compelling a sign as any that Latvians will not rest easy while Russian soldiers are still in their country.

I rode the overnight train to Tallinn, the capital of Estonia, where I was met the next morning at the train station by a 17-year-old boy named Juri, with whom I had corresponded for six months. He is both a libertarian (although his knowledge is limited) and a Mensan (one of the three Mensans in the whole of Estonia). He is fluent in Russian, English and Estonian. Since his

school year had just ended, he was happy to be able to be my full-time companion for two days.

Upon arriving in a new country, one of the first problems that must be dealt with is obtaining the local currency. This proved to be more difficult than usual because: (1) I had arrived two hours before the currency exchange office opened and (2) the Estonian government had converted from Roubles to Kroons on the previous week, and the availability of Kroons was still a problem. In front of the train station's closed currency-exchange office there were quite a few currency traders (most of whom were from Russia or the Caucasus). Naturally, they charged an exchange rate that was more costly than the office. I asked Juri to talk to several traders in order to get the best rate. All the traders quoted the same rate except one, who undercut the others by a slight margin. Before a transaction could be performed, however, another trader started yelling, and informed a "boss" who came over and chewed out the deviant trader. The deviant's rate immediately came in line with the standard one. I traded currency with a dealer who had not been involved in this commotion (at the standard rate, of course). When I later teased Juri that he should go into the currency business, he replied that he would get beat up if he did.

Juri located a hotel for me that was decent, yet cost only \$8 per night. He then proceeded to show me around Tallinn. Tallinn is swarming with tourists, in contrast to Lithuania and Latvia. Estonian language is very close to Finnish and, with Helsinki just a short boat-ride across the Gulf of Finland, there is a constant influx of Finns seeking inexpensive entertainment. The Estonians are also influenced by Finnish television. Although Estonia is still a very poor country by Western standards, it is noticeably richer than Lithuania, and there is much more commercial activity on the streets.

Estonia is larger than Switzerland, yet its population is only 1.6 million, less than half Lithuania's. Nearly a third of the residents of Estonia are Russian, contrasted with only 20% in Lithuania. Juri told me he could speak Russian from the time he was seven years old, and his fluency was evident from his conversations with Russian

speakers. Juri denied claims by the Russian government that Russians are a persecuted minority in Estonia. He thinks that any Russian who truly wants to be an Estonian citizen should be willing to fulfill the new requirement of fluency in Estonian. He says that most Russians simply refuse to learn the language.

While we were in an Estonian natural history museum, I asked Juri about the two large Estonian islands between the Gulf of Riga and the Baltic Sea. Juri said that even he would be unable to visit those islands without a personal invitation from a resident. Concerning the low population density of Estonia, he told me that any Estonian citizen can have a piece of farmland simply by making a request to the Estonian Government. Most Estonians living in Tallinn just aren't interested.

I struggled to make contact with libertarians in Tallinn, but had a very hard time. One Estonian student libertarian was doing graduate work in Sweden. He did not think that Estonia was ready for libertarian ideas because the country is so concerned with constitutional issues and relations with other nations (particularly Russia).

I phoned Roger Wessman (the ISIL representative for Finland) with the hope of finding English speaking liber-

The publisher of "Stanczyk" told me that trying to have a conversation with an English-speaking person made him "feel like nigger talking to white person."

tarian contacts in St. Petersburg and Tallinn. Roger is planning to organize an ISIL conference in Estonia, but he had no contacts in Russia and could only give me the names of a couple of Estonians. One of those Estonians was a young banker who was helping Roger organize the conference. I arranged for the banker to have dinner with Juri and me.

Even the restaurants in Tallinn are still owned by the government. Surprisingly, the one we selected had

fine food. The banker was an enterprising young man who works 16-hour days to help establish an Estonian commercial bank. I asked him about the International Monetary Fund (IMF) involvement with the new Estonian currency. Evidently there was no direct involvement at the beginning — the Kroon was being backed entirely by Estonian government reserves of “hard currencies” (especially Deutschmarks and dollars). The IMF nonetheless was planning future involvement, and was demanding that the Estonian government raise taxes — something vigorously opposed by a coalition of the Liberal and Conservative parties.

I paid about \$5, tip included, for the excellent dinner for the three of us. Considering that the food was so good, I found it curious that the restaurant looked so empty. The banker told me the front door is usually closed, and that it was only an accident that it was open when we arrived. Perhaps employees of state-run restaurants aren't so eager for business.

The banker invited us to go to his office so that he could try to find libertarian contacts for me in Russia. From his office, the banker got a phone call through to a journalist in St. Petersburg who he hoped could help me locate libertarians in that city. The journalist couldn't understand why anyone would want to meet such people, but provided the address and phone number of the Free Democratic Party of Russia.

I took a night train to St. Petersburg. The total cost of my train fares from Vilnius to Riga to Tallinn to St. Petersburg amounted to less than \$5, including the 25¢ I had to pay for bedding. Predictably, I was awakened in the night when we crossed the border into Russia. Unpredictably, the inspectors were only interested in my passport and visa — they didn't even look at my suitcase or backpack. I later learned that Russian customs officers at the St. Petersburg airport are as diligent as ever.

When I arrived in St. Petersburg, I took a taxi directly to the center where my APL computer-language conference was being held. This conference was sponsored by the Association of Computing Machinery, with headquarters in New York City. It was the first

conference the ACM had sponsored in the former Soviet Union.

I had arrived early so that I could explore St. Petersburg before the conference started. The conference coordinator asked me if I wanted the services of a translator at the cost of \$20 for 8 hours, plus \$5 to the agency. I accepted this offer, and was introduced to a fel-

It would be nice to think that with the decline of the Soviet state, freedom and enterprise would prevail. But a host of extortionists and protection rackets emerged, exercising control over anyone who ventures to engage in any kind of business.

low named Ivan, who was fluent in Russian, English, French and Spanish. Ivan was also a historian, with particular expertise in the history of St. Petersburg — as was obvious by the way he could rattle off dates and expound at length about almost every monument, cathedral or mansion we passed. The \$20 fee was a bargain as far as I was concerned, but by Russian standards — the average monthly pay is about \$20 — Ivan was being richly paid.

For over 30 years following World War II, there was almost no inflation in Russia. During that period, a ride on the Moscow or Leningrad subway cost 5 kopeks. Most workers had maintained the same salary for 30 years. Then a few years ago, the economy began to crack. Prices have moved more towards reality, but only in a very qualified way. With almost everything still owned by the state, it is difficult for prices to reach a “true market level” (as Ludwig von Mises so trenchantly demonstrated in his famous essay “Economic Calculation in a Socialist Commonwealth”). Oblivious to the rampant inflation, the Russian State Banks continue to pay 5% interest on deposits, as they have for decades. As far as I can tell, there was no incentive to save money except to make a big pur-

chase. In cradle-to-grave socialism, there is no point in saving money for retirement.

I bought \$125 worth of roubles at a rate of 105 roubles to the U.S. dollar (although I later heard I could have gotten 125 on the street). This was more than enough to last me for 3 weeks. Thinking of a rouble as being worth less than a penny helped me to evaluate costs.

A subway ride in St. Petersburg cost one rouble, and a telephone call cost 15 kopeks. But making a telephone call was not easy: I couldn't find anything that cost less than a rouble, and no one had change. Ivan had a source for change that he wouldn't tell me about, although he did sell me coins for the pay phones.

Although there is still negligible privatization of large enterprises, on the individual level there is enterprising almost everywhere in St. Petersburg. Outside every subway stop are rows and rows of kiosks, and people are selling things on the pavement, on tables, etc. On Nevsky Prospekt (the main drag) near the Big Department Store, the sidewalk merchandising reaches a fever pitch. Against both sides of the sidewalks, people stand side by side offering the most ridiculous items for sale: high-heel shoes, kittens, blood pressure kits, etc. Bananas are sold from boxes piled on the sidewalk — a very popular item. Bananas cost more here than in the government stores, but government stores are usually out of them.

A serious problem for tourists in St. Petersburg is the fact that the drinking water is infected with the *Giardia lamblia* parasitic amoeba — which can cause serious illness and diarrhea. The residents know to boil water before they consume it — and tea-drinking is common. Since I do not like drinking sugary soft-drinks or alcoholic beverages, my search for mineral water took on an almost desperate quality. I tried tonic water, but I am not keen on quinine. Ivan and I finally did find some mineral water. Despite its murky brownish color, I bought six bottles and poured them into a large plastic bottle I carried in my backpack.

Peter the Great had an interest in science which is rarely seen in those with political power. I visited the Anthropology Museum that he commissioned in 1718 to house his collection

of "curiosities." I saw a skeleton of a calf with two heads and one hip and numerous skeletons of Siamese twins. The jars of deformed fetuses were remarkable not only for their oddities — cyclops eye, face fused into a single orifice, etc. — but for the degree of preservation. (Peter once presented his wife with the preserved head of one of her lovers.)

I wanted to get some materials which could help me learn Russian, so Ivan took me to the largest bookstore in St. Petersburg, located in a building built by the Singer Sewing Machine Company at the turn of the century. Bookselling is a very popular private merchandising activity, tables loaded with used books are seen on sidewalks, outside subway stations and around the railway stations.

We also went to the largest distributor of cassette tapes and video recordings. I had Ivan select recordings of popular Russian music for me. It was possible to obtain Russian-dubbed videos of almost any popular American movie. I selected *Bladerunner*, *Star Trek*, among many others. I had to wait a week for my order to be filled. I was slow to realize that these films were all being copied illegally (ignoring the FBI warning!) by a business run by the Russian government.

I made my way to the office of the Free Democratic Party of Russia. Only one person (a guy named William) spoke English, so I talked with him. I asked William what books his views were based upon, and he said there were no books. I asked him if he knew of libertarians in St. Petersburg who spoke English, and he said he knew of no others. He affirmed his support for a free market, and said that privatization had not even really begun in Russia. William said that his Party was in contact with ISIL and the Republican Party in the United States. He said that his Party currently had 2,500 members (mostly in St. Petersburg), and 3 seats in the Russian Parliament (out of about 1,000).

William gave me some pamphlets (written in Russian) on his party's principles. He wrote his name, address and phone number on the front cover. I gave him copies of several of my essays, a copy of the latest issue of *Liberty*, and a copy of *Atlas Shrugged*. I mentioned

that Ayn Rand was born in St. Petersburg, and had influenced contemporary libertarianism more than any other person.

Once the APL computer conference began, I could almost have forgotten what country I was in. Russian participation in the conference was less than I had expected. Many of the Russian APLers spoke no English, even though all of the sessions were held in English. I came to appreciate that virtually all Russian software is pirated, probably as the result of U.S. efforts to prevent exports of computer technology to the USSR, and the inability of the Russians to pay for it.

Most of the conference involved computer ideas. Nonetheless, there were a couple of plenary sessions that were of general interest. One was by an expert in economic planning, who was now using his APL libraries to construct models. He thought a market economy was simply a different kind of planned economy — with supply and demand curves. He cautioned against the danger that was posed by instability in Russia. During the question period I asked him if he was talking about political instability or, if not, what criteria does he use for determining that economic instability exists. He didn't give me a straight answer.

I got a very strong message, during my stay in Russia, that the great majority of people hate communism and crave a market economy. Equally strong, however, was my impression that hardly anyone has the least idea of what a market economy is.

Another plenary speaker had been working for the KGB for many years in the field of cryptography and cryptanalysis. He emphasized that the KGB was not simply a team of spies and torturers, and that he was glad he could now speak openly about his scientific work. He said that "the enemy" had been richer, and used expensive equipment, whereas the Soviets had been forced to use their minds. During the question period someone asked if cryptanalysis could be used to decipher how the brain works. The speaker liked the idea and asked the questioner if he was interested in co-operating with the KGB.

On the second evening of the conference, there was a hovercraft cruise in

the Gulf of Finland which ended with a reception on the Kronstadt Naval Base. Only a year earlier the base had been off-limits to non-military people. The conference delegates traveled to and from the hovercraft and directly back from Kronstadt, aboard a convoy of buses that were led and followed by police cars with flashing lights and screaming sirens. One delegate commented that the Russians seemed less concerned about photography on Kronstadt than the American military would be at an American naval base. A few of the delegates were led to a carefully locked room containing PCs which had evidently never been used — and took delight in installing APL software.

I went directly from the APL conference to a conference on computer education held on a cruise ship. During this conference, the boat went up the Neva River to Lake Ladoga (the largest lake in Europe) and Lake Onega. As with education about education everywhere, much of the conference was a bore, and I took the opportunity to catch up on some rest. Most of the Russians were from the Moscow Institute of New Technologies, and quite a few of those were writing software packages for use in education, which I did find interesting.

At one stop I had the opportunity to explore a small Russian village. Another stop was on Kizhi Island, with its famous wooden architecture. In particular, the Church of the Transfiguration, constructed entirely of wood, is both spectacular and humble. Its onion-shaped cupolas, constructed from aspen, have a striking silvery appearance. The Russians are experimenting with methods of preserving these wooden masterpieces by chemical means. I was disappointed to hear my computer colleagues disparage "artificial chemicals" in favor of "natural methods."

We were given the opportunity to view Kizhi in an old-looking Russian Army helicopter. I took a chance. Ten of us paid U.S.\$5 each for a 20-minute helicopter tour of the island. After the trip, the pilot tried to sell us his watch.

The Valaam Islands were also of interest for their historic monasteries (used as hospitals after World War II). The buildings were being given back to

the church, but the number of TV antennas still greatly exceeded the number of crosses. Women entering the cathedral were supposed to cover their hair with scarfs and wear long skirts, but our irreverent group wore baseball caps and jackets with the arms tied around their waists. Someone suggested that, if challenged, the women could claim to be men and defy the monks to check. The cathedral inspired as much reverence as a construction zone — there was lumber and scaffolding everywhere.

In the ship's bar-and-party room, I was approached by a Russian who had written software that allowed high school students graphically to construct and manipulate chemical models. He said that I was the only person who had ever shown him errors in his software, and he asked whether I was a chemist. After answering his question, I took the opportunity to ask him if he believes in God. He said that he did, but not in the God of any organized religion. When I asked him what percentage of Russians believe in God, he estimated only 10%. But to his surprise, when he started polling his Russian computer compatriots, they almost invariably gave the same answer he had given.

I had made arrangements for Ivan, my translator, to find me an inexpensive place to stay in St. Petersburg after my return from the boat cruise. This turned out to be a flat belonging to the daughter of a woman living in Ivan's apartment building. The daughter was away, and I had to promise I would respect her possessions and make no international phone calls. The flat had all the amenities: bed, TV, telephone, toilet, bath, kitchen and refrigerator. For this I paid \$10 for two days. Considering that Ivan paid \$2 per month for rent, I could see that the transaction was mutually advantageous. (A hotel room in St. Petersburg is typically at least \$60 per night — for foreigners.) As with my room in the conference center on the other side of town, warm water was sometimes available, sometimes not — for no apparent reason. You could always tell the warm water from the cold water — the warm water was brown.

