

Liberty

November 2000

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Al Gore's Plan
to Double
Federal
Spending

Confessions of an Ex-Drug Warrior

by Sheriff Bill Masters

The Best Little Whorehouse in Kooskia, Idaho

by Michael Freitas

The War on Your Privacy

by Adrian Day

The Peasants Revolt

by Stephen Berry

Also: *Jane Shaw* discovers how technology is the enemy of the state, *R.W. Bradford* gets to know the open road very intimately, *Bruce Ramsey* explores the weird devolution of liberalism . . . plus other articles, reviews & humor.



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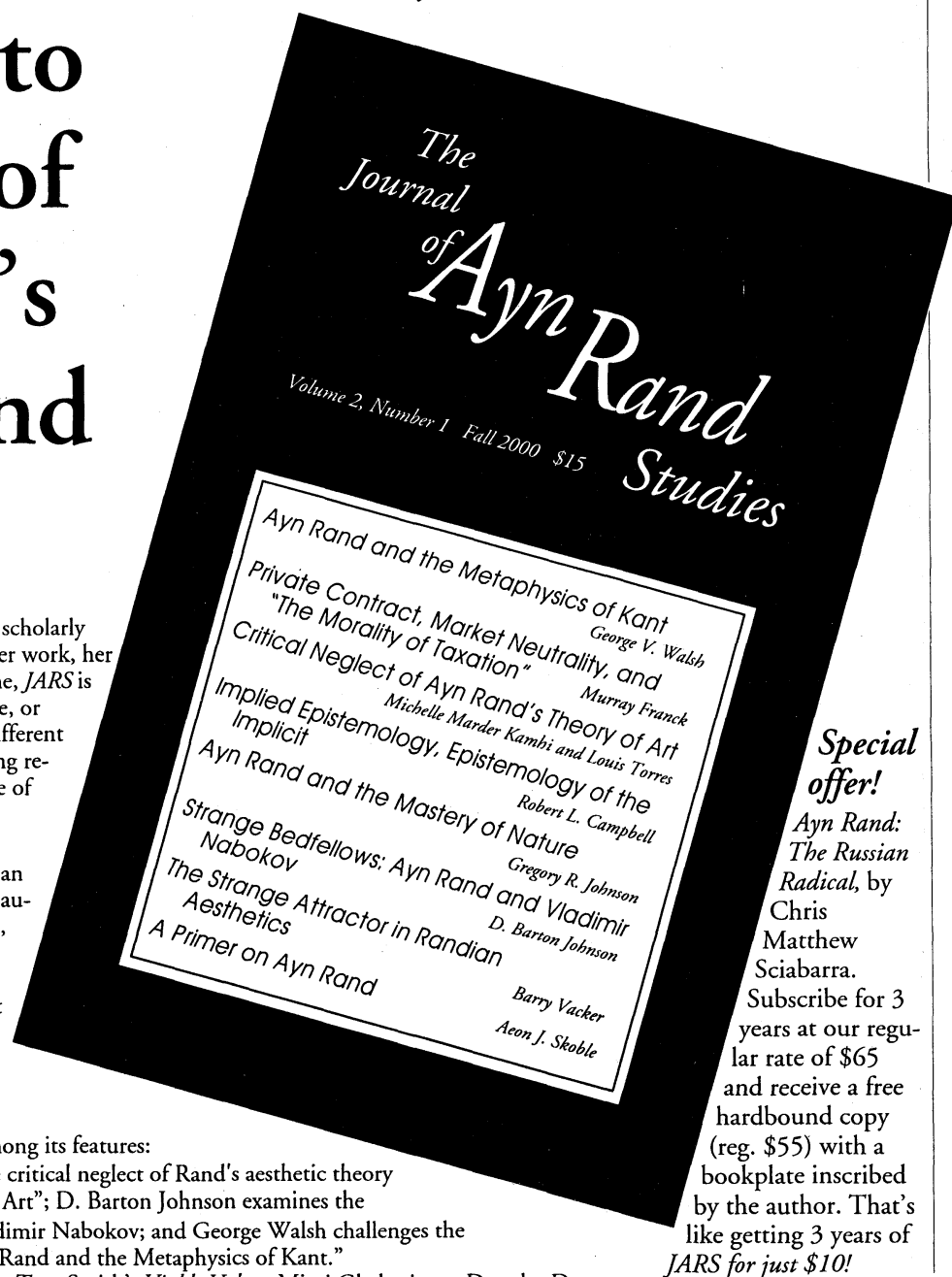
Our Fall 2000 issue is our largest ever. Among its features: Michelle Kamhi and Louis Torres explore the critical neglect of Rand's aesthetic theory in "Critical Neglect of Ayn Rand's Theory of Art"; D. Barton Johnson examines the strange parallels between Ayn Rand and Vladimir Nabokov; and George Walsh challenges the Objectivist view of Immanuel Kant in "Ayn Rand and the Metaphysics of Kant."

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November 2000

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Letters

To Serve and Protect

R. W. Bradford rightly decries the dereliction of duty of New York City Police (Reflections, August) for doing nothing while 50 women were assaulted in Central Park. I suspect Rodney King wished the police just "did nothing," likewise the cameraman at Elián González's "liberation," and police suspect Louima who was sodomized with a broom.

It is very unfortunate that no one helped those 50 women, but perhaps we should all give a sigh of relief that the "subculture with terrible values," "too many bullies" and "cowards" did nothing. Just think how bad it could have been!

Personally, I'm tickled with the vision of 40 cops, huddled, and afraid to "do something."

Joe Dabulskis
Adams, Ore.

Bad Libertarian, Bad

Based on his "Reflections" (October) on the implications of Napster for libertarians, Andrew Chamberlain leaves the impression that he was dozing off a little during the lectures in Introduction to Libertarianism. Supporting special favors to businesses, such as copyright laws, is not libertarian.

When artists and recording companies sell recordings they may be operating "under the assumption of copyright protection," but they have no right to rely on this governmental privilege. Had they truly desired to protect their material from being duplicated, they could have obtained the express agreement of purchasers (a) not to copy their recordings and (b) to agree to whatever kind of monitoring and liquidated damages the record sellers deemed appropriate to enforce such a contractual provision.

Sellers of unique products are free to negotiate contractual limitations on the use of their products if they so desire, but any alleged violation of such

agreements would simply be a garden variety breach of contract, not a theft, since nothing is taken from the seller.

Some artists (e.g. Grateful Dead lyricist John Perry Barlow) have already advanced very libertarian and technologically sophisticated arguments in support of music consumers who seek to trade their tracks. For the artists, the key to ultimate prosperity is getting as many people as possible to listen to their music (thereby enhancing revenues for personal appearances, new releases, t-shirts, etc.).

There is no need for "intellectual property law . . . to adjust to this new environment," as Chamberlain suggests. People who claim to be artists should learn to be more creative in marketing and distributing their products, instead of calling on "Big Brother" to kill the goose that laid the golden egg.

Richard Allen Vinson
Novato, Calif.

A Challenge for Browne

I just read "Go for it Harry!" (October). We all need to grow up and put our beliefs to the test. Having armchair discussions of hypothetical situations on liberty is adolescent. My own Randian roots have changed as I have confronted the real world of Corporate America, my "calling" and intimate relationships. I have grown stronger in my philosophy by putting my ideas into action. I can only hope that Harry Browne will have the good sense to either make Ken Sturzenacker his campaign manager or at the very least use the ideas he has presented.

The LP is like an adolescent waiting to grow up. Harry Browne can do it. He can move the LP to the next level and in the process move himself to the next level. Life has a way of challenging people in their most fundamental strength. Harry Browne is an honest man. Life is challenging his honesty. It is saying "OK, Browne, can you stay true in the most corrupting profession?"

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Harry Browne, are you up to the challenge or are you a coward that chooses the safe rear guard?

Gary Rhodes
Issaquah, Wash.

It's What's for Dinner

Tim Slagle has a lot of fun at the expense of vegetarians (Reflections, September), but the issue he raises is an interesting one.

For many years the human race has needed to kill and to eat animals in order to survive. In many parts of the world, such needs still exist. But, closer to home, improvements in technology have changed the circumstances of man's dependence upon eating animals. For many, animals are no longer killed for survival but for culinary pleasure. Alternatives to killing animals for food exist. Should we not be legally obligated to exercise such options?

As a man, I demand my liberty, and as a libertarian, I demand it for others. I do not suppose that somewhere along the evolutionary ladder humans gained a genetic voucher to do with animals whatever we wish to do.

Why are animal rights important? Because man's conscience will be the next battlefield for freedom. Individuals are sorely mismatched to go hand-to-hand with today's technologically equipped state. To win this war, ideas of might makes right will ill serve our cause.

I do not take this stand for the animals, although like everyone, I love the cute little devils. But, were I to witness a child mistreating an animal, my concern would be more for the child.

Jeremy Jay Lynes
Atlanta, Ga.

The Propaganda Generation

I enjoyed immensely Merrel Clubb's (August) summation of the more savory aspects of "his generation." However, Professor Clubb left out an important aspect of Tom Brokaw's cheery attitude to those who seemingly served in a different war — the utter hypocrisy of Brokaw and his generation in making millions of dollars from the bloody efforts of men who did what they saw as their duty.

In the recent dedication of the World War II Memorial, the usual cast of propagandists showed up. Tom Hanks, Steven Spielberg, Secretary of Defense Cohen and the aforementioned

Brokaw were all on hand to celebrate America's glorious victory over the evil Japanese and the obviously more evil Germans (no one mentioned the Italians). Now, what does this glorious cast of characters all have in common? Unlike Clubb, they each managed to avoid serving in the wonderland of Vietnam. Spielberg and Hanks have made millions upon millions of dollars using the exploits of real dead guys who died charging up beaches no actor or director would think of visiting without his attendant to brush the sand out of the way. Brokaw has got in hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of dollars. Cohen, this administration's Republican star, has had to make do with sending American planes and soldiers into harm's way without bothering to ensure they were bombing the right targets. Perhaps, though, his is the biggest thrill.

Matthew M. O'Connell
Honolulu, Hawaii

Defending the Greatest Generation

Merrel Clubb ("The Greatest Generation?," August) and Tom Brokaw ignore the fact that the Japs had been raping, enslaving and killing in East Asia for seven years before Pearl Harbor.

For their bestial, subhuman behavior, pulling the gold out of their teeth and summarily shooting them was very light punishment indeed. They should have been fried like animals on a spit, starting with Hirohito.

Neil Elliott
Evanston, Ill.

Box Office 1, History 0

As a Scottish libertarian, it is puzzling to read that some LP members see "Braveheart" as a libertarian movie (September). Academic research of the limited records of William Wallace's life suggests that, whilst he was a hero to many, he may also have been responsible for the murder of innocent women and children. If so, he was no libertarian.

The acclaim for Mel Gibson's "Braveheart" is equally puzzling. The opportunity to make a true epic was lost as historical accuracy was sacrificed in the pursuit of box office "success." Wallace's men were depicted as a tartan-clad, blue-faced and ill-equipped mob. The joke "kilt lifting" scene was

copied from "Carry On Up the Khyber." They would, in fact, have been dressed and armed in a similar way to their English adversaries (helmets, chain mail, etc.). The tartan and the kilt emerged several centuries later. The Scots were tactically astute but the vital role of Stirling Bridge was omitted from the battle scene. Wallace's affair with Edward I's daughter-in-law was, of course, Gibson's self-indulgence. The portrayal of Robert the Bruce as a dithering wimp was a huge insult. Also, records suggest that Wallace was a fierce, towering figure who was well over six feet tall in contrast to the diminutive Gibson.

If American libertarians seek inspiration, they should look elsewhere.

Kenneth Irvine
London, England

A.A. Q & A

As a dues paying member of the Libertarian Party, a subscriber to *Liberty*, an opponent of the "War on Drugs," and a member of Alcoholics Anonymous I read with great personal interest Jeff Riggenbach's review of *Addiction Is a Choice*, by Jeffrey A. Schaler (September). I agree with everything in the review except the reference to Alcoholics Anonymous. Its religious allegiance is described in the A.A. pamphlet "44 Questions":

Question: Is A.A. a religious society? Answer: A.A. is not a religious society, since it requires no definite religious belief as a condition of membership. Although it has been endorsed and approved by many religious leaders, it is not allied with any organization or sect. Included in its membership are Catholics, Protestants, Jews, members of other religious bodies, agnostics and atheists.

My own experience in Alcoholics Anonymous has given me freedom from the bondage of alcohol, and thus the liberty to act in a manner of my own choosing. I encourage any suffering alcoholic to leave the door ajar. You might find that A.A. will give to you what it has given to me — freedom and liberty.

Gardner M.
New Haven, Conn.

Take No Prisoners

Three cheers for Kyle Rothweiler! ("Letters," September) At last a libertar-

ian who, like myself, has had it with the "forgiving" approach that seems to be in fashion with some libertarians. I'll cut right to the chase: I hate the government and its agents and I live for the day when we can have trials for these scumbags and they are dealt with once and for all! The enemies of liberty in the government, the media, the churches and so on will never be nice to us; any libertarians who think we can win them over with kindness are deceiving themselves. Rothweiler is right: people in government choose to be in that line of "work" and they deserve no sympathy when the long overdue uprising in America finally occurs. If we truly want our liberty back we must think as revolutionaries and not be squeamish about what must be done.

Perhaps pro-freedom activists should start keeping lists of all the government parasites and pigs they know of in their town, so we'll know who to nail when the time comes. I've started mine already!

Mark Richards
West Milford, N.J.

The Last Refuge of Scoundrels

John Haywood's review of *The Patriot* stresses many of the same points that I mentally noted when I viewed the movie earlier this summer. I found myself agreeing with him on almost everything, with one very big exception. Near the beginning of the film, Mel Gibson's character, Ben Martin, is reluctant to join the rebellion. Having done so, the writers need a powerful image to demonize the British and justify his involvement in the rebellion. What better way than to have the English act as proto-Nazis by herding the population of a village into the local church, securing all the exits, and torching it.

My reaction when I saw the movie was quite different. I subsequently tried to search for the truth, including asking some historians whom I knew. I will admit that my research was by no

means exhaustive, but I could not find any evidence of such an incident in the Revolutionary War. I have thus concluded that, as noble as the rest of the movie was, this gross historical distortion invalidates the entire film.

Why such a harsh judgment on my part? For the reason that including this incident in an otherwise excellent film goes beyond the pale. The English may have been nastier than the Americans, but they were not Nazis. If the writers of the film had reflected on this, they could have devised an incident that would have been both plausible and historically accurate, or at least not grossly inaccurate, to cause Ben Martin to join the revolution. The writers failed to do this, and went far beyond the limits of artistic license. A work which could have been an unqualified success was transformed into another failed Hollywood attempt at historical fiction.

L. Hatzilambrou
Scottsdale, Ariz.

The Truth About Lebanon

Perhaps Bradley Monton ("The Day Israel's Army Left," September) is too young to remember how Israel got into Lebanon, in which case he should learn history, and so should you before publishing falsehoods and half-truths.

When Israel went into Lebanon, the northern towns of Israel were under constant rocket attack by the P.L.O. and other terrorist organizations, who were using Southern Lebanon as an operating base. They were also launching constant armed attacks on Northern Israel from Lebanon, including one in which several Jewish infants were murdered in a nursery. This is how the high-minded murderers so beloved in the United Nations conduct themselves. If I may be so bold, no moral authority can be created by taking a collection of tyrants and bringing them together in a building by the East River in New York City and calling them the "United Nations." One-sided resolutions have no moral force, even if Monton likes them.

When Israel went into Lebanon, the Lebanese government controlled only a small part of its own capital. The rest was controlled by a collection of militias, warlords, and an alien occupier calling itself the Palestine Liberation Organization.

Under international law every coun-

try has the right of self-defense, and both the right and the obligation to protect its citizens and territory from attack. That is apparently every country except Israel. We sent the U.S. Army under General Pershing into Mexico because of one attack by Mexican bandits on one Texas town, and the Army stayed in Mexico several months. Israel was under constant attack from Lebanon for several years, and to my mind a Jewish state has as much right and obligation to protect itself as a Christian state, even if the Security Counsel does not agree.

Edward S. Raskin
Deer Park, N.Y.

Corporations, Not Persons

I disagree with David Bean's contention ("Letters," September) that the best way to handle corporations is by more government regulation. The best way to handle corporations is quite the opposite: take away all the privileges and rights granted to them, including limited liability for their owners and managers. The law should stop regarding corporations as persons with rights, and hold individuals responsible for the actions and crimes of "corporations."

Jonathan Miller
Chevy Chase, Md.

A Different Kind of Communist

As is often the case with men writing intentionally inflammatory rhetoric, Bart Kosko has overstated and decontextualized a few things in his "Jesus Christ: Family Hating Communist," (September).

First, there is little doubt that Jesus and his followers were communists (or at the very least communalists) but there is no indication that they were statist, which while not implied in the article at least should be pointed out for the sake of the reader. In fact Jesus was no friend of either the Roman Empire or the Hebrew Sanhedrin. It would be wiser to say that he was anti-materialist than communist.

Second, the context of the gospels quoted (Luke 14:26, Matthew 10:34-36 and Thomas 55) is dropped, and is arguably very important. Whether from translation or neglect, the object of these is not that Christ is against the family as a unit or a concept. What he is against is divided loyalty. He isn't saying you must hate your family, you just can't

continued on page 20

We invite readers to comment on articles that have appeared in the pages of *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.

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Reflections

A good law — I can think of one law I'd support: a law against urging people to vote. If you can't find out on your own that there's an election, you shouldn't be allowed to vote. — Sheldon Richman

Next window, please — If the government were sincere about its desire to increase voter turnout, they'd conduct polling on April 15 at post offices. — John Haywood

The other white meat — The *Times* of London reports that the first artificially grown nipples in human trials were "constructed from cartilage that has been derived from purified pig ear cells." Tits today, silk purses tomorrow. Ain't technology grand? — Paul Rako

This warning may be hazardous to your health — Several legislators are rallying around the Canadian idea of forcing larger warnings on packs of cigarettes. I guess that near-sighted people have been coming down with cancer at an alarming rate. No research is planned to find out whether the notion had any positive effects on the health of the unfortunates in our pinko neighborhood to the north.

But never let facts and statistics get in the way of a perfectly good theory. Some of the warnings suggested for the cigarette packs include graphic pictures of tumors, mouth cancer, and receding, bleeding gums. I like the idea, and think we should apply it to other areas. How about pictures of Waco burning on the cover of tax forms? Include the warning, "Your tax money may be used to incinerate innocent people!" Or on the cover of the census form, grisly photos of citizens of Japanese descent behind the barbed wire internment camps, "Information gathered by this Department may someday be used for racial profiling and ethnic cleansing." Or a picture of Anne Frank on gun registration forms? — Tim Slagle

Eight thoughts on the western fires —

1) "Advocates of the environment" (i.e., Democratic Party flunkies) vigorously criticize G.W. Bush's purportedly half-assed cleanups of the toxic sites that mar the fair face of Texas, insisting that the land has not been "restored to its original state." Yet the same kind of people want the government to suppress the forest fires that periodically attempt to return the western landscape to its original state.

2) When you hear the routinely hysterical reports that "Thousands of acres of western land are burning!", you should do your nerves a favor and recall that it takes 640 acres to make a single square mile. The western county where I live contains over two and a half million acres.

3) Ecology-conscious ancient Indians used to clear their land by starting fires.

4) I would like to see a detailed comparative report on the management of fires and conservation of timber resources on (A) public lands and (B) private lands in the west. Weyerhaeuser somehow keeps a lot of trees in stock.

5) In days of yore, before the white man came, there were forest fires. How large did these fires become? Did they start in what is now Seattle and burn until they reached Lake Michigan? No, I don't suppose they did. They burned themselves out somewhere.

6) Some "national forests" are filled with noble Douglas firs, others with scrubby third-growth trees or with the kind of thing that most people call "brush" and try to cut down when it shows up in their backyards. In national forests, firefighters risk their lives to "save" this vegetation.

7) How many times have you seen pictures of western firefighters battling a blaze with little more than hatchets in their hands? Wouldn't chainsaws be more efficient? Or would that frighten the bears away — or the

"viewers like you" who give money to PBS?

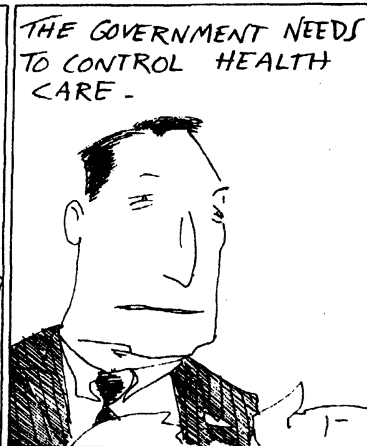
8) Trees grow back.

— Stephen Cox

Vive le similarité — I've spent my whole life as a libertarian, which means I've heard about a million denunciations of the fact that the two main parties are almost identical. Those who've lived on other political fringes have the same experience. Everyone from George Wallace to Henry Wallace, from Ralph Nader to Barry Goldwater, from Harry Browne to Gus Hall have decried the sad fact that "there's not a dime's worth of difference between the two parties," in George Wallace's memorable phrase. As often as not, people on the fringe blame the failure of the major parties to offer "a real alternative" for low voter turnout and evidence that, somehow, the will of the people is being subverted, usually by some vast hydra-headed conspiracy. This is just plain nuts.



CALIGULA



AL GORE

People don't vote because they don't care. And usually they don't care because they are satisfied with the status quo, which is secure whichever party wins the election.

This is obviously the situation this year: the differences between the programs of Bush and Gore are subtle to the point of being hard to detect. Most of the nation's voters will have three or four other candidates on their ballots — green socialist Ralph Nader, nativist conservative Pat Buchanan, libertarian Harry Browne and anti-abortion conservative Howard Phillips. Even with all these choices, more than 90 percent will vote for tweedledee-dum or tweedledee-dumber.

The major parties end up with very similar programs because they know that moving away from the status quo will cost them votes. Republicans accept Democratic welfare programs, though usually watered-down versions, because people want those programs. Democrats accept Republican law-and-order initiatives because people vote for candidates who are tough on crime. Swimming out of the mainstream loses votes and losing votes loses elections.

The tendency of the major parties to imitate each others' success is intensified by the nature of the political marketplace. When a commercial product has the second-largest

So next time you hear a talking head on television say that "this is the closest election in memory" or struggle to find a meaningful difference between the presidential nominees of the major parties, remember that these men and their virtually identical programs are what your fellow Americans want.

market share, producing and marketing it is almost certainly going to be a very profitable endeavor. But getting the second-largest market share in an election means losing. And the major parties are in the business of winning elections.

Every once in a while, people don't care enough to vote because they believe neither major party can address the problems they face. But almost always, the major parties are quick to adapt: when the Greenback Party began to make headway in the 1870s, a bipartisan Congress passed legislation for an inflationary currency; when the Populists were building a new party with a new program in the 1890s, the Democrats nominated William Jennings Bryan and co-opted their program almost entirely; when the Socialists and Communists began to gain popularity in the 1930s, the Democrats adopted much of their program and rhetoric; when Ross Perot got 19 percent of the vote in 1992 on an anti-deficit platform, both parties quickly adopted that idea. Franklin Delano Roosevelt was a master of this sort of fancy footwork, co-opting the two largest political nut movements of the mid-1930s, the Townsend Plan and Huey Long's "Share the Wealth."

The challenge fringe parties face is two-fold: voters seldom want to change things except incrementally, and when they do, the major parties are quick to adopt the sort of

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How Environmental Regulation Prevents People From Protecting the Environment — Environmental economist Rick Stroup explains how iron-fisted regulators provide powerful incentives against private landowners caring for the environment. (audio: A402; video: V402)

The U.S. Forest Service: America's Experiment in Soviet Socialism — The country's premier expert on the U.S. Forest Service, Randal O'Toole, tells a sad tale of excessive road building, clearcutting and the strangling effects of Soviet-style centralized decision-making. (audio: A403; video: V403)

Environmental Religion in the Schools — Author Jane Shaw explores how schools indoctrinate children in the New Religion of Mother Earth. In this religion, wealth and production are among the deadly sins. (audio: A404; video: V404)

The Liberty Privacy Panel — R.W. Bradford, Fred Smith, David Friedman and Doug Casey explore the privacy issues of the 21st century. (audio: A405; video: V405)

Advancing Liberty in the Courts — Washington Supreme Court Justice Richard Sanders explains how libertarians get more bang for the buck by supporting judicial candidates. You'll hear how one libertarian justice can make a huge difference! (audio: A406; video: V406)

A Libertarian in Congress — The sole libertarian in Congress, Ron Paul, on the art of building coalitions and on how he led the effort to slay the privacy-invading Know Your Customer regulations. Hear him recount the history of the Social Security number as an identifier, and learn how laws on immigration, welfare reform, and health care are shredding your privacy. (audio: A407; video: V407)

Does the Libertarian Party Have a Future? — R.W. Bradford makes a powerful case that the LP is failing to advance freedom, and suggests a controversial new approach that could lead to a political breakthrough. Judge for yourself whether the provocative strategy he outlines will propel the LP into the big leagues. (audio: A408; video: V408)

Al Gore's War on Freedom and Mobility — Al Gore hates the internal combustion engine. If he gets his way, America's cities will look a lot more like the cities of communist Europe, so says Randal O'Toole. (audio: A409; video: V409)

Share the Excitement !

Selling Liberty in an Illiberal World — Fred Smith offers a revolutionary approach to spreading libertarian ideas, and explains how to frame issues for maximum appeal. (audio: A410; video: V410)

Contracts and the Net — The Internet will reshape contract law, argues David Friedman, at the expense of judicial power. Learn how netizens are developing institutions to allow for private litigation, and hear how arbitration and reputation loss are actually more potent on the Net than in real space. (audio: A411; video: V411)

How to Write Op-Eds and Get Them Published — Join former *Business Week* editor Jane Shaw, *Orange County Register* senior columnist Alan Bock and *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* business reporter Bruce Ramsey for a workshop on how you can air your opinions in the newspaper. Learn Jane's six points that will send you on your way to publication, and hear the one phrase which Ramsey says is taboo at his paper. (audio: A412; video: V412)

What Does Economics Have to Do With the Law, and What Do Both Have to Do With Libertarianism? — David Friedman explores how economics and law relate to each other and to libertarianism. (audio: A413; video V413)

Urban Sprawl, Liberty and the State — Urban sprawl may turn out to be one of the hot-button issues of the next election. Learn why environmentalists want you caged in cities, and how they plan to do it, with Jane Shaw, Richard Stroup, Fred Smith, and Randal O'Toole. (audio: A414; video: V414)

My Dinner With James Madison — Scott Reid views modern America through the eyes of a Founding Father. Our Madison discusses some little known alternatives considered at the Constitutional Convention, and why they would have been better for freedom. (audio: A415; video: V415)

The New Liberty and the Old — R.W. Bradford explains how fundamental changes are reshaping the libertarian movement, and forthrightly takes on the advocates of the non-aggression imperative. (audio: A416; video: V416)

Using the First Amendment to Smash the State — Durk Pearson and Sandy Shaw tell how they've used the First Amendment to wage total war against the government. Learn how they brought the FDA to its knees, and share their secrets for successful litigation. (audio: A417; video: V417)

Making Terror Your Friend — In a world overrun with authoritarian creeps, Doug Casey highlights the attitudes and techniques that set him apart from the controlled masses. (audio: A418; video: V418)

End the Drug War or Forget About Freedom — Alan Bock journeys to the heart of darkness in America's failed effort at drug prohibition. The casualties of the war, says Bock, are a lot of harmless people and your civil rights. (audio: A419; video: V419)

Juries, Justice and the Law — Fully informed jury activist Larry Dodge explains the history and the importance of jury nullification, including efforts underway to increase the power of juries. (audio: A420; video: V420)



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changes they want. The only third party that ever became major — the Republican Party of the 1850s — managed to displace a major party because neither major party adapted to changing voter opinions about slavery.

The reason why the prospects for any of the nation's third parties are so poor this year is that people are prosperous and happy and have no reason to rock the boat.

The most popular fringe candidate is Ralph Nader, a more-or-less doctrinaire socialist; according to the polls, he is the choice of 2 to 4 percent of voters. Americans are skeptical about socialism and pretty happy with the welfare state; only a small minority share Nader's views, and of the small minority that do, many will be inclined to vote for the Democrat anyway, on the theory that Gore's calls for slightly more government controls are preferable to the Republican's program of slightly fewer controls.

Pat Buchanan, running on a nativist program that combines an isolationist foreign policy with opposition to international trade, is the choice of 1 to 2 percent of voters in recent surveys. If unemployment were higher, more people might support his program, but as it stands right now, hardly anyone cares.

Harry Browne has an even harder row to hoe. His program calls for a radical decrease in state power. Most Americans are so prosperous that they simply don't care about high taxes and onerous regulations and so few are victims of the war on drugs that he is stuck in the 0.5 to 1.5 percent range in polls.

Howard Phillips is in the worst shape of all. His major issue is opposition to abortion, a view shared by the Republicans and by Reform nominee Pat Buchanan. So Phillips is reduced to saying that he'd fight abortion more strenuously than either Bush or Buchanan. But only the the most fanatical right-to-lifers support him, leaving him the choice of fewer than 0.5 percent of voters.

So next time you hear a talking head on television say that "this is the closest election in memory" or struggle to find a meaningful difference between the presidential nominees of the major parties, remember that these men and their virtually identical programs are what your fellow Americans want. And, if you are a radical libertarian like I am, remember that your vote won't have much impact unless Americans become dissatisfied with the present welfare state and genuinely want more freedom. — R. W. Bradford

God help this honorable court — We might as well go ahead and officially recognize June 28, 2000 as the date when the Supreme Court openly jettisoned all pretense that its Justices were in any way the "judges" our Constitution envisioned. Now, only the self-blinded could mistake what they are: political advocates who merely rubber-stamp *constitutional* on their polemical tracts.

