

Liberty

"It is a strange desire to seek power and to lose liberty." — Francis Bacon

Scrooge McDuck:
Hero for Our Times
by Phillip Salin

Liberty and Ecology
by John Hospers

My Dinner With Gus Hall
by William P. Moulton

The Ultimate Justification of the
Private Property Ethic
by Hans-Hermann Hoppe

Kids and Money
by Karl Hess

Also: Articles and Reviews by Douglas Casey,
Stephen Cox, Sandy Shaw, L. Neil Smith, Douglas Rasmussen,
Sheldon Richman, Murray N. Rothbard, and others;
and a new Short Story by Erika Holzer.

WHY YOU PROBABLY WILL LOSE EVERYTHING IN THE COMING DEPRESSION

Of course, you *could* be the exception. Even in the Great Depression a handful of people actually made fortunes—the ones who heeded the advice of economic realists like Bernard Baruch, famed “Wizard of Wall Street.”

Baruch tried to warn the public of the coming economic disaster, but most ignored him. As a result, most of the population failed to escape the ravages of the Great Depression.

Throughout the centuries, a three-step scenario has unfolded:

First, the public is assured that some imminent cataclysmic event “could never happen here” or “could never happen today.”

Second, the masses regurgitate these assurances, and anyone who calls attention to obvious realities is simply dismissed as a “doomsayer.”

Third, the cataclysmic event comes to pass!

This scenario was clearly fol-

lowed in ancient Rome, in pre-Napoleonic France, in Russia prior to the Bolshevik Revolution, in Germany under Hitler's early rule, and in the U. S. in the 1920s.

Now, bureaucrats and establishment economists are again almost frantic in their efforts to assure us that there is no reason for concern. History tells us this is a bad sign; the third step is practically upon us!

In every age “experts” have insisted, right up to the final collapse, that “it could never happen today,” and those who claim otherwise are irresponsible “prophets of doom.”

The “prophets of doom,” of course, are usually the *true* prophets. Unfortunately, these are the ones most people rarely hear about.

Today there is a growing feeling among those prophets that James Dale Davidson is perhaps the brightest new economic mind to enter their ranks in years. Like the

late Bernard Baruch, Davidson is endowed with a prodigious talent for forecasting economic events.

Davidson's first book, *The Squeeze*, won praise from Frederick A. von Hayek, Nobel Prizewinner in Economics, as “one of the really significant contributions to its field.”

Now, Davidson has written a prophetic—and frightening—new book, *Blood in the Streets*, with his friend and colleague Sir William Rees-Mogg, former editor of *The Times* of London. Lee Euler, publisher of *Predictions*, says of *Blood in the Streets* that “a hundred years from now, Davidson and Rees-Mogg may well be remembered as the great prophets of our time.”

How has Davidson earned this awesome reputation at so young an age? It is due not only to his genius, but to his unusual approach to domestic economic analysis—

through firsthand experience on the *international scene*. His worldwide travels and contacts allow him to analyze the U.S. economy from a truly unique perspective.

And what does that perspective reveal? In *Blood in the Streets*, Davidson offers virtually irrefutable evidence that the U.S. will soon enter a depression far greater than that of the 1930s—probably by 1990 at the latest.

If Davidson is correct, then prudent, thrifty Americans who have prepared for the future in traditional ways will be completely wiped out. He warns that “many people never plan properly for the future, because they're afraid they'll discover they have built their hopes and dreams on foundations of quicksand.”

Don't make the mistake of being caught unprepared because those who “ought to know” keep insisting that “it could never happen today.”

A Second Chance to Heed the Warnings of Bernard Baruch

Those who ignored Bernard Baruch lived to regret it. Now investors of the '80s can heed James Dale Davidson, who is rapidly emerging as “the new Bernard Baruch.”

In *Blood in the Streets*, Davidson provides specific advice on how to prepare for the coming economic collapse, advice which he says will actually produce *profits* for the prudent investor. In this book he makes practical use of his talent by examining:

The World Economy at the Brink

- The declining power of the U.S. will lead to financial upheaval.
- The plunging U.S. dollar *exactly parallels* the Smoot-Hawley trade bill that preceded the Crash of '29.

Stocks

- The major reasons why the stock market is *still* due to fall up to another thousand points!
- 2 factors that could cause the stock market to experience a phenomenal, *temporary* rise before plunging again.

Gold

- Why gold is your insurance against inflation and deflation.
- The shocks to the system that will increase demand for gold.

Banks

- Leaving large amounts of money in a bank, *regardless* of its size, is like playing Russian roulette.
- Why the failure of even *one* major bank can bring the whole rotten system tumbling down.
- The banking crisis that took years to develop in the last Depression

could happen overnight this time. Credit

- It is now all but impossible for the U.S. to avoid a complete credit collapse.

Currencies

- The advantages of holding certain foreign currencies.
- Why you should keep substantial funds in Switzerland, Germany, Austria, other selected countries.

Inflation

- Inflation is no longer the main danger. Your investment adviser may be “fighting the last war.”

Real Estate

- Renting is better than owning.
- Million dollar homes for \$50,000? Why real estate prices may eventually nosedive.

Speculative Opportunities

- Why Finland will be the Hong Kong of Russia, and which are the three hottest stocks in Helsinki for long term growth.

High Technology

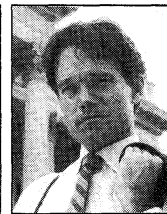
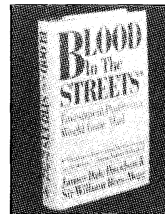
- Fiber optics will doom every copper mine in the United States.
- Genetic engineering and computer science will create super machines smarter than humans.

...and much, much more.

Do the following events seem “impossible” to you?

Then remember that *Blood in the Streets* was published nearly six months before the Crash. You can profit from its incredible insights ...it's not too late to avoid:

- Strict controls on wages, prices and profits, with jail sentences for those who do not comply.
- Restrictions on travel abroad, severe limitations on your rights to take money out of the country.
- Massive bankruptcy of corporations, and governments.
- Chaos and riots in cities and suburbs, plummeting real estate values, the remnants of the middle class fleeing to rural areas.
- Painful shortages resulting in rationing, black markets, searches, seizures, and confiscation.



If you don't believe these events will occur, or don't know how to protect yourself when they do, you need to read *Blood in the Streets*.

“There's a Rothschild principle from which the title of this book is taken: ‘The best time to buy is when blood is running in the streets.’ It is a principle that is true today. The greatest profits can always be had by buying when prices are most depressed by pessimism. ‘Blood in the streets,’ however, is more than just the name for an investment principle. It is also a prediction about the world to come...”

“The coming years will be a bad time to be ill-advised. A time fraught with snares for anyone who is unprepared. We could be on the verge of financial upheaval when blood will, indeed, ‘run in the streets.’ Many people will suffer staggering losses. Others, who take the right investment steps, at the right time, will earn handsome profits.”

—James Dale Davidson with Sir William Rees-Mogg

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Liberty (ISSN 0894-1408) is a review of libertarian and classical liberal thought, culture and politics, published bi-monthly by Liberty Publishing, 517 F Polk Street, Port Townsend, WA 98368 (Address all mail to: PO Box 1167, Port Townsend, WA 98368). Subscriptions are \$18.00 for one year, \$32.00 for two years. Foreign subscriptions are \$20.00 for one year, \$36.00 for two years. Single issues are \$4.00 each, plus \$1.00 for postage & handling.

Second-Class Postage Paid at Port Townsend, WA 98368. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Liberty, PO Box 1167, Port Townsend, WA 98368.

Manuscripts are welcome, but will be returned only if accompanied by SASE. Queries are encouraged. A Writer's Introduction is available: enclose SASE and send to the address given above.

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Contents

September 1988

Volume 2, Number 1

My Dinner With Gus

by William P. Moulton, page 15

The Ultimate Justification of the Private Property Ethic

by Hans-Hermann Hoppe, page 20

Liberty and Ecology

by John Hospers, page 23

AIDS: More Than Just a Virus

by Sandy Shaw, page 33

Taking Libertarianism Seriously

by Murray N. Rothbard, page 34

Scrooge McDuck and His Creator

by Phillip Salin, page 37

Young Money: Curse or Blessing?

by Karl Hess, page 42

The Liberty Poll: More on What It Means

by James Robbins, page 45

Looking a Gift Horse in the Mouth

by Ann Weiss, page 47

Eyewitness

a story by Erika Holzer, page 49

The One Libertarianism

by Sheldon Richman, page 53

and a response by Ethan O. Waters, page 56

Departments

Reflections

The Editors "Editorialize," page 7

Obituaries, page 12

Reviews

Stephen Cox on Roy Cohn, page 59

Douglas Rasmussen on Individual Rights, page 64

William P. Moulton on Alger Hiss, page 67

Booknotes, page 68

Buronic Episodes, page 32

Letters, page 4

Poetry by David Friedman, page 48

Classified Advertisements, page 70

Contributors, page 77

Terra Incognita, page 78

Letters

Contra Kelsey

William Kelsey's article in the July *Liberty*, "Nicaragua: The Case for Non-Intervention," advanced a number of factual errors, none more egregious than the discredited claim that the 1984 national election in Nicaragua was "fair, honest and open."

Kelsey could hardly have gotten such an impression from opposition party leaders, whom he says he visited but neither named nor quoted. The fact is that the balloting as well as the campaign process were both thoroughly rigged from the very beginning. Opponents of the Sandinistas were denied all but minimal access to the media. Their rallies were often intimidated or broken up by Sandinista "divine mobs." In many cases, the food rationing system was turned into a political tool to influence the vote.

The only Latin American leader to at-

tend Ortega's inauguration was Fidel Castro. Leaders such as Venezuela's Carlos Andres Perez (who had actually supported the Sandinistas against Somoza) refused to lend the charade the respectability of their presence. Of the undemocratic character of the election, Perez said he felt "cheated" and his Foreign Minister declared, "These were not elections in the sense that we understand them, and they lack any democratic validity. Their objective is to consolidate power. Elections without opposition and without liberty are not elections."

In a post-election editorial, the *Washington Post* stated that Ortega's "Marxist-Leninist side showed through, and the democratic opposition, faced with a measure of harassment that prevented fair campaigning, withdrew." Simultaneously, the *New York Times* declared, "Only the naive believe that Sunday's election

was democratic or legitimizing proof of the Sandinistas' popularity." Count Kelsey as among those to whom the *Times* was referring.

At another point in his article, Kelsey rightly stated that "it is not honest to justify one society's shortcomings by comparing it to a worse one" then, in no less than one paragraph later, he dismissed the Sandinistas' policy on political prisoners with a flippant white-wash, namely, that political prisoners fare worse in El Salvador.

Some libertarians seem to possess a mysterious, irrational, compelling desire to cover up for brutal governments if doing so puts them at odds with our own. Such breast-beating strategies may make them feel good, but they do nothing to advance the cause of liberty.

Lawrence W. Reed
Midland, Mich.

Kelsey Responds: Perhaps I was naive in visiting Nicaragua and believing my eyes and ears rather than relying on the editorial opinions of the *Washington Post* or the *New York Times* for my information. I did my best to take an honest look and to call the shots as I saw them, giving credit and criticism where due. The main points of my article do not stand or fall on the Nicaraguan elections, so I did not go into a detailed examination of the charges and countercharges concerning its legitimacy. I stand by my observation that the ballot access was much better than in the United States; opposition figures had adequate opportunity to express themselves in the media; and voters could vote against the Sandinistas without fear of reprisal.

My impression that the elections were essentially sound does not lead me to endorse military activity on the part of the Sandinistas or to encourage any Nicaraguan to join his country's army. Nor does it lead me to support sending military aid or subsidy to the Sandinistas. I have no quarrel with anyone who prefers to place his faith in the *Post's* or *Times's* editors unless that faith leads him to endorse military activity on the part of the Contras. I'd hope that no Libertarian would punish a government for having a sham election by killing the people who live under it. And it would be a shame to participate in the killing process only to discover that the editorial writers of the *Post* and *Times* were wrong.

I did not compare the situation in Nicaragua to that in other countries in order to dismiss Sandinista shortcomings. It

From the Publisher . . .

Robert Heinlein, Morris Tannehill and W. H. Hutt contributed in very different ways to modern libertarianism, and their recent deaths leave us poorer. L. Neil Smith, Douglas Casey and Timothy Virkkala pay tribute to them in remembrances beginning on page 11.

Do all persons possess inalienable rights? Do all persons likewise have an obligation to refrain from aggression? What are the implications of these rights and obligations?

The issue of rights and their concomitant obligations has been controversial in libertarian circles for years, so it is not surprising that the pages of *Liberty* have featured very lively discussions and disputes on the subject.

It is generally agreed that the notion of rights is imported into political theory from ethics. Prof. Hans-Hermann Hoppe challenges this view. In his startling essay, Prof. Hoppe argues that the mere fact that an individual argues presupposes that he owns himself and has a right to his own life and property. Murray Rothbard has called Hoppe's thesis "an extraordinary breakthrough." You can read Hoppe's essay, beginning on page 20, and decide for yourself. (Next month, we will publish criticisms of Hoppe's thesis by a number of leading libertarian social philosophers.)

Ethan O. Waters criticized the conventional libertarian view of rights in the May issue of *Liberty*. In a lively essay beginning on page 55, Sheldon Richman attacks Waters' criticism. Waters responds briefly on page 58.

And Douglas Rasmussen reviews Loren Lomasky's *Persons, Rights, and the Moral Community*, beginning on page 64.

Lest you think that we should change the name of this publication to *The Journal of Rights Theory*, be advised that also in this issue John Hospers criticizes libertarian views of ecology, Sandy Shaw blames the state for the AIDS epidemic, Bill Moulton reminisces about the day in 1972 when he was Communist Party boss Gus Hall's dinner guest, Phil Salin explains why Uncle Scrooge is a hero to libertarians, Murray Rothbard reports on his recent adventure in Italy, Steve Cox reflects on the peculiar career of Roy Cohn . . . plus an exciting new short story from novelist Erika Holzer.

—R. W. Bradford

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More Letters

was a comment on the phenomenon of examining every Nicaraguan wart under a microscope and using every shortcoming as an excuse to wage war against its people, while turning a blind eye to the brutality of U.S. taxpayer-subsidized regimes in Honduras, Guatemala, and El Salvador. I expect this from the CIA and other sinister forces in our society, but am troubled that there are Libertarians who would have us join the process.

Government in Chaos

Matt Kesler's analysis of Evan Mecham's disastrous governorship ("Rebel Without a Clue," *Liberty*, July 1988) is very instructive. He fails, though, to point out the benefits of an officeholder like Mecham.

Arizona's state government was tied in knots for months, with the Legislature and governor unable to perform the usual business of violating people's rights. Libertarians should encourage this kind of self-inflicted wound among statist. After all, they can't implement their rotten agendas if their attentions are diverted to trivialities like Evan Mecham's inarticulateness!

California has a similar situation where five disgruntled Democratic legislators (dubbed the "Gang of Five") have been opposing the "leadership" of Assembly Speaker Willie Brown. This is merely a power struggle, with little to do with ideology, but at least it sometimes prevents the legislators from legislating.

Libertarians should encourage this kind of behavior. It's a strategy of "divide and conquer," and it works two ways: 1) government officials look moronic. We know they are, but media barrages can easily convince the public of the truth, and 2) They yell and scream so often about their adversary's mother wearing army shoes, that they (thank God) don't get their jobs done.

I hope that Mecham comes back again in 1990 to win the Arizona governorship. Or maybe he can come to California and run here instead. Either way, liberty-loving people will win.

Ted Brown
Los Angeles, Cal.

A Christian, Not Libertarian, Witness

Thanks for publishing my account of my imprisonment ("I Go To Jail," May 1988). However, this letter is necessary to correct any misapprehension your readers might have.

continued on page 40

Et Three, ABA

Since I believe one's energies are better spent on creative work than on answering critics, especially if the meaning of the criticized work is clear, I would not be replying to Charles Richardson's letter ("Et Tu, Hank and Erika?" *Liberty*, July 1988) concerning my and Henry Mark Holzer's article ("Et Tu, ABA," *Liberty*, May 1988) if Richardson had not raised, inadvertently, an issue about which I feel strongly and which needs airing.

I can state the principle in a sentence: *Don't ask others to do your research for you.* Or put another way: It is the height of intellectual irresponsibility to take or attack positions (especially serious ethical ones) based on unfounded, non-fact-based opinions—an irresponsibility compounded by the ready availability of the facts and, this being a free country (unlike the Soviet Union), our easy access to them.

My and my husband's comparison of the Soviet Union with Nazi Germany is dismissed out of hand, its "cogency" doubted by a man who rambles on for three paragraphs about what he perceives as Gorbachev's "new" Soviet Union, a regime presumably patterned after some mythical post-Nazi "moderate" German government; to wit: a regime which would boast a "restored rule of law" and an end to "extermination," with a hopeful eye on reopening trade with free countries while admittedly holding back on war criminals, "civil rights for Jews," and "territorial conquests."

How dare he—or anyone who purports to care about inalienable individual rights, anyone who claims an ounce of compassion for the unjust suffering of others—simply obliterate from his consciousness that enduring Soviet institution, the Gulag, which continues to bring agony and death to untold numbers of human beings?

Fact: Studies using *Soviet* data reveal that the population of the Gulag went down under Khrushchev—to 3 million—rose under Brezhnev—to 9.4 million—and is even higher these days, because slave labor is needed in places where free men would not consent to go; the Soviet economy, now more than ever, depends on it (facts reported by William Buckley and compiled by Michael Makarenko, an ex-member of the Gulag population who

did 8 years for political dissent).

Fact: Rigged trials have not disappeared—and won't. Check out the one in Natan Scharansky's book, hot off the press.

Fact: Closed borders are a Soviet way of life; ever seen one, Mr. Richardson? Ever been in some border guard's sub-machine gun sights? Don't you realize that the iron curtain around Soviet-style borders is the inevitable product of their so-called legal system and that to talk about a "restored rule of law" is to talk utter nonsense? Thousands of dissidents, millions of slave laborers, would laugh you off the page if only they weren't crying so hard.

What "civil rights" are we talking about, Mr. Richardson, and why single out Jews? To Jews, Christians and atheists alike, civil rights are, *by definition*, non-existent in a rightless society. Try

*The Soviet Gulag continues
to bring agony and death to
untold numbers of human
beings . . .*

reading the New York Times' A.M. Rosenthal; ponder his knowledgeable description of "the Gorbachev regime: a one-party Communist dictatorship that

is in the process of reform but intends to remain a one-party Communist dictatorship." Read the monthly reports put out by Freedom House, a non-partisan organization that monitors human rights violations around the world. Ask their Soviet specialist Ludmilla Thorne if the Soviets have stopped "exterminating" their own citizens. While you're at it, ask her for an eyewitness account of her four trips into Afghanistan before you cavalierly dismiss the consequences of Soviet-style "territorial conquests." I only wrote about toys that blew off the limbs of children; she saw the children.

I could go on and on. The point is, why should I? It's not my job to do your homework for you. But I'll tell you this much: Your naiveté about the Soviet system, which has stayed on course for 70-odd years, is appalling. It is also not uncommon among the general population in this country. But that it should emanate from a libertarian, to whom freedom, justice and individual rights are not buzz words but meaningful concepts, I find hard to fathom.

And if my refusal to compromise fundamental principles makes me a "purist," so be it.

Erika Holzer
Mt. Kisco, N.Y.

Reflections

"Twelve men, good and true"— On June 17, a jury of twelve Arizonans took 3 hours to find former governor Evan Mecham innocent of fraud and perjury, the same charges on which the Arizona legislature had impeached Mecham. Apparently it is easier to convince a two thirds majority of politically sensitive state senators of a man's guilt than it is to convince a single member of a jury drawn from ordinary men and women. —EOW

Time heals all wounds?— "For The Record— We the undersigned, wish the following to be on record: Because Nathaniel Branden and Barbara Branden, in a series of actions, have betrayed fundamental principles of Objectivism, we condemn and repudiate these two persons irrevocably. . . ." (*The Objectivist*, September 1968)

So reads the statement signed by four former colleagues of the Brandens following their break with Ayn Rand. Among the signatories of this public notice was Alan Greenspan, the economist in Rand's inner circle who afterward served as an advisor to Presidents Nixon, Ford, and Reagan, engineered the "fix" of the Social Security system, and is currently the powerful chairman of the Federal Reserve System.

"Fascinating reading," is how Greenspan now describes Barbara Branden's *The Passion of Ayn Rand*, the distinctly non-hagiographic biography.

Apparently even the hardest Objectivist heart can soften over time. Or perhaps, like so many others, Greenspan finds criticism easier now that the Master has passed from this scene. —RWB

Their hearts aren't young and gay— In a superficial attack on libertarianism published by the Heritage Foundation, Russell Kirk denounces libertarianism because of the "unusually high proportion of professed libertarians [who] are homosexuals." This despicable act of openness and tolerance does not occur among Kirk's conservatives, whose homosexual members customarily deny their sexual orientation until they die of AIDS, as witness the sad endings of the public careers of Roy Cohn and Terry Dolan. —RWB

New Bush for old— If you're like me, you may be confused about the New George Bush. You know, the one gushed over by Cato's David Boaz in the pages of *Reason* magazine as a great free marketeer for the young libertarian generation and defended by Libertarian Republican Organizing Committee financier Colin Hunter as the "true heir" of Ronald Reagan.

Who is this New Bush? The only Bush I'm familiar with was congressman (I live in what used to be his district, though hardly anyone around here seems to know or care), UN Am-

bassador, CIA chief, GOP chair, Vice President and head of the federal government's numerous task forces to solve this and that social evil, including the Problem of Drugs. Yes, the Old Bush had an impressive resumé: the perfect establishment spokesman, a true gentleman who never turned away a call for help or declined a powerful political appointment, a man who never once evidenced any interest whatsoever in anything resembling a philosophical or principled stand or original idea.

In short, the Old Bush was the perfect stand-up guy for the Tri-Lateralists, the Council on Foreign Relations, the Power Elite, the Powers That Be, the Eastern Establishment, the Ivy League elite (he was Skull & Bones, you know) and all the others who "know what's best for us." Yes, we knew the Old George Bush, who he was and who he wasn't.

But who is this New Guy? This quasi-libertarian defender of the market and individual liberty? Has anyone ever read anything faintly libertarian by this New Bush (the Old Bush only wrote memos, I think). This New Bush has some impressive defenders, but I think we need to know more about him first-hand.

My theory is that the New Bush has actually been toiling away on free market policy studies in some obscure libertarian think tank for the past few years, secretly and powerfully demonstrating his deep commitment to individual liberty and property rights. Maybe using a false name (who are those guys at Cato, anyway?) and churning out privatization studies for *Reason*. That must be the explanation. Otherwise, we would have heard of the New Bush long before now.

Well, there you have it, a real scoop.

—MH

Behind the Irony Curtain— Heine said that "the tips of the mountains see one another." Politicians are clear-sighted too. Without the benefit of much more intelligence and learning than a mountain range has, they are able to recognize and appreciate their fellows.

President Reagan, returning "triumphantly" from his summit meeting with Gorbachev, revelled in the clear-sightedness of the two leaders, and invited everyone else to share their visionary state. "Imagine the President of the United States and the General Secretary of the Soviet Union walking together in Red Square, talking about a growing political relationship and meeting, together, average citizens, realizing how much our people have in common. It was a special moment in a week of special moments."

I can readily *imagine* the President's week—after all, it *happened*. What staggers my imagination is (1) the pretense that Reagan and Gorbachev are or have to do with "average citizens"; (2) the startling, and undoubtedly false, naïveté about finally realizing that Russians and Americans have much in common, as if normal opinion held that they originated on different planets; (3) the bizarre suggestion that an

elderly gentleman's walk through Red Square has some inherent meaning; (4) my own realization that some people may be deluded enough to think that it does have some inherent meaning.

What else but delusion can explain the ceaseless appetite of the press—admittedly the most ignorant, therefore the most frightened and credulous, element of our population—for this sort of imposture? A few years ago President Reagan characterized the Soviet system in terms that even die-hard leftists had difficulty arguing were not accurate in the most literal sense. He said it was an "evil empire." It was an empire, and it was evil. The press was terrified by this *surprising*

Reagan, reporters said, had "mellowed." Well, perhaps he had. Or perhaps he, like Gorbachev, had finally, definitively learned that the press will swallow any symbolic gesture as a real public act—even if the gesture is nothing more than the kissing of babies in Red Square.

statement of what everyone else already knew. The Tolkienian cadence of the words "evil empire" seemed (as far as the press was concerned) to raise Reagan's truism to special symbolic status. It was almost as significant, perhaps, as Bobby Kennedy's frequent declaration (cribbed from Tennyson) that "it is not too late to seek a newer world"—a phrase that in Kennedy's speeches retained no discernible meaning but seemed full of saving power to media operatives self-harried by thoughts of "apocalypse" and the "fall of American civilization."

Because the press is to a remarkable degree ignorant and terrified, it convinced itself that the political world had changed when Reagan the tourist, noting that conditions in Rus have lately changed for the better, "repented" of his "evil empire" remark. Reagan, reporters said, had "mellowed." Well, perhaps he had. Or perhaps he, like Gorbachev, had finally, definitively learned that the press will swallow any symbolic gesture as a real public act—even if the gesture is nothing more than the kissing of babies in Red Square.

Neither Reagan nor Gorbachev believed that anything was learned or accomplished by their circumambulation of Red Square, but both of them apparently believed that something could be accomplished by convincing the press that something was accomplished. They probably reflected that politics seems somehow to be influenced by what the average citizen thinks that the media think about what Reagan and Gorbachev are doing, even though Reagan, Gorbachev, and the average citizen are all in on the obvious fact that Reagan and Gorbachev are doing nothing but letting the media think they are doing something.

Reagan and Gorbachev had no need to conspire together to concoct their little drama for the press. Any fool could see, without being told, how to carry it off. But, practiced politicians that they are, the two summiteers must have achieved a sense of mutual satisfaction, a sense of camaraderie. Anthony Summers and Tom Mangold, in their book *The File on the Tsar* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, 1978, p.209), discuss two people who in the 1960s claimed—quite independently of each other—to be children of the last Russian

Emperor. One of these absurd claimants asserted himself to be the Grand Duke Alexei; the other said she was the Grand Duchess Anastasia. Each claimant had supporters among the press. One supporter, more credulous than the rest, believed both "Duke" and "Duchess" and (logically enough, given his premises) arranged for them to meet. They did so, and just as you might expect, there was "a moving recognition scene."
—SC

A time for candor— Murray Rothbard and Mike Holmes have been attacked in the letters section of this magazine and elsewhere for criticizing other libertarians. I wonder: does their crime consist merely of subjecting other libertarians to the same sort of critical analysis that we inflict on nonlibertarians? Or does the crime lie in the candor of their comments? Although I disagree with some of the criticisms offered by Messrs Rothbard and Holmes, I am delighted to see that they have lost their inhibitions about criticizing other libertarians. They are helping to achieve the day when libertarianism has matured to the point where the need to treat other libertarians with kid gloves is no longer a moral imperative. And what a grand day that shall be!
—EOW

Let the seller beware!— In 1984, *Soldier of Fortune*, a bizarre magazine dedicated to entertaining assholes who have fantasies about being professional mercenaries ran the following ad under "employment" in its classifieds:

"EX-MARINES— 67-69 'Nam Vets, Ex-DI, weapons specialist-jungle warfare, pilot, M.E., high risk assignments, U.S. or overseas. (404) 991-2861 (86)"

In October of that year, Robert Black of Bryan, Texas, wrote to the men who had placed the ad and offered to sell one of them a collection of firearms. So John Wayne (!) Hearn traveled to Texas to look at the guns. No sale transpired, but Black did let slip to Hearn that he and a friend planned to kill Black's wife. Hearn told him he didn't want to know anything about it.

A month later Hearn returned to Texas, and Black again talked to Hearn about murdering his wife. This time Hearn and Black came to terms, and proceeded to murder Mrs Black. Both were caught and convicted. Hearn was sentenced to life imprisonment and Black was sentenced to death.

That's not where the story ended. Mrs Black's surviving son and mother sued *Soldier of Fortune*, arguing that one could "infer criminal intent" from the ad's wording. Although it suggested no illegal activity and the contact made through the ad was at first entirely legal and innocuous, and even though SOF had not the slightest inkling that any illegal activity was proposed or was taking place, the jury awarded Mrs. Black's heirs (and their attorneys) \$9,400,000. "We wanted to arrive at a total that would set an example for other publications, other magazines," the jury foreman said.

The implications are so ominous that they are apparent even to the editorial writers of the Los Angeles *Times*: "If a publication is to be held liable for the criminal acts undertaken by its readers, using products or services advertised in its pages, then what about those menacing ads for steak knives? And ant poison? And gin?"

While I applaud the *Times'* editorial artists for their perspicacity, I think their fears are without foundation. The viciously punitive act of the Texas jury is acceptable only

because it is directed at a disreputable publication. The *Times* is safe.

Soldier of Fortune is a sleazy periodical that appeals primarily to the moronic and the morally vile. This in no way implies that it should be denied the same freedoms as other, more respectable periodicals. Maybe one day, Americans will feel secure enough in their beliefs not to feel the need to strike out irrationally at those who do not share them. But for now, apparently, many Americans are willing to lash out without rationality or common sense at anyone who offends their sensibilities.

—EOW

Iran and Korea: The Ominous Parallels—

On the morning of July 3, a United States Navy warship in the Persian Gulf shot down an Iranian civilian jet airliner, Iran Air Flight 655, murdering 290 innocent people, including the crew and 66 children. The jet was on a regularly scheduled half-hour commuter flight from Iran to Dubai.

There is an uncanny resemblance between this "barbaric massacre of innocent passengers," as the Iranian Foreign Minister properly called it, and the Soviet shootdown of Korean Airline civilian jet 007 over Soviet airspace on September 1, 1983. In both cases, the defense of the shooters is that the plane failed to respond to warning messages sent by the Soviet/U.S. military installation. The number of civilians murdered was similar, 290 as against 269 in the earlier shooting.

But let us pay attention to the fantastic difference in response, in attitude, of the U.S. press in general, and of conservatives-libertarians in particular over the two incidents. In the current U.S. shootdown, the American government grudgingly "regretted the accident" but scarcely apologized for its barbaric act. In the Soviet shootdown, the U.S. government, press, and the conservative movement rushed immediately to judgment, brushing aside questions of warning signals not being heard as irrelevant, denouncing Soviet excuses, squelching any indications that the Korean jet was spying on the Soviets, and condemning the shootdown of a civilian jet as an action that could only emanate from a rotten and despicable social system. A Randian group took the trouble to buy full-page ads throughout the country trumpeting its conclusion that the shootdown demonstrated the ineradicably evil nature of the Communist system, and claiming that the Soviet government should be treated the way local police treat murderers. My own column on the subject for *Reason* pointing out that the Soviets were within their rights

in international law defending their airspace, was angrily rejected by Bob Poole, leading to my immediate departure from *Reason's* ranks.

OK Randians, Pooleans, rightist libertarians, and conservatives: I'm waiting. I'm waiting for you to denounce the United States as an "evil empire," and its murdering destruction of a civilian airliner as demonstrating the horrible nature of U.S. imperialism. I'm waiting, fellas.

Instead, of course, the U.S. press and government have been sympathizing, *not* with the innocent Iranian victims and their relatives, but with the anguish of the poor commander of the U.S. warship, pointing out that he could have shot down the airliner earlier than he did. Well, bully for him! The government and press have also contended that the KAL and Iran Air shootdowns are not analogous because the Iran jetliner flew into a "combat situation" between the U.S. war-

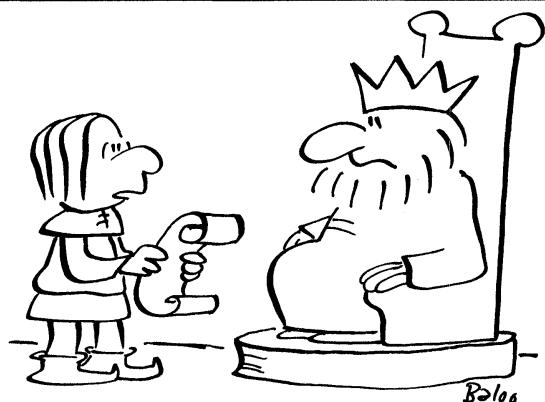
The real difference between the two incidents is that the KAL ship invaded Soviet territory in a sensitive area near crucial military installations; whereas U.S. warships are in an area close to Iran and other countries where they have no business.

ship and two Iranian gunboats. So what? This was a regularly scheduled airliner. The crucial and overlooked point is: what the hell are U.S. warships *doing* in the Persian Gulf anyway? The *real* difference between the two incidents is that the KAL ship invaded Soviet territory in a sensitive area near crucial military installations; whereas U.S. warships are in an area close to Iran and other countries where they have *no business*! When the Reagan Administration steamed into the Persian Gulf, its excuse was that it was simply "keeping the peace," and that no escalation of violence could occur. How many more brutal and violent incidents are needed before the American people rise up and demand: "U.S. Out of the Gulf!"?

—MNR

"I survived the drought of '88."— Many libertarians may think that Congress has at last found a task that it is capable of bringing to completion: seeing to it that "no one will profit from the current drought" now bringing ruin upon farmers (and others) throughout the South, Midwest and East of this country. Surely Congress can do only one thing well, and that is *destroy profits*.

The expectation that government intervention will only make a bad situation worse is sensible, but the idea that Congress will actually succeed in preventing entrepreneurs from making a profit from the drought is wrong. Governments have only a limited ability to accomplish the tasks set for them. They are not omnipotent; they are not even close. Just as they cannot make their own monopoly enterprises run well, so their attempts to regulate the profits of farmers and others will fail. Even *as destroyers* they have limited power. No matter how hard Congress tries to prevent profitable investment during the drought, profits will still be made, and for this we should be thankful. (I am assuming readers of *Lib-*



"The good news is that the famine is over — the bad news is that the garbage collectors have gone on strike."

erty do not need a lecture on the advantages of unregulated markets or a listing of the many reasons why profits are not only not evil, but necessary.)

Congress is sure to concentrate most of its efforts to achieve the "noble" goal by modifying already existing farm programs or by dumping the huge stockpiles of foodstuffs onto the market. But, if members of Congress really want to stop profit taking, they must not stop there. We can expect something like a "Windfall Profits Tax" to be applied. Perhaps they will name it the "Rainfall Profit Tax."

What we should wonder, though, is how far Congress is willing to press for Zero Tolerance for those who profit while others lose? Will the Rainfall Profit Tax be applied to people who profit from selling T-Shirts emblazoned with the words "I Survived the 1988 Drought," "Government Bail-Outs Only Run the Economy Further Into the Ground" or "Congress Is All Wet"?

However far Congress is willing to go, we can expect only two things: that it will not succeed at what it is trying to accomplish, and that this failure will not compensate for the harm it does manage to inflict on the American economy. —TWV

Carl "Make My Day" Rowan— In 1981, when Nancy Reagan mentioned to the press that she sometimes sleeps with a .25 caliber pistol close at hand, syndicated columnist Carl Rowan wrote, "We must reverse this psychology. We can do it by passing a law that says *anyone* found in possession of a handgun except a legitimate officer of the law goes to jail—period" [Emphasis in original]. Two years later he quoted with approval Jimmy Breslin's statement that, when it comes to gun confiscation, no excuse should avail: "I don't care if you live in a tough neighborhood. I don't care if you're a little old lady who has to walk out at night to get groceries. I've heard all the excuses." Once more Rowan saw mandatory imprisonment as the only solution to the "prob-

Rowan misses the entire point. His excuses for possessing the gun and for his specific use of it are valid, at least in general terms. But, Mr Rowan, these are the same reasons given by millions of ordinary people who keep guns for protection. Many of these humble citizens live in far less safe neighborhoods than you, and have to face greater perils than strangers taking a wee-hour dip in the pool.

lem" of gun ownership.

In 1986 Rowan opined in his column "The gun lobby continues to work the White House and Congress to the point of guaranteeing that almost any nut in any neighborhood can turn his house into an arsenal." One year later, following Bernhard Goetz's acquittal on all but one minor charge, Rowan stated "New York's 'subway vigilante' is getting away with a vicious shooting spree because those he shot [were] characterized by his defense attorney as a 'wolf pack' and 'savages.' God spare us all a . . . spell of lawlessness in which self-styled

vigilantes may decide what you and I deserve." These snippets are just samples. A researcher employed by the National Rifle Association has found 15 columns written by Rowan that advocate banning private ownership of handguns.

By now the reader knows the *denouement* of all this. At about 2 a.m. on June 14, Rowan was awakened by the noise of teenagers frolicking in his pool. He called the police and, as he heard them arrive, he opened the sliding glass door to his yard and was planning to open an exterior gate to let the cops in the yard. One of the youths approached him in a fashion Rowan considered to be menacing. Rowan told him to freeze. The young man continued to advance. Rowan told him again. Then Rowan shot at him, wounding him in the wrist. The teenager and his companions fled but were picked up by police in short order. At least, that is more or less what happened. The kids give a slightly different version. They will have their day in court, and we need not concern ourselves with all the details here.

The real issues here are hypocrisy, and arrogance, and the dismissal of the concerns of ordinary people. Unfortunately, such observations have tended to become lost in much of the public commentary of the past few weeks. What does Rowan himself say? For the most part, he has aimed his remarks at fellow leftists and anti-gun advocates. He seems less concerned with criticisms from pro-gun groups and the political right. His statements concerning the affair include: "I am appalled that so many [of my critics] ignored the . . . fact that my home was violated, my family was threatened by strangers who came in darkness. Who dares to ignore the fact that I . . . was awakened at 1:55 a.m. by someone testing my bedroom window?" Further: "A lot of what is theoretical, ideological is being written by people who have not been threatened [at] 2 a.m. and have not been confronted by a doped-up intruder just outside their door." Plus: "As long as the authorities leave this society awash in drugs and guns I will protect my family." And more of the same.

When asked if he saw any comparison between his case and that of Bernhard Goetz, Rowan replied that the notion is "so stupid I won't even talk about it." Now, Carl Rowan is black and the intruders are white. The columnist insists that race had nothing to do with the incident. I have no doubt that this is true. But it is also certainly true that race was not a relevant factor in the Goetz case, and Rowan was never willing to give Goetz even the tiniest morsel of the sympathy he now demands for himself.

Rowan misses the entire point. His excuses for possessing the gun and for his specific use of it are valid, at least in general terms. But, Mr Rowan, these are the same reasons given by millions of ordinary people who keep guns for protection. Many of these humble citizens live in far less safe neighborhoods than you, and have to face greater perils than strangers taking a wee-hour dip in the pool. None of those faceless gun-owners has a syndicated column in which to present his case. If involved in an incident similar to yours, he is not going to have prominent people rallying to his defense. In your writings, you have always dismissed the claims of these millions with brutal contempt. You have claimed that their concern for safety was really paranoia and racism in disguise. Instead of complaining that you're being misunderstood, and that you would be treated more leniently by the media if you were white—both dubious propositions—how about engaging in a little common-sense reflection. Just maybe, you might



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have to concede that second-amendment advocates have a point when they talk about the right of citizens to protect themselves. —WPM

If this be killjoyism, let us make the most of it!— Murray Rothbard has discovered yet another new libertarian heresy, “killjoyism” (Reflections, July, 1988). He accuses reader Michael Townshend of trying to take from Rothbard his “last form of enjoyment” by deriding Rothbard’s glee in the destruction of the South Vietnamese puppet state in 1974.

I believe that I oppose puritanism as much as the next fellow, but I think that Rothbard misses the point. The collapse of the Saigon government did not occur in a vacuum; nor was it replaced with anything akin to an anarchocapitalist utopia.

The government of South Vietnam was destroyed by another state, a state arguably worse (that is, more destructive to human liberty) than the government it replaced. The replacement of one tyranny by another was not accidental; the new tyranny was inherent to the removal of the old. Indeed,

during the entire Vietnamese Civil War, the entire country was under the despotism of one or the other state—often under the despotism of both at the same time. The destruction of the South Vietnamese government only marked the victory of one state over another.

It is a great danger to our movement—and to our souls—to become so fixated on the defeat of our enemies that we forget why we advocate liberty and oppose statism in the first place. We advocate liberty because liberty is good for people; we oppose statism because it hurts people. The destruction of the South Vietnamese state resulted in the deaths of many innocent people. Individual human beings. *Persons*. The simultaneous imposition of an even worse state hurt far more innocent people. To gloat over the destruction of one particular state and lose sight of the context is to forget the reasons why we oppose statism in the first place.

It is the destruction of governmental power over which libertarians rejoice, not the removal from office of a few scoundrels by blackguards even more foul. So I won’t dance in the streets with Rothbard—at least not for news of this sort. —RWB

Rest in Peace . . .

Robert A. Heinlein: Science Fiction Pioneer (1916–1988)

“. . . these actions are deemed to be in accordance with the tradition of the Patrol.”—Robert A. Heinlein, *Space Cadet*

On May 9, 1988, Neil Schulman and Vic Koman phoned with bad news: Robert Heinlein had died. Robert Heinlein and his remarkable partner Virginia were continuously in my thoughts, but his death, not unexpected given his age and state of health, couldn’t have hit harder if it had been my own father’s. I may never be able altogether to absorb the fact that Heinlein is gone. I’ll be grateful the rest of my life that I managed before he died to convey to him a little of what his work means to me. I regret that I never had a chance to tell him in person, as I’d always thought I would.

I don’t suppose a day’s gone by in thirty years that I haven’t thought about him. I was a lonely kid, undersized and overbright, living on an air base overseas, who read anything that fell under his eyes, when I found *Red Planet* and *Tunnel In The Sky*. The author’s name was unfamiliar. As would be the case much later with a certain Russian lady’s name, I didn’t even know how to pronounce it.

Tunnel In The Sky was about kids not much older than I, slung across the galaxy as a graduation exercise, to survive or die in a world not even described to them beforehand. The hero’s big sister, a tough Marine, gives him her favorite fighting knife, a gift both practical and sentimental. (In time I’d learn that Heinlein didn’t see much difference between the two.) In *Red Planet*, even younger kids revolt on colonial Mars when their headmaster seizes the personal weapons it had always been their right to carry.

