

Liberty

September 1994

Vol. 7, No. 6

\$4.00

O.J.,
Waco and
Letterman

Rape and Responsibility: Samuel Colt *vs* Susan Brownmiller

by Wendy McElroy

Howard Stern: The Man *vs* the Empire State

by Todd Seavey

Who Killed Pathology?

by Thomas Szasz

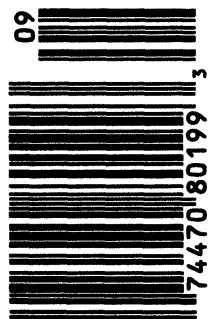
The Economist as Prostitute

by Leland Yeager

Toad Trainers and the American Dream

by John Briggs

Also: *Brian Doherty* celebrates the fine art of rock'n'roll, *Bill Kauffman* reassesses George Wallace, *Bart Kosko* resurrects pragmatism, *Stephen Cox* solves the Organized Crime problem . . . plus other Articles, Reviews, and Humor



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Letters

Closet Com-Symp?

Doug Casey ("Sun, Seegars, and Socialism," July 1994) says he's met someone "far more impressive than Bill Clinton." I don't find that hard to believe at all. Almost anyone would qualify, but *not* Fidel Castro. To speak glowingly of Castro as a "man of character" who "believes in things" and "takes ideas seriously" is absurd.

Adolf Hitler, Joseph Stalin, Chairman Mao, and Pol Pot believed in things, too — things like slaughtering or imprisoning anyone who disagreed with them. Don't you see, Doug, that if one of the things you believe in is that those who believe in different things need to be killed, that doesn't speak well of your character?

Taking ideas seriously means being open to the evidence for opposing ideas and open to new ideas. In Castro's case, this would mean he could accept the mountain of evidence staring him in the face, that his ossified ideology is leading his country directly back to the Stone Age. But no, he marches on with his blinders, carrying the banner of "Socialism or Death" — which for far too many Cubans have turned out to be the same thing.

The way I see it, the world has its common criminals whose depravity is limited to snuffing out the lives and liberties of a small number of people. Then you have your "modern government" criminals who do this on a much larger scale, e.g., at Waco. But the true scum of the earth are the totalitarian dictators whose iron fists have caused death and suffering across entire nations. Castro is not the worst of this group, but he is definitely a member.

The media have been extremely reluctant to focus on the evils of Commu-

nism, and have made something of a celebrity out of Castro. Was Doug star-struck to meet such a "famous" person? Did he thereafter lose his ability to think clearly about what this man has done?

Bryce Buchanan
Lake Oswego, Ore.

Best of All, It's a Yugo

After Howard Stern handily defeated James Ostrowski (author of "Back to the Libertarian Party," May 1994) as the Libertarian Party's candidate for governor of New York, I became more convinced than ever that the LP belongs on Comedy Central, not CNN or C-SPAN. A funny thing has happened on my way to the polling booth, though. Ollie North, heavily supported by the Christian Right, beat out the "Jeffersonian" economist Jim Miller for the Virginia Republican senatorial nomination.

Where I live, a debate has been raging for nearly a year about a resolution condemning the "gay lifestyle" issued by the Cobb County Commission. The Republican-dominated Commission is attempting to curry the favor of supposedly "pro-family" Christian Rightists by targeting the gay community with its opprobrium.

Maybe the LP is little more than a debating society, but I'd rather cast my conscience for such a party than for the persecuting society of the Christian Right and their Republican puppets.

I thus find myself, like James Ostrowski, going back to the LP. I still have doubts about the Party's political effectiveness, but I'd much rather be in the Libertarians' Yugo than in a Republican Cadillac hijacked by the Christian Right.

Sean P. Costello
Marietta, Ga.

Stern Justice

The death penalty — government-sponsored first-degree murder — is an example of something that has become popular, testimony to the hardening of America. (If you doubt it, witness how many citizens salivated at the prospect of Michael Fay's punitive flogging.)

Among all the Western industrialized nations, the United States alone continues this barbaric practice. Every libertarian I know opposes the death pen-

alty, but until there is a consensus among the LP membership, the issue stays *out* of the platform.

Yet the death penalty is number one on the Howard Stern platform. He is even peddling a greatly expanded version, extending its application to every case of a crime committed with a gun. The LP rejected the voice of unity in voting against James Ostrowski and choosing instead a candidate who openly admits he is unqualified to be governor.

When comedian Pat Paulsen ran for president in the 1972 campaign, it was funny. Stern's candidacy is not funny. It is a betrayal. The only beneficiary will be Stern. For the LP, it is a disaster.

Joanna Parker
Ocean Shores, Wash.

Typo Police

One really shouldn't nit-pick Mark Skousen's wonderfully entertaining film review ("Oscar Shrugged," July 1994), but he has confused the Anglo-Saxon Robin of Locksley with the Hebrew Rabin of Loxley.

John McClaughry
Ethan Allen Institute
Concord, Vt.

From the National A-Bomb Association

I enjoyed the July issue, especially Matthew Block's "Kid's-Eye View." Perhaps in a future issue, Mr Block could explain to his father that "Nuclear bombs don't kill people, people kill people."

Bill Walker
Ferris, Tex.

Terra Incompleta

Please, oh please, bring back Terra Incognita! That one humble page enables lovers of liberty to look upon government's absurdities with a smile. How else will we fend off those moments of despair when Leviathan has infringed upon yet another essential liberty?

In humor lies our only respite.

Diedre Dennis
Agoura Hills, Calif.

Editor's note: Terra Incognita returns with this issue.

Sorry, Wrong Tree

Granted, government is willing to make us do the useless, or even the downright harmful, in the name of helping us, but Gwynne Nettler ("Trafficking

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Letters Policy

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

The editors of *Liberty* magazine invite you to attend

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On Labor Day weekend, 1994, the leading libertarian thinkers of the twenty-first century will meet to explore the future of freedom and celebrate the achievements of liberty. Join them, help chart a course for individual liberty in the next century, and have the *time of your life!*

- David Friedman — economist, legal philosopher, physicist, the world's leading advocate of anarcho-capitalism . . .
- Durk Pearson and Sandy Shaw — health and nutrition researchers, authors of best-selling books and a Dirty Harry film, leading critics of the Food and Drug Administration . . .
- R.W. Bradford — the mind and impetus behind *Liberty*, long-distance motorcyclist, prophet of the obsolescence of the welfare state, celebrant of today's libertarian diversity and tomorrow's libertarian world . . .
- Bart Kosko — premier theorist of neural networks and "fuzzy logic," engineer, composer, philosopher, mathematician, best-selling writer, pioneer of "libertarian pragmatism" . . .
- Pierre Lemieux — Québécois economist and explorer of chaos theory, pamphleteer for a free and armed society, clear-headed prophet of the computer revolution . . .
- Douglas Casey — gonzo investor, best-selling author, proponent of anarchist revolutions in the Third World, dinner companion to both Bill Clinton (whom he despises) and Fidel Castro (to whom he gave his anarchist book) . . .
- Ross Overbeek — pioneer in artificial intelligence, researcher on the Human Genome Project, currently involved in exporting libertarian ideas to Russia and importing Russian science to America . . .
- David Horowitz — Communist turned "libertarian irregular," former editor of America's leading leftist magazine, now editor of its leading anti-PC publication, thorn in the side of Public Broadcasting, traitor to the '60s . . .
- Victor Niederhoffer — innovative financial speculator and merchant banker, former professor at Berkeley who knows more about how markets actually function than any other scholar Harvard ever produced, five-time national squash champion, collector of art and ideas . . .
- Bill Kauffman — acid-penned essayist, novelist, critic of the New World Order, advocate of local culture and traditions against the onslaught of mass culture . . .
- Karl Hess, Jr. — anti-war revolutionary in the '60s, today a visionary anarchist range ecologist . . .
- Robert Higgs — developer of the ratchet-theory of state growth, historian, economist . . .
- John A. Baden — architect of the "New Resource Economics," critic of environmentalist excesses . . .
- Don Meinhausen — government spy on libertarian activities in the '60s who took drugs and became an anarcho-pagan icon and promoter of the counterculture . . .
- Richard Stroup — innovative free-market environmentalist, economist who learned about government in the Reagan administration . . .
- Jane S. Shaw — journalist, editor, researcher, expert on protecting environmental integrity through private property . . .
- Brian Doherty — writer, ghostwriter, rock musician, former editorial assistant at *Liberty* and managing editor of *Regulation*, now *Reason* magazine's newest editor . . .
- David Boaz — leading Washington D.C. libertarian, Cato Institute Vice President, contributor to *USA Today*, "The Rush Limbaugh Show," and other mainline media . . .

- J. Orlin Grabbe — proponent of chaos in theory and practice, author of best-selling textbook on international finance, president of a multi-media production company . . .
- Scott Reid — research director for Canada's maverick Reform Party, prophet of political devolution, best-selling author . . .
- John Hospers — first LP presidential candidate and only Libertarian ever to receive an electoral vote for president, world-renowned philosopher and author . . .
- John Bergstrom — brilliant *Liberty* cartoonist, creator of "Libertarian Man," editor at *National Lampoon*, killer of small furry animals . . .
- Fred L. Smith — head of the Competitive Enterprise Institute, foe of NAFTA and environmentalism . . .
- Greg Kaza — libertarian Republican state legislator from Michigan . . .
- Bruce Ramsey — former foreign correspondent, now an editor at the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* . . .
- Clark Stooksbury — the only retired Marine on *Liberty's* staff . . .
- Jesse Walker — punk-libertarian, japist, radio personality, foreign policy analyst, trouble-maker . . .
- Timothy Virkkala — autodidact, philosopher, economist, Sociable Darwinist . . .

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in Numbers," May 1994) is barking up the wrong tree. We can dispute whether seat belts save enough net driver lives to justify the costs of wearing them, but the fact that seat belts save lives is too well-established to dispute.

The simple proof can be found at any racetrack, where the driver is belted in to a degree that is only a dream to today's safety fanatics. It took no laws to get wide use of these belts, just the sight of a few bodies bouncing down the track. For that matter, nearly everywhere we look, we see efforts to buckle in those who might bounce around. The efficiency of seat belts may not be established, but their effectiveness is.

David Carl Argall
La Puente, Calif.

Statistically Impaired

Gwynne Nettler was rolling right along and making some good headway in explaining the fallacies associated with "safety statistics." Then, out of the blue, Nettler states, "Virtually all research on roadway safety agrees on one fact: That somewhere between 40% and 60% of traffic fatalities is produced by drunken pedestrians, motorbikers, and drivers of trucks and passenger cars."

If Nettler means alcohol impairment "causes" 40% to 60% of all fatal accidents, then he is in deeper water than the seatbelt proponent who claims seatbelt usage can eliminate 100% of all traffic related fatalities. That 40% or 60% of all traffic accident fatalities have some evidence of alcohol in their systems is seldom provable, and the alcohol is often clearly not the reason for the accidents.

Alcohol impairment has become the scapegoat of the '80s and '90s. The neo-prohibition movement has grasped "highway safety" as its banner-carrier. Anyone and everyone looking to deflect criticism from themselves screams, "It's not our fault, leave us alone, and go after the drunks." This bit of self-serving pandering only reinforces public misconceptions about the causes of highway accidents.

With 60% to 80% of the adult population regularly consuming alcoholic beverages and medications, it stands to reason that there will be traces of alcohol in the blood of accident victims. The number of suicides and homicides that employ vehicles is not known. However, anecdotal experience suggests that it is

much higher than anyone cares to admit. Alcohol may play a role in this kind of fatality, but it is not because of impaired driving ability.

Nettler presents several good arguments but blunts his poignancy by doing exactly what he criticizes: assigning relevance to the irrelevant.

James J. Baxter
National Motorists Assoc.
Dane, Wisc.

Paleo Fever: Catch III

Contrary to R.W. Bradford ("Reclaiming the Truth," July 1994), the Buchanan Right is the only significant counter-revolutionary force fighting the established order of Cold War liberalism today, just as the New Left was the only major opposition to Cold War corporate capitalism in the '60s. It is therefore the natural ally of libertarians committed to the Rothbardian agenda of smashing the welfare-warfare state in the post-Cold War era.

Lew Rockwell and the Mises Institute are among of the most important defenders of the free-market economy and limited government. Pat Buchanan made paleo themes the centerpiece of his campaign, and has given the leaders of the paleo movement (including Rockwell) a legitimate national stage.

By reviving the Old Right, Justin Raimondo and the paleo movement offer libertarians an opportunity to reconnect with Middle America and reclaim our rightful place as an important part of American political culture.

Norman K. Singleton
Arlington, Va.

Paleo Mysteries

In the summer of 1979 I attended the Cato Institute political economy seminar at Dartmouth. It was a great deal and a lot of fun. Murray Rothbard was one of the leading lecturers and I talked with him at length. At that time, Rothbard was an unabashed anarchist, who claimed if he could press a button and make the state disappear, he would. (Which I thought and think is nuts.) Rothbard also made it clear that while he respected religion, especially Thomistic Catholicism, he was an atheist. He was a militant opponent of collaboration with conservatives, and stressed the libertarian opposition to that hallmark of American conservatism, the victimless crime law. I liked him but I thought his

positions both too "leftist" (in the sense of being utopian anarchist) and too "rightist" (in the sense of an exaggerated deference to an unsustainable natural rights position).