The doors to my apartment provided another insight into St. Petersburg life: there was an outside door and an inside door — both heavy and locked.

Police service is terrible in this erstwhile police state. When an apartment is broken into, the police merely record the matter in their books. Ivan said that apartments only tend to get broken into by people who have reason to believe that there is something valuable inside.

With the police so weak, a powerful Mafia has arisen. It would be nice to

Women entering the cathedral were supposed to cover their hair with scarfs and wear long skirts. Someone suggested that, if challenged, the women could claim to be men and defy the monks to check.

think that with the decline of the Soviet state, freedom and enterprise would prevail. But a host of extortionists and protection rackets has emerged, exercising control over anyone who ventures to engage in any kind of business. I went with Ivan to some Kolkhoz markets — which have more fruits and vegetables than can be found elsewhere. Ivan told me these markets are controlled by a Mafia of Georgians, and others from the Caucasus. When I asked him why the Caucasians have such power, he replied it is because they are more ruthless and uncivilized.

Ivan told me that there are many "Mafias" in Russia, and these have no direct connection with the Sicilian Mafia. A woman from Moscow, on the other hand, told me that the KGB had a long history of paying the American and Sicilian Mafia for dirty work — and that the old KGB-Mafia alliance has central power over much of Russia's Mafia.

The museum situation is in a state of flux — there had been many communist museums in the city, yet I was unable to find one. The Lenin Museum had been located in the Marble Palace, but this building was being given to the Russian Museum to display Russian paintings. St. Isaac's Cathedral had been returned to the Church, which promptly removed the Foucault pendulum that had been swinging from the inner dome to

the floor for the last several decades.

The Museum of Religion and Atheism had also been given back to the Church, and is now (as it was before the Revolution) the Kazan Cathedral. There were still Christian works of art on display, but many sections were roped off. The glass cases containing torture implements of the Inquisition were empty, and the artifacts of other religions and superstitions were likewise gone.

Nonetheless, the Chesma Church was still a Museum of Naval Warfare, and the St. Nicholas Church still contained the Museum of the Arctic and Antarctic. The loss of this last museum would be a particular tragedy, because it is unique.

The Museum of the October Revolution had been converted into a wax museum of terrorists, revolutionists and reformists. As with practically all museums we visited, there was one entrance rate for Russians and another for tourists. I paid 15 roubles for Ivan and 100 roubles for myself. Lenin was portrayed as one among many terrorists, although the bitterness that was expressed towards him in particular was very great. The museum guide also had unkind words for the wax figure of Brezhnev, saying that he had not earned many of the military decorations he loved to wear.

I had a strong urge to visit Piskarov Memorial Cemetery, where nearly half a million people were buried during the 900-day siege of Leningrad in World War II. Ivan persisted in his attempts to talk me out of going, saying there is nothing to see there. But I would not be stopped. It was somewhat difficult to reach by bus, but I noticed that people in St. Petersburg frequently stand on the curb and extend their arms as an invitation for anyone driving by to become an impromptu taxi-driver. I encouraged Ivan to do this, and we soon got a ride. I let Ivan do the talking, because otherwise it might have cost me a lot more than 25 cents.

The cemetery consists of rows and rows of mounds, which cover vast pits into which bodies were thrown. The mounds are only designated by number and year. A granite wall bears the inscription: "No one is forgotten, nothing is forgotten."

For Ivan, being in the cemetery was depressing. He blamed Stalin for

continued on page 76

Will Canada Fall Apart on October 26?

by Scott J. Reid

Like an out-of-control locomotive approaching a gully with a washed-out bridge, Canada is rushing towards its inevitable breakup with increasing speed. The national disease, a personality split along linguistic lines, is approaching its terminal phase, as is revealed by the tragicomic story of Prime Minister Brian Mulroney's five-year-long effort to amend the constitution.

Mulroney's effort will probably come to an end, along with his career and possibly with Canada's unity, on October 26th, when his latest package of amendments will probably be defeated in a national referendum.

The constitutional crisis has been brewing since June 24, 1990, when the infamous "Meech Lake Accord" — named after Mulroney's summer home, where Mulroney managed to coerce Canada's premiers into supporting his first set of Constitutional amendments — expired for lack of support in the provincial legislatures. Since that time Mulroney has been frantically seeking some way of appeasing Quebecois interests, and failing miserably. Indeed, his machinations have fanned the fires of Quebec separation as much as anything has.

When Mulroney chose former Prime Minister Joe Clark to be his new Minister of Constitutional Affairs, the marching orders were simple: save Mulroney's career by producing a constitutional deal — any deal, no matter how stupid or destructive its long-term results — in order to have something to offer Quebec in time for its October 26 referendum on whether to accept any more Constitutional offers

from English Canada.

Clark's task was complicated by the fact that Robert Bourassa, Premier of Quebec, refused to participate in any further constitutional negotiations. Having been humiliated in 1982 and again in 1990, Bourassa warned, the province would now demand penance from Canada, which must discern and cater to its demands in its absence. Despite this impediment, Clark went about his task in a workmanlike fashion.

By June 1992, a series of meetings between Clark and the nine English speaking premiers had failed to produce a deal. With only three months left on the referendum deadline, the newspapers began to report that Mulroney had a new strategy: to have Clark publicly advocate consensus, while letting the premiers squabble themselves into incoherence. Then Mulroney would sweep onto the scene, brush aside the premiers' pitiful and incomplete list of amendments, and announce a national referendum on a new set of amendments that he had developed on his own.

But the unthinkable happened. On July 7, the premiers announced that they had agreed on a tentative package to offer Quebec.

Well, it wasn't a package exactly. There was no legal text. Nobody had signed anything. It was more of an agreement to come to an agreement, but it was enough to derail Mulroney's plans. Rumor has it that Mulroney learned about the agreement while on the plane back to Canada from a European conference, with his "The Buck Stops Here" speech already

typed and in his back pocket.

So, after throwing a temper tantrum on the plane and taking a few days off to sulk, Mulroney invited all the premiers, including Bourassa, to Meech Lake once again. Because "Meech Lake" entered the vocabulary of English Canadians as a noun synonymous with the phrase "pig in a poke," Mulroney's spin doctors tastefully renamed the summer home "Harrington Lake."

Once assembled, the premiers were presented with their framework deal, which by virtue of Clark's earlier negotiating ploy included every goofy political idea that pop culture has dreamed up since platform shoes went out of style. Though Bourassa had aimed to get rid of a few of the sillier bits, he managed only to get a few special privileges of his own written into the revised text.

Meanwhile, Mulroney's new strategy was becoming clear. He knew that the premiers would never be able to draft a deal by Quebec's looming deadline, and he knew that Bourassa lacked the political support at home to push back the date of the referendum. So he presented the package of half-finished, mostly self-contradicting amendments to the nation. He called for a national referendum to be held on the date of Quebec's deadline: October 26.

It is on this basis that Canada faces a national "referendum" — really a non-binding plebiscite — for only the third time in its history. In the past, Canada's democracy-shy leaders have only held referenda on issues that split the country neatly on English and French lines (alcohol prohibition in the 1890s and military conscription in the 1940s). In past plebiscites, English Canada voted Yes, French Canada voted No, and the federal government ignored the results. This referendum will follow suit.

From the Quebec point of view a No vote makes perfect sense, given that the package of amendments was mostly negotiated in Quebec's absence and has virtually nothing in it addressing Quebec's concerns for the preservation of the French language and culture. Meanwhile, in seven of the nine English provinces the Yes side is

continued on page 76

Rethink

Libertarianism, Christianity, and Other Religions

by Jan Narveson

In the July issue, Doug Bandow labored mightily to show that Christianity is compatible with liberty. Unfortunately, Jan Narveson argues, he got it totally wrong.

Doug Bandow's article on "Libertarians and Christians in a Hostile World" calls for some comment. In particular, there is an important misconception at the outset, correction of which may make some difference to his libcumenical views; and from the Christian side, there are also a couple of problems.

First off: To say that libertarianism is "merely a political philosophy regarding the relationship of man and state" is not true, or at any rate extremely misleading. This is not just because states, after all, are composed of men, but more importantly because there can be no coherent political philosophy that is not also a moral philosophy. The belief that the exercise of State power is typically wrong is founded on the belief that the exercise of *power* (that is, coercive power) except in defense of persons and property, is wrong. It would be crazy to think that it is morally wrong for governments to force people to surrender their property, yet not wrong for private criminals to do so. "Wrong" in these last sentences means *wrong* — not, for instance, "politically inept" or "illegal" (it may be neither, in a given case).

To be sure, beliefs about the wrongness of exercising coercive power are not the only moral beliefs to have. For in addition to what we may use force or fraud to bring about, there is how we should use whatever other influences we may be able to de-

ploy, what ends to try to bring about by them, and of course more generally what we will do, and how we will feel about this and that, all of which might also be said to belong to morals in a more general sense. And the libertarian view certainly leaves it up to you which other moral beliefs you will have, of course; what defines a moral view as libertarian is its special concern about what justifies and what doesn't justify the use of force.

Most religious people believe that there is a being, "God," who wields an infinite amount of force, and this brings up special, interesting questions about not only the general relation of morals to religion, but quite specifically about religion and the use of force. Christians have characteristically believed not only that certain sorts of things are right and wrong, but also that the *reason why* they are right or wrong is that an almighty Creator has decreed them. This last is a philosophical belief, one of enormous influence, and every thoughtful person of whatever religious persuasion needs to be aware of the powerful arguments that

the view is *simply* untenable. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the untenability is a logical matter, not a religious or a moral one.

Philosophers have gone around about the foundations of morals at great length — and rightly so — but virtually all contemporary ones appreciate the difficulty I have in mind. (It's not basically new, going back to Plato's *Euthyphro*.) The problem can be briefly summarized as follows. If we (Christian, Muslim, Hindu, or atheist, it doesn't matter) ask, "Well, *why* should we accept that x is wrong on the strength only of the fact that God says so?" we are faced with two options. On option one, which we may call roughly the "Nazi" option, we are to obey God *simply* because God is a terribly powerful being. The religious person needs to ask why this would be a good answer — especially since few religious persons are ready to concede that might makes right. There *has* to be something more to it than that!

The other option is that we should obey God because God is, after all, a morally good, indeed perfect, being.

This, I think, is clearly the right option and the only one that really makes any sense. On all the important views (as I like to call them) about god (e.g. Jewish, Christian and Muslim), it is absolutely central to the whole idea that there be just one god, and that this one god be both all-powerful *and good*. An all-powerful maniac, sadist, or whimsical tyrant just isn't on. (I discuss only

Is there any reason to think that God would be against homosexuality or abortion, or any of the other things which Christians widely suppose he (or she . . .) is against?

the "high-brow" religions, the religions of the thoughtful; nobody, so far as I know, defends the "gods" of the Mayans or for that matter the Greeks.)

The trouble is, though, that as soon as you say that God is *good*, you have the problem that unless "good" has some *independent* meaning, then you don't know what you're saying about the thing you call god. Which is pretty serious, since the main point of religion, for almost anybody, is to provide a guide of life, a moral focus for life. But then, it turns out that religion *cannot autonomously* do that. A moral view has to make sense *on its own* before it can make sense to suppose that an infinitely wise being would go for it. Religion, therefore, has to be derivative from morality, not vice versa. A religion *incorporates* some views about morals; it does not *support* those views.

The religious person characteristically also supposes that his god *administers* morality somehow, usually by some sort of *enforcement* (fundamentalists hold that it is done by eternal bliss or punishment — nothing in between, for some reason — and I am unclear what modern theologians think on these matters). How this is to work is unclear, but we may note that the fundamentalist conception appears to make God a singularly inept justice who has, for instance, no use whatever for any principle that a punishment should be proportionate to the crime.

Any view that proposed "eternal" punishments for anything is going to have a hard time with that one. (Humans, after all, are finite; no matter how much evil they do, it is necessarily finite. An infinite penalty of any kind could not possibly be right on any reasonable standard of just punishment.) Notice, too, that to say that something is wrong *because* it is proscribed would be to succumb to the problem noted above; it would be to buy the Nazi view. (The statist analogue is someone who says that we have a moral duty to obey the law no matter what it is or how outrageous the government.)

Now one of the things that means is that somebody who says, "Well, according to my religion, such-and-such is wrong," not only can be but *must* be asked, "Well, how do you know?" The respondent will almost always proceed by citing some allegedly sacred text. But the word "allegedly" is used advisedly (and not pejoratively) here. Some *people* wrote that book, and they wrote what they *supposed* God would think about this or that — but how could we know they got it right? True, religions often put out the impression that the prophets, etc., had a direct phone line to the Deity, but it does not, I think, take a great deal of perception to see that that is really nonsense. (It is, however, a story that is *exceedingly* useful to the priesthood, the Administration, as we may call it, of the religion in question. Religions are supposed to be about the relations of people to their god, but inevitably it is about the relations of people to a small number of people's *views* about god, and those people have extraordinary influence over the "flock" who cleave to their doctrines.)

They also tend to make it quite clear that the question is not welcome, and anyone who raises it is automatically one of the bad guys and so forth. That, of course, is a self-serving move on the part of the priesthood. But the idea that we can't question God's motives because it's sacrilege to do so is not only deeply question-begging but, when you think of it, insulting, both to you and to the supposed deity.

I mention this logical point about the relation of religion to morality because of the need to point out that any

claim about religious morality is disputable in essentially the same way and for the same reasons as are claims about secular morality: it is because at root they are about *the same subject*. To try to fall back on a "religious argument" is simply to stop arguing; it is not to produce another and terrifically *good* argument, for whatever it is the religious person is trying to propose.

Is there any reason to think that God would be against homosexuality or abortion, or any of the other things which Christians widely suppose he (or she . . .) is against? There has been a "natural law" school of ethics that thinks so, and thinks it can back this up with nontheological arguments. But this idea is also hopeless. The view that *nature* doesn't approve of our doing this or that is, taken in itself, meaningless: nature just isn't the sort of thing that can approve or disapprove of anything. Those who think that there is a "natural basis" for a given moral rule need to be quite a bit more specific. And often what they have turned out

Small wonder that there were such things as the Inquisition and the Thirty Years' War. If the eternal welfare or punishment of your soul is at stake, then how could anything we can imagine on this earth not be justified as a means to securing it?

to mean (see the work of Aquinas, for example) is that God *meant* the fact that there is this or that natural feature or set of features of us, and or things we are related to, which *imply* that certain things are right or wrong. It is proposed that God supplied his creatures with penises *in order* to procreate, and not, say, for sexual pleasure — especially if the pleasure be derived from any other source than sexual intercourse with a duly legally acquired spouse. But how does whoever think they know *that*? After all, penises can supply sexual pleasure in other ways:

that's the way they're built. So God might have intended them for *both*, in principle. Or neither, for that matter. Who knows? The only intelligible way to proceed is to try to figure out whether there is any inherent objection to using penises for one purpose rather than another, given the interests, that is, the values, of the possessors and those they relate to. No *independent* appeal to the supposed preferences of the Deity makes any sense at all here.