This was powerful stuff which bent my head severely. I

looked for more books by this guy Heinlein. What they were about, besides science and space, was individual human competence, and the suicidal insanity of weighting it with political chains. Without knowing it, Heinlein became advisor, confidant, often the only friend of my childhood. The lessons I learned from him were endless, as they were bound to be, coming from a man of his pragmatic wisdom. Above all, he taught me to accept his wisdom without becoming a follower, to become, to remain, an individual. He set standards against which I came to measure all of my adult conduct and achievements.

It’s hard now to recapitulate the second chance he gave my generation, condemned as we were to suffer the dubious benefits of public education in the most collective milieu of American history. Most of what Heinlein taught me I’ve long ago absorbed as self-evident, but it wasn’t when I learned it. It was often painful and confusing, but it was sorely needed because American methods of rearing the young fail to produce organisms fit for—or worthy of—survival.

Centuries hence, when the dangerous age we’re living through is written of, what historians will say about these Crazy Years will resemble what Heinlein wrote about them four decades ago, before they began. The bright spot in this otherwise disastrous era may turn out to be the Libertarian movement—although it must still prove itself—over which the shadows of two great minds cast themselves, those of Ayn Rand and Robert Heinlein. What’s astonishing isn’t that Rand and Heinlein differed from one another, but that, coming from such different directions, they agreed so often. Neither of these giants was very happy being called Libertarian, yet the monument Rand left us can’t be effaced, no matter how many pests pay it pigeon-respects. She gave the move-

ment a philosophic discipline to serve as its brain and backbone. What Heinlein gave was heart and guts.

Both gifts were needed. Maybe the idea of Libertarianism, the unique concept of the non-aggression principle, should have been enough. But with origins in this culture at this particular time, it was bound to succumb, soon or late, to cancerous factionalism among its proponents or to a paralysis of liberaloid self-doubt. We've had occasion to observe that brain and backbone by themselves create a strain of humorless puppets, wrenching ineffectually at their own strings. Heart and guts, undisciplined, result in the directionless unethical flailing we're used to lamenting among conservatives. Combined, the unique idea, aided by suitable amounts of brain, heart, guts, and backbone, may give us a surfer's ten-toe hold on an unstoppable wave of the future.

Rand told us what freedom is. Heinlein showed us how to use it, that it's the duty of anyone who wishes to be a whole human being to re-make the world the way he wants it, that the struggle never ends while one good man or woman is left alive. But none of this scratches the surface of a lifetime's education. Because Heinlein lived individual liberty will survive long enough to spread to the stars, where it will endure forever. That is his lasting legacy. —L. Neil Smith

Morris Tannehill: Anarchist Visionary (1926-1988)

Morris Tannehill died at Veterans Administration Hospital in Ann Arbor, Michigan, on May 21. His death resulted from chronic liver and kidney disease, which led to failure of both systems. It was complicated by episodes of gastro-intestinal bleeding. That's the information Bill Bradford passed to me when he asked me to write an obituary.

Maybe it's odd that I'm the one writing Morris Tannehill's obituary, since I never met the man.

It's true that I had several telephone conversations with him, and corresponded with him a bit. My recollections of both letters and conversations are hazy. That's unimportant, though, because, whatever else he had to say, he said enough in the book he wrote 20 years ago to have as big an effect on me as anything else I've read, before or since.

My relationship with Tannehill started in a somewhat "Back to the Future" kind of way, with things that should have happened first actually happening last. In 1970, when I was just emerging from the cocoon of Objectivism, I asked Jarrett Wollstein, who ran the Washington, DC chapter of the Society for Individual Liberty, for a good book to take along on a three month treasure hunting expedition I was just leaving for. He sold me a copy of *The Market for Liberty*. For all I know, Wollstein may have seen me as a mark on whom to unload some spare inventory in the little bookstore he was running, but I owe him an intellectual debt for selecting Tannehill's book from a bunch of others that didn't really mean much to me. The volume was one of only about 1000 copies printed, so it was a longshot that I ever should have heard of Tannehill, much less be writing this piece eulogizing him, two decades later.

I read the volume on the boat, and it changed—but a much better word is augmented, or, better yet, crystallized—my personal, political, and economic philosophy. I was compelled, by the force of its logic, to become an anarchist. That's

a big step for an otherwise normal kid from a middle-class background to make; they put people in jail for being an anarchist. Even if you're a communist it doesn't hit their hot buttons nearly as hard, because communists at least believe in the State. And without the State, we'd have . . . Anarchy! And, after all, both Gorbachev and Jesse Jackson are communists, and darlings of the media either in spite of it or because of it. But anarchists all dress in black, skulking about with those little round bombs.

Randites think (or are programmed to believe) that it's a big deal to become a true believer after reading *Atlas Shrugged*. Christians think (surely that's not the right word) that finding Jesus in the Bible makes them part of a born-again elect. But I can tell them that becoming an anarchist is tougher, and far lonelier. You'll get more respect at your next Rotary Club meeting if you tell them you're a devil worshipper.

It makes me a little self-conscious to admit that Tannehill's book changed the way I think, especially since that had already occurred at least twice before—when I read Goldwater's *Conscience of a Conservative*, and, more importantly, Rand's *The Virtue of Selfishness*. But maybe it's not really possible to change anyone's mind, or convince anyone, on philosophical subjects. Everyone either already falls on one side of the barricades or the other, and clubbing people over the head with all the intellectual arguments in the world won't change someone's worldview. That's how I know that reading the Bible won't turn me into a Holy Roller, or a snake handler, or even an upstanding citizen who goes to church on Sunday. Anyway, since becoming an anarchist I've started worshipping at the altar of the goddess Eris, and there's no turning back once you've reached that point. But that's another story.

I lost my copy of Tannehill's book when the treasure hunting boat was accidentally sunk off the coast of Florida. But although that source of (what were to me) cosmic breakthrough ideas slept with the fishes, the ideas themselves stayed in my mind, and served as ammunition for countless arguments with those who didn't share them.

The Market for Liberty is basically an explanation of how the world would work if there were no government. Who would build the roads? Run the schools? Provide for the common defense? Police, courts, and prisons? It evaporates all the usual bugaboos brought forth by the sort of people who say "Yes, that's true, but Mussolini got the trains to run on time." I liked its case for anarchy much more than the Randite case for some sort of limited government; it had a lot more shock value, and I wasn't as likely to be mistaken for a Republican. Incidentally, I rarely argue this stuff with people any more, certainly never in hope of convincing them of anything. When I argue, it's to amuse myself, not to try to change the world. We all wind up like Tannehill eventually, and when we do, the world ceases to exist. I find it hard enough to care what liberals, conservatives, Democrats, Republicans, communists, socialists, fascists, and what-have-you think now; it's hard to see how I could care less after checking out.

In any event, I missed my copy of Tannehill's book, and kept an eye out for another over the next ten years. But, even though I knew it was long out of print, when each of my three books was published, I included *The Market for Liberty* in the bibliography, with a strong acknowledgement and recommendation, saying it was one of the two most important books I'd ever read. I also listed *Laissez Faire Books* in New York as

a source for obscure volumes of that nature, and, as a result, the bookstore got hundreds of requests for the Tannehill book.

Now here's the "Back to the Future" part. Howie and Andrea Rich, who run *Laissez Faire*, couldn't help but notice a demand for the book, and (something that's perversely unusual in libertarians) not only decided to profit from it but succeeded in performing all the mechanics necessary to actually do so. They got hold of the rights to *Market*, and republished it. Because I was the volume's major promoter they asked me to write a foreword to the new edition, which I did. It's rare that anyone can go back, and introduce a book that had a seminal effect on his own thinking. The wheel of Karma was fully rounded when I proposed, and Karl Hess accepted, an invitation to write the book's introduction. Karl had some influence on Goldwater back when you could use the word "conscience" in the same sentence as "conservative" without creating an oxymoron. My philosophic *Pilgrim's Progress* had followed a path similar to his, so it was fitting he come to the party too.

As for Morris Tannehill himself, I gather he was what is known as a strange dude. Sex, drugs, goofy cults, and flaky schemes to gain wealth and fame seem to be part of the story, but a part that someone else will have to regale you with. For me, what Tannehill was like personally is irrelevant. The ideas he put across in *Market* stand on their own merit. And the fact that he wrote them down in that book will always accrue to his credit, as far as I'm concerned. —Douglas Casey

W. H. Hutt: The Last Classical Economist (1899–1988)

It used to be a rule of thumb that economists defended free trade, free markets, and the political institutions of a free society. Individual liberty was *orthodox*. But this state of affairs changed in the twentieth century.

The change can be explained in many ways. You can apply a sort of "public choice" analysis to the problem, noting the growth of the state, and wonder if perhaps economists didn't come to see some opportunities in supporting that growth. Or you can take a less cynical attitude and simply explain the change as a necessary emendation of ideas that were seen as inadequate in light of new conditions and developments in theory.

However you explain it, it is hard to resist the temptation to speak in terms of heroes and villains. In the role of villain, John Maynard Keynes seems to be the name most often selected by advocates of free markets. After all, it was he who enticed several generations of economists down the dead-end alley of thinking in terms of "macroeconomic aggregates," and he who argued that the best cure for the woes of "boom and bust" was government intervention. It should therefore follow that we treat as heroes those who dared oppose the Keynesian orthodoxy by defending and developing the "older orthodoxy" that it replaced.

William Harold Hutt was one of those heroes. He was, in fact, one of the most courageous and persistent of them, repeatedly writing against the arguments and influence of Keynes's *General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money*. He wrote numerous essays and several major works challenging Keynesian error; the most memorable are *The*

Theory of Idle Resources (1939), *A Rehabilitation of Say's Law* (1974), and *The Keynesian Episode: A Reassessment* (1979).

His services in defense of capitalism were not limited to tearing down the edifice of Keynesianism, however. He made important contributions to revising the history of the "horrors of early capitalism" in his fascinating essay "The Factory System of the Early Nineteenth Century" (in F. A. Hayek, ed., *Capitalism and the Historians*, 1954). He also dared to take on the theory and practice of the legal cartelization of labor in *The Theory of Collective Bargaining* (1930). And most importantly, he turned his classical liberal analysis to the system of *apartheid* in his native country of South Africa (in *The Economics of the Colour Bar*, 1964), thus preparing the way for the many works of Thomas Sowell on the economics of racial issue; and to Leon Louw's and Frances Kendall's hopeful work on resolving the conflicts of that torn country (see *After Apartheid: The Solution for South Africa*, by Louw and Kendall).

Hutt claimed little originality in these works. He saw his task as merely restating, clarifying and defending the orthodoxy that he had learned from his teachers at the London School of Economics after the first World War. He thought of himself as a "classical" economist, a rubric he accepted largely because it was against "classical economic theory" that Keynes argued. The term is more than a little inaccurate, since it was coined by Karl Marx to describe the writers leading up to David Ricardo, who established the first "orthodoxy." Keynes had broadened its meaning to include not only Ricardo's immediate followers, such as James and John Stuart Mill and Cairnes, but also the post-marginalist orthodoxy of Marshall, Pigou and others. Whereas most Austrian economists would make a good deal of hay about the differences among these economists, Hutt emphasized their similarities, and worked to promote a synthesis of their ideas. He was no Austrian, but the realistic perspective of his thinking— Influenced also by such French Liberal School writers as Say and Bastiat—was very close to the Austrians'. It was blissfully free of model-building and mathematics and distant from neo-classical (and, of course, neo-Keynesian) formalism.

But his dedication to freedom and to the welfare of common people was most evident, though he was too orthodox to be a consistent libertarian. He fought against the dominant notions of our century because he believed them to be not only wrong, but dangerous. Though he did some important work that has little to do with ideological conflict (his essay expanding Misesian monetary theory, "The Yield from Money Held," comes quickly to mind), it is appropriate that we honor him chiefly for his battles in defense of freedom.

In his first book, *Economists and the Public* (1936), Hutt had discussed the problems of influences on opinion. He would have occasion to reconsider this subject many times throughout his life. Most distressing to him was how little influence on public opinion his writings had. But his influence within the ranks of free market advocates was immense. We hope that through our actions, Hutt's valiant efforts will at last bear public results, results that will be commonly recognized as just and beneficent.

William H. Hutt died on June 19, 1988.

—Timothy Virkkala

Memoir

My Dinner With Gus

by William P. Moulton

What would *you* do if you had the head of the Communist Party in your reach? Condemn, listen, preach? Well, if you were Bill Moulton, you would pull up a chair, order two cheesburgers, and have dinner with him.

On a balmy evening in June, 1972, I sat down to a dinner with a half-dozen fellow citizens in the dining room of a motel. Opposite me sat the host of our little soiree—a tall, blond Swedish-American in his early sixties, with a bland, friendly face and rather shy mannerisms. He might have been a claims adjuster, a real estate salesman or a small-town Lutheran minister. He was in fact Gus Hall, the long-time General Secretary of the Communist Party of the United States.

As I listened to his account of a recent visit to Democratic (i.e., North) Vietnam, my attention began to wander. It meandered first to the two cheeseburgers which constituted my repast (whatever my other faults, I am no gourmet), then to the essential strangeness of the whole setting. Here I was, a scion of the small town, Republican, vaguely McCarthyite upper Midwest, breaking bread with the supreme mandarin of the Godless Communist Conspiracy in this land.

Yet, as I listened to the anecdotes pour forth from this man who, whatever else one might say of him, had led an interesting life, I was reminded that I was being entertained not by a symbol or an archetype but by a human being with his own personality and attributes, by no means all of which were negative. This obvious contrast between the dual identities of Mr. Hall, the world-travelled gentleman, and Comrade Gus, the old Stalinist *apparatchik*, filled the tableau with contradiction.

What brought the innocent and unblemished youth from Traverse City to sup with the Smith Act felon from Iron,

Minnesota? How had this, er, dialectic come about?

The Education of a Right Wing Intellectual

I was not reared in a particularly political family, I learned about things such as Communism and the Bomb by the usual process of osmosis. I am referring not so much to communism as a political or historical reality—though I learned about that as well—as to communism as a mythos. Early in the fifties, I knew that Uncle Sam was fighting the commies in Korea, a place which, I imagined, must lie somewhere on the other side of the hills near Silver Lake Road, that being the *ultima Thule* of my geographical imagination. There was a brief rash of anti-communist films, of varying quality; the only one I can remember seeing was *Big Jim McLain*, a poorly scripted flick featuring James Arness and John Wayne investigating Communism in Hawaii for the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

Communists, I deduced, were not nice. In fact, they were Bad. After a while, an ideological element began to round out the image. Father Kohler explained to us that communism was, in addition to its other odious qualities, Godless. In 1988, as I look back from the

vantage of older age and greater knowledge, Godlessness doesn't seem to be that big a deal, especially since it is an epithet that could justly be applied to me. But three decades ago, as I sat in a classroom at St. Francis Elementary School, surrounded by nuns, priests and altar boys, such a thought was truly horrific. Communists were the godless enemies of my church, my country, and civilization itself. In addition, some of these enemies were invisible. There were spies and traitors in the land.

As individuals—Hiss, Coplon, Fuchs, the Rosenbergs, and others—they were little more than names to me. But we all knew there were plenty of them and we figured that for everyone caught many more were not. We each had a favorite local candidate for Probable Communist Spy. Old Mr. Kolchek had a foreign accent. Grandma Tafelsky received mail from relatives Over There. Old Man Nelson on Ninth Street kept to himself a lot—doubtless in order to receive short-wave transmissions from Moscow.

In time, I developed a more serious and, I hope, more accurate knowledge of the communist movement. By the time I was fifteen I could give a reasonably scholarly presentation of Marxist-Leninist doctrine, and I had a fairly se-

cure grasp of the historical, political, and demographic roots and setting of this phenomenon, which I despised (and continue to despise). But the mythic element in my perception remained strong. I found myself, to some degree, coming under the spell of such Birchite writers as Robert Welch and the classics professor Revilo P. Oliver. In my case, at least, the influence was more rhetorical than political. I never accepted the more bizarre features of their obsessive conspiratorial *Weltanschauung*. My thinking and occasional classroom writing on this subject of the reds, however, began to sport phrases such as "unutterably evil and indescribably brilliant" (Oliver) and "a boot stomping on the human face forever" (Welch). I even flirted—very briefly—with far-right notions of "Force X" and "The Insiders," but I rejected these as historically improbable and based on mere speculation. (The idea of the Illuminati, which was being massively pushed by the John Birch Society as the Ur-Conspiracy, was too ridiculous for second thought.) Anyway, by the age of twenty, or thereabouts, I had successfully shaken off my slight contamination with the crackpottery of the primitive right. My acquaintance with communism was scholarly, but also scholastic and impersonal. As far as actual, breathing communists were concerned, I was still under the thrall of Father Kohler and Big Jim McLain. The human component of the Red empire was surrounded by myth, symbol, and mystery.

By now the reader is undoubtedly thinking, "Gee, I hope Mr. Moulton will tell us more about his ideological growth. I'd like to know what he read, what he thought, his hopes, his dreams, his introduction to libertarianism, and more. I just can't get enough of this guy." Well, Mr. Moulton understands this natural desire, but he's afraid most of you will just have to wait for the movie version. We have to get a move on.

The Real Thing

Finally, it came—my first contact with an actual commie, and a well-known one at that. The time—late June, 1972; the place—Grand Rapids, Michigan. The Communist Party, kept off the ballot by various stratagems, didn't run a presidential campaign from

1944 through 1964. In 1968 the Communists cautiously crept back into electoral politics, but their ticket attained ballot status only in two or three states. By '72, however, public tolerance had grown and ballot access made easier. The party had responded by nominating its boss, General Secretary Gus Hall, for the presidency. For the first time since 1940, an openly Communist candidate was putting on a genuine political campaign. The ticket attained ballot status in Michigan in May, motivating Hall to make a swing through the state early the following month.

We have now arrived at the *Cena Hallensis*.^{*} Hall's appearance was advertised a wee bit in the local media, but I learned of it earlier through the informal local network of "political extremists." I was in those days laboring in the vineyards for G**** W****, the Governor of A*****, and it seemed that the crew at the W**** headquarters always knew what the Communists and the Socialist Labor Party and the American Party and to some degree

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even the McGovernites, were up to, while none of us had the foggiest idea about what the Muskie or Humphrey or Scoop Jackson people were doing. Anyway, I knew two or three of the reds in the area, particularly one Alan Maki, a young man who at the time headed the Grand Rapids branch of the Young Workers Liberation League (the CP youth brigade, which has its name changed every few years). Apart from his ideology, his political and rhetorical style, which was often that of a redneck rabble-rouser, put me off. He had, however, a quixotic streak in his personality that caused him to be more tolerant of reptile reactionaries like me than of the undifferentiated bourgeoisie. He was willing to insinuate me into the little group that would meet with Comrade Gus after the public appearance.

On the appointed night, I collected a friend who shared my interest in political ephemera, but was a little more strait-laced when it came to consorting with the enemy, and had agreed to come only for the bare speech, *sans* the projected hobnobbing.

The Devil

We descend to the basement and enter the meeting room. Hall is seated at the back, talking to two reporters. I catch snatches of the interview—Hall mentions his two sons, but declines to reveal what they do and whether they share his politics.

A small literature table offers, in addition to the usual boring Marxist drivel, political buttons. They are yellow, red and black, very large and attractive, featuring jugate portraits of Gus Hall and Jarvis Tyner, the Vice Presidential nominee. The price is only fifty cents each, which seems to me ridiculously low, when one considers that a principal purpose of this type of third-party gathering is fund-raising. I collect political buttons. I offer to buy ten. The young comrade staffing the table tells me that five is "enough." I try to decide if this is some new twist to Marxist economic doctrine, perhaps the Law of the Misdistributed Surplus. Visions of a journal article dance in my head.

As we take our seats in the front row, I notice that Hall has finished

speaking to reporters. Impulsively, I walk over and ask for his autograph, holding out a small shirt-pocket pad and a Bic pen. He graciously obliges. I notice that he expresses no surprise. Do CP general secretaries frequently get autograph requests?

By now the hall is filling up. I try to obtain an exact count, but something always manages to distract me before I finish. The next day the Grand Rapids Press will report an attendance of 100, which seems about right. I learn as the night wears on that the attendees are Alan Maki's YWLL group (about ten), older party members from western Michigan (another fifteen), assorted locals from the SLP and other left-sectarian groups (maybe ten), some students from Calvin College who were apparently assigned to attend the

^{*} This is a high-grade literary allusion to the *Cena Trimalchaionis*, the vulgar banquet scene in the *Satyricon* of C. Petronius Arbiter. Probably most readers won't get it, hence this footnote.

speech as part of a course (five or six), the media (five), a group of about ten McGovern campaign workers, two infiltrators from the Reactionary Right, and forty-odd which I lump under the categories of Gawkers, Curiosity-seekers and Miscellaneous. As Hall is being introduced by a dapper black man whom I later discover to be the CP state chairman, one of the YWLL contingent, a tall young blond man attempts to lead us all in a standing ovation. He keeps glancing at the audience with ever more beseeching expressions. The rest of us clap politely but no one else stands, and he gives up. Why his comrades didn't join him, I don't know. Obviously, his gesture was personal and spontaneous, what Lenin would call ultra-left adventurism.

As Hall steps to the podium, I am struck by his resemblance to fellow Minnesota native Billy Graham. His speech begins bumpily for a man who has been in public life (in a certain sense) for so many years. He seems surprisingly ill at ease at the podium. He is aware of this, and incorporates his awkwardness into his pitch. "This is something new for me. I'm not used to asking people for their votes." I stifle a wild temptation to yell, "Neither is Brezhnev!"

Hall stumbles on in this way for a couple of minutes, then begins to hit his stride. Once he starts to talk about subjects in which he has a personal interest, he comes across as relaxed and articulate. Little of his speech deals with the current election. There is scarcely a mention of Nixon or McGovern.

The Gospel According to Gus

Mainly, he talks about Vietnam. Most of his discourse on the war would be boring Marxist cant were it not for the fact that he skillfully ties all of it in with an account of his recent visit to North Vietnam. I am compelled to admit that, although my views on communism and the war were not altered, I did gain a feel for the way ordinary people in that distant country were experiencing the conflict. Hall is an excellent storyteller. He tells of an official tour being interrupted by an American bombing raid, with all and sundry dashing into fox-sized shelters, pulling manhole covers over the top, listening to the muffled explosions in the dis-

tance, and feeling the shock waves pass through the bowels of the earth.

During the talk, a local comrade passes a coffee can for donations. I am one of the first to be hit up, so I have no idea what others are giving. I put in a fiver. Pharisaically, I hold it up high enough so that all can witness my liberality. My friend scowls and won't give a red cent.

Hall's speech winds to a close, and

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he asks for questions. I hold up my hand first. I preface my query by asking if he minds discussing topics not specifically covered in his talk. (I am a very polite person, even to communists). No problem, he says. I ask whether he sees any irony in the fact that the Communist Party, which considers itself to be a classic Marxist working-class organization, consists almost entirely of middle-class intellectuals. I realize it is a rather weak question, and suddenly wish that I had asked something about how the Party has been weakened by slavishly having to follow the Soviet line in all matters, but it is too late.

Hall's reply is also weak. He says something about "building the Party among the working class." I reflect privately that a building process which starts out at point X in 1919 (when the American party was formed) and is at considerably less than point X fifty-odd years later, might fall into the category of Mistaken Strategy.

Most of the other questions are uninspired. "What would you do with Richard Nixon?"—"Nothing. We would just make him work for a living." "In how many states will you be on the ballot?"—"About twenty." One is a little more substantial: "What does the party tell its young male members to do if they are drafted and sent to Vietnam?" Hall states that there has been a recent change in orders regarding that contingency. Formerly, the comrades were told to go to Vietnam willingly and agitate among the troops. Now, they are supposed to refuse, and to fight it out in the military courts, using them as propaganda sounding-boards. I can't recall ever hearing about an actual case in which this happened.

The McGovernites sit as a group, bedecked with buttons and other paraphernalia of the South Dakotan. They sit rapt and attentive throughout. Whatever their purpose, it certainly isn't to heckle. I notice that most are around twenty, but there is a fortyish man in their midst, whose air of authority leads me to assume he is their leader. I remember his question vividly. "Gus," he begins, a little familiarly, in my opinion, "we agree with your goals, but we have a man who can actually win in November. Isn't it just a wasted vote if someone votes for you?" Hall replies that there ain't a dime's worth of

diff'rance between the two parties. No, wait a minute, sorry, that's that other fellow. Actually, Hall's response is just the type of thing that any minor-party candidate says. Not as interesting as the question. "The same goals"? Ye gods! Does this joker have any idea what the Communist Party is? Probably he is lost in some anachronistic Popular Front mindset, in which communists are simply progressives and New Dealers who take their views more seriously than most. In the words of some nitwit in the thirties, "I guess the communists mean it"! Were I of a conspiracy-theory bent, I could easily convince myself that the incident proves that McGovernites are thinly-disguised communists. (Come to think of it, most of the conspiracy buffs I know shy away from such simple conclusions. They would probably maintain that the question was meant to

Terra Incognita

Key West, Florida

How the Reagan Administration pursues its policies of fighting the criminal importation of hard drugs, as reported by KOMO-TV, Seattle:

The Coast Guard has confiscated a \$2.5 million yacht because it found 1/10 gram of marijuana on board. The Coast Guard found a single marijuana cigarette butt containing about 1/300 ounce of the illegal substance (estimated street value 35¢) after boarding the 133 foot long yacht in international waters between Cuba and the U.S. The confiscation, carried out under a law designed to prevent organized crime figures from keeping the profits from their criminal activities, is part of the Reagan Administration's "Zero Tolerance" program.

discredit the McGovern cause so that patriots would vote for the real communist, Nixon.)

The questioning peters out, the media people take a few more snapshots, and things begin to break up. My friend and I head for the exit. A comrade asks us to sign a petition. My companion brusquely refuses. I glance at it. It is childish and vague—something about spending more money on “the people” and less on the military. I figure, what the heck, I’m here under semi-false pretenses anyway. I sign. (Will this signature get me into trouble at some future date? Probably. I can imagine it is the year 2002. I have just been appointed ambassador to Upper Malaria. Senator Fonebone glowers at me. “Mr. Moulton, you would have this committee believe that you will bring the principles of Americanism to the Upper Malarians. Yet I hold in my hand . . .”)

Finally we make it to the outside, and breathe once more the pure fresh air of freedom, unpolluted by alien ideology. My friend has absolutely no interest in Phase II of my plan, so I drive him home and return.

By now the crowd has dwindled to a hard core of comrades and sympathizers. And entertainment has been brought in—a local black band. An exquisitely lovely and petite young black woman is the vocalist. She sings beautifully. Most of the band’s repertoire consists of dance tunes. No

one is dancing. Twenty or thirty people are standing stiffly and conversing or remaining seated. The singer notices this, too. Between vocals she leaves the dais and tries to prod those present into dancing, or least moving their feet. With a warm smile, she grabs someone at random and tries to lead him into a few steps. No go. Then another or two. Ditto. She even approaches Hall. He politely declines, saying something about having learned to dance in the twenties and not knowing the new steps.

She continues her efforts, but she would have more success at a convention of Mormon bishops. Against the granite edifice of Marxist-Leninist puritanism, beauty, charm, enticement and simple goodness are impotent. The comrades are not Fun People. At last she gives up with a look of real chagrin. I hope she doesn’t take it as a reflection

on herself. I almost say something to her, but it is time to move to the dining room, where a small group of the chosen will enjoy the company of the General Secretary. I speak briefly with an old man, who proves to be a surviving member of the Toledo Soviet of Workers, Peasants, and Sailors. He is astonished that I have heard of this obscure group, and know a few facts about its brief 1917 existence. I explain that I am a connoisseur of political history, with special emphasis on arcana of the sort with which he had been associated. For some reason he becomes a little testy upon hearing this, and terminates the conversation.

Alan Maki introduces me to Gus Hall. I am introduced as a northern Michigan resident who is attending college in Grand Rapids. I assume the others take it for granted that I am a, er, progressive. The others order steaks. I, a simple son of the soil, order cheeseburgers wit’ everything.

Gus does most of the talking. We are given more anecdotes about his recent Vietnam trip, accounts of his underground period in the early 1950s and

entire round trip. There are more stories in this vein but not much talk concerning the presidential campaign, only one or two invidious remarks about President Nixon. Gus is charming and polite. His vocabulary is free of argot, cant, and expletives.

Our little salon breaks up. Hall has to get back to Detroit and doesn’t want to drive unfamiliar roads while tired. We shake hands with our host, he picks up the tab, and we depart. I try to nod conspiratorially to Alan, but he doesn’t notice.

Reflections of a Right Wing Intellectual

Did my dinner with Gus change my attitudes? In some respects, yes. It would be clichéd to say that I learned that Communists are human beings with personalities and characters, and not mere abstract symbols. I knew this, at least on an intellectual level, before I ever met them; and such a statement is a mere truism, applicable to any group of people with whom one has not previously associated, whether Amish farmers or convicted murderers. So I probably didn’t learn anything of a general nature concerning Communist Party members. On the other hand, I was forced to reflect on some aspects of the nature of evil.

I just mentioned clichés, and what I just wrote probably reads like one. But bear with me.

I am referring to the fact that Hall is a long-time exponent and active supporter of an unspeakably evil movement, the crimes of which are as numberless as the sands of the sea. He is also a gracious older man with a flair for interesting anecdotes, courteous and considerate, a gentleman. It would be fatuous to ask which of these manifestations is the “real” Gus Hall. Of course, they both are. But this fact leads us to two tentative conclusions.

The more superficial of these is the simple observation that one’s emotional reaction to someone is not merely a function of the degree to which a person’s beliefs and values correspond to one’s own. Of at least equal importance is the degree to which an actual threat is seen to exist, and this is in turn related to an individual’s power and influence. If it had been Senator Edward Kennedy

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subsequent prison term as a Smith Act violator, and stories of the years of having to use a chauffeur because the State of New York preposterously refused to issue him a driver’s license. He speaks of his love for Arabian horses, which he breeds (not a particularly Marxist type of hobby, it seems to me) and of the home in Yonkers, that he bought for a song years ago, and has now greatly increased in value. Somebody brings up the subject of age, and Hall remarks that it has both the advantages and disadvantages of increased knowledge. He says that after giving a speech in Detroit earlier in the day, he had been loaned a car by a local party member so that several young comrades could drive him on the three hour trip to Grand Rapids. Unfortunately, the car had a stick shift; among those present, only Hall knew how to operate it, so he had to drive the

beguiling the table with, let us say, admonitions about safe driving and swimming, I do not think I would have felt as relaxed and comfortable as I did in the presence of Comrade Gus. This is not because of the respective ideologies of the two men—for all his odiousness, I would still rather live in a Ted Kennedy America than in a Gus Hall America. Kennedy has actual political power, while Hall doesn't have and won't have. When Hall talks about abolishing private property, the notion, while abhorrent, has no more emotional impact than it would if I were reading it in some dry Marxist journal with a minuscule circulation. It is little more than what Mrs. O'Connor used to call a floating abstraction. On the other hand, when Ted Kennedy talks about abolishing handgun ownership or outlawing plant closings, he is projecting a real threat. He can introduce legislation and perhaps shepherd it all the way to the Federal Register. Hall is advocacy, Kennedy is performance.

On a deeper level, *l'affaire Gus* sheds light on an issue that seems to cause confusion to many members of the minority of humankind who think conceptually. I refer to the relation of personality to character, morality and ideas. My empirical observation, for what it is worth, is that there is no connection, or at least no discernible pattern of relationship. Understand that I use the word "personality" in a conventional middle-brow sense, with no clinical nuances. I have known people who are pleasant and affable, but deeply deceitful and even evil. Perhaps such per-

sons are merely hypocrites, but I have seen nothing to convince me that this is necessarily the case, if by "hypocrisy" we mean conscious role-playing. I also know people who are gruff and repellent, but possessed of real character and honesty.

In postulating a link between personality and *belief* one is on even weaker ground. Much as it might please libertarians or socialists, let us say, to imagine that their ideological fellows are of

If it had been Senator Edward Kennedy beguiling the table with, let us say, admonitions about safe driving and swimming, I do not think I would have felt as relaxed and comfortable as I did in the presence of Comrade Gus.

better stuff than those with opposing values, this is a mere conceit, analogous to the puerile Objectivist notion that devotees of Herself will just naturally be better at their professions or skills than benighted outsiders.

Yet a great many—perhaps most—people would reject what I have just written. There is a widespread assumption that strong corollaries exist between personality, character and values. There is a general notion, for example, that a burglar or an atheist or a communist or a person motivated by "greed" is more likely to be nasty, abrasive and unpleasant than is a haberdasher, Episcopalian, Republican or Trappist monk. I would be willing to bet my last *sestertius* that no such supposition would stand up to investigative analysis. The prevalence of such naive psychological views in our culture inhibits

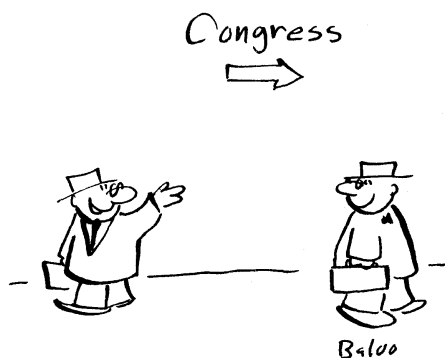
the understanding of human belief structure that is vital to any outreach group, political or otherwise. One can't hope to change people's minds if one begins by telling potential recruits that they are motivated by evil.

Given all this, what should my "proper" reaction to Gus Hall have been? I'm not dogmatic about that sort of thing, but I guess I'm inclined to follow two complementary maxims. One is that judgments on people should be based as much as possible on the most central and significant facts concerning those judged. Hall's role as head of the Communist Party is objectively more significant than the fact that he is an amiable host and enjoyable anecdotalist. The additional fact that he is

devoid of real political power, although not a function of his moral standing, will legitimately influence one's judgment.

Does all this mean that, since Hall is a committed Communist, one is obligated to hate him? I would answer no, because my second maxim holds that taking the measure of a person is primarily an intellectual, not an emotional, exercise. True, one will usually have some emotional reaction to people upon whom one pronounces an evaluation, but it is well to remember that the emotions are not themselves the judgment, and are not cognitive in nature.

I'm not making a Pollyannaish argument that one can always be friendly with those with whom one is in conflict. If the conflict is severe, then indeed "friendly" is not even a relevant term. Civility may not even be possible, though my own inclination is to follow the Gentleman's Code and "never be rude unless you intend to be." But all this is really beside the point. There is no need to cultivate a programmed emotional response to every contingency. I knew Arvo Michael Hallberg, a.k.a. Gus Hall, to be an official, though minor, representative of an evil totalitarian ideology. I also found him to be a gracious and considerate person. I see no necessity, and little possibility, of a formulaic integration of my two different responses. As always, I am left with a profound appreciation of the complexity of human nature. For that, as well as for the cheeseburgers, I thank Gus Hall. □



"See you later, Ed — Don't enact anything I wouldn't enact."

Thesis

The Ultimate Justification of the Private Property Ethic

by Hans-Hermann Hoppe

The mere fact that an individual argues presupposes that he owns himself and has a right to his own life and property. This provides a basis for libertarian theory radically different from both natural rights theory and utilitarianism.

Ludwig von Mises, in his masterpiece *Human Action*, explains the entire body of economic theory as implied in, and deducible from, a conceptual understanding of the meaning of action, plus a few general, explicitly introduced assumptions about the empirical reality in which action is

taking place. He calls this conceptual knowledge the "axiom of action," and he demonstrates how the meaning of action from which economic theory sets out, i.e., of values, ends, means, choice, preference, profit, loss, and cost, must be considered *a priori* knowledge: it is not derived from sense impressions but from reflection (one does not see actions, but rather interprets certain physical phenomena as actions!); and, most importantly, it cannot possibly be invalidated by any experience whatsoever, because any attempt to do so would already presuppose an action (after all, experiencing something is itself an intentional action!).

Thus having reconstructed economics as, in the last resort, derived from an *a priori* true proposition, Mises can claim to have provided the ultimate foundation for economics. He calls such economics "praxeology," the logic of action, in order to emphasize the fact that its propositions can be definitely proven by virtue of the indisputable action-axiom and the equally indisputable laws of logical reasoning (such as the laws of identity and contradiction)—completely independent, that is, of any kind of empirical testing (as employed, for instance, in physics).

The idea of praxeology and his construction of an entire body of praxeological thought earns Mises a place among the greats of the modern Western tradi-

tion of rationalism in its search for certainty. But Mises does not think it is possible to provide a similarly apodictically certain foundation for ethics. To be sure, economics can inform us whether or not certain means are appropriate for bringing about certain ends, yet whether or not the ends can be regarded as just can be decided neither by economics nor by any other science. There is no justification for choosing one rather than another end. What end is ultimately chosen is arbitrary from a scientific point of view. It is a matter of subjective whim, void of any justification beyond the mere fact of being liked.

Many libertarians (not to speak here of non-libertarians) agree with Mises on this point. Like Mises, they have given up the idea of a rational foundation of ethics. As does Mises, they make the most of the economic proposition that the libertarian private property ethic produces a higher general standard of living than any other, that most people actually prefer higher over lower standards of living, and hence that libertarianism should prove highly popular. But ultimately, as Mises certainly knew, such considerations can only convince someone of libertarianism who has already accepted the "utilitarian" goal of general wealth maximization. For those who do not share this goal, these con-

siderations have no compelling force at all. And thus, in the final analysis, libertarianism is based on nothing but an arbitrary belief, however widespread.

In the following I will outline an argument that demonstrates why this position is untenable, and how, in fact, the essentially Lockean private property ethic of libertarianism can ultimately be justified. In effect, this argument supports the natural rights position of libertarianism as espoused by the other master-thinker of the modern libertarian movement, Murray N. Rothbard—foremost in his *Ethics of Liberty*. Yet the argument is different from the one typically offered by the natural rights tradition. Rather than this tradition, it is Mises, with his idea of praxeology and praxeological proofs, who provides the model.

I want to demonstrate that the libertarian private property ethic, and *only* the libertarian private property ethic, can be justified argumentatively, because it is the praxeological presupposition of argumentation. Many alternatives to a private property ethic can be proposed, of course, but their propositional content must contradict the ethic inherent in the demonstrated preference of the proposer's own act of proposition making, i.e., by the act of engaging in argumentation.

One can say "people are, and always shall be indifferent towards doing things," but this proposition would contradict and be belied by the act of proposition-making, which, in fact, would demonstrate subjective preference (of saying this rather than something else, or not saying anything at all). In the same way, non-libertarian ethical proposals are falsified by the reality of actually proposing them.

To reach this conclusion and to understand properly its importance and logical force, two insights are essential.

First, it must be noted that the question of what is just or unjust—or, for that matter, the more general question of what is or is not a valid proposition—only arises insofar as one is capable of propositional exchanges, i.e. of argumentation. The question does not arise vis-a-vis a stone or fish, because they are incapable of engaging in such exchanges and of producing validity-claiming propositions. Yet if this is so—and one cannot deny that it is without contradicting oneself, as one cannot argue a case that one cannot argue—then any ethical proposal, as well as any other proposition, must be assumed to claim that it can be validated by propositional or argumentative means. (Insofar as Mises formulates economic propositions, one must assume that he, too, claims this.)

In fact, in asserting *any* proposition, overtly or as an internal thought, one demonstrates one's preference for the willingness to rely on argumentative means in convincing oneself or others of something. There is then, trivially enough, no way of justifying anything, unless it is a justification by means of propositional exchanges and arguments. But then it must be considered the ultimate defeat for an ethical proposal if one can demonstrate that its content is logically incompatible with the proponent's claim that its validity is ascertainable by argumentative means. To demonstrate any such incompatibility would amount to an impossibility proof, and such proof would constitute the most deadly defeat possible in the realm of intellectual inquiry.

Second, it must be noted that argumentation does not consist of free-floating propositions but is a form of action requiring the employment of scarce means; and furthermore that the

means, which a person demonstrates by preferring to engage in propositional exchange are those of private property.

No one could possibly propose anything, and no one could become convinced of any proposition by argumentative means, if one's right to make exclusive use of one's physical body were not already presupposed. It is one's recognition of another's mutually exclusive control over his own body which explains the distinctive characteristic of propositional exchanges: while one may disagree about what has been said, it is still possible to agree at least on the fact that there is disagreement. And it is obvious, too, that such a property right in one's own body must be said to be justified *a priori*. Anyone who would try to justify any norm of whatever content must already presuppose an exclusive right of control over his body simply in order to say "I propose such and such." And anyone disputing such a right, then, would become caught up in a practical contradiction, since in arguing so one would already implicitly have accepted the very norm

If no one had the right to control anything at all, except his own body, then we would all cease to exist and the problem of justifying norms—as well as all other human problems—simply would not exist.

that one was disputing.

Furthermore, it would be equally impossible to sustain argumentation for any length of time and rely on the propositional force of one's arguments, if one were not allowed to appropriate in addition to one's body other scarce means through homesteading action, i.e., by putting them to use before someone else does, or if such means, and the rights of exclusive control regarding them, were not defined in objective, physical terms.

For if no one had the right to control anything at all, except his own body, then we would all cease to exist and the problem of justifying norms—as well as all other human problems—simply would not exist. Thus, the fact that one is alive presupposes the validity of property rights to other things. No one who is alive could argue otherwise.

And if a person did not acquire the right of exclusive control over such goods by homesteading, by establishing

some objective link between a particular person and a particular scarce resource before anyone else had done so, but instead late-comers were assumed to have ownership claims to things, then literally *no one would be allowed to do anything with anything* unless he had the prior consent of all late-comers. Neither we nor our forefathers nor our progeny could survive, do survive or will survive if we were to follow this rule. Yet in order for any person—past, present or future—to argue anything it must evidently be possible to survive. And in order for us to do just this, property rights cannot be conceived as "timeless" and non-specific regarding the number of people concerned. Rather, property rights must necessarily originate through action at definite times for specific acting individuals. Otherwise, it would be impossible for anyone to say anything at a definite time and for someone else to be able to reply. To assert that the first-user-first-owner rule of libertarianism can be ignored or is unjustified implies a contradiction. One's assertion of this proposition pre-

supposes one's existence as an independent decision-making unit at a given point in time.