A couple of years later I received something in the mail urging me to join the Libertarian Party Radical Caucus. I thought this was very bizarre. It struck me that Rothbard in his ideological purity was unwittingly imitating the Trotskyists, who couldn't join a left-wing organization without forming a faction.

You can imagine how shocked I was to find Rothbard in *Chronicles* (a magazine I like but don't necessarily agree with), endorsing Pat Buchanan (I can see how a libertarian could respect Buchanan, but vote for him? That's tough to rationalize), and publishing *The Rothbard-Rockwell Report*. I enjoy RRR, but it amazes me. It's a cranky, reactionary publication that in no way can be considered libertarian. (Its boundless enthusiasm for the Rodney King beating is just plain weird. King was no saint but you don't beat the you-know-what out of somebody for a DUI and resistance.)

And what is all this endless blather about left-wing libertarians? What is that supposed to mean? In the late '70s and '80s, I would have taken it to mean an anarcho-communist or syndicalist or perhaps a mutualist. But Ed Crane and Virginia Postrel are "left-wingers"? *Reason*, which was firmly to the right of Rothbard's *Libertarian Forum*, is now "left-wing"? I honestly don't know what's going on. Rothbard and his clique were to the left of the *Reason* crowd; now they're to its "right."

And who is Llewellyn Rockwell and why is anyone supposed to take him seriously? You've got to admit, it's time someone wrote an account of this. I can't be the only one baffled by these developments. I'd appreciate your publishing an article on this.

Finally, what is all this bitterness between Rothbard, Cato, and the Libertarian Party all about? I remember Ed Crane being quite fond of Rothbard and David Boaz being positively sycophantic in his approach to Rothbard. (I argued with Boaz about Rothbard's interpretation of American history, which strikes me as ideological and inaccurate. Boaz would hear nothing of that.) Now they apparently all hate each other. Boaz and Crane

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Reflections

Rosty's wrongs — The indictment of Ways and Means potentate Dan Rostenkowski is the most shocking D.C. scandal since . . . well, since the last Washington scandal, whichever one that was. Maybe I've let some of the nuances of the case slip by but, as best I can figure, Rosty's main offense is to have placed on the government payroll some people who never turned in any useful work. No, I'm not kidding; this is what the Justice Department lawyers are saying. I trust that the readers of *Liberty* will display the suitable measure of astonishment and righteous indignation in response to this revelation. —LEL

Whitewater evaporates — The U.S. Senate is a genuinely comic place. On March 17, its members voted 98-0 to hold hearings on "all matters related to Madison Guaranty Savings & Loan Association, Whitewater Development Corp., and Capital Management Services, Inc." In order to prevent those hearings from becoming "a partisan circus," the august body voted along strict partisan lines June 14 to limit the hearings to the conduct of Clinton's aides regarding the special prosecutor's investigation and the death of Vincent Foster. In sum, the Whitewater hearings will be prohibited from investigating any "matters related to Madison Guaranty Savings & Loan Association, Whitewater Development Corp., and Capital Management Services, Inc." —CAA

Speaking power to truth — I am at last beginning to concur with Confucius: the "reform of language" may be our most important task. Why? The careless elision of words in stock phrases, and the consequent redefinition of common words, has gotten out of hand.

Take the word "discrimination." It used to mean *deliberate appraisal, careful discernment*, with a eulogistic meaning of *wise choice*, either in word or deed. But the constant pairing of the word with "racial" and "sexual" (*et cetera* and *ad nauseam*) led to a wholly pejorative usage, so that by the ominous year 1984 both major-party American presidential candidates could assert with straight faces that "all discrimination is wrong." The discriminating voter, of course, voted for neither.

Right now "institutional health care reform" is being called "health care," and opponents of this current slog of stupid ideas on Capitol Hill are routinely branded as being "against health care." No, I am not against health care, you ninny. Because I am *for* progress in the medical arts I am *against* the idiocies of the Clinton administration, the Democratic Party, and the minority wimps. (It is hard to believe that anyone could fall for the cheap rhetorical trick here being played, but played it is, over and over again, as if it were trump.)

But worse yet are President William Jefferson Clinton's yammerings about the provision of state charity in this coun-

try. He has proclaimed that he will "end welfare as we know it." For once, I am confident that what Clinton says is quite literally true. —TWV

Off the dole and high on life — Bill Clinton has promised to "end welfare as we know it." Now that the details of his welfare reform plan have been released, we know what that delphic phrase means: spend more public money on day care, health care, and job-training boondoggles. This is considered a "conservative" move, because the bulk of the new spending will be used to push around those who are on the dole, thus substituting toughness on welfare "clients" for toughness on welfare budgets. The response of congressional Republicans, as usual, has been to propose their own version of the same bill.

The theory behind the Clinton proposal is that the alternative to relief must be "work" — not necessarily productive labor, just work. If jobs in the private sector can't be found for the dolees, jobs in the public sector will be created for them; or else the government will bribe businesses to hire them by paying all or part of their salary.

In other words, those who are currently getting government money called "welfare" will instead get government money called "wages." Plenty more people will be hired to administer all the shiny new programs; for some reason, they won't be called welfare recipients either.

I'm no admirer of AFDC, but today's welfare mothers are doing something at least potentially worthwhile with their relief checks: raising children. But in the jargon of the secular state, child-rearing is not "work." Unproductive government make-work projects are, because they involve time-clocks, bosses, and the pretense of doing something socially useful.

One of my utopian hopes is for politicians to take on the largest group for whom "welfare has become a way of life": the bureaucrats who make their living creating and administering these programs. That is unlikely, though, as it would require *spending less* — and, as the pundits keep reminding us, "It costs a lot of money to end welfare as we know it." Or define it. —JW

I'm sorry, which trimester? — Once the Clinton health care plan is passed, abortion will be free, but you'll have to wait 14 months to get one. —WPM

Ladies, your slips are showing — Those who wince at "feminist statistics" must read Christine Hoff Sommers' new book, *Who Stole Feminism?* As an opening shot, Sommers traces the roots of the well-circulated claim that 150,000 women die each year of anorexia. Although several university texts now quote this astronomical stat with gay abandon, when Sommers traced the source of the data — the

American Anorexia and Bulimia Association — she found that the actual figure was 54 deaths per year. This hardly explodes the myth that women are bad at math. —WM

Fascism and federalism — Reading the fascists always gives a sense of *déjà vu*. They sound like voices from yesterday's newspaper.

I've found a few illustrations of this in the speeches of Benito Mussolini.

On June 8, 1923, speaking before the Italian Senate, Prime Minister Mussolini said, "The Government has been compelled to levy taxes which unavoidably hit large sections of the population. The Italian people are disciplined, silent, and calm, they work and know that there is a Government which governs and know, above all, that if this Government hits cruelly certain sections of the Italian people, it does so not out of caprice, but from the supreme necessity of national order."

Hear also, from the same speech: "The measures adopted to restore public order are: First of all, the elimination of the so-called subversive elements. . . . They were elements of disorder and subversion. On the morrow of each conflict I gave the categorical order to confiscate the largest possible number of weapons of every sort and kind. This confiscation, which continues with the utmost energy, has given satisfactory results."

It's also useful to read the tyrant-fighters, particularly in this debilitating atmosphere of the *fin de siècle*, when most people cannot distinguish a tyrant from a rocking chair. In *Federalist Paper #62*, James Madison wrote, "The internal effects of a mutable policy are . . . calamitous. It poisons the blessings of liberty itself. It will be of little avail to the people that the laws are made by men of their own choice, if the laws be so voluminous that they cannot be read, or so incoherent that they cannot be understood; if they be repealed before they are promulgated, or undergo such incessant changes that no man who knows what the law is to-day can guess what it will be to-morrow." —PL

Servility, 101 — When I was a child, I was herded with other tykes into the cafeteria of the government school I attended and shown a film on "good citizenship." At one point, the film posed the question, "What makes a person a good citizen?" It quickly answered with a list of characteristics, the first (and presumably foremost) of which being that a good citizen pays his taxes cheerfully. I had no political views at the time, but this struck me as peculiar, and I have remembered it ever since. It was my first encounter with the inevitable tendency for government schools to indoctrinate the young to be docile and obedient to state power.

A recent newspaper article offers those of us who haven't been inmates of government schools for a while an opportunity to see the lengths to which this message is promulgated today. In Suitland, Maryland, public schools hold special classes to teach students how to be arrested in a way that minimizes inconvenience for police.

The Wall Street Journal reports that students in the Washington, D.C. suburb are as-

signed to a two-hour class in "how to behave when getting arrested." The class includes demonstrations of how to be handcuffed, advice not to resist or complain, and information that they might expect to be arrested for such offenses as wearing "baggy pants," or "acting suspiciously," or because "someone may have called to complain about the kids' presence" — but "no information regarding their Miranda rights, or how they should protect themselves if taken into custody."

Meanwhile, historians have learned that the failure of government education accounts for many of history's upheavals. Schools in Massachusetts in the 1760s failed to provide adequate education on the subject of "how to behave when British troops tell you to disperse." Schools in Alabama in the 1940s failed to provide classes in "sitting in the back of the bus." As recently as the 1980s, schools in East Germany failed to provide sufficient instruction in "how to act while visiting barriers protecting the people's government from the inroads of decadent capitalism." —RWB

The Brady brunch — Some months ago I had dinner with Jim and Sarah Brady. I've known the couple for several years, but never spent any real time with them. Naturally, the conversation centered on politics in general, and gun legislation in particular.

Sarah, who's made the promotion of anti-gun hysteria into a profession, was surprisingly affable and reasonable, even if very poorly informed on almost all the details — factual, legal, and technical — of her life's work. I'd expected her to be grim and strident once we got into it, but that just wasn't the case. My conclusion is that, for all the damage she's doing, she's really no more than a simple dupe of the powers of darkness.

It was Jim who was really reactive. Jim continues to recover from his tragic shooting, sustained when he was President Reagan's press secretary; he's still got an excellent sense of humor, but it's become bitter and hostile. That's understandable, of course, considering what he's been through, but it's unfortunate. Equally unfortunately, Jim came down on the anti-liberty, pro-repression side of every single issue we discussed.

I can only hope he gets better spiritually, as well as physically. Meanwhile, his attitudes are having a poor effect on society — directly, with the Brady Law, and indirectly, with all the wrong-headed, destructive foolishness it has engendered. —DC

The Brady crunch — "I'm rushing you this alert to request your emergency financial help. Our legal action team must have the funds required to mount a vigorous defense of the Brady Law. And because of the enormous costs of litigation, we need help beyond our regular supporters. We need the help of everyone who cares about saving the Brady Bill.

"On behalf of the American people, we must not let them get away with this travesty of justice. Please respond today with an emergency contribution to help defend the Brady Law."

**Liberty's Editors
Reflect**

CAA	Chester Alan Arthur
RWB	R.W. Bradford
DC	Douglas Casey
SC	Stephen Cox
RH	Robert Higgs
PL	Pierre Lemieux
ML	Michael Levine
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WM	Wendy McElroy
WPM	William P. Moulton
CS	Clark Stooksbury
TWV	Timothy Virkkala
JW	Jesse Walker

That was the desperate plea of an "Emergency Alert" sent by Sarah Brady to raise funds for the Center to Prevent Handgun Violence. It seems that a federal judge in Montana has declared part of the Brady Bill unconstitutional — specifically, the provision that requires local law enforcement agencies to do background checks at their own expense on all who attempt to purchase a handgun. A Montana sheriff sued, saying his department didn't have money to enforce this federal law, and arguing that the tenth amendment prohibits the federal government from forcing a local government to do its work without compensation.

What's curious about Sarah Brady's desperate plea for money to finance a "vigorous defense of the Brady Law" is that her group is not involved in the litigation. The sheriff sued the federal government, not Ms Brady's organization. The federal government is represented by the Justice Department, not by Ms Brady's organization.

On the other hand, Ms Brady's fundraising specialists know that the best way to raise funds is to hoist the flag of alarm, scare the bejesus out of people, and tell them that the only way they can help is by sending in their shekels and that truth-in-advertising laws don't apply to them. —RWB

Cubs 21, Kids 9 — Doing what they do naturally when protected from the law of the jungle, California's burgeoning mountain lion population has begun to intersect more with human society. In April, an El Dorado woman paid the ultimate price while jogging on a popular county footpath. The offending cougar was identified, tracked, and killed; she proved to be a lioness with a single cub.

A trust form established for the care of the orphaned cub has collected \$21,000 to date. A trust fund for the jogger's children, ages eight and five, has collected \$9,000. Draw your own conclusions about America's priorities. —RL

Beating the rap — Many years ago, Johnny Cash recorded "Cocaine Blues," a terrific song that opens with this couplet: "Early one morning while making the rounds/I took a shot of cocaine, and I shot my woman down." It goes on to describe the narrator's arrest, trial, and imprisonment; despite the last line's admonition to "let that cocaine be," the tone of the song is matter-of-fact and unrepentant.

So: is the Man in Black a Menace II Society?

The asinine debate over "gangsta rap" rests on a foundation of ignorance of music and history. There is nothing uniquely offensive about this relatively new sort of music; country, blues, opera, and rock overflow with violence, sexism, and paeans to drunkenness and drugs.