Writing for the 5-4 majority, Chief Justice William Rehnquist found that the Boy Scouts, contrary to a New Jersey civil-rights statute, did indeed have the right to oust an openly gay man because of their "freedom of association." Missed that clause in the Constitution, did you? Evidently you didn't look right next to the one specifying the right to a federally funded third-trimester abortion. Actually, what happened (by the justice's own account) is that Rehnquist looked at "freedom of speech" and saw "freedom

of association" — a specimen of hallucinatory jurisprudence that has less in common with traditional conservative notions (e.g., "judicial restraint," "original intent") than with the tenured sophistry of Laurence Tribe, who looks at the same First Amendment clause and sees a right to produce, market and consume narcotics. In his dissent, Justice John Paul Stevens ridiculed Rehnquist's decision as "odd," "far-fetched" and "mind-boggling" — terms that arguably could be applied to his own opinion. His concern, we learn, is that the majority's decision threatened to "turn the right to associate into a free pass out of antidiscrimination laws." Here, in plain view, is a Supreme Court Justice who cannot grasp the concept that when constitutional push comes to legislative shove, it is the latter that must yield. He is not so much worried that this "freedom of association" fails to conform to the text of the Constitution as he is that it fails to conform to the ideology of "civil rights." Indeed, could you ever imagine Justice Stevens warning that a pro-Roe ruling threatened to "turn the right to privacy into a free pass out of anti-abortion laws"?

Of course not — because he really does see the right to a third-trimester abortion in the Constitution, a fact he affirmed that very same day by joining the five-man majority that overturned Nebraska's ban on "partial birth abortion." Apparently he does not consider it "odd," "far-fetched" or "mind-boggling" to see in the Constitution a right to "privacy" between an abortionist and a woman nine months pregnant. What *we* may find "odd," "far-fetched" and "mind-boggling" is that this association of abortionist and woman (or fourteen-year-old, as the case may be) seems to be the only one that Justice Stevens recognizes as possessing this right. And Rehnquist? He dissented, thus evincing a fondness for phantom clauses every bit as selective as Stevens's.

My point here was not to take sides in the debate over judicial philosophy, "unenumerated rights," etc., but to demonstrate that what is going on is not a debate. Rehnquist's approach is no more like Bork's than Stevens's is like Blackmun's. The Court's "right" and "left" both adhere to the same credo: desired ends justify any and all "interpretive" means.

— Barry Loberfeld

Equal education — Democrats and teachers unions want to require homeschooling parents to get teaching certificates and use state approved textbooks. A good plan. I'm sure we all want homeschooled kids to have the same advantages as those in public schools. But I don't believe the plan goes far enough. Homeschooling parents should be required to bring bullies in to terrorize their kids and to steal from them. They should be required to fill them full of Ritalin, but suspend them for bringing aspirin to class. And they should occasionally be required to shoot up the place. Then, and only then, will homeschooling parents be providing the same high quality education as the government.

— Clark Stooksbury

The Mason-Dixon straits — In 1857, a mother and child fled slavery in the South. They worked their way North where the young woman had relatives who were free. But tragedy struck. The young mother died in the woods before reaching freedom. Her son was found by strangers

and taken to the relatives. He was free. But then the owner of the mother and child found out and demanded his return. The father of the boy, also a slave, demanded his return as well. The relatives were reluctant to let the boy go. The authorities hesitated, but not for long. The boy was seized and returned to his rightful owner.

A totalitarian state like Cuba is very much like a slave plantation. Hundreds of thousands of Cubans have risked their lives to flee north to freedom. Many have died. One of them was the mother of Elián González. Elián made it to freedom. Then he was seized by the American government and sent back to slavery. It was the Dred Scott decision of our time. The question was complex, yes. Fundamental values were in conflict, yes. But in the end, it was shameful.

— Scott Chambers

Send in the clones — Compare the opening paragraph of the Introduction to the Democratic Party Platform,

Today, America finds itself in the midst of prosperity, progress, and peace. We have arrived at this moment because of the hard work of the American people. This election will be about the big choices we have to make to secure prosperity that is broadly shared and progress that reaches all families in this new American century. In the year 2000, the Democratic Party stands ready to meet that challenge and to build on our achievements.

to the opening paragraph of the Preamble of the Republican Party Platform:

We meet at a remarkable time in the life of our country. Our powerful economy gives America a unique chance to confront persistent challenges. Our country, after an era of drift, must now set itself to important tasks and higher goals. The Republican Party has the vision and leadership to address these issues.

Strike out the party names, and they sound like one was plagiarized from the other. Delve further into the platforms and you will learn that both parties say they support a balanced budget. Both claim to support high academic standards. "Republicans are the party of peace through strength," while "Democratic leadership has brought peace and security to Americans and to millions of freedom-loving people around the globe." Many of their positions are vague — barely stopping short of saying they're for motherhood, America, and a hot lunch for orphans — and many positions are the *same* position. Both platforms can be summarized pretty much as: Everything right in America, that's our doing; everything wrong, that's theirs.

Who will win the election? I predict that a Southern white guy in his fifties who went to an Ivy League school and is the son of a prominent politician will be elected president — even though he stands for pretty much the same stuff as his next closest opponent.

— John Haywood

Beltway definition — Budget surplus: money the politicians haven't figured out how to spend yet.

— Sheldon Richman

The doctor will see you in a moment —

Of course, I've often told my American friends who envy the British or Canadian health care system that citizens of those countries pay far more for their health care through their taxes than Americans do in their bloated insurance premiums and that they get worse care. The *Toronto Star* reported

that in Ontario, there are about 25,000 people on radiation treatment for cancer. Only 40 percent are treated within the recommended four-week wait time. Fully half wait more than six weeks, with "most" beginning treatment within three months! It's no wonder that more and more Canadians are visiting the United States for treatment, particularly on elective treatment where the waits can seem endless in Canada, and for sophisticated treatment on life-threatening matters. It's the same in Britain. I know people in Britain who have had to wait six months for surgery on a torn ligament in a knee, nine months for melanoma on the face (an older man, not a priority, you see) and more. A friend was referred to a local hospital for treatment on a painful shoulder. He received a letter from the hospital stating they could not see him, "At this time, we are accepting only top priority and urgent cases. You may wish to try again in six months." Oh, for free government medicine!

— Adrian Day

Condemned to repeat it — I recently watched *The History Channel's* program about the wars between the United States and the Indians of the Old Northwest during the 1790s. There was some video footage of guys pretending to be early Americans creeping around in a swamp along the Maumee River in northern Ohio, and a voiceover that said something like, "Here they were, American soldiers 1,000 miles from the nearest settlement." What? A thousand miles would take you far beyond New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Williamsburg, or any other settlement in Anglophone North America, not to mention Detroit, which lay about 60 miles from the battle site.

Do you remember being told in second grade that if you multiply 10 by 12 and end up with something like twelve million, your common sense should tell you to recheck your work? But there is no such thing as common sense when Americans go to work on history.

When historical assertions make their way into political arguments, even the opponents of those arguments seem willing to swallow almost anything. How many times have you heard the Friends of Bill "pointing out" that "most American presidents have done things far more corrupt than President Clinton is alleged to have done"? The Republican antagonists of the "pointers-out" should demand that they list five or six of those corrupt presidents, but they never do. The most you get is Nixon. I'm not suggesting, of course, that earlier presidents were wholly innocent of crime, but the notion that most of them committed acts similar to Clinton's reveals a complete ignorance of American history. This ignorance should itself be immediately "pointed out." I have heard George Washington called a crook who died of syphilis from having sex with slaves, while conservative pundits listened silently and seemed to acquiesce.



"There's no point in trying to reason with people — the only thing they understand is biting."

The same thing happened when G.W. Bush is called, by supporters of the “superbly prepared” Al Gore, “the least qualified man ever to be nominated for the presidency.” Occasionally, someone will mention the fact that Bush is the governor of one of America’s most populous states. But no one ever refers to the fact that most of America’s presidents, including such major figures as Abraham Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, and Woodrow Wilson, had less impressive political résumés than G.W. Bush.

If the Republicans started addressing this sort of thing, they would perform a service more fundamental than getting their guy elected. They could show that the Ivy-educated modern-liberal snobs who lecture us so solemnly about the meaning and destiny of America, and the messiahship of intellectual phonies like Gore, are themselves more ignorant than any high-school student possessed of common sense and a willingness to read some actual books. The Republicans could expose the popular myth of credentialing that equates long résumés with large “qualifications,” intellectual or political. To expose the myth, the only thing the Republicans need is to get a little common sense themselves. Oh, and a couple of books.

— Stephen Cox

More tripe, anyone? — November is the time we all gather with our families for a day, and dwell on being thankful. I usually reiterate my gratitude for being born in a place that is truly the most prosperous in history. America is home to the fattest poor people on earth. We have conquered starvation. There are more stray animals roaming the streets here than anywhere else in the industrialized world. I’ll bet that there aren’t many strays wandering around places like North Korea or Cuba. In fact, I doubt there are too many pets left. In this country we are so well-fed, that people will pay a dollar extra for a dozen eggs if the chicken was treated nicely. We should all be thankful that we didn’t grow up in Europe; where people spend dinnertime eating parts of animals Americans use for pet food and fertilizer, wash it down with a couple gallons of wine and a carton of cigarettes, praying that the combination of lung cancer and socialized medicine might mercifully shorten their miserable lives. We should be grateful to those early settlers, the Pilgrims, who after starving through two winters, abandoned their original notion of community property, and for the first time on record proved to the world that free-market capitalism holds the key to prosperity.

— Tim Slagle

The courage of policy makers — During the Republican primaries, presidential hopeful Steve Forbes was so bellicose on foreign policy that one wag termed him the “Flat Tax, Flat Cities” candidate. That incongruous orientation — parsimonious and noninterventionist on the domestic front, promiscuous and blood thirsty in foreign affairs — is rather typical of *genus neoconus*. For reliable expression of the “cut taxes, cane the wogs” outlook, nothing beats *The Wall Street Journal*.

Case in point: on September 11, the *Journal* ran “Will Bush Bury ‘Bodybag Syndrome’?” an op-ed by Max Boot. For Boot, a willingness to risk American soldiers is essential if we are properly to “police the Pax Americana.” Thus, his *Journal* piece largely consists of the typical hairy-chested harumphing about politicians’ deplorable unwillingness to risk

American casualties in such worthy causes as “arrest[ing] Bosnian war criminals.” Who authorized this Pax Americana? How did we get authority over alleged criminals a whole ocean and half a continent away? Can we really shrink the U.S. government while at the same time expanding its jurisdiction until it encircles the globe?

Boot is predictably oblivious to all of these concerns. But for neocon myopia, the following remark takes the cake: Boot chides the Clinton administration for “wag[ing] push-button warfare, as in the ineffectual cruise-missile strikes against Sudan and Afghanistan in 1998.” “Ineffectual” rather misses the point, doesn’t it? In those missile strikes — carried out the day Monica Lewinsky was returning to the Starr grand jury, and in the midst of a media firestorm over the President’s televised nonapology — Clinton ordered the destruction of a miserably poor Third-World country’s only domestic source of pharmaceuticals on the pretext that the factory owner was linked to Osama bin Laden, and the factory was manufacturing nerve gas. The administration has since produced precisely no evidence to substantiate those claims, leading careful observers to conclude that in fact the President ordered the attack to distract America from his inability to keep his pants up. Caligula presides over Boot’s Pax Americana, and Boot’s main concern is that the Emperor isn’t ruthless enough. It’s enough to drive a man back to *The New York Times*.

— Gene Healy

Intolerance, 2000 — It amazes me how the press in the Pacific Northwest raises the alarm over the Idaho national-socialist Richard Butler. If he were a Wobbly, they would do one or two sympathetic features about the octogenarian “activist” and be done with it. But he’s an 83-year-old neo-Nazi, which calls for different treatment. Newspapers and TV have run hundreds of stories over the last decade about him and his “Aryan Nations,” often based on nothing more than the passing out of leaflets, attendance at a meeting or application for a parade permit. Consider the parades: In July 1999, two dozen neo-Nazis showed up for the group’s much-feared parade through the town of Coeur d’Alene. Thousands showed up to jeer, outnumbering the brown-shirts at least 40 to 1.

Last month, Klan-fighter Morris Dees won a \$6.3 million court judgment against him. It seems that Butler employed two security guards who mistook a backfiring car for a weapon and ran out to the street, guns blazing, at a woman and child. The shooters missed; one of them claimed in court he’d been so drunk he couldn’t remember about it. For this performance, the two goons were sent to prison. In addition, Butler was to pay \$330,000 in actual damages to the woman.

The court added on \$6 million in punitive damages. The goal of the punitive damages: To take all of Butler’s assets — “every desk, typewriter and computer” in the compound, Dees said. The goal is to shut him up.

The sensible thing and “the American thing” is to simply let him blabber on and not listen to him. There is no more chance of a meaningful Nazi movement in Northern Idaho than there is of an infestation of Stalinists. And yet the mere fact of this guy saying *those* things and waving *that* flag is not tolerable to people who tolerate almost anything else. They have to fight it. They thereby provide excitement and interest in Butler’s old age. They puff him up into an important man.

They provide him with followers. They provide him with enemies.

— Bruce Ramsey

Subliminal silliness — If Presidential politics weren't absurd enough, in mid-September, coverage of the presidential race focused for several days on the issue of whether the Bush campaign had unethically used a subliminal advertising trick in a television spot criticizing Gore's plan to socialize prescription medicine. It seems that as the word "bureaucrats" flies across the screen, the letters "rats" are on-screen for a fraction of a second. In theory, by flashing a message across the screen so fleetingly, one can manipulate viewers into doing something they would otherwise not do — in this case, presumably, voting for George Bush on the unconscious understanding that his opponents are pestilential rodents.

It's difficult to figure what's most absurd about this controversy. Consider:

1) By definition, advertising is subliminal only if the viewer cannot actually recognize the image that flits across the screen. I noticed the letters "rats" on the screen the very first time I saw the ad. If you notice the message, it is not subliminal.

2) There is no evidence that subliminal advertising actually works. Indeed, experiments have shown that it doesn't work: if people cannot recognize the message of an ad, they don't respond to it.

3) The matter became an issue only after a Gore cam-

paign staffer gave the story exclusively to *The New York Times*, which promptly featured it on its front page, from which the story was picked up by other news media and dominated campaign news for several days. What's interesting is that the *Times* was not the first to report the story. The fleeting image of the word "rats" had been reported two weeks earlier by Fox News, which suggests that the *Times* is easily manipulated by the Gore campaign and that the rest of the media supinely follow the *Times'* lead — and illustrating that with the possible exception of Fox News, the nation's political press has proved itself astonishingly unresourceful and lazy.

— R. W. Bradford

Is there a cosmetician in the house? — As the government inserts its nose ever further into the realm of health care, the effects of the intrusions multiply. Some of these are no doubt intended, others probably not. But it's

hard to say which is which.

For example, fixing the prices that Medicare pays physicians has resulted in a somewhat slower growth of the cost of that government program. That was intended. That physicians treating those patients took a pay cut as a result was probably foreseen, though perhaps not intended. The consequence that may not have been intended was the migration of doctors to procedures that are not covered by Medicare, and therefore not subject to price controls. Medicare regulation has discouraged bright, young interns from the miracle of angioplasty and toward the wonders of liposuction.

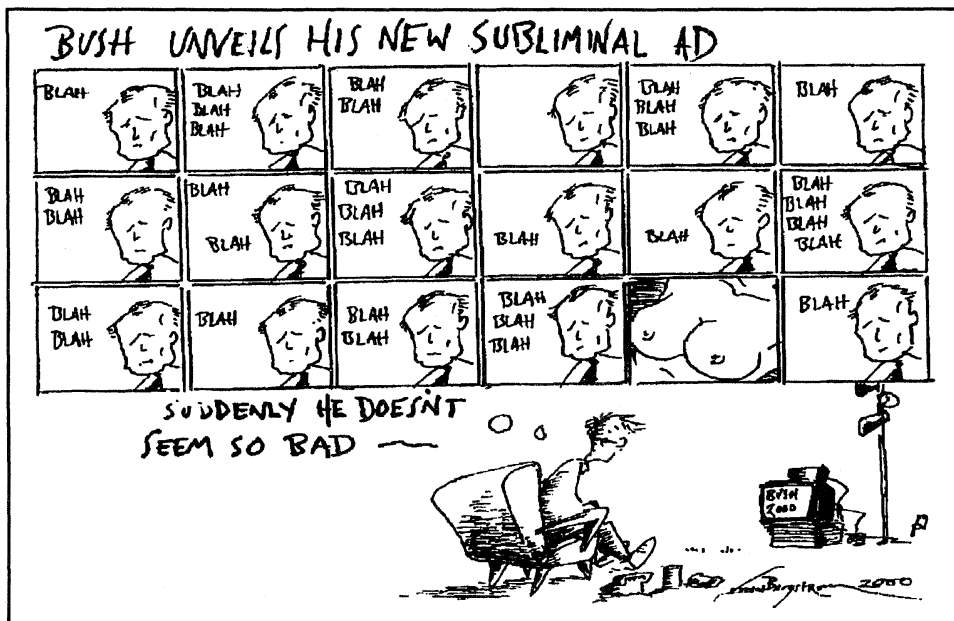
Should the government now take upon its increasingly massive shoulders the burden of drug costs, we should predict a similar dislocation of market forces. As with Medicare, the government will: (a) accept the burden, (b) complain it is too heavy, then (c) fix the price that it is willing to pay for pills. And pharmaceutical research will move away from the highly regulated, life-saving miracle drugs and toward the unregulated cosmetic drugs. Get ready for a parade of new products that cure the scourges of baldness, wrinkles and B.O. But how will we measure the void where a miracle drug might have been had the market been left unleashed?

— Scott Chambers

Stuff in the pipeline — Dozens of statewide voter initiatives are on ballots this year. Here are several to watch for: Alaska, to legalize marijuana; Arizona, to compel growth management plans; California, to establish school vouchers;

Colorado, to legalize medical marijuana and to require background checks for guns bought at gun shows; Maine, to legalize physician-assisted suicide and to ban discrimination against gays; Maryland, to allow the Prince George's County Council to immediately take private property for redevelopment; Massachusetts, to

reduce the state income tax to 5 percent and to reform asset forfeiture laws relating to drug offenses; Michigan, to establish school vouchers; Missouri, to restrict outdoor ads; Montana, to repeal the estate tax; Nebraska, to impose term limits on legislators; New Mexico, to repeal term limits on county officials; Oklahoma, to liberalize the retail sale of wine; Oregon, to reform civil asset forfeiture laws, to require background checks for guns bought at gun shows, to subsidize political candidates, to compensate owners if regulations reduce their property's value, to limit state spending to a fraction of state personal income, to limit the use of union



dues for political purposes without consent, to require voter approval of tax increases, to repeal mandatory minimum sentences for certain felonies, to link teacher pay to job performance and to allow the regulation of sexually oriented businesses through zoning; South Dakota, a constitutional amendment to prohibit an estate tax; Utah, to reform civil asset forfeiture laws; Washington, to limit property taxes, to redirect transportation money to roads and to establish charter schools; and Wisconsin, to use all gambling revenues for tax relief.

— Bruce Ramsey

Render this! — One local bishop has issued a statement as to how it is the duty of all good Catholics to pay their taxes. He cited Matthew 22 as the obvious precedent, "Render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's; render unto God that which is God's."

He missed an obvious problem. It is not Caesar's money. It is not God's money. It is my money. Just because I can't take it with me doesn't mean I have to give it up now.

— John Bergstrom

A Knight in shining squalor — While observing the frolics and triumphs of "Mr. Knight," at Indiana University, I always come back to the words of Lord Acton, "Power tends to corrupt and absolute power corrupts absolutely." It's hard being a demi-god in a world of videotape. For years I've pondered over Robert Anton Wilson's claim that Hitler was really effective only as a speaker on the radio. If the Germans had actually seen him on TV, they might have realized what a fool he really was. Chaplin saw. It took one clown to know another.

— Michael Freitas

Majority rule — The election is once again illustrating the shortcomings of the democratic process. Even if astute in their personal affairs, voters (and nonvoters) are mostly ignorant of political matters over which they individually have scant influence — and rationally so, as public-choice theory explains. The major parties recognize this and fashion their appeals not to the well-informed and public-spirited, but to the uninformed and indifferent. The presidential candidates seem unconcerned about Constitutional issues of the legitimate scope of the federal government. Instead, they try to project fabricated images, and they promise ever more government favors to be paid for by who knows or cares.

When will we learn the lesson? It is not to abolish democracy, for any alternative political method would likely be worse, but to limit the areas of life into which the democratic

process intrudes its incompetent and irresponsible decisions.

This lesson holds whoever is elected president: (1) A man who increasingly proves intellectually shallow, whose unremarkable lifetime accomplishments trace to family connections, and who, like his father, is almost proud of lacking any political vision; and (2) a collectivist-minded power seeker who will owe his election to the preposterous nomination of his rival, who then proceeded to wage a blatantly incompetent campaign.

— Leland B. Yeager

Enlightened terraforming — Now that Washington has a surplus, I just can't stop thinking of new ways for the government to help people.

I must admit that most of these are ways my own life could be made easier. One idea I've had is to pass a law requiring that all TV remotes be equipped with a device which will deliver an electric shock to anyone under twenty-one. Just to be on the safe side, make that fifty-one.

Vulnerable children, who don't know any better, sometimes get hold of the remote. They're always in danger of switching from a demanding work of art that speaks eloquently to the human condition, like *Buffy*, to something trashy and needlessly upsetting, like *Crocodile Hunter*. Having changed the channel, the kids invariably contrive to hide the remote.

This means that I have to get up from the couch, walk as much as eight feet, and change the channel at the set, an obsolete skill which I find increasingly difficult to recollect on the spur of the moment.

The organization of programming leaves a lot to be desired. When the ads come on, I rollerskate around some of the other channels and find nothing but ads, sometimes the very same ads. I don't mind hearing William Shatner crooning about *priceline.com* several times in succession, but must I really witness, over and over again, that one about the blindfolded babe who strips off the blindfold and stomps out because she thinks the pizza was delivered?

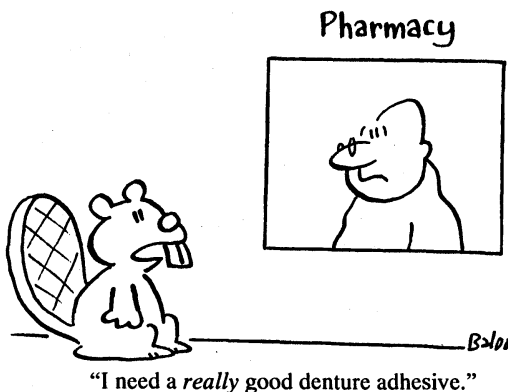
This kind of market failure obviously calls for salutary intervention by the responsible authorities. Simply pass a law making it a federal crime for any channel to run ads at the same time as another channel. Only one channel should air ads at any one time.

I have lots of other suggestions for ameliorating the plight of the civilized TV viewer, but you may object that I never think of anything except my own selfish preoccupations. Also, that these statutes wouldn't spend enough money. However, I've now come up with a daring and expensive scheme for human betterment, something that will bring enormous benefits, none of which I or my children will live to see.

Why is the United States east of the Rockies unfit for human habitation? Because of the climate. And why is the climate so atrocious? Because North America has no east-west mountain ranges, only north-south mountain ranges. This, by the way, is one of my proofs that there is no God.

My solution to this problem is stunningly simple: replace Canada with a mountain range.

All the garbage generated in North America could be conveyed by truck and deposited in a line stretching from Calgary to Montreal. Over the centuries these piles of disposable diapers and phone directories would accumulate until,



in time for the millennial celebrations in 3001, we would have two thousand miles of towering snow-capped peaks, with ski lodges and bobsled runs on the lower slopes.

From its northernmost to its southernmost foothills, this new sierra would be over 200 miles wide, covering everything from Saskatoon to the U.S. border, for instance.

The major effects would be a warm but temperate climate south of the new mountain range, and an arctic waste north of it — but there's nothing there anyway. To the south, the mountain snows would generate rivers which would transform the now desolate Plains and Southwest into a vast virtual garden overflowing with fecund flowers and fruits.

Why is the United States east of the Rockies unfit for human habitation? Because of the climate. And why is the climate so atrocious? Because North America has no east-west mountain ranges, only north-south mountain ranges. This, by the way, is one of my proofs that there is no God.

Fresh forests would spring into being, where now there's nothing but barren, boulder-strewn badlands.

This is obviously a devoutly desirable social goal that the much-vaunted free market, with its atomized rationality of cynical monads, can never attain. It certainly requires the decisive smack of the visible fist to accomplish anything on so vast and inspiring a scale.

I know what you're thinking. Would the U.S. be able to absorb millions of displaced Canadians, with all the pathologies attendant upon mass immigration from an underdeveloped society?

There's a simple way round that. Resettle the Canadians in Patagonia, a place, by all accounts, almost exactly the same as Canada. From prolonged proximity to Americans, many Canadians have picked up a smattering of technological culture, and so this resettlement program would actually constitute a form of development aid for South America. Everyone would benefit. Even the llamas, who always seem to look so mournfully unimpressed with life, would at last have something to amuse them, eh? — David Ramsay Steele

Throw another billion on the fire — President Clinton has just proposed to "invest" one billion dollars in America's nursing homes. He says it's for increased staff to ensure adequate care. I'm impressed, not by any help it will provide America's grannies and gramps, but with Clinton's political savvy.

I mean, a billion dollars. Wow. A *billion dollars*. No one can fail to be impressed with a billion dollars. That will assuage a lot of guilt over putting granny in that seedy nursing home so the boomer vote is right there, not to mention the seniors lap this stuff up like Geritol and Ex-Lax.

To see the beauty of the scheme, you have to read the fine print. Way, way, way down in the news story (which is a reworked press release), we see it's a five-year plan.

Okay kids, it's time for some of that boring dull math stuff you hate so much. A billion dollars divided by five years results in 200 million dollars per year. If there are 280 million people in this great country that means each of us (including the kiddies) gets to kick in 71 cents a year. That's not too painful, after all, it's for granny and gramps and everything. And it's only for five years. I guess the staffing shortage will go away by then.

There are 1.6 million people in 17,000 nursing homes (my dad's in one this very minute). Okay, 1.6 mil into 200 mil means every inmate of a nursing home gets 125 bucks. For the year. For five years. That won't buy a whole lot of staffing. I'd say around 10 hours a year if you can find people to work for less than ten bucks an hour and then add all the taxes and other stuff for a burdened rate of \$12.50 an hour. So gramps will get a little more than a day of some candy striper puttering about the room. But this is a government program, so administrative will consume 50 percent to 75 percent of the money. So gramps will get an extra three to five hours a year with the candy striper, or 15 to 25 minutes per month.

It is obvious the Republicans don't quite get the program yet. They will be promising a 748 million dollar package in a few weeks. Their immediate response was that this was just going to help Clinton's pals, the trial lawyers, since they get to sue the nursing homes a lot. To this any rational person must reply: "Huh?" I thought we were talking about granny and gramps and the Republicans can only whine about trial lawyers? What did these dorks score on reading comprehension in school?

It's obvious what Harry Browne ought to do is offer even more money to the nursing homes. I know, I know, we're Libertarians! We ain't gonna give squat to granny or gramps, let 'em die on an ice floe. But before swirling into another geek-fest of individualism, maybe we could use some of our

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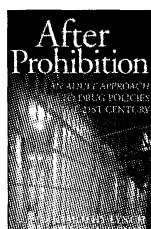
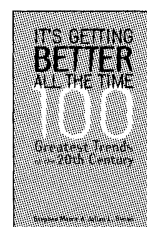
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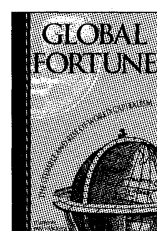
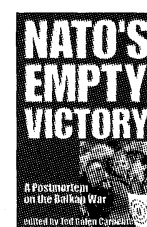


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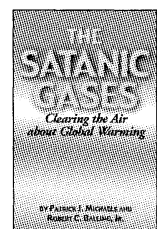


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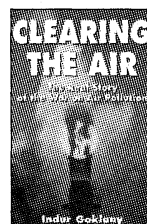


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considerable brainpower to do the right thing — politically right, that is.

The Republicans are not selling out when they come up with the same giveaways. They are demonstrating how democracy works. The Democrats know what works and they dish it up. No one notices it dished off a paper plate with a plastic fork. A billion dollars sounds good. I mean really, really good. One hundred and twenty-five bucks a year sounds pretty pathetic. I mean really, really pathetic. But, a billion dollars for 71 cents? Now that's New Math at its finest.

I saw Harry Browne give his speech at the California Libertarian convention a few years ago. It was quite moving. There was one point in the speech I still remember clear as a

What Harry Browne ought to do is offer even more money to the nursing homes. I know, I know, we're libertarians! We ain't gonna give squat to granny or gramps, let 'em die on an ice floe. But before swirling into another geek-fest of individualism, maybe we could use some of our brain power to do the right thing.

bell. Harry said: "We are selling liberty and freedom. What could be more compelling than that?"

Excuse my jaded mob-soldier outlook but at the time I remember thinking: How about "Something for nothing"? That's way more compelling than liberty and freedom because you can't spend liberty and freedom down at the mall.

It is obvious the Democrats have done the market research and it is obvious that "something for nothing" is the eight-lane highway to the White House with no speed limit and no cops to enforce one anyway. Even the Republicans are starting to figure it out. You are not going to succeed telling people that by eliminating onerous taxation there will be plenty of money and that gramps could afford the best nursing care in the world. Sorry, it's a little late for that.

I can see the Libertarian Party press release: "Libertarian Party responds to Clinton's \$1 billion dollar nursing home plan with least squares regression analyses of present value calculation applied to time adjusted return on investment algorithm to show." Sorry kids, that dog won't hunt. Attacking this kind of proposal is like taking a spoiled 7-year-old's pacifier away and then throwing her out of the crib. She is not going to suddenly "Stand straight and erect, with her palms pointed outward, her head tossed back in defiance, realizing for once she is free and fully in charge of her own boundless destiny." No, she is going to start crying. She definitely is not going to vote for you.

A tiny bit of marketing savvy ain't gonna kill anybody. It is obvious that the headline can only read one way: "Libertarian Harry Browne calls for \$3 billion investment in nursing homes." Period. No, no, shut up, you purist know-it-all in the back, I said *period*. That's the headline. That's the

headline that works. Anything else is suicide or political masturbation.

The first three or four paragraphs of the Libertarian press release should describe the dismal state of America's nursing homes. The next couple of paragraphs should point out all the wonderful ways Harry's plan will help granny and gramps, not to mention their worried offspring. Only in paragraph six, if at all, should the trivial, boring, detail-work part of the plan be revealed which could be something like a 375 dollar tax credit for seniors in nursing homes or some such nonsense. I leave the details as an exercise for the guys at the Cato Institute. It's the headline that's important, not the details.