Which takes us back to the moral significance of libertarianism. Whatever you may think on the first point — that is, whatever values you ultimately subscribe to regarding this and any number of other matters — libertarianism says that you may *not* use those values as a basis for *forcing* others to go along. The separation of church and State in this sense is, in the liberal view, absolute.

There is a familiar problem with most religions, including Christianity, in regard to such points. Christianity is normally interpreted as requiring people to *believe* certain things, on pain of damnation — which was formerly thought of as a pretty severe penalty, when you get right down to it. Clearly if God were serious about that, then He would be violating a fundamental tenet of libertarianism in the most wholesale way one can readily imagine. We may certainly punish men for their actions, but punishing them for their beliefs, just as such, is clearly unacceptable to anyone with any interest in liberty. In addition, religions claim that their beliefs are of ultimate, transcendental importance to the individual, and that nothing could conceivably matter as much as the eternal welfare of his soul. This lends powerful support to the use of any methods available for converting sinners and other deviants from the True Path.

Small wonder that there were such things as the Inquisition and the Thirty Years' War. For after all, if the eternal welfare or punishment of your soul is at stake, then how could anything we can imagine on this earth *not* be justified as a means to securing it? For Christians, the fundamental commandment is Love Ye One Another, and the status of that as a *commandment* is pretty difficult to make sense of if it

doesn't mean that we get to do anything necessary to make them do it. Of course, what is necessary (or sufficient) is another matter, and the Christian can try wiggling out of responsibility for the Inquisition by invoking some such doctrine as that fire and the

Religion has to be derivative from morality, not vice versa. A religion incorporates some views about morals; it does not support those views.

sword only touch the body and belief is a matter of the soul, and so on. (Maybe so, but it sure *looks* as though things you can do to the body can be pretty efficacious in affecting people's beliefs!)

This last thought, though, or something like it, can be invoked by all parties in moral controversies, to important effect. We can suggest that a morality, which is a set of rules or requirements for all to follow (in the community whose morality it is to be), needs to be *reasonable*. In order to be that, it has to be something that is guided by reason, and the only reason there is is the reason of you and I and every other human individual. Each of us needs to have reasons for supporting a given rule, if it is to be a reasonable moral rule. Of course it is reasonable to support it, given that everyone else does so too — that's what makes it all interesting (and important). In regard to religious belief, for example, the only rule that we can all adhere to in a human community is that of religious freedom: each person to decide in his own soul what he's going to believe, if anything, on such matters, and nobody's permitted to try to convert anyone by force. Those who instead insist on fomenting religious wars or lobbying for religiously-slanted laws, forcing others to act as if they had beliefs which

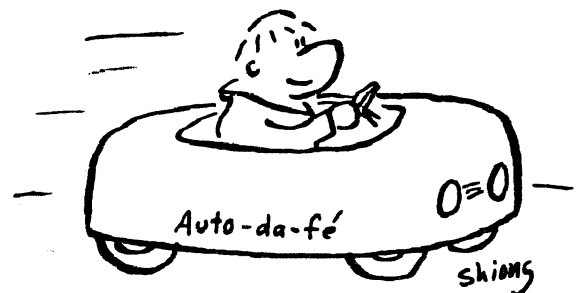
they *don't* have, defy this principle, and are asking for (and, of course, getting) trouble.

Can a person be both a Christian and a libertarian? Well, sure — *provided* that he thinks that God is also a libertarian, and so either renounces or fiddles with certain familiar Christian doctrines, and modifies the rest so that the overwhelmingly paternalistic and, indeed, totalitarian implications of Christianity as it is often understood by professed adherents, are side-tracked. But the same goes for every other religion, of course.

Meanwhile, there is only one proper basis for rules about how people are to relate to each other, and that is the interests of humans themselves. Some of those humans claim to have an interest in God, on the side; others of us are puzzled as to what this supposed interest is, considering the baffling nature of what are said to be religious "beliefs." (Normally beliefs are amenable to at least some kind of evidence, but in the case of religious hypotheses, evidence is essentially not in the picture at all, except for confused beginners who don't realize what they're getting into.)

But whatever we may do about that, the *basis* for the rules that you and I should accept for adjusting our mutual relations cannot be your beliefs or my beliefs, but rather our respective interests and natures, as reasonable beings with interests to pursue and lives to live. And above all, of course, that basis cannot lie in beliefs that make no public sense and are not amenable to public evidence or reason — as no religion can be.

Clarity about those points would greatly aid our pursuit of the proper course for us to follow in all sorts of important domains, as well as the religious one. □



Dispute

Did Rand Stack the Ethical Deck?

In our July issue, David Kelley criticized a recent reformulation of Ayn Rand's moral theory for stacking the deck in favor of its authors' objectives. Gregory Johnson turns the same criticism against both Rand and Kelley.

When Fuzziness Pays

a critique by

Gregory R. Johnson

I wish to protest four points made by David Kelley in his review of Douglas Rasmussen and Douglas Den Uyl's *Liberty and Nature* ("Post-Randian Aristotelianism," July 1992).

First, Kelley argues that Rasmussen and Den Uyl's concept of the standard of moral value, human "flourishing" — as opposed to "mere" survival or "self-preservation" — departs from Rand's position. Rand, however, clearly states in "The Objectivist Ethics" that "man's survival *qua* man" does not mean "merely physical survival" or "survival at any price" (*The Virtue of Selfishness*, paperback ed., p. 24). Whatever the shortcomings of their position, then, it is not clear that on this point it departs from Rand.

Second, Kelley goes on to argue that Rasmussen and Den Uyl "pack all the cardinal values and virtues into the fundamental end [human flourishing]" which avoids "the need of proving that they are necessary *means* to the end [survival]." Kelley also admits that Objectivists have not fully carried out this process of connecting up values and virtues to the requirements of survival, but that "it is an inescapable task, for *only the alternative of existence or non-existence can sustain a nonarbitrary normative judgment that something is good, right, or virtuous*" (emphasis added).

Now this is a stunning claim, for it in effect consigns virtually all decisions about what is right, good and virtuous to the arbitrary. I think that Rand's supreme values (reason, purpose, and self-esteem) and their correlative virtues (rationality, productiveness, and pride) *are* objective requirements of human survival. (At this level of abstraction, hardly anyone, not even St. Augustine, would deny that.) But Rand's values are extremely *abstract* and her virtues are *adverbial*; they counsel us to act rationally, productively, and with moral ambition, but they do not counsel any particular actions.

Granted, it is clear that there are some actions and values that *cannot* be undertaken with rationality, productiveness, and moral ambition — running around vandalizing other people's property, for instance — so Rand's ethics does *exclude* many possible values and actions. But this still leaves a wide range of options for what to do with one's life. Should one become a folk-singer, a magazine editor, a pop psychologist, or what? Should one join the counter-culture or become a good-ol'-boy? Should one spend one's time listening to Elvis or Beethoven? Is it really an arbitrary matter that one chooses marriage and family over the single life, monogamy over promiscuity? Are there some ways of life that are better or worse, nobler or less-noble, than others?

These choices are not merely matters of "taste." Yet they cannot be decided by reference to bare human

survival — the stark choice of life or death — either. By Kelley's standards, then, they are arbitrary. But this condemns the vast majority of important human questions to the arbitrary. If ethics is to be an art of living, however, then it should do more than simply counsel "Whatever you arbitrarily

I think that Rand's supreme values (reason, purpose, and self-esteem) and their correlative virtues (rationality, productiveness, and pride) are objective requirements of human survival. At this level of abstraction, hardly anyone, not even St. Augustine, would deny that these virtues are required for survival.

choose to do with your life, do it rationally."

Rasmussen and Den Uyl have, I think, a much more classical and inclusive conception of ethics. They seem to hold that ethics can recommend more features of a well-rounded existence — once we abandon Rand's and Kelley's overly stringent and narrowing conception of moral justification. In short, they trade some justificatory fuzziness for more substantive moral content. Bravo!

Third, Kelley claims that Rasmussen and Den Uyl's derivation of individual rights is defective. Kelley thinks that Rasmussen and Den Uyl succeed in showing that the protection of individual rights is necessary for human flourishing; negative liberty is necessary for man *qua* man. Kelley, however, believes that this is not sufficient, for "it doesn't show why we should respect the rights of others. Even if I understand that your freedom is good for you . . . I don't yet have a reason for regarding *your* freedom as good for *me*."

I call this the, "Yes, but what's in it for *me*?" argument. It has been floating around Objectivist circles for years, and frankly I was shocked to discover that Kelley subscribes to it. The basic argument is, "Yes, x is a fact of reality. But why should I be concerned with it? What's in it [reality] for *me*?" From an Objectivist, this argument is shocking, given the central importance that Rand gives to reason, i.e., the recognition of the facts of reality in both thought and deed. If reason is man's means of survival, then there need be no further reason for us to recognize and act upon the facts of reality *over and above the facts of reality themselves*. (Tibor Machan debates this very point with Eyal Mozses in much greater detail in an important exchange in the latest issue of *Reason Papers*.)

Finally, Kelley takes Rasmussen and Den Uyl to task for spending too much time discussing the views of oth-

chan, however, has convinced me that this criticism is unfair. Academic books go through several stages of writing, refereeing, editing, and rewriting. Often one of the conditions for final publication is to deal with the comments and objections of reviewers, which usually means dealing with other thinkers. (Perhaps Kelley has not run into this problem.) The real question, then, should be, "Are the polemics judicious and illuminating?" In my view, they are.

I should mention that these are not the remarks of a fervent adherent of Rasmussen and Den Uyl's argument. Although this is not the place to argue the point, I believe that Rand's argument for a free society fails. Though I believe that Rasmussen and Den Uyl considerably improve Rand's case, I still have reservations about whether they can reconcile Aristotelian ethical naturalism with the absolute conception of autonomy that undergirds their commitment to libertarianism. My point here is simply that, whatever its faults, Rasmussen and Den Uyl's argument is a lot better than David Kelley claims it is. □

How Principles Work

author's reply by

David Kelley

Ayn Rand held that values derive from the conditional nature of life, the fact that every organism must maintain its existence through goal-directed action. If this is the link between fact and value, "is" and "ought," then the clear implication is that every value, every standard, every virtue, every normative judgment whatever must be established by showing its relationship to the fundamental alternative of existence or non-existence.

Rand goes on to argue that the moral standard for human beings is not "a momentary or merely physical survival." Since we are conceptual beings, we must guide our actions by *principles* that identify our needs and the actions necessary to satisfy them. Since we can project the future, we must choose our actions in light of an entire lifespan, not just our survival in the next moment. Since we are not merely physical beings, and since reason is our primary means of

survival, we must act to satisfy the psychological needs that arise from the nature of reason, including needs for self-esteem, aesthetic enjoyment, and friendship.

"Man's life *qua* man" is therefore the only standard that will promote

Morality tells me to rely on reason, to hold my own life as a sacred value, and to seek organizing purposes in my life. These principles rule out a great many ways of living — including, I must add, the self-abnegating life of faith that St. Augustine demanded.

survival over the course of a lifetime. As Roger Donway has put it, it takes a *full* life to ensure *mere* life. There is thus no dichotomy between these two standards, as Gregory Johnson implies, or any need to introduce a new standard over and above survival — a standard of flourishing, self-realization, well-being, or whatever. But if one does introduce such a standard, and does not explain how it relates to survival, then he has the philosophical obligation to explain what *other* fact gives rise to it. In the absence of such an explanation, we have a free-floating, ungrounded, non-objective standard — i.e., no standard at all.

Johnson is also concerned that the broad principles of the Objectivist ethics will not yield specific advice about choosing professions, friends, lifestyle, etc. But this is a different issue. Moral standards are concerned with the needs and capacities of man as such, the things that are common to all humans. Morality tells me to rely on reason, to hold my own life as a sacred value, and to seek organizing purposes in my life. These principles rule out a great many ways of living (including, I must add, the self-abnegating life of faith that St. Augustine demanded). But of course the principles, as abstractions, also allow for many possibilities. How do I

continued on page 76

If ethics is to be an art of living, then it should do more than simply counsel "Whatever you arbitrarily choose to do with your life, do it rationally."

er thinkers and relating their arguments to them. This, Kelley argues, works to the detriment of the presentation of a systematic case for their thesis. This is a point that I made in my review of Tibor Machan's *Individuals and their Rights in Liberty* ("On the Rights Track," September 1990). Ma-

Reviews

Hill Rat: Blowing the Lid Off Congress,
by John L. Jackley. Regnery Gateway, 1992. \$21.95.

Election Year Exposé

Jesse Walker

The bipartisan consensus has finally shattered. Our Republican president blames Congress for the nation's problems; the Democrats of Congress blame the president. The boogeyman of 1992 has become divided government; each party assures us that if only it controlled both White House and legislature, peace, prosperity, and tax relief would be just around the corner.

Both campaigns, then, have two tasks — one easy, one hard. The easy part is convincing us that the other side is incompetent and corrupt. The hard part is convincing us that they themselves are not. Inevitably, the spectre of hypocrisy has emerged. The same people who defended John Sununu to their last breath are suddenly assailing Congress for its tax-funded perks. The same people who hiked taxes, produced the biggest deficits in history, and multiplied labyrinthine regulations as soon as they got into the White House are now attacking Congress for taxing, spending, and regulating. And the folks who denounced the kiss-and-tell genre all the way through the Reagan years have suddenly started pushing a whole new set of kiss-and-tell books themselves, with Congress as the target.

John Jackley's *Hill Rat* is one such book. It chronicles how Jackley and other congressional aides created a

character who would be all things to all people, and spent their time keeping that fictitious beast, played in public by Representative Ron Coleman, in office and in piles of dough. I do not exaggerate. According to Jackley, Rep. Coleman rarely showed up at the office, had virtually all of his public statements crafted for him by his staff, and let wealthy special interests replace his conscience. In one of my favorite scenes, Coleman is interviewed about the Clean Air Act by *USA Today*. So Jackley, the man responsible for Coleman's official position, hastily scrawls answers for the congressman as the latter — completely unfamiliar with "his" "own" position — fumbles his way through the conversation. "Ron Coleman" is no more a real statesman than "Milli Vanilli" is a real pop group. He is an information-age simulacrum.