All these genres can also be anti-violent, anti-sexist, and anti-drug, of course. And some songs are simply acts of journalism — the Velvet Underground's "Heroin" is powerful but value-neutral reportage, as is their "There She Goes Again," a second-person dramatic monologue about a man who beats his girlfriend. Neither angry nor forgiving, it keeps returning to the line, "You better hit her." If Tipper Gore or Carol Mosely Braun heard that, they'd be crying "Misogyny!"

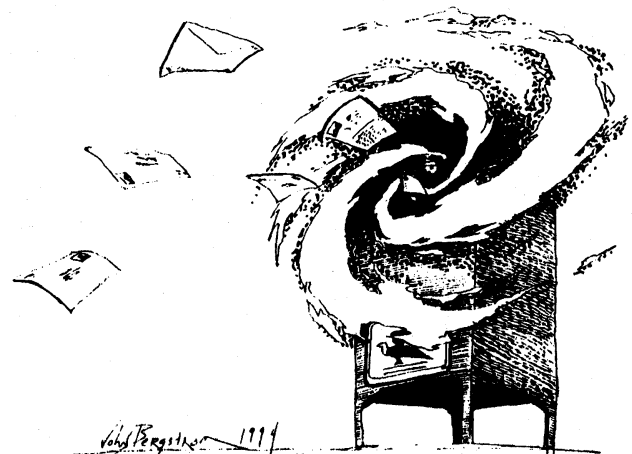
But most of us can distinguish between a stark look at domestic violence and a call to spouse-beating arms, between a song like "There She Goes Again" and a nasty ditty from, say, W.A.S.P. Why is it difficult to make the same distinctions

among rappers? Why is it easy to accept that Lou Reed writes dramatic monologues, but hard to understand that Ice T does the same thing? Or that "bitch" and "ho" and "nigger" can mean different things in different contexts? Or, less abstractly, that Ice T and Ice Cube are two different people? (Yeah, yeah, I know — they all look alike.)

Imagine a political uproar over whether mystery novels are "pro-violence," or if "the" newspapers are "anti-government," or what painting, as an art form, has to say about women. There are a lot of gangsta rappers out there, with different things to say, different ways of saying it, and different degrees of talent, just like any other kind of music. Is that really so difficult to understand? —JW

Tainted pot — Two years ago, upon defeating Steffi Graf for the gold medal in tennis at the Barcelona Olympics, teenager Jennifer Capriati became the darling of the sports media, a prodigy, the rising star and future of American women's tennis. In subsequent tournaments, however, those judgments proved premature; poor performances became commonplace, her weight began to increase, and the spark in her play that had characterized her charm when she first joined the circuit disappeared. Last fall, Capriati, a millionaire, was arrested for shoplifting cheap jewelry from a department store. She took an indefinite leave of absence from tennis, claiming she wanted to finish high school. The latest chapter in her soap opera occurred in May, when she was arrested for possession of marijuana.

With the revelation of her arrest, the media's bullshit machine went into full swing. While various explanations can be offered for her behavior — e.g., she is a typical moody teenager who also happens to be a sports star who has missed much of her adolescence, and dammit she's just not dealing with it well — the emphasis was placed on her use of drugs. She was immediately held up as a tragic example of a pervasive evil. Although two days after the arrest she checked herself into a rehab center for the apparent use of harder drugs, her reputation was dealt a weighty blow for a simple possession of pot. Had she never done anything more potent or dangerous, it wouldn't have mattered. She used drugs, ergo her name is tainted, regardless of what type of drug she took.



HUBBELL ASTRONOMERS HAVE FOUND
CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE OF A BLACK HOLE
AT THE CHICAGO POST OFFICE

There is a lesson in this saga for those of us who advocate the abolition of all drug laws. If a virtually harmless drug like marijuana continues to have such a bad reputation, then have we really made any substantial progress toward our desired goal? Earlier this year, when Surgeon General Joycelyn Elders mentioned that the mere study of legalization might be fruitful, it was regarded as a sign of progress when the media didn't react hysterically (although Elders' employers felt no need to hold back). And so it was. But it was a progress that reminds us just how much work still needs to be done. —ML

Addicted to lawsuits — Remember the guy who was sued by his neighbor for returning with a hole in it a beer bock he had previously borrowed? "I will prove three indisputable facts," the defendant's lawyer told the judge: "First, my client never borrowed the beer bock. Second, the thing already had the hole in it when he borrowed it. And third, he returned it in perfect condition."

Well, consistency and logic are as in short supply in the suit against tobacco companies that an American lawyer is launching on behalf of individuals addicted to tobacco (*Wall Street Journal*, May 19).

Either addiction changes an individual's preferences in such a way that he is not responsible for them anymore, or it doesn't. If it doesn't, the suit appears to be just another step in galloping government intervention in people's preferences under the guise of misconceived rule of law. After all, if individuals are wise enough to elect legislators and hire lawyers, they must be adult enough to decide what to consume. If it does — well, then, we have a big litigation explosion looming on the horizon, for habits and addictions are everywhere in life. Shall there be a class action suit on behalf of husbands who are addicted to their wives — or, to be less P.C. and more realistic, their mistresses?

In this perspective, it is time we put an end to the most potent and detrimental addiction of human history, one that has produced much death and misery: the habit of counting more and more on political solutions as government tries to organize their lives for them. Perhaps it is time for a class action suit against government, on behalf of those people — like the anti-tobacco lawyers — who have become addicted to government power. —PL

Addicted to sex — The cult of "victimization" reached another absurd height in a new development in the Jennifer Capriati story. An acquaintance of Capriati's has brought suit against her, alleging that their association has led him back into drug addiction, by coercing — yes, *coercing* — him to use drugs by means of sex. Apparently, when confronted with the alternative of taking drugs and getting laid versus refusing drugs and being frustrated, the plaintiff could not help himself.

The implication of this argument is that all horny young men — i.e., all young men — should be locked up for their own protection, lest their sexual urges bring menace upon themselves. The nanny state cannot permit this to happen, any more than it can allow us to smoke cigarettes or ride bicycles without helmets. —ML

Strikeout! — It's a quiet summer in Northwest Ohio and, apparently, the rest of the world. Headlines are blessed-

ly subdued. In Bosnia, killings continue, but the body count appears to be down. Africa is a mess, but Africa is always a mess. Ditto the former Soviet Union. At home, too, events move sluggishly. The White Waters of Arkansas have at least temporarily stagnated, so-called health care reform languishes in committee, and the nation is not (yet?) dispatching troops to Haiti or North Korea or South Central Los Angeles. The Washington press corps is willing to tell you what the president is doing, but who of good sense wants to know? Other than tawdry episodes of human frailty that titillate much but signify little — Bob Barker's bimbos, O.J. Simpson's bereavement, Dan Rostenkowski's unconventional management style — the world appears placid and quiet. Hurrah!

All the more reason to turn at this time to what is truly important: baseball. God didn't create summers so that we can scrutinize the Congressional Record. Rather, according to the not-quite-Authorized Version, on the eighth day He said, "Let there be Doubleday and diamond!" — and the rest is history.

This summer more than others should find my gaze permanently glued to the sports pages, for atop the standings of the American League East are the New York Yankees. Some will cavil at this enthusiasm, but for nigh unto four decades I have looked to the Bronx as devout Muslims do to Mecca. When I was a boy I fervently believed that Mickey Mantle walked on water. Later I found out that water was not his liquid of choice. Still, in a parade of larger-than-life heroes — Aaron, Mays, Williams, the Duke — he stood tallest. And come autumn one could count on the leaves falling off the trees and Mantle (and Berra, and Rizzuto, and the rest of the pantheon) leading the Yankees into the World Series. But that was then, and this is now. For a depressingly long time the Bronx Bombers have been the Bumpers, and throughout the '70s and the '80s I was reluctantly compelled to shift my attention to football three weeks earlier than was natural.

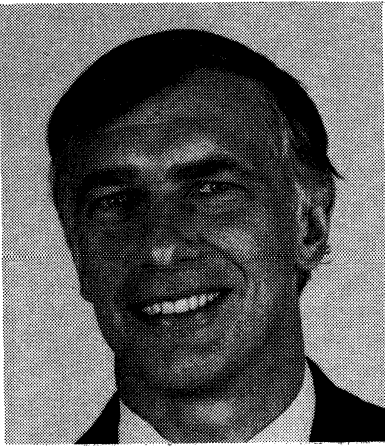
By rights, then, I should be captivated by my beloved team's overdue resurrection and mortified by the possibility of this party being interrupted by a mid-season strike. I should be, but — and I admit this with more than a little embarrassment — the drama barely engages my emotions. I'm finding the baseball season only slightly less stultifying than recountings of the Clintons' financial dealings and sightings of presidential bedmates.

Well, maybe it's just that I'm getting old. And so, according to my internist and mirror, I am. Still, I can't help but believe that the flagging of this enthusiasm bespeaks more than the purely autobiographical. Rather, I maintain, sports itself has lost its savor.

Not only baseball is in the doldrums. As I write, teams from Houston and New York are playing for the basketball championship. Several extraordinarily gifted players show up for the games, but their respective teams are displaying a more pathetic brand of basketball than any who have heretofore reached this stage of ostensible excellence. Only because of an inadvertence on the part of Mr Naismith was Game 1 not recorded as a loss by both teams. Subsequent contests have been scarcely better. Meanwhile, the New York Rangers won the Stanley Cup. Those who follow the sport will instantly realize just how ludicrous that particular denouement is.

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Douglas Casey



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Why do I bother the readers of *Liberty* with these melancholy reflections? Two reasons. First, an overriding concern with matters political is a sign of corruption. Some things are more deserving of attention than the latest permutations of the politicos; sports is one of those things. But second, the decline recounted above is not without implications for the more conventional themes of this journal.

Those involved in professional athletics as players, owners, agents, and assorted apparatchiks have never had it so good. Once upon a time, ball players were bound to their teams for life (or until the owner sent them off to fill a hole in the infield or to get enough cash to pay off a gambling debt). Few made more money in one year than a skilled laborer does over the course of a lifetime. And fans knew from year to year where they would find their teams. All this began to erode when a man named O'Malley hijacked the Dodgers from Brooklyn to L.A. and Curt Flood successfully litigated the demise of the reserve clause's indentured servitude.

As a card-carrying liberal, I do of course support the right of players to sell their services to the highest bidder, of owners to determine the deployment of their personal property, of capitalism to bloom amidst the diamonds and gridirons and hardcourts. And yet . . .

. . . something has been lost in the process. A recent re-reading of Aristotle's *Politics* has nudged me into thinking about what that might be. The agonistic glory of athletics is ancient, older than the exchange society, even older than the Greeks who brought it to an Olympian peak. The virtues and principles of athletic achievement are not those of liberal society. Indeed, to a considerable extent they are antithetical. A team's success is built on the loyalty, obedience, and self-sacrifice of the players. It is not reducible to the achievements of the various individuals of which it is comprised. The priority is reversed: one does well as a player insofar as one carries out one's assigned role. Within this context the liberal values of autonomy, self-determination, critical detachment toward proffered ends, and a propensity to question authority are not major virtues; indeed, they are not virtues at all.

The point? I'm coming to that.

It is perpetually tempting to suppose that all goods come together in one tidy package. Or at least that they will so array themselves if only we play our cards right. Liberals are perhaps especially prone to that fantasy. In the free society, we proclaim, a thousand flowers bloom! And so they do. But

other botanical specimens don't fare so well. For these a liberal regime is barren ground. Professional athletics is, I believe, one of them. To the extent that autonomy and profit-maximization supplant archaic virtues of self-sacrifice and loyalty for the sake of the greater whole, the drama becomes watery and weak. Such, for better or worse, has transpired. (Participants in high school and collegiate athletics are unpaid, foully exploited functionaries dominated by autocratic coaches. Not coincidentally, sports at these levels retains their charms.)

The moral, then, is that goods are ineradicably diverse and cannot all be packaged together. When we gain we also lose. Sometimes the gains compensate for the losses, sometimes they do not. It is indeed a loss when .240 hitters jump from team to team as they market themselves for multi-billion-dollar salaries and deferred payments well into the twenty-first century; it is a loss when one has to pronounce with a straight face names like "Utah Jazz." A free society justifies even enormities such as these. Still, I do miss the energy and fervor and disciplined intensity of a sparkling season of baseball. That, for the uninitiated, is the game of games, and is best played by 16 teams in two leagues.

Ah well. Maybe I'll go hunt for the best tenth birthday present this boy ever got, a genuine major league ball outgraphed by The Mick.

—LEL

The murderer as hero? — On June 17, 1994, a former football player and current professional advocate of a rental-car agency was accused in Los Angeles of the brutal murder of his former wife and her 25-year-old friend. The football player fled arrest and was chased. Cornered, he was coaxed into dropping his gun and was arrested.

When news of the football player's flight was broadcast, the route of the chase was lined by thousands of people eager to express their love for him. Many of these people followed him to the scene of his final confrontation with the police, where they staged a party in his honor. Meanwhile, people on television also expressed love for the "hero," the "American icon," the "fun person," the "kind, generous man" who five years previously had been convicted of beating the wife whom he now has allegedly killed. (He was sentenced to take therapy by phone.) Some television personalities harped on the theme of innocent people condemned for crimes they did not commit. Many said that their "prayers were with" the accused murderer.