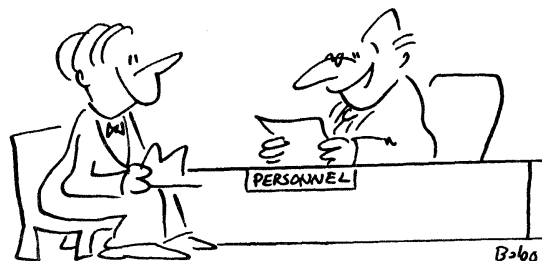
Of course, the tax credit would be only for five years so Harry can promise it again in five years with the subsequent good press. As a matter of fact, let's make it a \$469 credit and have it run four years. Then Harry can haul it out for the next election. While we're at it, let's elect Harry Dictator and Supreme Emperor of the Libertarian Party so we can show we really are on the leading edge of world politics.

Let's get realistic. The sideshow barker routine howling about "And then, there ain't gwanna be *no* taxes at all!" Just won't cut it. Not now, probably not ever. — Paul Rako

Getting what we deserve — The depressing thing in this election cycle is that both parties have moved to the left. George W. Bush is the "compassionate conservative." As he edges toward Al Gore, Gore edges back toward the ghosts of Franklin Roosevelt and Hubert Humphrey. Gore opposes school vouchers, private accounts within Social Security and honest tax cuts. Despite talk of paying down the national debt, Gore promises the entire projected surplus on such things as free federal kindergarten and federal welfare grants to people who save money. His big Christmas present is a 50 percent discount on pills, starting from the first dollar. Most retirees don't need that, but they'll like it.

One can fantasize different candidates. The fact is, the candidates refine their pitches through consultants and focus groups. Gore can be a New Democrat or an Old Democrat. Bush's oxymoronic "compassionate conservatism" could be just about anything. They are what they are because that's where the American electorate is. — Bruce Ramsey

Helping the National Pork System — George W. Bush says that instead of adding to the federal land base as the Clinton Administration is doing, he would make sure that there is enough money to adequately maintain existing national parks. That sounds like a laudable goal. But Bush proposes to spend \$5 billion over five years



"Really — You majored in federal grant application writing?"

on park repairs and maintenance, which would represent a 60 percent increase in Park Service budgets, apparently because he believes the claims of Park Service officials who say that the agency has a \$5 billion "backlog" of needed repairs. In fact, the agency has long overestimated this backlog. It diverts a quarter of such "repair" money to overhead. Much of the money goes into employee housing even though almost all parks are within fifteen minutes of cities and towns where employees could live. It spends way too much on construction and reconstruction — spending more than \$300,000, for example, to build a two-bedroom house. Bush's plan would be a lot more credible if he found a way to trim the agency of its overhead and fund parks out of increased user fees.

— Randal O'Toole

Thankless tasks — Members of Earth First! are upset over the cult growing around tree-sitter Julia "Butterfly" Hill. They don't like the scenario she is currently promoting, that she staged the protest as a solo effort. Apparently, there were many people who built the platform, hauled in supplies, and barricaded access to the tree. Most notably upset were the groups of men who were assigned the task of carrying away buckets full of excrement. Isn't that the way it always goes, those responsible for the infrastructure are never given credit?

— Tim Slagle

Extra! Extra! Death Star Destroyed! — Good news from our nation's capital: September 4th's *Washington Post* sports the following front-page headline: "Death of 'Big Government' Alters Region." — Gene Healy

A dangerous precedent — Congress has authorized the CIA to invest in high tech start-ups. The rationale is that the U.S. government has fallen behind in the computer revolution and only by owning a stake in entrepreneurial, profit-driven companies will it have access to cutting edge technology. I have no doubt there's a lot of truth to that. People with any real ability almost always choose to work for private companies, so government agencies are left with the

poorest and worst available workers.

It's hard to see this as a positive development. In today's world a citizen's main line of defense is actually the backwardness and incompetence of the State.

Even worse, it sets an ugly precedent. It's the first time (to my knowledge, anyway) that the U.S. government has actually made investments in start-up companies in a growth industry. It already has established a pathetic record of putting money into companies like Amtrak and Conrail and bailing out companies like Lockheed and Chrysler. But here the camel is getting its nose under a whole new tent.

— Douglas Casey

Scapegoat — Government scientist Wen Ho Lee has been released from prison, after nine months of solitary incarceration for espionage. He pled guilty to a computer download, thus averting a lengthy trial and mental breakdown. Another observer might accuse the feds of torturing a confession out of him. The fact that there was absolutely no evidence that he had done anything wrong didn't seem to dampen the enthusiasm of federal prosecutors. It now seems that the only evidence against him was that he was an Asian in a sensitive area. Turns out, he wasn't even from China, but Taiwan. For those readers who might be federal prosecutors, I would like to mention that Taiwan was a renegade province of China, has declared independence from them, and is considered their enemy. I'm sure all his Japanese co-workers blew a sigh of relief the day the marshals escorted Lee out of the facility. The biggest proof he wasn't responsible was the fact that sensitive information still wandered around the facility while he was locked up.

In fact, the Chinese probably didn't even need to hire a spy. The blueprints for the W-88 warheads were probably left alongside a mint, on a pillow, in the White House Lincoln bedroom.

— Tim Slagle

Demand creates its own supply — The police in Jacksonville, Florida, have broken up a drug ring that was "importing" crack cocaine from Miami and delivering it to street dealers in Jacksonville. I'm not cheering. No, I don't use crack cocaine, but I do smoke cigarettes, so I understand addiction. More importantly, I understand the law of supply and demand. When the supply decreases and the demand remains steady, the price has to rise. Many addicts support their habit by stealing. That means that the cocaine-related theft rate will rise in direct proportion to the increase in cost, keeping the police busy. Talk about job security.

— Laura W. Haywood

Petits fools — On September 13th, Franette McCullough, an assistant pastry chef at the White House, sued both Head Pastry Chef Roland Mesnier and President Clinton because Mesnier sexually harassed her. This raises a lot of questions.

Does the White House really need two (or more) full-time pastry chefs? I know Clinton has a sweet tooth, but how much pastry can he consume? Can't the Executive Department get by with one full-time pastry chef and borrow the Congressional Pastry Chef?

And wouldn't it have been sensible for the White House to investigate the charges before another scandal broke? If Mesnier did what he's accused of, does he even have the

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intelligence and attentiveness to make a bowl of Jell-o, let alone Presidential Pastry?

On the other hand, if the accusations are false, is McCullough stable enough to make Buddy's dog biscuits, let alone the first cakes?

— John Haywood

Burning books, burning publishers — As I watched TNT's fine production of "Nuremberg" in July, the question I kept asking myself was: why was Nazi sympathizer and publisher Julius Streicher tried, let alone hanged?

Streicher was convicted of "crimes against humanity," which the London Agreement defined as "murder, extermination, enslavement, deportation, and other inhumane acts committed against any civilian population, before or during the war; or persecutions on political, racial or religious grounds in execution of or in connection with any crime within the jurisdiction of the Tribunal, whether or not in violation of the domestic law of the country where perpetrated." So, the question is, who was Julius Streicher and what did he do to be found guilty?

According to Leo Kahn's *Nuremberg Trials* (Ballantine, 1972), Julius Streicher "had never held a

government post. . . . He had remained the publisher of the notorious newspaper *Der Stürmer*, which printed antisemitic propaganda of the crassest kind with a large dose of primitive pornography." Simply put, he was a bigot, a pervert . . . and a publisher. What should the Nuremberg court have done with such an individual? As a nation, what should "We the People" do with such individuals? Do we arrest, jail and execute them? Or do we show them political toleration and social opprobrium? If the Nuremberg court's decision was right, then our Constitution is wrong.

The court pointedly stated that it was Streicher's continued hatemongering — up to and including the war period — that constituted "persecution on political and racial grounds in connection with War crimes" — even though the court itself, in finding Streicher not guilty of "crimes against peace," conceded that he had no "connection" with the war in any way. In short, the court established 1) that an expression of hatred in and of itself constitutes "persecution" of the hated, and 2) that promulgators of ideas are legally responsible for the crimes of practitioners of ideas. This is identical to the "hate speech" theory of censorship that has been entrenched in the halls of academia and soon may find its way into the halls of justice, and to the antiquated notion that pornographers are responsible for any sexual crimes commit-

ted by those who read pornography.

"But isn't Nazi Germany the worst example you could bring up," you're saying, "the very one the censors of the Left would themselves love to point to as making their case?!" All right then, we'll play a little historical what-if. Suppose a Russian national named Sergei Ivanov began publishing his vicious antibourgeois propaganda early in this century — and continued doing so right up to the end of World War II, which saw the defeat of Bolshevik Russia by the Allied forces of England, America and Germany. Though Stalin had committed suicide, many top Soviet officials were captured and later put on trial in Moscow for "crimes against humanity." Included among the defendants was Ivanov — a Communist Party member, yes, but still only a publisher.

Look, forget about libertarians, "civil" or otherwise. What

I want to know is, what socialists would execute Ivanov for the crimes of Stalin?

— Barry Loberfeld

The chickens come home to roost —

There are similarities among the Ostankino Tower fire, the Alaskan Air-lines tragedy, the Bridge-stone / Firestone tire recall, and reports of high school and college cheating: Lack of pride, shame, manners, moral judgment and fear of failure.

ment and fear of failure.

The next time you fly, take the elevator or rotate the tires on your SUV, consider the type of people whose work you rely on.

Their lack of pride allows shoddy workmanship to be stamped with their imprimatur by thinking "It's good enough," "It's OK," and "No one is going to notice that."

They lack shame and have the audacity of believing the feeble lie of having done a "good job."

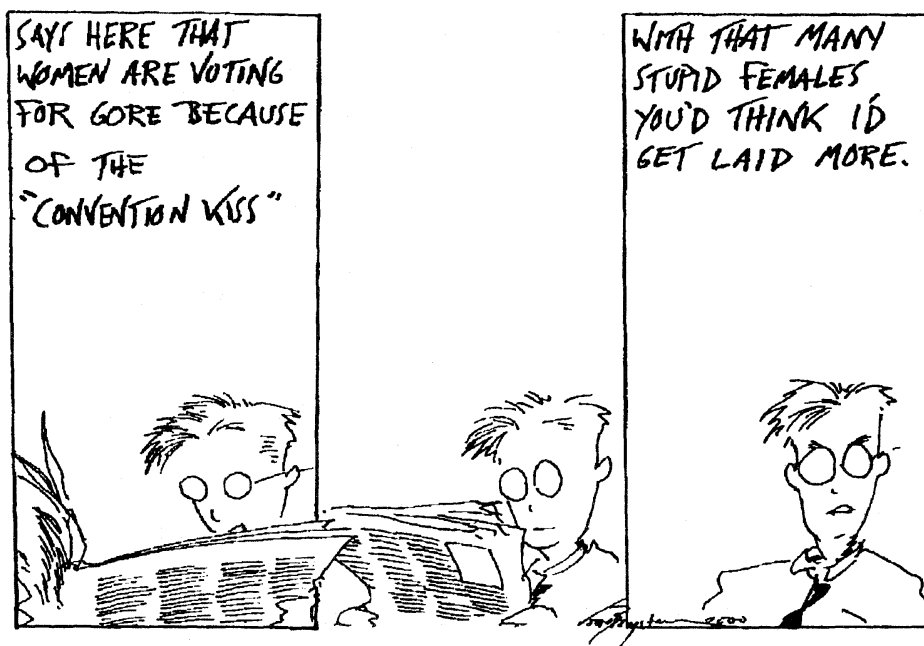
Their lack of manners enables them to abdicate completely the responsibility for the lives of those who rely on them.

Their lack of *cojones* prevents them from facing the relatives of those injured or killed by their products, saying "I'm sorry," and really meaning it.

By capitulating to the fear of failure, adding to the corrosion that surrounds us, diminishing the glory that's within each of us by cheating in tests during high school and college; by taking the easy way out and not accepting accountability and responsibility, by not daring to dream about the greatness of the human condition, and by accepting as normal the stagnation that goes along with doing the barest minimum.

Caveat lector.

— Ivan Santana



Letters, from page 6

put your family ahead of your faith. A conservative whose allegiances are "God, Family, Country" in that order falls in line with these teachings.

Jason Hoffman

West Des Moines, Iowa

Fuzzy Fantasy

Like Bart Kosko and most libertarians, I am an atheist, thanks to an inability to shrug off my Objectivist heritage. I have at most a passing familiarity with the Bible, but I can still recognize nonsense when I see it. Consider, for a moment, the following, cited by Kosko as evidence that Jesus was a communist:

There is evidence that "suggests" that the Essenes "influenced" Jesus.

The Essenes believed in "religious communism."

Therefore, Jesus was a communist.

May I suggest that when Kosko is studying his ancient texts he pay more attention to Aristotle, whose logic is not sufficiently fuzzy to allow such conclusion-jumping?

Ronald Martin

Minneapolis, Minn.

A Capitalist for Christ

Bart Kosko appears to have an irrational and uninformed hatred of Christianity. I am a capitalist, an electrical engineer, a former Libertarian candidate for Congress and a Christian. I mention this because I find no inconsistency in these descriptions. It was Christians whose motto was "no king but Jesus" that won our liberties and defined them as God-given rights, not privileges granted by a government.

David Knight

Cary, N.C.

Christ and the Family Man

I don't pretend to be a great biblical scholar, but even I can tell that Kosko's article is drivel. Kosko makes the same mistakes that many people make: taking the Bible word for word without consideration for translation errors, historical context, social context and the like. If you do that, you can use the Bible to support any position you like.

Consider Jesus' teaching on marriage and divorce. "But from the beginning of creation 'God made them male and female.' For this reason a man shall leave his father and mother and be

joined to his wife, and the two shall become one flesh. Therefore what God has joined together, no human being must separate." (Mark 10:6-9) Also, how about this one: "When Jesus saw his mother and the disciple there whom he loved, he said to his mother 'Woman, behold, your son.' Then he said to the disciple, 'Behold your mother.' And from that hour the disciple took her into his home." (John 19:26-27)

He certainly sounds anti-family, doesn't He? Pity more people don't actually follow His pro-family teachings.

Kathryn Groening
Midland, Mich.

Don't Blaspheme on Me!

What prompted this letter was Bart Kosko's article on the Lord Jesus Christ. He really opened a can of worms. I see that he is an electrical engineer, a dummy and a non-Christian. The Bible says that non-believers do not understand the Word of God nor can they. Free speech is one thing, blasphemy is another. I'm ashamed that you printed this article. You went too far. You're going to need a larger mailroom to hold all the replies you're going to get on this article.

Lila Roberts
Abilene, Texas

Christ and Property

Bart Kosko's attempt to define Jesus as a "small c" communist indicates "he doth err, not knowing the scriptures." (Well, maybe just enough to twist them.) The whole New Testament — and the Old, which Jesus "fulfilled" — is full of passages assuming, allowing, endorsing, and maybe flat commanding markets, private property, profits, etc.

I'm not pushing the "Christian Right," but the Communards' cry of robbing Peter to pay Paul has no scriptural base. As one victim of big C communism put it, "The early Christian said, 'Brother, what's mine is yours.' The Communist says, 'Comrade, what's yours is mine.'" I remember as a kid when Mom gave me a candy bar and my little brother snatched for it. "Jesus said to share," he wailed as I jerked it away. I replied, "But he didn't say to grab."

The Bible denounces theft — which implies an owner. Christ spoke of people working in a field to receive differ-

ent amounts of hourly pay as OK. In the Talents Parable, he told of the master (God) taking the money from the security-motivated man with one unit and handing it to a productive man with ten.

Christians are told to bear fruit, to be not idle, to feed not the idle, to be serious in business, and to do with our hearts what our hands find to do — as unto the Lord.

Dennis Brossman
Lander, Wyo.

The Way, the Truth and the Light

Bart Kosko would have us believe that fundamental Christianity is inconsistent with conservatism. But you cannot read documents written by our Founding Fathers without running into constant references to God. It is no coincidence that Rome fell when it did, or that our nation was miraculously raised up when it was, against such a powerful foe as the British Empire. Haven't you noticed that the extent to which *this country has failed to put God first* is the extent to which our freedoms have eroded?

How can it be otherwise? The American people are growing more and more enslaved to debt, gambling, alcohol, drugs, tobacco, sex, licentiousness and perversions. This great nation will only survive if we guard it as a republic, one nation, under God.

Jesus is neither Capitalist nor Communist. He is the Way, the Truth, and the Light. When you know Jesus, you will know the Truth "and the Truth shall set you free."

Sandra Lacey
Winter Springs, Fla.

Jesus vs. Marx

Kosko's article was a flashy but failed attempt to use the secular vernacular and rationale of the godless world to describe the genuine spiritual change that resulted from the Love of God in the early church.

Acts 2:44-45 describes the result of the change which the Love of God had manifested in their hearts, including forgiveness and repentance from sin. Their actions of having all things in common and the selling of possessions to meet the needs of others was the physical result of the change in their

continued on page 36

Telling the Truth about Drug Prohibition

by Bill Masters

A deserter from the War on Drugs tells the frightening truth about the jihad that he now protests.

A few years ago I attended a meeting of investigators from all over the nation who were working on a serial murder case. Each of us was investigating a homicide that we thought might have been committed by the same person — a former police officer. The meeting was arranged by the Child Abduction Serial Killer Unit (CASKU) of the FBI and held at the FBI Training Center in Quantico, Virginia.

CASKU has been portrayed in books and movies as having hundreds of agents with large computer banks that bring up pictures of suspects and track their movements with satellites until they catch the guy in the act of committing some gruesome murder. So it was a bit disappointing when I realized that the unit is in fact just a few overworked FBI agents and clerks with desks piled high with folders full of pictures of mutilated young bodies and the happy, young faces of the “before” pictures of missing, tortured and murdered children.

During the breaks in our meeting I wandered through the building. Hundreds of bright, enthusiastic young people swarmed the hallways. They were all going through the FBI academy training. At lunch we would all go up to the large cafeteria in the academy building, once again surrounded by a sea of new recruits. Once, as I sat drinking coffee with one of the CASKU agents, I commented that maybe when all these new recruits graduated from the academy the CASKU unit might get some more help investigating the crimes that drive fear and despair into every parent’s heart when they lose track of their child for even a moment while at the park or shopping mall.

The agent said, “Sheriff, these aren’t FBI agents — they are all DEA agents. The Drug Enforcement Administration is using the FBI Academy to train more agents for the Drug War.”

Through the rest of the day the CASKU agents and I went over homicide cases as pictures of murder victims flashed on a screen. The next day on the plane home I stewed silently and thought: What kind of peace officer — what kind of society would allow a peace officer — to use one minute of time, spend one dollar, or use one jail cell for a marijuana smoker,

when vicious child murderers are on the loose?

After being a drug warrior for many years — and being good at it, after receiving the DEA’s award for outstanding achievements in the field of drug-law enforcement — I realized I had failed my community by not carefully analyzing the problem.

I had become part of the drug hysteria.

Using what Glenn Fry called the “politics of contraband,” I had used the Drug War to get re-elected. I played the tough guy, but not toward hardened criminals: murderers, burglars, thieves, rapists; no, I had played the tough guy on the easy ones — the dopers. Busting drug users is not rocket science. It’s a lot easier than — God forbid — getting stuck with a “who done it” like investigating burglaries, murders, or cases of missing children.

A million Americans are arrested each year for drug violations. And \$50 billion dollars a year are spent on fighting the Drug War.

Meanwhile CASKU has trouble paying for thumbtacks to put up one more missing, smiling face on their wall.

I don’t know about medical marijuana; it may just be a ruse to get marijuana legalized. But I do know that if I am ever so unfortunate as to catch a painful disease, I am not going to consult the law books. I am going to consult my doctor, and then I will decide — not the Sheriff, not the Chief of Police, not my Congressman, and not the DEA — but *I* will make the decision about what is best for my body. This is a God-given right that no one should be able to take away. My body, my decision.

If someone is a doper, that is his problem and he needs to deal with it. My advice to him is, “Get a life, deal with your problem.” Some might say to me, “Sheriff, you just don’t care

about these people anymore." But the truth is that I do care, and that's why I advocate personal responsibility.

I want people to accept proudly the fact that they alone can change their lives. Our current "bust them and dry them out" policies do little more than enable people to continue their self-destructive lifestyles. We need to help people understand — through changes in the law — that their dependency is not the drug dealer's fault any more than the bartender is to blame for drunks, the pharmacist is the cause of people getting hooked on prescription drugs, the tobacco grower is to blame for nicotine addiction — or that their problem was caused by the police officer, the judge, the government, or their own mother.

Let's try something new, like telling people to accept responsibility for themselves. After all, most people will take care of themselves, if given the choice.

Those of us who are peacekeepers should be outraged at the racism of the Drug War. Blacks make up 13 percent of population, 35 percent of the drug arrests and 76 percent of the inmates who are in prison for drug offenses. Few white people go to jail for long periods of time for drug offenses, if they get caught at all.

The truth is, if you are the President's wife and have a drug problem you get a drug-rehab clinic named after you. If you are poor, black, or Hispanic and you have a drug problem, you will languish in jail for years. This racism of our drug laws tarnishes every lawman's badge in America.

Our current law enforcement tactics for controlling drugs do little more than create job opportunities for new drug dealers every time we arrest an old one. The supply of illegal drugs seems to never end. In fact, during the past 25 years illegal drugs have increased in potency and quantity, and the distribution systems have spread from major cities to every town

What kind of peace officer — what kind of society would allow a peace officer — to use one minute of time, spend one dollar, or use one jail cell for a marijuana smoker, when vicious child murderers are on the loose?

and village in the nation. Our policies have succeeded in making a bunch of punks, who couldn't run a garden hose without instructions, so fantastically wealthy that they now influence politics in America and in foreign nations.

Law enforcement leaders need to be truthful with the public and admit that by all measurable criteria the criminal justice system has failed to control the drug supply and will continue to fail in the future.

A few years back I was speaking to a Los Angeles police officer, proudly telling him how we were conducting road blocks on our rural highway in order to stop crack cocaine from coming into our county. He just laughed in my face and said, "What are you going to do, Sheriff, build a wall?"

I realize now that our existing situation, as bad as it may be with crack, meth, heroin, pot, GHB, ecstasy, or whatever, is not as bad as what I see coming on over the horizon tomorrow. Unless policies change, the future is one filled with

designer drugs — like meth — that can be made today, at home, out of supplies obtained from the local convenience store. These new drugs will be able to be made anywhere by anybody who has attended a high-school chemistry class. The supply will be endless and we, the police, will be even more overwhelmed than we already are.

Take a walk in my shoes or any lawman's shoes and you will see liberty mostly alive and well. But the corresponding virtue of responsibility is ill and dying.

"We the people" have virtually abandoned responsibility for protecting ourselves, for our health, for our children's education, for planning and providing for our own retirement, for moral guidance of our families, for conservation, for substance addiction, for abusive domestic relationships — to name only

The truth is, if you are the President's wife and have a drug problem you get a drug-rehab clinic named after you. If you are poor, black, or Hispanic and you have a drug problem, you will languish in jail for years.

a few of the responsibilities we now expect government to take care of. We've turned these responsibilities over to government. And government made a mess of all of them. But what did we expect?

I trust the Nature Conservatory more than I do the Forest Service, I trust my IRA more than I do Social Security, I trust the Salvation Army to give to the truly needy more than I do the Department of Social Services, and I trust my informed choice about what is right for my children more than I do anyone else's.

As Americans we have abdicated our responsibility for issues such as drug abuse, spousal abuse and raising children. We turn over these responsibilities to a deliberately Godless government, and then we are astonished when government programs can't solve these fundamentally moral and spiritual problems.

Our churches and spiritual advisers have abdicated their responsibilities as much as the rest of the public has. When did you last see your minister walking among the crack users, outside of bars at closing time, in the jails in the morning? They sure can preach to the choir. But they tell me, "Sheriff, you've got to stop these drug users." This process is backwards — we should be calling them and asking them to do something about moral failures.

The criminal justice system no longer supports the concept of enforcing personal responsibility for violent conduct. Instead, it supports the excuse-making industry made up of counselors, drug-rehab centers, half-way houses, and the like. Cops know that most criminals blame someone or something else for their own actions: mothers, fathers, wives, girlfriends, police, drugs or alcohol. Amazingly, the criminal justice system buys into these excuses and fails to punish people for their criminal behavior.

Let people put whatever they want into their bodies. But demand that any aberrant conduct that hurts or endangers others be judged harshly. □

The Peasants Revolt

by Stephen Berry

The British have never had much inclination to protest taxes. But with gasoline taxes at \$4.25 per gallon, things were bound to change.

Widespread protests in France this August against motor fuel taxes barely registered in Britain. They were snootily dismissed in the United Kingdom as Gallic high spirits, precisely the sort of thing one might expect from unruly Frenchies — “we do things differently over here” was the typical response.

But on Thursday, Sept. 7, the news broke that truckers and farmers were staging a protest outside a refinery in the northwest of England. Over the following weekend the demonstrations spread to all of Britain’s major refineries and by Monday there was panic buying of fuel in London. By Tuesday evening 90 percent of filling stations in Britain had run out of petrol. All this happened with a speed which would have left the German generals of 1940 gasping with envy. And all this had happened with massive popular support and without the intervention of a single major labor union.

Britain has the highest fuel taxes in Europe. At over 80 pence per liter (about \$4.25 per gallon), the recent OPEC rises in the price of oil meant that U.K. motorists were faced by the very real prospect of a £4 gallon (roughly \$5.60). But, despite the very best efforts of the politicians, people in Britain are refusing to blame OPEC or the oil companies. The majority of them take their holidays abroad and they know that the cost of petrol is lower in Greece and Spain (I make no mention of the U.S. where it appears to us that the stuff is given away virtually free). No, U.K. citizens know that tax contributes more than 70 percent of the whopping price of gasoline and they know who is to blame.

Both of the major political parties have contributed to this sad state of affairs. It was the Conservatives in 1993 who first introduced the so-called fuel escalator, the policy of raising duties on petrol and diesel by more than the rate of inflation. Presented as a way of preventing global warming, fuel taxes were annually increased by 5 percent above the rate of infla-

tion. The election of a new government in 1997 changed little. Gordon Brown, the Labour Party’s chancellor of the exchequer, continued with the fuel escalator for another two years, before its increasing unpopularity meant that he had to get rid of it earlier this year. But the damage had already been done. By this summer, the price of petrol had risen by 44 percent since Labour took office — from 59 to 85 pence per liter — and 34 percent of that was tax. It was of little use to have the politicians bleating that direct taxes (income tax etc.) were considerably lower in the U.K. than in Continental Europe. This merely brought into clearer focus the absurd situation where indirect taxes on certain goods such as fuel, cigarettes and alcohol are so high that it could actually pay someone in England to travel all the way to France or Belgium to purchase these products.

What was the government doing whilst this was going on? “New Labour” is pursuing what is amusingly called “an ethical foreign policy.” In addition to bombing the living daylight out of Serbs and Iraqis, this has meant taking sides in an incomprehensible civil war in the former British colony of Sierra Leone. The resultant capture by rebels of a number of British soldiers meant that while the fuel tax protests were building up, Prime Minister Blair was heavily involved in plans to rescue these soldiers from their West-African hell-hole. Eventually when he stumbled into view at a press conference on Sept. 12, he promised to get things moving again within twenty-four hours. Two days later, after nothing of any significance had occurred, it was clear that Blair’s inter-

vention had merely had the effect of making him appear both impotent and ridiculous. On the morning of Sept. 14, with Britain almost at a complete standstill, the truckers and farmers called the protest off and gave the government sixty days to come up with some formula to bring fuel taxes down — or else face the music once more.

The results of the fuel protest seem at this stage to be almost entirely positive. The Green Movement has been remarkably quiet during the dispute, and wisely so. The average trucker may not realize that only a very small proportion of total carbon dioxide emissions on this planet are

The importance of gasoline for an advanced economy was made crystal clear to the dullest brain when food on the supermarket shelves started to run low.

the product of human activity. He does grasp however, that high fuel taxes threaten his livelihood here and now and that their supposed beneficial effects on the weather 100 years from now are rather speculative and of little consolation to an unemployed man. The importance of gasoline for an advanced economy was made crystal clear to the dullest brain when food on the supermarket shelves started to run low. The Greens' vision of a pastoral nirvana must now appear as the most hopeless naiveté to many people.

The present government has taken a most fearful hit. For almost three years, the Labour government has held a seemingly unassailable lead in the opinion polls, the longest political honeymoon in living memory. Blair has increasingly conducted himself with all the pomp of a Roman emperor who is here to stay, the economy has been performing remarkably well and taxes have been increased with little protest. Now everything has changed — "Never glad confident morning again!" During the dispute, Blair has seemed hopelessly out of touch, and worse, incompetent. An opinion poll published on Sept. 17 gives the Conservatives their first opinion-poll lead since 1992 and tax-cutting will definitely be an important issue in the run-up to the next election.

The dispute has had its ironic side too. One of the items high on the wish-list of the Trotskyite-Maoist-style revolutionaries of yesteryear was a spontaneous revolution of the masses without leaders. Remarkably, this supremely anti-elitist achievement seems to have been accomplished by the truckers, though without any fanfare from the left-wing, who were still busy chattering about the unwholesome profits of the oil companies. More strangely still, whilst the dispute was going on, the Trade Union Congress was holding its annual get-together, and the union barons found time to condemn the protesters — but all to no avail.

The conduct of the protesters was law-abiding and the model of good humor. Fuel for the emergency services was allowed to pass without question and shameless attempts to exploit this issue by the government fell completely flat. The truckers and farmers are responsible working men worried

that a ridiculously high tax would put them out of work, and they are in no way to be compared with the anti-capitalist ruffraff who violently wrecked property in London recently whilst demonstrating against "Globalism."

The reporting of this issue by the media has been instructive. The British Broadcasting Corp., uniquely for a broadcasting organization in the English-speaking world, is dependent for its revenue on a licensing fee which all citizens with a television sets are legally compelled to pay. Predictably, it is desperate not to offend the government of the day and, for various other reasons, is particularly comfortable with New Labour and Mr. Blair. Listening to the BBC, one might have picked up the impression that the country was split down the middle on the fuel issue. But ITV, the main commercial broadcasting channel, was bold enough to conduct polls asking such questions as:

- Is fuel duty too high?
- Do you support the truckers?
- Is Blair handling this crisis in a competent manner?