Lastly, acting and proposition-making would also be impossible, if the things acquired through homesteading were not

defined in objective, physical terms (or if, correspondingly, aggression were not defined as an invasion of physical integrity of another person's property), but instead in terms of subjective values and evaluations. For while every person can have control over whether or not his actions cause the *physical* integrity of something to change, control over whether or not one's actions affect the *value* of someone's property rests with other people and their evaluations. One would have to interrogate and come to an agreement with every person in the population to make sure that one's planned actions would not change another person's evaluations regarding his property. This is an absurd proposition: everyone would be long dead before this was accomplished. Moreover, the idea that only subjective values in property should be protected, rather than physical (objective) property itself, is argumentatively indefensible. Even to make such an argument, one must pre-

suppose that actions must be allowed *prior* to the actual agreement, because if they were not one could not even assert this proposition. The assertion of any proposition is possible only because property has objective borders, borders which every person can recognize as such on his own, without having to agree first with anyone else with respect to one's system of values and evaluations.

By being alive and formulating any proposition, then, one demonstrates that any ethic except the libertarian ethic is invalid. If this were not so and late-comers supposedly had legitimate claims to things, or things owned were defined in subjective terms, no one could possibly survive as a physically independent decision-making unit at any given point in time, and hence no one could ever raise any validity claiming proposition whatsoever.

This concludes my *a priori* justification of the private property ethic.* A few comments regarding a topic already touched upon earlier—the relationship of this “praxeological” proof of libertarianism to the utilitarian and to the natural rights position—will complete the discussion.

The justification of the private property ethic outlined above contains the ultimate refutation of the utilitarian position. In order to propose the utilitarian position, the validity of exclusive rights of control over one's own body and one's homesteaded goods must already be presupposed.

More specifically, the praxeological proof of the private property ethic shows the praxeological impossibility of the consequentialist libertarian position: the assignment of rights of exclusive control cannot be dependent on the *outcome* (“beneficial” or otherwise) of certain actions; one could never act and propose anything, unless private property rights already existed *prior* to any later outcome. A consequentialist ethic is a praxeological absurdity. Any ethic must, instead, be “aprioristic” or “instantaneous,” in order to make it possi-

ble that one can act here and now, proposing this or that, rather than having to suspend acting until later. An advocate of a “wait-for-the-outcome” ethic could not survive long enough to say anything if he were to take his own advice seriously. And to the extent that utilitarian proponents are still around, then, they demonstrate through their actions that their consequentialist doctrine is false. Acting and proposition-making requires private property rights *now*, and cannot wait for them to be assigned only later.

Although the praxeological proof of the private property ethic generally supports the natural rights position con-

By being alive and formulating any proposition, then, one demonstrates that any ethic except the libertarian ethic is invalid.

cerning the possibility of a rational ethic and fully agrees with the specific conclusions reached within the natural rights tradition (specifically by Murray N. Rothbard), it has at least two distinctive advantages.

It has been a common quarrel with the natural rights position, even on the part of otherwise sympathetic observers, that the concept of human nature is far too diffuse to allow the derivation of a determinate set of rules of conduct. The praxeological approach solves this problem by recognizing that it is not the wider concept of human nature, but the narrower one of propositional exchanges and argumentation, which must serve as the starting point in deriving an ethic.

Moreover, it shows that an *a priori* justification for this approach exists insofar as the problem of true and false, or right and wrong, does not arise outside and apart from propositional exchanges; that no one could then possibly challenge such a starting point without a contradiction; and finally, that it is argumentation, then, which requires the recognition of private property, and that an argumentative challenge of the validity of the private property ethic is thus

praxeologically impossible.

Secondly, there is the logical gap between “is” and “ought” statements which natural rights proponents, at least according to wide-spread opinion, have failed to bridge successfully, except for advancing some general critical remarks regarding the ultimate validity of the fact-value dichotomy. Here the praxeological proof of libertarianism has the advantage of offering a completely value-free justification of private property. It remains entirely in the realm of is-statements, and nowhere tries to derive an ought from an is. The structure of the argument is this: (a) justification is propositional justification (an *a priori* true “is-statement”); (b) argumentation presupposes property in one's body and the homesteading principle (another *a priori* true “is-statement”); and thus (c) no deviation from this ethic can be justified argumentatively (another *a priori* true “is-statement”).

The praxeological proof also offers a key to an understanding of the nature of the fact-value dichotomy: ought-statements, it is often said, cannot be derived from is-statements; they belong to different logical realms. But one could not even state that there *are* facts and values if there were no propositional exchanges. This practice of propositional exchanges in turn already presupposes the prior acceptance of the private property ethic as valid. Cognition and truth-seeking as such have a value foundation. And the normative foundation on which cognition and truth rest is the recognition of private property rights. □

Errata

Despite the best efforts of our contributors, proof-readers and fact checkers, three errors were published in the July issue of *Liberty*:

John Hospers is a Professor at the University of Southern California, not at the University of California at Los Angeles, as reported on page 44.

The “bad guys” in the HBO film “Into the Homeland” were the “American Liberation Movement”, not the “American Libertarian Movement” as reported on page 71.

And the Cato Institute seminar that Ross Overbeek discussed occurred in 1978, not 1980 as stated on page 58.

Our apologies to all concerned.

* For a more extended and detailed presentation of the argument developed here see in particular my *Eigentum, Anarchie und Staat* (Opladen: Westdeutscher Verlag, 1987); also *A Theory of Socialism and Capitalism* (Boston: Kluwer, forthcoming, 1988); “From the Economics of Laissez Faire to the Ethics of Libertarianism,” in W. Block and L. Rockwell, eds., *Man, Economy, and Liberty: Festschrift in Honor of the 60th Birthday of Murray N. Rothbard* (Auburn: Mises Institute, forthcoming, 1988); and “The Justice of Economic Efficiency” and “Demonstrated Preference and Private Property,” *Austrian Economics Newsletter*, nos. 1 and 2 (1988).

Essay

Ecology and Liberty

by John Hospers

Although some libertarians have applied free market insights to ecological problems, they have failed to address many of the legitimate concerns of environmentalists. Prof Hospers discusses problems not easily resolved within the libertarian paradigm.

Libertarians have not often concerned themselves with environmental problems: the tacit assumption seems to be that as long as human beings deal with one another non-coercively the environment will pretty much take care of itself. Nor have they devoted much thought to the

relation of human beings to animals (themselves a part of the human environment)—how human beings should conduct themselves in relation to animals. In this paper I shall consider, in a preliminary way, these and related issues. Let me begin with the animals.

Ethics and the Animal Kingdom

We are surrounded by millions of living organisms, both plants and animals. Are there any things we should or should not do vis-a-vis these creatures? Do we have any duties toward them?

1. *The dominion theory.* According to the Book of Genesis, after God created Adam and Eve he said to them, "Be fruitful and multiply, and fill the earth and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea and over the birds of the air and over every living thing that moves upon the earth."

If animals were placed on the earth for human use, presumably we can kill them, eat them, hunt them, indeed do about anything we please to them, including maiming and torturing them. Like inanimate objects, they are *utensils*.

2. *The "greatest good" theory* (utilitarianism). Moral philosophers have long been dissatisfied with the dominion theory. Animals, though probably not plants, are *sentient beings*: they feel pain when they are injured; they can enjoy life—for example, when running about

freely; they feel distress—for example, when cooped up in cages. They may not be capable of the heights of human experience, such as scientific discovery or artistic creation, but they do have a diversity of pleasant and unpleasant experiences. If it is wrong to inflict needless pain on human beings, it is also wrong to do so to animals. The same consideration that condemns the one—that pain and suffering are intrinsically bad—also condemns the other.

It is not always wrong, in this view, to inflict suffering on animals. The Indian kills a deer in order to keep himself and his family alive; he uses the hides of animals to protect himself from the cold. When there is a conflict of interest between human beings and animals, the interests of human beings take precedence, because human beings are the repositories of greater value than animals. (Some say this is because human beings are not only conscious but self-conscious—they not only feel pain but *know that* they are in pain. Others say it is because human beings are capable of "higher" achievements. Still others say that only human beings can make judgments of value, and that this shows that human beings possess greater value. A more cynical view simply points out that it is human beings who are making the judgment.) Experiments

on animals to discover cures for human (and animal) diseases would be similarly approved. What is *not* approved is wanton, needless, pointless cruelty to animals—such as shooting birds for ego-satisfaction; conducting uselessly repetitive experiments on animals, causing them pain for no good reason; and raising chickens and cattle in crowded and unsanitary conditions, again bringing them discomfort and pain that could have been avoided by taking proper precautions.

There is some dissension among the advocates of this view about the permissibility of killing animals for food. Some, such as Peter Singer in his popular book *Animal Liberation*, believes that killing animals for food would be wrong even if there were no suffering in slaughterhouses and chicken-pens, because people don't *need* the flesh of animals as food—they can become vegetarians without damage to their health. Others say that only animals provide people with complete proteins, and that the killing of animals is therefore necessary in order to preserve human life, just as in regard to hides and medical experiments. The issue hinges on the unresolved controversy about human need for animal protein: if we don't need it we shouldn't kill animals to get it.

There are many complexities in the argument, of which I shall mention just one. One could say that we *should* eat beef, because if we didn't we wouldn't raise cows—and that if the cows are given a happy (or at least contented) life, and then are killed without our inflicting pain on them, then by raising them we are adding that much good to the world, which would not exist if we didn't raise the cows.

3. *Animal rights theory.* According to the animal rights view, abstaining from cruelty to animals is not enough. Even if the cow spends its entire life grazing enjoyably and wanting for nothing, we should not kill it for market—not even if we kill it painlessly—any more than we would be justified in killing other human beings painlessly. Just as human beings have a right to their own lives, so animals have a right to theirs; humans and animals are equally "subjects of a life." Just as it is wrong to kill a human being, it is wrong to kill a cow: the act of killing puts an end to the "good experiences" it *could* have had if we had not killed it.

Would we be justified in killing it if it were mortally wounded or terminally ill? Yes, for then the possibility of a good life no longer exists for it. We would be similarly justified in killing another human being if the person was in pain and hopelessly ill. Of course, in the case of a human being we can *ask* whether he wants his life terminated, and refrain if he says no. Since animals cannot give their consent or non-consent, we have to make this decision for them (as we do in the case of infants who are born malformed). What guides us in making such a decision is "Would I want to remain alive under these circumstances?"—a question to which different persons will surely give different answers.

There are many questions to be asked about this view,¹ such as: (1) What if the creature—a puppy, for example—is not malformed or diseased, but you know that it won't have enough food to survive? Apparently this doesn't constitute a reason for terminating its existence (according to animal rights theory); but if not, why not? Should one release the creature into an impossible environment where it would only starve or die of cold? Or is one

obliged to assist it in its battle for life? And if one must feed one stray dog, how about a hundred stray dogs? What exactly does their right to life require of us? (2) Animals appear to have little or no sense of the future, and hence no dread of death. The cow grazes contentedly, unaware that it will be taken to the slaughterhouse the next day. If we went around killing people, great dread would quickly spread through the populace; not so with animals. Animal rights advocates say this fact makes no difference; their opponents

Animals kill other animals in order to sustain their own lives: life lives on other life—this is "nature's way." Animal rights advocates do not deny this but they deny that it has any relevance to what we should do.

consider the difference vital to the issue of the humane treatment of animals. I shall not stop to consider these and many other questions that have been raised, restricting myself here to ecological problems.

The Web of Life

Animals kill other animals in order to sustain their own lives: life lives on other life—this is "nature's way." Animal rights advocates do not deny this, of course, but they deny that it has any relevance to what we should do. Animals are not moral agents, they have no concept of right and wrong, they only do as they are genetically programmed to do. It is not immoral of the lion to kill the antelope; morality simply has no place in this event. But human beings have a moral sense, and they can *choose* what they are going to do. They can choose to kill animals or not to kill them. The animal rights view is that the choice to kill them is an immoral choice (except in special circumstances already described).

What can one say of such a view? It seems from its very inception to "go against nature." In nature, only a small percentage of the animals that are born survive to maturity. If you see some motherless puppies and cannot adopt them all, what are you to do? Aside from other adoptions, nature will soon kill most of them through starvation. Why is it wrong for you to put an end to their existence mercifully when nature does so without mercy? (To make the

point more telling, change the example from puppies to a kind of creature you *don't* like.)

It might also be less than merciful to help creatures stay alive. An old lady puts food on her window sill in winter so that the birds can have food and not starve during the snow storms. But if many thousands of old ladies across the country did this, there would be such an overproduction of young birds the next spring that there wouldn't be enough food for them all, and most of the newly hatched birds would soon die. Seen in this light, the "good deed" was of dubious merit after all—it only caused the slow death of the offspring birds.

Each adult elephant consumes hundreds of pounds of vegetation per day. During a severe drought, African park rangers shoot those that are weakest and least likely to survive, so that the majority that remains can have a better chance of living on the available vegetation. They "thin the herd," not only to ward off starvation, but to stop the spread of communicable diseases, and for other reasons designed to preserve healthy specimens for posterity. Are such acts of killing wrong, as the animal rights proponents assert? Yes, they say, each animal is the subject-of-a-life with which we must not interfere, however much nature interferes. But it is far from clear why. If such preventive killings were done to human beings, people's lives would be filled with dread of being the next victim—but this dread apparently does not exist in non-human animals.

If each animal life is sacred, it wouldn't matter (and doesn't for animal rights advocates) whether the life we take is that of the last member of an endangered species or that of a common pest—both creatures are equally subjects-of-a-life. One wonders how consistently they will practice what they preach. Would they also consider it wrong to exterminate rats when one's neighborhood is infested with them? Rats are subjects-of-a-life too, conscious and more intelligent than most. If puppies have a right to their lives, so do rats. Yet few animal rights advocates, confronted by an infestation of rats, would hesitate to find ways of getting rid of them, rather than move elsewhere and try to sell a rat-infested house to

someone else.

One suspects that the rule against animal killing, which started as a humane rule prohibiting cruelty to animals, ended up—as so many rules do—as hopelessly inapplicable to the real world. “The ecological order of nature is premised on one fundamental principle: all life depends upon death. Death and often pain are at the heart of nature’s economy. To the extent that animal rights ethics condemns the taking of life (as a violation of the rights of a subject-of-a-life) or the infliction of pain on a sentient being, they are irreconcilably at odds with the ecological ‘facts of life.’”²

What are these ecological “facts of life”? One is the interdependence of all living things. “Each living thing is embedded in a matrix of vital relationships, a *web of life*. A species’ specific complex of characteristics is inconceivable apart from such a matrix. Each species is what it is because of its relationships with other kinds. We are the kind of beings that we are—psychologically and mentally as well as physically and physiologically—because of our relationships with other species. Human nature is inconceivable in isolation from the living matrix that has shaped it.”³

The earth is in this respect like a living organism: each part is essential to the operation of the whole. Perhaps not every single part is indispensable to the working of every other part, but the connections are so widespread that one is never safe in assuming that no damage has been done: if you eradicate one species of organism, or cause some alteration in the environment, ill effects of this are likely to turn up somewhere else in the system, usually where you least expect it. If we get rid of bees, the flowers will not be pollinated and no more will develop. If we kill the snakes, we shall have an increasing profusion of rodents.

The *second* ecological “fact of life” is that all living things on this planet possess a tremendous potential to reproduce their own kind, and if not checked they would quickly swamp their environments. “There is a single-celled animal, *Paramecium*, which divides into two when it is about 22 hours old. In another 22 hours each of these two animals will have grown to full size and is

ready to divide again; and so on. If a solitary *Paramecium* begins to divide on January 1, by March 7 its descendants would occupy a volume of a cubic mile. By April 12, their combined volume would be as large as that of the earth. Obviously no such population explosion could take place in nature. Yet every species possesses a similar potential to grow and multiply fantastically.”⁴

How is this explosive growth kept in check? Several related factors are at work. First, every organism is a potential victim of *predators*, who kill it and thus keep it from reproducing. Even among its own kind, each animal is in constant *competition* with others for a limited food supply. The more competitors an animal has, the less likely it is to get the food it needs to survive. When it does not, *starvation* is the result; starvation is an extremely effective agent of limitation on growth. And besides all this, there is *disease*: every organism is beset by countless other organisms which work toward its death by inhabiting it—death from the inside, so to speak. With all these factors together, most individual living things never

Starvation has always been a most effective method of limiting human numbers; it was so common in all ages prior to our own that historians and dramatists simply took it for granted as an irremediable fact about the human situation.

reach maturity.

Exactly the same factors apply also to the human species. Early man was beset by powerful predators, though these are far less of a danger than they once were; our weapons are more powerful than they are, and besides we have already killed most of them off. But there is still great competition for the available food supply, and when population increases without a proportional increase in the food supply, starvation kills off those that the food supply is not sufficient to maintain. Starvation has always been a most effective method of limiting human numbers; it was so common in all ages prior to our own that historians and dramatists simply took it for granted as an irremediable fact about the human situation, no more worthy of comment in books than the fact that we sometimes cough or sneeze.

The earth simply did not produce enough to feed all those who were born into it, and that was that. Disease too has ravaged entire nations and cultures, and emptied of people lands that formerly flourished—particularly when disease germs were borne by travelers to a distant place. Most American Indians were wiped out by smallpox, not by force of arms. Countless wars were lost not because of inferior numbers or strategy, but because of epidemics of typhus or the black death.⁵

Technology and the Environment

“But hasn’t technology solved the problem, as far as human beings are concerned? We no longer need fear predators; most (though not all) diseases have cures, saving lots of lives and prolonging our life-span; and starvation, though it still occurs, is rare today compared with any other age in human history.”

Two hundred years ago Thomas Malthus predicted that the human population would always increase faster than the food supply—hence starvation would be a permanent phenomenon of the human race. Modern technology surely appears to have shown him to be mistaken. “The maximum worldwide human population during paleolithic times probably did not exceed 10 million; this number started to rise with the coming of

the neolithic revolution, when agriculture made it possible for the land to support a higher population. When Jesus was born there were probably between 250 and 350 million people on earth. It was not until 1650 that this number doubled; in only 200 years after that it doubled again; and in the mere hundred years between 1850 and 1950 it doubled once more.”⁶ Today the world’s population exceeds 5 billion. “If the world’s population continues to expand at the present rate, it will double itself every 35 to 40 years, and this means that within 120 years the current production of foodstuffs will have to be increased eightfold if the standards of today are to be maintained.”⁷

This tremendous increase in the human population, however, has been achieved at a price. The air in all our major cities is polluted to such an extent

that it is a hazard to health. The Mississippi, the Hudson, and other rivers are so polluted with toxic chemicals that swimming is dangerous and the fish are inedible. The safe disposal of toxic wastes has become a major problem. Pesticides such as DDT have killed off many species of wild life: the eggs of peregrine falcons and California condors have, within recent memory and thanks to DDT, become so fragile that they cannot hatch chicks; and the poison spreads throughout the food chain—the non-degradable chemical persists in fish, in gulls that scavenge fish, and even in Antarctic seals and penguins. The breaks in the delicate ozone layer of the earth's upper atmosphere, which keeps out the sun's lethal ultra-violet rays, have exposed human beings to grave danger, thanks to the fluorocarbons used in refrigeration and other technological processes. The list goes on and on.

Even the miracles of agricultural production, which have kept many thousands of people alive who would otherwise have died, have come at a cost. When American agronomists bred new disease-resistant strains of rice and wheat and planted them in Asia, the first effect was remarkable: more grain was grown and starvation from repeated crop-failures was often prevented.⁸ But usually the new crops required much more fertilizer than before; phosphates had to be imported, and as the world supply of phosphates declined, the price skyrocketed, and their use became prohibitively expensive. Some substitutes were found, but the future is still precarious.

In the process of increasing production to sustain an ever larger human population, much of the animal kingdom has been destroyed. Many species that have not been destroyed are endangered, and may, like the passenger pigeon whose flight once darkened the skies, be extinguished entirely, living only in the memory of those who once saw it. "From the year 1600 the rate of species extinction has been roughly one every four years. From 1900 to the mid-twentieth century, the rate of species extinction has been one per year, and if present patterns of exploitation persist, the rate of extinction during the last decade of the twentieth century may be

something over a hundred species per day."⁹

We laugh today at the superstitions that once led people to kill cats on a massive scale, as instruments of the devil, unleashing hordes of rats and mice. But the same kind of practice continues today: the sea-cow, or manatee, has been relentlessly hunted. Its fat yields oil for cooking and eating, and its hide is used by Indians for shields and by Europeans for engine belts. It lives on water plants (canarana, or high grass) which choke the lakes and often make it impossible for boats to get through. "It thrives on the insidious water hyacinth that has begun to invade

Each time a species is exterminated human beings are playing Russian roulette with nature. We do not know how these destroyed species may be interlinked with other ones on whom their existence or welfare depends.

the Amazon . . . Already both the Nile and the Congo are choked with it in some areas. The plant has blocked shipping, irrigation canals, and drainage ditches; and it has menaced almost every hydro-electric project built in the tropics since the end of the Second World War. Millions of pounds are spent on herbicides every year to combat it, but with very little success. The manatee is one of the few creatures on earth which will clear the waterways for nothing; moreover, if manatees were well husbanded, they would produce meat from what they eat."¹⁰ Again, examples could be multiplied indefinitely.

Each time a species is exterminated human beings are playing Russian roulette with nature. We do not know how these destroyed species may be interlinked with other ones on whom their existence or welfare depends. The parts of the earth's ecosystem are interdependent. Quinine was discovered among the flora of the Amazon; but many of the species being destroyed today, in cutting down the jungle, have properties that may be as life-saving as quinine; probably we shall never know. At any rate, "the biological impoverishment of the earth—the end-result of massive species extinction—is the folly posterity is least likely to forgive us."¹¹

The rise of technology, the destruction of species, and the spoliation of the

environment, are all related. I would like to present a few concrete illustrations of this before trying to draw any conclusions.

1. *The Amazon basin.* The Amazon rain forest contains the largest concentration of plant and animal species in the world; it also controls much of the climate of the hemisphere. With increasing urban population, the Brazilian government decided that the Amazon should be developed agriculturally. The Amazon Highway was begun in the 1960s, and communities of people were resettled from the ghettos of northeast Brazil into the midst of the jungle, in the hope that clearing the forest would enable them to develop rich farm land and overcome their poverty.

But food crops did not grow like the forest vegetation they replaced. The rain forest is not suitable for agriculture, at least not without investment in fertilizers on an economically ruinous scale. The soil is very thin, and once the trees are uprooted the topsoil disappears in the next hard rain. The substances needed for plant life circulate through the plants themselves, not the soil. The native Indians did far better: they have used, from time immemorial, the "slash and burn" method—a plot is chosen, trees are cut and burnt. The ash serves as a fertilizer for a few years, then the farmer moves on to another location. This method is suited to the environment, if the farming population remains at a very low level (the Indian population is less than 1 person per square mile in the Amazon basin).

The Brazilian policy has been catastrophic. The jungle was cut down and crops planted. In a year or two these lands were exhausted. But, of course, there was always more: the axes bit deeper and deeper into the jungle. But always the thin topsoil soon disappeared through erosion. Finally the settlers had to import their food from outside. The farms were gradually abandoned as hopeless; the government is now moving people out, not in. The owners of cattle farms got their profit from tax relief and capital gains, but the land under them is no longer of any use to them nor their posterity. When the trees go, the topsoil goes, and when the topsoil is gone no crops can be grown until more soil is formed, which takes

many thousands of years.

This was, indeed, a *government* policy, with all the typical foolishness of government projects. But the effect would have been the same if individuals without government subsidy had homesteaded in the jungle. The environment is the worse for such projects, regardless of how they were inspired or financed.

When the Amazon rain forest is gone, the hemispheric weather is likely to turn freakish. The forest is the environment's main moisture-preserver. When it goes, deserts will spring up in unexpected places. Perhaps rain will no longer fall in the American Midwest, just as it no longer falls in parts of Africa.

2. *The African veldt.* The African veldt contains more large land animals than exist anywhere else in the world. But today human beings have come to dominate the landscape, and the multiplication of human beings has caused most of the native animals to be destroyed—not so much through mass killing (which of course has occurred) but through the destruction of the animals' *habitat*. Even if only a few animals remain, they can reproduce, but when the habitat is destroyed, the environmental conditions necessary for the animals' continued existence are gone, and once gone it is very difficult to bring them back again.

Thanks largely to Western medicine, the native population has vastly increased. In Rhodesia, where there were half a million native Africans in 1900, there are now more than six million (today's Zimbabwe and Zambia). Hunting requires lots of space per person; they now live by farming. Typically, they raise cattle for export (they have to export in order to repay Third World loans). For cattle farming you need fences. Where there are fences, native animals cannot roam. Lions and elephants encounter these fences on the way to their water holes. They cannot cross the high fences, and they die of thirst by the thousands on the way to the rivers. The fences destroy the ability to roam and forage for food and water—an essential condition of the animals' habitat. The fences are a death sentence.

The cattle are not immune, as the na-

tive animals are, to the tsetse fly, which carries cattle diseases as well as sleeping sickness. For 20 years the cattle-producing areas have been sprayed for the tsetse fly, in order that cattle may safely graze in the alien environment. But the cattle graze the grasses to the root; together with sheep or goats, they ruin the land completely for grazing by native animals. Faced by this new competitor introduced by man, the antelope and the wildebeest must starve; and so too must the carnivores who prey upon them. "In Botswana, twenty years of spraying for the tsetse fly has turned great areas of prime wilderness into an African demilitarized zone. Hundreds of kilometers of fences have interrupted the grazing patterns of the great herds of wildlife."¹² But the cattle will continue to be grown: the survival of the ever-expanding human population depends on making a living. There is more of a market for beef than for venison.

The environment in which giraffes, leopards, and zebras can continue to exist is already in a terminal stage of destruction. The only hope left for these animals is to be contained in national

Even if only a few animals remain, they can reproduce, but when the habitat is destroyed, the environmental conditions necessary for the animals' continued existence are gone, and once gone it is very difficult to bring them back again.

parks, to which tourists pay to come and take pictures of them.

I shall give one more example—less dramatic but equally telling:

3. *American agriculture.* During my boyhood in Iowa, a great variety of crops was typically grown on a single farm: corn, wheat, clover, soybeans, oats—some for sale, some for cattle and pigs, some to enrich the soil for later crops. There were orchards with a profusion of fruit trees such as few people today have ever heard of (only a few species of apples are grown commercially on a large scale); and an equally diverse array of vegetables was grown in a typical farmer's garden. The usual soil-nutrient was manure, occasionally supplemented by feed-store fertilizer. The farms were what is sometimes called "ecologically sound."

But agricultural technology became

ever more refined: tractors, threshing combines, mechanical weed-pullers, and other expensive equipment enabled farmers to grow large acreages efficiently. "Small farming" became unprofitable. The profitable procedure was to devote large acreages to a single crop ("monoculture"), and to spray the entire acreage with chemical fertilizers. However, in the absence of mixed crops, which provide the support that comes with mixed populations of plants and animals,

Benign insects become pests because their natural controls—birds and small mammals—have been removed. The soil then lacks earthworms, nitrogen-fixing bacteria, and green manure, and is reduced to mere sand—a mineral medium for absorbing enormous quantities of inorganic nitrogen salts, which were originally supplied more cyclically and timed more appropriately for crop growth in the ecosystem. In reckless disregard for the complexity of nature and the subtle requirements of plant and animal life, the agricultural situation is crudely sim-

plified; its needs must now be satisfied by highly soluble synthetic fertilizers that percolate into drinking water and by dangerous pesticides that reside in food. A high standard of food cultivation that was once achieved by a diversity of crops and ani-

mals, free of toxic agents and more healthful nutritionally, is now barely approximated by single crops whose main supports are toxic chemicals.¹³

The situation is one of "ecological simplicity." It is seen most dramatically in today's cities:

In urban centers man has virtually suppressed all life that ever existed there and has substituted a community of little variety that repeats itself around the world. Instead of soil, natural water systems, plant and animal communities, there exist concrete surfaces, sewage pipes, and parks composed largely of alien plants and animals. Usually the only animals that live intimately with man in this synthetic environment are his domesticated dogs, cats, goldfish, turtles, canaries, and a few

other pets. The birds found in North American cities are either aliens—street pigeons, starlings, house sparrows—or the few natives that have been able to adapt to urban living in parks of foreign vegetation. But in cities there also live man's unwelcome—and potentially dangerous—cohabitants: rats, house flies, cockroaches, lice, and numerous micro-organisms bringing disease to the human population.¹⁴

Simplification leads to great vulnerability. Living things together compose a global ecosystem of tremendous order and complexity. People keep pulling out threads from this tightly woven fabric. But a simplified ecological community is much more easily upset when something happens to one of its parts, than is a diversified community. "Wheat stretching to the horizon undoubtedly can be harvested efficiently by machines; but a single crop of wheat is also susceptible to sudden onslaughts of insects and micro-organisms, which can build up their numbers catastrophically in a short time Scientists have been able to ensure successful wheat crops only by breeding ever-new varieties of fungus-resistant wheat faster than the fungi can adapt to them."¹⁵

Too Many People

One learns not to attribute all ills to a single cause. Some of the situations just described result from stupid government policies, some from equally stupid decisions by individuals; but a common thread in all of them seems to be an ever-increasing human population, which has skewered the environment and erased from the book of life an endless array of non-human organisms.

Most ecologists unhesitatingly draw the conclusion that there are "just too many people in the world." But it is difficult to know what to make of such a remark as it stands. It is most easily construed as a statement of *preference*. If one person says "This movie is too long," and another says "No, it's just right," one can conclude how each speaker feels about the film, but not much else. Some persons may consider the world too crowded, others may find it too empty. Some of us would prefer to have

inhabited an earlier America, as it was a century or more ago; we regret that the bison no longer roam the plains, and we think it a matter for sorrow that a highly evolved species such as the wolf, so misrepresented in popular belief, has virtually been exterminated from its former habitat and remains only in remote regions of Alaska and Canada. We realize that when you have 240 million people you can't have wolves, bison, and other creatures roaming all over the place; it's just that we would gladly vote for more animals and fewer people. For my taste the optimum number of people

It's not that a much more numerous human population could not be sustained in a capitalistic economy; it's that the vehicle in which we ride our planet will increasingly bend and groan under the strain.

on this planet had already been exceeded by the turn of the century.

But others prefer things more crowded, or should I say less empty. "Nevada and Montana are almost entirely empty of people—we could fill them up, we could easily have ten times the population there that we have now." If you asked them, "Would you want to have a land crowded with people? Would you want to see the plains and mountains populated as densely by people as New York City is? Is that your idea of a beautiful land?" They would unhesitatingly say Yes. There doesn't seem to be much future in pursuing such a controversy.

I do not believe that the opposing parties are merely indulging their aesthetic preferences. Those who don't mind increasing the human population often feel this way because they see that capitalism is an efficient production-machine, that in socialist economies people starve, but with capitalism production will usually meet: if people want something badly, someone will usually have the ingenuity to supply it. People have a far higher standard of living today with 240 million Americans than they did when there were only half as many. We shall find new sources of energy, unsuspected only a few years ago. Superconductors are about to transform technology without making anything dirtier or noisier. Libertarians of course believe in capitalism, and they

resent hearing doomsayers endlessly talking about the dangers of overpopulation when we seem to be better off economically with every population increase. Economically, Nevada could indeed have ten times as many people and still not be in want—if ecologists don't see this it's because most of them are collectivists who have no comprehension of how the incredible bread-machine called capitalism really works.¹⁶

Ecologists, for their part, however socialistic or collectivistic they may be, and however mistaken in decrying capitalism, are not simply indulging in personal preferences about a beautiful country, nor are they *merely* being mistaken about the possibilities of capitalism. They are saying, I think, that these constant increases in human population are ecologically

dangerous, *unsafe*—that the more the human population increases, the greater the risk of something in the environment going berserk and killing us all. It's not that a much more numerous human population *could not* be sustained in a capitalistic economy; it's that the vehicle in which we ride (our planet) will increasingly bend and groan under the strain. Two recent examples will illustrate the point:

1. Thanks largely to modern medicine, the population of the Himalayan kingdom of Nepal has expanded enormously in the last fifty years. But the increased populations need food, and some of it comes from tourists who want to go sightseeing in their mountaintop country. The forests have been gradually cut down to be replaced by farms and roads. But the forests hold the topsoil, and when they are gone the soil washes down from the mountains and descends into the plains of India—there are not enough forests left to absorb the impact of the spring floods. From Nepal's technological development comes India's loss of topsoil, which it needs to feed an ever-increasing population.

And there, say ecologists, is the problem: if the population of Nepal had not expanded, they would feel no need to cut down the forests. If the population of Peru had not expanded, the Indians wouldn't have had to resettle higher and higher on the mountain

slopes, and open to the plow lands that should have been used only for grazing. If the population of Brazil had not expanded, there would have been no overflow from Belem to attempt settling the jungle. Isn't population always the bottom line?

2. The Bengal tiger is among the strongest, more graceful, and most beautiful of creatures. But it is now an endangered species—people increase in number, expand into new territories, and kill the tigers. The few that are left are preserved in large wild-life parks in northern India. But the human population covets that land. The parks contain tigers and animals such as water-buffalo which they prey on. The buffalo live on vegetation, and the tigers live on the buffalo. But when there is a drought or for some other reason the human population gets hungry, they point to the park's buffalo. They appeal to the political authority: surely people are more important than buffalo. So an exception is made, "for just this one time"—the park is opened to people with guns, for one week only. Hordes of people move in and slaughter the buffalo. The people are now fed—for that week. A week later they are hungry again.¹⁷ Meanwhile, the buffalo have been exterminated, and now the tiger is also doomed: it cannot live without food, and

its principal food-source is gone. What can these creatures do against a rapidly expanding human population?

"Well, when it comes to the survival of people versus the survival of buffalo, I vote for people." But voting for people doesn't mean that people will survive—even if one grants that people *are* the most important beings in the world. People too have to live in an environment that has enough food-sources, enough water, enough warmth, to keep them alive and well. Ecologists are merely pointing out that if people aren't careful about tending their environment, catastrophe will not be far off: one big change in the atmosphere or climate and perhaps they will all go down the tubes together. Just as many people keep abusing the only bodies they'll ever have, they unthinkingly despoil the only environment they'll ever have; like the body, it doesn't carry any replacements, or even come with spare parts.

"Is it safe to walk on this plank?" That depends on how strong it is, how well placed, how well you can balance yourself, how deep the chasm below. There is no simple answer. Is it safe to double the human population yet again? Well, perhaps—if you are *very* careful about retaining a free economy

so that people won't lack for food, and if you are *ever* so careful not to bite the environment that feeds you; but remember, the weaker the plank, and the more weight it must bear, and the deeper the chasm below. . . .

Ecologists declare with one voice that we absolutely must limit population growth. Is it safe to keep on increasing it? We *may* come out of it all right, but at the same time, the weaker the plank, and the deeper the chasm. . . .

We could diminish the number of people at once by killing them on a massive scale. But, other than in war, this is not a policy we condone. We don't consider it a live option to kill people once they are born, but most of us have no similar disapproval of *preventing* them from coming into existence in the first place. This could be done through *compulsory* measures, such as are used in China, with draconian deprivations for a woman who conceives a second child. Libertarians do not approve coercive actions of this kind. They would have no opposition, however, to *voluntary* methods such as birth control.

The practical problem with voluntary methods is whether they would succeed. Populations in the advanced industrial nations have not markedly increased in the last few decades; but in the Third World they have increased by leaps and

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bounds, and the Third World is least equipped to handle such increases. The prospects of voluntary compliance there are not bright. A man relies on his children for his immortality; never mind that if he has twelve acres, his four sons will have three acres each, and their sons much less than that and soon there is not enough to live on. Is it any more likely that people will forswear having children than that Botswanans will voluntarily stop destroying the habitat of wild animals by raising cattle?

Property Rights and the Environment

Libertarians are second to none in their support of property rights—not only the right to use the crop you've grown, but the right to own the land on which it grows. Ownership of land not only has a high utility (if it's yours you'll take better care of it) but also is a human right (if the land is mine, I can eject trespassers from it, even if others might make better use of it than I do).

There has always been a condition attached, however, implied or stated: you must not use your land in a way that harms others. You may not pollute the stream that enters your neighbor's land downstream, for you are thereby harming him. The same applies to air pollution—as when smoke from a factory endangers your health—though the culprits in this case are not always easy to identify. It also applies to using your land in such a way as to place others in considerable danger: constructing a house on a hill above his, causing mudslides in the rainy season; raising poisonous snakes in your back yard; even maintaining "attractive nuisances" such as unfenced water holes or patches of quicksand.

But the word "harm" is vague. If the market value of property in your neighborhood goes down, have you been harmed? It would surely seem so. If someone sets up a competing drug store across the street from yours, and excels you at your own trade, have you been harmed? But libertarians exclude economic harm, as being essential to a free market. Usually they mean physical harm—not all physical harm, but physical harm caused by other human beings (not by floods or tornadoes).

The problem we now confront is this: Don't the Brazilians have a right to chop down their forests and make farms? (The farms are theirs, not ours.) And don't Tibetans have the same right? And don't Botswanans have a right to raise cattle on their land and put fences around it to keep out wild animals? Environmentalists may not like this, but don't the Botswanans have a right to do it just the same? (There is, to be sure, a kind of collective "we" hovering over this scene: was it the Brazilian farmer's land? or the government's land? or the native Indians' land—who of course did *not* consent to give or sell it to any Brazilians? But this question is simply a diversion as far as the issue before us is concerned: *whoever* owns the land, doesn't he/she/they have a right to cut down the trees on it?—*that* is the question.)

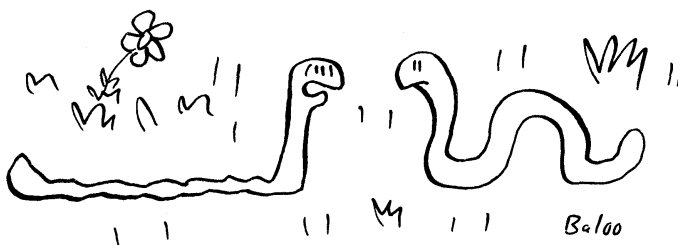
"Ah, but surely we have the answer right before us. When people cut down the rain forest and convert the land to agriculture, they are *harming others* by their use of the land (whatever else they may be doing to *themselves*). They are, for example, harming future North American farmers whose lands (we don't yet know which) will no longer be productive because of the absence of

those forests. So they do *not* have a right to cut the trees down, any more than the farmer has the right to pollute his neighbor's stream."

In that case, however, how can *any* use of land be justified? Isn't there always some danger that your use of your land may now or later harm someone else here or elsewhere? It's the ecological interconnectedness of everything that is the problem. Who knows what ecological disasters may result from even the most well-intentioned use of one's land? Unless we can qualify our rule with some vague clause like "if there are no reasonable grounds for believing that . . .", it would seem that a rigorous application of this criterion would end up prohibiting the human use of land entirely—and *that* would be self-destructive and suicidal.

May it not be that any destruction of primeval forest, such as Europeans did in the Ohio Valley in 1800, will have catastrophic results? If there are fewer forests, there will be fewer plants to absorb carbon dioxide, followed perhaps by a "greenhouse effect," the warming of the earth's atmosphere, changing the earth's climate, melting the Arctic icecaps, inundating the earth's coasts, and so on. *Your* use of the land is negligible in contributing to such catastrophes, but *everyone's* use of their land in such a way may well cause such catastrophes to happen. And (here's the rub) if *you* have the right to use your land thus, why doesn't everyone else have the same right with regard to their land? Yet if they all do, catastrophe will ensue. Am I permitted to cut down my forest because my land is "such a little bit of the total picture"? (Analogous case: The store won't miss the little bit that *I* steal. But if it's all right for me to steal, why not others? And if everyone did it, business would be impossible to conduct.)

If you apply the rule strictly, it would seem that *all* property rights are in jeopardy all over the earth. Many persons have alleged that this is indeed the case—and therefore, that no individual should be permitted to have property in land. Someone, however, must own it and control its use. This is the task of *society*. But who is society? All the people acting together? But that is an impossibility. What "society" comes to in practice, of course, is *government*. Yet if individuals may not own land, neither, for the same reason, may gov-



"An environmentalist stepped on me!"

ernments. In whatever way governments (that is, people employed by governments) use land, they too are endangering others by that use. Nor is there any evidence that governments are any more careful in their use of land than individuals are; quite the contrary, of course.

In view of the ever-present risks to others in one's use of land, it is not surprising that so many ecologists have opted for a "one world government." They are correct on one point: what Brazilians do with the rain forest has vast implications for people outside of Brazil. Ecological considerations transcend our arbitrary national boundaries. Thus they feel that there must be some supra-national regulatory authority that considers not only this individual or that, this nation or that, but *all* persons and nations—a global regulatory authority set up to preserve the environment and adjudicate environmental disputes all over the world.

But the considerations against world government regulating the environment are the same as those against world government in any other aspect, and they are already familiar to libertarians. How could it keep from being infected by the disease of all governments—becoming wasteful, inefficient, corrupt, bureaucratic, allied with special interests each seeking to influence those in power? The greater the scope of such a government, the worse it would become. If a national government in Washington suffers from these maladies, wouldn't it be still worse with a world government? And what can you do when a *world* government becomes autocratic and dictatorial—

go to Mars? At least victims of tyrannies have sometimes been able to emigrate to freer places but what happens when there is a monopoly of terrestrial control? The cure is surely worse than the disease. Environmentalists are attracted by it because they see so clearly the ecological interdependence of all parts of the earth; what they do not see as clearly are the inherent defects of a regulatory authority that spans the globe. Unless, that is, they themselves are in charge of it. That is the bottom line. If others who disagreed with them were in charge, they might be somewhat less enthusiastic.