What provoked the audience's reaction? Sympathy for the underdog? A healthy skepticism about police accusations? Or was it something else? Perhaps it had something to do with religious fanaticism, though not of any traditional American kind.

On the same June day, a judge in Texas dealt out sentences of up to 40 years in prison to members of a religious cult, chiefly for the crimes of purchasing and possessing weapons. The cultists had apparently procured these weapons to defend themselves from government agents. Their apprehensions were realized when government agents invaded their home, provoking a battle, a siege, and the massacre of over 80 people, many of them children, some of them too badly burned to permit a precise body count. A jury acquitted the cult members of the substantial charges against them, leaving



only those relating to weapons. When the foreman of the jury heard the savage sentences meted out on those charges, she broke into outraged tears.

The judge, however, called the cult members "terrorists" and likened them to the conspirators who bombed the World Trade Center. No crowds formed to protest the sentences. The woman who ordered the final attack on the cultists' home because she thought they were "child abusers" remains the much-applauded attorney general of the United States, despite the fact that she was proved to have thought wrong about virtually everything that led to the massacre. No phase of the trial was closely followed by the media. No national media time was spent in prayer for the cultists, alive or dead. If there was sympathy for the underdog or healthy suspicion about police accusations, it was politely muffled. From the beginning, the media had been unremittingly hostile to the cultists, as the media are to all "violent" people, so long as those people are not prominent in sports, film, or government.

On June 15, while driving through Los Angeles, I heard an elderly black lady try to explain to a talk show host that although she wasn't sure if O.J. Simpson had killed anyone, and she hoped he hadn't, she wasn't very concerned about the case. "They're making him out a hero, but he's just a guy who played football. He's not a hero! Jesus was a hero!"

She had a point. But the religion of the mob — from the Sixpacks on the freeway to the New Agers at the anchor deck — is not Christianity, of any kind. Nor is it the American civic religion of liberty and justice for all. It is the paganism of the football hero, of the kind of person whom the Romans, in their dotage, used to deify. —SC

O.J., Waco, and Letterman — David Letterman has refrained from mentioning O.J. Simpson's case on his television show on grounds that "double murders aren't funny." I don't want to try to tell Letterman what's funny and what isn't, or what to talk about or what to avoid. But just how funny is the invasion of an eccentric religious community by government agents that resulted in ten homicides?

During the truce between the Davidians and the FBI, Letterman made nightly jokes ridiculing the Davidians. Is it possible that these jokes might have desensitized Americans to the violence that followed, when the FBI renewed its attack, resulting in nearly 100 additional homicides? How funny was that, Dave?

Is it that double homicides are unfunny but mass murder is hilarious? Or has Letterman learned something from his litany of anti-Davidian jokes? —RWB

Silver lining — The one good thing to emerge from the O.J. Simpson case is that it finally raises public awareness of professional football. —CS

Murder most foul — Only a few days have passed since O.J. Simpson was arrested for the brutal murder of his ex-wife and her male "friend," but already we have learned that the real significance of the episode is that spouse abuse is a far worse problem than previously appreciated. Part of the problem, we have been told, is that victims of spouse-abuse often refuse to prosecute, which enables the pattern of abuse

to escalate, resulting in gory murders of the sort allegedly perpetrated by the former football star. One politician — Hubert Humphrey, Jr — has proposed broad-based measures to deal with the problem, including mandatory overnight jail sentences of those accused of abuse and taking away from the victim of abuse the right to withdraw charges. In other words, he proposes to make spouse abuse a crime for which one can be incarcerated without such niceties as constitutional rights.

Among the many obvious complexities overlooked by the politicians and media bozos are the unhappy facts that family relations are extremely nuanced and complex, while the hand of government is crude and unsubtle. Police who are reluctant to intervene in domestic quarrels are often acting sensibly, both for themselves and for society. Their intervention only temporarily stops the abuse, which tends to return ratcheted to a higher level. Spouses are often reluctant to press charges because their emotions are complicated and ambivalent. Very often they remain in love with their abuser. If Junior Humphrey's program is enacted, victims of spouse abuse will be more reluctant to call the authorities. What good will that do?

Spouse abuse may be a problem for which there is no perfect solution, and one about which government can do precious little. It is not a simple criminal-victim sort of thing, but a problem that is shared by both the abuser (who shouldn't be hitting his spouse, or acting like a lunatic) and the abusee (who shouldn't stay in a relationship with an abuser).

In the meantime, I suspect the best way to mitigate the damage caused by spouse abuse is for its victims to refuse to be victims. So-called "experts" seem to agree that spouse abuse seldom takes the form of isolated incidents and that its violence usually escalates over time. If its victims left the relationship at an early sign of abuse — *before* it reached felonious levels — the damage would certainly be far less.

Discussion in the media has pretty much tacitly assumed that all abusers are male and all victims female. However, there are also cases in which a female abuses a male, though these often go unreported because the victims fear embarrassment. But it seems likely that most abusers are men, if only because men are generally bigger and stronger than women. Which brings to mind a unique American tool, the "equalizer." The smallest woman holding a Colt .45 has little to fear from the biggest man.

I recall hearing Dolly Parton tell a story on David Letterman's talk show about an experience she had on the street when she first came to New York. She was only 18, and she dressed the same way she did back home — i.e., like a hooker. An inebriated man propositioned her, was rebuffed, refused to take "no" for an answer, and began to assault her. Dolly happened to be carrying a gun in her purse just like she did back home, and the man learned to act like a gentleman very quickly. Letterman's audience gasped when she mentioned the gun — apparently the idea of a teenage girl being able to defend herself didn't sit too well with them — and Dolly quickly apologized, saying she was young and didn't know any better and of course she would never carry a gun today.

You have to wonder what would have happened to her if Dolly hadn't been carrying her "equalizer" that day. At the

very least, she would have been assaulted, perhaps raped, perhaps killed. As it was, the man walked away with his tail between his legs and no one even bothered to report the incident to the police. And I suspect that man may have thought twice before making unwelcome advances to strangers in the future.

Of course, Baby Huey and his pals in the media are not going to propose letting people pack handguns. Nor are they going to suggest that victims of spouse abuse should accept responsibility for their own actions and leave relationships that become abusive. Every problem has a solution, and every "solution" involves giving the government more power. —RWB

Non-sequiturissimo — Sen. Dale Bumpers explains his opposition to term limits: "If you lose the institutional memory of the individuals in Congress, the result will be that Congress will just repeat the same mistakes." Right, Senator, getting new people in will cause Congress to repeat the same mistakes, but keeping the same old guys around forever will bring in lots of new ideas and keep mistakes from being repeated. And the way to stop an epidemic is to send infected people back into the afflicted city. —CAA

Slouching toward Jerusalem — That great soap opera, the Middle East Peace Process, continues to weave its way toward either cancellation or conclusion. After decades of refusing to acknowledge each other's existence, Israel and the PLO arrived last year at an accord of sorts: Israel would throw Jewish settlers off their land in Gaza and the West Bank if the PLO would suppress the *intifada* for Israel. But there still remained a few thorny questions — most notably, who would get Jerusalem. Israel and the PLO both wanted it; both knew the other wanted it; both knew the issue would have to be dealt with eventually.

In May, Yassir Arafat made the mistake of calling for a *jihad* to attain Jerusalem for the Palestinians. Now, "jihad" means "holy war," but in a figurative sense; there are no necessary implications of violence. Unfortunately, the intricacies of the Arabic language are frequently lost on Israeli and American leaders, who know damn well that "jihad" means swarms of swarthy A-Rabs killing Westerners at random for the glory of Allah. Typical were the comments of the good folks at *The New Republic*, who were quick, not only to take offense at the PLO leader's comments, but to denounce anyone who actually knew enough about Islam to set the record straight as an "apologist" for Arafat, that "unsure man who dabbles in the most virulent kind of incitement."

Most of the time, I see the emerging peace plan as a cynical exchange, in which the PLO stops channelling the Palestinian revolt

for the benefit of its financial backers in the Arab nations and starts suppressing it for the Israeli oppressor instead. But *any* step toward peace in that bloody region deserves at least some commendation. Surely, the catty, ignorant insults issuing from Israel's War Party do no one any good. —JW

This C-note gets an F — Senator Patrick Leahy has introduced legislation requiring the recall of all \$100 bills, to be replaced by two new designs — one for circulation in the U.S., another for circulation abroad. The foreign version of the \$100 bill could not enter the U.S. without being exchanged at a bank that is regulated by the U.S. This, he states, would strike a blow to drug dealers. Plus, he figures, many of the outstanding \$100 bills would never be turned in, since the drug lords wouldn't be able to explain how they got them. This would make a tidy profit for the government.

Tell me, have you ever heard anything stupider coming from the mouth of a U.S. senator? I know that senators are idiots, but this has got to take the cake.

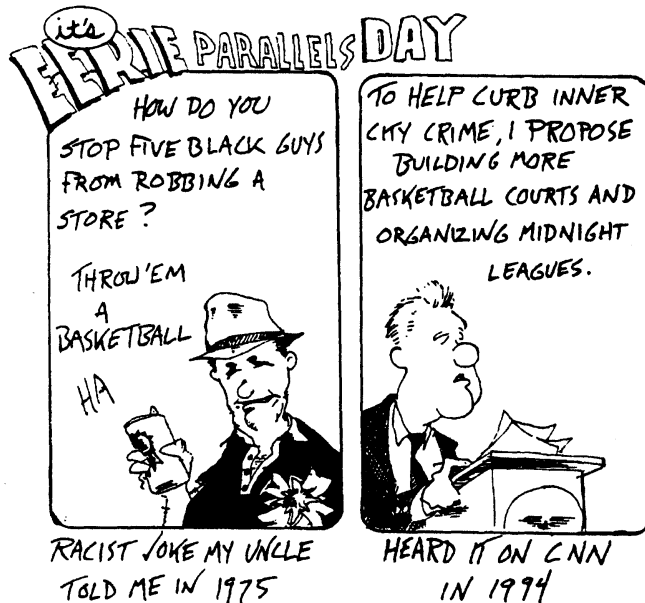
Let's see what's wrong with his idea. First of all, drug lords aren't the only ones who will lose because they don't get their currency exchanged during the six-month exchange period he proposes. A lot of Americans have hidden away some savings for a rainy day in the form of \$100 bills. Most of them are elderly people, who remember bank failures, and most are not very well-off. They are precisely the sort of people who will not hear about the forced exchange, or not trust the bank to exchange their money fairly, or forget to get it done in time. Out of the millions of such people in the United States, there will be tens of thousands who lose much or all of their life savings. Does Leahy want to rip off old, poor people?

Second, the plan will actually have precious little effect on drug lords. It seems a safe bet that most drug lords keep almost all their assets in forms other than paper money. They also realize that cash is the one investment guaranteed to lose money. And they have access to foreign banks, virtually none of which put restrictions on currency deposits or exchanges.

It probably won't hurt drug lords in the future either. If they can smuggle thousands of tons of drugs into the U.S. every year, surely they can figure out how to smuggle the "new" paper money in or out of the country.

Third, there will be a lot of losers in the third world and the ex-Communist nations, where U.S. currency is widely used because local currencies are so worthless and the banks so unreliable. How will these people manage to make the exchange in time?

Fourth, it will be an incredible hassle for every person who ever leaves the U.S., and I'm not just talking about tourists visiting



Europe. Hundreds of thousands of people cross the border to Canada or Mexico every day, often for visits that last only a few hours. Can you imagine the cost and inconvenience if every time anyone enters or leaves the U.S., he has to exchange any money he is carrying?

But the U.S. government will be the big loser. The U.S. dollar is the world's currency. It is used in almost every country on earth. The reason it is so widely used is that it is of unquestioned value. If it can only be exchanged for money that can be imported into the U.S. at a bank supervised by the U.S. government, it will no longer be the super-convenient, super-liquid form of money it is today. If Senator Leahy's measure becomes law, *demand for U.S. dollars overseas will vanish.*

And this would be a disaster for Americans. At any given moment, there are billions of U.S. dollars circulating overseas. The \$100 bill that circulates overseas is different from the \$100 bill that circulates at home: it cannot be used to pay taxes and cannot be used to buy stuff in the U.S., so it doesn't affect inflation. In effect, every \$100 bill that circulates overseas is like a check you write but no one ever cashes. Every \$100 bill circulating overseas represents a profit to the U.S. government of more than \$99.

Surely, even the officials of Bill Clinton's Treasury Department can figure this out.

But then, why can't Senator Pat Leahy? —RWB

Ship of Canucks — Why would no cruise ship accept only Canadians aboard? Because they might suddenly all flock together to the portside, flipping the ship over. It could be for any reason — say, for discovering that, in a starboardside cabin, there is a revolver that does not belong to a policeman or a soldier. Or that somebody there is smoking. Or has posted some pornography.

Canada is really ripe for tyranny. With no revolutionary tradition, I fear the people will accept anything the government wants to impose on them. Some of them are actually begging for it. The Canadians have become, as de Tocqueville put it, "a flock of timid and industrious animals, of which the government is the shepherd."