In all cases, more than 90 percent (yes, more than 90 percent) of respondents gave verdicts opposed to what the Government would like to hear. It was hard indeed to pick up any of this from the BBC. Anyone who cares seriously about freedom must realize there is a major problem to address here.

H. L. Mencken once observed:

The average man, whatever his errors otherwise, at least sees clearly that government is something lying outside him and outside the generality of his fellow men — that it is a separate, independent and often hostile power, only partly under his control and capable of doing him great harm.

The average man in the U.K. has perceived clearly that the fuel taxes are doing him great harm and has made a dignified and powerful protest. Would that there were a strong and consistent anti-statist party in Britain which could pro-

The average man in the U.K. has clearly perceived clearly that the fuel taxes are doing him great harm and has made a dignified and powerful protest.

vide the substantial analysis to enable the average man's perception to flourish and grow.

But I don't wish to end on a pessimistic note. A quarter of a century ago in the U.K., inflation was rising towards 20 percent, unemployment was set to rocket and state sector workers were demanding that the government hand over ever more taxpayers' money to them. In the year 2000, inflation is the lowest in living memory, the unemployment rate is 3.6 percent and falling, and there is the delightful prospect of workers periodically and vigorously demanding that their taxes be reduced.

Welcome to the brave new millennium! □

How Al Gore Will Save America from Tax Cuts

by Stephen Slivinski

The budget surplus doesn't belong to the public. It's Al Gore's — and he has plans for it.

Scaling back government is simple to explain, despite the difficulty Republicans seem to have in doing so. But increasing government control over our lives apparently requires 191 pages of dreary prose, if Al Gore's economic plan is any evidence. Needless to say, reading it is not a pleasurable experience.

The platitude-to-page ratio in Gore's *Prosperity for America's Families* is astronomical, even by the standards of past presidential campaign literature (does anyone remember Lyndon Johnson's *My Dream for America?*). It's also tiresome in its redundancy. But the most frightening aspect is its assumption that we have to get someone to save us from tax cuts that might otherwise "drain" the budget surplus.

An honest accounting of how much Gore's spending initiatives will cost shows that it will virtually double the size of the federal budget in ten years. Here are a few specimens of new spending he proposes:

- \$12 billion to decrease school and class size, despite the fact that the research published by the Democratic Leadership Council shows that smaller class size has no direct effect on student achievement.
- \$338 billion prescription drug benefit for Medicare.
- \$67 billion for a "Technologies for Tomorrow's Challenge" program. This new program would make grants to corporations who undertake research into environmentally sensitive energy and production technologies. This new corporate welfare program would spread cash among some of the largest corporations in America, and give them substantial unfair advantage over their competitors.
- At least \$5 billion in new spending on the War on Drugs, specifically a new program titled, "Stay Clean to Stay Out," which will "enforce zero tolerance drug supervision for probationers, prisoners, and parolees."

There are also proposed federal mandates that do not have a federal cost, but will cost taxpayers at the state and local level — and tramp on civil liberties. The plan proposes, for example, a federally mandated, state-run photo licensing

system for all "potential handgun purchasers." It also includes programs whose actual cost is difficult to quantify. It promises to spend, for example, an unspecified amount of money to get NASA and the EPA to ensure "access to high-tech, high-wage jobs" for women.

The plan calls for an inflation-adjusted annual growth rate for the federal government of around 6 percent — fifty percent faster than government growth during the past decade. The federal government would continue to consume 19 percent of GDP, assuming conservative growth rates in the economy — reversing the downward trend predicted in the last Clinton budget and far higher than the 5 percent it would need to simply run the constitutionally mandated functions of the federal government.

When you strip away the fluffy rhetoric, you're left with two fundamental policy statements: a Gore administration will make America "debt free by 2012" and will provide targeted tax relief to "typical" middle-class families. But even these statements mean a lot less than they seem to upon first examination.

Consider Gore's tax cuts. At \$480 billion they account for barely 27 percent of the projected 10-year on-budget surplus (excluding Social Security). That, of course, begs the question: what is the surplus, after all, if not excess tax revenue that should be returned to taxpayers anyway? Of course, this question never occurs to Gore. All that matters is that it's a surplus, it arose on Clinton's watch, and Gore's not going to let anyone get any part of it, least of all those who made it possible. The surplus is not the property of the taxpayers. It's Gore's.

But Gore is a good enough politician to realize that a presidential candidate cannot get far without paying lip service, at least, to tax cuts. So Gore proposed his targeted tax reductions. This is a fundamentally flawed approach no matter how you look at it. To use Gore's own terms, the goal should be to reduce the tax burden on "typical working families." So what is a "typical working family"? Well, yours is if you happen to drive your child to day care in a fuel-efficient car on your way to your job which doesn't offer health insurance, after which you will spend your evening and weekends in your solar-powered home. There are other iterations of behavior that you need to undertake before you get any money back, but the fact that you are simply a taxpayer weighed down by the highest ever peacetime tax burden is not sufficient reason to receive a tax cut. You must first conduct your life in accordance with President Gore's preferences.

In fact, you don't even need to be a taxpayer. One of the sneaky parts of the Gore tax plan is that most of it consists of refundable tax credits. That means you don't even need to actually pay taxes to get the tax credit. As long as you do the things President Gore wants you to do, the federal government will send you a check. What used to be called handouts are now called tax cuts.

In a contrived scenario on page 100, Gore's tax plan explains how a single mother working as a waitress for \$30,000 a year who has two children will receive a \$1,528 tax "cut" from the government. Under the Bush-Cheney tax cut proposal, this family will receive nothing. The reason is "she has no federal tax liability and thus does not get any tax cut." This is, apparently, a dangerous flaw that must be remedied at all costs.

The debt reduction component of the plan is the centerpiece, the policy solution around which the entire Gore plan revolves. The rationale for paying off the entire publicly held

Gore's spending initiatives will virtually double the size of the federal budget in ten years. His plan calls for an inflation-adjusted annual growth rate for the federal government of around 6 percent — 50 percent faster than government growth during the past decade.

debt (which doesn't include the government-held debt of Social Security — an even greater problem) stems from three particular goals of the Plan: to "meet the challenges of Social Security and Medicare," keep interest rates low, and continue to increase business investment and economic growth.

All of this plays into a shockingly widespread phobia of the national debt. The debt has been used as a bogeyman by all sectors of the political map for various reasons, usually to preclude tax cuts. And to great success, too. When the government ran deficits, tax increases were proposed as a means of lowering the deficit so as not to add to the federal debt

(which is simply the sum of all previous deficits). President Clinton's first budget in 1993 used this to explain why he was inflicting a huge tax increase upon taxpayers.

Now that the budget is in surplus, incumbent politicians, Democrats and Republicans alike, have scrambled to capture the glory of paying down this seemingly onerous burden on

The 1980s saw a large increase in the national debt amid incredible prosperity. There is simply no correlation between lower debt levels and prosperity.

future generations. As recently as September 13, House Republicans decided to beat a hasty retreat from their previously less-than-staunch support for tax cuts and endorse the idea of devoting 90 percent of the surplus to debt reduction.

There are numerous problems with this, all of which run to the heart of why the Gore economic plan is built on a wispy foundation. One argument in favor of debt reduction says that the more debt that is retired, the lower interest payments will be for the federal government. While true, this implies that interest payments wouldn't otherwise go down. Yet, that's exactly what's been happening because the economy has grown faster than the burden of debt. Debt has fallen this year to 35 percent of GDP from 40 percent last year. The important point to realize is that a growing economy is more important than a shrinking national debt, because the former is a necessary condition of the latter. The government must step back to allow that to happen.

Gore proposes to use virtually all of the surplus tax revenue over ten years from Social Security and Medicare payroll taxes to pay down the debt. He proposes no substantial reform or privatization of either program, both of which are careening toward a crash. Instead, he proposes an increase in Medicare commitments by providing a new prescription entitlement. He also proposes to deposit interest payment savings from paying down the debt into Social Security's phony "trust fund." But he does not accompany these proposals with any structural change or promise that these savings won't be spent, too.

Gore alleges that paying down debt will do wonders for the economy. But even when debt levels were higher than today, they weren't threatening the economy. Debt levels have been rising for most of this century. The 1980s saw a large increase in the national debt amid incredible prosperity.

Gore claims that lowering debt levels will also lead to lower interest rates. But again history fails to bear out Gore's point. As pointed out by economist William Niskanen, the average yield on 10-year Treasury securities increased from 5.68 percent in August 1993 (when Clinton's so-called Deficit Reduction package was passed) to 7.96 percent in November 1994 (when Republicans were elected to a majority in Congress). As Niskanen speculates (and he's not alone in this), the borrowing of the federal government is only a

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The War on Privacy: News from the Front

by Adrian Day

Your government wants to know what you're up to.
Everything you're up to.

The United States government has instigated a broad international attack on financial privacy. The most visible aspect of this renewed war against privacy is a group of regulations, scheduled to take effect January 1, 2001, that require foreign brokers and banks to provide the IRS with the true identities of all owners of U.S. stocks and bonds.

The new rules introduce a new draconian 30 percent tax on gross proceeds of any U.S. securities, unless the overseas bank or broker agrees to become a "Qualified Intermediary." To become a "Qualified Intermediary," a bank must file on each of its clients a detailed IRS form documenting clear evidence of his identity. The choice is between financial privacy or a 30 percent tax rate. The only other alternative for U.S. account holders is to avoid investing in the United States altogether.

These regulations are another nail in the coffin of privacy for U.S. investors, and will have the effect of driving more offshore money underground. They also represent an important step backwards for Switzerland and many other countries that have chosen to cooperate with the IRS in its taxing of U.S. investors.

These countries argue that as a practical matter they have no choice but to cooperate. Under the rules, if a bank does not become a "Qualified Intermediary," then its clients will not be allowed to invest in the U.S. markets. So the banks agreed to act as agents of the IRS and to add burdensome paperwork for another country's government. They will identify clients according to IRS rules, marking accounts for withholding, and so on. This degree of cooperation with the IRS is very unsettling, and one must wonder, now that the IRS's foot is in the door, what its next step will be.

The Swiss, running scared after their Holocaust compensation experience, are cooperating. To their credit, however, they did negotiate with the United States a procedure whereby U.S. account holders would not be reported to the United States without their prior consent (though at the cost

of not investing in the United States).

The Austrians have also been under attack ever since Haider's Freedom Party entered the coalition government. After some defiant words, Austria has now decided to go along too, and Austrian banks will seek to become Qualified Intermediaries like their Swiss neighbors.

Much is still unclear. The IRS regulations have not been finalized, and many definitions are subject to clarification (including even what is meant by "U.S. securities"). As a practical matter, individuals who have a foreign bank or brokerage account should contact their banker or broker for additional information and decide how to proceed. Those who are a "U.S. person" (including the spouse living abroad of a U.S. citizen) will need to either sign new IRS forms, sell all their U.S. securities by the end of the year, or accept the punitive 30 percent tax on the gross proceeds when they sell their securities in the future.

The reaction of people using foreign banks and brokers has been mixed. Most are refusing to sign the new forms. Many U.S. investors already report their foreign holdings on their tax forms, but nevertheless resent the additional invasion of privacy. As for non-U.S. investors, most resent the fact that the U.S. government is, once again, intruding on their privacy, but most are providing the necessary information to their bank in order to continue their normal investment practices.

What is the result of these new regulations? A few U.S. offshore accounts are being repatriated, while most offshore investors are liquidating their U.S. holdings. Not a single individual, according to my sources, has now decided to

declare his overseas accounts that he previously had not! In short, a lot of U.S. stocks are being sold, creating no additional revenue to the U.S. government. Once again, the United States is driving more offshore money underground.

These new withholding regulations are but one front in a global war on privacy and in favor of high taxes, part of a multi-pronged international attack on offshore tax havens. In

These regulations are another nail in the coffin of privacy for U.S. investors, and will have the effect of driving more offshore money underground.

recent months, the U. S. and the European Community have opened three additional fronts in this war:

1. The attack on "money laundering." The Financial Action Task Force, linked to the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD), has published a blacklist of countries considered uncooperative in dealing with money laundering. These are not necessarily tax havens: Russia and Israel make the list. The targets are countries whose banks are alleged not to obtain sufficient information on clients' identities and the source of their funds.

2. The attack on tax havens. The OECD has launched a well-publicized attack on so-called tax competition, essentially aimed at countries that permit residents of other countries to bank and invest through their country at lower rates than they would pay in their own countries. This is the most insidious of the battles, because the victims are not gangsters or criminals, nor are the tax havens themselves in any way encouraging in immoral activity. This is a war on ordinary people who put money in foreign banks in order to escape high tax burdens imposed by their own countries. By denouncing people who use tax havens as "gangsters" and "money launderers," the anti-tax-haven warriors mask the real purpose of this battle.

High-tax countries do not like the fact that "their" citizens can put money in tax havens in order to earn tax-free income and maintain their privacy. For many years, most tax havens have had clear rules regarding the identification of new clients, and most have cooperated in investigations of ill-gotten funds. But most refuse to cooperate in cases of people who came by their money honestly and merely seek to maximize their privacy or reduce their taxes.

The OECD has identified a list of putative tax havens, and given them a year to eliminate both secrecy and two-tier tax regimes or face unspecified sanctions. Many countries have caved in promptly upon being named, including two favorites of Americans, the Cayman Islands and Bermuda. Cayman's government said it would henceforth share information in normal (that is, non-criminal) tax cases, while the new Bermuda government said it "shares the concerns of harmful tax competition."

This is a major escalation in the war against tax havens. It's also grossly hypocritical. Most high-tax countries (including the United States, Canada and Britain) promote two-tier tax systems when it suits their purposes. Both Britain and

Canada, for example, offer special tax incentives to attract foreigners and their investments. The United States offers special tax treatment to foreigners investing in real estate. The U.S. government stated the goal of all this clearly, when it said the moves will "ensure [that] global mobility of capital does not subvert national interests."

The same logic that applies in the attacks on tax havens would seem to apply within the United States. There are very substantial differences among the several states. Residents of North Dakota, for example, pay an income tax of as much as 12 percent, while their neighbors in South Dakota pay no state income tax at all. But somehow the individual who moves from North Dakota to South Dakota is spared the moral opprobrium that is heaped on those who move themselves or their funds from the United States to the Bahamas.

The very words "unfair tax competition" are Orwellian. It has apparently not occurred to any of these high-tax countries that a simple way to stop their citizens from putting money into tax havens would be to cut their own taxes.

3. The convergence of Europe. Moves are afoot at various levels within the European Union to establish a single continent-wide system of taxes, withholding, exchange of information and so on. Ireland, for example, is being accused on "unfair tax competition" because European companies that set up shop there pay lower rates than they would if they were headquartered in France or Germany.

There have been proposals for a European withholding tax, a move abandoned after strong — self-interested — opposition from Britain, among other countries. Austria also strongly opposed the withholding tax proposal, and fought a rearguard action against the alternative, an agreement enforcing disclosure of financial information among European countries. By going along with a compromise to postpone the introduction of information exchange for five years, Austria was preventing the introduction of the tax on savings. But if that proposed tax is implemented, it will mean the effective end of banking privacy in Austria.

For some time, Austria has been under serious attack from its EU neighbors, and has been forced to make various

It has apparently not occurred to any of these high-tax countries that a simple way to stop their citizens from putting money into tax havens would be to cut their own taxes.

concessions. Already, it has agreed to abolish its famous anonymous passbook accounts, not only for foreigners but also for Austrian citizens, within a designated time frame.

At the same time the U.S. government is attempting to end the last vestiges of financial privacy abroad, it is showing new concern for financial privacy at home . . . but not where the government itself is concerned. A new law, the Gramm-Leach-Bliley Act, requires financial institutions to implement information protection policies and procedures,

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Report

I Go Down

by R. W. Bradford

*There are
only two
kinds of
motorcyclists:
those who
have had an
accident and
those who
will.*

One or two seconds after I saw that I was in trouble, it was over. I'd lost control of my motorcycle, fallen on my right side, and slid along the pavement. I didn't know it then, but my face was a piece of raw meat.

I've driven almost every highway in the United States that has a reputation for natural beauty and Washington's State Route 20 is the most beautiful of them all. It goes up and over the northern Cascade Mountains. Air temperature declines three degrees for every thousand feet of elevation, and the Cascades rapidly rise thousands of feet from the coast. Cool air can hold less humidity than warm air. At this northerly latitude, this means that it snows heavily in the Cascades for months each winter, and there is considerable rain during the rest of the year. This gives the northern Cascades a wonderful wildness: spectacularly rugged terrain, wild cold clear rivers, crashing through black-walled basaltic valleys covered with magnificent evergreen forests, turquoise lakes, snow-capped mountains and alpine meadows.

Snow closes the only road for half the year, and only heroic snow-removal efforts can carve tunnels through the snow by the first of May.

SR-20 begins at the bottom of Discovery Bay on the Olympic Peninsula. It runs a dozen miles northerly to Port Townsend, where I live, then it crosses Puget Sound by ferry to Whidbey Island, then across red-rocked Deception Pass and onto Fidalgo Island and over a tediously long bridge to the mainland. After jogging a few miles north, it follows the crystalline Skagit River, where only a blind man could fail to see bald eagles swooping down to snatch their prey from the roaring whitewater below. Then it goes up the mountains, past an absurd series of socialist dams and into the high Cascades. The route's high point, esthetically and literally, is Washington Pass, a mile above sea level, just before the road descends steeply into the Methow Valley to the east. A wonderful little picnic area sits almost on a precipice, overlooking the valley thousands of feet below, where one can sit among noble firs and look at views that seem to go on forever.

It is not merely the scenery that makes SR-20 the magnificent driving experience that it is: somehow, it combines twisty curves and undulating elevation in a way that . . . well, makes it a sensual pleasure to drive.

Anyone who lives as close to all this as I do would be a fool not to drive it as often as possible. And the best way to drive SR-20 is on a motorcycle, on which you are inundated in the world around you, without your senses closed off by glass and steel. On the right day, your internal rhythm synchronizes with your bike and the road and you become a part of the sensuous world that surrounds you. On the North Cascade Highway, SR-20's formal name, you drive as fast or as slowly as you want, accelerating around lumbering recreational vehicles whenever the oncoming traffic clears, smelling the evergreen forests, gliding up and down the long ascents and descents, leaning into the sharp curves, catching glimpses of the raging river below, and of waterfalls crashing down the moun-

tains along the road, and riding through the thin waterfall that sputters wind-blown across the road.

I like to ride the highway a couple of times each year, generally once in the spring before the tourists come and again in the fall after they're gone. This year, I was too busy with *Liberty* to take my spring ride and by mid-August I was afraid I might miss my autumn ride as well. But in late August, things at the magazine were pretty well caught up, and on August 27, I decided I could take a day off and ride the road.

I called up Jim Switz, *Liberty's* crack computer guru and fellow biker, told him my plan, and invited him to join me. We'd catch the 11:45 a.m. ferry, ride as far as Washington Pass, have a picnic lunch, and return by dark.



It had been foggy that morning, as it occasionally is in a Puget Sound summer, but we weren't much concerned about the weather, since clouds and fog usually stayed west of the mountains. By the time we left, the fog had given way to partly sunny skies with occasional flecks of low-lying clouds.

I was riding my 1984 Honda Nighthawk 650, a light, quick bike with a four-cylinder engine that runs as smooth as silk and Jim had his Honda ST-1100, a crotch-rocket touring bike, bigger, faster and more comfortable than mine.

We met some other bikers on the ferry, one of whom told us how he'd run into his high school sweetheart 35 years after graduation, fallen in love again and gotten married. A few months later, his bride had asked him whether he

On the right day, your internal rhythm synchronizes with your bike and the road and you become a part of the sensuous world that surrounds you.

thought it was time he outgrew the childish pleasure he got from motorcycling and how he soon discovered that what he'd outgrown was a woman who couldn't understand the pleasure he got from biking. He told us about a route that would take us around the congestion of Oak Harbor, a town where we'd always run into traffic. We thanked him for the tip, and thanked him again silently as we glided around the town, over the hills and along the seashore. We stopped on Canoe Island, in the middle of Deception Pass. A little boy asked Jim if he could take a picture of his bike, and Jim made the boy's day by suggesting perhaps the kid would like to sit on his bike and have Jim take his picture. We wandered into the woods to find a private spot to relieve ourselves and returned to our bikes, where I put on my leather chaps to keep me warm and dry. Leather also provides a level of protection in an accident, so anytime the weather is cool enough that you can tolerate wearing it, you do.

The next portion of the trip was, as usual, the least fun. A few miles past Deception Pass, SR-20 joins the highway between I-5 and the city of Anacortes, where the traffic is

always relatively heavy and the scenery uninteresting. But within a half hour or so we were driving along the Skagit River and having the sort of pleasure that you have to ride a motorcycle to understand.

An hour or so later, we passed through Newhalem, a nasty socialist town owned lock, stock and barrel by the City of Seattle's municipal power company and one of the worst speed traps in the entire country. We were about to enter the high Cascades, the portion of the road where one cannot help but be hypnotized by the beauty.

I was riding in front, going about 35 or 40 mph when we came to the first place where tourists like to stop and gape at nature: a waterfall crashing down the mountain and under a steel-grated bridge. Steel-grated bridges are a special hazard to motorcyclists: they combine slipperiness (especially when it's raining) with a tendency to make your wheels weave a bit that is, well, unnerving. But, I've driven across steel-grated bridges dozens of times and never had any problem. I've always done what you're supposed to do: keep your bike upright, your speed constant and your front wheel pointed straight ahead.

Without warning, I began to feel my bike weave. Before I could do much of anything, I was down, sliding along the grated deck of the bridge and then the concrete of the road. When I came to a stop about 100 feet down the road, I knew that after years of riding and tens of thousands of miles, I had finally had a serious motorcycle accident.

I'm not really sure what happened in the next few minutes. My glasses had been broken, traffic had stopped, and Jim was at my side asking me how I was. I told him I was okay and got up and walked to the side of the road. Apparently, I was shaky enough that Jim and people from other stopped vehicles were trying to steady me. With my glasses broken, I couldn't see very well. People from a couple of stopped vehicles got their first-aid kits and began to clean me up a little. Jim moved my bike off the road.

It gradually dawned on me that I was hurt pretty badly. There was an awful lot of blood down the front of my jacket and my face hurt a lot. I've gone down on bikes many times before, and had sometimes hurt myself. But all of those falls had happened at slow speeds — two-wheeled vehicles are a lot less stable at slow speeds — and I'd always walked away with nothing more than a few cuts and bruises.

I'm a pretty determined person and it hadn't yet dawned on me that I was hurt so badly that my motorcycling was over for the day. I have to say that if you're ever going to have an accident like this, you had better have someone like Jim Switz around. Not only did he supervise the first aid offered me by the passing samaritans, he also had the good sense to convince me that I needed medical care and that I was probably not going to ride any more that day. Thank goodness he didn't try to tell me what I had to do — he had enough respect for me (or maybe for my contrariness) not to try that. He simply told me that he didn't think it was a good idea to go on until I had rested a bit and got patched up and maybe, just maybe, we should go back to Newhalem and find someone trained in first aid to look at me.

I told him I wanted to rest a bit and see how I felt before I decided. I had no idea how preposterous this was. I am sure Jim did, but he also figured correctly that it would be better for me to figure it out myself. After they got me patched up

as best they could and I had walked around for a few minutes hoping the pain would pass, I agreed to go to the Newhalem ranger station where an EMT could take a look at me.

At the ranger station, I went into the restroom to look at myself. My face was a bloody mess. It was pretty obvious even to me that I wasn't going to be riding any more that day.

In a few minutes, a ranger/EMT arrived. He picked shards of plastic from my glasses out of my face, cleaned the dirt out, and wrapped a bandage around my head. Then he checked me for concussion and checked my arms and legs for fractures. Nothing seemed broken, except possibly some bones in my head. He suggested I return to Sedro Woolley where there was a hospital with an emergency room. We told him where we had parked my bike and he said he'd contact the state patrol and ask them to leave it alone for a day or so. I told him about the cooler on its luggage rack and the submarine sandwiches inside, and suggested that he take them, lest they attract bears.

By now I realized that both legs and one arm were badly bruised and my face had begun to swell up. It was painful and difficult to get onto the pinion seat of Jim's bike, but I managed. My legs were so stiff and sore that I couldn't bend my knees enough to put my feet on the foot-pegs, so I had to dangle my legs on either side of the bike. I was wearing my sunglasses, but my right eye was so swollen that I couldn't see out of it. It was all I could do to keep track of the curves in the road so I could lift whichever foot I had to to avoid it hitting the pavement as Jim leaned the bike.

Jim took it easy and drove as comfortably as he could, but it seemed like it took forever to get to the hospital at Sedro Woolley. He dropped me off at the emergency room and parked his bike.

By now I had forgotten just how awful I looked. I sat down to be interviewed by the nurse and took off my glasses, under the impression that they were discovering the extent of my injury. I filled out some admission forms and was told that the physician on duty would get me x-rayed

When I came to a stop about 100 feet down the road, I knew that after years of riding and tens of thousands of miles, I had finally had a serious motorcycle accident.

and checked out as soon as he could, but there would likely be a wait of about an hour.

Jim came in and took my picture, "a souvenir for Kathy," he said. Kathy's my wife; she was away in Iowa at a funeral for an uncle. A half hour or so later, I was called to an examination room, where a young physician took a look at me. As he cleaned me up a little and sewed up the wound on my face, he told me to see my own physician in five days to have the stitches removed. I asked him whether I needed an x-ray, and he said I didn't. I wondered whether this had anything to do with the fact that I had indicated on the admission form that I had no medical insurance: it occurred to me that

perhaps they figured the grungy-looking, bloody mess, clad in ominous black leathers would not likely ever pay his bill, and they didn't want to provide any more care than was absolutely needed to get me on my way.

The hour and a half ride to get me to the ferry was even more miserable than the ride to the emergency room. By now, the area around my right eye had swollen up so much that my dark glasses wouldn't stay on my head, and whenever they touched the right side of my face it hurt like blazes. But I had to keep them on so I could see when Jim was turning the bike. So I held the glasses a half inch from my face with one hand while clutching the back of the bike with the other.

As we neared the ferry I remembered belatedly that the state had rerouted ferry traffic several miles out of its logical path. We were trying to catch the last ferry of the evening

At a ranger station, I went into the restroom to look at myself. My face was a bloody mess. It was obvious even to me that I wasn't going to be riding any more that day.

and because of the detour we were running late. I again thanked goodness that Jim is such an excellent motorcyclist, as he smoothly shifted gears and raised our speed to as much as 80 mph along the rural road. We just barely caught the ferry.

By the time I got home, I was a wreck. I couldn't see, my legs were almost solid pain, my face was excruciating and I was bone cold. I stumbled around my house and found a contact lens which I put in my good eye. I fed my cats and called Carol Evanger to tell her what had happened and that I wouldn't make it to work the next day. I stumbled upstairs where I soaked in a hot bath for a half hour, then I stumbled back downstairs. My good eye itched so I rubbed and my contact fell out. Now virtually blind, I couldn't find it. I managed to find another contact lens and install it. I went to an easy chair, where one of my cats sat on my lap. I hurt just about everywhere it was possible to hurt. The acetaminophen I took didn't provide much relief.

I got up after a very difficult night's sleep interrupted by bouts of pain, not feeling a whole lot better than I had the night before. I figured out a reasonable way to see — by cutting off part of my broken glasses I was able to Scotch tape the half pair of glasses to my head so that I could see through the badly scratched but unbroken left lens.

Jim had told me he'd go back with me to get my bike the next day, though I wasn't sure I was up to it. But fearing the hassle of getting my motorcycle back if the police were to haul it away, I called the state patrol and the sheriff's office. The state patrol had no record of having picked it up, but several calls to the sheriff's office had enabled me to speak only to answering machines. I wasn't sure the bike would be there, but I was pretty sure that it would be gone if I didn't get it pretty quickly, so decided to bite the bullet and go back to the scene of the accident.

Again, I thanked God that I have a friend as good as Jim. We didn't really know whether the bike was rideable and I

was in no shape to drive either a car or a bike, so we figured we'd haul it back. Jim had a sturdy trailer and a bunch of good tie-downs. We caught the noon ferry and retraced our steps. It turned out the bike was hardly damaged. With considerable difficulty, we got the bike onto the trailer. The ranger/EMT who had patched me up the day before stopped by to see how we were doing, and I thanked him once more for his help and was again reminded that not all bureaucrats are sons of bitches. We got back to town about 9:30 p.m. We unloaded the bike a block from my home — it

By the time I got home, I was a wreck. I couldn't see, my legs were almost solid pain, my face was excruciating and I was bone-cold.

was easier to do it there on level ground than on the steep street by my house — and I started it up and rode it home.

Kathy was due home very late that evening, and I did my best to clean up the mess I had created stumbling around the house the night before. I hadn't called her to let her know about the accident and had asked the people at work not to mention it to her if she called, because she is nervous flying under any circumstances and I figured worrying about me would make her return flight all the more stressful. Now I was worried that she'd be shocked by my appearance: the right half of my face being a swollen mess of scabs, blood and pus.

I turned out the lights and waited. When she came in I

warned her that my face was a mess and turned on the lights. To my relief, she wasn't too upset, and set about to nurse me.

Three days later, the swelling around my right eye subsided to a point where I could again see with it, though my vision remained even more blurry than usual. The following day I got my stitches out — all but one that the nurse didn't notice — and had my knee x-rayed. My physician said everything would heal and that the scars would pretty much be hidden in my eyebrow.

I've worked every day, but I still feel weak and tire very easily so my productivity has been below normal. Thank goodness *Liberty's* staff — Andy Chamberlain, John Haywood, Ivan Santana, Carol Evanger and my wonderful wife Kathy — have picked up a lot of the slack. Just about the first thing I did after the accident was send an e-mail to our contributing editors, reporting my injury and apologizing for the fact that I was likely to be slow responding to their inquiries and getting back to them about manuscripts. A number graciously responded by sending in unexpected contributions, again, making my job a lot easier.

Today, twenty days since I went down, I am walking more or less normally though my bruises are not entirely healed and I can see out of my right eye almost as well as usual. When I got my hair cut last week, my barber didn't notice my messed up face until she had nearly finished the job.

One more thing. I've decided to take the advanced safety course from the Motorcycle Safety Foundation. And as soon as this issue of *Liberty* goes to press, I'm going to ride up to Washington Pass and enjoy a submarine sandwich among the noble firs and the view of the valley thousands of feet below. □

"The War on Privacy," from page 28

allowing customers to opt out of any disclosure of such information.