Proponents of liberty do best in considering the relation between individuals and other individuals. They do not do as well, and are constantly at odds with each other, in considering international affairs—nations dealing with other nations. And for the same reason, they do not do well in ecological issues. It's not that individuals don't count at all in these areas, but that what one individual does is less than a drop in the bucket when it comes to achieving any goals. It may be noble of you to do X, but your nobility will count for nothing unless masses of other people, whom you don't know and surely cannot control, also cooperate in doing X. The philosophy of freedom is geared to do one thing, and then it is asked to do quite another thing. Little wonder that so few care to talk about ecology, that they try to sweep it under the rug, or to arrange their "facts" in such a way that the problems aren't really there. But the difficulty of the task is no excuse for falsification or evasion. □

Endnotes

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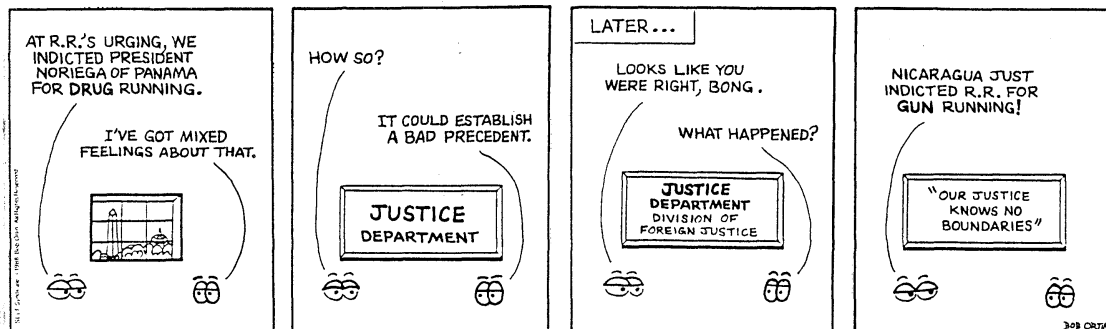
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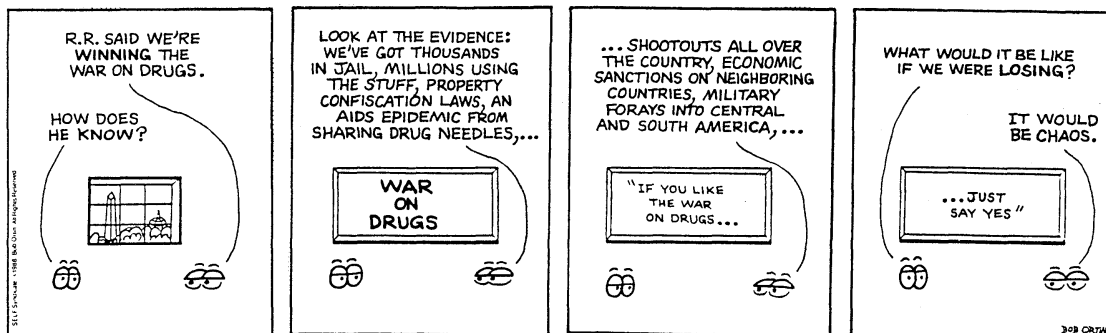
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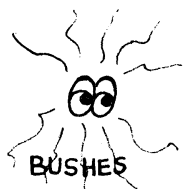


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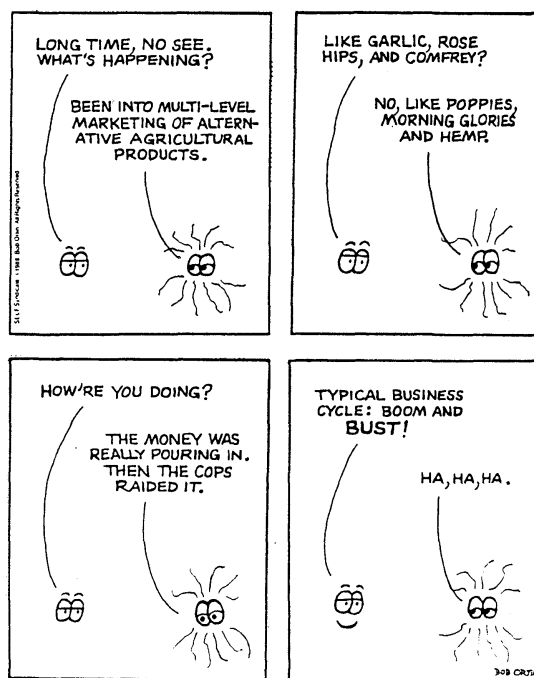


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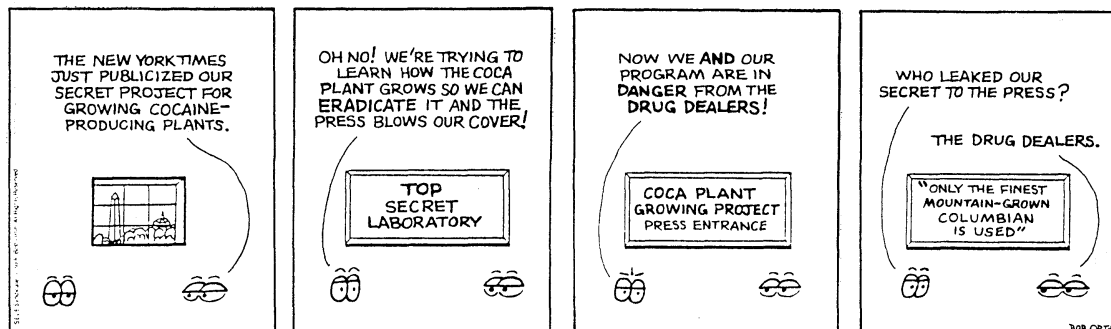
A speculation on the source of headlines
by Bob Ortin



AGRI-BIZ



HOME GROWN



AIDS: More Than Just a Virus

by Sandy Shaw

The AIDS problem may have started as a virus, but it continues largely because of government regulations, especially those of the Food and Drug Administration. The AIDS epidemic could be stopped right now by a fast home (or singles or gay bar) test for HIV (Human Immunodeficiency Virus) infection. If prospective sex partners could check each other for HIV virus infection as easily, quickly, and inexpensively as the early pregnancy tests do their job, the rapid spread of AIDS would end.

But the FDA will not permit the sale of do-it-yourself AIDS test kits. The April 2, 1988 *Science News* reports that several companies are developing either mail-in or do-it-yourself AIDS test kits, but that FDA approval is not likely to come soon. The FDA's blood products advisory committee is requiring that these tests meet a generally long and expensive formal pre-market approval process. According to *Nature* (April 14 1988), "In a letter sent out to potential manufacturers of the kits last week, FDA stopped short of a ban on home testing. But such stringent criteria for pre-marketing research of home test kits are laid out in the letter that it is unlikely that anyone will persist in seeking approval."

The FDA has many objections to the tests. For example, it claims that if the test detected HIV infection, there might be a lack of face-to-face counseling, confirmatory testing, and physician follow-up. But these actions will never occur if the victims do not know they are infected. The FDA worries that the single-use disposable lancets used to prick fingers to obtain blood for the test might not be properly discarded. What

about the knives of infected persons slicing tomatoes at home? Or their used razor blades? These seem to pose a much greater hazard to the uninfected than the spurious problem of shared lancets.

There is no scientific or medical need for a lengthy formal pre-market approval process. Kits could be tested in about a week by using AIDS patients and known infected individuals as test subjects. The FDA's supposed concerns sound more like authoritarian excuses for yet more delays in approving AIDS home test kits. DuPont, one of the companies developing such a kit, is planning to offer theirs in England.

Many states and cities have laws prohibiting the uncontrolled sale of sterile empty disposable hypodermic syringes. The legislators who passed these laws are probably not stupid enough to believe that these laws really prevent anybody from injecting himself with heroin, speed, or cocaine, but they apparently believe that their constituents are dumb enough to fall for it. What really happens is that drug users share their needles—and their HIV. Many prostitutes use drugs by injection and, in the areas where there are laws strictly controlling hypo sales, their HIV infection rate is 60% and climbing. The infection rate is generally much lower among

prostitutes who ply their trade in areas where sterile disposable hypodermic syringes can be readily purchased.

An average drug costs \$125 million and takes 8–12 years to obtain FDA drug approval. The supposed speed-up of drug approval promised by the FDA has not occurred. This is the main reason for the lack of AIDS treatments in this country. Even the approved AIDS drug, AZT, is not available for infants with AIDS, for whom the drug is not approved. Dying AIDS victims (or terminal patients of any kind) cannot gain access to experimental drugs in the U.S. or legally import drugs used to treat the disease in other countries. The FDA acts as if it preferred people to die rather than use unapproved drugs. Until a drug has obtained final FDA approval, its manufacturers cannot legally communicate information about it to physicians or the public. They can't even legally send doctors copies of scientific papers on experimental drugs! Whatever happened to freedom of speech?

An excellent first step to alleviating AIDS is to get the FDA off our backs. See Appendix E of *Life Extension*, a *Practical Scientific Approach* and also *Life Extension*, the *Video* for an attack on the FDA's policies by Dr. Milton

continued on page 36

Bibliography

Taking Libertarianism Seriously

by Murray N. Rothbard

Why is it that British scholars take liberty so much more seriously than do Americans?

Visiting England these days is a genuinely nostalgic experience. Despite the Thatcher ascendancy, all intellectuals to the right of the Labor Party huddle together in small groups, feeling themselves, with considerable justice, a beleaguered minority. As a result, rightist intellectuals,

ranging from anarcho-capitalists to minarchists, conservative pragmatists, Hayekians, Hobbesian contractarians, Humean skeptics, and High Tories, cluster together in friendly fashion, swapping horror stories of the "loony Left"—Trotskyite local government councils, crazed egalitarian school teachers, Marxoid union thugs, etc. Britain is in this way strongly reminiscent of the U. S. in the 1950s, when anarchists, minarchists, laissez-fairists, traditionalists, opportunists, McCarthyites, global warmongers and various brands of monarchists banded together in reasonably good fellowship against the dominant attitudes and institutions of the New Deal. Since then, all brands of rightism on these shores have grown and flourished, and as they prospered they were able to split off into their own, often antagonistic movements.

Not only is libertarian political action and social organizing far greater and more impressive in the U. S. than in Britain, but the extent of libertarian intellectual and scholarly activity is far greater, both absolutely and proportionally, in the United States. Austrian economics, the most consistently libertarian of the schools of free-market economics, has been developing rapidly in the last few years. Libertarian political philosophy, while much less developed, has also been making its mark, particularly

in departments of philosophy and in scholarly think tanks. And yet, in the United States, libertarian scholarly activity gets little or no respect. There are precious few books or journal articles that take libertarianism or Austrianism seriously. Although Austrian economics has become increasingly well-known in recent years, it is just now beginning to break out of its confined status, only recently becoming recognized as a respectable and important school of thought. But libertarianism is still dismissed by political philosophers as a kooky fringe sect.

It is therefore remarkable that in Britain, despite the small numbers of libertarians and the beleaguered status of libertarianism, both Austrian economics and libertarian political theory are treated with great respect. Although agreement with the doctrine is still highly limited, these disciplines get a fair shake in Britain.

In the U. S., for example, introductions to Austrian economics consist of two pamphlets written by Thomas Taylor¹ and Lawrence White.² British introductions to Austrianism include one pamphlet (by Stephen Littlechild³) and two substantial books (by W. Duncan Reekie⁴ and Alexander Shand⁵). The Institute for Economics Affairs (IEA), the British counterpart to such

American public policy think-tanks as the American Enterprise Institute or the Heritage Foundation, is far more scholarly, far more hard-hitting than these sister institutions in the U.S. Arthur Seldon, the intellectual leader of the IEA, does full justice to the Austrian and anarchist, as well as the monetarist-Chicagoite, wings of free-market thought.

There is no counterpart in the States to the work of Sheila Dow's *Macroeconomic Thought: A Methodological Approach*⁶ which treats Austrian macroeconomic theory as a fully respectable alternative to mainstream theories, and is even rather sympathetic to the Austrian view.

A particularly striking example of British fair play in scholarly assessment is *The New Palgrave: A Dictionary of Economics*,⁷ a massive four-volume encyclopedia of economics recently published by Macmillan in London. *The New Palgrave* will serve as the fundamental reference work in economics for decades. Remarkable for such a project, there was no Editorial Board to lend it balance; there are only three editors, with absolute power to select articles and contributors, and to ride herd over the articles if they so desired. The first editor is John Eatwell, professor at Cambridge, and a leader of the left

Keynesian-quasi-Marxist Cambridge School; and a second editor is Murray Milgate, a student and disciple of Eatwell's. Indeed, cursory reading, backed by a more systematic critique by Seldon,⁸ demonstrates that far more space—and almost all space in *New Palgrave* is favorable space—is devoted to Keynesianism and Marxism than to any other school of thought. And crucial articles, such as the one on "Capitalism," were given to the third-rate Marxoid Robert Heilbroner rather than to any defender of capitalism.

There is no doubt about *The New Palgrave*'s left-wing bias. And yet . . . despite that bias, there is no question that Austrianism is well represented in the *Palgrave*, all the articles in this area being written by such leading Austrian adherents and sympathizers as Israel M. Kirzner, Klaus H. Hennings, Roger W. Garrison, Paul McNulty, Karen Vaughn

and the present writer. I venture to guess that no left Keynesian-Marxist-controlled encyclopedia in the U. S. would give Austrians as good a break, and I strongly doubt that Austrians would fare as well in a Chicagoite-monetarist-controlled encyclopedia published here, either.

Not only that, but mainstream British scholarship is even fair to libertarianism, a school of political thought that is barely acknowledged in the U. S., let alone treated as a serious movement to be reckoned with by orthodox political theorists. (Arthur Seldon goes so far as to chide *The New Palgrave* for not including any articles on "anarcho-capitalism" or "libertarianism," for whom Seldon suggests David Friedman and myself respectively.) In the United States, during the New Left era of the late 1960s and early 1970s, anthologies included individualist anarchist writings⁹ or libertarianism alongside Marxist ideologies.¹⁰ But there has been virtually nothing since.¹¹

The big exception, of course, was the exhaustive comment and analysis accorded Robert Nozick's *Anarchy, State and Utopia*, but Nozick's work was treated as an isolated text rather than as a leading volume in a broad movement, so that the nature of libertarianism, or indeed, any libertarian outside of Nozick himself, was totally ignored. And while the existence and stature of

Anarchy, State and Utopia happily made the very discussion of such themes as "liberty" and "rights" at long last respectable in dissertations and articles in philosophy journals, its impact was dissipated after a few years by Nozick's stubborn refusal to respond publicly to any of his host of critics.¹²

There are encouraging recent signs, however, that attention to libertarianism in mainstream political science might be making a comeback. Larry Arnhart, a Straussian political scientist of libertarian sympathies at Northern Illinois University, has a reasonably favorable discussion of libertarianism in

Mainstream British scholarship is fair to libertarianism, a school of political thought that is barely acknowledged in the U. S., let alone treated as a serious movement to be reckoned with by orthodox political theorists.

his recent textbook¹³ on contemporary political thought, while there is a fair discussion of individualist anarchism, anarcho-capitalism, and the Libertarian Party in the seventh edition of Lyman Tower Sargent's text, *Contemporary Political Ideologies: A Comparative Analysis*.¹⁴

U. S. coverage, however, pales beside the treatment accorded to libertarian scholarship in Great Britain. There is Professor David Miller's book on *Anarchism*.¹⁵ Also, a fair and intelligent discussion of both Austrian free-market economics and libertarian anarcho-capitalism has been provided by Peter Wynarczyk.¹⁶ After discussing the vari-

ous schools of free-market thought, Wynarczyk concluded that my own anarcho-capitalist arguments "are extremely consistent and persuasive," but he then draws back from the precipice at the last minute, telling himself and the reader that there are historical problems getting from here to there [no doubt!] and that we must abandon the Utopian extremism of laissez faire, which *must*, he says, be "fallible," since man is fallible. [Did anyone promise omniscience and perfection?] No, no he reminds himself, in a world of uncertainty "we must be pragmatic, eclectic and pluralistic." [Is he certain about that statement?] These final paragraphs, however, constitute a remarkably feeble coda to a thorough and generally excellent discussion. Were they tacked on, perhaps, to get himself off the hook?

The two most comprehensive and recent British works on libertarianism have, unfortunately, not even remote analog in the U. S. One is a book by David G. Green, a research fellow at the IEA, on *The New Conservatism: The Counter-Revolution in Political, Economic and Social Thought*.¹⁷ I should hasten to add that such current terms as "the New Right" or "New Conservatism" in Britain have nothing to do with such American doctrines as Kirkian traditionalism, right-wing populism, or Moral Majoritarianism. To Green, for example, the "New Conservatism" is identical to the "new [Classical] Liberalism," and his chapters on ideology are confined to the Classical Liberalism of previous centuries;



"Tell me, Morton — Are you in some kind of trouble?"

"Anarcho-Capitalism or the Minimal State?" which includes discussions of my own "anarcho-libertarianism," David Friedman's anarcho-capitalism, Nozick's minimal state, and Rand's Objectivism; "Friedman and the Chicago School" [of Buchanan and Tullock]; and Hayekian doctrine: "Hayek and the Austrian School."

The most important new British work on libertarian theory is *On Classical Liberalism and Libertarianism*,¹⁸ by Norman Barry, Professor of Politics at the University of Buckingham. Similar to Green, Barry has chapters devoted to classical liberalism, the Chicago School, Mises and the Austrian School, Buchanan and "Contractarian Liberalism," Ayn Rand and "Egoism," Nozick and the Minimal State, and my-

self and Anarcho-Capitalism. It is a subtle work deserving a substantial review on its own, but here suffice it to say that Barry's is a highly intelligent treatment that appreciates the power and the consistency of anarcho-libertarianism, a little like Wynarczyk, but on a much higher level, finally tilting toward the seemingly greater practicalities of some form of Buchananite constitutionalism.

We are left with the conundrum: why is British treatment of American libertarian and Austrian scholarship so much more appreciative, and on such a far higher level, than it is accorded in the United States of America? Who knows? Is it the old story of someone being a prophet abroad but scorned at home? Or are the British simply more civilized? □

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AIDS: More Than just a Virus, continued from page 33

Friedman, Durk Pearson and I, and suggestions for reform.* In the Pearson-Shaw proposal (the split label) drugs can be sold without FDA approval and be marked prominently as such. The manufacturers get half the label and can say whatever they want; the FDA gets the other half and says what it wants. You consult with your doctor and your pharmacist and make the decision about whether you will use the drug. May the best scientific studies win!

A difficulty with communicating information about AIDS that cannot be blamed on the government arises from widespread puritanical attitudes. Surgeon-General C. Everett Koop has offered his message on prevention of AIDS to cable and network television. He says that, in the absence of celibacy or strict monogamy, a condom lubricated with a spermicide containing nonoxynol-9 should be used from start to finish of the sex act. Until very recently the networks have refused to run his message because it contains the word "condom." This is incredibly hypocritical, since they show many programs of licit and illicit sex calculated to titillate viewers. Nonoxynol-9 is generally regarded as a spermicide, a contraceptive. This is its stated purpose in products containing it. Many people in danger of getting AIDS (such as gays, prostitutes and their patrons, and sexually active sterilized heterosexuals) may not think they need it. But nonoxynol-9, in addition to killing sperm, has been shown to inactivate AIDS, other viruses, and microbes, including those that cause syphilis and gonorrhea, too. Koop has had the audacity to go against the Administration and others who have said, in effect, "Sex: Just Say NO."

The only way to fight AIDS is through practical, scientific measures. "Puritanism" and the regulation of medicine are the chief stumbling blocks to controlling this epidemic. As always, reason and freedom is the answer. □

* Co-authored by Durk Pearson and Sandy Shaw. For further information write to Durk Pearson & Sandy Shaw Life Extension Newsletter, PO Box 92996, Los Angeles, CA 90009. Source material on AIDS: Aids Treatment News published biweekly by John S. James, PO Box 411256, San Francisco, CA 94141 (\$25 per quarter, all 50 back issues for \$30; excellent reviews of experimental treatments, where to obtain supplies, provides references to scientific studies, etc.); AIDS/HIV Experimental Treatment Directory, one year subscription including directory and updates, \$30, call 800-992-2873; I have not seen this one but it is highly recommended by John S. James.

Appreciation

Scrooge McDuck and his Creator

by Phillip Salin

"Who is Carl Barks?" In the future that question may seem just as silly as "Who is Æsop?" Phil Salin brings us up to date on the importance of the man who created Uncle Scrooge . . .

Once upon a time there was a wonderfully inventive storyteller and artist whose works were loved by millions, yet whose name was known by no one. Roughly twice a month, for over twenty years, the unknown storyteller wrote and illustrated a brand new humorous tale or action adventure for millions of loyal readers, who lived in many countries and spoke many different languages.

The settings of the stories were as wide as the world, indeed wider: stories were set in mythological and historic places, in addition to the most exotic of foreign locales. As well as elements of the past, elements of present and future technology frequently played a critical role.

Most of the stories centered around themes such as the importance of individual initiative; the virtues of hard work; the dangers of incompetence; the need to resist thieves, bullies and tyrants. Yet somehow, the stories were never didactic or boring; somehow, these truisms were made fresh and entertaining. These stories were full of libertarian values, yet were never advertised as such.

All this lay hidden from the awareness of most parents, lurking within the pages of mere comic books. I am talking, of course, about the Uncle Scrooge and Donald Duck stories of Carl Barks.

From 1943 to 1963, Barks wrote and drew over 500 humorous stories which were published under someone else's name: "Walt Disney." Approximately every two weeks throughout this period he created a story starring either "Walt Disney's" Donald Duck or "Walt Disney's" Uncle Scrooge. Yet it was

Barks, not Walt Disney, who defined the unique comic book Donald—as different from the cartoon or newspaper strip versions as butter is from margarine, or as Hans Christian Andersen is from Fractured Fairy Tales. It was Barks, not Disney, who created and fleshed out the satiric world of "Duckburg" and populated it with an enduring set of humorous new characters including two central, remarkably non-"Mickey Mouse" heroes: Uncle Scrooge, the "richest duck on earth," and Gyro Gearloose, the world's greatest inventor. It was Barks, not Disney, who invented these and other Duckburg characters and plot devices used without attribution by the Disney organization ever since, both in print and on the TV screen: Scrooge's Money Bin, the Junior Woodchucks and their all-encompassing Manual, Gladstone Gander, Magica DeSpell, Flintheart Glomgold, and the Beagle Boys. It was Barks, not Disney, who wrote and drew those marvellous, memorable stories, month after month, year after year, and gave them substance.

A Taste for Feathers

I started reading Barks' stories as a kid in the mid-1950s. As I got older, one by one, I gave away or sold most of my other comics; but not the Donald Ducks.

Somehow they seemed to stay amusing when other comics faded. There was something refreshing about them that I never seemed to grow tired of; nor was I alone. Starting in college, I found that an alarmingly large percentage of my friends seemed to be acquiring a taste for spending an occasional hour sprawled in the living room, chuckling at Duck tales, reading and rereading the best ones, just as I had always done. Perhaps there was more to this than mere nostalgia. Perhaps I had fallen in with a bad lot. Or perhaps I had discovered a new communicable disease.

Naturally, it had never occurred to me to wonder who created these stories—the answer was printed prominently in large, cursive letters on the cover and at the beginning of every story: *Walt Disney*. If I had thought about it, I would have realized that Walt probably had other things to do besides drawing and writing 15-30 pages of comic books each month. I would have thought about the implications of the fact that some Duck stories were obviously drawn and written by crude artists, while others were just as obviously "good stuff." I would have noticed that it was only the Duck stories, not "Walt Disney's" Mickey Mouse, or "Walt Disney's" Chip and Dale, that were ever interesting. And, of course, most strik-

ingly, I would have noticed that I wasn't interested in Donald Duck film or newspaper cartoons. Just the comic books.

None of these thoughts crossed my mind until the mid-70s, after I had graduated from college, traveled a bit, and returned to my home town. The local comics store in San Rafael at that time consisted of a couple of boxes kept next to the counter at "The Record King," owned and managed by Mr. Joe Colabella. I would occasionally drop in and browse through these boxes, more out of nostalgia than any acute interest. One day I noticed Joe had begun pinning copies of old Duck comics up on the wall, right next to the well-known superhero favorites: Superman, Spiderman, the Spirit, and the Justice League of America. So I asked about them. It turned out Joe was aggressively buying up all he could find—he was actively "accumulating" Ducks, so to speak! It was Joe who finally explained to me that there had been several authors and artists of the Duck comics, but only one who did all the really great stories: Carl Barks.

Joe passed on a few additional tidbits of information that I find disquieting to this day. For many years, Barks was not told how many people read his work (the answer was: millions, every month). He had no idea that whenever the folks at Western Publishing used a Duck story by some other writer or artist, they received large quantities of angry mail protesting the change. He had no idea that people saved his stories, reread them, and showed them to friends. For almost twenty years, the people he worked for neglected to give him copies of fan mail (presumably, there was quite a lot of it). Finally, in 1961, by accident, a fan letter happened to make it through; Barks found the praise in this letter so embarrassing he was convinced it was a hoax.

Moreover, Joe explained, Barks' Duck comics were rapidly becoming widely collected and even valuable, in spite of the fact that they had always been printed in very large numbers. Slowly I came to realize that my continuing enjoyment of these stories was not some kind of lamentable lapse of taste or idiosyncrasy, but a common and justifiable response. It somewhat restored my confidence, and not just in myself. It was mighty nice to know that there

were a lot of others out there who knew good fun when they saw it, and weren't too stuffy to say so.

But, granted that Barks' comics were great fun, could there be more to them than that?

In Defense of (Some) Comic Books

Nowadays I find most comic books unreadable; but as a kid, I loved them, all of them. One of my brothers swears he learned to enjoy reading books from reading comics, not from the public school system. At any rate, let's agree that most comics are junk. Sturgeon's Law—"90% of everything is crud"—certainly applies to comic books, as it applies to science fiction, television, sculpture, paintings, popular and classical music, and libertarian tracts.

What about the other 10% of comic books? These are the ones that use the form to its best advantage. Judging

Perhaps there was more to this. Perhaps I had fallen in with a bad lot. Or perhaps I had discovered a new communicable disease.

from the marketplace, comics are especially useful at portraying "larger than life" battles between good guys and bad guys, i.e., super-heroes and supervillains. The artwork is often appealing, sometimes innovative and exciting. I can't say I've ever read a super-hero series whose stories struck me as particularly strong on insights about life, but I don't find the possibility inconceivable.

Besides super-hero adventures, comic books have also long been used as vehicles of satiric, occasionally instructive tales, often involving a bunch of "funny animals." It is a childish mistake to think that these stories are about animals. From *Aesop's Fables* to Orwell's *Animal Farm* and Adams' *Watership Down*, many stories conveying mature insights about human life have been dressed in animal's clothing. The idea that animal stories are only for kids is for the birds.

Whereas super-heroes tend to have uncommon, stylized physical characteristics (the Flash has uncommon speed; Superman is uncommonly strong), funny animals may have uncommon, stylized personal characteristics. This creates a great potential for amusing conflicts and broad satiric humor. So it is with Barks' ducks. Uncle Scrooge is

uncommonly industrious and acquisitive. Gyro Gearloose is uncommonly inventive. Uncle Donald is uncommonly stubborn. Huey, Dewey and Louie are uncommonly independent and resourceful. All are uncommonly enthusiastic and inclined to take the initiative.

Now, in the hands of a typical comic book hack, Uncle Scrooge would have been treated like any stereotypical miser; but in Barks' hands, Scrooge's uncommon thriftiness becomes not only tolerable, but (for the most part) actually appealing. When Donald is stubbornly wrongheaded, Barks plays tricks on him without mercy; but when Donald is steadfast in a good cause, Barks makes sure our sympathies are on his side. Here is where we begin to see the heart of Barks' enduring appeal. It is not just that Barks is in the upper 10% of comic book artists and storytellers in terms of mere competence; it is that Barks is per-

ceptive about human nature and values. When we read Barks' fables, unlike Aesop's, or "Walt Disney's," we are reading stories that express a consistently

upbeat, adventuresome, intensely individualistic sense of life.

Capitalist Adventures for All Ages

Most of Barks' stories contain elements extolling the virtues of initiative and entrepreneurship. One of my favorites is *Maharajah Donald*.^{*} It begins with Donald unfairly paying the nephews with only "an old stub pencil" after they have cleaned his garage. The irrepressible kids then initiate a series of clever, voluntary, and mutually beneficial exchanges until they are the proud owners of a steamship ticket to India. When they and Donald arrive there, Donald gets into deep trouble. He is held captive by a local prince and is about to be fed to ravenous royal tigers. The kids are rupeeless and desperate, wandering the streets outside the palace, searching for a way to get Donald out of his predicament. Walking along, they spot an object lying unclaimed and unwanted in the middle of the road. As only an entrepreneur could understand, the kids immediately exclaim, "An old stub pencil! We're rich!" And in not too long, they are, and use their resources to bail

^{*} included in *Walt Disney—Donald Duck*, listed below.

Donald out of trouble.

Huey, Dewey and Louie would make great employees or great business partners. Never just along for the ride, their eyes are always open to new needs and opportunities. When in *Land of the Totem Poles** Donald gets a job selling an unknown product (steam calliopes) in a brand new, exclusive territory (the Kickmiquick River, which is located, according to the map, "way up in the wildest country there is"), the kids' immediate response is: "Say! That outghta be good country to sell something in! Why don't we be salesmen, too? Sure! We'll get a line of goods and clean up right along with Unca' Donald." Naturally, selling turns out to be a bit harder than anyone suspected; but not impossible. By the end of the story, as a result of paying special attention to customer demand, the kids have learned how to sell even such a white elephant as a steam calliope.

Although a number of Barks' stories play with some aspect or other of business or economics, there is one in which economic theory plays the central role. This amazing story, *Money from Heaven* [my title—most of the stories had no titles] manages to address inflation, income redistribution, and the creation and maintenance of wealth. Its beginning is a meteorological version of wealth redistribution: a tornado picks up all the money from Uncle Scrooge's famous money bin and randomly rains five billion quintuplatillion umptuplatillion multuplatillion impossibidillion fantasticatillion dollars across the countryside. Uncle Scrooge is now a pauper and everyone else is a multimillionaire. Most people immediately quit their jobs and hang out signs saying "gone to see the world." Scrooge, however, simply keeps farming (even handing out guns to Huey, Dewey and Louie, to protect the property he is creating). In the finale, the wandering populace finds that goods have become scarce, since almost everyone has stopped producing them. When people get hungry, food is available at Scrooge's farm—but for amazing prices: hams for \$1,000,000,000, cabbages for \$2,000,000, etc, etc. It's not long before the Money Bin is full again. Life, and then prices, return to normal. "Easy money" is shown to be illusory, and the

true fountainhead of wealth is shown to be focused, productive work.

To enterprise, hard work and ingenuity, Scrooge McDuck adds a love and appreciation of the dollar that borders on romance. This is how Barks' Uncle Scrooge explains where his money came from, in *Only a Poor Rich Man*.* "I made it on the seas, and in the mines, and in the cattle wars of the old frontier! I made it by being tougher than the toughies, and smarter than the smarties! And I made it SQUARE! This silver

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dollar—1898! . . . I got that in the Klondike! Froze my fingers to the bone digging nuggets out of the creeks! And I brought a fortune OUT, instead of spending it in the honkytonks! And this dollar—1882! I got that in Montana where I punched cows while I looked for a homestead! . . . You'd love your money, too, boys, if you got it the way I did—by thinking a little harder than the other guy—by jumping a little quicker."

Tales of Judgment and Responsibility

One of the main Barksian norms is individual responsibility for exercising reason and judgment, combined with a ready ability to learn better, from experience, and from others.

Barks' usually chooses Scrooge or the nephews as role models, as when Scrooge recounts how in the old days during the gold rush, "the other waddies laughed at me when I filed on a claim that was all mountains and rocks! But I'd poked around and I knew that under that scrubby grass was one-third of the world's known copper!" Someone is always telling the kids what they can, can't, or shouldn't do; sometimes the kids obey, but not if they believe they know better. In *Frozen Gold*,* Donald and the kids have flown a plane into a desolate arctic town. Shortly thereafter, Donald is kidnapped. When the kids ready the plane to go search for him, the local sheriff stops them: "Hold on, there! You lads are *too small* to fly that

plane! Go back to the hotel before you hurt yourselves!" They protest that they do "know how to fly the plane! *Honest*, we do!" The sheriff decides: "You're stubborn little fellers! I better lock you in your room! It's for your own good!" Do they just stay put and do as the benevolent, all knowing (but wrong) authority figure says? Nope. And as a result of taking initiative, they manage to rescue Donald before he comes to harm.

Barks often treats Donald as the ultimate straight man, providing wonderfully ironic examples of how not to act. For example, in *Flipism*, Donald becomes an adherent of the fatalistic philosophy of flipism, which says that you should live your life by making all decisions with a coin flip. The story

then shows what kinds of consequences would result from trying to avoid life's responsibilities in such a way. In the climactic panel of this story, one of my great favorites, Donald and the kids drive their car over a hill and are suddenly presented with a surrealistic version of the LA freeway system. Donald exclaims, "Oh my Heavenly days," while the kids' caption reads, "We can see that here is where flipism gets the acid test!" Following a series of decisions made in devout adherence to the tenets of flipism, Donald ends up in court. The following dialog between the judge and Donald says it all:

Judge: So you drove the wrong way on a one-way road?

Donald: Yes, your honor. It was like this—I'm a flippist. I tossed a dime to see which way I'd go.

Judge: You did! . . . Well, that makes these charges against you seem rather silly! I'm not going to fine you the usual \$5.00 for wrong-way driving, nor the usual \$10.00 for disrupting traffic!

Donald: Thanks Judge.

Judge: But I am going to fine you \$50.00 for letting a dime do your thinking for you!

The Golden Helmet: A Libertarian Classic

*The Golden Helmet** is one of the best libertarian stories I know of, but I have never seen it mentioned in any libertari-

*included in *Walt Disney—Donald Duck*.

an magazine.

As the story opens, Donald is a guard in the Duckburg museum, making his rounds. He spots a suspicious character snooping around an old viking ship, unsuccessfully looking for something. Later, Donald discovers an old map, which he gives to the museum's curator. The map describes the location of a golden helmet buried by a viking named Olaf the Blue on the coast of Labrador to prove himself the discoverer of the new land. Barks' plot now begins to thicken.

It seems that during the reign of Charlemagne, in 792 AD the rulers of all the nations gathered in Rome and drafted a law which read: "any man who discovers a new land beyond the seas shall be the

Owner of that land, unless he claims it for his King! Since "Olaf the Blue claimed North America for his own, it now belongs to his nearest of Kin!"

As the curator exclaims, "Great Caesar's ghost! That is the law! And it has never been repealed!"

The suspicious character turns out to be Azure Blue, the direct descendant and legal heir of Olaf the Blue. His attorney (Lawyer Sharky) now threatens: "Will you hand my client his map or must he have you and everyone in America arrested for trespassing on his property!" Blue intends to "return and exact tribute from you—my slaves!"

The rest of the story involves a race to find Olaf's golden helmet, for he who possesses it is the rightful owner of all of North America!

The *Golden Helmet* delightfully satirizes bad laws, lawyers, museums, modern art, and even naive interpretations of property rights theory. But to my mind the most significant aspect of this story is its ending: in turn, each character obtains the golden helmet, *including the good guys*.

Azure Blue grabs it so that all the inhabitants of North America will become his slaves. When the museum curator gets the golden helmet, he announces that "I'll run the country for the benefit of the Museums! Everybody will have to go to a museum twice a day!"

Donald starts out by announcing that he'll "throw this thing so doggoned far the fish won't even find it!" but then, egged on by Lawyer Sharky, he begins to

fantasize: "I'll let people go on just as they are. I won't take a thing away from them! Let em have all the land and oil wells and mines they want [but I'll own] the air! I'll own the one thing that nobody can do without. I'll make people wear meters on their chests. And every breath they take will cost 'em money!"

Eventually Donald comes to his senses and renounces power. But now Lawyer Sharkey makes his own grab for the helmet and begins proclaiming what life will be like with him as Emperor.

In one amazing story, "Money from Heaven," economic theory plays the central role. Barks manages to address inflation, income redistribution, and the creation and maintenance of wealth.

Luckily, Huey, Dewey and Louie have not fallen prey to authoritarian fantasies. They pelt Sharkey with dead fish, knocking the helmet off his head and into the ocean depths. As Huey announces "There goes the Golden Helmet! Now nobody will own North America!"

I challenge anyone to find a more libertarian tale than this.

Fun Beyond Ideology (Further Reading)

I have emphasized Barks' strengths as an individualist and libertarian moralist. However, many of Barks' finest stories are simply very funny. I especially recommend the following:

Omelet (in which Donald & the kids out-

rageously mismanage a chicken farm)

Stranger than Fiction (pokes fun at literary snobs)

The Second Richest Duck (aka "The Great Ball of String Contest")**

The Land Beneath the Ground (A treatise on where earthquakes come from, really)**

Christmas for Santa (memorable Holiday silliness)

Lost in the Andes (Where do square eggs come from? Square chickens!)*

Tralla La (in which

Scrooge accidentally initiates a money-economy in Shangri-La)**

Most of Barks' stories are fun reading at least once, though a few are weak, particularly some he wrote in the last few

years before he retired. (Incidentally, Barks makes his home in Santa Barbara, California.) His best stories seem to stand reading and rereading extraordinarily well, much like a favorite song, book, or movie. From personal experience, and that of my friends and family, they are an excellent tonic for low spirits.

Obtaining copies of Barks' best work takes a bit of attention and involves trade-offs. The problem is, even though it is continually being reprinted, at any given point in time most of Barks' work is out of print. Even very large used-comic stores rarely have more than 5% of Barks' works in stock. And, of course, prices for used comics are sometimes

* included in *Walt Disney—Donald Duck*.

** included in *Walt Disney—Uncle Scrooge McDuck*.

More Letters

(continued from page 6)

My imprisonment was a Christian, not a libertarian, witness. The city of Bartlett was trying to force me into a contract of privilege (business "license") against my will. They were trying to forbid me to engage in a lawful calling the freedom of which I have directly from God, and not at the sufferance of any government or constitution.

The progress of human freedom, has been indissolubly bound to the progress of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Your readers may find that astonishing. So does much of the Church, yet it is the historical fact which our present messianic

state, at all levels, wants to suppress.

"The Lord is our judge, the Lord is our lawgiver, the Lord is our King; He will save us." Isaiah 33:22.

Franklin Sanders
Memphis, Tenn.

Not Silly

I was surprised to see that Murray Rothbard decided to attack me for being "silly" because I disagree with his views on public policy concerning AIDS. I was surprised that he used *Liberty* to respond to my article especially since almost none of the readers of *Liberty* actually saw what I wrote and only have Rothbard's distorted view on which to make a judgment.

continued on page 57

rather high. (An original copy of *Maharajah Donald*, for example, currently costs more than \$1000!). Also, quality of reproduction has varied tremendously since the early 1940s (mostly going downhill).

I recommend starting by obtaining a copy of *Uncle Scrooge McDuck: His Life and Times*. This beautifully produced giant trade paperback was originally available only in an expensive, limited edition. It contains an Appreciation by George Lucas, an "Introducttion" by Carl Barks, reprints of eleven classic Scrooge stories, and background information by Mike Barrier.

A good companion collection is *Walt Disney—Donald Duck* from Abbeville Press. Although the stories have been reprinted with all the frames re-sized to small scale (obscuring somewhat Barks' careful attention to pacing and emphasis), the color is excellent, the price is affordable, the binding is durable, the distribution is wide (bookstores as well as comic stores), and the selection of stories is quite good. (The book contains *The Golden Helmet*, and is the only place where *Maharajah Donald* has ever been reprinted since its first printing, 1947.) Abbeville also publishes a volume of "Uncle Scrooge" stories, as well as a volume of "Huey, Dewey & Louie" stories, both due to be reprinted soon.

As a next step, consider asking your local comics store to begin saving copies of each month's crop of new reprints from Gladstone Publishing. Gladstone is an excellent publisher which is doing a great job of reprinting the stories with good quality reproduction, together with notes about their history. However, Gladstone is also reprinting for American audiences duck stories which were written in Europe by other people after Barks retired. Normally, each Gladstone comic contains at least one story by Barks. Be careful when reading the reprints to notice which stories were written and drawn by Barks and which ones were done by someone else. Although many of the European stories attempt to duplicate Barks' style, humor, and values, few succeed.

Also, you might see if your local store has inexpensive used copies of some of the better stories. If you can find a salesman who is knowledgeable, he may be willing to point you towards the "classics."

The best source of information about Barks and his work is *Carl Barks and the Art of the Comic Book* by Michael Barrier, available through comic stores.

You may wonder why I haven't suggested libraries. Most libraries won't carry anything to do with comic books. What do kids know, after all, about

what's worth paying good cash money for, reading and re-reading, loaning to their friends so they'll read them too? It's quite an irony: even though customer demand has resulted in perhaps a billion copies of Barks' stories being printed world-wide so far—a figure equalled by mighty few artists of any medium—neither the literati nor the libreriati have any idea who is Carl Barks. □

Collections:

- Barks, Carl. *Uncle Scrooge McDuck—His Life and Times*. Berkeley: Celestial Arts, 1987.
 Barrier, Michael. *Carl Barks and the Art of the Comic Book*. Forest Hills, N. Y.: M. Lillien, 1981.
Walt Disney—Donald Duck. New York: Abbeville Press, 1978. Introduction by Carl Barks.
Walt Disney—Uncle Scrooge McDuck. New York: Abbeville Press, 1979. Foreword by Carl Barks.
Walt Disney—Donald Duck and his Nephews. New York: Abbeville Press, 1983. Foreword by Carl Barks.

Individual Duck Stories not reprinted in the collections listed above:

- Flipism*, Walt Disney's *Comics & Stories*, #149, February 1953 (reprinted #365).
Money from Heaven, Walt Disney's *Comics & Stories*, #126, March 1951 (reprinted #363).
Omelet, Walt Disney's *Comics & Stories*, #146, November 1952 (reprinted #358).
Stranger than Fiction, Walt Disney's *Comics & Stories*, #249, June 1961 (reprinted #409).