After he travelled to Quebec City in 1850, Henry David Thoreau wrote: "We were constantly meeting with soldiers in the streets. . . . Sometimes they were carrying some kind of military chest on a sort of bier or hand-barrow, with a springy, undulating, military step, all passengers giving way to them, even the charette-drivers stopping for them to pass — as if the battle were being lost from an inadequate supply of powder."

I have decided that I am not going to defend Canadian "federalism" against the separatists any longer. From the Trudeau government through the present one, the federal state has succeeded in changing this country in such a way that there is basically nothing left to defend. With a Quebec tyranny, the members of the right tribe (say, my fellow descendants of the *coureurs des bois*) may perhaps hope to exert some influence in favor of liberty. —PL

Ought there be a law? — In their continuing debate over the state of the law (January, May, and July 1994), contributing editor Sandy Shaw and reader Randy Debber

both have it right — and both have it wrong. Sandy is surely correct: there are indeed too many laws and regulations in this society. But so is Debber: there has never been nor shall there ever be, an advanced society with millions of inhabitants governed by just 100 or even 1,000 laws, as Sandy proposes. Society, as Debber points out, is just too complicated.

But Sandy has it exactly right if she will accept one minor modification to her proposal and one major amendment to her list of consequences. First, in the place of "laws," say "legal principles." Second, the chief problem with the current system is not the "chaos" Sandy fears, but uncontrolled and oppressive rule by a self-perpetuating, unelected bureaucracy whose power lies in the mind-numbing maze and unfathomable minutiae of the regulatory regime. (The 9,306 pages of the federal tax code are the best reason to repeal the income tax.)

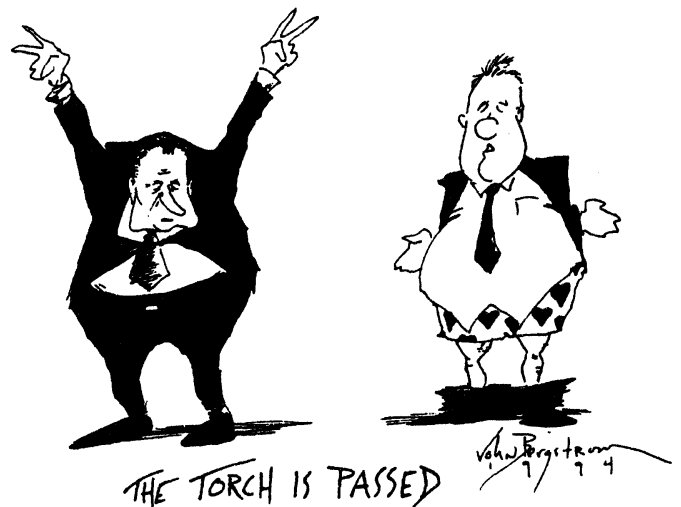
The ten examples of complex cases that Debber provides all raise difficult issues of human action and intent — issues better resolved by tribunals applying general principles of law and justice, not Kafkaesque labyrinths of administrative regulations or self-contained bureaucratic netherworlds that serve only their own perpetuation. —RL

A modest proposal — According to the *New York Times* (March 20, 1994), the annual cost per student for public schooling in New York State runs as high as \$46,000. Thus, over twelve years of schooling, a kid runs up a tab of \$552,000 plus interest. This expense is a crime against the taxpayers.

Allow me to make a proposal. Take, say, only \$40,000 a year from the taxpayers, thus saving \$6,000 per student per year. Close the schools and sell the property to the highest bidder. Release the students from all obligations to attend public school.

With the school taxes that continue to be paid, invested at interest, a fund will be accumulated for each student that will reach well in excess of \$500,000 by the time a student reaches age 18. At that time the student will be awarded the money, which will be sufficient, if invested in the stock market, to provide an income well in excess of \$50,000 per year on average forever. No one, not even the person too lazy to work, need ever be poor.

The taxpayers will benefit. The students will benefit, and not only financially: they will now be able to control their time during the years they would otherwise have been incar-



cerated in the enervating and dangerous public schools, and they will avoid the ideological claptrap with which they would have been inculcated by the public school teachers. Society at large will benefit, too: the school's physical property and the teachers' and administrators' labor power will be released for productive use.

What have we got to lose? Only the subsidy we pay to public school employees. So what are we waiting for? —RH

The ill-tempered libertarian — A co-worker of mine emigrated from Poland in the days when the verb "to defect" was not just an anachronism. Our conversations are not always entirely civil:

Co-worker: I see in the news that Poland elected the left-wing party.

Me: Yeesh. Don't those people ever learn?

Co-worker: There was 30% unemployment under capitalism. People were starving.

Me: Great, now they can all starve equally!

Co-worker: People do not starve under socialism.

Me: Hahaha! Tell that to the millions of Ukrainians who died under Stalin!

Aside from explaining why I have a dwindling number of friends, this is a good example of how *not* to act if you want to advance the idea of liberty. Don't provoke people. Don't act like you have all the answers. Use dialectic to allow people to arrive at their own ineluctable truths.

But provocation is a two-way street, and we have to be allowed to exercise our freedom of speech when Aunt Dorothea delivers a half-hour monologue at the family barbecue about the terrors of acid rain. People may take too long to arrive at ineluctable truths. Many a federal budget has gone colder than vichysoise while libertarians waited patiently for voters to get the hint.

So I've decided to accentuate the positive. There are strengths to the libertarian mindset that would make even a liberal with money envious. We should exercise these assets mercilessly until they crush any skepticism harbored by the general public.

- **Libertarians are persistent.** It is for this reason that your host's chin goes slack whenever someone mentions "gun control" within your earshot at parties. While it is undeniably useful in arguments, one would also do well to remember that persistence goes a long way toward explaining why most Americans still preface Ted Kennedy's name with "Senator."



- **Libertarians are fun to be around.** Devotees favor the decriminalization of marijuana and prostitution. This makes for better parties than getting together to pass the hat for the Sandinista Defense Fund.
- **Libertarians are capable of unusual insights.** If Ayn Rand and Nathaniel Branden could come up with a moral justification for sleeping together right under their spouses' noses, we should be able to lick world hunger in a week flat.
- **Libertarians make good houseguests.** Strong defense of the right to personal property means you'll never have to worry about coming home to discover that the entire contents of your underwear drawer have been faxed to the White House.
- **Libertarians won't ask to borrow taxpayers' money to finance their hopes and dreams.** If I have to explain this one to you, you should be reading another magazine.
- **Libertarians know how to say "no."** Far from the Nancy Reagan version of naysaying, this is knowing when and what to refuse. Mommy, can we nationalize health care? *No.* Mommy, can we repeal the Constitution? *No!* Mommy, can we nuke the bad guys from orbit? *No — oh, all right, but don't tell your father.*
- **No libertarian has ever been elected president.** Just think of the things we can't be blamed for: the federal deficit, the S&L crisis, the EPA, the NSA, the CIA, OSHA, and other assorted abbreviations, including Robert Reich.

—Guest reflection by Patricia Hanson

Lew "Ideological Diversity" Rockwell —

When Llewellyn Rockwell and Murray Rothbard left the mainstream libertarian movement in 1990, they promised that their new "paleolibertarian" movement would advance libertarian ideas among American conservatives. As nearly as I can tell, they spent the next four years attacking their former allies, usually in lurid terms, and making themselves more palatable to conservatives by retreating from their own libertarian views.

That is why it was such a pleasure to see Rockwell delivering a more-or-less libertarian message at the recent National Review Leadership Conference. His plain intention was to convince conservatives to move in a libertarian direction, by briefly reviewing the history of opposition to the "consolidated egalitarian welfare state," concluding with a discussion of the opposition to the New Deal: "The coalition disagreed on many matters, but they had better things to do than to try to excommunicate each other. Every pen and every voice was essential to the cause." Rockwell ended with a clarion call for a "coalition of free enterprisers, traditionalists, and radical anti-statists":

The enemy of liberty was to be found, not overseas, but in Washington, D.C. The antifederalists saw what others did not, and sounded the alarm. So did the Southern Republicans and the anti-New Dealers. Each of these groups, built on diversity in particulars but agreement on broad principles, opposed consolidated government.

But weren't they all on the losing side? Yes: they had the courage to stick to principle regardless of cost. They knew that the history books might condemn them, yet they looked beyond history, and saw that one day they would face a higher judge than popular or academic opinion.

It is on the shoulders of these great men that we stand even if we rarely acknowledge it. And these same men point the way to a coalition for liberty today.

We face an ominous threat. If Hamilton wanted a too strong executive, Clinton wants total obedience. If Lincoln suspended legal protections, Ira Magaziner has open contempt for the rule of law itself. If the New Deal meant the passage of the Social Security ponzi scheme, Hillary wants to make insurance fraud official government policy with costs that could eventually dwarf World War II's.

That is why we need unity, but with tolerance for diversity within that unity as we fight the consolidated government of the egalitarian welfare state. We may not win. Future generations may not even thank us for having fought. But we will have done what we know to be right. As Patrick Henry said, "We are descended from a people whose government was founded on liberty. Our country is great, not because our government is strong and energetic, but because liberty is its direct end and foundation." Nothing can be more important than fighting to preserve and enlarge that foundation, as our predecessors did in 1776, 1787, 1860, and 1932. Surely, we can all agree on that.

My first inclination was to wonder whether this is a different Llewellyn Rockwell than the one I had come to know. "We need unity, with tolerance for diversity . . . a coalition for liberty"? "The coalition . . . had better things to do than to try to excommunicate each other"? "Every pen and every voice was essential to the cause"? Where is the Llewellyn Rockwell who sought to excommunicate those who disagreed with him on peripheral matters? Who has attacked virtually every libertarian not affiliated with his paleolibertarian movement? Who denounces "tolerance" as a matter of course? Who habitually refers sneeringly to one leading libertarian with the sobriquet "Sexual Diversity"?

Is this new openness to difference of opinion a retreat from the vicious dogmatism of his recent past? Or is Rockwell's newly discovered love of diversity a purely strategic pose, a recognition of the political reality that Rockwell's paleo views are a tiny minority within the right wing? Is Rockwell's sudden embrace of tolerance akin to the traditional Communist support for freedom of speech only when out of power? Time will tell.

Rockwell's lecture included one very peculiar passage: "From the early part of the [nineteenth] century there was one glaring exception to economic freedom." Rockwell was not here referring, as one might expect, to the human slavery practiced in the Old South. The outright ownership of one human being by another, the brutal treatment, the breaking up of families, the suppression of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness — all this escaped Rockwell's attention. Instead, the "one glaring" violation of freedom in the early nineteenth century was "the northern tariff, designed to protect northern industry against European competition." I suspect that this oversight may have its origin in Rockwell's persistent efforts to attract southern right-wingers to his paleo coalition.

Could the conservatives gathered at the conference agree with Rockwell that "nothing is more important than fighting to preserve and enlarge that foundation [of liberty]" as Rockwell thought they "surely" would?

Not if the speeches that followed were any indication. Next to the podium was Karlyn Bowman of the American Enterprise Institute, who offered what she called "a very different perspective from Llewellyn's." Bowman argued that the alliance Rockwell proposed "cannot win broad-based political support . . . because Americans are profoundly ambivalent about the state . . . At one and the same time, they see government as both a problem solver and a problem causer . . . they believe the federal government should do many things."

This would have been a pretty good argument against Rockwell if he had been arguing that a conservative-libertarian alliance was a good way to grab power. But, of course, he explicitly eschewed this sort of argument.

That session of the conference ended with a lengthy talk by Newt Gingrich, clearly its most popular speaker. Gingrich spent considerable time criticizing Rockwell, even at the price of heaping praise on Franklin Roosevelt. But the most chilling evidence that liberty has a tough row to hoe in the conservative movement came from his description of the new laws to be introduced when conservative Republicans gain control of the House of Representatives:

Ten bills that will be our contract with the American people, including bills on anti-violent crime, on welfare reform to require work and to minimize teenage pregnancies out of wedlock, to stop illegal aliens from coming in and getting money from the welfare state, to strengthen our national defense.

In short: federalize law enforcement, expand the welfare state, crack down on illegal aliens, and, in a world where the United States already has the most overwhelming military power in human history, achieved at stupendous cost to the taxpayer, jack up military spending still higher. Nowhere in this legislative agenda is a single measure that advances human liberty. Gingrich's enumeration of this agenda brought cheers from the assembled conservatives.

Those who want to build a coalition with conservatives to advance the cause of freedom have their work cut out. —RWB

Ezra Taft Benson, 1899–1994 — On May 30, Ezra Taft Benson, president of the eight-million-member Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, died at the age of 94. Benson would not have labelled himself a libertarian, and *Liberty* is not a magazine noted for its sympathy for religionists, so some may find it odd to note the passing of this religious leader in its pages.

But when Joseph Smith, founder of the LDS (better known as Mormon) Church, was asked how he governed his people, he replied, "I teach them correct principles, and they govern themselves." These words, often quoted by Ezra Taft Benson, could easily pass as the motto of libertarianism.

What did Benson consider these "correct principles" to be? "The first basic principle," he said, "is agency." *Agency* is the right and duty of all individuals to act for themselves, to be accountable for their own actions, and to accept the consequences of that agency. Inherent in the freedom to succeed is the freedom to fail, for without those twin freedoms we are all doomed to an equal mediocrity.