At first blush, that appears to be a noble objective. But the devil is in the details. Under regulations drawn up by the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC), all financial institutions will be required to send you, annually, a notice outlining their financial privacy policies and guidelines. These will not be simple one-paragraph statements; given the breadth of issues that the SEC requires statements to cover, investors can expect long disclosures, written in unreadable legalese. Naturally, the government itself is exempt from the Act.

The SEC has notified financial firms of the kind of language they must use to describe their privacy policy ("short sentences... active voice... [avoiding] multiple negatives... [with] wide margins... [and] a distinctive type face."). The SEC's own regulations in this matter would violate every one of its own prescriptions. Ironically, the SEC issued its directions in the form of 40 pages in small type.

Of course, the government is the biggest violator of individuals' financial privacy, and the new laws do not even mention this aspect of the problem, let alone do anything to inhibit the government's appetite for private information on investors.

Various government agencies, including the SEC, claim

the legal right of access to your private financial data. Employees of the SEC may enter the office of any investment advisor (or mutual fund broker or dealer) at any time, without any subpoena and without any notice, and rifle through the files of any client, copying any such private financial information at whim. Financial firms have no legal standing or basis on which to prevent this intrusion of your privacy.

Of course, such invasion of your financial privacy is not covered by the SEC's 40 pages of regulations. In short, there

Of course, the government is the biggest violator of individuals' financial privacy, and the new laws do not even mention this aspect of the problem.

is no such thing as personal financial privacy in the United States, and the biggest culprit by far is the government. Now the government is trying to end privacy abroad. It is too early to tell how this war will end, but given the way many foreign countries have just rolled over, the early signs are not encouraging. □

Walking the GOP's Abortion Plank

by Sarah J. McCarthy

How can a political party advocate individual rights, smaller government, and still tell a rape victim she must die bearing the child of the man who brutalized her?

As women arrived in Philadelphia carrying placards saying "W is for Women," one of the first pieces of business at the Republican convention was the ratification of a longstanding principle calling for a constitutional amendment outlawing abortion without exceptions, a policy that would make opposition to abortion a litmus test in the appointment of federal judges. The GOP platform also toughens language against gay rights and family planning counseling for teens.

The first night of the GOP convention was proclaimed "Women's Night" in the City of Brotherly Love. Lynne Cheney and Laura Bush were showcased along with Dick Cheney's lesbian daughter Mary who, much to the consternation of the social conservatives, was actually allowed onstage. Republican moderates must be content with small favors.

Although it claims to be the party of limited government, the Republican Party reaffirmed its position as a reactionary advocate of intrusive government in the most crucial, private and personal areas of our lives. It is a platform of cultural imperialism, one that advocates the subjugation of women, which the restriction of family planning counseling surely does, and if you are pregnant, it wants to nullify your right to choose, quite literally, whether you shall live or die.

What the GOP platform means by a ban on abortion without exceptions is that all abortions should be outlawed — most preposterously, even those done to save the life of the mother. If you are a mother with two children and run into dire complications in your pregnancy, the official position of the GOP platform is that an embryo or a fetus has rights that must trump your own. In short, forget your rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. If social conservatives prevail in their fight to get more pro-life judges appointed to the Supreme Court, these rights will be gone. The GOP platform proclaims that only one person should have the right to live in a beleaguered pregnancy, and it's

not you. Anti-abortion extremists favor a constitutional amendment stating that women have fewer rights than a day-old cell cluster, even if the cell cluster is the product of a rape. The party of limited government is saying Big Brother should be calling the shots over your emergency room gurney, where women will presumably be drugged or handcuffed into compliance if they refuse to cooperate in their own demise. The party of personal responsibility and individual choice is saying, in effect, that it doesn't trust a pregnant woman to make decisions about her own life or her baby's. The GOP platform calls for these decisions to be made in Washington, D.C.

Senator Rick Santorum's charge that only selfish and self-centered women get late-term abortions is simply false. In a recent issue of *The Humanist*,¹ John Swomley, professor emeritus of social ethics at St. Paul School of Theology, reviews several cases of women whose lives would have been endangered had the partial-birth abortion ban been enacted into law at the time of their pregnancies:

Vicki Stella from Naperville, Ill., the mother of two daughters: Vicki and her husband Archer discovered at thirty-two weeks of pregnancy that the fetus had only fluid filling the cranium where its brain should have been, as well as other major problems. They decided to terminate the pregnancy. Because the procedure preserved her fertility, she was able to conceive again.

Mary-Dorothy Line from Los Angeles, Calif., in the summer of 1995, was told at 21 weeks that her fetus had an advanced, textbook case of hydrocephalus — an excess of

fluid on the brain. It was acute and untreatable. The medical experts told her that her own life was at risk, and so the Lines decided to end the pregnancy.

Coreen Costello from Agoura, Calif.: In April 1995, seven months pregnant with her third child, Coreen and her husband Jim found out that a lethal neuromuscular disease had left their much-wanted daughter unable to survive. Its body had stiffened and was frozen, wedged in a transverse position. Amniotic fluids had puddled and built up to dangerous levels in Coreen's uterus. Devout Christians and opposed to abortion, the Costellos agonized for two weeks about their decision and baptized the fetus in utero. Finally, Coreen's increasing health problems forced them to take the advice of numerous medical experts that the [dilation and extraction] was indeed, the best option for Coreen's own health, and the abortion was performed.

Maureen Mary Britell from Sandwich, Mass. and her husband Andrew, practicing Catholics, were expecting their second child in early 1994 when, at six months gestation, a sonogram revealed that the fetus had anencephaly. No brain was developing, only a brain stem. Experts at the New England Medical Center in Boston confirmed that the fetus would not survive. The Britells' parish priest supported their decision to induce labor and terminate the pregnancy. During the delivery, a complication arose and the placenta would not drop. The umbilical cord had to be cut, aborting the fetus while still in delivery in order to prevent serious health risks for Maureen.

Ironically, a week after Santorum led the effort in the Senate to ban partial-birth abortion, his wife Karen, who was five months pregnant with their fourth child, was told that their fetus was suffering from an almost invariably fatal problem — its bladder wasn't emptying. Not wanting to abort, Karen continued the pregnancy, but as a result, soon

Pro-life extremists favor a constitutional amendment stating that women have fewer rights than a day-old cell cluster, even if the cell cluster is the product of a rape.

developed a life-threatening infection and 105 degree fever. She was shivering and becoming delirious and had gone into labor.

Karen was adamant that her labor be stopped to keep the baby, but the doctors refused, saying that Karen was suffering from an intrauterine infection and that there was the possibility of septic shock if they made any effort to stop the labor. "They said that if the infection wasn't treated there was a real chance it would kill Karen," the Senator told journalist Joe Klein.² "In a situation like that, you are completely lost in the storm," said Karen. "Now I can see that I was caught up in the grief and the anguish. But I had three other children at home. It was wrong to even think about risking my life."

Though Senator Santorum had previously told the

Philadelphia Inquirer that with the baby almost certain to die, it would have been an "easy call" to opt for an abortion if Karen's life were threatened. "The Senator," wrote Klein, "has trouble talking about what they would have done if Karen hadn't gone into labor on her own."

"The Santorums had every right to make the choices they did," Kate Michelman, president of the National Abortion Rights Action League told Klein. "What we believe is that every mother in those circumstances should have the right to make her own choice, even if it is different from the one the Santorums made. This [partial-birth] debate is a political strategy designed to overturn *Roe v. Wade*, to weaken the constitutional protections for a woman's right to an abortion, to put women at risk, and to put doctors under political supervision. I've never defended this particular procedure. I just believe that this is not an arena for political interference."

Michelman is right, the crucial question here, of course, is whether decisions of this sort should be made by individuals with the advice of their physicians or by politicians. The major medical associations oppose government intervention in abortion decisions. The American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists states, "The physician, in consultation with the patient, must choose the most appropriate circumstances." The American Nurses Association concurs, stating, "It is inappropriate for the law to mandate a clinical course of action for a woman who is already faced with an intensely personal and difficult decision."

Despite his personal experience, Senator Santorum's bill banning partial-birth abortions allowed doctors no exceptions except to save the life of the mother. Ill health, risk of infection, future infertility, nor the mother's suffering with a prolonged labor instead of the quick solution of abortion in beleaguered pregnancies, made any difference to Santorum. Tom Delay suggested compromise language that included "grave risks to the health of the mother," but Santorum refused the compromise.

"His insistence that there could be no other health exceptions made even his allies at the American Medical Association a bit uneasy," writes Klein. John Nelson, an AMA trustee from Salt Lake City said, "you can't get the ink dry on a protocol [a prescribed method for handling a medical situation] before you find yourself in the operating room facing a situation you hadn't thought of."

A legislative ban on abortion, as John Swomley has pointed out, "would force doctors in many cases to select what they consider a second-best method in order to avoid criminal prosecution."

One unintended effect of prohibiting abortion may be to make abortion *more* common than it is when legal. Jack Hitt³ argues that doctors who do abortions believe that "the existence of safe, available procedures reduces the suffocating sense of desperation a pregnant woman feels, and heightens overall awareness of birth control, so that legalization actually results in fewer abortions. . . . There is good evidence," he adds, "to support this view." He observes:

Chile, for example, has banned abortions, and the penalty can be stiff: up to five years in prison for the mother. Chile also has one of the highest per capita abortion rates in Latin America. Ireland, the only large Western European country to prohibit access, is thought to have an

abortion rate higher than the Netherlands, where laws governing access have long been liberal.

It's not surprising that Catholic countries where abortion has been outlawed would have the highest numbers of abortions since those countries are more likely to prohibit sex education, family planning information and birth control. Women's worth in some of these countries is primarily determined by her biological role as the bearer of children.

Though the pro-life movement in the United States has done its best work through education — demonstrating the ugliness and inhumanity of abortion if performed without

ognizable . . . These groups on the right are driving the Republican Party. It's a question of whether Senator Dole can divorce himself from their demands. Can we sustain ourselves as a majority party in Congress moving in that direction? I would say not.

"The good Republican women have been smoked out," said former GOP State Senator Susan McLane of New Hampshire, who defected from the GOP's conservative politics in 1996. In February of that year, McLane announced that she would vote for Bill Clinton. "I told the Clinton White House I'd be happy to do anything. I'm an old-line Republican who's had enough."

The gender gap appears to be growing wide enough to influence presidential politics. In 1996, an *NBC/Wall Street Journal* poll found that women preferred Clinton to Dole by a 23 percent margin. In this year's election, if early polling by *The Pittsburgh Tribune Review* pans out, there's no longer a gender gap in Pennsylvania, a key swing state — there's a gender chasm. Polls show that the gap is nearly 30 percent, and that many GOP professional women in the southeast corner of the state near Philadelphia will be voting for Gore. Nevertheless, continuing the politics of cutting off their noses to spite their faces, pro-life conservatives near Pittsburgh have told me that they will not "deal with" pro-choice Elsie Hillman, who is heading up the Bush campaign here.

Not only in election politics are women disdained, but in Congress, where Republicans, led by Rep. Chris Smith (N.J.) fought to deny "morning-after pills" to women who had been raped and literally ground into the muck by invading armies in Rwanda. "Morning-after pills" are viewed by

A week after Santorum led the effort in the Senate to ban partial-birth abortion, his wife Karen, who was five months pregnant with their fourth child, was told that their fetus was suffering from an almost invariably fatal problem.

good cause, it's primarily seeking to deny women, doctors and medical ethics committees the right to choose by denying women's constitutional rights.

Women, especially pro-choice women, are treated as second-class citizens in the Republican Party. The pro-lifers have effectively blackballed quality candidates, such as Governor Christine Todd Whitman, from further advancement in the GOP simply because they fight for the health of the mother as a consideration in a partial-birth abortion ban.

In 1996, as Dole moved toward the nomination, the Religious Right accelerated its march to take over the Republican Party at the state level. "This became particularly clear in June, during the Texas Republican convention," wrote Sidney Blumenthal.⁴ "Senator Kay Bailey Hutchison, a party regular with an American Conservative Union lifetime rating of 92 percent, had been slated as a Dole delegate to the national convention, but the Religious Right held her accreditation in abeyance because she is reservedly pro-choice. Hutchison's safe passage was ultimately secured, but several other Dole delegates were removed from the slate."

Dolly Madison McKenna, a moderate GOP activist and businesswoman, attended the Texas convention and was not shocked. "They're not interested in moderate women. They're not interested in moderate anybody," she told Blumenthal. McKenna ran for the Republican nomination for Congress in 1994 and faced an assault from pro-life groups charging her with being a "baby killer." She lost the nomination, but she got a chance to make a statement to the whole party, a remark that became notorious: "the Republican Party is not a church."

"For moderate Republicans like Olympia Snowe of Maine," says Blumenthal, "it had become second nature to think of themselves as upholders of the mainstream; it was a shock to realize that they had become a mere faction — and, worse, outcasts." Snowe had told Blumenthal:

From our traditional roots, the party is becoming unrec-

Although it claims to be the party of limited government, the Republican Party reaffirmed its position as a reactionary advocate of intrusive government in the most crucial, private and personal areas of our lives.

social conservatives as "abortifacients" since they prevent uterine implantation of the fertilized egg. What a pity that would be, particularly in view of the catastrophic living conditions in Rwanda!

For the pro-life crowd, these ravaged women are nothing more than human incubators. If the radical pro-life bloc, currently holding the Republican Party hostage to its continuous threat to cut and run, has its way in demanding the appointment of pro-life federal judges, it is not just Rwandan women, but American women too, who could be denied any procedure that militant pro-lifers consider an abortion. Under a constitutional amendment to deny abortion without exceptions, a pre-med student raped on the streets of Philadelphia after her night shift could be denied treatment. Forget the argument that her economic needs, life goals, and marital prospects might be derailed by a forced pregnancy. If pro-life extremists have their way, that rape victim will have fewer rights than a 12-cell cluster forcibly injected into her by

a street thug.

Too bad, they say, if a mother of three is abandoned by her husband while pregnant with her fourth child and is living in poverty. It's time to have another baby and get a job. Considerations regarding the economic and psychological quality of her life are dismissed with sneering condemnation and jokes about women getting abortions so they can fit into bikinis and prom gowns.

There is nothing compassionate or conservative about the militant positions of pro-lifers. Our best hope is that George W. Bush and Dick Cheney will have the backbone to resist their demands. A constitutional amendment banning abortion without exceptions is profoundly reactionary, an attempt to reduce American women to the primitive stature of the barefoot and pregnant chattel of 12th-century Ireland, or the victims of religious patriarchies who are forced to die in childbirth in backwater theocracies like Iran.

Republicans who advocate smaller government while tolerating a platform that proposes banning all abortions are not merely slouching toward Gomorrah. They are goose-stepping at full throttle toward hypocrisy. How would

"Al Gore's Spending Plan," from page 26

small fraction of the overall debt instruments in the world. Lowering the national debt will not alone have a substantial influence on interest rates.

There's something else more substantial working in favor of economic growth here: tax cuts. Sound macroeconomic theory based on historical evidence concludes that lowering taxes has substantial positive effects on the economy. The capital gains tax cut of 1997 had a greater effect on capital growth than any statement or action regarding the national debt. On the other hand, monetary policy (over which the President has no direct control) and tax policy have a substantial and proven effect on interest rates.

Gore simply assumes that lowering debt is better than lowering taxes across the board. Since the government needs to run surpluses to pay off the debt, it needs to keep taxes as high as they are now to pay for Gore's substantial increases in spending. Gore assumes that budget surpluses lead to economic growth. The truth is the opposite: economic growth leads to surpluses.

Gore simply misunderstands economics. A tax cut — or substantial tax reform that replaces the current tax code with one that encourages saving and investing — is a better economic policy than debt reduction. And Social Security privatization is also better than debt reduction. Gore's plan opts for a third-best solution.

The moral of the story is the opposite of what Gore suggests, although hardly more comforting: surpluses might be potentially bad for the future of the economy because they tempt politicians to keep the money and spend more, or avoid giving tax cuts under the presumption that it's more important to pay down the national debt. And the result is higher taxes for everyone and bigger government on the horizon. With an ending like that, Gore's economic plan is likely to become favorite bedtime reading of social engineers across America. □

Republicans react if radical pro-lifers demanded a constitutional amendment to outlaw war without exceptions? Babies, born and unborn, are killed by the tens of thousands in wars fought for economic reasons. Fetuses were killed by American bombs in Iraq. But at the GOP convention war was celebrated, generals and war heroes honored, and the need to develop bigger and better weapons systems applauded. A speech was made by a retired general from the deck of a killing machine, the battleship USS *New Jersey*. The quality of a country's economic life is worth killing for. The destruction of a woman's life is not. No, there will be no pro-life constitutional amendment against mass killing in war or any murmured regrets about Desert Storm. That was different. The Persian Gulf War was a male thing and the killing was for oil. □

Notes

1. "The Partial-Birth Debate in 1998," *The Humanist*, March 1998.
2. "The Senator's Dilemma," *The New Yorker*, January 15, 1998.
3. *New York Times Magazine*, January 18, 1998.
4. "The Doll's House," *The New Yorker*, August 19, 1996.

Letters, from page 20

lives.

Communism, in contrast, as envisioned by Marx and Engels, was an external and natural process to produce a "social state." There is no genuine comparison here with the supernatural work of the Love of God.

E.S. Gatch
Mountain City, Tenn.

In Defense of the Christian Right

By taking scripture out of context and failing to think in the spiritual realm, Bart Kosko comes to the conclusion that Jesus Christ was a family-hating communist.

Jesus simply did not have contempt for the wealthy. In Matthew 27:57-60 (and again in Mark 15:43, Luke 23:50-53, and John 19:38), we read of one Joseph of Aramathaea, a wealthy man who counted himself a disciple of Jesus. After Jesus' death, Joseph buried Him in his own freshly hewn tomb. In Matthew 26:7 (and again in Mark 14:3, Luke 7:37 and John 12:3), we read the account of Mary anointing Jesus' feet with an expensive perfume.

Kosko argues that the early Christians' practice of voluntary communism is inconsistent with the ideals of the Christian Right. The early Christians faced severe persecution from both the Roman civil authorities and the Jewish religious leaders. One way they dealt with uncertain food supplies was to pool their resources. Even within this "communist" arrangement, members were free to do whatever they wanted with what was their property. Ananias and Sapphira lost their lives because they lied to God, not because they kept part of a sales proceeds for themselves.

After salvation, God expects us to continue to be submissive to His will. That may or may not include forsaking earthly possessions or familial closeness for His work. Jesus does not expect us to hate our physical families. "Hate" is

continued on page 61

Mid-Life Crisis in the Browne Campaign

by Ken Sturzenacker

Halfway through the Harry Browne's race for the presidency, problems are becoming increasingly evident.

On the seventh day of the tenth week after he won the Libertarian Party presidential nomination for the second time, the Associated Press national news services finally mentioned his name. Twice. An AP report said Harry Browne was at 3% in a Colorado poll with a margin of error of $\pm 4\%$. The poll had been conducted over a dismally inaccurate eight days, a near eternity of shifting attitudes in a volatile election.

The other was in a national story: "Bleak Future for Third Parties?" Browne was mentioned in the first paragraph, after the Reform Party's Pat Buchanan and the Green's Ralph Nader. Reporter Eun-Kyung Kim wrote, "Libertarian candidate Harry Browne often elicits a, 'Harry who?'"

Harry must have had very mixed feelings. He could not have anticipated that his 10-week drought, which started the day he left Anaheim with the LP nomination, would end in acid rain, with the election only eight weeks away.

Several thousand newspapers, radio and TV news operations are only the most visible of the many subscribers to the Associated Press's news services. Far more than Harry Browne had been able to reach on radio or cable TV.

The convention was held in Anaheim, California, near the offices of the *Orange County Register*, perhaps the nation's most editorially libertarian newspaper. Both the *Register* and the *Los Angeles Times* put their reports of the convention and Browne's nomination on their local, rather than national, pages. Their judgments told the rest of the nation's editors that the Libertarian Party isn't very important.

At the LP's 1996 nominating convention in Washington, D.C., the dean of national political columnists David Broder wrote both the AP's national story and a column for the *Washington Post* about Browne's prospects.

The differences in coverage may well have set the tone for what followed in Anaheim. Three versions of the AP's final national story ran on July 3. All misidentified Browne

as a "former Tennessee investment banker." One said he was the nominee of the nation's "top third party," a statement that is true only if third parties are ranked by membership numbers rather than vote totals. The tone of the other two changed considerably, saying Browne hoped to revive his "ailing" party.

A week after Labor Day, with over half the 18-week general election campaign behind him, Browne was still looking for a break out of the radio and cable TV talk shows and into the national political media. "Bleak Future for Third Parties?" and "Harry who?" was not the kind of attention he wanted.

Harry did get a post-convention bounce. On July 13, eleven days after winning the nomination, Browne rose to 1.6% in Rasmussen's "Portrait of America" poll for the first time.

When Reform Party rival Pat Buchanan dipped to 1.6% on August 5, Browne's campaign was quick to make the comparison, and *Wall Street Journal* columnist Paul Gigot noticed:

People have said harsh things about Pat Buchanan before, but nothing quite so cruel as this week's Libertarian Party press release:

"Libertarian Harry Browne catches Pat Buchanan in new national poll," it declared. "Candidates tied at 1.6%; Buchanan deflating like punctured Zeppelin."

This is where ambition has taken the man who won the New Hampshire primary only four years ago. Not only is Pitchfork Pat trailing Ralph Nader, he's testing polling

depths only hitherto occupied by the ideological outcasts of American politics.

A month later, on September 5, the LP's national director Steve Dasbach issued a "NEWS FLASH" press release trumpeting Rasmussen's finding that Browne had finally passed Buchanan. Browne's lead was 0.1%, 1% to 0.9%. Dasbach celebrated the fact that Browne had passed Buchanan, though it might have been more accurate to say that Buchanan spent August slipping even faster than had Browne. Two days later, when the Zogby Poll put Browne at a dismal 0.3%,

"Bleak Future for Third Parties?" and "Harry who?" was not the kind of attention he wanted.

both the LP office and the Browne campaign were silent.

During the 10 weeks starting the Fourth of July, Reform Party candidate Patrick Buchanan was mentioned 125 times and Ralph Nader of the Green Party 200 times, or about two to three national newswire stories respectively each day. Both made the headline news a number of times.

Just as he had in early 1995, Browne touted plans during most of 1998 and 1999 to project himself as the first third-party candidate national political journalists think of and report on. He was emphatic that this had to be done early, before the media started shining floodlights on other fringe-party candidates. Browne believed that a media tour during December 1999, and \$1,000,000 of TV and other media advertising in January 2000 would be enough to put him in the spotlight.

But reality was very different.

On August 11 Fox News chairman Roger Ailes took a phone call on-air from a self-identified libertarian caller who complained about the total lack of news coverage Browne was receiving. Ailes responded that it was the responsibility of the campaign to create coverage by staging events. Ailes then said he would arrange for Browne to get more coverage on Fox, a promise he began to fulfill within a couple of days. Other than Fox News, however, Browne was not getting much coverage even on the cable TV networks. Both John Hagelin of the Natural Law and Reform parties, and Howard Phillips of the Constitution Party, got more attention than Browne.

By Labor Day, Browne had made the AP's national newswire on only three occasions: in February when he announced his formal entry into the race, again in March as part of the coverage of the California primary, and during the June-July weekend in which he won the LP's nomination.

As do many conservatives, Harry Browne distrusts the print media, fearing the tendency of liberal scribes to misquote, quote out of context, or simply misrepresent his positions. A mid-May interview with former LP member Don Feder served only to feed Browne's paranoia. Feder cited the LP platform's call for "the elimination of all restrictions on immigration":

If 50 million Mexicans chose to move to California and Texas, resulting in chaos and the obliteration of national

identity, why should that concern Libertarians? If these new Americans (then constituting a majority in the state where they settle) wanted to secede and reunite the territory with Mexico, presumably libertarians would not stand in their way.

It reinforced Browne's determination to concentrate on using talk shows so that he could get his message out in his own words, rather than filtered through reporters and editors.

Talk shows, especially on the radio, can be done from almost anywhere; and improvements in cell phone technology have enabled Browne to conduct many interviews via cell phone. During his 1996 campaign, Browne's schedulers were reluctant to book short interviews. This year, they've learned that five to ten minute interviews are likely to be edited to make sound bites, and thus are no less effective at getting a message across than longer interviews.

But as useful as talk shows can be, they lack the permanence of print. A print article is there when you're ready to read it. You can mark a print article for someone to read later, you can cut it out, post it on the door of your refrigerator, fax it to friends, make copies for co-workers and mail it to relatives. Newspapers and magazines are available whenever you're prepared to give them your full attention. You cannot say the same about radio.

Research from the Tribune Company — owners of the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Los Angeles Times*, many other newspapers, TV and radio stations, cable systems and websites — indicates that more than 80% of voters who always vote in a statewide election read a Sunday newspaper and 75% read a daily paper. Compare that to the 40% who watch prime-time network TV and just 25% who listen to morning drive-time radio.

More than once, Harry Browne's campaign has teetered on the verge of financial collapse.

On August 29, campaign manager Perry Willis e-mailed the campaign's "key volunteers," telling them he had not purchased any airtime for Browne's TV ads for the past 10

Pleading poverty to 8,000 people on your e-mail list to raise money in April is one thing; telling your key volunteers you will buy TV ads "tomorrow" but then buying no ads for two weeks is quite another.

days "because we ran out of money." With that, Willis said he would "write the next check for ad purchases tomorrow." Although it was not reported on Browne's electronic newsletter LibertyWire, Perry Willis recently informed *Liberty* that ad time was purchased on MSNBC for August 24, 26 and 27, and on CNN Headline News for September 9, 10 and 13. On September 18, Willis announced that some spots were being purchased on CNN Headline News and the Discovery Channel.

By August "we ran out of money" was an all too familiar refrain. The start of Browne's active campaign was delayed for lack of money in December 1999, through January and into mid-February 2000. The problem was compounded by long delays in completing a 30-minute television infomercial that was to be the centerpiece of the campaign.

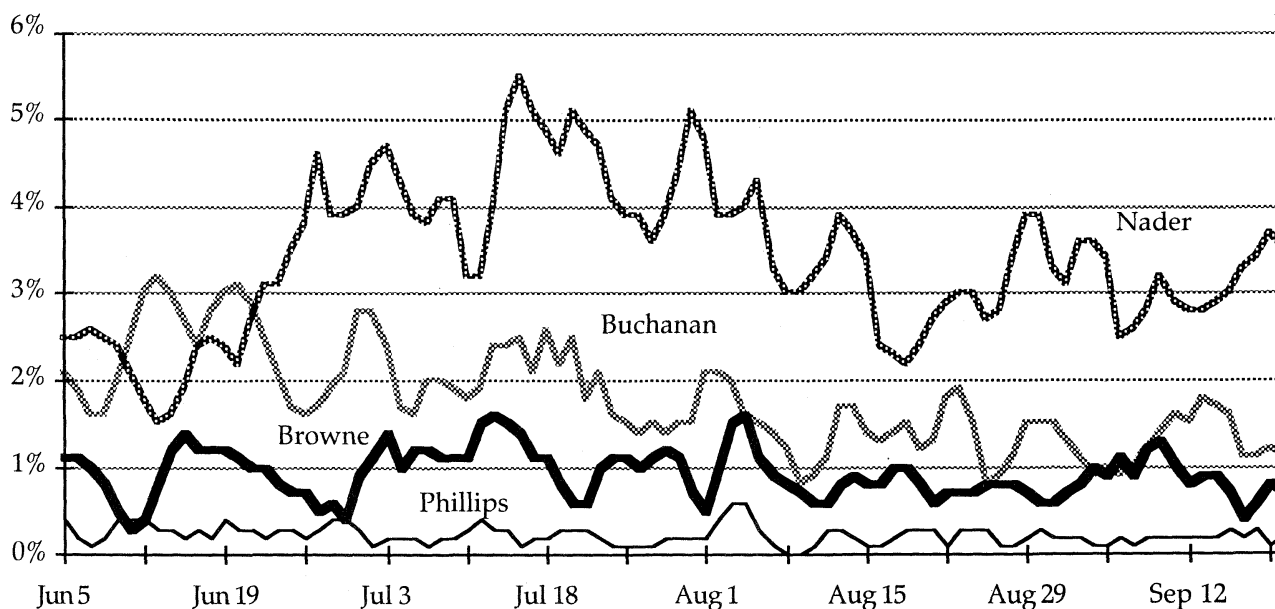
Browne had expected his campaign to have more than \$1,000,000 in the bank and the LP to have 100,000 members on January 1, 2000. (As late as July 31, 1998, enthusiastically promoting the LNC's Project Archimedes, Browne campaign manager Perry Willis wrote that he believed the LP might by

then have as many as 400,000 members.) But by the beginning of the year, the LP had only 33,000 members and Browne's campaign had less than \$45,000 on hand.

Things didn't get much better. On April 24, Willis e-mailed supporters that the campaign had "suspended most of its operations," with no cash on hand and more than \$83,000 in bills to be paid.

The FEC reports for April and May filed by the campaign painted a different picture. "Suspending most operation," for example, did not stop Perry Willis from getting paid \$1,000 that same day.

Handicapping the Presidential Race



Rolling average of three daily surveys of 2,250 likely voter. Margin of error $\pm 2\%$, with a 95% confidence level. Source: Rasmussen Research

Two months ago, it was possible to examine Harry Browne's performance in the presidential polls conducted by Rasmussen Research and conclude that he was gaining support. There was considerable variation in his vote share, mostly a simple matter of statistical noise: after all, Rasmussen polls have a margin of error of 2%, and Browne has never exceeded a 1.6% share. Even so, his occasional highs were higher than previous highs and his occasional lows were higher than previous lows.

But since late July, any discernible trend has been downward — not surprising, since the Browne campaign has been troubled by a shortage of funds. A careful reading of the campaign's "LibertyWire" suggests it has purchased no television advertising at all since August 10, though campaign spokesmen say that some ads have run.

At the same time that fundraising has gone poorly for the Browne campaign, it has faced two unexpected drains on its resources: the failure of the Pennsylvania state party to get enough signatures to put Browne on the ballot in the Keystone State and the decision by the renegade Arizona LP (unrecognized by the national LP,

but recognized by Arizona) to put a ticket of science fiction writer L. Neil Smith and newspaper columnist Vin Suprynowicz on the ballot, leaving the Browne campaign furiously trying to get petition signatures for and independent candidacy and to get the Arizona to accept the petitions long after its deadline. Together, according the LP national director Steve Dasbach, these two crises cost about \$115,000.