The Dogs of Capitalism, by Mitchell Jones, is a reasoned investigation of the history of dogfighting.

According to the dogfighters, heroism in dogs is a trait that is inherited. If they are correct and if you want a protection dog, then you should buy a puppy whose parents were heroic. But how can you find such a puppy? The dogfighter's answer: buy from a breeder who tests the courage of his dogs before he breeds them. The idea is that a dog who will repeatedly attack a bear, or a lion, or a badger, or a man with a club, or a fighting bull, or a powerful canine opponent, will never fear to come to the defense of his master. Thus if you purchase a puppy from parents who have been tested in this way, the odds are high that he will grow up to be precisely the kind of animal that you had hoped for.

The Dogs of Capitalism traces out the history of man's attempts to apply this idea. It examines in detail the various tests which were employed to find heroic dogs, including lion and elephant baiting, bear baiting, bull baiting, badger drawing, ratting, and dogfighting. It explores the resulting political controversies and their psychological, moral, economic and philosophical implications. Because the author accepted no limits to his investigation other than those imposed by logical relevance, the theme of this book became a lever for prying open all sorts of surprising secrets. The result is a treasure trove of insights in a multitude of fields—a spectacular, shocking *tour de force*, utterly unlike anything you have ever read before. For the advocate of liberty who wants to be able to defend his position, *The Dogs of Capitalism* is must reading.

* * *

The Dogs of Capitalism, hardcover, 336 pages, 44 illustrations. Price in the U.S. is \$24.95 postpaid. Limit one copy per order. (We will explain why.) Texas residents add \$1.50 sales tax. Send order to:

21st Century Logic, Dept. A26 • P.O. Box 12963 • Austin, TX 78711

Inquiry

Young Money: Curse or Blessing?

by Karl Hess

Real kids who earn real money are a long way from Alex Keaton. If you want to learn what capitalism can do for kids—or what kids can do for capitalism—you must look beyond the stereotypes presented on television.

What happens to a teenager when making money becomes as important as “having a good time” or getting good grades in school?

Two examples come to mind.

There is, for example, Alex P. Keaton, the cuddly, conservative super-WASP star of TV's *Family Ties*. His obsession with money is comic. He is stuffy, compulsive, condescending. He is pure fiction. And, rather like some libertarians, it is his opinions, rather than his actions, that set him apart. He talks a good game of commerce but he doesn't do much about it.

There is, for another example, Jonathan Eilian. He enjoys making money. He's been doing it since he was 15, when he started a business using his *bar mitzvah* money. Now he's 20, in college and still at it—with grace, style, warmth, and a balanced good nature that makes friends as easily as his businesses make money. He is pure reality.

The fact is that, during the course of writing my book, *Capitalism for Kids*, I didn't meet any Alex P. Keatons but I did meet a lot of Jonathan Eilians—and Debbie Myers, about whom more later.

An early interest in making money, even if some people might call it an obsession, is probably a lot less distorting than an equal obsession with sports, an obsession that often takes over a young person's life—and the life of the family as well—completely and fanatically.

For the sports-obsessed, the world becomes narrowed to a white-hot focus of cups and championships, competitions, and statistics, the endless statistics of winning and ranking and rib-

bons. The money-making young people that I've met do not spout statistics at all. They don't badger you into listening to a recitation of their balance sheet. They will, to be sure, tell you all about their business but in virtually every recitation there is evident a rich sense of doing things that, for the young entrepreneur, are a part of everyone's life, they are involved in just the sort of everyday projects that are likely to touch anyone's life—and be generally interesting.

Young people who make money—often a lot of it—are compelled by the very nature of their interest to be a vital part of the community around them rather than a zealot participant only in a specialized part of it, as with sports fixated gold and goal seekers.

Young people who excel in sports attract cheering audiences (and in a very few cases, professional contracts which turn them into full-time entertainers). But there is a vicarious separation. The youngster is on stage performing. The spectators are a relatively passive audience, sitting and cheering but not involved in the actual performance.

There is no such separation in making money. The young entrepreneur is out there, with the customer audience. The customer audience is a very active

participant, choosing to pay or not pay for the things or services offered. Money is made by doing things that people want done. It is an intensely social activity.

Jonathan Eilian is a prime, fine example.

Tall, movie-star attractive and bursting with enthusiasm for whatever he's doing at the moment, from greeting an interviewer to bantering with fellow students at the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School of Business and Economics, Jonathan could have been sent from central casting to play the part of the ideal son, boy-next-door, good friend, local hero—you name it.

His interest in being his own boss and earning money began as soon as he got into a Chicago high school and witnessed the annual fund raising efforts of students selling candies. Like every other young entrepreneur that I've met, Jonathan's reaction was one of sheer intelligent interest: he wondered how much the fund raising was costing, how much it was actually earning, and whether it could be done more effectively.

The candies, he discovered, came from a supplier specializing in selling to schools. To find out what actual rock-bottom prices might be he went directly

to the company that made the candies. If he bought in great quantity, he was told, he could become a distributor himself. The price at which he could sell, on the basis of direct dealing, would be substantially under what his school, and as he found out, other schools in the area were paying.

With his *bar mitzvah* money and some other savings, he plunged, buying several *thousand* cases of candy. Then he got busy on the phone. He offered schools in the area an irresistible deal: lower cost, prompt delivery, guaranteed freshness—and credit! (“I felt safe in doing that,” he says. “Who ever heard of a high school class defaulting on a bill?”) Within months, he was the Chicago area’s newest big dealer in candies for school fund drives. Now that he has moved on to the Wharton school, his younger sister has taken over the candy business.

Willingness to take risks is, of course, an entrepreneurial hallmark. When Jonathan first looked at the seemingly endless rows of cartons of candy that he had bought for resale, he had only a moment’s doubt—then he was on the phone and the doubt and the candies disappeared quickly.

After the risk-taking candy deal, Jonathan displayed another entrepreneurial characteristic—the identification of unfilled needs.

In the Chicago area, he reasoned, kids had few choices when it came to night-time entertainment. They could go to the movies, hang out, roam around, or watch TV. But they had nothing of the sort of thing that their parents enjoyed—night clubs, unless they lied their way into a regular one.

What was needed, he concluded, was an alcohol-free night club just for teen-agers. To fill the need he took another risk, renting the huge ballroom of Chicago’s Navy Pier. Then, with fellow students hired to do leafletting, he spread the word. The result has been an unbroken string of successful events with as many as 2700 teen-agers (at \$7 per) in attendance at each.

When Jonathan left for college he took on an associate to keep the night clubs going.

Jonathan is interested in his college work, does well at it, but doesn’t display any of the grade anxiety that

plagues so many of his peers. He is interested in college for what he can learn—not in getting a paper credential. If what he can learn will help his business and his life, he’ll be satisfied. If he felt that it wouldn’t, he’d be inclined to leave. If that isn’t a pleasant relief from the angst of so many students!

Effort, Satisfaction —and Bubble Baths!

Debbie Myers is another example. She, like Jonathan, is a student in Philadelphia. She’s at Temple. She, like Jonathan, came from a fairly conventional upper middle class family background. As a child in New Jersey, Debbie noted that bubble gum was a hot item on the bus going to school each morning but that, inevitably, there were kids who had none to chew.

She was five years old and her reaction was just exactly what it is today at 22. She spotted a need, she figured out a way to satisfy it, and she proceeded to do it—at a profit. She bought a good bunch of gum and sold it each day on the bus. By the time she was in high school she had graduated from bubble gum to jewelry, art work, and T-shirts, all of her own design.

While the other kids were worrying about their allowances, she was making a few hundred dollars a week on her own.

When she got to the University of Florida at Gainesville, she immediately sensed a need. No one seemed to have all of the answers to all of the questions

exactly. She’s beautiful, charming, and luminously intelligent. She joins in campus social activities whenever she can and she has a business credo that is as far from the Alex P. Keaton stereotype, or any other stereotype, as you could get. “I work for personal satisfaction,” she says. “I love to think of things that really will help people or make them happy. That makes me happy. And I get money too.” Where does she get her best ideas? “Taking bubble baths.”

Now that the *Gator Guide* is being handled by associates and since she is at Temple University, she’s started a new business: a consulting service for businesses who want to appeal to college students. And she’s already planning ahead for when she completes her college work. What will be next? “I like to think of things that don’t exist yet, something that I’d like doing.” Again, that focus that I found so typical of young entrepreneurs: think first of what you want to do rather than thinking about making money. The money is more likely to follow that way than from some obsessed, do-anything greed for stacks of dollar bills which end up being, in effect, mere statistics.

Against the Grain

Youngsters who set out to make money for themselves, however, run up against a rigid set of misconceptions and prejudices. First there is the notion that childhood is a time in which young people should simply enjoy themselves since they face an entire lifetime of work after they grow up. The notion that

there is a gulf between enjoyment and work is the sad concept, of course, of grown-ups whose own work isn’t enjoyable. Children, on the other hand, often find their greatest enjoyments in being indepen-

dently active, in doing things that are part of the larger world and *not* just part of the childish world. (The notably successful Montessori method of education takes full advantage of that childish urge to “work” and constantly relates learning to such activities.)

Children will labor endlessly building things. They often are just champing at the bit to get at adult chores, such as operating lawn mowers, sewing, cooking, using tools, or selling things. (It is a grown-up misconception and not a natural thing at all to think that boys and

The notion that there is a gulf between enjoyment and work is the sad concept of grown-ups whose own work isn't enjoyable.

that freshmen, including Debbie, kept asking. Shortly, with a friend, she had scoured the campus for information ranging from the best pizzas to the availability of student loans. Pooling and borrowing money, they soon came out with the definitive *Gator Guide*, an immediate campus bestseller and a money-machine, for Debbie, that keeps going through updated editions for new generations of students.

So what’s this Debbie like? A little grind with sensible shoes and a man’s suit, ledger tucked under arm? Well, not

girls are greatly different in these matters. Both boys and girls like to cook, sew, use tools, take risks, do grown-up things.)

Then there is the curious reluctance of many parents ever to discuss money with their children. Small wonder that so many children grow up with a totally careless attitude toward money and personal responsibility or with an obsession about money for money's sake. Money is something that has been kept a mystery throughout their lives and is, therefore, as attractive as any other forbidden fruit but, still, just as mysterious.

The parent who is willing to spend a small fortune on sporting equipment and lessons, for instance, may never discuss the cost or the ways in which the money was earned. The child who may know the arcana of batting averages down to the last decimal place thus may never have any idea of the cost of a catcher's mitt or the economics of even a Little League team.

One child may be encouraged or even driven to play the piano but what if the same child developed an alternative interest in music such as booking musicians for local entertainment? How many parents would take a commercial interest in music as seriously as they do a performing interest?

Yet, the truth is that without someone taking a commercial interest in music or any of the arts, those arts would remain cloistered and generally unavailable.

The arts of commerce are as vital to the fine arts as they are to anything else. And a child with an early commercial interest should be as encouraged as one with a wholly artistic interest. The same goes for a child whose interest in science or technology, or anything else, takes a commercial turn.

Ironically, many parents who want to "protect" their children from work and commerce are quite successful in exactly those areas. They would do better to respect their children's interests along the same lines. There is simply nothing dishonorable or second rate about entrepreneurial activity. Without it, no art, no science, no technology, no culture could effectively work its way into everyday life. Without it, only the whims, say, of an all-powerful autocrat

would move society. The marketplace, in fact, is the most democratic institution in all of society, a place where people vote constantly and voluntarily.

There are, it goes without saying, cultural slurs aplenty that are used to discourage entrepreneurial activity. Youngsters who are hard at work making money are often said to be pushy or not taking advantage of being children. If they work as hard at a sport, of course, they are said to be healthy and well-adjusted. They are

Money is something that has been kept a mystery throughout most children's lives and is, therefore, as attractive as any other forbidden fruit—but, still, just as mysterious.

said to be enjoying childhood, despite the obvious anguish, nervousness, fear of failure, and often fatigue of competitive sports.

From my own experience with many young entrepreneurs I can testify that they are very happy. They aren't missing the pleasures of childhood, they are innovating those pleasures. They are not nervous and fearful. They understand risk taking but they also understand that failures are as much learning experiences as occasions for guilt and gloom. They like what they are doing and making money while they're at it is a joyful bonus for most of them.

(Three memorable little siblings that I met, 8 to 11 years old, started a recycling business in order to earn enough money to go to Disneyland. They love their very profitable little business so much, however, that they prefer it to an amusement park.)

The Discipline of Responsibility

For parenting without money guilt, I urge the following guidelines.

Discuss family finances openly and completely with your children. They should not be barred from the information and they will be more responsible participants in the family if they have it. If confidentiality of income is a problem, you might want to discuss only a family budget, but that budget should be an open spreadsheet for all in the family to see, abide by and contribute to.

Children should be encouraged, realistically, whenever they propose a busi-

ness venture even as small a one as mowing lawns, having a paper route, or opening the classic kiddy lemonade stand.

If they need capital, they should borrow it at going interest rates; ideally from a commercial lender, if not, from a family member. They should not be subsidized with free rides or use of family facilities, resources, or equipment. There should be charges for usage just as in the outside world. Protecting a child from fiscal and personal responsibility and reality is no favor but can inflict, instead, a long-term injury.

Children should do some chores in the house as part of family responsibility. They should be paid for other chores, however, so that as soon

as possible they understand that there is a healthy connection between work, human action, and the creation of wealth. The money they earn, in the house or outside it, should be taken seriously as their own money and parents should be prepared to suffer through the youthful mistakes that may be made with it. It may come as a pleasant surprise, however, that the more young people are expected to be responsible for their own actions, the more seriously they may take those actions.

Children should take personal responsibility for buying at least some of the necessities of their life as well as the luxuries. A child who is earning money in or out of the house might be expected to buy their own socks, for instance, or underwear. When children pay for such things they are likely to have more respect for all the appurtenances of their lives and not be quite as frivolous or wasteful with them as they might if the cost of such things never entered their minds. Again, what is so terrible about children knowing something of cost at a very early age? They should know the devastating personal cost of drugs, of casual sex, of obsessive TV watching—why not the cost of a pair of socks or a gallon of gasoline?

All of the kids that I have met who understand these things rank high for balance, self-esteem, creativity, and a profound sense of the good richness of life and its possibilities. They are happy. And some are quite rich in money terms. They are all rich in human terms. □

Analysis

The Liberty Poll

More on What it Means

by James Robbins

In our last issue, we presented a poll of *Liberty's* readers. There were still some unanswered questions and problems, however, so we asked a specialist for some help . . .

Several of the commentators on the poll results that ran in the last issue of *Liberty* raised questions about the poll's validity and its applicability to the libertarian population as a whole. R.W. Bradford detailed some of the poll's structural drawbacks (e. g., the fact that the sample was

drawn from the magazine's subscription list), yet because none of the editors had expertise in this area they could not estimate the range of statistical error. Since I have been trained in the methodology of opinion research, I offered my services both to assess the validity of the poll and to run further, more detailed analyses of the data. In so doing I found the poll to be more accurate than I had expected, and quite surprising in other ways as well.

In ordinary circumstances, the level of error is determined before a poll is taken. One establishes the desired confidence level and accuracy, estimates the standard deviation of the prospective sample, and from these figures determines the necessary sample size.* The authors of the *Liberty Poll* did not do this. However, even if they had they would have encountered major problems. The population standard deviation is not a number which can be identified precisely without extensive prior sampling, and this raises the question of which population was being sampled. The subjects were drawn from the *Liberty* subscription list, so we must conclude that it is a poll of *Liberty*

readers, not libertarians *per se*. (While most *Liberty* readers are libertarians, not all libertarians read *Liberty*, unfortunately.)† A standard deviation taken from a sample statistic (say, income) would not give a satisfactory datum, in part because a normal distribution around a mean cannot be assumed. The libertarian profile is not that of the American population.†† What all this amounts to is that a definitive statistical measure of accuracy is not possible. However, using an estimated standard deviation figure, really an educated guess, I found that only differences in responses between sub-groups greater than 10% were significant; any lesser differences amounted to no difference, strictly speaking.

Another problem is that when one divides a sample into subgroups and sub-subgroups, error figures inflate because of underrepresentation in various group cells. This problem made consideration of some questions impossible; a breakdown of sex by marriage by sexual preference by sexual activity to test the question of whether *Liberty* readers have

a good time was fruitless. For this reason, I restricted my investigation to subgroups.

The poll had some design flaws, though none was fatal. The most odious were the phrasing of the question concerning the blizzard and the house containing the "frightened woman" whose husband was absent. A married but nonetheless self-sufficient female friend of mine who reads *Liberty* found the question obnoxious, and this might explain in part why only 5% of the sample was female. Another problem was the way in which some of the "issue" questions were presented. Asking people to mark statements with which they agree will bring different responses than presenting alternatives and having respondents choose among them. A poll is always more accurate when a respondent is allowed to see the position he is endorsing. Furthermore, the method used in the *Liberty Poll* does not allow for missing cases. One who did not mark "There is a God" is coded as an atheist when in fact he may be undecided, or perhaps simply have overlooked the question. A person must respond to a question in some manner to validate

cy within this group, but would have little applicability to libertarians in general.

†† Incidentally, if one assumes normality, the error figure was +/- 38%.

* The formula is $\text{accuracy} = \text{confidence level} \times \text{population standard deviation} / \sqrt{\text{sample size}}$. The response rate mentioned by several commentators is not relevant for this consideration; a low response rate usually implies a difficult series of questions, or an unmotivated sample population.

† Because of this the poll has more relevance to the *Liberty* audience than the Green-Guth study (John C. Green and James L. Guth, "The Sociology of Libertarians," *Liberty*, Sept. 1987), which looked at a very select group, those Libertarians (not libertarians) who gave \$100 or more to the National Libertarian Party in 1980. Their study may have had high accuracy

it; no question should ever be left blank by design. Given these caveats, I will move on to my findings.

The differences between anarchists (those who said government should be eliminated) and minarchists were surprisingly few, but interesting. Anarchists were more likely to have been introduced to libertarianism through a writer (75% vs. 54%). Anarchists were less likely to be married, but as likely to be legally married, despite their extreme anti-state viewpoint. In that same vein, 30% (vs. 15%) have run for office, and 40% believed in legal obligations to support offspring. One wonders who would enforce such prescriptions in their ideal world. For influence of authors the only average difference greater than 1.0 was on Bastiat (1.5 for anarchists, 2.6 for minarchists). 10% of anarchists believed in God vs. 31% of minarchists, and 80% of anarchists would remove immigration restrictions, against 60% of minarchists.

The differences between naturalists (those who agreed that unspecified natural laws exist) and utilitarians were also few. Utilitarians were significantly more influenced by Bastiat, Milton Friedman, Locke, Nock and especially Spencer (4.0 average vs. 2.0). No utilitarian said there was a God, nor that Communism was the greatest threat to liberty. Yet the utilitarians also offered the puzzling figure of 40% agreeing that the various specific rights mentioned in the poll existed, and that the non-aggression axiom was true. In the moral dimension, utilitarians were less likely to come to the aid of the imperiled baby by any measure, and the flagpole-dropper was a utilitarian.

Because of the high rating gained by Ayn Rand in the "author's influence" section, I examined some Rand-related questions. Note that those listing Rand as a five are not *a priori* Randists. The poll measured influence, not the positive or negative effect thereof, and on that basis I could rate Lenin as a five. Furthermore, history has shown that real Objectivists don't read a supposedly anti-Rand rag like *Liberty*, so an investigation into that psychology will have to await future data. As it turned out, in almost every category those giving Rand a five did not differ significantly

from anyone else. However, I tested the notion presented in the first article that those who claimed "rational, philosophical analysis" as a basis for political beliefs may have been more heavily influenced by Rand, and found that of those who listed rationality as a basis, 61% gave Rand a five. The next highest rated author was Murray Rothbard, who received a five from 44%, and even this number was unusually high, sug-

Life is complex, and the ability of polls to understand it is necessarily limited. They can answer some questions well, especially reasonably objective concerns such as age and income, but on other matters they may be less satisfactory.

gesting a Rand-rationality relationship. It does not infer causality, however; these people may have been rational before reading Rand, and were influenced by her because they were rational, not made rational by reading Rand.*

I ran a correlation of all the influences by every other to see if those heavily influenced by one author or family member were consistently influenced by another, positively or negatively. This investigation did not turn up any armed camps, or many significant positive correlations. Mises and Rothbard had a positive association ($r=.57$), as did Locke and Spencer (.5) and Mom and Dad (.46). There was no evidence of any Hobbes/Locke conflict (.29) or of Aristotle/Rand affinity (.08). I further correlated age with influence to find possible generational effects, and only two significant figures resulted: LeFevre showed strength among older respondents (.56); and Locke was significantly stronger among the younger libertarians (-.35, the negative sign showing that Locke's influence waned as the age variable increased).

The initial article indicated that a positive response to the statement "A person should have a legal obligation to support his or her offspring" "can be construed to support an anti-abortion position." Mike Holmes countered that "strong belief in parental responsibility also implies a belief in the need for full choice regarding matters of producing offspring," thus presenting an ideal pair of conflicting hypotheses to be exam-

* On the other end of the scale, 77% of the rationalists gave a one to both Hobbes and Kant.

ined. As it turns out, neither position is correct. Of those who would mandate child support, the split was about even whether abortion was right or wrong, showing that attitudes on parental responsibility do not necessarily have any relationship to attitudes on abortion. Yet among those who thought abortion was wrong, 74% said that children must be supported, perhaps indicating a relationship in the other direction, i.e. that

those who would have every pregnancy come to term would then see the child cared for. Note in addition that one cannot conclude that "most libertarians agree that persons have an obligation to support their offspring," because that is not what the question asked. Rather, it

specified "legal obligation," making the results somewhat more alarming than if they had affirmed a responsibility assumed voluntarily for personal reasons. As noted above, even 40% of the anarchists endorsed the "legalistic" position, making the situation entirely bizarre. Still, this need not connote the creation of "a positive right that contradicts the conventional libertarian understanding of the right to liberty," because one may argue that if one freely chooses to breed one assumes obligations through that choice, and one of them is supporting the issue. In essence, one contracts with the child to support it, and in return one gets the child, which, presumably, one wants. The child has no choice in the matter, but this might strengthen the argument that the child should be supported. Taken in this light, child-support is not a legal but a moral obligation, but respondents may not have noted or fully appreciated the difference.

Ethan O. Waters claimed that "it is apparent that many of those willing to dispense with the non-aggression axiom have no clear or consistent criterion for deciding when to dispense with it." In fact it is not apparent from the aggregate data, but when the data are broken down it becomes clear that Waters was on the right track. Taking all the responses to moral questions, those who accept the axiom differ from those who do not in four areas. Those who accept are more cautious about endangering a hostage's life; 51% would fire only if they had a reasonable chance of missing

continued on page 74

Observation

Looking a Gift Horse in the Mouth

by Ann Weiss

Should a kidnap victim strapped to an easy chair in front of a television set and given three meals daily be criticized for being lazy or for trying to benefit from his kidnapping?

In fact, he often is. That is, he is when the kidnapper is the government, and the victim *is someone else*. But perhaps an example will explain my point better. Let me introduce you to some friends of mine.

There is No Such Thing as a Free Lunch

At a Rogers family gathering the talk is not much different from that of other families. The conversation covers current events and, lately, the farm situation. Yet at this table no one complains about the preferential price support programs that farmers get, presumably at everyone else's expense. The consensus here is that the government is making everyone else rich at the farmer's expense. But then, there are many farmers in the Rogers family.

In the United States, some of the agricultural programs pay farmers not to do certain work. For example, the PIK (payment-in-kind) program involves paying farmers to idle their land. Being paid not to work—sounds pretty good, right?

L. D. Rogers, a grain farmer, idled 35 of his 300 acres. Under the PIK program, his return is based on the acreage idled and the average corn yield per acre. The expected price of his corn was calculated, and he received half of that calculated amount immediately. He will get the remainder of his money when

the corn is actually sold.

But the price of corn went up after the PIK program was instituted. When L. D.'s corn fetched more money than was originally calculated, the government demanded a refund. After all, the agreement stipulated that L. D.'s payment was based on a certain price of corn. Yet L. D. got paid much more because the corn price increased. So L. D. owed the government the extra money he made. In other words, L. D. would have made more money by simply planting corn and selling it himself. Well OK, you may say, you shouldn't look a gift horse in the mouth. But that's the question. Is there any gift horse to look at?

On L. D.'s tillable farm in Pickaway County, Ohio, the property tax is \$12 an acre. On a 300 acre farm, that tax amounts to \$3600 per year. There is also a building tax. His shed, his grain storage building, his equipment building, each of these facilities is assessed and taxed. L. D. must pay these taxes whether or not his land or his equipment make him a cent that year. If his entire crop is destroyed by heavy rains or a tornado, as it has been, he must still pay that tax.

L. D. is not rich. Most years he makes enough from his grain farming to survive moderately well (under \$15,000 each year). But he is surviving *despite*

the government, hoping each year that another grain embargo won't be imposed against the Soviet Union (or some other country), and hoping that no other detrimental legislation will be passed that would further limit his markets.

No matter how little he makes or even whether he makes nothing, the government never walks away empty handed. He has owned those 300 acres for ten years now so he has paid \$36,000 in property taxes. He has received less than one thousand dollars from PIK. So how much of a free ride was PIK for L. D. Rogers?

If It Sounds Too Good To Be True, It Usually Is

Everyone knows now that the small family farm is dying. It's dying because the government isn't helping small farmers out, right? Or is it dying because the government helps too often?

Out of L. D.'s four boys, only one, Randy, chose to go into farming. Randy had wanted to be a farmer since he was a boy. He belonged to Future Farmers of America when he was in high school and he owned his own hog farm when he was in his early 20's. Now, 32 years old, he is out of farming for good—and glad to be. So what happened?

Randy started his hog operation with FHA money since there were few private lending institutions remaining

that offered equally low rates. Getting an FHA loan was a tedious process. It took Randy a year to get his. Although every citizen is required to give money to the government with no strings attached on how that money may or may not be spent, it doesn't work that way when citizens try to get money from the government. There are always many, many strings attached. Along with the FHA farm loan, Randy discovered that he was getting another business partner. When he sold a hog, for instance, the check he was getting for payment was supposed to be made out to both him and the FHA. So he was unable to cash that check until someone at the FHA co-signed it.

Further, having a loan with the FHA places a blanket mortgage on all your possessions. You can't get another loan because you have no assets with which to guarantee it. Randy discovered this when he tried to get a loan from a pri-

vate lending institution to circumvent the disaster he expected PIK to be. PIK, which was intended to help grain farmers, was an absolute nightmare for livestock farmers because it caused the price of their feed corn to skyrocket. Feed corn increased 40 cents per bushel. Before the rise, Randy had requested an additional loan from the FHA to stock up on feed. They refused. And, with the FHA's blanket mortgage in place, he had no other recourse.

The profit margin on hog farming is slim at best. A forty cent increase in feed cost can not only eliminate the hog farmer's profit, but can make his livelihood seem like a rather expensive hobby. Now, how great a deal is a low interest loan from the FHA?

Bite The Hand That Feeds You

What becomes evident from listening to farmers—or any other group of

people in the same occupation—is that they believe government programs do, in fact, benefit someone. They think that someone somewhere is enjoying an easier and better life than they, all because of the benefits of government assistance—either from gifts of money or favorable laws. And though people complain about the government, they don't blame it for making socialist programs of any kind legal. They blame instead the people who supposedly benefit from the programs. But do they benefit? Does anyone?

In capitalism, all exchanges occur voluntarily, which is to everyone's advantage. In socialism, there is force imposed on at least one side of the exchange, which is to everyone's detriment. The proof is that in the last two hundred years of capitalism's dominance, technological improvements have occurred so dramatically that even a poor person lives better today than the wealthiest man could have two hundred years ago. And the average man in the United States—where even a modest apartment includes indoor plumbing, electricity, central heating and cooling, a kitchen, wall to wall carpeting and a cable TV hook-up—lives as well as do the wealthy in socialist countries.

Under capitalism, ideas proliferate because there is money to be made from good ones. And with the advent of a good idea, everyone benefits. The idea's creator benefits by making money and everyone else benefits by getting the good idea.

The government programs that attempt to aid or benefit any one group of people cannot possibly compensate their intended benefactors for everything the government deprives them of. In the farmers' case, the government not only taxes them, it also controls their market and regulates most aspects of their work.

And what is true for farming is true for every other livelihood, with only the degree varying. Consequently there are few people, very few, getting rich at anyone else's expense. Looking for scapegoats only dissipates the focus on the real problem: the government. It is the government—its Constitution and laws permitting these ruinous, socialist programs—that is at fault. And we are, all of us, its victims. □

The Second Edition of *The Machinery of Freedom*

Don't write a book; my friends on either hand
Know more than I about my deepest views.
Van den Haag believes it's simply grand
I'm a utilitarian. That's news;
I didn't know I was. Some libertairs
Can spot sheep's clothing at a thousand yards.
I do not use right arguments (read "theirs")
Nor cheer them loudly as they stack the cards.

Assuming your conclusions is a game
That two can play at. So's a bomb or gun.
Preaching to the converted leads to fame
In narrow circles. I've found better fun
In search of something that might change a mind;
The stake's my own—and yours if so inclined.

—David Friedman

Eyewitness

"A car pulled up with its headlights turned off.

That's what made me duck down—there's a hedge all around the front and sides of the restaurant.

Two men got out and I saw what they were carrying—I saw the silhouettes. Shotguns.

"They came up the steps like a couple of cat burglars. The one nearest me stepped into the light—there's this big globe over the entrance—and I saw his face just before he pulled on a stocking mask, I saw his tattoo. It ran the whole length of his neck down the left side: a stiletto. Black handle, silver blade, red on the tip, with spots, some red spots, like...like dripping blood. They rippled with the muscles of his neck.

"I couldn't move, couldn't open my mouth, just stayed crouched in the hedge until it was over: gunfire, screaming, sirens . . ."

She allowed herself to breathe normally, to let it wash over her: the relief of sharing a nightmare with a roomful of strangers. The questions rolled on—the Assistant DA didn't believe in breathers, apparently—but the worst was over and they both knew it. What could they ask her on cross-examination? She'd seen what she'd seen, God help her.

"Thank you, Miss Loman. Your witness."

Her eyes followed blue pinstripe to the prosecution table and stayed there, reluctant to shift to the figure moving in on her. She looked, finally, into pale, unfriendly eyes and a thin twist of a smile—a trump-card smile.

"Miss . . . Loman, Frances Loman?" said the defense attorney.

A question, not a statement. She straightened her spine, knowing she could control her posture, her breathing—but not the color draining from her face. The ADA looked puzzled, the defense attorney, triumphant. And Detective Pat Callahan, parked in front-row center? She dared not look at him. Every other face was smudged, a blur. "That's what I go by," she said lamely, knowing she'd hesitated too long. Worried about perjury.

"Do you deny your *real* name is Francesca Lombardo? Why have you hidden your true identity from this jury?"

She read the message in the ADA's eyes, the incredulity: Why have you hidden it from me? Not just from you, she thought; from the world. What had given her away: a mass of dark unruly curls and her father's onyx eyes? A good private investigator, more likely. "I haven't used that name for years," she told the lawyer. "What difference does it make? I was there that night. I saw what I saw." *I'm here to identify one of the murderers.*

But it made all the difference. She knew it and pretty soon the whole courtroom knew it . . . The whole world, she amended with a glance at a press section come to sudden life.

A
story
by
Erika
Holzer

He was lobbing questions at her like a basketball star sure of his shots, and she tried to answer calmly, tried to salvage the ADA's case by keeping a lid on the anger rising up to choke her. Tried not to focus on what she was doing in the witness chair—the hot seat, her father would call it.

Sunday and spaghetti dinner out went hand in hand in her old Columbus Court neighborhood of Queens. Innocent people, along with Mob targets, had died that night in the crossfire, and a contract killer was about to get away with murder! All because of—of who she was.

Daughter of Franco Lombardo—he pulled it out of her like a guilty secret. Yes, he's my father. No, I don't deny changing my name but—No, not because I wanted to help him. His enemies are not my enemies! I don't even know—No, he didn't "suggest" I testify. Oh yes, I'm aware of who he is. It's why I spent the last five years on the West Coast, trying to—

He kept cutting her off. She looked from the Bible on the court clerk's desk to the judge's impassive features. *The whole truth?* she wanted to scream at him. *Why won't you let it in?*

The ADA made a half-hearted attempt on re-direct. It was a rout, a steamroller of objections. Irrelevant. Inadmissible.

She sat through a summation that might have been titled: How to Discredit a Key Prosecution Witness. Sat with head bowed like a criminal while they made her out to be one: her father's alleged co-conspirator in a gang war she'd had no inkling of; Mafia princess "pretending" she'd been at the murder scene, then dutifully pointing the finger at a soldier in the rival Mob faction of Rocco Santini. She sat in trembling anticipation of the verdict while a Santini goon who answered to the name of Anthony (Stiletto) Fascia relaxed at the defense table.

Not guilty. Justice triumphs. By the time she looked up, the ADA, disgust in every line of his lanky body, was halfway out the door. And Detective Callahan? Gone with the wind. She couldn't even remember his face.

She remembered the feel of his arms . . . she had run into them like a haven. She remembered his quicksilver hands when, later at the station house, he'd gone through his amateur magic routine, making her laugh, pushing back the terror of what she'd seen. And what she had to do about it. Then she remembered his eyes. Not just their startling shade of blue; the respect in them. Because she'd cared about justice, cared enough to risk her neck. Did he think, now, that she'd done it for her father?

Had she . . . subconsciously? Great way to get back in the old man's good graces, she thought with a wry shrug as she ducked out of the courtroom one step ahead of reporters.

She took an elevator up to the ADA's office and found

him, chair pushed back from his desk, tie askew, arms gesticulating wildly at a wiry man half his size who sat opposite him with blank-faced calm. Pat Callahan . . . taking the flak for her.

"I'm sorry!" she cried to them both from the doorway.

"Are you, now, Frances?" Cutting sarcasm from the ADA.

And from Detective Callahan? No respect in those azure-blue eyes. But no contempt either; a question mark.

It blew the lid off five years' worth of painful, lonely silence. "I wasn't taking orders from my father," she told them fiercely. "I left home to get away from him."

They let her talk and she tried to anticipate their questions. Why Los Angeles? To get as far from the padrone of one of New York's Five Families as her meager resources would take her. Why the name change? She'd had some dumb idea about trying out for the LA police force ("I was on a real guilt trip") but chickened out for fear the Family ("with a capital F") connection would catch up with her anyway. She had become a Hollywood stuntwoman ("Less risky than living in Queens!"). What was she doing in her old neighborhood on the night of the shootings? She had quit her job ("back injury—an occupational hazard") and was thinking about R and R, rest and rehabilitation, in Europe, and wanting to see New York before another five years went by. Wanting, also, to catch a glimpse of her mother. Maybe even arrange to meet.

So why *that* restaurant? Franco Lombardo territory; used to be, anyway. The owner's an old friend. Hell, the name of the restaurant was a private family joke. "Eat, eat," her mom would urge on anyone who sat at her dinner table, so they'd ended up calling the place "Mangia, Mangia." Why did she hang around outside, why not go right in? Fear. ("I was afraid to start something I couldn't finish.")

Full circle, she thought, knowing she had started something she couldn't finish, after all—something "the law" in the form of one cold-eyed assistant district attorney and one skeptical-looking Irish detective couldn't finish either! So when they asked her if, after the shooting, she'd known—suspected, even—that her own father was involved, maybe the intended victim of a rival gang, she snapped, "I *should* have known, is that what you're suggesting? And that's why I played eyewitness afterward—to help him?"

Silence. She read suspicion into it, and hostility. She took an automatic step backward and Callahan said, "Frances—"

A vote of confidence . . . or a slap in the face? She fled.

And on her way out of the building, still flushed with defiance—and something else she didn't care to name—found herself thinking about the other goon, the one she *hadn't* been able to identify. But her father probably could. Her father, whom she hadn't spoken to for five long years.

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Outside, reporters clustered on the courthouse steps; she'd figured on that. As she stood pondering what to say to them, she spotted a still-familiar black Chrysler with opaque windows crouched at the curb; she sure as hell hadn't figured on *that*.

Spine-straightening time again. She marched down the steps through a flurry of questions and raised cameras, no longer worried about what to say. Or do.

She stopped before the Chrysler. Hesitated as the back door opened. Stepped away tentatively when she saw her parents inside and, between them, Carlo, her father's consigliere.

It wasn't hard to look at her mother with longing, five years' worth, or to distill the longing with a slightly downward curve of her mouth—the same stubbornness that had propelled her three thousand miles away. But the expression she turned on her father was part fearful (she couldn't keep it out of her eyes!), part timid welcome (would he read it in her half-smile?).

Then with a backward glance at the courthouse, a shrug that was pure eloquence, and the fleeting appearance in her brain of a Latin phrase she'd memorized in the eighth grade—*potius mori quam foedari*—she said, "That was for you in there, papa—a kind of homecoming present. Sorry I wasn't able to pull it off. It's been a long time," she added softly.

That did it. The press was treated to a family reunion on the sidewalks of New York and the spectacle of a Mafia princess being whisked away into the bosom of her family.

Trust and loyalty, loyalty and trust. Her father was big on both. The fact that she had testified against Rocco Santini's tattooed enforcer, albeit unsuccessfully, was construed as a show of loyalty that took the sting out of past disloyalty—what he derisively referred to as her five-year disappearing act.

But earning his trust was harder—his and Carlo's. A consigliere is less lawyer than troubleshooting personal advisor, and suspicious by nature. Francesca found herself wooing both her father and the ever-watchful Carlo (he had a mouthful of picture-perfect teeth; a case of bite worse than bark, ol' Carlo!) with all the concentration she'd have put into coaxing a Maserati around a tricky hairpin turn. She made progress. She even learned the name of goon number two—no big deal, really. She'd need much more than a name, she thought, frustration turning her edgy and impatient.

Then her wildest dream came true—or maybe her most colorful nightmare—and she lost all interest in the goon, intent on bigger game.

A Mob truce was in the offing. "Too much publicity lately. That trial of yours didn't help," Carlo had said peevishly in an unguarded moment. "Too damn costly," her father had admitted about a colorful Mafia activity known as "hitting the mattresses," and she couldn't be sure whether he was alluding to body count, finances, or both.

She waited until the Santini/Lombardo truce talk turned serious.

"You what!?" her father exclaimed when she told him.

"I got a good look at the other goon's face, I'm telling

you," she lied. "From under the globe, same as Tony Stiletto. I swear I could've picked him out of a lineup if anybody'd asked."

"So how come they didn't? You never told the cops?"

"What if I'd gotten tripped up on the stand trying to describe him? Better I should play it safe with Mr. Tattoo."

Which meant Rocco Santini's goon—the one who *hadn't* been indicted for murder—was vulnerable. Her father got the point.

"Rocco hears about this, he ain't going to like it," he said, frowning. "They been asking about you as it is."

"He thinks I'd go to court *again*? I make a lousy witness!"

"It's a loose end. Nobody in this business can afford loose ends, capeesh? I gotta talk to Carlo about it."

Innocent people, along with Mob targets, had died that night in the crossfire, and a contract killer was about to get away with murder! All because of—of who she was.

This business. "What's to talk about? Santini's asking questions? Let's sit down together and I'll give him what he wants to hear. Think I'm afraid?"

"Not you, kid."

Said with a mock punch and a note of fatherly pride. She smiled back.

It was three whole days before she dared venture into Manhattan to make her purchase. Risky business if she did it too soon, or if she did it in Queens.

Think I'm afraid?

She took a cab, instead of the subway, telling herself it was for sheer convenience; she was *not* watching her back.

She watched it downtown, walking around, making a show of window shopping, even buying a white beret from a street vendor. By the time she entered an electronics store, she had to fight the urge to swing around.

And confront whom—the toothy Carlo, hot on her trail? One of Santini's boys? Or just plain paranoia? she thought, sheepishly acknowledging her addiction to the kind of movies she'd made her living at, the ones featuring high-speed chases and hand-to-hand combat on darkened big-city streets and clambering up the sheer cliffs of highrise buildings with the bad guy in relentless, menacing pursuit. She laughed at herself then, bought what she'd come for, and took the subway home.

Countdown. She dressed carefully that night. Simple black wool dress with a white collar. Look like a nun and you inspire confidence. Easy on the makeup in case Rocco Santini was as old-fashioned as her father. Curly hair brushed back to emphasize the family resemblance. "Franco's dark, dancing eyes," according to her mother. Black vinyl raincoat to ward off the late-October chill. Her purse, containing all the usual things—

A tape recorder the size of a pack of Marlboros, strapped to her body, tucked beneath one breast (hiding place courtesy of her last foreign intrigue film).

She wore the white beret for luck.

She had never liked the Chrysler—too damn long and lethal-looking, like a predatory animal; why was she suddenly reluctant to leave it? Walking up the front steps to "Mangia, Mangia" she was flanked by her father, without the telltale bulge under his well-cut charcoal grey, and by Carlo, with his inevitable black briefcase. They were preceded and followed by solid rows of beef: the inevitable bodyguards, hardly calculated to improve her digestion. She looked at the light over

the entrance and at her father's thoughtful frown as he glanced from the globe to a sign over the door that said "Private Party." She told herself to act natural—

And walked inside with a shaky smile and a stiff neck.

The place had been cleaned up since the shootings; she'd figured on that. It had also been checked out in advance and pronounced "clean" by Rocco's boys (hallelujah—she hadn't dared hope for that). "Why should I be insulted?" her father had told her. "I'da done the same in Santini territory." She spotted more beef at the bar (the just-in-case boys from both sides?) and noticed that every table in the room was empty—

Except for the round one in the corner. As they approached, she was a knife-thrower's dummy, pinned to the wall by Rocco Santini's eyes. They were diamond-sharp and fathomless and they caught and held her until she got to the table. Suddenly they shifted into a slow-moving glance, the kind that suggests not so much see-through-your-clothes presumption as x-ray vision. (Either way she'd be dead!)