For Benson, the *family* was the place where correct principles should be taught, and he urged parents to teach by "lov-

ing example," never through force or "unrighteous dominion." He encouraged families to gather together once a week for a evening of instruction and activities. "The family unit is forever," he said, "and you should do everything in your power to strengthen that unit." Benson believed that if families would do this, there would be no need for intrusive government.

As an Idaho farmboy raised on the realities of hard work and self-reliance, Benson harbored no sympathy for those who demanded government handouts and protections. As secretary of agriculture from 1953 to 1961, he fought fearlessly to reverse the legacy of the New Deal's socialization of farms. "We must steadfastly pursue and strengthen the course which leads toward greater individual freedom and self-reliance." One of his first actions as secretary was to begin dismantling the sprawling farm bureaucracy. His beliefs were unpopular, but his logic convincing.

But Benson's tough stand against handouts did not mark him as a man who lacked compassion for the needy. In fact,

he helped administer his church's far-reaching welfare system, demonstrating convincingly that the needs of the poor can be satisfied through private volunteerism, without government intervention.

A tireless opponent of "Godless Communism," Benson warned against the socialist temptation and prayed continuously for the world's oppressive dictatorships to be brought down. In his June 4 eulogy, Gordon B. Hinckley noted the irony of the double obituary printed in the May 31 *Wall Street Journal*, which listed the deaths of "Ezra Taft Benson, 94, . . . in Salt Lake City, and Eric Honecker, East German leader, 81, who built the Berlin Wall." These two men who died the same day represent the opposite principles of persuasion and force.

Ezra Taft Benson exemplified genuine leadership through encouragement, example and persuasion. His years of service brought him little in the way of money or glory, but the world is today a freer place than it would have been without him.

—Jo Ann Skousen

Letters, continued from page 6

hate Rothbard, Rothbard hates them, and they all hate the Libertarian Party. What gives?

There is a story here. And I think all of this is connected. I hate to quote or paraphrase R. Emmett Tyrrell (because he's a nitwit), but there is a libertarian crack-up here.

John A. Kelleher
Summit, N.J.

Who Is Garrett Gare?

I have read *The Driver*, and Justin Raimondo's claims ("Reclaiming the Right," July 1994) are ludicrous. Yes, the hero's name is Galt; yes, it's set in the business world; yes, it's about a business genius who creates a fantastic railroad network, starting from old, bankrupt ideas (not exactly what Dagny does); yes, he is harrassed and persecuted by the envious—but the story sure ain't *Atlas Shrugged*.

The stories bear only the broadest of similarities. The same could be said of any number of adventure or mystery novels. That doesn't mean the authors plagiarized from each other; it has more to do with the kind of stories they were writing. In broad outlines, the Rand and Garrett novels are similar, because that kind of story makes for a good conflict set in the business world.

To say that Rand *intellectually* plagiarized Garrett is even more ridiculous—Garrett's story had very little in the

way of intellectual issues to it, and where it did, he took the classic "stand up for the lone heroic individual" approach typical of westerns.

Marsha Familiaro Enright
Chicago, Ill.

Still Enlightening After All These Years

I never heard of *The Driver* until I read R.W. Bradford's "Was Ayn Rand a Plagiarist?" (May 1994). It looks as though, years after her death, Ayn Rand's genius still enlightens the path to the good works of the past, to be rediscovered and enjoyed anew.

Michael Bennett
Sharon Hill, Penn.

Secret Agenda Exposed

In the May "Medianotes," R.W. Bradford takes a swipe at me for repeatedly citing myself in a recent essay in *Critical Review*. He neglects to mention that my essay was a reply to an article that criticized a previous essay of mine. To defend the original essay, I had to quote from it. Little did I suspect that someone might count the footnotes without reading the article! But I suppose if Bradford took the trouble to actually research his potshots, *Liberty* would be a much thinner magazine.

Critical Review critically scrutinizes the doctrines breezily taken for granted by many *Liberty* writers, including Bradford. So it's understandable that he

would want to take me down a peg. But surely he could have found a more substantive way to do it than this.

Jeffrey Friedman
Editor, *Critical Review*
New Haven, Conn.

Bradford responds: How Friedman infers from my brief note that I didn't read his article is beyond me. Perhaps he is convinced that had I read his article I would have been so mesmerized that I would not have noticed his orgy of self-citation.

Of course, I recognize that when replying to criticism, one might occasionally need to quote from one's original piece. But it is manifestly possible to respond without citing oneself as exhaustively as Friedman, as an examination of other responses in *Critical Review* reveals. It is also worth noting that a quarter of Friedman's self-citations are not from the essay under consideration.

Although most of *Liberty's* writers agree with most libertarian views, I doubt they do so "breezily" or without scrutiny, if we are to judge from their writing in *Liberty*. Although *Liberty's* focus goes beyond theoretical issues, writers in these pages have challenged enough libertarian shibboleths—inalienable rights, the non-aggression axiom, isolationism, etc.—to be described by *Whole Earth Review* as "the leading internal theoretical journal of the libertarian movement."

Medianotes

Clift notes — Eleanor Clift, token nitwit of *The McLaughlin Group*, had a ready answer when asked what national interest is involved in Haiti: All those refugees drifting into Florida. Funny — I don't recall her suggesting an invasion of Cuba when Florida was inundated with refugees from Castro. —RWB

The tarantula and the widow — Of the many things Richard Nixon was called in his day, my favorite, for its sheer inappropriateness, came from James Brown: "funky, funky president." Funky Dick's death has apparently inflated his reputation. Amidst the flood of saccharine sewage the hagiographers have spewed, only Gore Vidal in *The Nation* and Hunter Thompson in *Rolling Stone* managed to produce the sort of witty, nasty commentary the occasion called for.

Still, the Nixon love-in at least provoked a backlash. When Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis died, we were to be spared *nothing*. It's not Jackie O. herself that I don't care for, mind you — it's the sort of nonsense the eulogizers all felt they had to say about her. Maybe if I'd been alive in 1963, I might better understand how one woman could "bring the nation together" after the "national tragedy" of the Kennedy assassination. Did people really think like that back then?

But it is rude, they say, to speak ill of the dead. So: rest in peace, Jacqueline Onassis. You had to put up with a lot in your time, but you always managed to keep your dignity. And you were one funky first lady. —JW

All it takes is guts — Substitute hosts on Rush Limbaugh's radio program are an interesting lot. They range from the relatively boring Tony Snow and Mary Matalin, two Bush administration flunkies, to Rep. Robert Dornan of California, the nuttiest (and most entertaining) member of Congress.

Rush's best stand-in by far is economist and syndicated columnist Walter Williams. Williams may not be as good an entertainer as Limbaugh, but he has one thing Rush doesn't: a coherent and somewhat radical point of view. Although Limbaugh is often described as an "ultraconservative," he is basically an ideological pantywaist with both feet planted in the Republican Party.

Rush can raise hell over something like the Paula Jones case or the Rostenkowski indictment, he can really give it to animal-rights activists, and he's pretty good on health care. But beyond that he's on thin ice. I don't think that I have ever heard him raise any concern over a federalism or states' rights issue, or criticize the left-wing "conservatism" of Jack Kemp. He believes that civil rights enforcement is one of the things that the government does well, and when NAFTA was the big issue he supported it without the slightest concern for the sovereignty issues many conservatives raised.

In contrast, Williams has used the program to call for

secession and revolt against tyrannical federal government. He interviewed David Boaz, who much to most callers' horror called for legalizing drugs, and Lew Rockwell, who denounced the Americans with Disabilities Act. Once, Williams referred to anti-smoking puritan Henry Waxman as "wicked" and "evil," then challenged him to a fight in front of the Capitol in which the congressman would have to try to remove a cigarette from Williams' mouth.

Williams dishes out strong medicine to the millions of dittohead faithful. If Rush is an ideological wine cooler, then Williams is a shot of 100-proof bourbon. —CS

Pursuing truth at The New Republic — The editors of *The New Republic* love truth so much, they assigned "reporter-researcher" Joshua Shenk to listen to "just a month" of Rush Limbaugh's broadcasting, to seek out "obvious factual errors." His May 23 article, titled "Limbaugh's Lies," reports the discovery of seven such mistakes, one of which was an obvious slip of the tongue. From these seven "errors" discovered in examining 75 hours of extemporaneous commentary and conversation, Shenk concluded that Limbaugh "twists facts at whim."

Unfortunately, the editors of *Liberty* do not have a spare "reporter-researcher" to examine every word published by *The New Republic* to see whether their record is better than Limbaugh's. But it stands to reason that it would be, since every word published in *TNR* passes through the computers of editors, proofreaders, and (presumably) "reporter-researchers" before it is laid on the black-and-white of the printed page. *TNR's* fact-checking ought to be pretty good, given the high regard in which its editors hold the truth and the vigor of its denunciation of the Big Mouth.

Sure.

In a page and a half of upbraiding the White House press corps for "snooping into the private affairs" of Bill and Hillary Clinton, Martha Gellhorn makes the following factual claims in the June 27 *New Republic*:

During the Roosevelt administration, "radios cost too much for the mass of Americans," so "apart from newsreels, the print press had almost a complete monopoly on informing the country." In fact, radio was the most popular news and entertainment medium of that period; 77% of American homes had radios in 1940.

"Nine presidents have come and gone since Franklin Roosevelt died . . . These nine men were elected to hold the nation's highest office; the voter's choice and the dignity of the position guaranteed their personal privacy." There have indeed been nine presidents since Roosevelt, but only eight were "elected to hold the nation's highest office." Gerald Ford, of course, was never elected to any office higher (or lower) than representative of Michigan's fifth congressional district.

"In our long, imperfect political story, no acting president has ever been beset by a rat pack chewing on his private life. Repeat: Never before." Two obvious cases overlooked by Ms Gellhorn: the press charged Thomas Jefferson with maintaining a lengthy sexual relationship with Sally Hemmings, a black

slave; and Andrew Jackson's wife was accused of all sorts of moral transgressions.

"In 1947, after ten years of working abroad, I returned to America to live and settled in Washington, D.C. Unknowingly, I rented the house of Helen Gahagan Douglas, the liberal Democratic congresswoman who had just been defeated by Richard Nixon in his first smear campaign . . . After four months . . . I decided I did not want to live in such a country, and left." In the 1946 election, Douglas was re-elected to the House of Representatives and Nixon was elected to his first term. Both were re-elected in 1948. It was not until 1950 that Douglas and Nixon ran against each other for public office, at which time Gellhorn was by her own testimony safely out of the country.

These are just the "obvious factual errors" I spotted in a single short article in *TNR*, gleaned from a quick reading without any fact-checking or research. If I were to examine the other 200± pages published in a month by *TNR*, it seems very likely I would find more. And if I wanted to be picky, I could add another obvious error to my list: Gellhorn's claim that "there was no TV" during Roosevelt's years (the first commercial television station began operation in 1939) — but I won't because, although it is palpably false, it isn't far from the truth; there were practically no TV sets in private hands at the time.

I am not going to blame Gellhorn for her obvious errors of fact. She is a very old woman whose memory is certainly slipping, and even in her salad days her political prejudices interfered with her ability to discern fact from fiction. Ironically, in the midst of this orgy of falsehood, Gellhorn condemns other journalists — those critical of "the spiritual heirs of the Roosevelts" (the Clintons) — for failing in their duty to "praise what this young president has already accomplished," and more broadly for failing "to fulfill its absolute duty: discover, verify, and report facts" (emphasis hers).

Gellhorn may be too senile or addled to verify her facts, but the editors of *TNR* are not. They had plenty of opportunities to fact-check the piece. It is hard to imagine that any editor at *TNR* could read the piece and fail to recognize the obvious falsehoods it contained. But no one corrected them.

Gellhorn's obvious errors suggest that *TNR* is not as committed to getting the facts straight as it suggests, and that *TNR* isn't really upset with Limbaugh for his occasional factual glitch. It's just easier to denounce him as a liar than to deal with his arguments against many of *TNR*'s cherished beliefs or the competition he offers in the business of opinion-mongering. —RWB

From beyond the grave — Karl Hess inspired a lot of people during his lifetime. To judge from recent evidence, his influence continues even after his death.

Consider these words, released over Hess's signature in a direct-mail package for the Libertarian Party:

Though I stood near the pinnacle of power in the Republican Party, I chose to walk away.

I was the principal author of the 1960 and 1964 Republican platforms.

I was Barry Goldwater's speechwriter when he ran for the White House.

I was an early contributor to *National Review*.

I wrote speeches for Richard Nixon and Gerald Ford.

I rode in limousines with police and gawking crowds on all sides.

Why did I turn my back on power?

. . . Henry David Thoreau said it and it's never been said better, "In the long run men hit only what they aim at."

Now read this excerpt from LP Chair Steve Dasbach's column in the June *Libertarian Party News*:

Karl was a principal author of the 1960 and 1964 Republican platforms. He was Barry Goldwater's speechwriter during Goldwater's presidential campaign, wrote for Richard Nixon and Gerald Ford, and was an early contributor to *National Review*. He stood at the pinnacle of power.

Yet he chose to walk away from a bright future within the Republican Party to join the Libertarian Party. Why?

Henry David Thoreau said it best: "In the long run men hit only what they aim at."