Last month, I estimated that Browne would get about 450,000 votes in November. With competition for fringe votes likely to heat up as Buchanan begins to buy advertising with the \$12.6 million in federal funds he was awarded on September 12, voters in no mood to rock the boat, and Browne still pulling less than 1%, this estimate still seems like a sensible one.

Of course, it's possible the campaign will begin to advertise at a serious level, that Browne might find a way to break into the news, or that the stock market might collapse leaving voters in a mood for a radical change...

— R. W. Bradford

Pleading poverty to 8,000 people on your e-mail list to raise money in April is one thing; telling your key volunteers you will buy TV ads "tomorrow" but then buying no ads for two weeks is quite another. How many potential donors can you expect to remain enthusiastic?

According to LibertyWire, eleven ads were scheduled to run on MSNBC between 7 and 11 p.m. on the evening before the start of the Democratic national convention. But Perry Willis admitted on August 29th, the ads were pre-empted; and more than two weeks later, had still not aired.

Willis had been buying "direct response" time for Browne's 60-second TV ads, because they are relatively inexpensive. With the lower price, however, comes a risk: Local cable systems have the right to preempt direct response ads for any commercials they can sell at a higher rate. Willis indicated as many as 40% of Browne's TV ads were bumped. Many wound up in less favorable time slots or delayed indefinitely.

So, even though Willis bought national ads, Browne's TV ads actually air only when all of those local cable systems whose operators fail to sell the ad time to other, regular advertisers. And their total audience is less than the audience of a single broadcast television station in a medium size market.

Browne's convention hype promised the TV ads would start to air on July 5. But no ads ran until July 26. During the 19 days from July 26 through August 13, Perry Willis says

The campaign is under enormous pressure to buy enough airtime to give supporters the impression that Browne's campaign was competing with the major candidates.

HB2000 and the LNC combined to spend an average of \$6,935 a day on TV ads. By September 17, the daily average had fallen under \$2,000.

Much of the airtime was purchased on DirectTV, a system for bouncing TV signals off satellites to home receivers. With so many more channels to choose from, how many DirectTV viewers were likely to see Browne's ads on one of the seven networks Perry Willis had chosen?

The audience for any of these ads was small to tiny, usually fewer than 200,000. After Browne's failure to make a long-promised national media tour during December 1999, and his failure to spend a penny on the \$1,000,000 TV ad campaign set for January 2000, Willis was under enormous pressure to buy enough airtime to give supporters the impression that Browne's campaign was competing with the major candidates.

According to Willis (LibertyWire, July 26), DirectTV was the choice for seven networks; the 12 spots on each network would "air on all of the networks at approximately the same time." The scheduled times ran not more often than once per hour between 8:19 p.m. until 12:19 a.m. EDT on Thursday, July 27 through the following Sunday. By mid-August, HB2000 had run out of money to buy more TV ads.

Having no ads on the air for four weeks after August 13

reduced support from donors, both old and new — as well as public awareness of Browne's candidacy.

At the end of July (the most recent month for which figures were available at presstime), Browne's campaign had raised less than \$675,000 during 2000; just \$110,000 during the month of his nomination. Browne started August with less than \$20,000 in the bank, and he had \$21,000 of loans to repay.

Federal campaign finance laws limit an individual to a maximum of \$1,000 in donations before the nomination and another \$1,000 afterward. Like all candidates, Browne wanted a fast start on fund-raising. He didn't get it. Of 317 \$1,000 donations he had received, 36 came in June, after it was fairly obvious Browne would be the nominee again; only 61 were made during July.

Some 1,135 donors had given more than \$200, the minimum for reporting to the FEC. As Willis told the campaign's key volunteers August 29, some 30,000 dues-paying members of the LP had not yet made any contribution at all, though he predicted many of them would give during the campaign's final weeks. Surprisingly, despite the hours of coverage of the convention on C-Span, LP national membership actually dropped during the month of July.

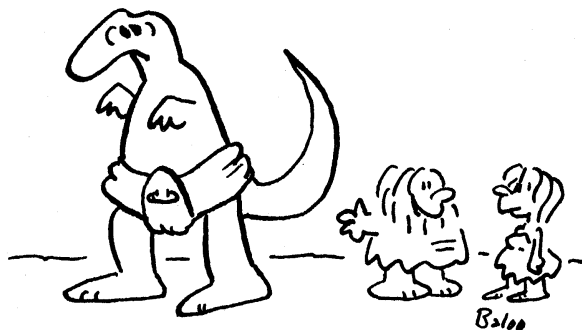
In terms of fund-raising, John Hagelin's campaign, with one foot each in the Reform and Natural Law parties, was most similar to Browne's. Hagelin raised \$125,000 from individuals during July, and had less than \$19,000 on hand at the end of the month. For the first seven months of 2000, Hagelin raised slightly more than \$664,000, some \$31,000 less than Browne.

Ralph Nader took in more than \$440,000 in individual donations during July. He had \$452,000 available in his campaign account at the start of August, more than one-third of the \$1,384,000 individuals had given him during the first seven months of 2000.

Pat Buchanan's campaign reported donations of \$261,000 from individuals during July, and had \$30,000 cash on hand as August started.

On September 12, the FEC decided Buchanan was the legitimate nominee of the Reform Party, and awarded him the \$12.6 million of matching funds.

The Browne campaign's work is clearly cut out for it. It has managed to buy only a nominal amount of advertising, has attracted little news coverage, and is trailing its minor party competition badly in the polls. If something doesn't happen soon, it will be another colossal failure. □

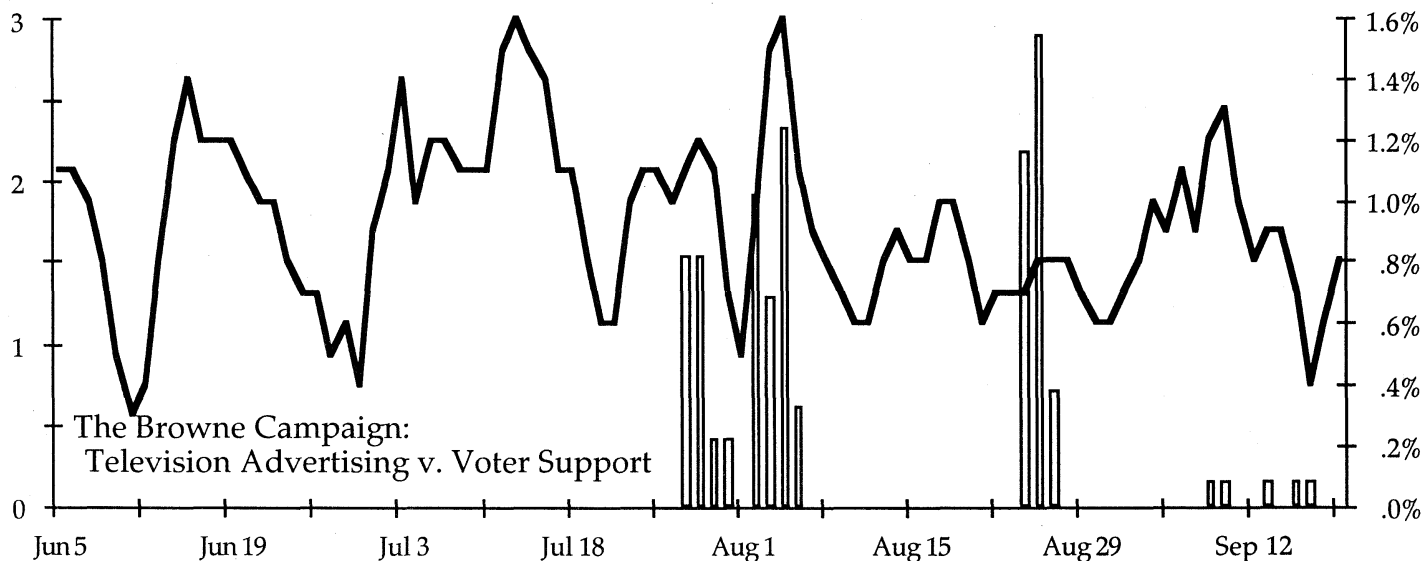


"I just invented the pollution-control device!"

Assessment

The Browne Campaign

by R. W. Bradford



Left scale and bars: household exposures to Browne television advertising (in millions). Right scale and solid line: Browne vote share (source: Rasmussen Research).

The most important thing a political campaign does is communicate its appeal for votes, and the way most Americans learn about political candidates is by watching television. So it is not surprising that the biggest expenditures of successful political campaigns are for television advertising.

The graph above compares the Browne campaign's television advertising with Browne's standing in the polls. It is immediately apparent that there doesn't seem to be much correlation. Browne ran a flurry of ads in late July and early August, then went blank until late August, then went blank again until running a handful of ads in mid-September. There seems to be an upswing in support for Browne when the first ads were run, but the second groups of ads were not followed by any perceptible change in Browne's support and the third preceded a substantial decline in Browne support.

There are two reasons for this lack of correlation:

1) Browne's ads have been almost negligible. All have been purchased on low-rated cable and satellite channels. The total number of person-exposures to a Browne ad is under 25 million. That means that if no one had seen any of the ads more than once, fewer than one in ten Americans has seen one. But of course, many people have seen the ads multiple times, so in fact, the percentage of voters who have seen

them is far below 10%. So it shouldn't be surprising that they have had little effect.

2) The polling data for candidates with so little support is negligible is not very reliable. The Rasmussen poll has a 2% margin of error with a 95% confidence level. That means that if an election were held the same day as the poll, there is a 95% chance that any given candidate would get a vote share within 2% of what the poll predicted.

If you are George W. Bush who shows 43.5% in the Rasmussen poll today, that means that if the election were today, there's a 95% chance that you'd get between 41.5% of the vote and 45.5% of the vote. This is pretty useful and meaningful information.

But if you are Harry Browne, who shows 0.8% of the vote today, it means that there's a 95% chance that you'd get between -1.2% of the vote and 2.8% of the vote. Of course, it's not even meaningful to talk about getting a negative portion of the vote, and the possibility that a Libertarian would get 2.8% is extremely remote — which illustrates just how foolish it is to read much into poll reports that show changes in Browne's support.

In fact, most of the variation in Browne's support in the poll is a product of random polling variations — an entirely unpredictable and meaningless phenomenon.

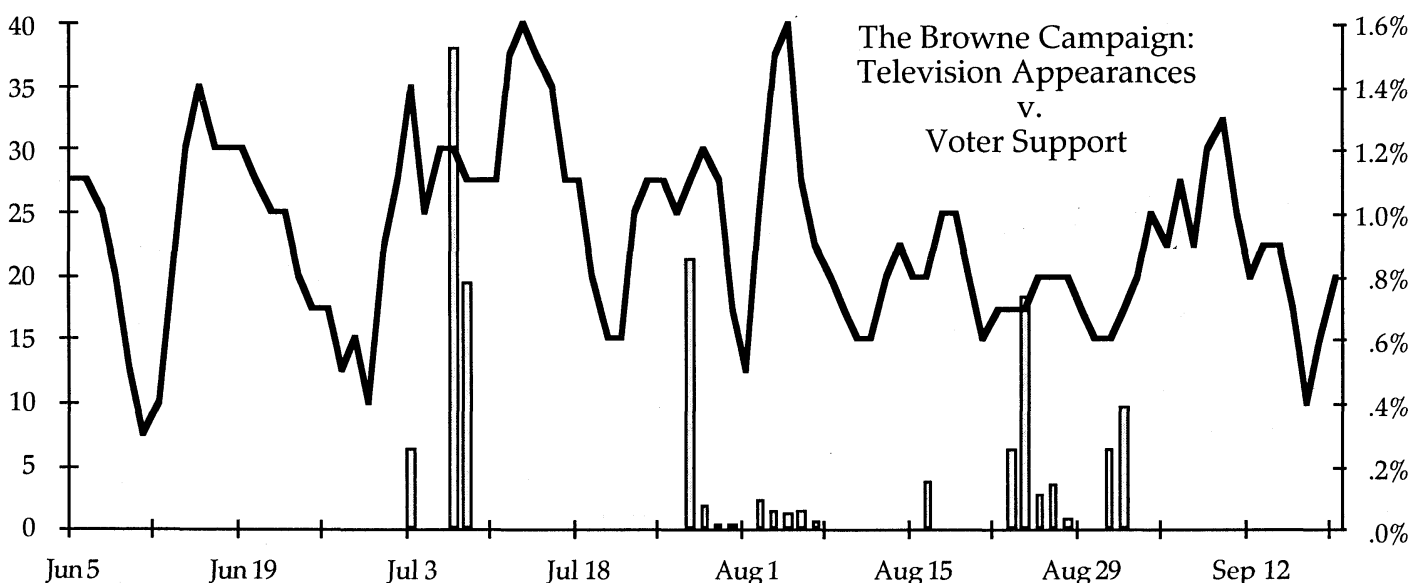
Of course, television advertising is playing a relatively small role in the Browne campaign, and a case can be made that it has purchased its advertising with an eye toward pleasing its donors rather than maximizing its appeal to voters.

The campaign has invested substantially more in gaining Browne exposure on talk radio and on television news programs. Here it has had some success: Browne has appeared several times on cable news channels, and on PBS's *News Hour* and on ABC's *Politically Incorrect* comedy program. By far, his greatest exposure has come on these last two, each of which claims to have about 2.5 million viewers. And his appearances on these programs came at little expense. Neither was the result of either the campaign's or its outside consultants publicity efforts: *News Hour* customarily invites minor candidates to appear for an interview and *Politically*

Incorrect decided to invite all minor candidates to participate in its comic discussion of current affairs.

Browne's appearances on these programs as well as on the cable news channels have reached far more people than the tiny amount of advertising the campaign has placed so far. Campaign manager Perry Willis has prepared a database which figures each television appearance as if it were an advertisement. His method makes sense, though in my judgment he grossly overestimated the impact of Browne's appearance on *Politically Incorrect*. (He figured the 30 minute program was the equivalent of 30 one-minute advertisements, but Browne was on camera for only about 5 minutes.)

The graph in the center of the page compares Browne's television exposure, both from advertising and personal appearances.



Left scale and bars: individual exposures in millions (source: Perry Willis). Right scale and solid line: Browne vote share (source: Rasmussen Research).

Here we begin to see what looks like some correlation: each burst of publicity is followed by what appears to be some growth in support.

What are the implications of all this? Well, given the unreliability of the poll data, there may be little to learn from it. But it does appear that more appearances means more support. So the question is what can the campaign do to get more appearances?

First, it can attempt to make some news, as Ken Sturzenacker suggested in the September *Liberty*. Its most important appearances — those on the *News Hour* and on *Politically Incorrect* — were one-shot deals, unlikely to be repeated. Browne has managed to get some local coverage of his campaign rally-fundraisers, but so far national coverage has pretty much eluded him.

Secondly, it can spend more on television advertising. The simple fact is that the only two LP campaigns that ever got significant exposure on national television were its 1976 and 1980 campaigns, both of which got significant donations from wealthy candidates. Unless the campaign can get the money to buy the spots — and this appears unlikely at this time — it won't get the exposure.

On Sept 18, Perry Willis announced what seemed like an extensive schedule of additional TV spots to run during the last six weeks before the election. But by Willis's own figures, those spots will have a total of about 8.2 million exposures, or about a third the total advertising exposures between July 25 and Sept 19. The campaign again bought spots on low-rated cable channels, giving the appearance of substantial exposure but without delivering much audience, presumably to encourage donors to come up with more money.

Whether this will succeed is impossible to say. My guess is that it won't. The Browne campaign raised and spent a lot of money early, without buying any television spots. It hoped that it would be able to continue to raise money at the same clip as the campaign progressed. But it appears to be running into sales resistance and it's easy to see why it might: many donors may be tapped out, and the campaign has had credibility problems.

Managing a campaign is an extraordinarily complex and difficult task. The Browne campaign has had its share of successes and its share of failures. Let's hope that it learns from both. □

The Best Little Whorehouse in Idaho

by Michael Freitas

*In 1972, a
young draftee
was sent to wild-
est Idaho, where
the rivers run
free and the law-
men offer unu-
sual advice to
visitors.*

In his report on the riots in Seattle, (*Liberty*, February 2000), R. W. Bradford wrote, "During all of this, I never saw a single attempt by a police officer to defend life or property . . . I recall my surprise in 1972 when I heard a retired British policeman describe his job as 'the protection of life and property.' I'd never heard an American policeman express that sentiment, and I haven't heard one since."

Like most people my age, I grew up watching movies in which the cops acted like the British policemen Bradford quoted. They were usually Irish, in New York, and they seemed to do things that mainly helped the people in the neighborhood. They were stern, but friendly, and they always seemed to have your best interests at heart. Though most of us have never met that cop, the image lingers. Today, most of us look at cops with disdain and various degrees of apprehension, depending on our willingness to obey or not to obey the mountain of laws we must scale or go around to live our lives.

I'm 48 now, and unlike most people, I once experienced a cop like the one in the movies. He was a defender of the people in his small town, who took his job of protecting life and property seriously.

In 1971, I won a #3 spot in the draft lottery, and when push came to shove I didn't have the guts to go to Canada. Though unlucky in the draft lottery, I was lucky in my assignment. I was stationed at Fort Lewis, Washington, where I never saw a rifle fired in the heat of battle. I came home with two years gone from my life, but otherwise intact.

I made my time there as interesting as I could. I had a van, more freedom than you could imagine, and I fell in love with the Pacific Northwest and Canada. Earlier, I had fallen in love with Joni Mitchell, and the ladies in Canada didn't disappoint. I went there as often as I could. I met many other interesting people in and out of the Army, and during 1972 I read Ayn Rand for the first time. I started with *The New Left: The Anti-Industrial Revolution*, and then the rest of her non-fiction. I worked my way through her fiction from small to large. I was a 20-year-old ex-Catholic schoolboy who came under the complete spell of her words.

Once I completed basic training, I went from being pond scum to being part of the ruling class in a single day. I worked in supply. I kept the rifles in working order and learned to be a crook on the side, a requirement when you work in supply. (The way I saw it, I wasn't really stealing, since the Army owned every man, woman, truck, building and the ground we walked on. It

owned us 24 hours a day. They don't call you Government Issue for nothing. So I was just involved in redistributing things from one piece of property to another, plus it was a major part of my own personal mission to screw the Army as much as possible.) I never had to do KP, stand guard duty or do much of the other crap that soldiers hate so much. There were always 200 other guys who had less time in service than I did. I did my job well. In the Army, sheer incompetence is the norm, so the officers and NCOs left me alone. The Drill Sergeant had other fish to fry and the Supply Sergeant needed my help in various redistribution schemes, plus he needed me to keep quiet about them. It was sweet duty.

All good things do come to an end and the training center closed down in early 1972. I was too "short" to be sent

Our ragtag bunch had come in, acted like soldiers and buried one of our own with dignity and respect. It wasn't much, but in '72, in Kooskia, Idaho, it was very good.

anywhere, so I was assigned to the 9th Division, which made Fort Lewis its home. It was a paper Division, with very few soldiers and almost nothing to do. I bided my time, and did what was necessary. When there was work, I did it. It's easier to do work than to pretend to be busy, and once again I was mainly left alone.

One day they were looking for volunteers to form a burial detail, to bury soldiers off base, and I signed up. You've seen the drill. The flag-draped coffin, the folding of the flag and giving it to the mother or wife, the shooting of the rifles into the air. We weren't very military, but if we were going to do it, we'd do it right. It would get us off the post during the week and we made a little extra money. I became head of the coffin crew, gave the orders and presented the flag to the family. We were a motley bunch: short, tall, slender and fat. But we looked the best we could, and at least it was something to do. We were far from the top — we wouldn't be in demand at Arlington — but we weren't bad.

We got the call to go to Kooskia, Idaho, to bury a young man who had drowned while swimming in the Snake River. He was 19, just out of basic and home on leave, before going to his permanent posting. His family wanted a military funeral and we were sent. We drove all day across the state of Washington and pulled into Kooskia late that night. We checked into a motel and collapsed in beds and on floors, six or eight to a room.

A friend and I got up early, got dressed and went to see the sights. It was a cold, crisp fall morning, with the sun shining bright. It would get warmer as the sun moved across the sky. We saw a bridge made of stone across the river. A mean, tough river; it was easy to see how someone could drown in it. Kooskia had fewer than a thousand people. The homes and cabins radiated up the hills from the

main street. It had a gas station, two bars, one motel, a general store, one church, one sheriff's office and a coffee shop.

As we walked down the street we watched a long, tall man walk toward us. He was about six foot five, slender, wearing a cowboy hat, a western long sleeve shirt, Levi's and cowboy boots. He was wearing a badge over his heart and a can of Mace on his belt over his right hip. He stopped a few feet in front of us and introduced himself as the sheriff. If he told us his name, I don't remember it. He asked us if we were with the boys from Fort Lewis and we nodded, not knowing what to expect.

He then said, "We don't have any VD or any of that other stuff in this town. If I find out that we have any after you boys leave, I'll hunt you down in Fort Lewis and take care of business as needed. You tell your friends to leave the local girls alone and you won't have any trouble from me."

He told us to turn around and he pointed to a hill at the other side of town. We saw a building and he said, "That's the local whorehouse. Take care of your business there."

I was surprised and I'm sure it showed in my face. I'd never seen a cop like him except in westerns, even if he had no gun. I'd never heard a cop talk like him either — he'd just told us where the whorehouse was. He saw the look on my face and since his speech had been made, he smiled and stood there. I asked about the whorehouse since, damn, he had brought it up.

He said, "We get a lot of loggers working and passing through here and it's just better to have women available this way, than to have a bunch of crazy, drunk men chasing after the local women. That would just get everybody mad, so the whorehouse is the simple answer." Very matter of fact. A is A.

I asked him about the can of Mace on his hip, leaving out the question of why he wasn't wearing a gun.

"Well," he said, "we don't have much crime around here. The main problem I have is folks drinking too much and getting into fights. When they do, I spray them with Mace, throw them in jail, let them sleep it off and let them go in the morning. A crime wave around here is fights on Friday and Saturday nights."

He smiled and said, "So you tell your friends to leave the local women alone and I'll leave them alone. And tell them that I'm very serious about this. I will hunt them down."

He shook our hands, turned and walked away.

We looked at each other, shook our heads and went to spread the word.

My friend and I went back to the motel and told everyone about the message from the sheriff. We enjoyed the looks of disbelief, shock and surprise that our news brought to their faces. The guys looked up the hill at the outside of town, to make sure that there was indeed a house up there, alone.

We had breakfast at the town coffee shop and dressed for the funeral. It seemed that most of the town had turned out for the service. The coffin was the largest and heaviest that I had ever seen. It had taken them about a week to find the body, so it was sealed in an industrial strength bag to hide the decay. We carried the coffin to the graveyard next to the church. We folded the flag and gave it to the grieving mother. Words were spoken over the grave, taps was

played and the rifle shots even quieted the birds. We left the family at the grave site and walked back to the motel. It had been a solemn ceremony and the mood continued as we stood and watched the town come back to life.

We assumed that we'd soon be getting back on the bus and heading to Fort Lewis, but the word came down that the family wanted us to go to their home for food and refreshments as a thank-you for what we had done. We filtered down to their home in small groups and found a large spread of food, sodas and beer. We were surprised; we had never received such treatment, and as the people in the town thanked us and shook our hands and patted our shoulders, the solemn mood began to lift. Soon laughter could be heard. The noise level rose as the food and drinks began to flow.

The people of the town were grateful that the Army had actually sent our burial detail to their backwater town. It was 1972, before the election, and the Vietnam War had been going badly for some time. Everyone knew that the war was lost, the U.S. was pulling out and nothing seemed like it was supposed to be. Our ragtag bunch had come in, acted like soldiers and buried one of our own with dignity and respect. It wasn't much, but in 1972, in Kooskia, Idaho, it was very good. Who knows what the town had expected, but we had delivered and they were grateful. As the thanks and warmth flowed from them and our "aw shucks, we were just doing our job," foot scraping, bowed-headed humility was observed, it somehow became all right. The gloom really began to lift and a party really began. We had buried the dead, now it was time to celebrate the living. One young man was gone, but there were plenty more around.

The mother of the boy who had died led the way. As she talked to each of us, she seemed to pick up strength and resolve as each moment passed. Her sadness would never leave her, but our presence had started to fill the hole in her heart, if only a little. She had boys to feed and take care of and the town followed her lead.

After a while, we were told that we'd be spending another night in Kooskia and the party really gained momentum. My friend and I hooked up with some local kids; two girls and three guys. We were the battle weary

"We don't have any VD or any of that other stuff in this town. If I find out that we have any after you boys leave, I'll hunt you down in Fort Lewis and take care of business as needed."

hardened vets, right, of 20 and 21 and they were locals who had never been far from Kooskia and were 17 and 18. We had seen the world, at least Washington and Oregon, and we were the stars. Why, I was even from California and they wanted to know what that magic place was like. We talked and flirted, drank and ate, and felt the excitement level rise. As the afternoon wore away, it became time for the young folk to escape the old ones and head out into the night.

We seven piled into a car, a 1960 Ford four-door with a 390 V-8 and a jacked-up rear end, and headed to "make-out point" in the hills above the town. We stopped at the store for beer and ice. We roared up the winding, hilly road, with dreams of beer, sex and rock 'n' roll. What could be more American, and the night was coming fast.

Our first job was to convince one of the young guys who was a month away from 18, not to join the Army. He was going to sign up when he turned 18 and was very set on it. As the music played from the car radio, we hit him with every horror story we could think of to dispel his romantic view of the Army. Hell, we'd never been in combat and didn't know true horror and suffering, but just being in the

When we got there we saw a door that looked like it had been carved out of some huge tree. There was a big ring knocker on it and an opening above it. The door was so large and intimidating that we actually stepped back once we reached it.

Army was the worst thing we'd ever been through. We talked, begged and pleaded with him. We gave him both barrels, in stereo, but he wouldn't budge. He'd nod his head and he understood what we were telling him, but the bottom line was that he wanted out of Kooskia. He didn't want to spend the rest of his life there. He wanted to see the world. If he didn't make the break now and join the Army, he'd be stuck in the town like his dad and he didn't want that. The Army was his ticket to freedom. It was the only way out for him. We really couldn't argue against him and we just ended up giving him some advice about what to expect.

At least the war was almost over and the odds of him getting his ass blown away were getting less every day, thanks to Nixon's secret plan to pull out of Vietnam, with honor. Whenever I heard about our pulling out of Vietnam, I always heard George Carlin in the background, "Pull out, pull out, why that doesn't sound manly to me, we oughta just stay in and keep fucking them until we get the job done right." You knew that the old cold warriors hated leaving that war, especially the ones in D.C. who weren't doing the dying. But the war was ending and I had made it through the service in one piece, it was better than nothing. And it was the kid's life anyway. There was beer to drink, music to dance to and girls to chase. We proceeded with abandon. The Sheriff had told us something earlier in the day, but that was eons ago and we couldn't remember exactly what it was anyway.

The young ladies weren't above a little kissing and much flirting, but that was all they would allow. Free love hadn't made it to Kooskia, Idaho, but we were all full of good humor and we had a good time. The girls had been watching the clock and at 9:30 we piled back into the car. They had to be home by 10:00. We drove back into town, with the

squealing of tires, the squealing of girls and the laughs and yells of young men. They dropped us off at the bar and after a long goodbye, we were left standing alone on Main Street watching the car lights fade into the distance.

We looked at each other, smiled in regret and turned toward the bar. It was ablaze with light and the joint was jumping. You could almost see the building sway and shake in the night. We opened the door and saw a room full of people. Soldiers and townsfolk plied with booze and good cheer, the jukebox blaring and many people on a small stage playing guitars and singing. One of the guys in our troop had the last name of Presley and he was from Tennessee. He claimed to be related and he probably was. He could play the guitar and he could carry a tune and old Hank Williams and the King would have been proud of him. Shit-kicking music was the order of the day. Rock 'n' roll hadn't made it to this jukebox and there was a lot of stomping and dancing going on. We were welcomed, as if we had been on some dangerous mission, given a glass of beer and we watched as we sat at the last open table.

The people in the bar had been at it for many hours. They'd been drinking, singing and dancing. Hugging, laughing and crying. The booze and the companionship had made them all friends for life. They had bonded in a way that happens in a bar when the mood is right and the spirits are flowing. They were all out to chase away the blues and death and they were kicking them in the ass. We watched and laughed and drank more beer. We were welcomed there, but we weren't a part of it. We were hours too late. We felt totally left out.

Being 20, I started to think about my favorite subject, sex. As I watched the women in the bar, I turned to my friend and said, "Have you ever been to a whorehouse?" He said, "No." I said, "Neither have I, let's go."

We finished our beers, waved goodbye and walked out the door. We looked up the hill and began the walk up to the whorehouse.

When we got there we saw a door that looked like it had been carved out of some huge tree. There was a big ring knocker on it and an opening above it. The door was so large and intimidating that we actually stepped back once we reached it. We gathered our courage and slammed the knocker. The curtain behind the opening was soon moved and we saw two pairs of female eyes looking down at us. The curtain closed and the door slowly opened. There they were, the whores.

One of the women was slender and of medium height



"I wish you didn't have to bring your work home with you, dear."

with brown hair. Her best asset was her legs and she showed them off with a short dress. The other was a pear-shaped blonde who looked like a German milkmaid who had just walked in from the barn. She was mine. I'm not sure how this was decided, but we had nothing to do with it.

We were welcomed in, given a beer and directed to a couch. The women sat across from us and asked us a few questions and generally made us feel at home. When we had loosened up a bit, business was discussed. It was a dollar a minute, with a 15 minute minimum and the ladies assured us, that it would be plenty of time. They knew their young men, but they hadn't figured in the enormous amount of beer that we had been drinking.

My friend soon left with his lady. They stopped at the beginning of the hall, she put his money in a lock box and

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rang a bell. They went to a back bedroom. My lady smiled at me, got up, and I followed her. She took my money and rang the bell. It was a signal that they used to let the others know that the money had been collected and that they were all right. We made our way to a back bedroom, she proceeded to inspect me, then washed me. It wasn't very sexy, but with only 15 minutes on the clock, which was running, foreplay was superfluous. And I wasn't trying to talk her into anything; I had bought it and it was guaranteed.