She noticed the two men flanking him only when they got to their feet (out of "respect" for Don Lombardo?). One was twisting his neck—that awful tattoo. The other goon tallied with the size and shape of the man whose form she had seen—his form but not his face. She took a calculated risk and went up to him, pointing a finger at his chest.

"You I've never seen before in my life," she said with an easy I-can-play-your-game smile. Then she put her smile on high beam and turned it on the man who'd literally called the shots that night, on the padrone who had ordered a blood-bath. "Anything else I can do for you, Mr. Santini?"

After that the dinner, as they used to say in old Hollywood, went swimmingly. She managed the antipasto and got through the pasta without choking on her food, let alone her words. Managed, at irregular intervals, to thrust herself into innocuous conversation. When they were used to the sound of her voice, she managed to turn the talk back to her testimony.

In different circles her show of embarrassment, with a dash of contrition and a mumbled, almost apologetic concern for the innocent victims, would have earned her the lead in a second-rate movie. Here, it earned her something much, much better.

"So you testified, not against *me*, but for your old man. That I can understand, Francesca. That's loyalty. Like my boys, here, are loyal to me—hey, Tony, a-buffalo?! Who told you to go get carried away like that and take down strangers, huh? What I told you was—"

It went off in her head: the ringing bell and flashing lights of a slot machine with all the right symbols showing. She clammed up after that and counted agonizing seconds, minutes—

Time to go; all rise . . . All *what*? She tensed, turned to Carlo, to her father, expecting one or the other to mouth the objection she dared not utter without arousing suspicion.

An after-dinner search!

Carlo was annoyed but not insulted. Her father's expression seemed to say: "After a dinner conversation like *that*, what can you expect?"

She hadn't expected it. Not after her winning perfor-

mance! So let them, she told herself. What would they find in her purse besides lipstick and a comb with missing teeth? What would it get them to pat her up and down besides a cheap feel? They wouldn't dare go near her breasts—not Franco Lombardo's little girl. . . . Would they? It flashed through her mind again, in English, this time, instead of Latin: Death Before Dishonor. Had the gods taken her literally?

She put on her white beret and braced herself. But not enough. In that one automatic step backward, she felt it oozing out of her pores: fear. Santini would sense it; these guys had the self-preservation instincts of cornered rats.

Was it simultaneous—the car horn going off outside like the blast of a trumpet? Was it calculated to pierce her paralyzed brain like a dentist's drill or a vicious alarm clock? Why wouldn't it stop?!

Because she'd cared about justice, cared enough to risk her neck. Did he think, now, that she'd done it for her father? Had she . . . subconsciously?

A knock on the locked front door, persisting until the owner opens it, points to his "Private Party" sign, gets a curt reply.

That voice! She stood pulling her face into blankness as Callahan thrust his head in first, then his whole

body.

"Well, well," he quipped, eyes sweeping the room, stopping on her for a moment—that question mark again!—as he took in, what? Her fear? Her silent prayer? Eyes on Santini, now. "Mario, here, says this is a private party," Callahan said cheerfully. "He's talking search warrants while I'm telling him to relax. What drove me in here, folks, was neighborhood complaints. Who belongs to the black Chrysler out front with the stuck horn?"

"Carlo, for Chrissake!" said her father, gesturing.

The dutiful Carlo, briefcase in hand, headed for the door.

Callahan didn't move out of his way, eyes still on Santini.

"Say Rocco," he said with insolent familiarity, "you weren't by any chance looking for something? Something incriminating?"

Quicksilver hands! Even as he dipped into Carlo's briefcase, she knew what he was about to slip in and whip out again: a tape recorder just like the one she was wearing.

Attention snapped to Carlo, who looked comical with all his teeth showing. She caught on fast. In the shocked silence broken only by Carlo's frenzied disclaimers, hers was the first coherent voice: "What are you up to, Carlo?" Then whirling on Santini, indignant, "I came here in good faith, Mr. Santini."

Callahan was gone with the wind. In the ensuing chaos, she slipped away—but not before she'd sniffed the air and smelled the prelude to renewed hostilities between the Families Lombardo and Santini. The truce was off.

In the intimacy of a darkened booth in a Manhattan bistro, she passed the *really* incriminating tape to Detective Callahan, relieved beyond words that it would lead to a fresh indictment without any more help from her. (Poor Carlo.) And it wasn't some hired goon she'd delivered, but Santini himself!

She sat staring at her beer, wanting it but not wanting to move her hands, just inches from Callahan's on the tabletop.

She was savoring the knowledge that it was Callahan, not paranoia, that had dogged her footsteps; he'd had her tailed ever since the trial. ("You believed me! Almost," she added,

Critique

The One Libertarianism: What's Wrong With Waters

by Sheldon Richman

There are two problems with Ethan O. Waters's criticism of rights. First, it is based on a misinterpretation of rights theory. Second, it is muddled beyond comprehension.

Ethan O. Waters's article "The Two Libertarianisms" (*Liberty*, May 1988) presumes to show that the ideas of natural rights and an objective moral basis for libertarianism are without foundation. Has he made his case?

Waters begins by attacking the natural rights, or, as he calls it, the "moralist," position, proceeds to say some favorable things about *consequentialism* (by which he presumably means utilitarianism, since he invokes Ludwig von Mises), then ends in something of a muddle by concluding that all moralists have consequentialist beliefs and vice versa.

"I was a libertarian," he writes, "because libertarianism seemed morally right, though I could not rigorously defend that morality." This is a far cry from how Mr. Waters opened his article, guns ablazing and mowing down, at least in his own eyes, libertarian *moralists* everywhere. By the end of Mr. Waters's article, any reader would be excused for not knowing at all what the author thinks about these issues.

Let's try to work through this tangle, beginning with the attack on rights. Mr. Waters cites Jeremy Bentham's famous statement that the idea of natural rights is "nonsense upon stilts." Mr. Waters does not mention that Bentham wrote this, not while refuting any known case for rights, but while expressing alarm that the idea of natural rights leads to the right of revolution. Bentham's essay was entitled "Anarchical Fallacies." If that is Mr. Waters's chief case against rights, that there is no room left for the state, so be it.

But he does have more to say. First,

he charges that the nonaggression principle (he quotes Ayn Rand: "No man has the right to initiate the use of physical force against another man") does not follow from the notion of inalienable rights. For example, he writes, if nature granted two individuals the right to "try to possess the same piece of property," one or the other would have to initiate force or abandon the property. How this proves Mr. Waters's point is a mystery. The logically paramount natural right is self ownership. Two people can have the right to try to homestead the same piece of unowned land, but neither may use force against the person of the other. Where is the problem? Mr. Waters forgets that something comes before the right to acquire land. It is this something that provides the ground rules for what may and may not be done in acquiring land. To say that non-aggression cannot be derived from natural rights is like saying that three angles cannot be inferred from the fact of a triangle.

At this point, Waters argues spuriously that Rand would reply that "there are no conflicts of interest among rational men." But this is not the context in which Rand mounts this argument. (Mr. Waters primarily, though superficially, discusses Rand's view of rights, then presumes he has "indicated the problem exhibited by most formulations

of the moralistic libertarian position." He has done nothing of the sort. There are advocates of natural rights who have elaborated on, and filled some gaps in, Rand's system and others who have formulated different approaches. So even if Mr. Waters has found problems in Rand, he has much more work to do on these others.

Next Mr. Waters attacks Rand for holding that in emergencies people may morally do things that they cannot do in normal conditions. He says that this destroys the universality of the nonaggression principle and permits people to define any situation as an emergency whenever it is convenient.

But (as he seems to concede later) Waters misses Rand's point. First, she never called the principle of nonaggression an axiom because for her the obligation to refrain from aggression is not self-evident or irreducible, as Mr. Waters's presumes throughout his article. It is derived from a system of ethics and individual rights. She would scoff at an attempt to drop the foundation and still make sense of what was built on it.

Whether you agree that rights obtain only in the "metaphysically normal" conditions of life (Rothbard seems to disagree), it is not ridiculous on its face. Context is important in the formulation of principles. If objects were not

scarce—if any object could be reproduced costlessly simply by wishing it—our view of property rights might be far different from what it is today. To succeed, criticism of Rand's view would have to be much more careful than Mr. Waters's sloppy treatment.

A Chimera on Stilts

Mr. Waters then moves to what is apparently the meat of the matter. He makes the startling discovery that the analogy of moral and legal rights is imperfect because "the concept of legal rights depends on the state to defend them Neither nature nor morality has the power or force with which to defend the exclusive use of any natural or moral right."

Again, I don't see how this advances Mr. Waters's case. If we wish to maintain an analogy between natural and legal rights, all we need point out is that in each case persons are somehow "entitled" to take certain actions. It is no argument to say that the analogy eventually breaks down. All analogies do, or else they would not be analogies but rather identities. So what's the point?

As a matter of fact, the analogy goes further than Mr. Waters realizes. He is right, of course, that natural rights are not automatically enforced by nature. But neither are legal rights automatically defended by the legal institution that grants them—even

after the fact. If you are robbed in any big city, you can be sure that your legal right against robbery will not be defended. The police usually won't even try.

On the other hand, natural rights can be enforced as "easily" as legal rights can be, either by the rights holder or by his agent. To some extent, the moral force of natural rights can defend the rights holder. Many people refrain from molesting others because they believe it is wrong to do so; their belief that people have the right to be left alone stays their hands. Ideology can be a powerful protector of rights.

Rand called a right a "sanction of independent action." Although Mr. Waters seems to have some trouble with this description (contrary to what he claims, it is not a definition), it is perfectly clear. It means that one's nonag-

gressive actions are, at the level of political ethics, or politics, morally approved. Mr. Waters's confusion on this point leads to further confusion. Indeed, Mr. Waters has misconstrued Rand's entire case. Perhaps there is fault to be found with it. But Mr. Waters has not found it.

So it is at best premature and at worst presumptuous for Mr. Waters to call rights "chimerical."

Truth or Consequentialism

What does Mr. Waters prefer to the alleged silliness of rights? He prefers what he calls "consequentialism." "The libertarian consequentialist," he writes, "advocates liberty because he believes liberty is the optimal arrangement for human society, a way of life under which human beings thrive." I don't blame you if you are confused. Isn't the libertarian "moralist," or rights theorist, interested in what makes human beings thrive? One would think so. But for Mr. Waters a moralist "advocates liberty because he believes liberty is the condition that results from men acting under the moral law of nonaggression." This is a peculiar description, indeed.

Mr. Waters seems to think that anyone espousing moral principles must be a Kantian believing that only actions performed out of duty and without regard for self interest qualify as moral actions.

Mr. Waters, it appears, has stacked the definitions to suit his purposes. Why did he not define "libertarian moralism" simply as "the belief that there is an objective moral justification for individual liberty" and the opposing view as the belief that though there is no such moral case, liberty nevertheless brings beneficial results and so should be respected?

His definition of "libertarian moralism" is just plain wrong. Libertarians who espouse objective ethics and natural rights do not do so because "liberty is the condition that results from men acting under the moral law of nonaggression." On the contrary, they endorse the nonaggression principle because it follows from the right to liberty (which is in turn derived from something else). If Mr. Waters can't even define his opposition correctly,

how can he claim to have subverted its position?

His definition of consequentialism fares no better. First, it is not exclusive to utilitarianism, as he implies. Rights theorists have always been concerned to discover the conditions under which human beings thrive. Rand, whom Mr. Waters pins so much of his case on, believed rights were conditions of man's "proper existence." She derived man's rights from an objective ethics that held the life of "man qua rational being" as the "standard of value." This is nothing if not a concern with what enables man to survive. Is Rand a "moralist" or a consequentialist?

Mr. Waters thinks he's revealed a fallacy in the rights advocate's position when he points out that "even libertarian moralists grant the truth of its [consequentialism's] arguments." But it is no compromise of the "moralist's" position to point out that liberty makes human life possible! Only the premise that morality has nothing to do with the requirements of living can lead to this conclusion. Mr. Waters has been caught putting the rabbit in the hat.

Mr. Waters shows his confusion when he writes, "For the consequentialist, property is good because it maximizes human well being. For the moralist, property is good because it is in harmony with fundamental moral principles." What he misses is that for (at least some) "moralists" these funda-

mental principles are moral principles because they are what makes *human* life possible. Mr. Waters seems to think that anyone espousing moral principles must be a Kantian believing that only actions performed out of duty and without regard for self interest qualify as moral actions.

Mr. Waters is guilty of major question-begging. He labels his opposition "moralism," but his position is no less a moral theory (albeit a flawed one). The good for Mr. Waters is what promotes human well-being. Human well-being is a moral objective. It just happens to be vague as he states it. Does he mean the welfare of each individual or (Bentham's position) the greatest happiness for the greatest number? Should this objective be pursued regardless of other consequences? Why this objective and not others?

And what does he mean by maximize? Has he found a unit of well-being that he can total up? If we were to abolish all laws interfering with property, some people's well-being (that of those who live off the loot) would decline. If the New York City taxi industry were deregulated, drivers who hold valuable medallions would lose a capital asset. When American slaves were freed, the slaveholders lost what they had come to rely on as "property." Many people in the Soviet Union fear liberalization because it means they can be fired from their jobs. In such predicaments, Mr. Waters's principle offers no guidance.

Basic Rights

What is wrong with the statement that people ought to be free and that others ought not to interfere—that is, with the statement that people have rights? We would expect Mr. Waters to reject ought statements as meaningless, were it not for the fact that he seems to believe we ought to promote human well being. But even if he rejects all ought statements, he is not out of trouble: he has contradicted himself. The very act of making an argument for his position implies that he believes that his readers ought to take valid arguments seriously and adopt conclusions that follow from them. As Frank Van Dun has written, there is a fundamental, self-evident moral obligation: the obligation to be reasonable. "If it were not for the fact that we ought to be reasonable, it would not be unreasonable to deny that anything ought to be believed because it is a 'fact.'" Imagine trying to construct a persuasive argument against the obligation to respect argument. This would be as much a contradiction as trying to refute the law of noncontradiction. By the same token, one cannot construct an argument about anything else without implicitly endorsing this ought. "That we ought to be reasonable is the most fundamental, the most indubitable fact of all—the fact without which nothing else can be a fact."

It might come as surprise to Mr. Waters, but before Bentham, there was no split between rights advocacy and consequentialism. As George Smith has pointed out, natural rights philosophers have always been interested in the con-

sequences of rights for human welfare or happiness. The connection between living according to one's nature and positive consequences is not a lucky coincidence. We would expect just such a connection. The split that Mr. Waters makes so much of is a relatively recent contrivance.

In sum, Mr. Waters has misunderstood the issues and has taken up a position that is as subject to the same questions he puts to the position he opposes.

We can briefly sketch an answer to the question, how do rights arise? The subject of rights arises—indeed, any moral issue arises—only because life is conditional on the fulfillment of certain requirements. If we wish to die, we need do nothing. Life is the source of choice, the source of action, and thus the source of value. As Rand wrote, it is only the concept *life* that makes the con-

Rights are the method of making society fit for human life. Rights establish a protective boundary and post notice against trespass. They make a fully human life possible.

cept *value* possible. The only reason moral issues such as rights exist is that living beings want to continue living and need guidance to do so, since they are beings of a particular kind (that is, beings of volitional, conceptual consciousness).

We also note that life comes in units known as individuals. So our focus in moral political issues should be on individual human beings. In light of all this, we can say that it is good and right that people assume control over, and engage in activity aimed at sustaining and advancing, their lives. The initiation of force entails a contradiction because the initiator is asserting control over his person but denying it to another without legitimate grounds. The propriety of living one's life by one's judgment is but another way of saying that each person has a property right in himself, that is, self-ownership.

Rights are the method of making society fit for human life. For a person to make the most of his entire life, he must have a way of knowing what he may do when and where and with what objects.

Rights establish a protective boundary and post notice against trespass. They make a fully human life possible. Why should one respect rights? Because anyone interested in living as a human being must be interested in the truth, which includes the fact that other people's lives are not his to dispose of.

Talking in terms of rights emphasizes that one is *entitled* to use one's person and justly acquired material objects. Conversely, the denial of rights is the denial of such entitlement. One who rejects natural rights is in the position of denying that anyone is entitled to do anything, including continuing to live.

As Lysander Spooner wrote in *Natural Law, or the Science of Justice*, "If justice is not a natural principle, then there is no such thing as injustice; and all the crimes of which the world has been the scene, have been no crimes at all; but only simple events, like the falling of the rain, or the setting of the sun; events which the victims had no more reason to complain of than they had to complain of the running of the streams, or the growth of vegetation."

This is not a full case for natural rights. Among other treatments I recom-

mend Tibor Machan's *Human Rights and Human Liberties*; Douglas Den Uyl and Douglas Rasmussen's "Nozick on the Randian Argument" in *Reading Nozick*; Ellen Frankel Paul's *Property Rights and Eminent Domain*; Douglas Rasmussen's "A Groundwork for Rights: Man's Natural End," in *The Journal of Libertarian Studies* (Winter 1980); Henry Veatch's *Human Rights: Fact or Fancy*; and Loren Lomasky's *Persons, Rights, and the Moral Community*. Rand's works should not be neglected; see especially "The Objectivist Ethics" in *The Virtue of Selfishness* and "Man's Rights," in *Capitalism: The Unknown Ideal*. All of these works operate in an Aristotelian framework that spells out human nature and envisions the good life. For a different and complementary approach, see the works of Hans-Hermann Hoppe (a sample is elsewhere in this issue); Frank Van Dun's seminal article "Economics and the Limits of Value Free Science" in *Reason Papers* (Spring 1986); and Roger Pilon's "Ordering Rights Consistently: Or What We Do and Do Not Have Right To," in the *Georgia Law Review* (Summer 1979). □

Response

The Two Libertarianisms, Again: What's Wrong With Richman

by *Ethan O. Waters*

There is one problem with Sheldon Richman's criticism of Waters' discussion of libertarian theory. It doesn't criticize any Waters who actually exists. Even so, it does raise an interesting point . . .

Sheldon Richman has responded to "The Two Libertarianisms" in a peculiar manner. He systematically misrepresents its thesis and then ridicules his caricature of it, tossing off unsupported assertions and gratuitous insults. He attributes to me views entirely foreign to my thinking, using my supposed opinions on rights as a foil to his own.

A response to his theory will have to wait. I shall limit my observations to identifying his most egregious errors and misrepresentations.

First there's the Jeremy Bentham problem. "Mr Waters cites Jeremy Bentham's famous statement that the idea of natural rights is 'nonsense upon stilts,'" Richman says. "Mr Waters does not mention that Bentham wrote this not while refuting any known case for rights, but while expressing alarm that the idea of natural rights leads to the right of revolution. Bentham's essay was entitled 'Anarchical Fallacies.' If that is Mr Waters' chief case against rights, that there is no room left for the state, so be it."

It is absurd to suggest that my "case against rights" is identical to Bentham's argument that the notion of rights is fundamentally anti-statist and therefore untenable. At no point do I cite Bentham's argument. At no point do I make any argument similar to it, or at any rate similar to Mr Richman's summary of it. I mentioned Bentham only once in the essay, in the concluding sentence of a paragraph about the consequences of some varieties of rights theory: "If the concept of inalienable rights is nonsense, then the consequences are indeed, to use Bentham's delightful phrase, nonsense on stilts." How Mr Richman manages to construe this single mention of Bentham into a claim

that Bentham's argument is my "chief case against rights" is beyond me. I don't agree with Bentham's argument as Mr Richman states it, though I fear Mr Richman may be caricaturing it in the same fashion as he caricatures my argument.

"It might surprise Mr Waters," Mr Richman notes, "but before Bentham, there was no split between rights advocacy and consequentialism . . ." It might surprise Mr Richman, but before the American Revolution, the thirteen colonies were part of the British Empire. Then again he may be no more surprised by that revelation than I was by his.

But according to Mr Richman, my philosophical incompetence is almost omnipresent. "Waters misses [Ayn] Rand's point," he writes. "Rand never called the principle of nonaggression an axiom. She wouldn't have because for her the obligation to refrain from aggression is not self-evident or irreducible, as Mr Waters presumes throughout his article."

At no point did I argue that Rand considered the nonaggression principle an axiom. I explicitly noted that she treated it as a "corollary to the right to life." I summarized in some detail her derivation of that right. I noted that characterizing the nonaggression princi-

ple as an axiom is the work of Murray Rothbard. I referred to the nonaggression principle as the nonaggression axiom only because I believe that Rothbardian phrase is more widely used than Rand's by libertarians discussing the issue.

But Mr Richman charges ahead: "At this point, Waters argues spuriously that Rand would reply that 'there are no conflicts of interest among rational men. But this is not the context in which she mounts this argument.'" What I wrote was: "In response to this sort of thinking, the libertarian moralist has generally proposed that objective morality can never sanction such a conflict because, as Rand argues, 'there are no conflicts of interest among rational men.'" And I meant exactly what I wrote: that libertarian moralists frequently make this argument at this point. At no time did I argue ("spuriously" or otherwise) that Rand herself made this argument in this form.

"Rand called a right a 'sanction of independent action.' . . . Mr Waters seems to have some trouble with the description (contrary to what he claims, it is not a definition)" asserts Mr Richman, without a shred of evidence. "A definition," Ayn Rand wrote in *Introduction to Objectivist Epistemology*, "is a statement that identifies the nature of the units

subsumed under a concept." According to my dictionary, a definition is "a statement of the meaning of a word." In the passage I cited in my essay, Rand wrote: "What is a right? A right is the sanction of independent action." By either Rand's or the dictionary's definition of a definition, this is a definition. The "trouble" here appears to be Mr Richman's.

Considering this dispute over what is and is not, properly, a definition, it is somewhat ironical that Mr Richman later asserts that my "definition of 'libertarian moralism' is just plain wrong," and that my "definition of consequentialism fares no better." Astute readers will certainly notice that my suggestive descriptions of the two concepts have less of the character of a definition than does Ayn Rand's definition of a "right"—though they are, of course, definitions anyway. That Richman should object to them is not surprising: by dismissing the validity of the dichotomy he is able to deal not with my arguments, but with his own reconstruction of them.

"Mr Waters thinks he's revealed a fallacy in the rights advocate's position when he points out that 'even libertarian moralists grant the truth of its [consequentialism's] arguments'" I made this perfectly unsurprising observation while discussing the moralist view of the consequentialist position, without any suggestion that I viewed it as a "fallacy" that I had "revealed." Why Mr Richman would want to assert that I think such a commonplace idea is a "fallacy" I cannot fathom.

Mr Richman notes that I "say some favorable things about 'consequentialism' (by which he presumably means utilitarianism, since he invokes Ludwig von Mises)." What curious logic: does Mr Richman mean that anyone who "invokes" Mises believes that consequentialism and utilitarianism are identical? Nor did I imply that consequentialism "is exclusive to utilitarianism," as Mr Richman says I did. In fact, the only time the term "utilitarian" is used in my entire essay is in a quotation from Murray N. Rothbard criticizing utilitarianism.

At this point I shall call a halt to citing Mr Richman's string of misrepresentations and condescending remarks. By now, I think the pattern is clear and I fear overburdening the reader with more examples. Those who enjoys hunting down fallacy and misrepresentation, or who revels in churlish insults, will

find a rich quarry in Mr Richman's attack. Mr Richman refused to address my arguments and chose instead to attack a burlesque of them.

Richman does raise one important point in the course of his polemic. He points out that "rights theorists have always been concerned to discover the conditions under which human beings thrive . . . that for (at least some) 'moralists' these fundamental principles are moral principles because they are what makes *human* life possible."

I am well aware of these approaches to rights theory: it seems to me that these are attempts at precisely the same synthesis of libertarian moralism and libertarian consequentialism that I propose in the conclusion of my essay.

As a praxeologist, I am convinced that acceptance of the non-aggression principle is nearly always the optimal

arrangement for human life, so of course I have no quarrel with non-aggression as a general principle. But what of those occasions when it is not optimal? What of those rare situations when life requires aggression?

Such situations are seldom encountered in ordinary life, but they are easily hypothesized. In fact, "The Liberty Poll," published in these pages last month, proposes several such situations, including one in which 98% of those polled indicated they would violate the non-aggression principle.

For this synthesis to work, it seems to me, it must abandon the notion that the non-aggression axiom is an absolute, unconditional, universal moral commandment which can be played as a trump card in virtually any social dispute. But if it does abandon this absolutism, it will no longer be moralistic in the narrow sense that I use the term. □

More Letters

(continued from page 40)

All I can say is that Rothbard ignored the vast substance of my arguments to focus in on the fact that neither he nor I are medical doctors. He makes it sound as if my whole article were based on this fact. As a matter of fact my article focused on Rothbard's positions and never attacked him for not being a medical doctor. The one sentence that mentioned his credentials said: "Rothbard, whose doctorate is in economics, does not know what the medical facts are." This does not mean what Rothbard claims it means. I said he has a doctorate in economics, because I was concerned that some of my non-libertarian readers might assume that Dr. Rothbard holds a medical doctorate. All I said was that he didn't understand the medical facts about AIDS. Murray spent his entire rebuttal to my article responding to a statement that he thinks I made but which I didn't.

Why do I claim that he doesn't understand the medical facts about AIDS? First because he said that condoms "do not prevent transmission of the AIDS virus." Condoms do overwhelmingly prevent the transmission of the virus. Rothbard seems to feel comfortable saying condoms don't prevent AIDS transmission because in a small percentage of cases they fail to work. He wants to take the exceptions and make them the rule. Rothbard also proposed throwing

children out of public schools if they test positive to the AIDS virus because they might casually spread the disease to another student. *There is not one single case of casual transmission of AIDS on record* but Rothbard wants to establish public policy based on the assumption that it might be possible.

Rothbard contended that his article in the *Ron Paul Political Report* is "unimpeachably libertarian." Murray has always been very good at praising himself as the criterion by which all other libertarians must be judged. But the article he wrote was only an expansion of the platform plank he wrote for the Libertarian Party. At the Seattle convention the Party overwhelmingly rejected Rothbard's "unimpeachably libertarian" plank for the one I wrote. It seems that Murray's fellow libertarians didn't hold his plank in as high a regard as he did.

People who would like to read my article can send me 50¢ and I will send them a copy of it so they may judge it for themselves.

Jim Peron
1800 Market Street
San Francisco, CA 94102

Religious Influences

I greatly enjoyed William P. Moulton's lively article on Ivan the Terrible in *Liberty* (July 1988).

But Moulton is too good a scholar to believe, as he indicates that he believes, that religion makes little or no difference to the moral behavior of societies.

continued on page 75



Economic Liberties and the Judiciary edited by James A. Dorn and Henry G. Manne. The major question addressed in this volume is whether or not the judiciary will restore its protection of economic liberties or continue to allow majority rule to subvert individual rights. Contributors include Antonin Scalia, Richard Epstein, Alex Kozinski, Bernard H. Siegan, and Stephen Macedo. 1987/392 pp./\$28 cloth/\$15.95 paper

The Rule of Experts by S. David Young. In this highly readable book, Young argues that licensing serves to protect those already in a particular occupation from competition. It delivers monopoly profits to practitioners at the expense of consumers and freezes minorities and the poor out of many occupations. 1987/99 pp./\$7.95 paper

The Search for Stable Money edited by James A. Dorn and Anna J. Schwartz. Perhaps no issue is more basic to the workings of a free economy than monetary policy. In this classic volume, distinguished economists such as F. A. Hayek, Milton Friedman, James M. Buchanan, Karl Brunner, and Allan H. Meltzer debate how policymakers can bring about a more stable, less inflationary monetary system. 1987/408 pp./\$13.95 paper

The Suicidal Corporation by Paul H. Weaver. This searing critique—by a strong supporter of the free market—shows how big business preaches free enterprise but practices big government by lobbying for subsidies and protection from foreign competition. 1988/224 pp./\$18.95 cloth

Making America Poorer by Morgan O. Reynolds. This professor of economics has carefully studied the legal and economic costs of federal labor law and has uncovered some shocking facts. Readers will be astounded when Reynolds adds up the lost GNP attributable to above-market wages, wage inflexibility, work rules, delay of new technology, and strikes. 1987/218 pp./\$9.95 paper

The Financial Services Revolution edited by Catherine England and Thomas Huerfano. Outmoded regulations limit the international competitiveness of U.S. banks and deprive consumers of high-quality services. Contributors include George G. Kaufman, Richard H. Timberlake, James R. Barth, Gillian Garcia, Robert E. Litan, and Robert A. Eisenbeis. 1988/361 pp./\$17.95 paper

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Reviews

Citizen Cohn,
by Nicholas von Hoffman. Doubleday, 1988, 484 pp., \$19.95

Character and Conspiracy in Roy Cohn's America

Stephen Cox

Roy Cohn (1927-1986) was put on this earth to create confusion. In the 1950s, when he was Chief Counsel for Joe McCarthy's Senate committee, Cohn's major accomplishment was to embarrass the anti-communist cause by wild accusations and absurd "investigations" of communist influence in America. In the 1960s, Cohn turned the tables on the government; highly placed officials, intent on crucifying a citizen who had proven himself personally obnoxious to them, put him on trial for rigging a grand jury, and he won acquittal after exposing the government's abuse of official process. In the 1970s, he acted as both a right-wing political fixer and a leader of some of the more Petronian circles of homosexual society. In the 1980s, when he was stricken with AIDS, he declined to play either the repentant victim or the activist crusader. Although he had unembarrassedly introduced his working-class male lovers at the Reagan White House, he refused to concede that he had AIDS or even that he was gay; among his last acts were a secret effort to raise money for AIDS research and a trip to Israel with his male lover and (of all people) Senator Jesse Helms. "I always enjoyed his company," one of Cohn's relations told biographer Nicholas von Hoffman, "because he was full of laughter" (p.253).

Anyone not politically or ethically schizophrenic will find Cohn's life hard to judge in any robustly simple way. I

will try: Cohn was not a mysterious person; he was not even a complex person; he was just a person who lacked a restraining sense of civilized morality. Cohn's friends appear to have seen him as something akin to the leader of a warlike tribe—and for good reason. Behavior like his would have been wholly unremarkable in the chief of an ancient Germanic raiding party. He was not a modern *citizen*, and he bore little resemblance to the enigmatic Charles Foster Kane of the title allusion to Orson Welles's film. No evidence exists of a mysterious Rosebud secreted in Roy Cohn's life. To paraphrase a remark by one of the characters in *Citizen Kane*, Roy Cohn wasn't a complicated man; he just did complicated things. And because of his peculiar simplicity, he had complicated effects on other people.

If these simple judgments don't render full justice in the matter of Cohn—and undoubtedly they do not—you will get no more elaborate speculations from Nicholas von Hoffman, at least about Cohn's ethical dimension. Perhaps this is just as well. It reminds us that biography is neither hagiography nor diablerie nor judicial determination. Biography need not respond to anyone's need for heroes or villains, or to anyone's practical need for a decision about who did something wrong, exactly how wrong it was, and exactly what should be done to remedy it. Biography may, of course, aim to clarify what is ethically obscure, but its first priority is to make a unique human character emerge as itself, in whatever moral

clarity or obscurity it may have possessed.

"I was his oldest friend, and as far as I was concerned, he behaved like a swine." — *Citizen Kane*

The basic requirements of biography have been understood in remarkably similar ways by every literary generation since the eighteenth century, when authors first discovered a mass audience for the re-creation of individual character. Biography must, to state the most obvious requirement, contain a mass of concrete and significant detail. In his seminal essay on biography (*The Rambler*, October 13, 1750), Samuel Johnson observed how useful it is that the historian of Catiline's conspiracy notes a minute detail about Catiline's walk; it was "*now quick, and again slow*," the symptom of "a mind revolving something with violent commotion." As Johnson says, such revelatory details are more likely to be discovered in private memories than in the public record: "More knowledge may be gained of a man's real character, by a short conversation with one of his servants, than from a formal and studied narrative, begun with his pedigree, and ended with his funeral."

Citizen Cohn would delight Johnson's heart by its loving attention to the stories of Cohn's servants and friends and relatives and colleagues, of everyone willing to empty the contents of memory into the biographer's tape machine. In these stories Cohn's private world takes shape, detail by detail, as a place very different from the world that most of us inhabit. As viewed from the perspective of civilized morality, it is a surreal world, stalked by giant whims. One of the secrets of Cohn's success seems to have been the failure of many of his contemporaries to notice how individual his mental world really was. A friend tells a characteristic anecdote about Cohn coming to him and announcing that he's in "a desperate jam" and has to borrow "ten thousand bucks right away." The money is lent. Shortly afterward, the creditor and his son are walking down Cohn's street and see a huge Lincoln parked in front of

his office, with a chauffeur standing next to it. The chauffeur reveals the fact that Cohn has just purchased the car.

My kid meanwhile is looking at the car, admiring it, a television set, a bar and all that shit, and my boy says to me, "I wish we could afford a car like this." I said, "You know, Johnnie, I think we did." . . . It took me months to get my money back (p. 259).

Cohn's horrible mother was a zany too, and zaniness did not hinder her from getting her way. She once invited friends over for Passover but refused to let them go into the kitchen to say hello to her cook.

Later, when they came to the part of the Passover service where the question is posed, "Why is this night different from other nights?" [Cohn's mother] answered: Because the serving girl is dead in the kitchen. "She had slumped over the table," Aunt Libby said, "and the coroner had had to come. It was quite a different night" (p. 70).

Von Hoffman's book provides a wealth of detail on a particular kind of alienated behavior, the behavior of people who are driven to advertise their contempt for others and who, because of other people's naivete or good humor or incomprehension, are seldom, if ever, forced to pay for their ruthless indulgence of their whims.

"I profess to write, not his panegyrick . . . but his Life." Thus James Boswell, introducing his *Life of Samuel Johnson*. Von Hoffman did not have to struggle to avoid turning his Life of Cohn into a panegyrick. His struggle was to make sure that another sort

of biographical necessity was met, the necessity to awaken enough sympathy for the subject to allow him to be understood rather than simply dismissed, enough sympathy to allow his exotic personality really to *emerge* in the reader's mind. The goal of the biographer's art, as Johnson describes it in his *Rambler* essay, is to enable us, by "an act of the imagination," to put ourselves in another person's place. This is hard to do when the person is Roy Cohn, but von Hoffman succeeds surprisingly well in helping us to do it.

"You know, all the same I feel kind of sorry for Mr. Kane." — *Citizen Kane*

Cohn wanted sympathy, but he never wanted pity. Pity, however, is the princi-

pal kind of sympathy that von Hoffman elicits. The most obvious way to tell the story of Cohn's life is in chronological order: birth, childhood ambitions, evil manhood, illness, death. But von Hoffman devotes the first section of his book to Cohn's illness, thus ensuring that the bravest, most painful, and most sympathetic performance goes on stage first. If von Hoffman had begun with Cohn's sometimes nefarious dealings with J. Edgar Hoover, or Cohn's weird business with the Lionel Train company (!), or Cohn's service with McCarthy, or even little Roy's debut as a spoiled child, a different impression of Cohn would result.

When one reads von Hoffman's account of Cohn, McCarthy's chief hunting dog, gorging himself on publicity and power—gorging himself, that is, on seeing his name in the papers and on seeing other people crawl—one wishes that this character, too crude, almost, for daytime television, would meet an early death. But the later episodes of Cohn's life make one reconsider this puritan judgment. After the McCarthy days were over, after it was clear to everyone that McCarthy and Cohn and their friends knew little more about communism than your pet canary, Cohn no longer had a license to steal the public's respect. He had made enemies, especially among the Kennedy crowd, some of whom were ethically and temperamentally indistinguishable from

Roy Cohn was not a mysterious person; he was not even a complex person; he was just a person who lacked a restraining sense of civilized morality.

him; and these people were out to get him. Later the microbes would be out to get him, too. So Cohn got tough, and his toughness was gritty but admirable. "There have been days," Cohn remarked,

when I would actually say, "Is this worth it? Is this fight really worth it?" It is agonizing . . . "And what am I fighting all this for and going through all this agony?" The answer is, because I'm not a quitter. And the answer also comes in with the fact that I wouldn't give my enemies the satisfaction. Every time they think they have me, they suddenly find out they don't have me. And I just want to make this another item on the

list (p. 29).

Trite heroics, perhaps, but no longer cheap.

When Bobby Kennedy, who had hated Cohn since the days when both men worked for McCarthy, became Attorney General, he had Cohn put on trial twice for alleged jury-corruption in a complicated stock deal. Cohn undoubtedly committed many crimes, but not this crime, and he was acquitted. Near the end of the first trial, one of the prosecutors extended a minor courtesy to the defense. Cohn's response was, "I'm not talking to you, you shithead" (p. 295). It's hard not to enjoy that reply, even if one dislikes the replier. And it's hard not to take an irresponsible, sheerly aesthetic delight in the comedy of Cohn's irresponsibility. One of his associates recalls him arriving late for a court appearance, sitting still briefly and then demanding, "What time is it? . . . Don't you think it's time we move for dismissal?" His associate replied, "Roy, it's our motion" (p. 429).

"We never lost as much as we made."

"Yes, yes, but your methods!"

— *Citizen Kane*

Isn't von Hoffman's method somewhat disreputable? Isn't he merely cadging sympathy for Cohn's moral failure with cheap literary tricks—raising the curtain on Act V, Scene 4 (lingering death), pausing for effect on Cohn's displays of existential defiance or abandoned comedy? Maybe so. But this is a world of cheap tricks, and would one prefer the tricks that can be used to deny the sympathetic imagination?

A few weeks ago the giant quilt that is a memorial to AIDS victims was exhibited in my town. It was a moving spectacle, a tribute to the persistence of love and the variety of human life. Each panel of the quilt bears the name of someone who died of AIDS. The panels, which are usually donated by friends of the deceased men or women, make individuating statements about them, or at least about the best aspects of them. All the messages that I saw were positive—except two: the messages on the *two* panels that someone, clearly *not* a friend, had been permitted or encouraged to devote to Cohn, a person for whom sympathy was not allowed to get out of hand. One of these messages honored him with the titles of "coward," "bully," and "victim";

the other simply smeared his name across a flag of the Soviet Union.

Cohn's great sin was his assault on fairness and common decency. As a political figure and as a lawyer in private practice he fought for his own rights but was willing to deny rights to others. He practiced a double standard, and double standards are the root of all indecency. But some of Cohn's enemies reacted with indecency to him, doing their best to defile him, even after his death, in ways in which they would never think of defiling people who were not their political enemies. Indecency, of course, defiles its practitioners as well as its targets. Perhaps the verb should be "impoverishes" instead of "defiles." To see the world with a double standard means to see it in a self-contradictory way, to deny oneself coherent knowledge of the people with whom one lives—people who are better served, at last, by honest biography than by either diatribe or eulogy. We may be certain that many people memorialized in the AIDS quilt led much better lives than Cohn; we may be reasonably certain that some lived worse lives. If political feeling causes us to see only one side of the picture, it deprives us of our sight and the dead of their real selves.

Von Hoffman has a well-founded suspicion of both conservative and liberal attempts to see individual lives as mere *materia politica*. He senses the threat that moralistic causes of both right and left have posed to liberty and the self's integrity:

Both Roy's life and his career ask if the nation can maintain itself in health and power while destroying heterodoxy and suppressing individualism. Roy chose, as his Communist adversaries did, to have a public life and another, private, secret one. Roy Cohn feared that society would crush him if society knew what he was; yet Roy himself labored to keep intact the society that would use its power to do so (pp. 84–85).

Of course, there is something missing here. For much of Cohn's life, "society" did know "what he was" and didn't bother to crush him. In the 1950s, persecution of homosexuals was as fervent in

the United States as the persecution of "profiteers" (or homosexuals, for that matter) in Marxist societies. But America changed for the better, and Cohn never really caught up with it. He was publicly hiding his homosexuality long after there was any point in doing so except to display the courage of his own consistency.

Von Hoffman's account of Cohn's machinations may all too easily lead the unsophisticated into believing that he was a major figure in a political culture operated by a small group of perverts and plutocrats, establishmentarians rejoicing in Babylonian splendor in their East Coast compounds, immobilizing society so that only they might profit from its riches, conspiring—limousine liberals and fascists together—to keep anyone else from getting a snout in the trough.

Von Hoffman's biography performs a valuable service in illustrating the fact that the cunning and the wicked can be just as slow on the uptake as other men and women.

Unfortunately, there are several ways in which von Hoffman's book is not valuable at all. The classical biography does not merely present character; it recreates character through the vividness of its style. In von Hoffman's book, however, Cohn's flamboyant vigor must force its way, like some primitive monster, through swamps of dull prose. Von Hoffman's literary tricks are not inexhaustible. One of his book's few witty passages is a quoted remark of Murray Kempton, who describes an interview with the young Roy as

my last encounter with the Terror, such of it as could sensibly be conceived as incarnate in a figure that even then was commencing to look like a priapic statue rashly bought at the flea market and incautiously left out too long in the garden rains (p. 165).

It's not really sinful for von Hoffman to avoid working up elaborate images of this sort. What is sinful is the frequent shoddiness of his writing. The book was undoubtedly rushed to publication. Verbal errors abound. People are "hung," facts are "laid out," citizens "espouse" rather than "expound" their views, and a "memory" (what else could it do, after all?) "remembers." A great encouragement to perplexity is von Hoffman's

practice of putting quotation marks at the beginning of quoted passages, but neglecting to put them at the end. And there is a kind of von Hoffman sentence that seems to chew its own guts: "Gallagher said it was such an easy [case] he didn't send Roy a bill for his services and thereby made himself a friend who often threw law business Gallagher's way" (p. 260).

But the verbal and typographical sins are venial compared to the historical ones. Biography requires more than a narrowly accurate view of individual character. It requires accurate judgment of—and, if you will, sympathy for—the historical context in which individuals live. The great biographies (Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, Boswell's *Life of Johnson*)

place their leading characters on a large stage, fully lit. This is not the effect produced by von Hoffman's haste, which leads him simply to omit large sections even of the history that bears most directly on Cohn. It would be interesting to learn, for instance, why Cohn eventually resigned from his Chief Counselship for McCarthy—admittedly, things were getting hot for him in 1954, when the anti-McCarthyites finally learned that the Congressional hunt for communists was mainly bluster; but one would like to know whether Cohn was pushed out of his job or jumped. Von Hoffman devotes a solitary seven lines (p. 245) to speculation on this issue. The next thing we know, it's 1957, and no attempt is made to fill in the intervening years.