Obviously, Hess has made a strong impression on how Dasbach chooses to express himself. One might say that Dasbach's column is a very sincere form of flattery. —JW

A slice of enthusiasm — As we survey the prospects for the continued growth of the libertarian movement, middle-aged libertarians like me tend to be upset at the paucity of libertarian publications written, edited, and published by young people. There was a profusion of such publications in the 1960s and 1970s, but lately it seems there is little encouraging coming from campus presses.

Of course, there are a large number of campus publications subsidized by foundation grants, some of which have substantial participation by young libertarians. But where are the zines or tabloids or mimeographed sheets of our own youth, motivated only by their editors' desire to produce something of value, something good? And how can our movement prosper and grow without their youthful enthusiasm?

Okay, I admit it. I am an old fogey, puffed up with self-importance. Why, back in my time, young punks like me weren't content just to write for campus conservative publications or school newspapers or other subsidized media. We went out on our own hook, and told the world what we thought. We were regular Cyranos — independent, proud, and tough.

I first noticed this fogeyism a couple years ago, when I had a long talk with a college student who had asked my advice on organizing a student libertarian conference. Before I could make any suggestions, he told me what he had already planned. He would invite three speakers, offer them expenses plus a substantial honoraria. He would rent meeting space in a conference center, and advertise on college campuses in several states for students to attend the conference. The students would fill out applications, and he and a committee of adult advisors would select those who would attend. The lucky winners would have their travel expenses, meals, and luxurious lodging paid for. The whole project — which would involve about 15 students, as I recall — would be subsidized with a grant for \$25,000, for which he would apply to a well-heeled foundation.

I tried to suggest that it might be a better idea to organize the conference less opulently, using his own resources and

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The Man vs the Empire State

by Todd Seavey

It's politics. It's entertainment. It's the biggest party-crash since J. Edgar Hoover put on his mink stole and red pumps to upstage Tallulah Bankhead.

Howard Stern signed the Libertarian Party of New York's membership pledge on the air on March 28, 1994. Stern's assistant, Robin Quivers, noted that the freelancer who photographed the occasion was allowed to do so because "he was the first person to ask," and "we Libertarians reward initiative."

It was the giddy climax of a week of strange on-air negotiations between Stern and members of the Libertarian Party that began when the controversial talk radio host decided he would run for governor of New York.

The disc jockey has a simple, three-point campaign platform:

1. Reorganize the tollbooths on roads approaching Manhattan to make them more efficient and less of a hassle for Stern when he drives to work.

2. Reinstitute the death penalty. (On a recent broadcast, Stern listened to Quivers read reports of violent crimes and muttered, "They'd be *dead* in my state.")

3. Fill New York's potholes, possibly with the remains of the executed prisoners. (Road crews would work at night.)

I haven't been a member of the Party in the past, but the prospect of finally having a charismatic, visionary leader inspired me to join. As Hillary Clinton said, we need a "politics of meaning," and Stern is a candidate who speaks to the deeper spiritual issues on American minds — strippers and potholes, for instance.

So on Saturday, March 26, I paid

my \$15 membership fee and even made a pro-Stern statement at an emergency meeting of the LP's state committee. Sure, I thought, it will probably all end in embarrassment and disaster, but it's bound to be an entertaining story. And after all, Stern promised to bring strippers to the party convention.

King of the Oddballs

There was a time when the ideas of free markets and individual rights had such spokesmen as James Madison, Thomas Jefferson, and Patrick Henry. Some might say it's something of a step down from being a philosophy central to the American Revolution to being a running gag on *The Howard Stern Show*.

Stern's candidacy has brought out more tensions within libertarianism — and more feelings of insecurity — than most of the general public realizes. In addition to the conflict between long-time party activists and Stern fans that was so apparent at the convention, there's the tension between big-L Libertarians and small-l libertarians — that is, between people who are actually members of the Party,

and the much larger number of people who hold the philosophy of libertarianism but consider the Party a secondary, or even embarrassing, way of spreading the message.

Several Nobel Prize-winning economists are libertarians — Milton Friedman, James Buchanan — but few such luminaries are deeply involved in Libertarian Party politics these days. And in the 1980s, many prominent Libertarian Party members, inspired in part by the Reagan administration's apparent free-market leanings, left the Party to join libertarian think tanks, most based (amusingly) in Washington, D.C.

Having taken pains to build up credibility at universities, magazines, and such think tanks as the Cato Institute, the Institute for Justice, and the Reason Foundation, some of the prominent libertarians — the Big Whigs, if you will — would prefer to keep their distance from the oddballs left behind in the Party.

Stern's nomination, then, can be seen either as a wonderful boost to the movement or as the final confirmation of the more uppity libertarians' suspicions: that the Party is at

best a goofy publicity stunt. Then there are those like me who feel that if the Party functions mainly to attract attention to libertarian ideas rather than to win elections (with the think tanks, journalists, and economics professors probably having more practical impact), the Stern campaign is perfectly in keeping with the Party's purpose.

Yes, Howard Stern's campaign is at least partly a joke — but that needn't

Stern became the first gubernatorial hopeful to be endorsed by a cartoon chihuahua.

obscure the libertarian message about the larger joke, which is government itself.

Liberty on the Air?

I haven't been a Howard Stern listener in the past, but I tuned in to hear his pre-campaign conversations with LP members. Joe Brennan, 1993 LP mayoral candidate in New York City, acted as Stern's on-air liaison from the New York LP. The state party chairman, Ludwig Vogel, acted as more of an on-air punching bag.

The low point for the less-than-media-savvy chairman may have been when Stern asked Vogel, a first-generation German-American, if his father had been a Nazi. Vogel's timid response was that his father "wasn't in the party." Stern has also mocked the opposition within his own party, complaining that more straight-laced Libertarians are "jealous" of his new status.

On one broadcast, a nervous-sounding Joe Brennan phoned Stern to assure him that the Libertarians who were manning the Party sign-up booth in front of Infinity Broadcasting — and who were overheard telling people that they could join the Party to vote against Stern at the nominating convention — were "just joking."

"The whole thing is so fragile," Brennan told me the day of the emergency state committee meeting. "I've been shaking all week." Brennan has long been a Stern fan. Like many in the Party — pardon me, many of us in the

Party — he likes the publicity Stern is generating, but worries that at a whim from this completely unpredictable media personality, it could all vanish or turn into an *anti*-Libertarian joke. It's very much like trying to play advisor to a mad king.

Naturally, I'm having fun. It has been a joy to listen to Stern's radio show — along with his millions of fans — and wonder how many coherent points about economics and politics will poke through the jokes about lesbians, stutterers, and professional wrestler Terry "Hulk" Hogan. Hogan apparently has a television show in which he plays a black-clad adventurer in a high-tech speedboat who cruises the tropics fighting pirates and Cuban soldiers — but forgive me, I'm getting sidetracked from the real issues: pot-holes and strippers.

Stern seems to be making an honest effort to support libertarian principles, even if they're presented as shtick. A high point was the March 28 broadcast, when Stern and his staff all signed their membership pledges, with Stern alternately saying he wants "less government" and saying things like: "My fans don't care — they want a *leader!*" Actor Danny Baldwin (brother of William and Alec) quickly phoned in an endorsement, urging "all the fans of all the Baldwins to join the Libertarian Party."

Later in the show, comedian Richard Belzer tried to warn Stern away from the Party. "Correct me if I'm wrong, but the Libertarians want to reduce the government to just a standing army and the police, and everybody else just fends for themselves."

"It's called capitalism," responded Stern. When Belzer argued that libertarianism would throw some 60 million people out of work, Stern demanded to know who all these people are. "The retarded! The mentally defective!" insisted Belzer. "We're not here to talk about your relatives," shot back Stern. Belzer remained unpersuaded, noting that "Some drooling guy on the street corner with snot coming out of his nose isn't going to just turn around and get a job."

Quivers, in her usual role as Stern's better-informed straightwoman, calmly noted that under a Libertarian adminis-

tration Belzer would be perfectly free to start his own relief organization. Stern and Belzer then went on to debate whether Superman could have sex with a normal human female without injuring her. (For a more thorough analysis of that topic, see Larry Niven's essay, "Man of Steel, Woman of Kleenex.")

It's not exactly high-brow analysis, but then, how much can one reasonably ask from pop culture? When complex ideas about free markets and individual rights are let loose in the arena of popular media, you can't expect perfect results.

If the Big Whigs honestly hope to see the genie of their ideas escape the bottle of academic think-tanks, they will have to be prepared for strange, even embarrassing standard-bearers. Today Howard Stern, tomorrow a respected college president, the next day a parade of nudist anarchists in Central Park — there are no guarantees.

But Stern argues that he isn't all that ridiculous when compared to "real" politicians, noting the potential Virginia Senate race between Oliver North and Chuck Robb. Reluctantly caving in to Richard Belzer's insistence that North was a CIA drug-runner, Stern contrast-

Stern's campaign is at least partly a joke — but that needn't obscure the libertarian message about the larger joke, which is government itself.

ed himself with North and Robb, pointing out that you wouldn't see *him* involved with drugs, nude rub-downs, and lying to Congress.

After thinking it over, Stern admitted that the women who had recently given him a rub-down were not, in fact, wearing g-strings. He also admitted to using drugs in the past, and he still calls for the repeal of drug laws. Still, he concluded, "I haven't lied to Congress . . . yet." I think New York may well send him to the statehouse.

And even if Stern never becomes governor, it will be educational to watch him become involved in the political process. He and Quivers have repeatedly pointed out the absurdity of

Equal Time laws that require stations broadcasting Stern to give equal air time to all other gubernatorial candidates. They note that incumbents already have all the press access they want, while small parties like the Libertarians go ignored.

It would be nice if Stern were the rough prototype for a new era of political rhetoric, one that values humor above false piety or misguided compassion. In that regard, shortly after Stern's decision to run, the New York LP erected a sign-up booth at the Chuckles comedy club, where, in effect, they opened for Jackie Mason.

Of Chihuahuas, Jaws, and Zoroaster the Subliminal

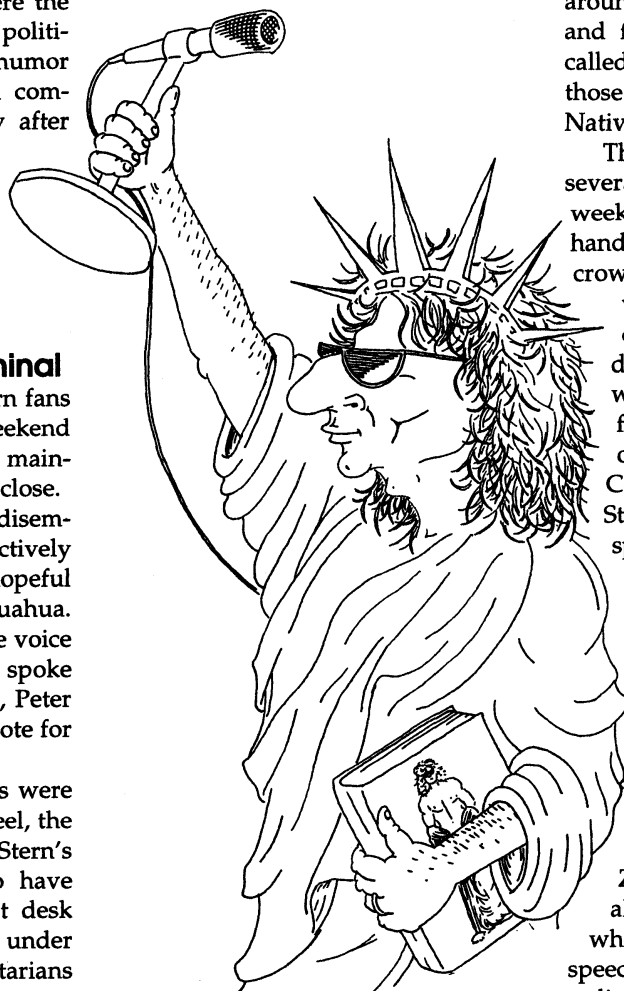
Not unlike the hordes of Stern fans who arrived in Albany on the weekend of April 22-24, I joined the Party mainly to see the Stern juggernaut up close.

As Stern and his entourage disembarked at the convention, he effectively became the first gubernatorial hopeful to be endorsed by a cartoon chihuahua. Entourage member Bill West, the voice of television's Ren and Stimpy, spoke to the crowd in Ren's asthmatic, Peter Lorre-like rasp: "Eef you don't vote for Howard Stern, you're an eediot!"

Most of the convention-goers were staying at the Ramada. David Peel, the yippie folk singer who wrote Stern's campaign song, is reported to have shown up at the Ramada front desk asking for a "courtesy room," under the impression that the Libertarians had rented enough to spare.

I was with a group that included gubernatorial hopeful (and Stern liaison) Joe Brennan. Joel Rosquet met us at the Ramada. Rosquet is something of a professional groupie, and his claim to fame this weekend was his membership in Stern's five-man "ethnic coalition," assembled on the air one day to demonstrate Stern's broad appeal. The coalition had consisted of a Cuban (Rosquet), a Puerto Rican, two blacks, and a midget. The original plan had called for Stern's producer, Gary "Bababooney" Dell'Abate, to find an Asian instead of a Cuban, but Rosquet, encountering Dell'Abate in front of Stern's Infinity Broadcasting HQ, had convinced him to change the plan.