She told me to get undressed and get on the bed. I did and discreetly hid my wallet in my cowboy boots. It seemed like a smart thing to do. She went behind a screen and emerged with a large towel wrapped around her. She walked to the bed, looked at me and let the towel drop.

I won't bore you with the details, but 15 minutes proved to be too little time and I happily paid for 15 more. I sheepishly got my wallet from my boots and she grabbed her towel, put the money away and rang the bell. The mood had been broken and when she returned to the bed and lay next to me, we began to talk. Understand that I was 20 and my three favorite things in life were sex, beer and trying to find the meaning of life. Plus I have always loved to listen to people's life stories. I was steeped in the work of Ayn Rand and most of us know what that means. I had the answer to most everything and I wasn't afraid to let anyone know it. The beer made me even more eloquent, of course, and made her stories even more interesting. As much as I wanted sex, the pleasure of talking to a woman and sharing my thoughts and ideas was too much to pass up. We talked for three hours. We finally finished what we had started, but it had become a mere afterthought.

She had swept me up into her world of being a mother with two children and the struggles that she went through

to live her life. Being a whore was the best way to make the most money and it left her with plenty of time for her kids. She really was the proverbial whore with the heart of gold. I didn't fall in love with her, but I admired her greatly and would have done anything for her. She laughed and called me sweet and listened to my pontificating about life and about what needed to be done to save the world. Me, who was still wet behind the ears, drunk on beer, full of the certainties of Rand and uncertain about everything that really mattered. We made a good connection that night, my whore and I. Leaving that safe haven of that room was something I didn't want to do.

That night I learned the secret of sex for money. A whore will listen to a man and make him feel important, they'll stroke his fragile ego and make him whole, they'll give him the power to go on and take on the world. It's also the secret of a good woman, but it's easier for a whore because she gets paid up-front and the deal is temporary and not till death do us part. She gets the money and the undivided attention of a man for awhile. She will be desired. She can have someone listen to her thoughts and concerns and both people can walk away better for the exchange.

I always felt that I got the better part of the deal. I paid 30 bucks, got more than three hours of attention and I got laid. Not bad for one night. Hell, I'd had months that weren't that good.

After we got dressed, we walked back to the front of the house arm in arm. My friend and the other lady were asleep on the couch. They awoke when she called her friend's name. My friend looked at his watch, his eyes opened wide and he looked at me in disbelief. I smiled, and I didn't stop until I fell asleep that night.

We said our goodbyes at the huge front door and I walked away with a spring in my step. I was close to sober, but high on life.

My friend continued to look at me with disbelief. "How did you get more than three hours? Did you pay for it all? What were you doing? You must have done everything. Three hours, damn. What happened?," he asked.

"Mostly we talked," I said, "I just gave her another 15

"You must have done everything. Three hours, damn. What happened?," he asked. "Mostly we talked," I said, "I just gave her another 15 dollars."

dollars."

"Yeah, well I heard that, but come on — you did more than talk."

"Sure, but we mainly talked. We didn't screw for three hours," I said.

"You lucky shit, I bet you did."

I shrugged and we walked back to the motel. The town was asleep and soon enough so were we.

My friend woke up before I did and a legend was born. I had spent over three hours with a whore and had only paid

for 30 minutes. Everyone wanted to know what magic I had used. What unspeakable things had I been doing for more than three hours? The questions came from everyone and everywhere. I told them the truth, that we had spent most of the time talking. They weren't buying it. It was much more fun to let their imaginations run wild about what we had done. They wanted to focus their fantasies on the more than three hours with the whore. They didn't want to buy the truth, it would cramp their flights of fancy. I gave up trying to correct them. It was a waste of time and at 20 being known as a superstud has certain rewards that I was all too willing to accept.

We finally all got on the bus and were ready to leave. The bus was full of stories from the day and night before.

My friend woke up before I did and a legend was born. I had spent over three hours with a whore and had only paid for 30 minutes. Everyone wanted to know what magic I had used.

Mine was one, but there were many others.

I sat with my back to the window and I had my legs across the bus seat. Exhausted and hung over, but very pleased with myself. When you're 20 and a soldier, getting drunk and getting laid is about as good as it gets.

One of the black guys in our troop walked up to me and asked me what time had I gone to the whorehouse. I didn't know him well, he was from another company, but he was a friendly, likable guy. He was a round man, with a willing smile and a ready laugh. He looked serious and asked, "What time did you go to the whorehouse?"

I said, "It was after 10:00, probably 10:30."

"It couldn't have been," he said.

"You saw us come into the bar, we left after one beer and went there."

"No, I went there at 8:30 and they told me that they were closed for the night."

We stared at each other, I didn't know what to say and then I saw his eyebrows rise, he nodded his head and looked down at the ground. We both knew what had happened. The ladies had opened the curtain on the door, saw a black man and decided that they weren't going to go there. There was nothing I could say. I felt sorry for him, but he didn't want my pity. He looked at me, shook his head, muttered, "shit," and walked back to his friends.

It was 1972, in Kooskia, Idaho, and the town had treated our black troops with respect and as equals when there was drinking and singing and laughter and tears to be shared. But the ladies had drawn the line and I doubt that anyone in the town would have disagreed.

He and all of us had forgotten that he was black, but reality has a way of kicking us all in the ass when we least expect it.

A is A, and sometimes shrugging is all we can do. □

Be Friends — Or Else!

by Dave Kopel

These days, you can't even choose your own friends. At least you better not try to if you're a student in a government school.

One father I know removed his daughter from a government school kindergarten after a visiting counselor told the children that they could not have best friends — since having a best friend (or, as is typical with girls, several best friends) is unfair to everyone else. At both government and independent schools today, the campaign against “friendism” marches forth under the slogan “You Can’t Say You Can’t Play.” The new rule against choosing one’s friends comes from the title of a book by Vivian Gussin Paley.

Published in 1992 by Harvard University Press, Paley’s book is quite influential among early childhood educators, and her slogan is now the law in elementary schools all over the country.

What does the Paley rule mean? If two children are playing happily on the playground, and a third child wants to play with them, they must allow that child to join them. No exceptions. No more girls playing an all-girls’ game. No more playing by yourself if someone wants to play with you. No more excluding someone who is hostile and uncooperative. No more having special time with a special friend. No more excluding some who hits (although the teachers still enforce a rule against hitting, after the fact). No more exclusion of anyone, for any reason.

Until retiring, Paley taught kindergarten at the University of Chicago Laboratory Schools, founded by John Dewey in 1896. Winner of a genius award from the MacArthur Foundation, Paley is a prolific author of thin books about early childhood education, which have won honors from the National Classroom Teachers Association and *Child* magazine. Harvard’s Robert Coles calls her an American treasure. Although she is not an education school professor, Paley is very much a leader of the intelligentsia of modern educational theory.

Paley explains that she invented her rule after watching

numerous incidents in which some children were excluded from playing with others. Pre-Paley, most teachers would ignore issues of kids who wanted to play privately, and let the children sort things out themselves. If a particular child was consistently excluded, the teachers would address the problems involving the particular child. Paley mentions some teachers she knows in Arizona who follow this policy, and brushes it off without explaining why it is unsatisfactory. Nowhere in Paley’s book is there any evidence that she tried a more focused approach, dealing with genuine problems of unfair exclusion, before announcing her fiat “You Can’t Say You Can’t Play.” Like other education fads (e.g., eliminating phonics and replacing it with look-say AKA whole language), Paley’s new system needed no empirical verification in order to sweep the field.

Paley is remarkably incurious about why children are being excluded. She notes that there are four children in her class who are always left out, but never addresses why these children, of the two dozen in her class, are shunned by their peers. Instead, she adopts the circular theory that these four are excluded because they are sad and if they were included, they would no longer be sad. Too bad these children didn’t have a teacher who could show them the way to overcome whatever they do that bothers their classmates so much. (Or, if the classmates are just nasty bigots, it’s too bad this problem was not confronted.)

Most pre-school teachers know that sometimes an excluded child is less mature than others of his age, and a teacher can helpfully steer him towards playing with the

younger children in the class, instead of attempting to join in with children who are older than he. Or perhaps the child needs to be told that when he joins a game in the middle, he can't start re-arranging the parts that others are playing.

Like "Just Say No," the slogan "You Can't Say You Can't Play" ignores the complexity of the problem, and in the long run, makes things worse. "Just Say No" is fine for gullible fifth-graders who believe everything that adults tell them about drugs, but it doesn't work when those fifth-graders mature into high school students and start demanding better

If two children are playing happily on the playground, and a third child wants to play with them, they must allow the third child to join them. No exceptions.

explanations for the standards that adults want to enforce. Likewise, a kindergarten teacher may be able to coerce more shared playtime for a troubled five-year-old. But if the teacher doesn't address the child's behaviors which drive other children away then the child is in for much more trouble later on.

For the children who want to join the group, learning how to enter is a valuable social skill. For children having trouble, adults can provide guidance. If the child can't play because Heather already has two pretend mommies, the teacher can suggest that the child be the pretend next-door neighbor.

Other times, children need to understand that their desires can't always be accommodated. If a piece of play equipment is filled to capacity, the child needs to learn to wait, not to complain "you can't say I can't play."

A blanket rule of *You Can't Say You Can't Play* deprives children of the ability to grow by controlling their imaginative playtime. To Paley, this may not be much of a loss, for she repeatedly bemoans the children's practice of letting the child who starts an imaginative game be the owner or boss who assigns roles to the others. But that's how almost all theater works; the producer/director bears the burden of starting the play in motion, and is therefore entrusted with the reward, and the duty, of assigning parts to everyone else. More initiative leads to more responsibility and more control over the outcome. That's how theater works, as does real life. Playtime ought to be an opportunity for children to experience this.

Paley refuses to distinguish between exclusion that is meant to be hurtful (you can't play because you look funny) from exclusion that is a legitimate part of personal relationships (the two of us wanted to just play by ourselves right now; maybe all three of us can play this afternoon). There's a lot that teachers can do to show children about how to treat each other, how to join in, and how to respect other people's personal space. None of these lessons are facilitated by *You Can't Say You Can't Play*.

Paley takes her rule to its logical conclusion. One boy, Karl, persistently refuses to clean up his blocks, and Paley had kept him inside during recess. After the new rule is announced, she realizes that she is telling Karl, "You can't

play." So she lets him play during recess, regardless of whether his behavior in class was appropriate.

I wonder if this does Karl any good. In the long term, he'll do a lot better at finding playmates (e.g., friends whose parents will invite him back after a playdate; a spouse with whom he can share living quarters cooperatively) if he learns some basic responsibility for cleaning up after himself. By refusing to hold Karl to standards which every other child in class has met, Paley is telling Karl that he can get away with inconsiderate behavior.

But Paley doesn't believe in enforceable standards of behavior. In an aside, she notes how happy she is that she no longer uses the time-out chair, so she no longer bears the onus of judging punishable actions.

As everyone who has been to high school knows, petty, exclusionary cliques have too much sway over social life. At some schools, such as Columbine High School, athletes have been allowed to abuse unpopular students. Paley is certainly right that there are problems of exclusion in school, but her mantra is too simplistic to address the problem effectively. Indeed, the failure to hold young children accountable to consistent standards of appropriate behavior is one of the long-term causes of criminal violence and bullying by teenagers.

Paley tells inquisitive children her rule comes from the Bible: The stranger that sojourneth with you shall be as the homeborn among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself; for you were strangers in the land of Egypt. (Lev. 19:34) This is an important ethical rule, but the Biblical text is far from identical to Paley's fiat. The very same chapter of Leviticus that Paley quotes has a mandate for exclusion: a person who eats a peace offering on the wrong day shall be cut off from among his people. (Lev. 19:8) A few sentences after the quote

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that Paley likes, God says three times that if a person worships Molech or other false gods, the Lord will cut him off from among his people. (Lev. 20:3-6) Plainly, the Bible sees a difference between exclusion because of mere difference (a stranger) and exclusion because of wrongdoing (including, perhaps, short-term exclusion because of irresponsible behaviors such as not putting blocks away).

Whatever her logical shortcomings, Paley comes across as well-meaning. But not all of her acolytes are so kindly.

For example, in the Winter issue of *Independent School*, Dartmouth education professor Randy Testa uses Paley's theory to attack college fraternities in a mean-spirited article titled "From This End: What Life on an Ivy League Campus Tells Us about Precollegiate Education."

Testa alleges that Dartmouth recruits high school nerds, and that these nerds engage in exclusionary behavior and binge drinking, and that all this supposedly says something about Ivy League students and the high schools that produce them. The solution to all this, writes Testa, is to indoctrinate small children in "You Can't Say You Can't Play."

But Testa's linkage of heavy drinking with exclusionary elitism is ridiculous. There's quite a bit of drinking on almost every college campus in America, from the lowliest junior college all the way to Dartmouth; it has nothing to do with Ivy League elitism.

Besides, the study that Testa cites to prove the prevalence of binge drinking at Dartmouth defines binge drinking so broadly as to be meaningless: five drinks for a man, or four for a woman, over any continuous period of time. So if a man drinks a six-pack of beer while watching a double-header, or if a woman attends a Passover Seder, that's binge drinking.

Testa is extremely annoyed that the sorority across the street from his house throws loud, late-night parties, and he details a Wednesday night party which continued even after he told them to quiet down. I suspect that the sorority was established long before Testa bought the house. If you can't stand loud neighbors, don't buy a house next to an airport, a disco, or a sorority.

Testa makes allegations but never provides proof of fraternity and sorority exclusiveness. Although I don't know the Dartmouth Greek system, I do know that at Brown, where I

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was a member of Phi Psi, almost every Greek house is open to anyone who wants to join, subject only to the maximum space available in the building. At Brown, the Greek houses provide a much more open, inclusive community than do the ordinary dormitories, where many people remain as estranged from each other as do people who share the same apartment building in New York City, but who never say hello.

Testa's proposed solution to the Greek problem is to force "You Can't Say I Can't Play" on as many children as possible. Whatever the merits of teachers pestering children to take on additional playmates, it won't solve Testa's difficulty. The particular party which so infuriated Testa got loud and out of control precisely because the party was open to anyone on campus. The next time Testa pulls the Almira Gulch routine and tries to shut down a sorority party, I hope all the sisters shout back in unison, "You Can't Say I Can't Play!"

Like Testa, many of Paley's admirers believe that she has uncovered a fundamental flaw in American society. Paley's book is adorned with a jacket blurb excerpted from Derrick Bell's glowing review in *The New York Times Book Review*. Bell (one of the kings of Critical Race Theory, a popular and sometimes racist theory of anti-white grievance) explains the broader objective of Paley — showing teachers how to attack the evil of exclusion at its childhood root, and he asks for Paley's help in the next step — weeding out the pernicious practices that afflict the adults of our exclusionary society.

Of course the people who complain about exclusion don't really mean that they are against all exclusion. Bell now teaches at New York University Law School, and before that, at Harvard Law School — two ultra-elite institutions which exclude all but the very brightest applicants. Testa teaches at

Dartmouth, and got his doctorate from Harvard. Paley herself taught at one of the most elite private schools in Chicago, where tuition is over \$6,000 a year for kindergarten, and more than twice that for high school, and which has an application process in which the school admits some applicants and excludes others.

All three of these educators choose to work at highly selective institutions, whose admissions committees are constantly telling applicants "you can't play." If Paley, Bell and Testa don't want to be the direct beneficiaries of sharply exclusionary policies, Paley could teach at a public school (which is, by law, open to all comers), and Bell and Testa could leave New York University and Dartmouth respectively for community colleges that practice open admissions.

"You Can't Say You Can't Play" seems to be an operative rule only when it furthers the interests of the rulemakers. Like other slogans of the education machine, it doesn't count whenever the machine doesn't want it to. So "Just Say No" doesn't apply when the teacher wants every rambunctious boy dosed with Ritalin all day. Celebrate diversity doesn't count for people who have diverse opinions about Second Amendment rights, quotas, homosexuality, or other issues for which only one opinion is allowed.

You Can't Say You Can't Play would do John Dewey and Horace Mann proud, because it implements the fundamental principle of their educational philosophy: children are to be trained to be of service to society, rather than to be empowered to pursue their own ends. Whatever stands in the way of social service — such as belief in the family's values instead of the state's — is to be eradicated by compulsory education. The idea that individuals have the autonomous right to choose their associates is one such idea. One sees its implementation in lawsuits to force the Boy Scouts to choose scoutmasters who violate the Boy Scout Code, in campaigns against all-male schools like the Virginia Military Institute, in the Dartmouth administration's war on fraternities and sororities, and on schoolyards all over America where children are told "You Can't Say You Can't Play."

Very little in *You Can't Say You Can't Play* is overtly ideological, but the underlying premise is thoroughly socialist — not in the sense of a planned economy, but in the more fundamental, Maoist sense: individuals or small groups of individuals may not create barriers between themselves and the rest of society; existence is entirely communal. □



"Dad? Am I a white male?"

Reviews

The World According to Gore, by Debra Saunders. Encounter Books, 2000, 224 pages.

Inside Al Gore

Clark Stooksbury

The most important quality in Al Gore's life to this point has been its artifice. He was programmed from the start for a political career. His childhood home was the Fairfax Hotel in Washington, D.C., the town of his birth. *The Washington Post* reported this year that Gore's mother, wanting to give her son an "enlightened" education, hired what can only be described as a Paid Negro Companion to stay with young Al during summers in Carthage, Tennessee. His bragging about working on the family farm in his youth draws snickers today, but he did all of that stuff because his father thought it would look good on his résumé. Likewise, Gore joined the Army in 1969 with an eye toward his father's 1970 reelection campaign. In a section set aside for moronic Q&A on his website, Gore admits to being briefly disillusioned with politics after his father was defeated by the "voices of conformity and cultural destruction" (he means the people of Tennessee) in 1970. Fortunately, he got over this disillusionment at the same time his father's old House seat opened up in 1976.

The World According to Gore is a hastily thrown together character study that is up-to-date enough to include commentary on this year's presidential primaries. At times, it

seems as if Saunders has simply read a few other books, Al Gore's *Earth in the Balance*, Bob Zelnick's *Gore: A Political Life*, Greg Easterbrook's *A Moment on the Earth*, and decided to offer her own two cents worth. Her primary contribution to the study of the Vice President is to give a vaguely psychological term — "The Gore Disconnect" — to Gore's habit of shading, stretching, distorting and mangling the truth.

Saunders begins her narrative at the 1996 Democratic convention in Chicago where the Vice President gave an impassioned speech about how helplessly watching his sister die of lung cancer after more than 30 years of smoking, turned him into a tireless foe of the tobacco industry. His talk was personal and downright creepy to those of us who don't care for our confessional, exhibitionist culture. It was also a lie. Saunders is far from the first person to point out that for years after his sister died, Gore continued to seek and to accept campaign contributions from tobacco companies and to receive federal funding for the family tobacco farm in Tennessee. He even bragged about his tobacco-growing prowess while campaigning for president in North Carolina in 1988: "Throughout most of my life, I raised tobacco. I want you to know that with my own hands, all of my life, I put it in the plant beds and transferred it. I've hoed it. I've chopped it. I've shredded it, spiked it, put it in the barn and stripped it and

sold it." According to Saunders, "Gore even drawled out *tobacco* so it became *tobakka* the way growers pronounced it to show that he was one of them."

Gore's tale at the 1996 convention was not a conventional political exaggeration or mischaracterization, an attempt to cover up some past misdeed or explain an inconsistency in his record. It was, as Saunders explains it, an "outright fabrication that brazenly exploited the death of his only sister."

Gore continually reinvents his record, even while attacking opponents for doing the same. What is strange is that he lies about things that are a matter of public record. When Clinton lied about his draft record, he had no reason to suspect that a ROTC recruiter would have kept his dissembling letter for a quarter of a century. Gore lies about his voting record, apparently oblivious to the fact that such things are dutifully recorded and tracked by journalists, activists and opposing politicians.

A New and Improved Al

Gore was once pro-life on abortion. During his years in the House of Representatives, he consistently voted to deny federal funding for abortion. In 1984, Gore voted for a bill that would grant the unborn legal personhood from the moment of conception, effectively outlawing abortion. He earned an 84 percent rating from the National Right to Life Committee while in the House. Of course Democrats have a litmus test on that issue for their presidential candidates, so Gore changed. Yet Gore attacked Congressman Dick Gephardt for his own abortion flip-flop during the 1988 Democratic primaries. As James Fallows noted in the July *Atlantic Monthly*, Gore lectured the Missouri Congressman that, "the next President of the United States has to be someone the American people can believe will stay with his convictions, and if pressure comes from Gorbachev, from domestic interest groups, from

wherever the pressure come, you've gotta be willing to stand your ground and be consistent."

Yet Gore claims that he has only changed his position on funding of abortion and says that he has always supported *Roe v. Wade*.

His stance on gun control has also evolved. In the distant past, Gore won praise from the NRA while serving in Congress, as Bill Bradley pointed out

Gore lies about his voting record, apparently oblivious to the fact that such things are dutifully recorded and tracked by journalists, activists and opposing politicians.

during the primaries. There is a striking similarity, Saunders notes, between his position on guns and his position on abortion. In both cases, his change of heart, which The Gore Disconnect allows him to deny having had, was calculated to appeal to the broad liberal constituency he needed when his ambitions had outgrown his conservative constituents in Tennessee.

The environment is the political issue that causes some people to rally behind Gore and others to fear him. He has a habit of casting the issue in apocalyptic terms, as indicated by the title of his book, *Earth in the Balance*, and by his infamous call for the abolition of the internal combustion engine within 25 years. In practice, he has been much more pragmatic. He had a golden opportunity to take a principled environmental stand earlier this year when gas prices began to rise, particularly in the Midwest. He should have welcomed this development and called for a hefty rise in the gasoline tax on top of it to pry people out of their SUVs and into Yugos and light rail. Instead, he blamed the price increase on the machinations of Big Oil, ignoring the Environmental Protection Agency's role in driving the price of gasoline upward.

His cumulative rating from the League of Conservation Voters was only 64 percent. Saunders quotes one critic explaining Gore's environmental

deviations as, when he's pro-environment, he "always wants more regulations and more government programs. And when he's anti-environment, it's always in defense of a government program." That is at least partly true. One example of this is the case of sugar cane price supports. In *Earth in the Balance*, Gore denounced sugar subsidies specifically as a threat to the Florida Everglades, since without subsidies there would be no sugar cane raised in South Florida and the cane is watered by diverting water from the Everglades. Yet during the Clinton years, despite the Dynamic Duo's supposed adoration of free trade and of the environment, the sugar subsidies have stayed in place. Conveniently, this has benefited a major Democratic Party donor. Alfonso Fanjul, whose company Flo-Sun Inc. drains the Everglades thanks to government support, gave \$204,500 to the Democrats in the 1996 election cycle, Saunders reports.

Al Gore is above all a busybody and he wants a busybody government:

universal preschool, handgun licensing, some satellite sending continuous pictures of Earth to Internet geeks, etc. He has rarely wavered in his faith in higher taxes and increased federal spending. In fact, in 52 of 67 votes between 1983 and 1994, Gore supported higher taxes. (Of course, as a reliable friend of Big Tobacco however, Gore twice voted against increased cigarette taxes.)

The World According to Gore is not in any sense a political classic. It was put together hastily in a mediocre quality trade paperback format without an index. In a few months, along with the other Gore books out there, Saunders's book will be as forgotten as Jimmy Carter's *Why Not The Best*, unless Gore somehow gets lucky. If George W. Bush makes a monstrous gaffe during a debate or announces that he and Newt Gingrich are planning an October wedding in Vermont, look for for an updated version of this book perhaps in hardback with an index to be released in '01. But I wouldn't look too hard. □

Blood of the Liberals, by George Packer. Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2000, 402 pages.

The Devolution of Liberalism

Bruce Ramsey

George Packer was born a liberal. At home, he writes, Franklin Roosevelt "was an unquestioned hero, and in my private ranking, the greatest president of all, followed by Lincoln. At eleven I named our new pug puppy after him."

His father was Jewish, and his mother a populist Democrat. Having absorbed his politics along with his Cheerios, Packer yearned to know their origins. Now at age 39, he has satisfied his yearning with *Blood of the Liberals*, a well-written family history that encaps-

ulates much of 20th century liberalism.

What makes the book worth reading is the story of his maternal grandfather. George Huddleston took a law degree at 21 and set out to practice in late 19th century Alabama. Though Packer describes laissez-faire Birmingham as a Dickensian "hell," young Huddleston apparently got on quite well in it, building up a private law practice and becoming interested in politics.

He was a Jeffersonian Democrat, a reminder to libertarian readers that their ideas have an honorable ancestry

in the Democratic Party. "He disliked elites on moral, and maybe even aesthetic grounds — because he loathed 'posturing,' had an instinctive sense of justice, and believed that democracy depended on a rough equality of conditions," Packer writes. "He believed in the right and ability of ordinary people to run their own lives, and he distrusted any concentration of wealth or power..."

That included government. "It is difficult for a modern liberal to grasp," Packer has to explain, "that in the 19th century government was seen by ordinary Americans . . . as an ally of the rich and an obstacle to equality." (Difficult? I recall battles in my hometown over taxpayer-financed sports stadiums and fancy downtown parking garages.)

In 1915 Huddleston arrived in Washington, D.C., as Birmingham's new congressman. World War I had begun six months before, and a group of progressives led by Theodore

Liberalism began the 20th century as an everyman individualism and belief in progress, morphed into triumphant statism, and morphed again, ending the century as an irrational tribalism.

Roosevelt was thumping for America to get into it. Wilson held back at first, but in 1917 he led a crusade for freedom and democracy via the machine-gun. Writes Packer: "Force would create freedom. The moral restlessness of Progressivism would have its ultimate fulfillment in the trenches of France."

For a liberal, this is quite an admission — that the urge to reform one's fellows leads to organized killing. The liberalism of Kennedy and Johnson "led directly, inevitably, to the war in Vietnam," Packer writes. "Reform at home has often preceded foreign war: Populists championed the war against Spain, Progressives hailed World War I, New Dealers led the war against fas-

cism. The universalist and humanitarian rhetoric of domestic liberalism easily inflates the airships of international crusades."

Well, then. When Bob Dole made his famous jab in the 1976 debates about "Democrat wars," he was on to something.

George Huddleston was suspicious of the 20th century's first Democrat war. As a junior member of the Foreign Affairs Committee, he warned his col-

leagues that the Great War would be "a hideous nightmare." He said, "It is never justified except in a clean-cut, single-hearted defense of national honor. It is never to be waged to vindicate abstract rights or technical principles."

Huddleston reluctantly voted for a declaration of war because of German submarine attacks on American shipping. But he was so unenthusiastic that Wilson tried to get him defeated in

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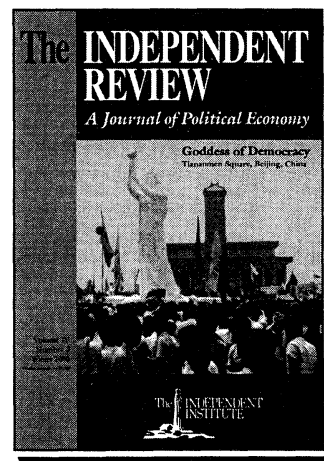
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1918. Relying on working-class voters, he kept his seat.

But liberalism was changing. "Modern liberalism did not originate in the New Deal," Packer writes:

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into World War I. . . . It would be a collectivist war, involving industry, labor, economic central planning, nationalization of the railroads, the first large-scale conscription in American history, the most draconian suppression of dissenting speech since the Alien and Sedition Acts of 1798, and a nationwide propaganda campaign waged by the new Bureau of Public Information.

Packer had regarded Wilson as a hero. After digging up the story of his grandfather, Packer writes, "Wilson became impossible to love or even like."

In the 1920s, Huddleston continued his Jeffersonian fight against the coal and railroad companies that broke strikes through injunctions and the power companies that wanted to take over the federal dam at Muscle Shoals, Alabama. In Congress, Huddleston said, "Voting 'no' is nearly always right," because nearly "every measure . . . comes here because some great selfish interest stands behind it." He denounced business favoritism as "private socialism."

In 1928 he denounced Calvin Coolidge's "imperialism" in Nicaragua.

By then Huddleston was describing his view as individualism. "The individualist holds that man has a natural moral right to govern himself, to order his own actions, to live his own life, and that no restrictions should be placed upon the individual except for the protection of the rights of other men," Huddleston said. "The collectivist is not interested in the individual and feels that he has no natural or moral rights inconsistent with the welfare of the mass."

Packer writes, "The language of radical idealism fell out of his speech." But Huddleston's speech is full of radical idealism — just a different sort of idealism than his grandson approves of.

Huddleston had battled Hoover as a subsidizer of business, and supported Franklin Roosevelt for president in 1932. In the first hundred days, he helped get the emergency New Deal legislation through Congress. But he also spoke on the House floor against abandoning gold and devaluing the dollar.

A battle began for the mantle of lib-

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eralism. The defenders of laissez-faire claimed the L-word in the name of liberty. They lost to Roosevelt, who claimed it in service of state power.

"The New Deal," Packer writes, "was the triumph of the central planners, the brain trust from Columbia, and it looked nothing like Jeffersonian democracy or the New Freedom or anything else that the Democratic Party had ever stood for."

"By the summer of 1935 my grandfather was in open revolt against Roosevelt," Packer writes. Partly it was the Tennessee Valley Authority, which was something much more sinister than public ownership of one dam at

As I closed his Blood of the Liberals, I thanked Packer for his tour of the 20th century. And I thought, the one who had it right was his grandfather.

Muscle Shoals. TVA's administrator, Arthur Morgan, had been a biographer of utopian Edward Bellamy. He was a world-saver backed by immense federal power. TVA, Huddleston said, sought to "be clothed with the authority not only to save men's bodies but to take care of their souls."

Huddleston became the point man in the House against the utility holding company bill. When reminded on the floor of the House that he used to be for public power and against the utility companies, Huddleston replied that his ideas had not changed. "It is the definition of liberalism which has been changed," he said. Huddleston also opposed the Social Security bill, which established permanent welfare, as a usurpation of states' rights. In 1936 he was targeted again by the Democratic apparatus and this time was defeated.

Packer sadly concludes that his grandfather could not accept the notion that government could "increase individual freedom by increasing central power." But Packer's father could accept it. Herb Packer began his career in government agencies. He believed in government. To him, liberty was pro-

cedural. It arose from due process, from objective and rational administration, from good government.