Though it deserves to be judged on its own merits — which are many — and not on its utility as a political tool, it would be dishonest for me to review it without noting the context of its release. Jackley, by all appearances a liberal, has had no difficulty appearing on such venues as Pat Robertson's *The 700 Club* to push his book, and apparently, has had no qualms about tailoring his message to that audience. When he talks to that crowd, he doesn't bother to mention, for example, his chapters about the collusion of Congressional Democrats — including many who pretended to lead the fight against contra

aid — in Oliver North's contra resupply network. The villains in the story are Democrats, yes, but they're villainous for reasons that might not strike conservatives as all that evil. So Jackley doesn't mention them, and appears to be in full agreement with Pat Robertson's agenda; on camera, their only dispute is over the author's frequent use of profane words.

I don't blame Jackley for knowing his audience and being a good salesman. I do think it funny, though, that he is campaigning for this book the same way he campaigned for his former boss. In effect, he is letting his book be used in a battle between political powers on the assumption that it will ride one side's coat-tails to success — something that Coleman did all the time. He probably doesn't know that he's doing this. I think he's just following old habits — *let's see, I've got some-*

Rep. Ron Coleman rarely showed up at the office, had virtually all of his public statements crafted for him by his staff, and let wealthy special interests replace his conscience.

thing to sell to the public, how do I do this? — without noticing what a familiar trail he's on.

At any rate, this is a good book. The opening chapters include an unfortunate level of hubris and cliché, but once our author gets down to telling us *what happened* on Capitol Hill in the 1980s, the book becomes a smooth and eye-opening account of power and deceit in Washington, D.C. *Hill Rat* gives us all the gory details of taxpayer-subsidized reelection campaigns, porkbarrel privilege, the power of moneyed interests,

the extent of Congressional perks, and the utter refusal — nay, *institutionalized inability* — of the American legislature to deal with the problems of the nation. The book is well-written, too; once we get past the embarrassing introduction ("But we all reach our crossroads in life, and with me it really did come down to the children" — ack!), we find a well-crafted tale of the corrupt and ever-more surreal proceedings that constitute the legislative process.

I recommend this book, but have no illusions about it. Jackley bends over backwards to avoid ideological statements; *Hill Rat* can be read by liberals, conservatives, moderates, libertarians, and communists without offending a soul. But it is clearly being used by one faction for its own purposes, with Jackley's de facto consent. So I join with that group, the Republican Party, in denouncing the Democratic Congress. But let's not forget the evils of our Republican executive, either. □

Our Right to Drugs: The Case for a Free Market,
by Thomas Szasz. Praeger Publishers, 1992, xvii + 199pp., \$19.95.

Tinkers Be Damned?

Daniel Klein

Sometimes what we believe is based on such a bad foundation that its linguistic superstructure suffers from unstable posts, uneven panels and crooked crossbeams. We must decide whether to renovate the building, like a carpenter, or to plan an entirely new edifice, like an architect.

This choice is between playing the *bargainer* and playing the *challenger*. The bargainer wears a friendly face and works within the official community, tinkering where he can. The challenger names his enemy and lets the wrecking ball swing. Often, however, the challenger never gets a permit to work his changes. The ball misses wildly and his new edifice exists only in abstract design. Challengers — like Copernicus, Darwin, Spencer, Marx, Spooner, Einstein and Mises — usually have to hope to influence future generations of carpenters.

Thomas Szasz is one such challenger. He has spent much of his life struggling to wrest the hammer of language from the established authorities in his field, psychiatry. In over a dozen books he has fought to describe the system of

medicalizing deviant behavior — often with drugs and without consent — not as a benevolent and compassionate system, but as a reprehensible sham without any solid scientific basis.

Now Szasz challenges the semantic edifice standing at Drug War Place. *Our Right to Drugs* has little of the familiar arguments about drug prohibition leading to increased street crime, youth gang influence, unsafe drugs, police corruption, congested courts, and overcrowded jails. Szasz challenges drug prohibition itself as a selfish and disgusting indecency perpetrated against the American people by politicians and other meddlers.

His attack goes to the core of conventional thinking, challenging "the belief that our drug regulations rest on a rational, scientific basis" (p. 82). He observes that in 1906, "although virtually all of the drugs of which we are now deathly afraid were freely available, there was nothing even remotely resembling a 'drug problem'" (34). Szasz details the gradual undoing of the once-free market in drugs, and shows that the process was hardly founded on scientific bedrock. "Support for federal drug controls came mainly from women's groups, the American Medical As-

sociation [whose members profited by the combination of drug prohibition and prescription law], and influential physicians" (52). In support of his heretical position, Szasz quotes a member of the Committee on Narcotic Drugs of the American Medical Association in 1921 as rejecting "the shallow pretense that drug addiction is a 'disease,' . . . [a falsehood that] has been asserted and urged in volumes of 'literature' by self-styled 'specialists'" (122). In 1990 a Yale professor of psychiatry wrote: "Medically, abuse is often defined as nonmedical use" (139).

Having exposed the bad foundation of the Drug War, Szasz mixes the concrete for his own foundation. The Drug War, besides being a boon to doctors, is an atavistic ritual relying on scapegoating to bring the community together. "[A]s a propaganda tool, dangerous drugs are therapeutic for the body politic of the nation, welding our heterogeneous society together into one country and one people, engaged in an uplifting, self-purifying, moral crusade" (115). Szasz shows the taboo against publicly admitting to drug use of any kind, even aspirin or alcohol, and the taboo

Szasz's thesis strikes John Doe as audacious because after "nearly a century of medical-statist infantilization and tyrannization, our language in reference to drugs reflects our drug control history."

against reasoned discussion of current policy. The Reagan's "moronic anti-drug slogan" — "Just say no to drugs" — Szasz describes as a "ritual incantation" (77).

Szasz's redescription covers virtually every aspect of the drug issue. Recreational drug use he benignly calls "pharmacological self-pleasuring," and buying treatment for ailment without consulting a doctor is simply "self-medicating." The drug warrior uses the terms "drug trafficker," "pusher," "addict," and "drug abuser," and these

UP from LIBERTARIANISM

4th Edition

by D.G. Lesvic

...from statism's first line of defense against new ideas, the intellectual closed shop of libertarianism, the contradictions and confusions of its Old Guard, Rothbard repudiating "tax illusion" and then using it, White repudiating "mutual determination" and then using it, the confusion of money prices with real costs, price determined with price determining demand, MPP with MRP, anything to deny new ideas in Austrian Economics and liberation from the "official" monopoly of it...

\$5.00 ppd (\$7 overseas)

The Political Economy Club of Los Angeles

The Liberty Poll What Libertarians Think

The first detailed study of what libertarians think about life, government, God, sex, heroes . . . and how they would deal with some serious moral problems. Now complete with data from the original poll to *Liberty* subscribers and the poll of Libertarian Party members.

\$4.00 each, ppd.;

\$3.00 each for 5 or more copies.

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 each, ppd.

Liberty Publishing

PO Box 1167

Port Townsend, WA 98368

Learn at Liberty

Liberty offers full-time internships to students of all majors interested in journalism, writing, political philosophy or public policy. Positions are available at all times of the year.

For further information, write to:

Liberty

PO Box 1167

Port Townsend, WA 98368.

terms are applied even to the most responsible individuals, who happen to be breaking the law. "Drug education," says Szasz, "is the name we give to the state-sponsored effort to inflame people's hatred and intolerance of other people's drug habits, which is as indecent as it would be to inflame people's hatred and intolerance of other people's religious habits and call it 'religious education'" (90). Szasz remarks that "civil court proceedings" for drug users is "a euphemism for psychiatric incarceration" (104). Szasz's redescription strikes John Doe as audacious because after "nearly a century of medical-statist infantilization and tyrannization, our language in reference to drugs reflects our drug control history" (97).

But Szasz's most central redescription is that drug use, rather than being an immoral act, is a moral right. He invokes Locke, Jefferson and others on the matter of life, liberty and property, and says that laissez faire in drug trade lies squarely within such "inalienable rights" (2). I don't see how such fundamentalist libertarian declarations add much to his more earthly arguments and eloquent expressions of honest contempt. Szasz cites Jefferson to better effect in reproducing his statement: "Were I to commence my administration again, the first question I would ask respecting a candidate would be, 'Does he use ardent spirits?'" Szasz remarks (85): "More afraid of the teetotaler than the alcoholic, Jefferson — a connoisseur of wine — suggested this drug test to avoid the threat posed by the moral meddler."

Szasz's redescription project gets a bit out of hand when he turns his hammer on fellow legalizers. Drug "legalizers," who compromise when advocating a relenting of the Drug War, "are in fact medicalizers and thus, de facto, paternalistic prohibitionists" (99). He attacks Milton Friedman as a pussyfooter, although the dust-jacket bears a warm endorsement by Friedman. Szasz has plainly forgotten the crucial role played by the bargainer.

Szasz offers novel insights that I can only mention. Throughout the book he explores the moral basis from which drug prohibition has grown, and the

moral consequences it is producing; he details the subtle historical transformation of drug use from something protected by constitutional interpretation to target of government war; he notes the shared prohibitionism of the Left and the Right; he devotes a chapter to the racial aspects of drug prohibition (e.g., drug enforcers are far more likely to accost blacks than whites); he suggests a connection between drug prohibition and the personal dread of the availability of an easy and pleasurable way to commit suicide; he remarks on the link between drug prohibition, prescription laws, and the doctor racket; and he discusses how pain killers are tragically underused because doctors fear drug enforcers.

Sometimes Szasz strikes me as too strident and even intemperate. But Szasz the extremist draws the design that others subconsciously work by, and nurtures the seed of passion to stick to the task.

And then there is the question of the beauty of the design itself, and the ennobling effect it has on those who see it, even if it never finds worldly form. In

According to Szasz, drug "legalizers," who compromise when advocating a relenting of the Drug War, "are in fact medicalizers and thus, de facto, paternalistic prohibitionists."

his exquisite little book on his hero Karl Kraus, Szasz explains:

Because his task is to bring men to themselves, not to him, the noble rhetorician ought not to be judged by his manifest effect on others at all. Rather, he ought to be judged by the clarity and steadfastness with which he proclaims his counsel. Should not a single person heed his advice, the noble rhetorician would still have to be judged successful in proportion as he succeeds in perfecting his own soul by perfecting his own language. So judged, Kraus's success is as imposing as that of his adversaries whom he so

"unsuccessfully" opposed. For, in the final analysis, what Karl Kraus sought was to purify himself by purifying his own language. He achieved his goal. He died a semantic saint in a semantically sa-

tan society. (*Karl Kraus and the Soul Doctors*, p. 57)

But for the fact that Szasz is still very much alive, more appropriate words could not have been written for Szasz himself. □

Liberalism Old and New, by J.G. Merquior.
Twayne, 1991, xiv + 182pp, \$24.95 hb., \$11.95 pb.

New Liberalisms for Old?

Gregory R. Johnson

José Guilherme Merquior (1941–1991) was a Brazilian diplomat, an intellectual historian, and a prolific writer. His twenty books and dozens of essays, articles, and reviews cover topics ranging from Brazilian literature to French poststructuralism, from the sociology of modernization to Western Marxism.

Merquior's writings are unified and animated, however, by a single project: the passionate defense of modernity and liberalism. Merquior was a radical individualist, a liberal in the classical tradition. He was also one of the few classical liberal thinkers to confront the challenges posed by Western Marxists such as Georg Lukács, Theodor Adorno, Herbert Marcuse, and Jürgen Habermas, and French post-structuralist thinkers such as Jacques Derrida and Michel Foucault.¹ Although Merquior's critiques are sometimes excessively polemical and off-target, he still deserves credit for going where few classical liberals have gone before.

Liberalism Old and New is Merquior's last book, his literary epitaph, completed shortly before his untimely death in January of 1991. I had been led to expect *Liberalism Old and New* to be a major work, a positive theoretical statement and defense of the political philosophy that Merquior only intimated

between the lines of his other books, particularly *Rousseau and Weber: Two Studies in the Theory of Legitimacy* and *Western Marxism*.²

Given these high expectations, *Liberalism Old and New* is a disappointment. It is a slender volume, the text comprising barely 150 pages. Long on exegesis and thin on argument, analysis, and criticism, it is written on a fairly elementary level for the series Twayne's Studies in Intellectual and Cultural History. The book is intended as an introductory level synoptic overview of liberalism, a sort of map and compass for orienting more in-depth reading and thinking.

Read with these more modest expectations in mind, however, *Liberalism Old and New* must be judged a success, one with many virtues. Outstanding among these is its historical rather than ideological approach. Instead of treating liberalism as a set of decontextualized doctrines, Merquior treats it as a complex historical and social phenomenon, one which arose in various European nations in response to concrete social and political problems and which bears to this day traces of both its national origins and the conflicting values of its originators.

Chapter One briefly defines the concepts and concerns that unite liberals: liberty, freedom, the relationship of individuals and the state. Merquior also describes the dimensions along which forms of liberalism vary: national ori-

gin, polemical contexts in which different liberals formulated their ideas, positive versus negative liberty, and the balance struck between individualism and egalitarianism. Chapter Two traces the roots of liberalism from the late Middle Ages and the Renaissance to the Enlightenment. Chapter Three surveys the classical liberalism of Locke, Constant, De Tocqueville, and Mill, characterized by constitutional government, economic freedom, and individualism. Chapter Four covers "Conservative Liberalisms," by which Merquior means self-consciously elitist, anti-democratic, and anti-egalitarian strains of liberalism, from Edmund Burke and Herbert Spencer to Max Weber, Benedetto Croce, and José Ortega y Gasset. Finally, the fifth chapter deals with the two leading schools of twentieth century liberalism: left liberalism — characterized by the rise of bureaucracy, the welfare state, economic interventionism, and the pursuit of equality of opportunity and outcome over individual liberty — and libertarianism, which represents a reappropriation of classical liberal insights in the light of advances of economic theory and the political experiences of the twentieth century.

Merquior's account is also remarkable for its cosmopolitan breadth. He treats not only the standard French, English, and Scottish thinkers, but also Russian liberals such as Alexander Herzen; Italian liberals such as Giuseppe Mazzini, Benedetto Croce, and Norberto Bobbio; Latin liberals such as Domingos Sarmiento, Juan Bautista Alberdi, and José Ortega y Gasset; little-known French liberals from Charles de Remusat to Ernest Renan; and libertarians such as Mises, Hayek, and Nozick.

Yet another virtue is Merquior's inclusion of specifically sociological approaches to liberalism, as opposed to the more common philosophical and economic arguments. Thinkers falling under this rubric include Max Weber, Raymond Aron, and Ralf Dahrendorf.