When von Hoffman tries to tell a story in his own voice, rather than relying on interviews or newspaper clippings (to which he is much addicted), he sometimes loses track of time and setting and fails to identify characters clearly and promptly. His notes are obviously in a state of some confusion, a confusion that leads him to cite John Rechy's notorious novel *City of Night* as "*City of the Night*" (p. 425) and to refer ironically to "Vidal's book," and to the time "when Vidal wrote his novel" (p. 133), without telling anyone that he means Gore Vidal's homosexual novel *The City and the Pillar* (1948).

Von Hoffman's historical errors come in three varieties—mere errors, silly errors, and truths left incomplete. He states

that Cohn made his famous "investigative" trip to Europe for McCarthy in 1952 (p. 144); actually he did so in 1953. Von Hoffman believes that in the 1950s "America had the same policy as the Russians continue to have in regard to dissidents leaving the country" (p. 176), as if all restrictive policies were necessarily the same. He believes that "American trade unionism lost its dynamism" and "lapsed into . . . somnambulant listlessness" as a direct result of the anti-Communist purges of the early '50s (p. 137)—a simplistic claim that takes little account of the organizing and strike activity of the '50s, '60s, and '70s, or of historical statistics on trade-union membership. Equally surprising are his bewildered musings, during a comparison between Huey Long and Joe McCarthy, about "whether or not Long was a demagogue" (p. 166). Von Hoffman says, in his peculiar style, that the fact of this matter "depends, even today, on the speaker's politics." But if Huey Long was not a demagogue, where are demagogues to be found?

"He said all kinds of things that didn't mean anything."—*Citizen Kane*

We have now drifted from the mere to the silly. It is silly for von Hoffman to declare, as confidently (nay, dogmatically) as if he had a statistical table at hand, that "there were never more than twenty-five thousand [communists] in the country, and of that number only a fraction worked for the government, did war research, or were connected to anything concerned with public policy or national defense" (p. 193). I have no idea how many "communists" there *ever* were in the United States, and neither does von Hoffman, and neither does anyone else—and *this* should be the minimal moral that we gather from Joe McCarthy's ludicrous attempts at counting communists. Of course, we might get closer to guessing what von Hoffman has in mind if he would define what he means when he talks about "communists." While he's at it, he might also get busy at defining "a fraction," "worked for the government," and "anything concerned with public policy."

Perhaps the silliest of von Hoffman's errata, in view of the research he has done on the vicissitudes of homosexuality in this country, is his uncritical treatment of Ben Bradlee's preposterous claim that the anti-McCarthyites he knew in the early

'50s never entertained "the thought a man like Roy might be a homosexual," not to mention von Hoffman's equally uncritical treatment of Murray Kempton's slippery declaration that Cohn's homosexuality was "a deviance, that no respectable anti-McCarthyite would have thought all that disreputable in anyone else" (pp. 188, 190). If such statements mean anything, they mean that the left side of the intellectual spectrum either dwelt in sublime ignorance of sexual "deviance" or exercised an exemplary tolerance of it. But von Hoffman's book documents the fact that highly respectable anti-McCarthyites did their best to alert the nation to the possibility that Cohn and McCarthy were "fairies," "pixies," and other grotesquely disreputable things to be. Are we supposed to believe that this was mere ad hoc homophobia, a mere political strategy that manifested nothing but good will for all fairies and pixies except McCarthy and Cohn?

And the facts that von Hoffman does *not* document are available in profusion. Until recently, leftists were just as willing as rightists to take a dim view of homosexuality. In *Perjury: The Hiss-Chambers Case* (New York: Knopf, 1978), Allen Weinstein shows how willing Alger Hiss's defenders were to exploit the issue, providing it was not likely to be used against *their* side. During the campus revolutions of the '60s and '70s, leftist students at Columbia baited their "establishment" enemies as "faggots"; leftist students at Michigan threw out leaders whom they discovered to be gay; Huey Newton, although seeking at least a limited alliance between homosexuals and black-power advocates, wondered publicly if homosexuality was ultimately a product of capitalist decadence; and people who admired the Cuban revolution suffered little loss of faith because of its persecution of homosexuals (hardly a trace of this persecution remains in the left-liberal memory).

Friedrich Engels, of course, in *The Origin of the Family, Private Property and the State* (1884), had described homosexuality as "degraded"; and hard-left journals of the '60s such as New York's *Guardian* still fulminated against it. Left-liberal opinion showed signs of a change, but *Ramparts* magazine was still capable of picturing homosexuals as bent on controlling American culture and shutting everyone else out: "I'm getting damned tired of all the art being campy and all the

plays being queer and all the clothes being West Fourth Street and the whole bit. *Some* I don't mind, but it's getting too close to *all*, and I have the feeling that there are healthier bases for a culture" (Gene Marine, "Who's Afraid of Little Annie Fanny?", *Ramparts*, 5, no. 8 [February, 1967], 27). The *Ramparts* theory continued a long line of conspiracy or dominance theories about homosexuals, such as the theory recorded in 1935 by that admirable painter Thomas Hart Benton, who suggested that the homosexual conspiracy was as dangerous to culture as doctrinaire Stalinism or conservatism: "By ingratiation or subtle connivance, precious fairies get into positions of power . . . A very real danger to the cultural institutions of the country lies in the homosexuals' control of policy" (*An Artist in America*, 2nd ed. [Kansas City, Mo.: Univ. of Kansas City Press, 1951], pp. 265-66).

Von Hoffman never comes to analytical terms with the peculiarly virulent homophobia expressed by such conspiracy theories, which were and remain widespread. The closest he gets are Delphic utterances like the following remark about the "lavender Mafia" that "straight people with an inside knowledge of Washington politics, particularly Democrats," believe is lurking "in important positions in the Reagan administration": "Whether a 'ring' of such men, bound together by power, politics, and sexual preference, exists depends as much on semantics as observed behavior" (p. 423). Sounds like a conspiracy to me.

"Get in touch with everybody that ever knew him . . . Everybody who ever loved him, who ever hated his guts. I don't mean go through the city directory, of course."—*Citizen Kane*

It must be admitted that although von Hoffman's analytical attention span is lamentably short, his research does provide some interesting facts about the homosexual environment of the '50s, '60s, and '70s. Of particular interest are his discussions of Cohn's relationship with Cardinal Spellman and of Cohn's helpfulness to J. Edgar Hoover in keeping criticism of the latter's sexual affinities from creeping into the public consciousness. The value of von Hoffman's research is not limited to the history of homosexuality. His information—when it consists of facts and not mere factoids—adds important subplots to the big, bizarre story of modern America. Cohn figured in many of that

story's chapters. His influence was exerted on the Democratic as well as the Republican party. He worked for Hoover; he also worked for organized crime. He was a friend and benefactor of Norman Mailer, world-class liberal homophobe. Geraldine Ferraro was on tap to testify for Cohn in his disbarment hearings. He had influence with newspapers, and at one point even used his power to swing support behind a candidate of the hated Kennedy administration.

But von Hoffman's aversion to historical *study*, as opposed to historical *investigation*, narrowly considered, keeps him from accomplishing the task that separates the biographer from the gossip. Biography, as Dr. Johnson says, "enchain[s] the heart by irresistible interest"; gossip, at least good gossip, does this, too. *Citizen Cohn* is good gossip; it's a *real page-turner*. But biography goes further, says Dr. Johnson; it "diffuse[s] instruction to every diversity of condition." This *Citizen Cohn* does not do. It tells us the people Cohn knew and what they said and what they may have done, but it does little to instruct us about what their living meant, what kind of world it was a part of. The book's incomplete truths are in some ways worse than no truths at all. They can be dangerous.

Von Hoffman's narrow account of Cohn's machinations may all too easily lead the historically unsophisticated into believing that he was a major figure in a political culture operated by a small group of perverts and plutocrats, establishmentarians rejoicing in Babylonian splendor in their East Coast compounds, immobilizing society so that only they might profit from its riches, conspiring—limousine liberals and fascists together—to keep anyone else from getting a snout in the trough. Granted, Roy finally got disbarred for failing to repay a loan of \$100,000 from a wealthy widow, but he was nearly dead by the time the disbarment happened, and anyone not part of the power elite would have been sent to jail a long time before for the things he did.

In fact, modern American society is beyond the ability of any conspiracy or dominance theory to explain—but the feature that makes it inexplicable by any such theory may also be the feature that makes these theories popular.

That feature, as David Brion Davis

has argued in an elegant historical essay (*The Slave Power Conspiracy and the Paranoid Style* [Baton Rouge: Louisiana State Univ. Press, 1969]), is the sheer unplanned, ungraphable mobility of the American people, whom the nature of our society encourages to migrate constantly from one job, one location, one status-group to another. Each move that a person makes acquaints him or her with the language and customs of a new set of people. Outsiders learn the secrets of insiders; they learn how the latter consort to present a favorable image of them-

Von Hoffman's biography performs a valuable service in illustrating the fact that the cunning and the wicked can be just as slow on the uptake as other men and women.

selves and acquire power; they become "self-consciously aware of aspects of role-playing which are taken for granted in tradition oriented societies" (Davis, p. 27). Learning the differences in perspective between outsiders and insiders would be an amusing hobby if it were not for the fact that social migrations do not lead most people to the inside of truly powerful groups. Mobility may, indeed, lead them to little more than a conviction that the power they lack, idealized as the ultimate power, must be held by people who are successful at hiding themselves inside some "network" more cohesive, specialized, and duplicitous than anything likely to be encountered by the average mobile Joe. The fact that the network keeps itself hidden is only a sign of its success. The populist fancy envies and fears this network trembling with conspiracies, this construction of the "Homintern" or the Council on Foreign Relations or the good Eastern colleges, this alliance of politicians who disguise their collusion behind separate party labels, of literary personalities who merely pander to community values, of bankers who rationalize their plunder with the doubletalk of their profession, of educators who know the secret of concealing their ideological and sexual perversions. This is the fantasy that a superficial view of Cohn's web of friendships may feed. Cohn, as von Hoffman's collocutors constantly inform us, knew everybody.

But a closer, more analytical, look at the same information (the sort of look

that I hope the numerous audience of this biography will take) reveals no grand network of conspirators, no coherent group of homosexuals or lawyers or financial manipulators or fascists or all of the above. A more wildly mixed and variegated "group" could hardly be imagined than the people Roy knew and relied upon: male prostitutes and crusaders against vice, idle rich and struggling poor, newswomen and boxing promoters, princes of the church and felons rotting in jail—the whole mob united by loves, riven by hatreds, riven by loves, united by hatreds, consulting one another, suing one another, constantly misunderstanding one another, secretive, insanely self-revelatory, miserly, spend-thrift, plotting conscientiously and losing everything, gambling recklessly and winning their hearts' desires,

conspiring to manipulate the public, failing utterly to manipulate the public, imagining that they knew how to run a law office or the economy or Western civilization or the gay bars in Manhattan and being proven wrong even to their own satisfaction, groups and subgroups and isolated individuals thrown together by the mobility of hard work or an uncle's "pull" or a political cause or a beautiful physique or brains or blank stupidity, making the best they could of things according to no one law or scheme or class imperative but according to the separate and changing priorities of desire and circumstance and conviction, too.

It's quite a picture. Von Hoffman is not a good enough biographer to paint it, but it can be deduced from the clues his anecdotes provide. It's a more disorderly, but an infinitely more interesting picture than readers burdened with populist theories of social dominance (and there is some of the stern and naive populist in most of us) will derive from von Hoffman's book. They will probably see his account only as evidence that Roy was on the top of the pyramid, at the head of the table, behind the steering wheel, that he had reached the place that normal people are never allowed to reach. The truth is that there is no top of the pyramid, no head of the table, and that no one—no one yet, anyway—is steering the car. That is why American society, in its general state of healthy confusion, survives the particular confusions produced by people like Cohn. □

Persons, Rights and the Moral Community,
by Loren B. Lomasky. Oxford University Press, 1987, 283 pp., \$29.95

Objective Value, Rights, and Individualism

Douglas Rasmussen

A century that has witnessed the Holocaust and the Gulag is not one which can aptly be characterized as paying too much heed to basic rights. Normative debate that deemphasizes the importance of rights does not necessarily lead to such enormities, but by enlarging the boundaries of moral permissibility it tends to deemphasize individualism in favor of large-scale social reconstruction.

Amen. At a time when moral theorists from both left and right are criticizing individualism, Loren E. Lomasky—Professor of Philosophy, University of Minnesota, Duluth—has written an important defense of it. *Persons, Rights, and the Moral Community* offers an argument for basic rights. It is clearly written and reveals a thinker who has wit as well as depth.

As odd as it may seem, the best way to begin an evaluation of this entertaining and sometimes eloquent defense of individualism is with the last chapter, "Beyond Basic Rights." In this chapter Lomasky addresses the question: "Is X valuable because it is desired or is X to be desired because it is valuable?" He argues most forcefully that desire is not sufficient to make X valuable. Lomasky states that "should it be maintained that all value is posterior to desire, an infinite regress beckons. One will desire that one's desires be fulfilled, desire the fulfillment of the desire for the fulfillment of the desire that . . ." and "if there is no value antecedent to desire, then desire for X is desire for the valueless, and satisfaction for the desire of X is valueless satisfaction." Not all values are reducible to desires or preferences.

Lomasky argues for the objectivity of values and notes that the agnosticism by

liberals, be they classical or contemporary, regarding such objectivity is a two-edged sword. While the claim to know nothing of objective value might protect liberty on one flank, it leaves the other vulnerable; for if all value is reduced to preference, then there can be no reason, fundamentally speaking, to prefer one thing to another. This even includes the liberal's preference for people being at liberty to pursue their own preferences—their own conceptions of the good. "If the good for a person just is, definitionally, his getting whatever he happens to desire, then to assert that satisfaction of desires is good (and dissatisfaction of desire is bad) is logically equivalent to saying that getting what one desires is getting what one desires (and not getting what one desires is not getting what one desires). Arid tautologies can do no justificatory work."

The reason Lomasky defends value objectivism in a book whose primary purpose is to defend individualism and basic rights—basic rights which even involve the right to do what is morally wrong—is that "implicit . . . in the theory of basic rights is the proposition that it is possible to construct a life that has meaning and worth." The claim that people have rights cannot be maintained if all value is reduced to preference. If there can be no objective meaning and worth, what does it matter if the preferences of some people to live in peace and liberty are not respected, and, as we think of it, what do the words "peace" and "liberty" mean in a world in which all value is nothing more than preference?

Lomasky knows the importance of value objectivism for the cause of individualism. Yet, he also knows something else—namely, if there is objective value in the world, and if basic rights are tied to objective value, how can there be a place for the idea that a society's legal system

should be tolerant of activities that do not violate rights but are not in accord with what is truly valuable? In other words, does not liberalism's traditional view of the state as being neutral to different conceptions of the good become problematic once it is admitted that there is objective value and this value is what supports basic rights? Add to this the realization that the concept of objective value is easily reified and thus made into an abstraction to which individuals can and have been sacrificed, and one begins to appreciate the tension, both theoretical and political, between the acknowledgements that there must needs be objective value and that human beings have basic rights.

Though there are many other important and intriguing issues (e.g., the rights of fetuses, children, the mentally defective, and animals, as well as the numerous difficulties faced by any theory of property rights) addressed by Lomasky in novel ways, it is the tension between the claim that there is objective value and the claim that people have basic rights that is the motivating force of this work and its central concern.

According to Lomasky, basic rights are necessary because human beings are individuals, and a crucial feature of being an individual is that one pursues personal projects. Personal projects are a special type of end. They are characterized by persistence, centrality, and structure and are special because they are crucial to determining the identity of an individual over time. A personal project is not something that is just recognized and then accomplished in one particular action. Instead, a personal project persists throughout large stretches of the lifetime of an individual and structures the actions that a person takes. It is through personal projects that an individual creates his unique identity.

From the standpoint of ethical theory, the two most important features of personal projects are that they provide a uniquely personal reason for doing something—a reason that is not transmissible to anyone else—and that the value of personal projects is created by the commitment of the person—it is not intrinsic to the project itself. According to Lomasky, the fact that E_1 is *my end*, that it is bound up in my very conception of myself, a self I create, that it is what I most of all care for and thus provides me with a unique reason for pursuing E_1 , makes the recognition of basic rights necessary. Basic rights are needed in order

to protect human beings in the course of pursuing projects. Moral space is what every human being as a project pursuer needs most, and rights are entitlements to moral space that obligate others to noninterference.

An ethics that recognizes the legitimacy of personal projects and the rights that are needed to protect them is in conflict with the position Lomasky labels "the Foil." The Foil is characterized by three assumptions: (1) there is some objective standard of moral value in terms of which actions are to be evaluated; (2) the test of whether an action, as compared to some other action, ought to be done is whether it produces more good—viz., a consequentialist theory of moral obligation; and (3) practical reasoning is divided into two types—prudential and moral—and the latter differs from the former in terms of its impartiality regarding whose ends are being served.

Though Lomasky combines all three assumptions together into one package, it is the third assumption—the idea that when one adopts "the moral point of view" one should, strictly speaking, be impartial between one's own preferences and that of someone else's—that is Lomasky's central target. According to the Foil, the fact that " E_1 is *my end* . . . it is *what I most of all care for*" provides no moral reason for my choosing E_1 —the only moral reason to choose E_1 is one in which everyone else could share. It is this feature of the Foil that Lomasky finds most objectionable and fundamentally at odds with the individualism he seeks to defend.

The Foil renders ends perfectly socialized, the completely common property of all active individuals. The price paid for this evaluational socialism is far more extreme, though, than that occasioned by economic socialism: it is the metaphysical breakdown of the person. The Foil endorses a view that entails the impossibility of individuating agents by reference to what each has a reason to bring about. If all ends *qua* ends are impersonally determined and impinge on agents equally, then no agent is individuated as the particular purposive being with just those projects to pursue. Agents are dissociated from their ends because the ends are no longer, in any significant sense, theirs.

Accordingly, one could not adopt the

"moral point of view" and claim that either there is some end, some project, that is absolutely untouchable or some moral side constraint (viz., a right) on attempts to do good and avoid evil.

Lomasky considers, of course, the reply by the defenders of the Foil to his criticism. Put simply, their reply is that unless one becomes an impartial evaluator and considers ends in terms of their objective worth and not as they relate to one personally, there is no way one can take moral reasoning seriously. One will be faced with a world in which all values

Moral space is what every human being as a project pursuer needs most, and rights are entitlements to moral space that obligate others to noninterference.

are strictly personal and thus have to "countenance an incessant Hobbesian war of all against all." The point of this objection is that if morality is to let the individual count in the way that Lomasky seeks, viz., make room for people as project pursuers, it means that morality breaks down. Individualism, the primacy of project pursuit, ultimately means nihilism!

Lomasky decides to meet this objection by showing that a compromise with the Foil is possible. It is not true, he claims, "that project pursuit insulates one from all reason to consider the well-being of others and take another person's good as providing reasons that bear on one's choice of conduct." Lomasky does not seek, then, to replace the Foil *in toto*.

Instead he seeks to show that both the impersonal and personal elements of practical reasoning can be incorporated into an adequate account of moral reasoning and thereby avoid both evaluational socialism and the Hobbesian jungle. How Lomasky seeks to incorporate these two elements can be revealed by considering how he answers two questions: (1) What is so wrong with someone not having their project pursuit protected—why is it better that individuality be protected and people not be used as a mere means? (2) In a world of project pursuers what reason would one project pursuer have to value others having the right to pursue their projects? I will consider Lomasky's answer to each question.

Lomasky's answer to the first question is: "The value to me of *this* project is consequent upon my commitment to it and not to some other end, but the personal value that accrues to me as I pursue the project that is *mine* presupposes the impersonal value of project pursuit. . . . Rational beings/project pursuers have value in themselves, impersonal value, so to regard them merely as means to one's own ends is, irrationally, to act toward them as if their only value was personal value conferred (or denied) through one's own volition." The impersonal value of being a project pursuer underlies, grounds, and ultimately legitimates a project pursuers demand of noninterference from others.

Lomasky's answer to the second question is: Psychological egoism is false. People are capable of empathizing with others and can understand what it is for



"In a surprise move, the Senate and the House today certified each other okay on human rights . . ."

someone else to have a reason to promote an end. Yet, the ability to recognize evaluative grounds that have not been created by oneself for oneself allows for the transmissibility of practical reason from one person to another. "A acknowledges that B has reason (understood personally) to act in order to bring about E_2 ; thus there is (impersonal) reason to bring about E_2 ; thus A has some reason to advance B's attainment of E_2 ." Lomasky admits that the reason that A has to advance B's attainment of E_2 can be "vanishingly small" and nonexistent when it conflicts with A's own projects, but it nonetheless allows an opening out of the Hobbesian jungle. Lomasky argues that "it is a mistake to commence political analysis with a state-of-nature scenario in which each individual is consumed by his conceptions of value-for-himself and regards others only as obstacles to his own designs." He maintains that through the exercise of practical reason that involves both personal and impersonal value basic rights will emerge as an equilibrium position—the unintended product of rational accommodations among countless numbers of project pursuers.

Lomasky's answers to both questions (1) and (2) are not, however, adequate, and he does not succeed in incorporating the personal and impersonal elements of practical reasoning into a coherent account of moral reasoning. This in turn undermines his argument for basic rights. The reasons for his lack of success are instructive.

Regarding the answer to question (1), it seems that Lomasky has given away everything he has worked so hard to establish and based his justification of rights on a claim that stands in dire need of justification. If the value of my personal projects ultimately rests on the impersonal value of being a project pursuer, then how can I be secure in my claim to have a *right* to pursue a project which has the consequence of not promoting the impersonal value of my or others continuing to be project pursuers? Further, all project pursuits may not be equal, what if there are other projects which if pursued would be conducive to more project pursuers existing? It seems quite consistent with the promotion of the impersonal value of being a project pursuer to direct people into certain projects and to prohibit their pursuit of others. Finally, and most fundamentally, Lomasky needs to explain just what is it about being a pro-

ject pursuer that gives one value, impersonal value, in oneself? Why is the world better with project pursuers than without them?

Regarding the answer to question (2), even if one rejects psychological egoism, accepts that human beings have the ability to empathize, and grants that people can act on the basis of moral principle or rational desire, it still does not follow

from the fact that I know that someone else has a reason to pursue some end that I "therefore" have some reason to advance that person's attainment of their end. Yes, there are reasons other than my own for something to be done. Yes, I am not the only project pursuer in the universe, but how does this imply that I have some reason to advance your attainment of your end? Lomasky claims

Reason Papers

A Journal of Interdisciplinary Normative Studies

The Free and Noble Spirit: A Festschrift for John Hospers

Preface	Tibor R. Machan	2
Appreciation	Douglas B. Rasmussen	3

Articles

Libertarianism, Welfare Rights and the Welfare State	Jan Wilbanks	8
Brothers in Chains: Emerson and Fitzhugh on Economic and Political Liberty	Larry Schweikart	19
Hospers' "Ultimate Moral Equality"	John O. Nelson	35
On the Foundation of Natural Rights	Jeffrey Paul	48
Liberty, Equality and Neutrality	Donald Wacome	67
Brainwashing, Deprogramming and Mental Health	Antony Flew	84
Moore: the Liberator	Tom Regan	94
Judging Without Justice	Randall E. Barnett	109
Preference Utilitarianism, Prior Existence and Moral Replaceability	Eric Mack	120
Assassination	Joseph Margolis	132
Hospers on the Artist's Intentions	Mary Sirridge	143
Self	J. Roger Lee	152
Aristotle and the Natural Rights Tradition	Fred D. Miller	166
Toward a Genuine Philosophy of the Performing Arts	Randall R. Dipert	182

Discussion Notes

Notes on Dipert's Review of <i>The Evidence of the Senses</i>	Robert E. Knapp	201
Knapp on Kelley	Randall R. Dipert	205

Book Reviews

David Gauthier's, <i>Moral by Agreement</i> and Loren Lomasky <i>Persons, Rights</i> and the <i>Moral Community</i>	Mark C. Phillips	208
John D. Barrow and Frank J. Tippler's <i>The Anthropocentric Cosmological Principle</i>	Charles D. Brown	217
Allan Bloom's <i>Closing of the American Mind</i>	Douglas J. Den Uyl	224
Douglas Den Uyl's <i>Power, State and Freedom</i>	Wallace I. Matson	229
Michael Fox's <i>The Case for Animal Experimentation</i>	John Hospers	233

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that the argument here is not moral but semantic. In other words, what it means for someone to have a "reason" to pursue some end requires that I, as a being who is capable of having a "reason" for pursuing his own ends and who can recognize that others have their "reasons" to pursue their ends, not be indifferent to whether someone else attains their end. The assumption here is that since a "reason" shows why some end ought to be sought that it must obligate in some way everyone to whom reasons can be a motivation for action to seek that end. This assumption is false. It is perfectly possible for someone to show why E_2 is valuable for them to pursue without implying that E_2 is valuable for me or that I should seek to advance E_2 .

Though Lomasky says he does not wish to deny either that moral consideration can apply to Robinson Crusoe before he meets Friday or that it is meaningful to speak of self-regarding duties, he never really considers what this admission could mean for his argument. By and large, he accepts the Foil's characterization of prudence and morality. Prudence is seen as the maximization of one person's good over the course of a lifetime. "The prudent man is, if not entirely indistinguishable from *Homo economicus*, then at least his twin." Morality involves the maximization of the good for many persons and involves treating all persons alike. This "impartiality involves weighing all ends by some standard of value and striving to maximize the sum of this value irrespective of whose particular interests turn out to be favored." Regrettably, Lomasky does not attempt to rethink either account of prudence or morality and integrate the two into a new whole; rather, he just lumps them together. As a result, Lomasky does not consider the possibilities that value can be objective without being impersonal and personal without being merely a matter of preference. Put in terms those familiar with Rand's thought will easily recognize, Lomasky fails to consider that there is a difference between an intrinsic and objective view of the good—the latter is necessarily related to a human agent while the former is not—and that there is a difference between a subjective and objective view of the good—the latter is based on how certain aspects of reality relate to a human being and is more than a mere expression of preference while the former is not.

As Eric Mack has noted, the conflation of the objective with the impersonal

and the personal with the subjective vitiates Lomasky's entire work. This is most unfortunate; for Lomasky's argument for basic rights is clearly on to something crucial. Though the moral concept of "rights" is ultimately dependent on objective value and implies duties on the part of others, rights are not reducible without remainder to either goodness or duty, and this is so precisely because human beings both are and ought to be self-directed individuals.

Lomasky realizes this, but not clearly, and tries, but not consistently, to reconcile objectivity of value and the legitimacy of basic rights.

In this review I have concentrated on the central tension in *Persons, Rights, and the Moral Community* and have not begun to do justice to its insight, power, and—yes—passion. This work is required reading for anyone who is seriously concerned about individualism, rights, and the nature of morality. □

Recollections of a Life

by Alger Hiss. Henry Holt, 1988, \$19.95

Still Lying, At His Age!

William P. Moulton

Whittaker Chambers testified before a congressional committee that as a communist agent in the 1930s, he had known Alger Hiss to be a fellow agent of Soviet Russia. This was big news: Hiss had been an advisor of President Roosevelt at Yalta and President of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Hiss eventually testified before the same committee and denied all, claiming that he had never even known Chambers. A vast amount of evidence was accumulated to the contrary, and Hiss was indicted for perjury. On January 21, 1950, a jury found Hiss guilty of perjury. Hiss was sentenced to prison in disgrace and served his time, but always maintained that the evidence against him was an incredibly convoluted conspiracy mounted by the FBI.

The Alger Hiss affair (known to its principals and devotees simply as The Case) goes on and on. For forty years it has been wrenching and draining the emotions of a large number of people on both sides of the issue. One of the strangest aspects of the matter during all these years has been the paucity, the strange lack of substance, of Hiss's efforts at self-exoneration. After his nemesis Whittaker Chambers came out with his confession-cum-autobiography *Witness* while Hiss was a guest of the United States govern-

ment, the latter's supporters were in high hopes of a rejoinder from the accused. It was assumed that he would lay out the whole story of his (alleged) acquaintance with "George Crosley," his theory about how a number of State Department documents journeyed from his office and eventually penetrated Chambers's pumpkin, and his innermost views concerning communism, the New Deal, the House Committee on Un-American Activities, and the like.

Instead, what came forth in 1957 was an anemic volume titled *In the Court of Public Opinion*. It was simply a glorified appeal brief, detailing allegations of improper trial decisions by court and prosecutor, and very lightly touching on the supposedly evil motives of Chambers, J. Edgar Hoover, and Richard Nixon. Just the bare bones of the case. Compared to the intellect and depth and passion of Chambers' *opus*, it was a buttered cracker next to a seven-course meal.

I realize that some readers will think they spot a logical fallacy here. A character on the old *Ironsides* show remarked, "I don't know what happened! That's the trouble with being innocent—you don't know what happened!" And it is true that an innocent person has no obligation to supply a convincing explanation of a crime. However, in writing this review I am taking judicial notice of the fact that the guilt of Alger Hiss is established be-

yond, well, even *unreasonable* doubt. There is not space to argue the matter here. For those who may have doubts, or who are simply not very familiar with the case, I make reference to Allen Weinstein's *Perjury* (New York: Knopf, 1978) and the many subsequent articles in major periodicals dealing with the evidence he presented. No, the question is not, Is Hiss guilty?, but rather, Why hasn't he at least tried to produce a coherent alternative theory that would plausibly explain the facts? *In the Court of Public Opinion* sank without a trace, even among the author's supporters.

During the next thirty years, Hiss cooperated with other writers on a couple of "friendly" accounts (*Friendship and Fratricide, Alger Hiss: The True Story*) and dropped frequent hints that he was working on his own definitive autobiography. At one time, he passed the word to his intimates that it was to be called *The Beginning of My Love Affair with America*. This strange moniker was, apparently, consigned to the memory hole.

At long last, Alger Hiss's second *apologia*, *Recollections of a Life*, arrived on the nation's waiting shelves in May of this

year. Alas, it is worse than the first one. There is a little more information on Hiss' early life, true, but the market for this is, one suspects, on the sluggish side. The case is dealt with only sporadically. There are throwaway references to Chambers, Nixon and others. Nothing is tied together. Probably ninety per cent of the evidence against the author is not even mentioned, let alone refuted. (For an analogy, imagine a biography of Al Capone that discussed his conviction in Philadelphia in 1928 for carrying a concealed weapon, but mentioned no other criminal allegation.) To attempt to refute Hiss point by point would be impossible—the book is simply not structured enough to permit such a task. It fails in every respect.

Hiss at 83 is a pathetic creature, an embittered old man clinging to a threadbare lie and looking defensively over his shoulder, hoping that he is still surrounded by a dwindling corps of elderly leftists who have accumulated so much emotional baggage in his defense that they can never desert the cause. Alger Hiss is the archetype of the man who has sold his soul and gained—nothing. □

quelching of some early resistance, America quickly (and, for me, unconvincingly) turned into a depressed and depressing range of Police, bounty hunters, and informers.

Rankin as an individual barely stands above his group; he falls almost without thought or qualm into a routine of theft and violence in order to survive. His atomistic environment neither connected him with others nor inculcated inhibitions. Ironically, though never a serious threat to the state, his "enemy" label triggered Rankin's change into a real enemy of ordinary society, a rogue looter. Indeed, such manufactured enemies serve the state by adding to the spectacle and justifying its role as protector.

When Rankin runs into some would-be revolutionaries, he wonders why he should bother fighting for those trying to kill him. "They're free now to shoot at me, and let me tell you something—they like it. That's the kind of freedom they can understand. So talk to me some more about helping free the people. I can't wait to join your revolution" (p. 144).

Rankin's cynicism, inertia, and justified paranoia are offset by gratitude for occasional kindness, pity for fellow sufferers, hatred for the state's hypocrisy, identification with some prohibited Russian literature, and growing despair over his own futile course. The balance is nice enough that the reader is left until the end in suspense whether and how Rankin will live up to the novel's hopeful cover blurbs.

This pervasive low-key unexpectedness is in itself surprising in a story that from the outside and outset portended the banal formula of a TV "Fugitive" or "Incredible Hulk" episode. One of my favorite sections details Rankin's long vigil beside a hardware store, waiting to break in and steal a gun. The outcome is neither violence nor success; instead, the tension fizzles into an anticlimax of intensifying futility.

Osier's writing is tight and hard-edged, maintaining the paranoid mood throughout. *Rankin: Enemy of the State* is a depressing read, with some lapses of credibility, never reaching for any great aesthetic heights, but well done given its theme. —SMS

The Cat as Hero — I have discovered what I suspect may become a classic in animal literature (which is no undistinguished genre). Certainly, cat lovers of the world will unite over Joy Smith

Booknotes

Paranoia a la Mode

"The Time is the future . . .

"The battle is for man's most precious possession . . .

"The defender is . . . RANKIN: Enemy of the State!"

So proclaims the cover copy (John Osier, *Rankin: Enemy of the State*, Penguin Books, 1987, 160pp., \$3.50), but actually this short novel is nowhere near so melodramatic. Rankin is no speech-making freedom-fighter, no belligerent Schwarzenegger action figure, but a desperate man on the run, devoid of ideology or long-term goals.

He is detached from the herd through no major fault or merit of his own. An accidental encounter with another sad "enemy of the state," a teacher condemned for

posting a copy of the Bill of Rights, evokes from Rankin no sympathy for the teacher's "lunatic" action but some for his plight. The Security Police descend upon the pair: the teacher is killed and Rankin escapes with the contagious "enemy of the state" status.

Rankin flees for his life through a totalitarian near-future America, the result of a military coup during a prolonged wartime National Emergency. "The July Decrees were passed—anyone who opposed the new government was a subversive—guilty of treason and, therefore, an 'enemy of the state.' It was not only the right, but the duty of all loyal citizens to destroy such enemies. The government would officially declare who these enemies were and, after that, it was open season on them" (p. 24). After the

Aiken's first novel, *Solo's Journey* (New York: Putnam, 1987, \$19.95, 255 pp.). This adventure story with a moral (several morals, in fact) is as sweetly benevolent in tone as it is painfully revealing about man's inhumanity to animals. Told from the perspective of an endearing cast of characters who belong to an intricate network of feral cats, the novel boasts intrigue, feats of bravery, stark conflict, a boldly imaginative use of language, and a high-spirited, ingenuous little cat-hero. His courage and foresight as he grapples with large issues in the universal struggle for dignity and freedom make this tale an inspiring one for adults and children alike. —EH

Anarchists, Unite! — You are no doubt familiar with the science fiction novella *True Names*. You are aware that it is regarded as a precursor to cyberpunk, that it is widely considered a classic, and that it has benefited from a loyal following. You have seen the book on science fiction racks; you have noticed that it has gone through several printings. But like me, you may have put off buying the book, and may have had no idea that its author, Vernor Vinge, is a libertarian.

I suggest you break the pattern and pick up the latest edition, *True Names . . . and Other Dangers* (New York: Baen, 1987) and actually read it. You will have nothing to regret.

You will also not regret reading "The Ungoverned," one of the several short stories (or "Other Dangers") included in this edition. It is a tale of how an anarchocapitalist society copes with the invasion of a "well-meaning" army from a nearby republic. Though the story is not as good as *True Names*, it is nevertheless amusing, and fills an unfortunate gap in the contemporary literature: after all, how many explicitly *anarchocapitalist* stories have you read recently? —TWV

A Reader on Writers — There is no other book even remotely like *The 1988 Media Guide* (Morristown, NJ: Polyconomics, Inc, 1988), in which Jude Wanniski takes on the herculean task of evaluating and commenting on the totality of American journalism. Happily, lack of competition has not narrowed the scope of his ambition.

The *Media Guide* leads with a review of what happened in journalism in 1987, discussing the "big stories" (AIDS, the Crash, Iran-Contra, etc), and picking its favorites. But the meat of the book is its discussion of what Wanniski considers

the 39 most important periodicals and its evaluations of about 650 journalists.

Wanniski begins by reviewing what he considers to be the "pacesetter" publications (viz, the *Washington Post*, the *New York Times*, the *Washington Times* and *The Wall St Journal*), followed by brief critical remarks on 34 other periodicals that he considers to be "national" importance. But the bulk of the book consists of critical reviews of the work of more than 600 individual journalists.

The periodicals reviewed range in circulation from 3,700 (*The National Interest*) to 4,698,325 (*Time*); in ideological orientation from the witless right (*Human Events*) to the idiotic left (*Mother Jones*); from the pop cultural (*USA Today*) to the arcane (*Defense Journal*).

Wanniski, formerly of *The Wall St Journal*, views all this with a vaguely classical-liberal, vaguely conservative perspective, largely unsullied by his trip into the intellectual swamp of "supply side economics" (a term he originated, by the way). He praises many of the better conservative journalists but is not afraid to step on the toes of some of the really dreadful ones; and he shows a genuine appreciation of those left-liberal journal-

ists who have demonstrated an actual ability to think and to write.

In all, Wanniski, his colleagues at Polyconomics and his "about 50 media gourmets" claim to have read more than 100,000 by-lined pieces by some 1,300 journalists.

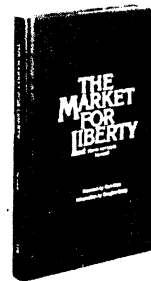
So far as I noticed, Wanniski ignores every libertarian journalist and journal including *Reason*, which seems strange, given *Reason's* consistent quality and general palatability to the more rational elements of the right, and the fact that old *Reason* hand Alan Reynolds is "chief economist" of Polyconomics.

Amazingly, Wanniski & Co praise P.J. O'Rourke for his "belly-laugh quotient" but complain that they "saw only two pieces by him in the mainstream press." How they missed his frequent pieces for *Rolling Stone*, which by themselves are good reason to sort through the news of Madonna and the imbecilic twaddle of William Grieder, is mysterious to me. Or perhaps they think *Human Events* and *Commentary* are more mainstream than *Rolling Stone*.

Even so, *The Media Guide* is good reading and a handy reference. And, as I said before, it's in a class by itself. —RWB

THE MARKET FOR LIBERTY

by Morris & Linda Tannehill



"*The Market for Liberty* is, on the face of it, about politics, but it is really much more. In the past most political writing, has dealt with government as a noble and ennobling, if somewhat flawed, institution that should be nurtured and cherished. Morris and Linda Tannehill point their fingers at government *per se* as the problem. They demonstrate that it is the institution itself, not just a few bad men who occasionally take its reins, or a few mistaken laws which alter its direction, which needs to be done away with. *The Market for Liberty* explains that government is not what keeps human beings from reverting to the jungle, as most think, but is rather what keeps them from advancing to the stars.

"If you are interested in ideas, or, indeed, in life itself, this book has the potential to more than just shock you. It has the power to change the way you view the world, to change your ideas, and then, perhaps, to change the world itself. I believe *The Market for Liberty* will do so."

--From the introduction by Doug Casey

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It Usually Begins With Jeremy Bentham — What Judas Iscariot is to Christianity, Jeremy Bentham is to libertarianism—or so some libertarians would have it. But ritual condemnation of Bentham and utilitarianism ignores much that is good and important, while misunderstanding their failings. (For instance: utilitarians are often blamed for the retreat from liberalism in Britain during the latter half of the nineteenth century. The blamers forget that it was these same Benthamites, or “Philosophical Radicals,” who were largely responsible for the ascendancy of liberalism in the first place!)

So just what is utilitarianism?

It is usually thought of as a species of normative doctrine, as an ethical or political philosophy. But the impression one gets from reading H. L. A. Hart's *Essays on Bentham: Jurisprudence and Political Theory* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1982, £4.95) is that the thinker most closely associated with utilitarianism regarded it as something much more than that. To him utilitarianism was a great and noble intellectual enterprise, an approach that encompassed both positive and normative elements of social theory, and much more.

The “Utilitarian Enterprise,” to translate it into terms contemporary libertarians might feel more comfortable with, was to try to understand human behavior and social institutions in terms of purposiveness (what Bentham and the early utilitarians referred to as action motivated by desire for pleasure and avoidance of pain). This attempt to explain social behavior by means of “utilitarian calculus” was also directed with varying degrees of success at ethical doctrines, first as an explanatory device, and then as a normative criterion. The idea was to “demystify” ethics and to come up with an ethical system that did not try to hide ulterior motives. Bentham was trying to come up with a universal morality that everyone would have practical reasons to accept.

The problems with Bentham's attempt are legion, and H. L. A. Hart provides some very telling criticisms. He provides chapters on Bentham's “demystification” agenda, on his and J. S. Mill's different notions of natural rights (this is especially interesting, and very important for contemporary libertarian debate), and on the ramifications of his “positivistic” analysis of law, and on his schizoid attitude to the United States.

This book is valuable not only as an

introduction to Benthamite utilitarianism, but also as a guide to how it can be improved. —TWV

Anti-Statist, By George! — I had never heard of Bolton Hall before I picked up *Selections from “Free America” and Other Works* (Port Townsend: Loompanics Unlimited, 1987, \$8.95). Being an avid reader of turn-of-the-century anti-statist writings, I assumed that Hall was a very, very minor figure. But, after reading Mark Sullivan's excellent introduction, I began to have doubts, and as I read through the various chapters of this collection, I had my doubts confirmed and disconfirmed with every other chapter. Though I still have no very sure idea just how influential the man was in the (decaying) libertarian movement of his day, after reading almost all of the book, I do have some grasp of his intellectual stature.

The best and the worst that can be said of him is that he was a Georgist. But he was a rather interesting Georgist, a Georgist of both pious and practical bent. His pious nature comes through in his sympathies and manner of expression. His practical nature found chief expression in his activities as an organizer (and theoretician of) “intentional communities.”