Herb Packer was an official at Stanford University. His big battle was with the protesters of the 1960s, who pushed their way into administrators' offices demanding an end to military recruiting and research. The protesters had no use for objectivity; to them, it was a cloak for power. They wanted a partisan university that would oppose the Vietnam War.

Herb Packer's colleagues were taken aback. "The faculty was just waking up from its long federally funded sleep to discover that it belonged to a community whose survival was now in question," the author writes. Herb Packer stood up to the New Left, and in a speech to the American Association of University Professors, he criticized his fellow administrators. "They thought they were saving the university," he said. "And by their lights, they succeeded — for a few days or a few weeks. And they taught a lesson that is easily learned — coercion pays. What do they propose to do the next time it is applied?"

The strain on Herb Packer was so great that he had a stroke, was incapacitated, and later killed himself with an overdose of pills. His son blames the unfocused and emotional attacks of protesters. "I was stuck with the political debris that their orgy had left behind," he writes.

The leftists who had challenged his father "returned to bore from within, staging a subtler takeover" of American universities. Objectivity was dethroned. What counted was power, and who had it.

Packer is uncomfortable with liberalism's newest form. "For 200 years liberal politics rode the contest of universal ideas to its greatest victories, while conservatism hunkered down amid the narrow, local claims of tradition, including ethnicity and religion," he writes. "Now the two were once more trading

places. Academic liberals under the spell of identity politics were beginning to believe that what made you right wasn't what you thought but who you were. . . . The conservatives were . . . claiming for their side the very concepts, valuable ones, that their left-wing opponents were busy discarding — merit, objectivity, universalism."

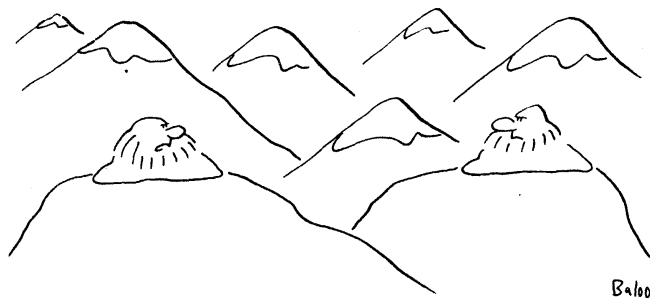
Thus ends a century of liberalism. It started with an everyman individualism and belief in progress, morphed into triumphant statism, and morphed again into irrationalist tribalism.

And what's left? Essentially, Packer's answer is: nothing. He looks about his generation and says, "We don't have a political philosophy."

All Packer can salvage from the grand tradition of his elders is an itch to improve other people. And it's a specific kind of itch. Promise Keepers, for example, may be a crusade to improve people and it may work, but it is individualistic, each person improving himself. To Packer, that doesn't count. What counts is political activism.

What he sees instead is the triumph of private life. "Where has the energy, the time, the talent of people under 45 gone?" he writes. "Into careers, family, entertainment, finances, bodies, self-improvement, self-expression — anywhere but public life. . . . The same restless, idealistic middle-class people who used to sign petitions and march on behalf of Temperance or woman suffrage or civil rights or peace now enroll in writing programs, where they work on their memoirs."

And you, too, George Packer. As I closed his book I thanked him for his tour of the 20th century. And I thought, the one who had it right was his grandfather. □



"I wasn't talking about you — that was my mantra!"

The Lexus and the Olive Tree, by Thomas L. Friedman. Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1999, 394 pages.

The Tech Shall Make You Free

Jane S. Shaw

In 1991, Richard McKenzie and Dwight Lee pinpointed the unique character of today's global economy. Their book *Quicksilver Capital: How the Rapid Movement of Wealth Has Changed the World* explained that international financial markets had made investment capital so fluid that it can move almost instantaneously from country to country. This fluidity not only forces companies to be highly competitive globally, but punishes governments that damage their environment for investing purposes. The fluidity of capital leaves governments less powerful than ever before.

Quicksilver Capital did not make a big stir and it is out of print today. However, its theme is at the core of Thomas L. Friedman's widely publicized and much praised 1999 book, *The Lexus and the Olive Tree*, a big book that develops the McKenzie-Lee idea on a scale befitting the foreign affairs columnist of *The New York Times*.

Starting that job in the mid-1990s, Friedman set out to identify the "organizing system — the superstory — through which I would look at the world, make sense of events, prioritize them, opine upon them and help readers understand them." The story he found is "globalization." By that, he means the fluidity of capital and its financial, political, social and cultural reverberations.

Friedman makes a point of spelling out why this isn't just another book about the end of the Cold War, like Francis Fukuyama's *The End of History* and Paul Kennedy's *The Rise and Fall of*

the Great Powers. Friedman is explaining the "new international system" that has succeeded the Cold War. To tell this story, the book bulges with tape-recorded interviews of deputy ministers, global hedge fund managers and multinational CEOs.

Perhaps Friedman is a bit grandiose in his aspirations (underscored by his initials embossed on the front cover of the hardback), but he has written a good book, one that helps the non-economist understand that we are all in a new world economy buffeted by impersonal market forces that are operating quickly and constantly. These forces have many important consequences, affecting an ever-growing mass of people, from the officials of "crony capitalist" governments that ruin their own currencies, to ladies' investment clubs that take a flyer on Russian bonds over the Internet.

To help us visualize the new economy, Friedman invents images like the "Electronic Herd" — the investors in the fast-moving international marketplace. The herd breaks down into "short-horns" (investors constantly scanning the world horizon for a higher return) and "long-horns" (multi-national companies seeking to invest in places where productivity will be high in the future). These herds roam on a "vast global plain" (the one where all the Iron Curtains and Berlin Walls long ago fell) — now a new Fast World that has replaced the First, Second and Third Worlds. The herds "feed and procreate" in the "Supermarkets," giant stock markets ranging from Wall Street to Sydney to Tokyo. (Sometimes Friedman's inventiveness is a bit much — he talks about

"DOSCapital," "globulation," "glocalism," and "Microchip Immune Deficiency.")

The power of the electronic herd, Friedman argues, comes from the democratization of technology, finance and information. Friedman illustrates how fast technology has changed with a story told by Treasury secretary Lawrence Summers. In 1988, while working on Michael Dukakis's presidential campaign, Summers was so impressed to find a telephone in a car used by the campaign that he called his wife to tell her about it. Nine years later, Summers was on official business in the Ivory Coast. As he was about to step into a dugout canoe after an upriver ceremony publicizing a new water well, an official handed him a cell phone and said "Washington has a question for you."

Financial markets have also become more democratized. Today, because of rapidly growing and newly invented investment tools, millions of people can have an almost instantaneous impact on financial markets around the world. In 1982, when the government of Mexico couldn't pay its debts, the president simply called in the twenty or so bankers who had lent the government money. He was in the driver's seat because the banks didn't want to lose everything they had invested, so they worked out a deal.

In 1995, however, when Mexico's government again mismanaged its

A new Fast World that has replaced the First, Second and Third Worlds.

debts, it wasn't so easy. Mexico's debt had been converted into U.S. government-backed loans, but (through an innovation credited to Treasury Secretary Nicholas Brady) these loans had been divided up into bonds that had been sold to the public. Suddenly many people had a direct interest in the fate of Mexico's finances. "Now the retirement fund of Orange County, the school janitor, not to mention you and me and my Aunt Bev, can all play," Friedman explains. While the U.S. government did bail out Mexico, the genie

was out of the bottle and, undoubtedly, the defeat of Mexico's ruling party in 2000 was one result.

The democratization of information means that "the days when governments could totally isolate their people from information about what life was like beyond their borders or even beyond their village are over." In 1997, Friedman was in South Teheran. Some Iranian friends who had televisions (obtaining programs by satellite) were selling their neighbors tickets to view *Baywatch* (the most popular American TV show in Teheran at the time). When the government banned satellite dishes, the entrepreneurs simply hid them under bushes or laundry lines.

The globalization of the world is Friedman's big story, but there is a subtheme implied by the title. Friedman uses the Japanese luxury car Lexus as the symbol of the new electronically based world (the image occurred to him after seeing a Lexus factory, where mostly robots made the cars). He contrasts the Lexus with the olive tree — a symbol of the real world that people physically live in, cherish

and fight over (an image stimulated by reading about an argument between Israelis and Palestinians). In other words, Friedman juxtaposes the international mobility of capital with the intense identification that people still

The democratization of information means that "the days when governments could totally isolate their people from information about what life was like beyond their borders or even beyond their village are over."

have for particular places and countries. Government officials face dilemmas. They may be torn between accepting the demands of the international marketplace and catering to populist, even jingoistic, desires to protect

the status quo.

This insight — the contrast between super-modern financing, manufacturing and distribution; and down-to-earth day-to-day living, with its physical places and political symbols — is quite helpful. It has given me a handle for understanding international political events chronicled in *The New York Times* and *The Wall Street Journal*. Government agents either heed the messages of the international electronic marketplace or fight against them — possibly by entering into a dangerous and costly isolationism — making the actions of political leaders more transparent. At least, as Friedman suggests, we now have a lens through which to interpret them.

When the Asian financial debacle occurred in 1997 some countries such as Thailand and South Korea were able to absorb the losses, regain their equilibrium and get back on their financial feet. Others like Malaysia were hobbled by their government. Malaysia's prime minister flailed helplessly, blaming everyone else for the decline of the currency, perpetuating disaffection

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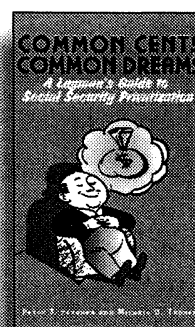
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with his economy and putting off the day when Malaysian citizens would be able to fully participate in the marketplace. Eventually, Friedman suggests, these governments will have to get out of the way and let the market work. He worries that where that participation is blocked, frustration and isolation may beget and sustain terrorism.

In later chapters, Friedman becomes more sentimental than analytical. While recognizing that attractions like Taco Bell and McDonald's represent genuine improvements, evidenced by their popularity, he laments the loss of traditional cultures that they replace. The "Americanization" and "homogenization" of formerly quaint and isolated places does justify some concern, but Friedman doesn't give a fair treatment. Listening to an Indian politician lament the loss of cultural traditions, Friedman sympathizes "maybe be-cause I was born and raised in a relatively small community in Minnesota. Globalization can be deeply disorienting." In spite of this nostalgia, I notice that he happily lives in Bethesda, Maryland, traveling the

The fact that Friedman's thesis comes across so clearly makes me wonder if something important is missing. On the other hand, his analysis is useful.

world, and doesn't want to go back to the small-town Minnesota lifestyle; nor does he explain why the picturesque rural traditions of India are more worth protecting than those of Minnesota.

Friedman also fails to distinguish between countries and their governments, thus implying that governments represent the wishes of their nations' population. And he sneers at conservative Republican congressmen who, he says, have no appreciation for international affairs.

But these are small complaints. I have only one gnawing worry. Could Friedman be oversimplifying the finan-

cial markets? I rarely have the patience to grasp international financial issues. I usually give up after reading a few pages on devaluations, capital controls, tariffs, interest rates, floating currencies, bonds and so forth. The fact that Friedman's thesis comes across so clearly makes me wonder if something

important is missing. On the other hand, his analysis is useful. Perhaps he really is what he considers himself to be: an extremely capable journalist who knows how to render vexingly complicated issues into understandable form. For now, I'm going with that assessment. □

The Cost of Living, by Arundhati Roy. Modern Library, 1999, 126 pages.

The Indian Mystery

Matthew Brown

In his 1936 essay "Shooting an Elephant" George Orwell, then a sub-divisional police officer in the British Empire in South Asia, recounted his experience trying to cope with an elephant that had rampaged through a local town and killed one of its inhabitants. By the time Orwell had caught up with the elephant its fit of rage had passed and it was in a nearby field posing what Orwell imagined was no further danger to the community. "As soon as I saw the elephant I knew with perfect certainty that I ought not to shoot him." But as an agent of the British Raj his actions, as with the actions of the government in India today, were not determined by what was right and wrong. "I glanced round at the crowd that had followed me. It was an immense crowd . . . and suddenly I realized that I should have to shoot the elephant after all. . . . To come all that way, rifle in hand, with two thousand people marching at my heels, and then to trail feebly away, having done nothing — no, that was impossible. The crowd would laugh at me. And my whole life, every white man's life in the East, was one long struggle not to be laughed at."

In her new book *The Cost of Living*, Arundhati Roy makes it clear that among India's ruling elite, this self-absorbed emphasis on appearances

over results remains the norm even after more than a half century's independence from Britain.

In her first book, the international bestseller and Booker Prize winner *The God of Small Things*, Roy recounted the injustices and hatred inspired by the Indian caste system. In *The Cost of Living*, she demonstrates that the reality of the Indian government and its accomplices can be as devastating and unjust as any fiction she could imagine.

In *The Cost of Living*, Roy tells the all-too-real story of Third World development and government corruption, going beyond simply recounting the economic statistics about failed big government schemes, to reveal the human side of India's experiment in statism. Her sarcasm and biting wit reveal the anger and frustration that many Indians feel toward a regime that seems to move imperiously from one failed scheme to another, without ever losing any of its self-importance. The price of these follies is great, but it is always the poor who pay the price, while the elites spiral ever upwards. "Who are these gods that govern us?" she asks. "Is there no limit to their powers?"

The Cost of Living consists of two essays. The longer, and more interesting to readers in the West, is "The Greater Common Good." Here Roy exposes the disastrous consequences of the Indian government's partnership

with the World Bank to construct the Sardar Sarovar Dam on the Narmada River. Originally conceived decades ago, the Sardar Sarovar Dam is intended to bring drinking water, irrigation and electricity to three Indian states. Mired in local political struggles for over a decade, the project took off in the 1980s thanks to a \$450 million loan from the World Bank. But as word of the dam's human and envi-

At the heart of India's jingoistic love affair with the bomb, as with its addiction to World Bank money, is the insecurity of the ruling coterie and its need to feel needed.

ronmental toll began to spread, the project became an international rallying point for activists of all kinds.

"In India over the last ten years the fight against the Sardar Sarovar dam has come to represent far more than the fight for one river," she writes. For environmentalists it is a fight for nature. For others it has become a fight for indigenous peoples or a fight against the modern economy. But for neo-Luddite, environmentalist and civil rights activist alike it is a struggle against the destructive relationship between the Indian government and the World Bank, between addict and dealer — the drug: international development aid.

Roy cites former Indian Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru who justified government tyranny by telling his people, "if you are to suffer, you should suffer in the interest of the country." The people of India have endured this suffering for fifty years. Like the people of countless other countries, they have been told to trust their government, to sacrifice for the greater common good. By Roy's calculations, a conservative estimate is that 33 million Indians have been forced from their homes by the government's big dam projects — 3,300 built since independence in 1947. All in the name of the greater common good.

"Over the last fifty years India has

spent Rs 87,000 crores [over two billion dollars] on the irrigation sector alone. Yet there are more drought-prone areas and more flood-prone areas today than there were in 1947." Two hundred million Indians still lack safe drinking water and another six hundred million lack proper sanitation. The government keeps investing in these failed projects because it needs to be seen to be doing something, anything, to justify its existence. Thus, results are less important than actions.

But results that would be judged a disaster by any common business standards are a triumph for government paternalism. "The Indian State is not a State that has failed. It is a state that

has succeed impressively in what it set out to do. It has been ruthlessly efficient in the way it has appropriated India's resources — its land, its water, its forests, its fish, its meat, its eggs, its air and redistributed them to a favored few (in return, no doubt, for a few favors)."

Roy might have pointed out that the World Bank has also succeeded quite well along the same lines — maximizing its own interests. When the Bank began operations almost a half-century ago, it was confronted with a rather embarrassing problem for an organization that was designed to lend money for Third World development: it couldn't find many suitable projects

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to lend money for. The solution for the Bank, as with any self-preserving bureaucracy, was to create projects that needed funding. Thus the Bank set about helping governments and government agencies (some of which it helped create) develop project ideas that the Bank could then finance. The Bank hit its stride in the 1970s under the direction of former Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara. With "the best and the brightest" at the helm, the Bank and the Third World went on an unprecedented borrowing and lending bonanza. The governments of the Third World, like India, could show off their new dams and highways as evidence of all the progress they were making for their people, and the Bank could point to ever growing loan portfolios to illustrate all it was doing for the greater common good.

Roy's moral outrage finds another target in her second essay, "The End of Imagination," where she turns her attention to the Indian government's development of nuclear weapons. Many readers will find her accounts of the moral and ethical thoughtlessness of the nuclear arms race familiar and unnecessary. Descriptions of the massive destruction to natural and man-made resources are old hat to most readers ("our cities and forests, our fields and villages will burn for days.

Roy's sarcasm and biting wit reveal the anger and frustration that many Indians feel toward a regime that seems to move imperviously from one failed scheme to another, without ever losing any of its self-anointed importance.

Rivers will turn to poison. The air will become fire. The wind will spread the flames"). To her credit Roy realizes the futility of such arguments, and that they have all been made before. But she states, "I'm prepared to grovel. To humiliate myself abjectly, because, in the circumstance, silence would be

indefensible."

At the heart of India's jingoistic love affair with the bomb, as with its addiction to World Bank money, is the insecurity of the ruling elite and their need to feel needed. Like the Wizard of Oz bellowing out commands while fearing that someone would pull back the curtain and reveal the truth, the Indian government's search for enemies, like its search for big dam projects, is a cover for its illegitimacy. "We need to feel like victims. We need to feel beleaguered. We need enemies. We have so little sense of ourselves as a nation and therefore constantly cast about for targets to define ourselves against. Prevalent political wisdom suggests that to prevent the state from crumbling, we need a national cause, and other than our currency (and, of course, poverty, illiteracy and elections), we have none." She concludes, "India's nuclear bomb is the final act of betrayal by a ruling class that has failed its people."

The government and its financiers in the World Bank are engaged in a long struggle not to reveal the foolishness of their actions. Thus they throw good money after bad to conceal failed development loans. Similarly, the government props up the image of its enemies to justify its arms race. All the while a few elite benefit while hundreds of millions of the poorest Indians remain trapped in poverty, asked to sacrifice ever more for the greater common good.

The massive resistance among Indian citizens and international groups that developed in response to the Sardar Sarovar Dam project eventually led the World Bank to end its involvement. But the Indian government has pressed on with the dam despite widespread opposition and the hundreds of thousands to be left homeless in its wake.

Orwell concluded over a half-century ago after he had killed the elephant, "the owner [of the elephant] was furious, but he was only an Indian and could do nothing. . . . I often wondered whether any of the others grasped that I had done it solely to avoid looking a fool."

Roy brings home just how much times haven't changed. □

Letters, from page 36

often used in the Bible to indicate a choice, such as in Malachi 1:2-3, where the prophet recounts the story of Jacob and Esau. God says, "And I hated Esau. . . ." God cannot hate a person; this verse clearly tells us of His choice of Jacob over Esau.

Making choices for God's work often sets families at odds with each other. A person who forsakes a religion held for generations in favor of Biblical salvation risks incurring the wrath of his family. Someone who leaves family for missionary work halfway around the world runs a similar risk, even if he has the respect for his religious beliefs from unbelieving family members.

The Christian Right may indeed hold some inconsistent beliefs (such as their calls for freedom and for government crackdowns on private, consensual sexual behavior). But, their love for Jesus is not inconsistent with their love for family and for capitalism.

Paul L. Booth
Stephens City, Va.

An Object of Pity

In my eighty years of life, 65 of them as a Christian, Bart Kosko did the most to test my tolerance for Christian bashing. Has he not read that Christ is the creator of the world? (John 1:10)

In Matthew 19:14, Jesus rebuked the disciples for not wanting little children to bother Him. He said "Forbid them not, for such is the kingdom of Heaven." This doesn't sound anti-family to me.

Talking about marriage, Jesus said, in Matthew 19:4-5, that God made man and woman, for this cause a man would leave his father and mother, and cleave unto his wife, and they would be one flesh. This doesn't sound anti-family to me.

Bart is so mixed up in his theology as to be pitied. Also, he does not understand communism. Communism is not just about redistribution of wealth, as the Clinton-Gore team advocate, it is anti-God and atheistic. If Christ were a communist as Bart states, then I guess Lenin, Stalin, and other communist leaders are more like Christ than they would like to admit. Odd,

they did not develop followers like Christ did with His "communistic ideas."

Do communists believe in the Creation story? Christ did. Do communists teach the Golden Rule? Christ did. Do communists advocate doing good, and loving our fellow man? Christ did.

The spiritual lessons in the texts Bart quotes as being communist teaching are so far off that he has no clue what Christ was really saying in these texts.

So Bart, please don't expound on subjects you have so little information on. It is also the conservative thing to do for it would have saved me from using this sheet of paper, made from timber, to write this answer to you.

Joe Scrannage
Hugo, Okla.

Christ, Community and Communism

I take exception to the way Kosko marshals evidence about first century Palestine. The society that early Christians rejected was more feudal than capitalist. Though Rome had once fostered and benefited from relatively free markets, by the time of Jesus, Rome was subsidizing her citizens' food and entertainment at the expense of the colonies, which were taxed into poverty. Wealth and political power were usually joined at the hip in those days. To voluntarily reject the possession of property and even to reject conventional blood ties was to reject what one had to do to get along in a society based on the worst form of paternalism. One did not get ahead in first century Palestine by being an entrepreneur, but rather by bowing down to a petty lord who in turn was beholden to some Roman power-broker. To at least some small extent, Jesus was probably governed by a practical realization that if you refuse to settle down and instead become an itinerant preacher/healer, you cannot be taxed.

While "all things shared in common" was practiced and encouraged among many early Christians, from the beginning voluntary poverty and abandonment of family were much honored in the breach. Not only were

lay people who kept conventional households somehow always attracted to ascetic sects, but also it was always necessary for many such people to keep their jobs in order to provide the religious community with wealth to share. Early Christianity developed two codes: one for the itinerant holy man and one for the householder who put up the itinerant for the night. The householder believed the whole teaching of the ascetic but could not join him on the road. The householder had to go to work the next day. Kosko says that "Jesus plainly said there was something wrong with being rich — it rules out going to Heaven." No matter how plain it might seem, what people mean is often not plain at all. That goes double for much of what is in the Bible. For example, when spiritually oriented people say that a rich man won't be able to enter the kingdom, they might be speaking not of an act of exclusion by man or God but of self-limiting psychological attachment. That is, one can be so attached to his possessions — trying to take them with him, so to speak — that he won't let himself enter the kingdom — whatever the kingdom is. Kosko is wrong to say that we know a historical Jesus advocated an apocalyptic kingdom of God. That is certainly the message that emerges most frequently from the New Testament as established in the year A.D. 325, but it is not the only message attributed to Jesus by earlier Christians. While some Christians must have thought that the kingdom of God would be a heavenly afterlife or a future heaven on earth, others believed it to be an immediately available spiritual state (*The Gospel of Thomas* community apparently believed this, and one of their sayings to this effect is preserved in Luke 17:21, "for behold, the kingdom of God is within you,") and still others possibly regarded the kingdom as the community of their fellow Christians.

Miles Fowler
Charlottesville, Va.

The Very Best to You, Bart!

My prayer is that Kosko will stay with his study of the Scriptures, and find someday that Jesus is Lord.

Jim Printz
Decatur, Ala.

Terra Incognita

Vincennes, Ind.

Evidence of progress in the proofreading profession in America's heartland, from an editorial in the *Vincennes Sun-Commercial*:

"Festival season continues in full swing on both sides of the Wabash River offering special opportunities for enjoyment that can only be realized thanks to the small town lifestyles we are still privileged to live in this fast-paced world.

"These festivals offer us a chance to slow down, relax and appreciate the things around us that we come to take for granted.

...

"Of course food for the body is a big part of these hometown celebrations and you'll find it in great variety in Bicknell right through the weekend including catfish, chili, pork chops and grilled children."

Russia

Russian prisons set a world standard for efficiency, from *The Wall Street Journal*:

Russian security officials acknowledged they can't locate Chechnya's parliament speaker four months after his arrest. They denied killing him.

Nelson, New Zealand

Progressive education marches on in New Zealand, as reported in the *Daily Telegraph*:

An idea launched at Tahunanui kindergarten and spreading to other kindergartens requires children to acquire "licenses" for toy guns. The licenses must be carried by the children, and can be obtained when children correctly answer questions about gun safety and present a valid reason for having the gun. While hunting possums and putting down injured, imaginary horses are valid reasons, children who want to play cops and robbers are told that New Zealand police are usually unarmed. Children are also denied a license if they want to shoot endangered species.

York County, Va.

Setback for patriotic lovers of American history, as reported by the *Pilot Online*:

Everette H. Newman III plans for Presidents Park — an 11-acre attraction featuring 18-foot-tall busts of the presidents — have been delayed. "The project they're proposing doesn't seem to fall neatly within any of the land-use categories that are listed by the zoning ordinances," County Attorney James E. Barnett said.

Rosewood, S.C.

Disturbing news of how we're losing our heritage, reported in *The [Columbia] State*:

On Monday, Sept. 11, students at Rosewood Elementary School's 75th anniversary celebration were unable to locate a time capsule buried in 1976.

Miami, Fla.

Politics can make for interesting radio, as reported in the *Miami Herald*:

When former Miami Commissioner Armando Lacasa made a comment on Radio Mambí that State Representative Renier Diaz de la Portilla (R-Westchester) perceived as an insult, Diaz de la Portilla went to the radio station to demand equal time. The ensuing fistfight left Lacasa's son Carlos, also a State Representative (R-Miami) with a bloody nose.

When talk show host Martha Flores asked a station employee to call the police, she failed to note that her microphone was open. Hundreds of people called 911 in response, crashing the emergency 911 system.

Bogota, Colombia

Innovative attempt to develop a new export market, reported by Reuters:

Carlos Arbelaez, president of Colombia's association of former state security police (DAS) agents, believes his nation's crime could serve as an inspiration to foreign mystery writers. "Colombia has had some of the most hideous crimes in the world . . . it is raw material for writers of this genre," he said. "It could become an export, it might not be as important as coffee, but it could play a very important role." The conference, originally scheduled for August has been rescheduled for October because many of the writers invited to attend have declined to come out of fear for their safety.

Warren County, Va.

The fight for better education is never-ending, as reported by the *Washington Post*:

School Board Chairman Robert D. Kellam has filed a criminal complaint of assault and battery against Vice Chairman Linda A. Poe, claiming she deliberately scalded him with hot coffee after he asked her to change seats. Kellam wanted her seat because it was the focal point of the public access cable TV cameras. Poe contends the half-hour old coffee couldn't have caused first-degree burns that Kellam claims to have received, adding "7-Eleven's coffee's never hot to start with."

Poe hasn't decided whether she'll press charges against Kellam or his wife, who pulled her hair in the ensuing confrontation. "I don't want this to get petty," she said.

Berlin, Germany

Language reform in Europe's greatest nation, as reported by Reuters:

New spelling and grammar rules designed to simplify the German language were adopted in schools in Germany, Austria, and Switzerland in 1998. Though most newspapers also adopted the rules last year, the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* has said it will revert to the old rules. Polls indicate that between 68 and 98 percent of Germans oppose the new rules.

Sighting in the Second Amendment

by Jacob G. Hornberger



We should not let the hoopla associated with the Million Mom March cause us to lose sight of the real purpose and meaning behind the Second Amendment: the ability to protect ourselves from the tyranny of our own government.

Virtually all the arguments in the gun-control debate have revolved around gun violence in American society. The proponents of registration, licensing, waiting periods, gun buy-backs, and even gun confiscation aim to rid our society of gun-related deaths.

But as their opponents have so ably pointed out, the means that the advocates of gun control are advocating are not likely to achieve their ends. People who violate laws against violence are not likely to feel constrained by gun-control laws. And people who do obey the gun-control laws are going to be less able to defend themselves against those who don't obey the laws.

Moreover, there is no

reason to believe that a war on guns will rid American society of guns any more than that a war on drugs has eradicated drugs from our society. Those who wish to purchase illegal guns will be able to do so on the black market as easily as they purchase drugs on the black market.

Thus, the ultimate consequence of gun control would be a society in which violent antisocial people are armed while peaceful, law-abiding people are disarmed. Of course, that's a prescription for disaster for those who are disarmed.

But despite its obvious importance, being able to protect oneself from murderers, rapists, robbers, burglars, and the like is not why the people of the United States enacted the Second Amendment to the Constitution in 1791. The true purpose of the amendment — one that modern-day Americans forget at their peril — was to protect us not from private thugs but rather from government ones.

Don't forget that revolutions are, by their very nature, wars against one's own government. Keep in mind that when George Washington and Thomas Jefferson revolted against England in 1776, they were British, not American, citizens. At various times throughout history, people

have taken up arms against their own government because of what they considered to be nasty and brutal acts that their own officials had committed against them.

Historically, the biggest threat to the freedom and well-being of a people has lain not with some foreign government but rather with one's own government. And as Thomas Jefferson pointed out in the Declaration of Independence, if a government "crosses the line" by engaging in overly tyrannical conduct against its own citizens, it is the right of the people to meet force with force, even to the point of violent revolution.

Resistance to tyranny and violent revolution, however, requires an essential ingredient — weapons. In the absence of weapons, there is only one course of action in the face of government brutality — obedience. A disarmed society is an obedient society, a society in which, at the extreme, people obey their own government's orders to follow the line into the gas chambers.

This point was recently reflected by what Fidel Castro said about the U.S. government's raid on the home of the Miami relatives of Elián González. He commented that his forces would not need to be armed to conduct a similar

raid in Cuba because Cuban citizens are not permitted to own guns. What he failed to say, of course, is that because of gun control, the Cuban people also lack the means to overthrow the gun-toting communist thugs who rule over them.

"But in America, our leaders are democratically elected. We are the government. There's nothing to fear here." But given the proper circumstances, a democratically elected government can be even more tyrannical than a totalitarian one. Remember: the very purpose of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights is to protect us from our own democratically elected government officials!

When citizens are well-armed, government officials must think twice before going too far down the road to tyranny against their own citizens. Thus, the right to bear arms protected by the Second Amendment is the best insurance policy that the American people could have against tyranny.

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A black and white photograph of an elderly man with white hair, wearing a dark vest over a light-colored shirt and a dark tie. He is holding a large bouquet of light-colored flowers. The background is dark and out of focus.

My city government wants to condemn
my family's business,

And bulldoze my century-old flower shop
for a private developer's mall.

I am fighting government's
abuse of my rights.

And I will win.

Case II.

*George Harris
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