Although *Liberalism Old and New* is thin on argument, it still advances a definite conclusion, one that unfortunately amounts to an apology for the contemporary welfare state and mixed economy. Merquior asserts that "our society remains characterized by a con-

tinuous though changing dialectic between the growth of freedom [i.e., individualism, negative liberty] and the thrust toward greater equality [i.e., egalitarianism, positive liberty] — and liberty seems to come out of it enhanced rather than weakened" (151). In short, Merquior sees liberty as consisting of both positive and negative liberty, egalitarianism and individualism, interventionism and the free market.

Although each member of these pairs exists in tension with its opposite, in his account one should not seek to resolve that tension in favor of one side or the other. For instance, one should not attempt, as libertarians propose, to institutionalize negative liberty, individualism, and the free market through strict constitutional limitations on the power of government in order to assure the protection of individual rights. Rather, the life of liberty lies in keeping the tensions characteristic of the "mixed" economy alive, in achieving an equilibrium between opposed forces.

The reason for this view is not clear from *Liberalism Old and New*, but I believe that it can be gleaned from a careful reading of Merquior's other works. Merquior was a classical liberal insofar as he thought that social and political

interventionism and the welfare state. Because Merquior simply took these contradictory preferences as given, he believed that the market must be supplemented by social democracy, bureaucracy, and even the democratization of the workplace in order to deliver the goods.

How, though, are these conflicting aims to be balanced? How are the goods to be delivered? I believe that Merquior's answer is revealed in his book on Rousseau and Weber. Part of Merquior's critique of Weber's theory of legitimacy is a long discussion of a type of regime neglected by Weber: charismatic bureaucracy, a form of technocratic "steering" in which social scientists harmonize the "general will" (the conflicting political demands characteristic of modernity) both with the "will of all" (as expressed through democratic elections) and with the socially and politically possible. They achieve this by carefully crafting the political initiatives presented to the legislators and populace for approval. Charismatic bureaucracy is legitimated ultimately by its bureaucratic side: by its ability to deliver the conflicting goods demanded by the populace. In time, though, it gains "charisma" too; its activities cease to be valued solely for instrumental reasons and take on a sheen of intrinsic value, such as the mystique surrounding participation in democratic elections. The contradictions of the welfare state cannot be resolved, then, but they can be contained through the prudence and scientific knowledge of sober-minded technocrats.

Like John Stuart Mill and Joseph Schumpeter, Merquior was led to embrace the welfare state through two tragic flaws. First, as we have seen, he is insufficiently critical of the conflicting moral tendencies of the West that give rise to the mixed economy. He simply accepts the contradictory preferences for liberty and equality, freedom and interventionism as given. Politics then becomes simply a coordination problem to be solved by social engineering, which brings us to his second problem. Merquior possessed an extraordinary optimism about the power of science to understand society and the power of elites to order it. He was,

in short, an excellent example of what Hayek called a "constructivist rationalist." Merquior's constructivism is surprising in light of his familiarity with and respect for Hayek's work, which argues that our power to understand

Even if our modern states were to be staffed by level-headed, well-intentioned technocrats like Merquior himself, they still could not overcome the systematic, unintended problems of the welfare state and mixed economy.

and control society is far more modest than Merquior seems to allow.

Merquior's trust in intellectual elites is also remarkable given his vast knowledge of the contemporary Left. With the towering exception of Habermas, the contemporary Left is, to say the least, not characterized by a sober, scientific, rational approach to social problems. Rather, most contemporary strands of Western Marxism, post-Marxism, and frustrated Marxism are characterized by an abstract egalitarian moralism, which diagnoses social problems and proposes policies without first asking what is socially and politically possible. Furthermore, most social scientific criticisms of the contemporary Left's diagnoses and programs are not answered by its members, but simply evaded through relativistic epistemological filibusters.

Given the nature of our intellectual elites, then, Merquior's trust in their prudence seems astoundingly naive. Furthermore, even if our modern states were to be staffed by level-headed, well-intentioned technocrats like Merquior himself, they still could not overcome the systematic, unintended problems of the welfare state and mixed economy pointed out by Mises, Hayek, and countless others. Now, I do not think that it is possible to create a "mechanistic" political order that can sustain itself completely without prudential statesmanship and public vir-

Merquior sees liberty as consisting of both positive and negative liberty, egalitarianism and individualism, interventionism and the free market.

institutions should arise out of, express, and satisfy the value preferences of self-interested individuals. He was not, however, a libertarian. He was critical of what he called (quite unfairly) the "rabid 'statophobia'" of Hayek and Nozick (146) and believed that the market alone could not adequately express and satisfy the values characteristic of modernity: the desire for both individual freedom and equality, positive and negative liberty, the free market and the security allegedly gained through

tue. But given the power of unintended consequences and the tendency of intellectual elites toward utopian moralism, there is good reason to try to approximate such a mechanistic system as closely as possible. Even the most prudent and sober-minded technocrats should be subordinated to the mechanisms of constitutional government and the spontaneous order of a free society.

In sum: Merquior's *Liberalism Old and New* deserves a qualified recommendation. Although it is slightly marred by a questionable and unargued conclusion, its actual presentation is remarkable for its historical and cosmopolitan breadth. While such breadth is inevitably purchased at the

cost of depth and detail of analysis, I have encountered no other work of its kind that so effectively and economically conveys both the underlying unity and dazzling multiplicities of liberalism. □

1. See Merquior's books *Western Marxism* (London: Paladin, 1986), *From Prague to Paris: A Critique of Structuralist and Post-Structuralist Thought* (London: Verso, 1986), and *Foucault* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1987).
2. J.G. Merquior, *Rousseau and Weber: Two Studies in the Theory of Legitimacy* (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1980).
3. For a reading of what lies between the lines of these books, see my essay "A Friend of Reason" Jose Guilherme Merquior," *Critical Review* 5, no. 3 (Summer 1991): 421-446.

Somebody has kidnapped the Hardy Boys and put insipid imposters in their place . . . who would do such a thing, and why?

The Mystery of the Missing Detectives

David Justin Ross

The small town of Bayport, located on Barmet Bay somewhere on the Atlantic coast, was all a-chatter with the news. Frank Hardy, the brown-haired eighteen-year-old son of world-famous detective Fenton Hardy, and Joe, his blond, blue-eyed younger brother, were missing. At least, some people claimed they were missing, replaced by clever impostors. Others maintained that, no, the boys were just growing up, changing with the times.

What had happened to the Hardy boys? What mystery is this? To find out, we must investigate the origin of the Hardy boys.

Where to start? With the author and his biography, of course. Franklin W. Dixon is one of the more popular authors in America. Even today, the Hardy Boys series is second only to Nancy Drew in sales of juvenile fiction, selling nearly a million volumes a year. In fact,

there are not one but two current Hardy Boys series, the original one and a new one called "the Hardy Boys Casefiles," which is written for older boys.

A quick trip to the *Encyclopedia Britannica* yields . . . nothing. The writer of the most popular current series of boys literature, and the best-selling one of all time, is not even mentioned, although Horatio Alger, Jr. rates a third of a page. What is going on here? Maybe there is some evidence in the books themselves.

The first Hardy Boys book was *The Tower Treasure*, published in 1927. Also that year Franklin W. Dixon's first Ted Scott Flying Story was printed. Ted flew off into the wild blue yonder in 1943, never to return, but he left behind twenty books detailing his adventures around the world. To date, Mr Dixon is credited with these twenty, plus nearly 120 volumes in the original Hardy Boys series, plus more than fifty of the Hardy Boys Casefiles. 190 books, and no mention in *Britannica*? Hmmm. Also, it

can't escape attention that Mr Dixon is amazingly prolific for an author who must be pushing ninety, what with one book from the original and five to ten books from the new series coming out each year.

The Hardy boys themselves have a past, or at least one of them does. Frank Hardy was once a book agent, a book salesman who worked for publishing houses trying to get stores around the country to take on their books. What is this? The famous boy detective with another career?

The Young Book Agent, or Frank Hardy's Road to Success was published by Horatio Alger, Jr. in 1905, one of the last of the 125 books written by him. The protagonist of the story, a traditional rags-to-riches Alger hero, has at first glance nothing in common with the son of Fenton Hardy except the name and a strong sense of got-gettedness. It would be tempting to say that here was a mere coincidence of names and look elsewhere for clues. But this is a mystery where each clue turns up more mysteries, and Frank Hardy, the book agent, is true to form.

As I said, the book was published in 1905, late but not last, in the list of books written by the prolific Alger. This fact alone is sufficient to make a good sleuth look closer, because Hora-

If a real (though dead) writer's books could be written anonymously from fictional outlines, why couldn't a fictional author's books be written anonymously from real outlines?

tio Alger died July 18th, 1899 and thus couldn't possibly have written a new book in 1905.

Prolific and well-known authors — and Alger's 125 titles and 400 million books sold qualifies him on both counts — often leave books in various states of completion. Sometimes their literary executors or their publishers contract to have their works-in-

progress completed and published as a way of keeping the stream of money flowing. Such was the case here with *The Young Book Agent* and ten other Alger. The Street and Smith publishing company had on hand an author nearly as prolific (and nearly as dreadful) as

By the time Stratemeyer died in 1930, he was a millionaire who had started more than 56 series, seven in 1926 alone. Twenty-two of them were still going when he died, accounting for nearly 80 per cent of all published juvenile fiction.

Alger who was willing to finish up the incomplete Alger manuscripts — Edward Stratemeyer.

Before he was done with Alger, Stratemeyer had written eleven of his books, the first from partially-completed manuscripts, the last created from whole cloth. While he was busy creating new works for dead authors and extending his own "Old Glory" series, Stratemeyer also found time to start another series, "The Rover Boys," which he wrote under the pseudonym of Arthur M. Winfield. Over the next seventeen years, Stratemeyer turned out twenty of these stories about Dick, Tom, and Sam Rover as cadets at Putnam Hall and students at Brill College. So popular was this series that it spun off two others. The first was "The Putnam Hall Cadets" which ran from 1901–1911 (with a final volume issued in 1921). The second was another Rover Boys series about the four sons of the originals. It ran from 1917 to 1926 and was still in print and selling as late as the 1950s.

Two things were new in the Stratemeyer books. First was a conscious effort to have young people, ultimately both boys and girls, in situations where they were not under substantial adult supervision. Second, nearly all Stratemeyer heroes and heroines were interested in the new technology of the day, whether the automobile, the air-

plane, or the radio. They were also wealthy enough and had enough free time to pursue these hobbies and stumble into adventures while doing so. This type of hero — and especially heroine — was a clean break from the domestic romances of the 19th century. Stratemeyer had learned the lesson from Alger (whose heroes were generally on their own as well) but he applied it universally, mirroring the newfound independence (and technological savvy) of the turn-of-the century American upper-middle class.

Had Stratemeyer stopped there, he would have made a reasonable contribution to early 20th century boys' literature. He had produced a new kind of hero and heroine, independent both in circumstance and attitude, technologically competent, and every bit as self-assured as anyone from Alger. But he didn't stop there. He also made an invention that revolutionized juvenile fiction.

The Stratemeyer Syndicate

Edward Stratemeyer had learned a valuable lesson while writing Alger's final books. If a real (though dead) writer's books could be written anonymously from fictional outlines, why couldn't a fictional author's books be written anonymously from real outlines? This idea came to Stratemeyer around 1906, and four years later he formalized it by incorporating the Stratemeyer Syndicate.

Before long a pattern emerged that would hold for more than 60 years. Stratemeyer would outline three books to start a new series and contract with an author to flesh them out. Payment averaged \$100 per book and the contract demanded anonymity. Copyright was held by the Syndicate.

His shrewdness paid off abundantly. Stratemeyer, writing under his own name and those of Bonehill and Winfield, wrote 200 books, easily surpassing Horatio Alger's 125. The Syndicate, however, produced a thousand more, with sales to date of two hundred million copies and rising. By the time Stratemeyer died in 1930, he was a millionaire and had started more than 56 series, seven in 1926 alone. Twenty-two of them were still going when he died, accounting for nearly 80 per cent

of all published juvenile fiction.

When Stratemeyer died, his daughters Harriet and Edna took over the Syndicate. Evidence of their continuing success is the Nancy Drew series. Stratemeyer wrote the first three books just before he died, but their growth into the Syndicate's best selling series was the work of his daughters. Harriet Adams continued to direct the work until her death in 1982.

Leslie McFarlane

The ad said "Experienced Fiction Writer Wanted to Work from Publisher's Outlines."¹ It was the spring of 1926 when a young Canadian newspaperman named Leslie McFarlane answered the advertisement in "Editor and Publisher." Mr Stratemeyer wrote back, sending books from two currently successful Syndicate series. The first was from "The Nat Ridley Rapid Fire Detective Series," and the other was about "Dave Fearless," who tended to fall into adventures beneath the sea and high up in the mountains, escaping mainly through luck and pig-headedness rather than brains. Strate-

All the changes can be reduced to two: Moral judgment is gone and the books are dumbed-down. The publishers, of course, are providing the public with what it wants to buy, and can honestly say they are just appealing to popular tastes.

meyer suggested McFarlane read the books and choose one.

McFarlane chose the Dave Fearless book, and for a time became Roy Rockwood. Rockwood's most famous series was "Bomba the Jungle Boy," a highly-successful Tarzan rip-off that ran through 1938 and was briefly re-issued in 1953. Dave Fearless did not fare as well, lasting perhaps a dozen books. When that series ended in 1927, Stratemeyer told McFarlane about an idea for a new series.

In his letter was the customary outline, plus a note that since the new series would be cloth-bound instead of paper, and therefore more expensive (65 cents instead of fifty), the manuscript fee would be \$125. McFarlane was glad to see the last of Dave Fearless. The Hardy Boys was at a somewhat higher level, after all. No more fighting giant octopuses while trapped in beds of seaweed and surrounded by man-eating sharks. Instead, the Hardy boys faced foes of the two-legged variety who were generally thieves, swindlers, or pirates. McFarlane had no idea when he sat down to write *The Tower Treasure* in 1927 that he was giving birth to the most popular boys adventure series ever.

The Hardy Boys

There isn't much biography to give on the Hardy boys. Their only known relatives besides each other are their father Fenton, a detective so world-famous that he is generally off on some case and therefore nowhere to be seen, their mother Laura who manages the Hardy household during her husband's long absences (and whose supervision of the boys is limited to preparing large heaps of sandwiches), and Aunt Gertrude.

Gertrude Hardy is one of those classic characters that would be trite if she weren't so much fun. She is dour, tight-lipped, and utterly convinced the Hardy boys' adventures are going to get them killed. Because her brother Fenton is rarely home, she takes it upon herself to move in and help Mrs Hardy run the household. Alas, this is a Stratemeyer book, which means that adults will have next to no impact on the activities of the teen-aged protagonists. Aunt Gertrude succeeds in doing little but being a foil for the boys' pranks.