His mentor Henry George was the influential American journalist, economist, and social reformer who tried to integrate

some of the leading ideas of the French Liberal School with those of the British Ricardian School. The attempt was pre- (and counter-) marginalist, however, and thus an intellectual failure; further, it was egregiously bent to serve his own peculiar brand of liberal populism; and worse yet, some of its twists and turns were purely and wholly nutball.

All these things can be seen in Hall's writings. Hall strains under the attempts to make liberty the insurer of equality, and to see lack of freedom as the source of all major social problems (inequality and poverty being his predominant obsession). As with Benjamin Tucker, “monopoly” is the ultimate word of opprobrium, and the word is used in the manner of one who has more than a few crackpot notions. Hall's disgust with those who succeed because of “monopoly privileges” is so great that he expresses inordinate sympathy with those who clamor for socialism, reserving only antipathy for Herbert Spencer's fulminations in *The Man vs the State* against the rise of socialistic legislation.

But there are good things in this book, such as the chapters on “Over Production” and “Political Corruption,” and students of anti-statism will find reading here that is at least of historical interest. Those who see in Georgism important truth and those who see in it a still unsettled thorn in the side of classical liberal

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Personals

Gay Libertarian man, 27, would like to correspond with other gay libertarians. M. D. Fulwiler, 231 Sanchez St. #4, San Francisco, CA 94114.

(libertarian) orthodoxy (can there be such a thing?) will find ideas of some theoretical interest, as well. —TWW

Bully for Capitalism — Does the world need an Objectivist defense of pit bulls? Mitchell Jones thinks so. He spent considerable energy writing and publishing *The Dogs of Capitalism, Book 1* (Austin: 21st Century Logic, 1987, \$24.95), a philosophical defense of "heroic" dogs bred to fight to the death.

This classic from the "Objectivists From Hell" series, in which followers of the late Ayn Rand commit amazingly silly and downright foolish ideas to print, wrapped in the mantle of pseudo-philosophical righteousness rates very high on the weirdness index, at least 9.5 out of a possible 10. Hey, get out that checkbook now!

Yes, you read that correctly. *The Dogs of Capitalism* is not about mercenaries, robber barons, smugglers, appropriately selfish businessmen or anything else most purchasers probably thought it was going to be about. It is really about four legged dogs with very powerful jaws, trained to fight.

This is a peculiar book in other ways as well. It comes equipped with irritating schoolmarmish directions, such as the pink paper slip inserted inside the book instructing "How to Read This Book," warning the reader not to skim, speed read or jump ahead. "If you engage in such practices, you will quickly encounter passages which seem to be both outlandish and unsupported," the notice warns. Another extraordinary feature is Jones's offer to argue with readers who disagree with him and to help readers select sound pit bull pups for their own purchase.

Jones lectures his potential readers in the forward and footnote sections. Apparently doubtful that his readers are bright enough to understand him, he includes an essay about "learning from books." He also sternly warns that footnotes should be read separately after reading the book, not during such reading. Only a few of the voluminous footnotes contain citations, those mostly references to a handful of books on wolves, dogs and British history. Most of the rest are just digressions about unsupported theorizing on other topics. It is in the notes, for instance (note #3 for page 78), that the only outright plug for the works of Ayn Rand emerges, giving this reviewer the much needed relief of a long-overdue "A ha!"

The first mention of the word "pit

bull" occurs only after 281 long pages of meandering discussion about wolves, the evolution of domestic dogs, the evolution of tribal organization and ancient governments, "dogs of war" (e.g., dogs used in ancient warfare), the fall of Rome, the rise of feudalism, the rise of the British monarchy, the evolution of justice in feudal England, how breeds of dogs were raised to do practical things (chase hares, kill rats, kill badgers and guard estates, etc.). Finally, we come to an account of how the pit bull terrier evolved from bull dogs and mastiffs, supposedly in order to provide "personal protection dogs" for the rising urban proletariat, made possible by the triumph of capitalism in England. Whew!

Jones manages to fit in arguments against slavery and for legal abortion (in footnotes, of course), spends a suspiciously long time detailing the agonies of ancient torture practices—all to highlight how evil they were, of course—and provides an interesting argument in favor of getting rid of wild wolves, which alone seemed pretty convincing on humane grounds. (Being torn to pieces by a pack of hungry wolves is not a pleasant way for Bambi to meet her maker, if you get the gist.)

The whole book seems hopelessly unscientific, even to this non-scientist reader. Its whole case is Anglo-centric, as Jones bases his case for pit bulls on a long and tenuous chain of reasoning having to do with the rise of impartial justice and free trade in England. Weren't there dogs in ancient China? In virtually the entire rest of the world? Doesn't that matter?

Elsewhere, poor Jones goes on a rant about the evils of "social intellectuals" who supposedly twist ideas and words for their own evil purposes, as opposed to those honest folk (like dog breeders) who work with tools and hands. He claims that these "social intellectuals" are at heart anti-capitalists, and "that 'word men' may succeed by catering to emotions and values that are both evil and irrational, if large numbers of persons feel those emotions and hold those values." He asserts that these evil "word men" (who, natch, oppose dogfighting and seek to ban it) can successfully put out a lousy newspaper because the public is brainwashed to like lousy ideas.

Underneath all that anger and frustration probably lurks an intelligent man who cares about the world and the people in it, but for some reason chose to write a book about "heroic" dogs bred to fight to the death. Too bad Jones can't distinguish

between heroism and mindless killing by inbred dogs, trained and encouraged by those who view death contests between animals as "sport."

I don't know if owning a pit bull is a victimless crime or not. But anyone who thinks pit bulls are "dogs of capitalism" is way off base. Is heroin the "drug of capitalism" just because it is legally suppressed? After all, heroin addicts like their fixes as much or more than pit bull owners like their dogs. Does this make drug addicts "capitalist heroes"? I don't think so.

The Dogs of Capitalism is likely to have a small readership, since the ranks of book-buying Objectivist pit bull fanciers are pretty small. But it has considerable interest for fans of the unusual—although as I write this I tremble at the thought of my remark being lifted and used to tout Vol. 2. —MH

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Travel

An American in Italy

by Murray N. Rothbard

In which the author continues his guided tour in
ethnocultural insensitivity.

In my sojourns in Europe I used to stick stubbornly to areas north of the Alps. Southward, I was convinced, lay darkness and savagery, corruption, gross inefficiency, crime, disease, pollution of food and water. In short, south of the Alps were none of the cherished attributes of civilization. I had only trusted myself to Italian soil for one night, driving from Yugoslavia (from its most northern, *freest*, and most capitalist part, Slovenia) and up the Brenner Pass to Austria, and I was singularly unimpressed.

No, no, my friends remonstrated, you have not seen the true Italy, the art, the buildings, the noble soul of the people! Finally, in a moment of weakness (others, I suppose, might call it "flexibility" or "maturity"), I agreed to spend a week there this spring. But I would avoid the dreaded *Mezzogiorno*; I would confine myself to northern Italy, the land of alleged civilization. Even Rome was too far south. I would avoid tourist traps like Venice and Florence, and use Bologna as home base, taking day trips to nearby cities, to Florence and to the great Emilian cities of Parma, Ferrara, and Modena.

A huge exhibit of Emilian art that I had seen in Washington and New York had attracted me to Bologna. It was correctly noted in the press that while the two-thousandth exhibit of King Tut or the Impressionists packs them in like sardines, this glorious exhibit went virtually unattended. It was a rare experience to roam through the National Gallery and a few months later through the Metropolitan as if it were virtually a private showing for my benefit. Because there was no "Big Name" here, the *booboisie*, and the corporate donors, had quickly lost interest.* My interest was both esthet-

ic and ideological. It was in Bologna and then the rest of Emilia that the great Carracci family, brothers Annibale and Agostino and their cousin Ludovico, set up their studio in the 1580s in a deliberate attempt to take back the world of art from the proto-modern, self-indulgent, art-for-art's sake of mannerism, and to restore the realism and representational truth of the high renaissance. The studio of the Carraccis founded the Baroque, which was to triumph in Emilia and the rest of Italy.†

The trip was all worked out. My wife and I would fly from Budapest, where I was participating in a conference on Austrian Economics and Investing, to Milan, transfer to the nearby railroad station, and then on to Bologna, from which we would make quick day trips to the art and architecture of the other cities. And in Bologna itself we would visit the Pinacoteca Nazionale, a major sponsor of the Emilian exhibit, and the great University, the major center of constitutional and canon law in Europe for centuries during the medieval and renaissance eras.

Out of the Frying Pan . . .

The first snag in the plan took place no more than a half hour after alighting in this benighted country. After the porter heaved our suitcases onto the overhead racks of a railroad compartment, and about five minutes before the train was scheduled to take off, an excited, tuggish lout of a fellow rushed into the compartment. He babbled incomprehensibly in Italian, seemingly mad at the world, and particularly, for some reason, at me, though I had never set eyes on him in my life. The two other people in the compartment explained that he was

claiming that he had reserved several seats (how many was unclear)—he muttered several things about "*bambini*"—and insisted that I help him move my luggage from one overhead rack to the other across the compartment. Being allergic to heaving, I resisted doing so, but as he laid hand on my stuff I grudgingly went over to help, after which he stormed out of the compartment. As the train pulled out of the station a minute or so later, we were all relieved to see that this bozo hadn't returned and that his luggage and *bambini* were settled elsewhere. A half hour or so later, however, I discovered that my wallet was gone, disappeared.

It was easy to reconstruct what had happened. The swine had engineered a diversion, racing around, yelling like a lunatic; and while I lifted my reluctant arms to help heave the luggage, the *batar-do* had cunningly slipped my wallet out of my pocket, thoughtfully leaving me my passport. "Welcome to *Italia*, sucker!"

It was a hell of a way to begin my Italian excursion, a souring experience. The sweet young lady in the compartment knew English very well, unlike almost all the hotel employees, taxi drivers, and restaurant people I met in Italy. She had been puzzled, she told me, how the fellow could have reserved seats when no "*reservato*" stickers had been placed on them. She said she hoped that this experience would not sour me on the Italian people, and I gallantly replied that I came from New York, where my wallet had been stolen twice, but my heart wasn't really in it. I knew down deep that, henceforth, as far as I was concerned, the Italian people, no matter how far north they might be, had had it; they were unsalvageable.

The rest of my journey did nothing to soften my view. The week turned out to be a nightmare. The modern air-conditioned hotel showed no sign of air-conditioning; even though it was only early June, the temperature was in the 80s, and it was humid. And, of course, in Europe no windows are ever opened, anywhere, at any time (except, from time to time, by crazy Americans). When I asked the "friendly," "thoughtful," hotel employees about the air-conditioning, they airily muttered something about "tomorrow, *signore*," which soon became "next week, *signore*," but these *scumbagos* (as I began privately to refer to the Italian masses) were clearly lying through their teeth, since there were no dials, controls, or other paraphernalia essential to the air-

* I recommend the exhibit catalog highly: *The Age of Correggio and the Carracci: Emilian Painting of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries* (Washington: National Gallery of Art, 1986).

† See, in particular, Charles Dempsey, "The Carracci Reform of Painting," in *The Age of Correggio*, pp. 237-54.

conditioning process. Not only were these people a bunch of churls, their service could hardly have been "thoughtful," since the *bataridos* knew no English whatever, though of course they wouldn't acknowledge this grim fact. So that whatever question you asked them, they would reply "yes, *signore*," uncomprehendingly and with no intention of doing anything except shutting up the customer.

After frantically calling American Express (which of course has no office in Bologna) and my travel agent in the U.S. to start the credit card replacement process working, we bravely set out the next morning on our first day trip—to Florence, to pick up the American Express card, and to see great art. The first hitch was that Italian museums insist on closing at 2 P.M., more or less the hour I like to arise. Since I was touring I was prepared to make concessions, but even when you stagger up at 9 A.M. you *have* to eat breakfast, since breakfast is the only time in Italy (or in Europe generally) where an American can get anything even remotely resembling a cup of coffee. For the rest of the day, all you get is a teeny cup of dense grounds that would curdle rhinoceros hide. Well, by the time we ate breakfast, found the train schedule, got the train to Florence, took a taxi to the museum, and got the all-important American Express card, it was about one o'clock, time to see one painting—more specifically, Michelangelo's *David*, which we happily gaped at for about three-quarters of an hour. Closing time.

Returning to the Florence railroad station about three, having seen our one piece of art for the day, we experienced to our horror that another great Italian custom (in addition to thievery): a wildcat railroad strike had started at 2 p.m. All the trains back to Bologna were "*Suppresso*," although the thugs would kindly allow the midnight train to Bologna to go through. I was damned if I was going to hang around the *Firenze* train station till midnight, and rely on the graciousness of the commie strikers to get home; I did not propose to wind up sleeping on the floor of the station, alongside the assorted stranded hippie and punker youth spread out on their rugs.

Planes? Naturally the last flight to Bologna had departed—the damned cit-

ies are only about 50 miles apart. Finally I decided to take a cab from Florence to Bologna. It was, I admit, a charming experience. The *Firenze* taxi driver was cheerful, despite the fact that I don't believe he had ever been across the Appenines to Bologna before. He asked a flood of directions in Bologna to get to the train station. I could piece together one conversation: "How come you, a taxi driver, don't know the way to the train station?" "Because, my taxi comes from Firenze." "Ahh," said the other driver

course in good old *Italia*, where on every channel they babbled incessantly in their accursed tongue. When there was no tennis to watch, the only thing left was to watch Lee Marvin or J. R. Ewing spouting improbably in Italian.

And how about the delights of Bologna, the Pinacoteca, the university? The hell with them! By this time, we were so demoralized that our only thought was to escape Italy. We were ready to change our tickets, whatever the penalty, but wouldn't you know, the airlines, even

British Airways, are closed in Italy on the weekends, and it is impossible to get ahold of them after Friday at 5— or whatever. For after one o'clock, any given store might be open or closed, nobody can know, because no store puts up times of opening

and closing on the door. In Soviet Russia there are very few street signs because it is assumed that those who *deserve* to know where the streets are already know them. So I guess the attitude in Italy is similar: those who patronize the stores *already* know when they will be open. Next to Italy, New York City is a paradise for consumers.

After endless days, we finally made it off to glorious London, where everyone has the good grace to speak English. The dust of *Italia* lay behind us forever. Ironically, we found ourselves in London eating in Italian restaurants, which are now the rage there. But, aha! when the head waiter in London says "*buena sera, signore*" he knows and I know that he's on my turf now. □

The swine had engineered a diversion, racing around, yelling like a lunatic; and while I lifted my reluctant arms to help heave the luggage, the batarido had cunningly slipped my wallet out of my pocket, thoughtfully leaving me my passport.

with a twinkle, "a Tuscano in Emilia!" Yes, I was back "home" in Bologna, and had done my part to cement inter-regional Italian amity, but my personal treasury, already thinned considerably by the railroad-compartment theft, was now shortened another \$180 or so by the long taxi ride.

So now we were in Bologna, with not a damn thing to do. There were to be no more train trips, and so the only thing left to do was to lie panting in our hot, grim Bologna hotel room, watching Italian television, and listening to the loudspeakers from the station across the street announcing in Italian the latest decrees of the wildcat strikers. There had been an English-speaking TV channel in Vienna and even in Budapest, but not of



"You tried. That's the important thing."

Holzer, Eyewitness (continued from page 52)

remembering the question marks.) And after the electronics store, Callahan himself had staked out her father's house, then the restaurant ("You were worried about me!"), armed with binoculars and a plan. He had figured she'd be too smart to carry the recorder in her purse ("You had confidence—") but dumb enough to get caught in a final search (sigh) so he'd kept an eye out for her white beret. (Hats on, time to go.)

"And besides," Callahan was saying, "do you know what your life would have been worth if you *had* walked out of there tonight without getting caught? Without Carlo taking the fall? *You* would have had to testify against

Santini."

"You'll never get Carlo to testify," she realized, dismayed.

She liked his grin as much as his eyes; almost as much.

"No need," he said, catching her hands in his. "This tape that you—excuse me, that Carlo—went to so much trouble to get for us is all the evidence we'll need. Francesca," he said, looking suddenly like a detective, "you did a very brave thing but you took a terrible risk."

Partly for you, she thought. But mostly for me.

"—will get worse around here before it gets better," he was saying. "How

about taking that R and R you talked about?"

Europe. Once it had captured her fancy!

It had lost its appeal. "For how long?" she said flatly.

"I'll let you know."

"You'll—?"

"Keep in touch? Count on it. I'll even answer your question before you go."

He was grinning again. "You're not married?" she said, matching him grin for grin. And not waiting for an answer, realizing they were still holding hands and she hadn't even called him by his first name, she tried it out, savoring the word. "Pat," she said. "Okay, Pat." □

Robbins, Further Comments on the Liberty Poll (continued from page 46)

the hostage and 22% would fire through the hostage. For those who don't accept the axiom, the numbers are 20% and 60% respectively, consistent with expected results. Secondly, 28% of those who accept the axiom believe that crossing a lawn to help a baby would violate the property rights of the owner, vs. 0% of the non-acceptors: again consistent. 87% of the acceptors would enter an apartment from a flagpole, against 75% of the non-acceptors, a result contrary to what one would expect. Finally, 67% of the non-acceptors would tell a prospective home-buyer of the A-bomb in the neighbor's basement, versus 100% of the non-acceptors, an ambiguous situation in which the message appears to be *caveat emptor*.

On all other issues the two groups show similar figures, very close to the totals presented in the earlier article. Evidently those who accept the non-aggression axiom do so conditionally; however, it would be wrong to conclude that, because we cannot divine their rationales from the variables presented in the poll, such rationales do not exist. Some of the acceptors who decided to take aggressive action may believe that the preservation of one's life takes precedence over all other considerations. Others may have answered on the basis that since one must take responsibility for one's actions, transgressing the axiom is OK so long as one accepts punishment. A moral case can be made for each of the three "breakdown in a blizzard" responses, and I leave it to the reader to sift the wheat from the chaff. Perhaps a future poll could allow the re-

spondent to explain his answer, but this invites a scholastic mire which would be difficult to sort and code, let alone describe.

Questions like these show why Murray Rothbard warns that polls "provide distortion instead of illumination." Life is complex, and the ability of polls to understand it is necessarily limited. They can answer some questions well, especially reasonably objective concerns such as age and income, but on other matters they may be less satisfactory. But they can illuminate threads of thought which may have been obscured previously, they can tell the libertarian elites and philosophers how relevant their doctrinal debates are to the rank and file, and if taken in time-series can let a movement know why people come in, stay, or leave. But survey data cannot tell who is right or wrong, cannot reveal hypocrisy or irrationality, and in no uncertain terms they decline to tell us "who we are." I know who I am, and each reader knows who he is. The *Liberty Poll* tells the reader something about a group of 63 other readers and from this one can extrapolate certain things within strict confines.

I do not think polls are worthless, else I would not be a social scientist. However, I know that polls are by their nature congenial to collectivistic assumptions about the world, and they are a favorite tool of social engineers. This is why I stress their limitations. Given slightly different questions presented in a different style and a different order one may get vastly different answers. Does this make polling futile? No, it

only shows that one must keep the context of a poll in mind when assessing the results. Each poll is valid for itself, and I hope this will be the first of many. If further polls, taken over time, reveal consistencies and patterns of opinion, these discoveries can and will become part of the ever-shifting debate over what libertarianism is. They won't decide the debate; figures do not supercede ideas, because there are ideas behind the figures. But, as I have shown in some examples above, poll results can determine the merit of assertions that tie one idea to another, and can set discussion in place of stagnation or confusion.

As always when I code data I remind myself that the people who filled out the forms I was reading are far more complex than the small field of variables would reveal; that in aspects not covered by the poll, matters of taste, temperament, physiognomy, psychology, they are as different as each individual must be from every other. How could I wilfully break them down into lines of code in an ASCII file? I could do so because I respect the fact that there is more to these people than the data I held, and I would not presume to "explain" their opinions or behavior through the use of positivist modelling or allusions to class origins. I leave that to the engineers who view people as resources to be exploited as one would iron ore. Through the mist of numerals I am certain that each reader retains his own views and identity, and that he is confident that we are, to paraphrase the Prisoner, not numbers but free men. □

More Letters

(continued from page 57)

Aztec religion commanded ritual murder. Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Christianity was a force behind all sorts of humanitarian and libertarian movements: for abolition of slavery, emancipation of women, discouragement of cruelty to animals, etc.

Will Moulton attribute this liberal agitation to the influence of capitalism? He should, for capitalism was a factor, along with religion. But capitalism can have many effects: it can be a force for moral progress, or it can contribute to the moral failure of shrivelled souls like the miser Hetty Green, whom Moulton mentions, while failing to draw the appropriate moral. Just as capitalism should not be discounted as a force for moral progress because it did not save the soul of Hetty Green, so religion should not be discounted because it failed with Ivan Grozny.

Maria Calderon
Dallas, Tex.

Flag Burners, Please

I am an un-American, unpatriotic, undoubtedly subversive and definitely pro-free market libertarian who is quite surprised to find an article condemning flag-burners, even in as diverse a publication as *Liberty* ("No Flag Burning Please," Mike Holmes, July 1988).

The last thing that I worry about would be insulting collectivist-nationalist idol-worshipping stooges, a.k.a. patriotic flag-wavers. Is cradle-to-grave nationalism a given positive value, something that shouldn't be questioned or provoked?

I think it is a false assumption that most potential converts to libertarianism or anti-interventionism would be turned away by a flag-burning episode. On the contrary, it may attract people like myself who welcome its defilement after years of "I pledged allegiance. . ." to a symbol of blood, coercion, and insatiable sacrifice in needless wars. It was its anti-nationalist, anti-interventionist ideology that first drew me to libertarianism ten years ago, and I was later enchanted by its logical linking of free market and civil liberties ideology. Nationalism and the roots of war are so intertwined that it would be difficult to promote anti-interventionism and peace and *not* agitate flag-worshippers.

I believe it would be quite helpful to the goal of non-interventionism to work

with the left. Indeed, the left is in dire need of the intellectual ammunition, the pragmatic arguments, and the historical foundations for an isolationist foreign policy that libertarians can provide. Is Mike Holmes implying that it is okay to work with the flag-waving warmongering right on economic issues such as taxation, but spurn associating with the left on foreign policy? I assure you, there are many potential converts, like myself, awaiting persuasion.

Finally, I challenge his statement that non-interventionism "is as American as apple pie." Though it has its peaks and valleys, interventionism in the affairs of other nation-states has run rampant throughout U.S. history.

Bill Courtney
Dallas, Tex.

The Only Libertarianism

I am delighted whenever anyone decides to work for the cause of liberty—for any reason whatever. If what turns others on to liberty differs from what appeals most to me, then I will encourage them to work to advance liberty for their reasons. So I am perplexed as to the purpose of Waters' recent three articles ("Nozick the Apostate," Sept. 1987; "Libertarianism, Moralism and Absurdity," March 1988; and "The Two Libertarianisms," May 1988) attacking an argument for liberty that is the prime motivation for many libertarian activists. He obviously feels strongly about this issue, to have devoted so much time and effort to poking holes in so many bizarre straw men. An axiom of Austrian economics, which he admires, is that man acts for a purpose. The purpose of communication is to influence the way others act. What does Waters want us to do? What does he hope to accomplish?

Surely he would not want to discourage readers from working for the cause of liberty by sowing confusion and doubt about the validity of what inspires them. But he must know, from his study of libertarian motivations, that persuading people that their reasons for advocating liberty are irrational will more likely lead to their dropping out than conversion to a different justification for activism.

Waters presumably would maintain that his intention was not to diminish the libertarian movement, but only to combat error and put libertarianism on a firmer foundation. But that interpretation is contradicted by his overwhelming emphasis on attacking the non-aggression principle with only a few sentences about his superior moral theory. It is difficult to avoid

the conclusion that his crusade is mainly motivated by a strong emotional aversion to the non-aggression principle and the concept of individual human rights. What is confusing is that he wants it both ways—he favors liberty, i. e., non-aggression, but at the same time rejects non-aggression. Apparently, while generally favoring liberty, he wants to justify the initiation of force for some purposes and therefore finds the libertarian prohibition of aggression to be inconvenient. It seems that he wants to pick and choose when to initiate force as situations arise with a clear conscience and the approval of libertarians. So he remains "convinced that the moralism of inalienable rights and the non-aggression axiom is just plain wrong," and proposes that we instead determine what is right and wrong by interpreting the scriptures of his economic gurus.

If Waters does not seek a moral license for certain aggressions, and would not support any aggressions, why then the harsh attack against the non-aggression principle? But if, as I suspect, he does favor certain aggressions, why not get to the point by listing and defending these aggressions? I think that he chose the back door approach of attacking the moral rule against aggression because he recognizes that the aggressions he favors are indefensible, and that his arguments would be recognized as anti-libertarian.

My opinion is that there is only one libertarianism, not two. Libertarians may disagree on how to derive or justify the non-aggression principle as an axiom or as their personal value. But however arrived at, the non-aggression principle draws the line between what is libertarianism and what is not.

W. Alan Burris
Pittsford, N.Y.

Captivating Arguments

I'm wondering, did many notice that the case of the starving newborn in the window ("The Liberty Poll," *Liberty*, July 1988) is not merely about whether we have the right to not feed our infants? It is also about whether we may stop others from doing so; that is, hold our children captive. As I see it, if a parent won't bring his child to "the church step," then crossing the lawn to rescue it is not "trespass," as Ethan O. Waters and others believe. Trespass implies initiation of force, but if this be trespass, then slaves may not break their chains.

continued on page 76

More Letters

continued from page 75

Mike Holmes wondered who "these nutty proprietarians" are. R. W. Bradford believes many may have been "heavily influenced by Ayn Rand." Don't blame her for this, for she was pro-parental obligation. More likely, they were influenced by Murray Rothbard, Walter Block, Williamson Evers, William Howell, etc, who think libertarianism means parenting is optional, like giving to charity. Some libertarians can't decide whether infants are property or consenting adults, so pretending it's "clear that the child is free to leave at any time," was a clever way of noting this.

If a legal obligation to support children, "contradicts the conventional libertarian understanding of the right to liberty," then this understanding is mistaken. There are other positive obligations in libertarian theory besides those which arise from contracts and the initiation of force, and they are incurred when we threaten to initiate force. Many ordinary activities (driving cars, swinging one's fist, building campfire's, etc.) put others at risk. Once a danger gets activated, even if no harm has transpired, potential aggressors incur positive obligations to avoid it, and the right of defense gives potential victims the right to prevent it.

In a sense, all infants are captives of their parents. If they die because the parents intentionally or negligently starved them, the parents caused their death and initiated force. Parental obligation stems from their obligation not to initiate force and their child's right of self-defense.

The Children's Rights plank in the Libertarian Party is of interest here. It says, "Whenever parents or other guardians are unable or unwilling to care for their children, those guardians have the right to seek other persons who are willing to assume guardianship." But what if they don't seek substitutes? Or what if they seek but can't find any? It doesn't say.

The 1987 Platform Committee voted to change "the right to seek" to "the obligation to find." This amendment, which Libertarians for Life had suggested, implicitly confirms the right of children to third party defense. It supports the view that rescuing the infant would not violate the parents' rights. It ultimately failed due to lack of time for consideration on the convention floor. But, if *Liberty's* poll is in-

dicative, (89% for rescuing the infant, 56% for legal enforcement of parental obligation), it could have passed.

Holmes denied that parental obligation "can be construed to support an anti-abortion position," but it does. It is one-half of the libertarian case against abortion; the other is prenatal personhood. Many of those who agree with prenatal personhood may have voted for abortion only because they fail to understand that parents owe their children care and protection before birth as well as after.

Regarding the poll's results on abortion—abortion is wrong (37%), it should be illegal (13%)—some would interpret this to mean 24% are supporting legalized aggression. But this figure could depend upon how they define "wrong." If you had divided the question into three parts—"abortion is moral"; "abortion is immoral, but it's only a victimless crime"; "abortion is aggression"—and then asked those who said it is aggression whether it should be illegal, the pro-aggression count might have been different.

The "most salient finding of the Poll," Waters observed, "is that libertarian moral thinking is not very rigorous." It has been my opinion for years that if all we accomplish as libertarians in our lifetimes is the laying of a solid intellectual foundation for individual rights, we should feel proud.

Doris Gordon
Wheaton, Md.

Deluded About Morality

When I read the "Liberty Poll" (*Liberty*, July 1988) I was confused to see a legal question (should a person have a legal obligation to support his or her offspring) listed under "Moral Opinions." But I was completely flabbergasted by Mike Holmes' remarks. I have been suffering under the delusion that libertarians do not favor applying legal mandates based on certain individuals' moral opinions. I am morally opposed to drugs, therefore they should be outlawed??

Just who is the nut here?

Harry Tolhurst
Cleveland, Ga.

Philosophical Influences

How can a meaningful survey of those influential in libertarian circles not include R. C. Hoiles of the Freedom Newspapers, F.A. Harper, founder of the Institute for Humane Studies, Spencer Heath, author and scholar, and Andrew Galambos, of the Free Enterprise Institute? Shakespeare would have described your survey as "Much Ado

About Nothing."

Chuck Estes
Camarillo, Cal.

Waiting for a New Generation

I also attended the Cato Institute conference in 1978 that Ross Overbeek wrote about in his essay "Rand Bashing" (*Liberty*, July 1988).

The incident with the spilled drink occurred at the welcoming cocktail party, when the "leading light" Overbeek refers to knocked a drink off the balcony railing. The drink (which happened to be mine) landed in a crowd of people below and the "leading light" subtly moved us away from the railing while continuing the discussion. He then denied he had spilled it several times to a young man who came up from the group on which he had spilled the drink. The next day he made a point of telling us that he had given money to the woman on whom the drink landed to have her dress cleaned.

It is true that at this conference there was a definite push to conform with certain ideas. At the time, Murray Rothbard was very much enamored of Lenin's success during the Russian Revolution, and wished to emulate his technique. One aspect of that was the elimination of dissenting views on what libertarian policy should be. "The enemy is out there and we should be concentrating on fighting them and not fighting among ourselves," is basically how it was put. Like Overbeek, I found myself in the position of a well-meaning dissident. But unlike Overbeek, I think the "leading light's" lying and Rand's intimidating actions do reflect something of the underlying philosophy. As is the case with religion, a few powerful ideas carry a system that has numerous wrong ideas.

It is difficult to be brilliant in one area of human life, and probably impossible to be brilliant in all areas. In addition, leading a philosophical movement is a very different endeavor from developing a philosophy. It isn't reasonable to expect that those who are capable at one are also capable at the other. Just as in business, the entrepreneur who starts a business and nurses it through its early years probably doesn't have the skills and temperament to guide it through its middle years. Both Objectivism and Libertarianism are being led by their first generation of leaders. Perhaps we won't make the necessary leap until the next generation takes over leadership.

John K. Vogt
Los Angeles, Cal.

Notes on Contributors

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

R. W. Bradford is publisher of *Liberty*.

Douglas Casey, an associate editor of *Liberty*, is the bestselling author of investment books, the editor of his investment newsletter, *Investing in Crisis*, and founder of the Eris Society.

Stephen Cox, an associate editor of *Liberty*, is Associate Professor of Literature, University of California, San Diego.

David Friedman is a legal philosopher and poet. A new edition of his libertarian classic *The Machinery of Freedom* will be published by Open Court next year.

Karl Hess is the editor of the *Libertarian Party News* and the author of numerous books, including his recent *Capitalism for Kids*.

Mike Holmes, a contributing editor of *Liberty*, is also the editor of *American Libertarian*, a monthly newspaper of the libertarian movement.

Erika Holzer is a lawyer and novelist (*Double Crossing*) whose second novel is a Mafia-flavored courtroom drama.

Hans-Hermann Hoppe is Professor of Economics at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, and a senior fellow of the Ludwig von Mises Institute.

John Hospers was the first Libertarian Party candidate for the U. S. Presidency (1972), and the author of the *L. P. Statement of Principles*. He is Professor of Philosophy at the University of Southern California and editor of the international journal *The Monist*. Prentice-Hall published the 3rd edition of his *Introduction to Philosophical Analysis* in January 1988.

William P. Moulton, a contributing editor of *Liberty*,

lives in northern Michigan, and is a collector of trilobites.

Bob Ortin has a degree in applied mathematics and physics from the University of Wisconsin. He lives in southern Oregon.

Douglas B. Rasmussen, Associate Professor of Philosophy, St. John's University, is co-editor of *The Philosophical Thought of Ayn Rand* and co-author of *The Catholic Bishops and the Economy: A Debate*.

Sheldon Richman is director of public affairs at the Institute for Humane Studies at George Mason University.

James Robbins is a doctoral candidate at the Fletcher School for International Law and Diplomacy in Medford, Mass., and holds a masters' degree in electoral analysis.

Murray N. Rothbard, an associate editor of *Liberty*, is S. J. Hall Distinguished Professor of Economics at the University of Nevada at Las Vegas and Vice President for Academic Affairs of the Ludwig von Mises Institute.

Phillip Salin is a computer scientist and entrepreneur who lives in Southern California.

Steven Michael Schumacher is a computer programmer who has had the good fortune never to have attended a public (i. e., government) school.

Sandy Shaw has written several bestselling studies on life extension. With Durk Pearson and Steve Sharon she scripted *The Dead Pool*, Clint Eastwood's new Dirty Harry film. She and Pearson also appear in the film in the cemetery scene.

L. Neil Smith is a Prometheus Award winning science fiction author.

Timothy Virkkala is assistant editor of *Liberty*.

Ethan O. Waters is a writer who lives in Southern California.

Ann Weiss is a writer and an attorney living in Ohio.

Coming in the November Liberty:

"Perestroika & Economic Liberty," James Robbins examines official Soviet publications using textual analysis to search for clues to the real purposes of *perestroika*, and compares recent policies to past "liberalizations" of the Soviet system, seeking answers to the questions: Is it real freedom? Will it last?

"Taking Over the Roads," John Semmens argues that not only is it possible to privatize the public road system, but that government mismanagement makes it necessary to do so.

"Liberty, Property and the Environment," Jane Shaw examines the environmental problems raised by John Hospers, but arrives at vastly different conclusions: she argues that the optimal solution to environmental quandaries lies in the libertarian tradition of private property.

"The Many Libertarianisms," Like Sheldon Richman, Timothy Virkkala believes that Ethan Waters' distinction between the "two libertarianisms" is a bit muddled; unlike Richman, he believes Waters is on to something important. Determined to "not let Waters have the last word," Virkkala enters the dispute over natural rights and the bases for libertarianism.

"Hoppe's Argumentation Ethics: Major Breakthrough or Blind Alley?" Several leading philosophers and social theorists, including David Ramsay Steele, Leland Yeager, Tibor Machan, David Friedman, Douglas Rasmussen, David Gordon and Murray Rothbard comment on Hans-Hermann Hoppe's remarkable thesis (published in this issue of *Liberty*, p 20.)

Terra Incognita

Bucharest, Romania

How socialism keeps pace with the culinary arts in progressive Romania, as reported in the *The Wall St Journal*:

In an effort to reduce foreign debt, the government of Romania has increased its food exports, and has officially recommended that its citizens eat tree bark as a dietary supplement.

Sao Paulo, Brazil

How activist democracy keeps pace with the culinary arts in the colossus of South America, as reported in the *Los Angeles Times*:

When Councilman Antonio Carlos Fernandes brought a cream pie to a City Council meeting to help celebrate passage of a record 107 bills, he was criticized by Councilman Geraldo Blota for being "silly."

The Honorable Mr. Fernandes threw a piece of pie at the Honorable Mr. Blota, touching off a debate characterized by punching, shoving and pie splattering.

Washington, D.C.

How activist democracy keeps pace with the culinary arts in the colossus of North America, as reported in the *Los Angeles Times*:

"The crisis of obesity in America, which threatens the lives of more than 11 million of our citizens, is a public nightmare that demands immediate federal attention," said former civil rights activist Dick Gregory at a press conference.

Flanked by three grotesquely obese men, Gregory told the story of Walter Hudson of Hempstead, NY. When Mr Hudson tried to leave his bedroom (where he had remained for 17 years) he got his 1200 pound avoirdupois stuck in the doorway. After a rescue team pried the 1200 pound Hudson from the doorway, Gregory helped him lose about 400 pounds.

Mike Partelano, 30, who has gone from 1,023 pounds to 761 pounds with Gregory's assistance, told reporters: "If it wasn't for Mr Gregory, who knows what would have happened to me? But Mr Gregory can't do it by himself—Congress needs to be aware of it."

Gregory proposed that Congress "establish a hot line, set up an institute for obesity at the National Institutes of Health and hold hearings on the problem."

Toronto

Consequences of American television for Canadian children, explained by journalist Michele Landsburg, in *If You Love This Country* (Toronto: McLelland and Stewart, 1988):

"Children soaked in American commercial television do not know they are Canadians. They are disinherited of our collectivist tradition. Some of them already think they are entitled to one phone call when arrested, that they have first amendment rights, a sacred right to carry guns.

"As free trade, like a tide washes away our cultural foundations, our political structures will inevitably crumble... When our political structures have gone, what makes us different will be extin-

guished; Canadians will have Our political culture is what made me a Canadian, made me proud and glad to be one, and what we will surely lose."

Washington, D.C.

Evidence that members of the U.S. Senate are on top of world and national crises, as reported in *USA Today*:

Commenting on hot weather in his home state of Michigan, Senator Carl Levin said, "I haven't seen a problem this massive since I came to Washington."

London

How President Reagan and Prime Minister Thatcher have forged an alliance to lead the free world, according to "a high-ranking former British diplomat," as reported in the *London Economist*:

"The president acquiesces when the prime minister hogs the floor. He's probably quite relieved. He can sit back and think of Hollywood or something."

New York

Evidence of Jacksonian concern for the Jeffersonian Party, from Barbara Walters exclusive on ABC-TV with presidential contender Jesse Jackson:

"Some people believe that if you head the Democratic ticket, not only will the Democratic Party lose the presidency, but that you will take the House and Senate down with you."

"Well, you know, the party has lost before."

New Delhi, India

Progressive new application of the social philosophy of Mahatma Gandhi, in modern, progressive India, as reported in the *New York Times*:

Because AIDS is a "totally foreign disease and the only way to stop its spread is to stop sexual contacts between Indians and foreigners," Director-General Avtar Singh Paintal, Director-General of the Indian Council for Medical Research, proposed that "Indians should follow the teachings of Mohandas K. Gandhi, who advocated sexual abstinence as a form of birth control."

To encourage Indians to follow the Mahatma's advice, Director-General Paintal proposed that India enact a law punishing individuals who have sex with non-Indians with 90 days in jail or a fine of \$800.

Warsaw, Poland

Evidence that Glasnost has reached the publishing industry behind the Iron Curtain, as reported in the *Houston Post*:

"Body-Sex-Pornography" is the title of a new magazine published in Warsaw. The first issue of the new magazine featured full-page frontal male nudity, explicit letters, articles on sadism and homosexuality, plus a variety of nude photos of both sexes. The first issue sold out "in hours", according to the "official news agency PAP." The magazine is published by Interpress, which is wholly owned by the Central Committee of the Communist Party.

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

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- National conferences on the gold standard, the Federal Reserve, the income tax, sound banking, and the work of Ludwig von Mises and Murray N. Rothbard.

- The O.P. Alford, III, Center for Advanced Studies in Austrian Economics.

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All back issues of *Liberty* are available. at \$4 each, plus \$1 per order for shipping and handling. (All are original printings, except issue 1, which is in its second printing.)

Here are a few of the highlights of past issues:

Issue 1 (August 1987):

- "The Films of Ayn Rand," Stephen Cox
 - "Witch-Bashing, Book Burning, and Prof. Harold Hill's Lessons in Practical Politics," by Butler Shaffer
 - "Ron Paul and His Critics," by Murray N. Rothbard
- Plus reviews and articles by Chester Alan Arthur, Ida Walters, Ross Overbeek, Timothy Virrkala and others; and a short story by Jo McIntyre. (48 pages)

Issue 2 (October 1987):

- "The Sociology of Libertarians," by John C. Green and James L. Guth
 - "The Rise of the Statism," by Murray N. Rothbard
 - "The Apostasy of Robert Nozick," by Ethan O. Waters
- Plus reviews and articles by Nathan Wollstein, Mike Holmes, William P. Moulton, Tibor Machan, Michael Townshend and others; and a short story by Franklin Sanders. (48 pages)

Issue 3 (December 1987):

- "Easy Living in the Bahamas," by Mark Skousen
 - "Libertarians in a State Run World," by Murray N. Rothbard
 - "The Most Unforgettable Libertarian I Ever Knew," by Karl Hess
- Plus essays and reviews by Brian Wright, Chester Alan Arthur, Stephen Cox, R. W. Bradford, Walter Block, Erika Holzer and others; and a short story by David Galland. (56 pages)

Issue 4 (March 1988):

- "The Crash of '87," perspectives by Douglas Casey, Ron Paul, Murray Rothbard, Karl Hess, Mark Skousen, R.W. Bradford, Adrian Day and Harry Browne
- "Robert Bork on Trial," by Sheldon Richman
- "Free Speech and the Future of Medicine," by Sandy Shaw & Durk Pearson
- "Libertarians and Conservatives: Allies or Enemies?" by John Dentinger and Murray Rothbard

Plus reviews and articles by Ethan Waters, Ross Overbeek, Stephen Cox, Mike Holmes and others; and a short story by Raul Santana. (64 pages)

Issue 5 (May 1988):

- "The Two Libertarianisms," by Ethan O. Waters
- "The ACLU: Suspicious Principles, Salutary Effects," by William Moulton
- "Nicaragua: A Front Line Report," by Gary Alexander
- "Ayn Rand: Still Controversial After All These Years," essays by David Ramsay Steele and David M. Brown

Plus reviews and articles by Nathaniel Branden, Stephen Cox, Erika and Henry Mark Holzer, Jeffrey Rogers Hummel, Sheldon Richman, Franklin Sanders and others. (64 pages)

Issue 6 (July 1988):

- "Rand Bashing: Enough is Enough," by Ross Overbeek
 - "Nicaragua: The Case for Non-Interventionism," by William Kelsey
 - "The Liberty Poll: Who We Are and What We Think"
 - "Rebel Without a Clue: Lessons from the Mecham Affair," by Matt Kessler
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