The town of Bayport is anonymous in the extreme. Over the course of the series it remains a place of about 50,000 souls, destined to draw an endless parade of baddies to plague its inhabitants. It also has an unusual number of abandoned buildings — just the right setting for a mystery.

The Hardy Boys series was special from the beginning. There is a lot of mystery solving in other Syndicate series, in particular the Rover Boys, the

Motor Boys, and Tom Swift, but usually the mysteries are plot devices to keep the heroes busy during their adventures rather than the direct point of the stories. This is different in the Hardy Boys. The two sons of Fenton Hardy were, in his word, born "detectiving." That this is their only purpose is made clear in the first two paragraphs of the first book:

"After the help we gave dad on that forgery case I guess he'll begin to think we could be detectives when we grow up."

"Why shouldn't we? Isn't he one of the most famous detectives in the country? And aren't we his sons? If the profession was good enough for him to follow it should be good enough for us."²

There were strict rules about what could and could not happen in a Hardy Boys book. Violence is kept to a minimum. Not until very late in the series is anyone killed, and though the brothers are often in mortal danger it is from fire or falling off cliffs, never by being shot.

If there is little violence, there is no hint of sex. It isn't clear whether the boys ever kiss Iola Morton or Calley Shaw; if they do, it certainly isn't while a reader is watching. But what with all those abandoned buildings in Bayport, you never could be sure what was really going on. . . .

The three original volumes were *The Tower Treasure*, *The House on the Cliff*, and *The Secret of the Old Mill*. These were followed by *The Missing Chums*, *Hunting for Hidden Gold*, *The Shore Road Mystery*, *The Secret of the Caves*, *The Mystery of Cabin Island*, and *The Great Airport Mystery*. All of these were written by Leslie McFarlane and all in the first three years of the series. When he got the outline to *What Happened at Midnight* McFarlane decided that, when it was completed, he would tell Stratemeyer to find himself another ghost writer.

What Happened at Midnight was completed and mailed, but the resignation letter was not with it. Because of *What Happened* in October 1929, McFarlane was happy to continue writing the books. The payment fell, but the payments *kept coming*. Early in the Depression, the Syndicate paid each of its

writers an advance on future work, something they had never done before.

In 1930, Edward Stratemeyer died at the age of 68. Though distant from his writers and careful to keep them ignorant of how well the series sold, he was nevertheless a decent man. He sent McFarlane \$25 when McFarlane married and an equal amount when McFarlane's first daughter was born. In his will he left each of his writers an amount equal to one fifth of their earnings from the Syndicate.

The Hardy Boys books are familiar to nearly every American. If they don't own them themselves, they've seen them in some cousin's back bedroom, sitting in rows of blue-bound volumes. The series has been running for 65 years and is still going strong, a run second only to Laura Hope's "Bobbsey Twins," now in its 89th year.

Fathers buy the books for their sons to read, remembering their pleasures with them and hoping to instill the same love of reading and adventure in their own sons. But once in a while, one of the fathers actually re-reads one of the books and finds there is some-

EXTROPY

The Journal of Transhumanist Thought

Extropy (and our newsletter *Exponent*) carries analytical, intelligent articles on topics like: market-oriented solutions to environmental problems; computational problems and decision-making; Nanocomputers, AI, and uploading of consciousness to computers; Physical immortality and cryonics; Digital economy (electronic money and markets); Spontaneous orders (markets, neural networks, evolutionary processes); Brain-computer integration and technological enhancements to human capacities; Memetics; Artificial life; Smart drugs and cognitive enhancement; Cosmological engineering.

Extropy #9 (Summer 1992) contains:

The Extropian Principles 2.0 (More)

Persons, Programs, and Uploading

Consciousness (Ross)

Nanotechnology and Faith (Hall)

The Making of a Small World [Fiction]

Genetic Algorithms (Levy)

Time Travel and Computing (Moravec)

Futuristic Neologisms 3 [Futurist lexicon]

Exercise and Longevity (Finney)

The Transhuman Taste -- Reviews of *The Anthropic Cosmological Principle*, *The Blind Watchmaker*, *Bionomics*, and three books by Julian Simon.

Extropy Institute members receive *Extropy* twice a year, the newsletter *Exponent* six times a year, and discounts on tapes, books, conferences, etc.

\$4.50 for #9, or \$9/year; \$30/year for Ext membership from Extropy Institute, PO Box 57306, Los Angeles, CA 90057-0306. Tel: (213) 484-6383. E-mail: more@usc.edu

thing missing. The characters, never really deep, seem more cardboard, the language which had been vivid if overblown is dull and there are no places in the books to rest and catch your breath. They are all action.

What few fathers realize, indeed what few people besides collectors know, is that the blue-bound books are not the original Hardy Boys. There are in reality six different sets of Hardy Boys books: The Originals, The Rewrites, The Revisions, The Continuations, The Casefiles, and the Reissues.

The Originals

Leslie McFarlane wrote the first 26 Hardy Boys before passing the torch to other writers. The original series was bound in either red or tan and continued until 1959 when *The Mystery at Devil's Paw* was published, 38th in the series. When number 39, *The Mystery of the Chinese Junk* came out the following year, there was little to indicate any great change. Anyone who today goes into a bookstore to buy the Hardy Boys will need a careful eye to see the change that took place between numbers 38 and 39, since there, to the left of number 39, bound likewise in blue, is its predecessor. But take a look at the copyright. The brown-backed edition of *Devil's Paw* has "Copyright 1959." The blueback has "Copyright 1959, 1973." What is going on here?

The Rewrites

The double copyright is particularly confusing since a glance at the first 24 books, up to *The Short Wave Mystery*, indicates no second copyright. Instead, they are all copyright sometime between 1959 and 1974.

Sometimes, especially with the earliest books in the series, the following paragraph appears beneath the copyright: "In this new story, based on the original of the same title, Mr Dixon has incorporated the most up-to-date methods used by police and private detectives." Often, even this warning is missing, and the switch can be found only in the change of copyright — and content.

These books, nearly all of the first twenty-four and a few of the later ones, have been completely rewritten. They are not the books that Edward Stratemeyer outlined and Leslie McFarlane

wrote.

There are many reasons for the rewrites, and some of them are good ones. *The Great Airport Mystery* begins with the boys talking about how they hope someday to go up in an airplane and how great it would be. They boast

This extended contemplation of death, written in breathless, short, incomplete sentences owes more to the improbably long climaxes of porno novels than to the original Hardy Boys. All is action, all is thrill.

to each other that they wouldn't be scared. In 1930 when this was written, the airplane was a novelty and flight was considered dangerous and adventurous. By the time the book was revised in 1965, the airplane was commonplace, and the discussion in the original book no longer made sense. Removing it is understandable.

There were other such changes, primarily to update language and setting. By the 1960s automobiles were called "cars" instead of "roadsters" and a person who drove one was a "driver" not an "automobilist." These simple changes had no real effect on the books.

At this point, however, the rewrites cross onto more dubious ground. By the time the seventies rolled around, "sensitivity" was all the rage and it was discovered that — Gasp! — some of the villains in the Hardy Boys books had foreign-sounding names and spoke with accents. These must go, never mind that criminals do sometimes have accents and come from foreign countries. It wasn't as if semi-coherent foreigners were the norm for Hardy Boys' victims, but lest someone take offense, most references to villains' race, ethnicity, and origin were deleted.

Besides the politically correct modifications, there were other changes which gutted the books. In the old books, characters stop and think about

what they are about to do, reasoning out their course of action. They may have been cardboard, but the characters still had feelings and were capable of introspection. All that is gone now, removed in the interest of speeding up the books. The characters now have no insides at all.

The worst changes of all were intentionally made to dumb down the books, to aim them at a less bright and less well-educated public. Long words were removed and short ones put in their place, description of scenes and people was cut or eliminated.

Here is how Joe Hardy discovers Chet Morton's missing car in the original of *The Tower Treasure*. The Hardys and their friends are picnicking at Willow Grove.

The day passed in the usual fashion of such days. They swam, they ate, they loafed about under the trees, they played games at imminent risk of life and limb, they explored the woods, and otherwise enjoyed themselves with all the happy energy of healthy lads. Joe Hardy, who was an amateur naturalist in his way, went roaming off by himself during the afternoon while the other boys were enjoying their third swim of the day, and penetrated deeper into the woods.

He poked about in the undergrowth, examining various flowers and plants that came to his attention, but discovered no specimens that he had not seen before. He was just on the point of going back to the other lads when he saw before him a small clearing.³

Joe finds tire tracks and eventually they recover Chet's car. Meanwhile, we've had a chance to catch our breath and have learned that Joe is interested in wild plants and animals. Compare that passage to its equivalent in the rewrite:

During the meal the boys exchanged reports on their morning's sleuthing. All had tried hard but failed to find any trace of the missing car.

"Our work hasn't ended," Frank reminded the others. "But I'm so stuffed I'm going to rest a while before I start out again."

All the other boys but Joe Hardy felt the same way and lay down on

the grass for a nap. Joe, eager to find out whether or not the woods to their right held the secret of the missing car, plunged off alone through the underbrush.

He searched for twenty minutes without finding a clue to any automobile. He was on the point of returning and waiting for the other boys when he saw a small clearing ahead of him.⁴

Gone is the interest in botany. Gone too is any interest or pastime by a Hardy that has nothing to do with being a detective. Even gone is the swimming by Frank and his friends — in the rewrite the water is too cold. It is as though once off-screen, characters must be dormant. The world away from the act of sleuthing does not exist.

In the originals, the Hardys are ordinary boys with the interests of their age, with friends whose company they enjoyed. In the rewrites, the Hardys are detectives who may have substantial knowledge of many fields, but only as it appertains to sleuthing, and whose friends are there to be stolen from and abducted by the villains. Everything in the rewrites is directly aimed at the business at hand. There is no time for the little details of a normal life.

The Revisions

Some of the rewrites are completely different books, and if they are "based on the original," it means they use a few of the same characters and the same title. Others are only slightly changed, looking more like the revisions they purport to be where language and setting are updated and the sometimes-turgid prose of the originals stream-lined. I have somewhat arbitrarily called the books with a single copyright "rewrites" and those with two copyrights "revisions," but the terms serve to illustrate the differences at least between extreme examples of each type.

The revisions are later books, where little change in language or setting was needed to bring them into line with the rest of the series. By the time *The Mystery at Devil's Paw* was revised in 1973 (the original is 1959), it is difficult to see the changes at all. This isn't particularly good news. What it

means is that the series had been deteriorating all along (probably starting when McFarlane stopped writing it), and the rewrites and revisions were to bring the older books down to the later books' standards.

Because the blue-bound books have gone through several editions, it is often hard to tell exactly what you have. The earliest blue editions of the first 38 books were just reprints of the originals. Sometimes (but not reliably) these earliest editions can be spotted by looking at the back. If the back blurb says "Any-one from 8 to 14" or just has a list of books, then the book is probably a rewrite (if number 1-24), a revision (if 25-38 or *The Detective Handbook*), or a post-revision continuation (39-58). Sometimes, however, for books 1-38, if the back says "All boys from 10 to 14," the book is an original. A check inside will make sure. If the copyright is 1959 or earlier, the book is an original. If it has two copyrights, it is a revision, and if it has a single post-1959 copyright it is a rewrite.⁵

The Continuations

While the revisions and rewrites were going on at the rate of two or three books a year, new Hardy Boys books were being released as well. Regular as clockwork, a new one came out each year from 1960 (#39) to 1979 (#58). At the end of the seventies, Simon and Schuster bought the Stratemeyer Syndicate. Subsequent editions of the blue books indicate that copyrights were transferred from Grosset and Dunlap to the Stratemeyer Syndicate in 1980. Though there have been editions later than 1980 for all the previous volumes, no new blue books have been issued since then. Books numbered 59 and

higher exist only in paperback. The current number is above 110, and climbing.

There is nothing particularly remarkable about these books except the number of them. Somehow the Hardy boys manage to keep solving the same cases over and over. It is doubtful that any boy or girl has in recent years ever read all the books. Even an exceptionally fast reader would grow out of them before he could possibly finish.

The Casefiles

Simon and Schuster knew a developing market when it saw one, and in the eighties the "Young Adult" market exploded. Since no one over about the age of thirteen was reading the original Hardy Boys series, Simon and Schuster produced a "Young Adult" Hardy Boys series called the Hardy Boys Casefiles. There is a corresponding Casefiles for Nancy Drew and a more recent equivalent for Tom Swift. The aim of the Casefiles is to recapture the mid- and late-teen readership at which the series was originally aimed.

Nowhere does the Casefiles series tell you the ages of the lads, but the general subject matter is more "grown up." What that means is, for the first time, people die in the series, and there is some indication that the Hardy boys' glands may have finally turned on.

If the rewrites sped up the pace, the Casefiles make it downright frantic. Here is the start of Casefiles #1:

"GET OUT OF my way, Frank!" Joe Hardy shoved past his brother, shouting to be heard over the roar of the flames. Straight ahead, a huge fireball rose like a mushroom cloud over the parking lot. Flames shot fifty feet into the air, dropping chunks of

If you agree with Robert Hutchins...

"... knowledge without wisdom has brought us to the edge of destruction and may at any time push us over the brink."

PLEASE GET IN TOUCH WITH

THE WISDOM SOCIETY

1417 LA HABRA, LAKE SAN MARCOS, CA 92069
(619) 744-0819 • FAX 744-4013

wreckage — wreckage that just a moment earlier had been their yellow sedan. "Iola's in there! We've got to get her out!"⁶

It is abundantly clear that the Stratemeyer Syndicate is gone. The Casefiles series starts with Iola Morton, Joe's girlfriend for sixty years, getting blown to bits by terrorists. In the course of the Casefiles, numerous people are shot, stabbed, and otherwise done to death, and the boys themselves are threatened in ways they never were in the old series. (Something of the old reticence remains, for though Joe and Frank may hold someone at gunpoint, they have yet to kill anyone, and though they refer to kissing their girlfriends, that seems to be about the limit.)

The Casefiles have been coming out at a rate nearly as frantic as their internal pace. First issued in 1987, there are now more than fifty of them in print. If anything, they are more formulaic than the originals, and if they are technically better written, it is at the expense of style. The turgid and sometimes invasive prose of the originals is gone, but so is anything that gave character or individuality to each book. The introspection that was stripped from the originals in the rewrite is back, after a fashion, but this introspective passage from Casefiles #4, *The Lazarus Plot*, hardly qualifies as either explication of the character's feelings or as his careful consideration of possible action. Frank and Joe are confronted with the sudden appearance of a well-armed opponent.

Instantly Joe knew what he had to do. He charged straight into the barrel of the Lazarus leader's Smith and Wesson .38 — a pistol that looked as big and as deadly as a cannon. Joe didn't kid himself, though. He knew he didn't have a chance. But he also didn't have a choice. Maybe, just maybe, Frank could seize the advantage while Joe was being blown away. It was worth trying, better than nothing. And their chances would be nothing if they surrendered. Joe charged, waiting for the bullet to rip through him, wondering how bad the pain would be and how long it would last before it all ended.

This extended contemplation of death, written in breathless, short, incomplete sentences owes more to the

improbably long climaxes of porno novels than to the original Hardy Boys. The Casefiles take the long-time trend to its logical conclusion. All is action, all is thrill. The characters serve precisely the same functions as their counterparts in pornography. They are there to experience thrills vicariously for the

The original Hardy boys are dead, first poisoned by their creators at the Syndicate, and finally done to death by Simon and Schuster.

reader, to be the means of his titillation. If the Hardy brothers still fight for 'the right side', they no longer seem to know *why* it's the right side.

The Reissues

The series that our fathers loved is gone without hope of bringing it back. The secure, innocent world, where even evil had manners and limits, is gone as well. The great experts who contemplate matters of child psychology at government expense tell us that the new, more realistic children's literature is better for the kids, better at helping them live in the nasty world they didn't make. And so we breed a generation for whom the romantic idea — the idea that art and literature should work to make a person better than he otherwise would be — is a complete stranger. And we wonder at the results.

Phil Zuckerman, president of Applewood books, doesn't like the changes in the Hardy boys, and in particular doesn't like the conscious fraud Simon and Schuster is perpetrating by calling the new books by the originals' names. He thinks the originals ought to have another chance. He has purchased the rights to the first three volumes and reissued them, complete with the original artwork and McFarlane's involuted prose.

Because the world they portray is long gone, it is unlikely the reissues will enjoy great sales. There is a certain fascination in seeing bright and fresh copies of the originals, but there is

something morbid about it too. For the reissues only have the appearance of life. They are like cleverly-prepared death effigies of once-living people. On display, they show what the departed was like, but they cannot bring him back. The reissues do serve one purpose. At least the fathers buying books for their sons can now find the books they so loved.

Needless to say, the usual suspects are unhappy even with the corpse's fresh clothes. Sharon McDonald, librarian, is "troubled" that some of the bad guys have accents, while others have protested the "simplistic" morality (knowing right from wrong) that permeates the old books.⁷ If a man is known by the enemies he keeps, at least Zuckerman is on the right track.

What it All Means

All the changes can be reduced to two: Moral judgment is gone and the books are dumbed-down. The publishers, of course, are providing the public with what it wants to buy, and can honestly say they are just appealing to popular tastes.

Gone with the removal of contemplation of action is any sense of moral outrage or moral virtue. The original Hardy boys were virtuous because virtue was the right way to live, because it was the result of careful training and informed choice. The new Hardy boys are still virtuous, but it is the embalmed virtue of Disneyland. There is no reason for it, it just *is*. At least the sentiment remains. More "up-to-date" juvenile literature, especially the junk Judy Blume turns out, has thrown out the concept of right action for right reasons. In the two new Hardy Boys series the idea of virtue still lingers on which counts for something.

The reasons for the dumbing-down are more complex. The boys have aged two years since the series began, Frank going from sixteen to eighteen and Joe always a year younger. Ironically, while the protagonists were growing older, the readership was getting younger. Originally, the books were aimed at boys just a little younger than the Hardy boys, fourteen to fifteen years old. By the time the famous blue-cover editions were issued in the 1960s, the rear book blurb reads, "All

boys from 10 to 14 who like lively adventure stories . . . will want to read every one of the Hardy Boys stories listed here."⁸ Later, "All boys" was changed to "Anyone," and "10 to 14" was changed to "8 to 14."

When Simon and Schuster bought out the Syndicate and stopped issuing new blue books, their publicity literature further reduced the age of prospective readers to "from 8 to 12."

One reason for the decline in readership age involves the nature of the Hardy boys and any other escapist adventure literature. To some extent, such books are fairy tales. They are set in an unchanging world which is familiar and secure and from that base their protagonists go forth on adventures that just don't happen to normal mortals. Like travellers to Fäerie, the Hardy boys are unaging (or nearly so) and certainly unchanging.

With the general loss of innocence during and following World War II, the toleration and enjoyment of innocent fantasy fell to younger and younger kids. When it came to the choice of adding violence and sex to continue to appeal to older readership, or preserving innocence and targeting younger boys, the Stratemeyer Syndicate remained true to their founder's Christian morality and opted for innocence. Later, Simon and Schuster would have no such restraints.

Another, paradoxical reason for the dumbing-down is the arrival of universal literacy. As a higher and higher fraction of youth could read, the average learning and intelligence of the readers fell. Since the Stratemeyer books were always aimed at the mass market, the publishers followed their readership downward in reading ability and general knowledge. Because so many kids read the Hardy Boys books, the "dumbing down" both fed and fed off of this trend.

So the mystery is solved. The original Hardy boys are dead, first poisoned by their creators at the Syndicate, and finally done to death by Simon and Schuster. Even their corpses, colorfully decked in the clothing they used to wear, are on public display. In their places are two sets of impostors who, coasting on the reputation of the originals, seem des-

tined for a long run in their stolen roles. Times and people change, and the world of the twenties and thirties is long gone, perhaps mostly for the better. What has vanished with it are the heroes of that more innocent day, and that indeed is a shame. □

notes

- 1 "Leslie McFarlane, Ghost of the Hardy Boys" (New York: Methuen/Two Continents Publications, 1976), p. 1.
- 2 Franklin W. Dixon, *The Tower Treasure* (New York: Grosset & Dunlap, 1927) p. 1.
- 3 *ibid.* pp. 47-48.
- 4 Franklin W. Dixon, *The Tower Treasure* (New York: Grosset & Dunlap, 1959),

pp. 45-46.

- 5 To further cloud the issue, the rewrites and revisions were only approximately done in the original order. Sometimes later books were rewritten first and the break between rewrites and revisions is not clean. Book #37, *The Ghost at Skeleton Rock*, has a single copyright, indicating it is a rewrite, even though the books around it are revisions.
- 6 Franklin W. Dixon, *Deathgame* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1987) p. 1.
- 7 "Hardy Once Again," *People*, August 5, 1991, p. 71.
- 8 Franklin W. Dixon, *The Tower Treasure* (New York: Grosset & Dunlap, 1959), rear cover.

Classified Advertisements

Classified Advertising is available for 25¢ per word, plus \$1.00 per insertion. 10% discount for six or more insertions. Payment must accompany order. Please specify classification.

Books

First Edition Ayn Rand & Others. Free catalog. Others include Browne, both Brandens, rare Hazlitt, Mises, Murdock, Paterson and Smith. Dennis Bohn, 10111 Marine View Dr., Mukilteo, WA 98275 or fax 206-347-7757.

Business Opportunities

Free!! Work-at-home information package!!! 1-800-274-4274, ext. A1323.

Collectibles

Folk Flutes/Pan Pipes, mathematically optimized, no moving parts, over 300 varieties. Catalog \$3. Low Price, Box 88(L), Garden Valley, CA 95633.

Literature

The Voice of Pro-Free Market Farmers. This unique video documentary tells how the billions spent annually on government farm programs and subsidies are harming farmers and cheating consumers. Produced by Cassalea Farms, RR#2, Cassadaga, N.Y. 14718. To order send \$21 or ask for a free brochure.

Multigovernment Governed by choice not chance. Explore "New Dimension of Freedom" with sampling of literature. \$6 to LeGrand Day, Box 177, Reseda, CA 91337-0177.

Periodicals

Plague Watch: World-wide reader-interactive tracking of extremely infectious maladies; physical, spiritual, intellectual. Humor. SASE for sample: POB 1287 Houston, TX 77251-1287.

out of step A journal of individualist polemics and exchanges produced in memory of Frank Chodorov and other freethinking journalists. \$10/4 issues. \$1/sample copy. 146-A N. Canyon Blvd, Monrovia, CA 91016.

Directory of Libertarian Periodicals. Updated latest edition, lists around 150 titles, with addresses, other information. All believed to be presently publishing. \$3.00 postpaid, \$4.00 overseas. Jim Stumm, Box 29-LB, Hiler Branch, Buffalo, NY 14223.

Living Free newsletter discusses practical methods for increasing personal freedom. Forum for freedom-seekers, libertarians, survivalists, anarchists, outlaws, since 1979. Lively, unique. \$9.00 for 6 issues, sample \$1.00. Box 29-LB, Hiler Branch, Buffalo, NY 14223.

The Voluntaryist. Sample copy for two first-class stamps. Box 1275, Gramling, SC 29348.

Thomas Paine Review: newsletter on books for the lover of freedom, reason, and human achievement. Six issues \$9; sample issue \$1.50. Address: 84 Washington St. #138, Penacook, NH 03303.

West Coast Libertarian: Canada's premier Libertarian publication. 6 issues (1 year): \$15. Sample: \$2. Greater Vancouver Libertarian Association, 922 Cloverley St., North Vancouver, BC, V7L 1N3

Cross verbal swords in The (Libertarian) Connection, open-forum magazine since 1968. Subscribers may insert one page/issue free, unedited. Lots of stimulating conversation. Eight issues (one year) \$20. Strauss, Box 3343z, Fairfax, VA 22038.

Ben Best, continued from page 57

trusting Hitler to honor their pact and for letting them be so vulnerable to Hitler's attack. Ivan had not been to this cemetery for a long time, and he found it bitterly ironic to see the Russian flag flying. In this one case he would have preferred a Soviet flag — to keep the responsibility for this colossal tragedy where it belongs.

Not long after my return from the boat cruise, I phoned Valentin Yemelin, a networking expert whose number I had been given. Valentin had spent many years as a research scientist, until the current economic crisis drove him out of that work. To take advantage of his fluent English, his computer skills and his networking ability, he started a travel agency. Tourists traveling to Russia no longer need to be under the wing of the state Intourist agency. Valentin can arrange for invitations and provide complete custom-made itineraries in Russia (including food, accommodations, travel and a translator-

companion) for U.S.\$50 per day.

Valentin said that Russians are undergoing a grave spiritual crisis. After years of economic security guaranteed by the government, people are facing economic insecurity.

Valentin was very pained by the troubles his scientific colleagues were suffering. Many fine scientists are unable to find work. Valentin has a database of scientists who would gladly work for \$100 per month in their own laboratories (supplemented by Western equipment, if necessary). He was most eager to market the services of computer scientists.

I left Russia by the same railroad station where Lenin made his famous entry — Finland Station. Many of Lenin's statues have fallen, but the one in front of Finland Station still stands. The Finnish railway cars were by far the most beautiful and modern-looking I have ever seen. I almost think they were purposely luxurious, to emphasize the contrast to the dirty, pover-

ty of the Russians' railcars. The Finnish customs inspector went through all my baggage with very great care.

In Helsinki, walking into an air-conditioned Western self-serve supermarket again was ecstasy — I could hardly restrain myself from buying much more than I needed. I hadn't seen a fresh orange in weeks, and all the fruit and vegetables looked wonderful.

Coming from Russia (where things are ridiculously cheap) to Finland (where things are ridiculously expensive) was a shock. I bought two paperback books (marked on the back to total eleven British pounds) for \$50. Roger Wessman, the ISIL representative for Finland, told me that Helsinki is the place to find the fine Russian restaurants that would have existed in St. Petersburg had there been no Revolution. I treated Roger to a meal in a "moderately" priced Russian restaurant, only to discover it cost me \$150.

I flew from Helsinki back to Toronto, via Zurich. □

Scott Reid, continued from page 58

in the lead. But this time, the implications of the national split may be too much for the federal government to paper over.

But even a Yes vote from coast to coast probably wouldn't result in Canada adopting a new constitution. The package on which Canadians are voting is so far from being a legal document, and the various negotiators are

so far from being able to agree on a real text that can actually be voted on by provincial legislatures and by Parliament, that the negotiations over a final text would almost certainly end in confusion, discord and another "humiliation" to Quebec, driving it at last to declare itself independent.

All signs indicate that Canada's secession crisis has begun and the only thing still holding the country together

is the fact that most Canadians don't yet know it — largely because they've been completely confused by the surreal debate over amending the constitution.

For what it's worth, I'm advising my friends not to go out and buy that National Geographic atlas of the world just yet, since I expect the maps of Canada to be out of date within five years. □

David Kelley, continued from page 63

choose among them? By considering a wide range of facts about myself and my circumstances. The choices I make will be objective insofar as they are based on facts, but not universal, because the relevant facts pertain to my unique constellation of talents, interests, and opportunities.

There is much more to be said about the process of applying the Objectivist ethics to one's own life. But this is not a matter of adding "more substantive content" to the ethics itself. If there were, a principle of flourishing would be of no help, since it is just as abstract as the principles of reason, purpose, and self-esteem. And it certainly won't

help to adopt "justificatory fuzziness" — whatever that means — as a standard of cognition.

Finally, in regard to the derivation of rights: The fact that human beings need to act on the basis of reason does not, as Johnson implies, immediately entail that I must act to satisfy that need in others by respecting their freedom. Human beings also need food, shelter, love, and many other things, but I have no unchosen obligation to meet these needs of others. A crucial aspect of the case for rights is that the benefits of peaceful, voluntary exchange vastly outweigh any short-run advantage one might seem to derive from plunder, and that these benefits

are available to me only if I act in accordance with a principle of rights.

It's true that at a fundamental level, my need for freedom and my need to respect the freedom of others have the same foundation. It is only in the condition of freedom that humans can create the values which make peaceful exchange a positive-sum game. But the fact that exchange is a positive sum game, the fact that interests do not conflict at any fundamental level, must be made explicit. Were it not the case (as it is not the case in emergency situations), then no principle of rights could be established. At some point, *any* egoist ethics must be prepared to answer the question "What's in it for me?" □

Notes on Contributors

Chester Alan Arthur is *Liberty's* political correspondent.

Gunnar Bergstrom, a cartoonist living in southern California, became a libertarian to annoy his liberal democrat parents.

Benjamin Best is a computer programmer and globe-trotter living in Toronto.

R.W. Bradford is editor and publisher of *Liberty*.

Stephen Cox is Associate Professor of Literature at the University of California, San Diego.

Brian Doherty is a journalist and sometime musician now living in the nation's capital.

Robert Ethier is Research Assistant at the Foundation for Research on Economics and the Environment.

Karl Hess is the recent recipient of a new heart and candidate for governor of West Virginia.

Gabriel Hocman is a physician living in Czechoslovakia. He states that English is his "fourth or fifth" language.

John Hospers is the author of *Understanding the Arts*, *Human Conduct*, *An Introduction to Philosophical Analysis*, *Libertarianism*, and many other works.

George Jochnowitz is an American professor who taught in and remains an observer of China.

Gregory R. Johnson is a graduate student in the School of Philosophy at the Catholic University of America.

David Kelley, author of *The Evidence of the Senses*, is the director of the Institute for Objectivist Studies.

Daniel Klein is Assistant Professor of Economics at the

University of California, Irvine.

Richard Kostelanetz is a critic, multi-media artist and author of *Merce Cunningham*, *Writing About John Cage*, *John Cage: Writer* and numerous other books.

Loren E. Lomasky is the author of *Persons, Rights, and the Moral Community*.

Rex F. May is a cartoonist usually billed under the rubric *Baloo*, but appears also as *Shiong*.

Jan Narveson is Professor of Philosophy at the University of Waterloo, in Waterloo, Ontario, and the author of *The Libertarian Idea*.

Ralph Raico is Professor of History at the State University of New York, Buffalo.

Scott J. Reid is the author of *Canada Remapped*. He lives in Ottawa.

Sheldon L. Richman is editor at the Cato Institute in Washington, D.C.

James S. Robbins is a foreign policy analyst and lecturer living in Massachusetts.

David Justin Ross is chairman of RAF Technologies where his pattern-recognition expertise keeps bread and coffee lattes on the table.

Paul Terhorst is a retired CPA living in Texas.

Jesse Walker is a writer living in Michigan.

Thomas D. Walls is an anarcho-federalist studying German and Business Administration at the University of Florida.

Leland B. Yeager is Ludwig von Mises Distinguished Professor of Economics at Auburn University.

Coming in *Liberty* . . .

- "A Feminist Defense of Pornography" — *Wendy McElroy* saves sex, pornography, and feminism from the radical feminists.
- "The Workers Take Over" — *Jesse Walker* evaluates the worker cooperative movement, and considers just how right some of these leftists may be.
- "The Case Against Open Immigration" — *R. K. Lamb* challenges a libertarian shibboleth.
- "Peter Drucker: Austrian Economist?" — *Mark Skousen* considers the case that the dean of management theory is an Austrian economist.

Terra Incognita

Baghdad

Saddam Hussein experiments with a mixed economy to bring relief to his country still suffering from the war and the U.N.-sanctioned embargo, as reported in the *Seattle Times*:

Unhappy with the aggressive competition and speculation in food commodities, Hussein had 42 merchants hung for "profiteering" this July.

Washington, D.C.

News dispatch from the battle-front of the gender war, as reported in the *New York Times*:

A high-school graduate is suing her former school for injuries she received playing fullback in a pre-season football game. No one had warned her or her mother that football can be dangerous.

Brasilia, Brazil

Political techniques from the land of the Bossa Nova, as reported by the *Chicago Tribune*:

Brazilian President Fernando Collor de Mello has enlisted "Spiritualists, clairvoyants, Afro-Brazilian priests, Protestant preachers, Roman Catholic padres and a well known Brazilian 'mentalist'" who claims he can bend spoons and other objects with brain waves" in his battle to prevent his impeachment on grounds of grand larceny. He also has adopted a strict clothing, diet, candle and flower regimen to help channel positive energy his way.

Charleston, South Carolina

Congress moves to preserve our historic heritage, as reported by *Dollars & Sense*:

In an amendment to an appropriation for the National Park Service, Sen. Ernest Hollings of South Carolina proposed to honor Palmetto State native Charles Pinckney by acquiring and restoring the "Pinckney House" near Charleston at an acquisition cost of \$1 million and an annual operating cost of \$325,000.

When it was argued that Pinckney neither lived in nor built the house — and that in fact the house was constructed after Pinckney's death — Sen. Hollings defended his proposal as a way to "interpret" the life of Pinckney.

Washington, D.C.

Heart-rendering appeal to help those less fortunate than ourselves, from an ad in the *Washington Post*:

Being in congress is tougher than everyone thinks, and all the media does is make fun of those poor congressmen. Please enclose a donation for "The Friends of Congress Foundation." We go where it hurts.

San Francisco

New improved customized trials now at the Federal Appeals Court, as reported in the *San Francisco Chronicle*:

A Nevada man was granted a new trial by the Appeals court, because at his original trial he wasn't allowed to testify because he refused to take the oath. In his retrial he'll be allowed to use his own oath: "I'll defend myself with fully integrated honesty, only with fully integrated honesty and nothing but fully integrated honesty."

Moscow

Disturbing development in one of the most holy places of the century's greatest religion, as reported by Knight-Ridder Newspapers:

Because the Communist party can no longer pay the operating costs of the Lenin museum, it has rented it's third floor to a Western style modeling agency. Long-legged models in modern clothing go in and out of the museum to the sounds of rap and rock-and-roll.

Austin, Texas

Learning is a lifetime quest, as reported in the Lone Star state's *Times Record News*:

The biographical portrait released by the office of Texas Railroad Commission Chairperson Lena Guerrero reports that in 1980 she earned a B.A. in communications from the University of Texas, where she was a member of the honor fraternity Phi Beta Kappa. In response to questions from the press, Chairperson Guerrero explained that she had "just learned" that she had only a C average and had not graduated from the university.

Ottawa

Progressive trend in Canada, as reported in *The Daily News* from Halifax, Nova Scotia:

"Somebody who defaces a Canadian flag should be put in jail for life," said one MP. Another MP, less zealous but more multicultural, argued that the burning of the flag of any country ought to be a felony.

Memphis

Consumer protection in the Volunteer State, as reported in the *Bank Note Reporter*:

At the Memphis International Paper Money Convention, Hickman Auctions was required by state officials to hire a local cattle auctioneer to "call" the auction. Because the cattle auctioneer's chanting style was unintelligible to the bank note collectors present, Hickman Auctions hired a local person to act as translator.

New York City

Evidence in the case against privatization, as reported by the *New York Guardian*:

Five workers from New York's Department of General Services took just three days to change six fluorescent lights at the Queens Criminal Court: one day to erect scaffolding, one day for electricians to replace the bulbs, and one day to remove the scaffolding.

Atlantic City, N.J.

Outstanding qualifications of one candidate for office, as reported by the Associated Press:

Kandace Williams, Miss Mississippi, claimed to be a human magnet, because of a unique "electrolytic body chemistry." She also claimed to be a second-cousin of Kenny Rogers and a descendant of Julius Caesar. She was not chosen to serve as Miss America.

Milwaukee, Wisc.

Disaster planning in America's Dairyland, as reported in the *Milwaukee Journal*:

It reads: "Tornado shelter: Employees only."

(Readers are invited to forward newsclippings or other items for publication in *Terra Incognita*.)

Stimulate Your Mind!

with Liberty's Back Issues

continued from inside front cover

January 1991

- "Meltdown: The End of the Soviet Empire," by David Boaz, James Robbins, Ralph Raico and Jane S. Shaw

- "Skatepunks, UFOs, and Guerilla Capitalism," by Lawrence Person
- "Gordon Gekko, Michael Milken, and Me," by Douglas Casey
- "The Hope in the Schools," by Karl Hess

Also: articles and reviews by Michael Christian, Ralph Raico, Loren Lomasky and others; plus special election coverage. (80 pages)

March 1991

- "The Myth of War Prosperity," by Robert Higgs
- "The Life of Rose Wilder Lane," by William Holtz
- "The Unintended Consequences of Jesse Helms," by Richard Kostelanetz

- "Old Whine in New Bottles," by Jan Narveson

- "The Strange Death of the McDLT," by R.W. Bradford

Plus articles and reviews by Jane Shaw, Richard Weaver, Linda Locke, Krzysztof Ostaszewski and others. (72 pages)

May 1991

- "Christiana: Something Anarchical in Denmark," by Ben Best

- "Rescind Gorbys' Peace Prize," by James Robbins

- "Journalists and the Drug War," by David Boaz

- "California's Man-Made Drought," by Richard Stroup

Plus writing by John Baden, Scott Reid, Leland Yeager and others; and a short story by Lawrence Thompson. (72 pages)

July 1991

- "Say 'No' to Intolerance," by Milton Friedman

- "I Am a Casualty of the War on Drugs," by Stuart Reges

- "Depolluting the USSR," by James Robbins

Plus articles and reviews by David Friedman, Loren Lomasky, Sheldon Richman, Karl Hess, Richard Kostelanetz and others; and Mark Skousen's interview with Robert Heilbroner. (72 pages)

Volume 5

September 1991

- "AIDS and Marijuana," by Robert O'Boyle

- "Stalking the Giant Testes of Ethiopia," by Robert Miller

- "The Unraveling of Canada," by Scott Reid

- "GNP: A Bogus Notion," by R.W. Bradford

Plus articles and reviews by Bart Kosko, Mark Skousen, Frank Fox, John Hospers, James Taggart, Karl Hess, William P. Moulton and others. (72 pages)

November 1991

- "The Road to Nowhere," by David Horowitz

- "Women vs. the Nation-State," by Carol Moore

- "Thelma and Louise: Feminist Heroes," by Miles Fowler

- "The Boycott of *American Psycho*," by Panos Alexakos and Daniel Conway

Plus writing by Robert Higgs, Leland Yeager and others; and a short story by J. E. Goodman. (80 pages)

January 1992

- "The National Park Disgrace," by R.W. Bradford

- "Sex, Race, and the Single Gentleman," by Richard Kostelanetz

- "Beyond Austrian Economics: Bionomics," by Michael Rothschild

- "America's Bipartisan Apartheid," by Brian Doherty

Plus writing by Leland Yeager, David Friedman, Henry B. Veatch, Jane Shaw, Bill Kauffman, Karl Hess Jr. and others. (80 pages)

March 1992

- "Hong Kong After Tiananmen," by Kin-ming Liu

- "Albert Jay Nock: Prophet of Libertarianism?" by Stephen Cox

- "P.C. or B.S.?" by Meredith McGhan

- "Acid Rain and the Corrosion of Science," by Edward C. Krug

- "Who Really Wrote *Little House on the Prairie*?" by William Holtz

Plus writing by Ross Overbeek, Karl Hess, Sheldon Richman, Jane Shaw, Lawrence White, Randal O'Toole and others; and an interview with Pat Buchanan. (72 pages)

May 1992

- "Clarence Thomas: Cruel and Unusual Justice?" by James Taggart

- "Hong Kong: Where Everyone Has a Job," by Mark Tier

- "The Economics of the Emergence of Humanity," by Vernon Smith

- "Divorce, Czechoslovak Style," by Vojtech Cepl and Ron Lipp

Plus writing by Eric Banfield, Karl Hess, David Horowitz, Daniel Klein and others; and fiction by J. Orlin Grabbe. (72 pages)

July 1992

- "Christians and Libertarians in a Hostile World," by Doug Bandow

- "Returning America's Roads to the Market," by Terree Wasley

- "The 'Lock' on the Electoral College," by David Brin

Plus commentary on the L.A. Riots, and writings by David Kelley, Leland Yeager, George H. Smith and others. (72 pages)

Volume 6

September 1992

- "War on Drugs, War on Progress," by James Ostrowski

- "Virulent Green Growth," by Fred Smith

- "Property Rights Before and After the *Lucas* Decision" by William H. Mellor III

- "Wilderness, Church and State," by Robert H. Nelson

Plus writing by Martin Morse Wooster, Ethan O. Waters, Jane S. Shaw, J. Neil Schulman, Stephen Cox, and others; and an index to back issues. (80 pages)

→ Information concerning the first volume (6 issues) of *Liberty* can be found on page 45.

Please send me the back issues of *Liberty* I have marked.

(foreign orders, add 50¢ per issue)

___ Sept. '88, \$7.00	___ Nov. '90, \$5.50
___ Nov. '88, \$4.00	___ Jan. '91, \$5.50
___ Jan. '89, \$4.50	___ Mar. '91, \$5.50
___ Mar. '89, \$5.50	___ May '91, \$5.50
___ May '89, \$4.00	___ July '91, \$5.00
___ July '89, \$6.00	___ Sept. '91, \$4.00
___ Sept. '89, \$5.50	___ Nov. '91, \$5.50
___ Nov. '89, \$4.50	___ Jan. '92, \$5.00
___ Jan. '90, \$4.00	___ Mar. '92, \$4.00
___ Mar. '90, \$3.50	___ May '92, \$4.00
___ May '90, \$4.00	___ July '92, \$4.00
___ July '90, \$5.50	___ Sept. '92, \$4.00
___ Sept. '90, \$5.50	Shipping: <u>\$1.00</u>

Total: _____

☐ My check is enclosed

Charge my ☐ VISA ☐ Mastercard Expires: _____

Account # _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____ Phone _____

Liberty, Dept. B32, PO Box 1167, Port Townsend, WA 98368



*"Give Me **Liberty**
or Give Me Death."
—Patrick Henry, 1776*

Old Pat really was an extremist . . . especially when it came to Christmas presents! The odds are good that your friends are less fussy about the gifts they receive . . . And chances are excellent that they would genuinely appreciate a gift of *Liberty*!

This winter, why not give a special friend the sheer pleasure of individualist thinking and living . . .

. . . the state-of-the-art in libertarian analysis . . . the free-wheeling writing of today's leading libertarians . . . the joy of pulling the rug out from under the illiberal establishment.

These are a few of the little pleasures we provide every other month. Wouldn't it be fun to share them with a friend?

In the past year, *Liberty* has published the writing of Karl Hess, Milton Friedman, John Hospers, David Friedman, Richard Kostelanetz, Loren Lomasky, Mark Skousen, David Boaz, Jane Shaw . . . The most exciting libertarian writers providing a feast of good reading!

You pay a compliment when you give the gift of *Liberty*. Send us your gift list today, and we'll send your greeting with every issue! We'll also send a handsome gift card in your name to each recipient.

This is the ideal gift . . . it is so easy, and so inexpensive:

Special Holiday Rates!

To encourage you to give gifts of *Liberty* this holiday season, we offer gift subscriptions at a special rate: the lowest price subscriptions we have ever offered!

First Gift (or your renewal) . . . \$19.50
Second Gift . . . \$17.00
Each Additional Gift . . . \$15.00

Act Today! These special rates are available only through January 15, 1993. And remember, your own subscription or renewal qualifies as one of the subscriptions.

Use the handy coupon below, or the special coupon/envelope inside. Or call this number with your gift and credit card instructions:

800-321-1542

What could be easier—or better!

Yes! Pat Henry was right! Please send *Liberty* to my gift list as directed below. Enclosed you will find my check (or money order) for the full amount.

☐ First Gift ☐ Renewal

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Send to: Liberty Gift Department, PO Box 1167, Port Townsend, WA 98368.