Rosquet had informed us that the Stern people, including a stripper named Tempest and other women with large breasts, were partying by the jacuzzi at the Omni. Our group inadvertently crashed a high school prom at the Omni before finding Rosquet, who



had somehow secured an extra room at the hotel. We learned that Stern had retired for the evening (which is understandable, since his broadcasts begin at 6:00 a.m.) and that much of his entourage was in the bar, which is where we headed. On the way we were joined by Jackie "The Jokeman" Martling, the rapid-fire joke writer who scrawls one-liners on cue cards for Stern during broadcasts (and, as it turns out, during political conventions).

In the bar, I asked Dell'Abate, sometimes called "Monkey" because of his protruding jaws, whether he expected a cabinet position in a Stern administration. "Yes," he replied: "Secretary of Teeth." Meanwhile, women

from the entourage, even the intelligent-seeming production intern named Christine, displayed their navel rings to the patrons.

Nearby, an odd man from Nevada, who had arrived with national LP marketing director Tamara Clark, walked around the bar clad in snakeskin boots and fur, hawking copies of a paper called *The Libertarian Journal*. When those sold out, he began pitching Native American jewelry.

The jewelry salesman was one of several odd factors complicating the weekend for Clark, who had her hands full just dealing with the Stern crowd. By Saturday night, Clark would manage a very strange convention, misplace a hundred-dollar bill, and have to put up with an unexpected roommate from the Stern entourage, 18-year-old street cartoonist Alfredo Colomer (the Puerto Rican in Stern's coalition). Joel Rosquet spent part of Saturday night toying with plans for taking the pressure off Clark, including a scheme to get Colomer to sleep in Chairman Vogel's Aerostar.

To make matters worse, there were rumors that the jewelry salesman had begun to suffer strange delusions since the beginning of the Stern campaign — though in a desert-dwelling Zoroastrian, such things are not always easy to spot. I was skeptical when he told me that he had heard a speech of mine broadcast on Stern's radio show. Only later did I hear that he also believes the Stern show, specially re-edited for western markets, has been broadcasting subliminal messages to him, in one case offering to provide him with a car.

The Formal Politicking Commences

The next day, the main meeting of the convention was held at Albany's Italian-American Community Center. Stern's name was put in nomination by Stern regular Fred "The Elephant Boy" Schreiber, so nicknamed because of a speech impediment that makes him sound like the deformed title character in David Lynch's film *The Elephant Man*. Stern cringed in the back of the

hall during Schreiber's impassioned but nearly incomprehensible speech, pleading with producer Dell'Abate to "get him off — give him the hook."

Stern's nomination was seconded by Kenneth Keith Kallenbach, another Stern regular, known for such strange abilities as the power to make cigarette smoke come out of his ears. Kallenbach briefly praised Stern, then mentioned that he'd had very little sleep. "I took a shower this morning. I fell out of the tub, I was so excited," he said. Next, he complained that he had been unable to get a turkey sandwich at the convention. "Do you want to see my dildo?" he asked, pulling out a sex toy as Vogel ordered him off the stage.

"You should see the looks on the faces of the hard-liners," commented Dell'Abate into his headset, keeping Stern updated on the state of the crowd. Dell'Abate observed that the Libertarians "are very angry people. The last speaker called this 'the Evil Empire State of New York.'" Of would-be gubernatorial candidate Norma "Make It Legal" Segal, Dell'Abate noted: "She had buttons left over from her last Senate campaign, so she just put a sticker over 'Senate' that says 'Governor.'" (Since Stern went on to win the gubernatorial nomination and Segal got the Senate nod, she may since have removed the stickers.)

During the question and answer period, I asked Stern to explain the views of his running mate, former Democrat Stan Dworkin, but Stern insisted that the fact that *he* had picked him was enough. "Trust me. If I tell you he's good, he's good." Dworkin's vague comments about how we were "gonna win this one for the Libertarian Party" and "make life better for every citizen of New York" made him sound like a textbook case of a transparent, government-as-usual politician. Dworkin was the greatest sore spot in the proceedings for the non-Stern-groupie Libertarians.

Tamara Clark, who had expressed concern that Dworkin was no libertarian, helpfully told Dworkin that he could not be nominated for lieutenant governor until he signed the Party pledge, which he did quietly on stage while Stern spoke.

Another gubernatorial hopeful, the warm and matronly Dottie-Lou

Brokaw, had by now been transformed into a virtual Stern groupie, and announced that Dworkin would be coming to her home to discuss libertarian philosophy and have some homemade bread. As Vogel told me later: "I have no reason to believe Dworkin would be rude to Dottie-Lou." So Dworkin probably will talk with the Libertarians, but I can't help feeling he'll only "talk with" them the way any politician "talks

When complex ideas about free markets and individual rights are let loose in the arena of popular media, you can't expect perfect results.

with" trade unions or Elks lodges he's trying to win over.

At the beginning of the day, some old, pre-Stern Libertarians were hoping to delay the vote for lieutenant governor until Sunday, when most of the Stern groupies probably would have left. But in a back-room meeting during the vote for governor, Stern explained to the other candidates that he had no intention of letting Dworkin lose the nomination, that he would get his people to stay until Sunday if necessary, and that he promised to put Libertarians in high-level cabinet positions when he was elected governor.

Persuaded more by the time constraints on the convention (and the much smaller facilities reserved for Sunday) than by the promise of sharing power in an unlikely Stern administration, Chairman Vogel bowed to the inevitable. Once Stern's victory in the gubernatorial vote was announced, Vogel sloppily railroaded a vote on Dworkin as the running mate, without much comment from the other candidates, except for James Ostrowski, who complained about Vogel's bungling of parliamentary procedure, and Dottie-Lou Brokaw, who actually seconded Stern's nomination of Dworkin.

As Brennan told me later, Stern's man would have won eventually, and little could have been gained by prolonging the proceedings. I couldn't help wondering what might have happened

had the vote been delayed until Sunday, but I can hardly claim that the tactic of delay would have been any more "democratic" than the rapid vote on Dworkin. And the vote did technically conform to parliamentary rules — despite screams of anger from Libertarians in the hall and a comment from Robert Goodman, the Party member who first suggested to Stern the possibility of running as a Libertarian, that the meeting should be adjourned until the vote could be conducted in a more organized manner.

When it was over — when Stern's strippers were done dancing on the dais and his fans, looking like heavy-metal groupies compared to the nerdy Libertarians, poured out into the parking lot to hear Stern announce his victory to the world — I noticed Ostrowski walking slowly to his car. "So what do you think?" I asked.

"It's Molsen time," said Ostrowski.

Let the Disruption Begin

On Sunday, Vogel, already seen as a bumbler by many in the Party before the convention, was defeated in his bid for re-election as chairman. That day's business meeting, much smaller than the Saturday circus, was conducted back at the Ramada. New party officers were elected, including such mainstays as Ostrowski and Brennan, but also a newcomer, a die-hard Stern fan named Gerard Lewis. The chunky, unshaven Lewis looked like the old-timers' worst nightmare, someone involved in the Party just as a prank, but he quickly proved himself willing to pitch in, offering to distribute what Vogel described as "several hundred pounds of Libertarian propaganda out in my van."

Vogel later told me that he had expected to lose the chairman position (there had been talk of impeaching him even before the Stern campaign began), but that he was pleased by the election of Gerard Lewis. "Lewis' election holds hope for a good-faith ballot access petition drive." In other words, with Lewis on the state committee to report any anti-Stern sabotage back to Stern, anti-Stern officers will be somewhat constrained. And there are anti-Stern party members who still wish the DJ would go away.

On June 19, Vogel and Peel called a

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Diagnosis in the Therapeutic State

by Thomas Szasz

"... to require medicine, said I, not merely for wounds of the incidence of some seasonal maladies, but, because of sloth and such a regimen as we described, to fill one's body up with winds and humors like a marsh and compel the ingenious sons of Asclepius to invent for diseases such names as fluxes and flatulences — don't you think that disgraceful?"
—Plato, *Republic*¹

Nosology — the scientific classification of diseases — is less than 200 years old. It began with physicians dissecting corpses, comparing the abnormal organs of persons who died of diseases with the normal organs of persons who died in accidents or as a result of violence. And it was

put on a scientific — physical-chemical — foundation by Rudolf Virchow (1821–1902), whose definition of disease as a disturbance in the structure or function of cells, tissues, and organs became the basis of classical nosology.

Until recently, the pathologist's diagnosis, which always trumped the clinician's, was considered to be the correct name of the disease that ailed or killed the patient. However, the pressure of post-war developments in both medical technology and the politics of health care shifted the focus of nosology from *post mortem* to *ante mortem* diagnoses, and from the patient's body to the body politic.

The scientific diagnosis of live patients is, for the most part, a recent technological development. The first diagnostic method, percussion, was "discovered" in 1761 by Leopold Auenbrugger, the son of an innkeeper in Graz. As a youngster he learned to tap caskets of wine to determine the quantity of liquid in the container and applied the technique to the human chest. The systematic measurement of body temperature dates from 1852. The sphygmomanometer was invented in 1896. The more sophisticated tests used today are all twentieth-century developments.

At the present time, the identification of bodily abnormalities in living persons is a highly developed science, making use of an array of sophisticated tools. As a rule, making a clinical diagnosis — that is, finding the lesion/disease (if there is one) to account for a living person's/patient's complaints/symptoms — is a technical routine requiring a standardized interpretation. Fifty years ago, some physicians were sought after because they were known as "great diagnosticians." Today, there are no great diagnosticians. The sought-after physicians are now the "great therapists" — typically virtuoso surgeons or wizards of psychopharmacology.

Save for the so-called functional mental illnesses, classic, Virchowian nosology was the province of the pathologist, the expert on the *post mortem* examination of cadavers. In contrast, contemporary clinical nosology is the province, partly, of the medical administrator, the expert on DRGs (Diagnosis Related Groups); and, partly, of the medical-political activist, the expert on the costs and consequences of behaviors deemed to be "diseases" and of procedures deemed to be "therapies."

This shift in nosological focus — from the human body to the body economic and body politic — is but one symptom of the pervasive politicization of medicine, redefined as "the delivery of health care." Reviewing the changing criteria for diagnosis, Alvan R. Feinstein emphasizes the divergences among the ICD (International Classification of Diseases), the POR (Problem-Oriented Record), and the DRG systems, and states: "After magnificent scientific advances in etiological explanation and therapeutic intervention during the twentieth century, clinical medicine seems ready to enter the twenty-first century with a *fundamental scientific defect* in one of its oldest, most basic activities: the system used to identify and classify diseases."²

The problem to which Feinstein points is not a scientific defect but a moral one. Many of the current disease taxonomies are not intended to be, and often do not even pretend to be, scientific (descriptive). Instead, they are political (prescriptive): Their purpose is to achieve a practical, social goal — for example, validate certain chemicals as safe and effective therapeutic agents, reduce health care costs, or extend gov-

ernment subsidies to hitherto unsubsidized individuals and groups. Indeed, Ganesh G. Gupta has called attention to the fact that a nosology based on DRGs addresses "the chaos of payment [for] health care" and warned: "Nosologies [in the past] never tempted individuals to compromise medical ethics. The greatest danger with DRGs may result from linking monetary gain to the classification system, an idea supported by the current literature."³ In my view, the new nosologies pose a much graver

Today, there are no great diagnosticians. The sought-after physicians are the "great therapists."

threat: By authoritatively validating the politicization of medicine, they remove the last barriers against the medicalization of (deviant) behavior and thus pave the ground for the unopposed, and unopposable, rule of the Therapeutic State. Consider the following examples.

In November 1993, a group of investigators, supported in part by the Eli Lilly pharmaceutical company, estimated "that the annual costs of depression in the United States total approximately \$43.7 billion."⁴ Since then, this figure has been frequently cited by advocates of mental health, as if it proved that depression is a disease. For instance, Tipper Gore, mental health advisor to President Clinton's Health Care Task Force, asserts that "depression alone costs society \$43.7 billion annually."⁵ Psychiatrist José M. Santiago explains: "[D]epression is an illness that merits urgent attention by health-care policy reformers as its costs to society are considerable."⁶ Citing the (fictitious) societal cost of depression exemplifies the use of this novel criterion for classifying it as a disease.

Lithium, Gore adds, "has saved the economy billions of dollars over the past two decades, and clozapine now allows many of the most seriously ill to live their lives productively."⁷ The idea that certain chemicals enhance productivity is hardly new. South American Indians have long chewed coca leaves for this reason. Freud felt that smoking enabled

him to be more creative. He did not claim, however, that the beneficial effect of nicotine is evidence that the smoker suffers from a disease (for which nicotine is a treatment). The claim for disease status for depression and schizophrenia, based on the subject's (alleged) response to drugs, rests on precisely that logic. If giving a particular drug is authoritatively classified as a "treatment," the subject as a "patient," and his post-treatment behavior as an "improvement," then, *ipso facto*, he had (has) an illness. Thus has response-to-treatment become one of our diagnostic criteria.

The popularity of Prozac is thus viewed as evidence that depression is common, and the approval of this and other "antidepressants" by the FDA proves that depression is a disease. In the absence of objective methods for diagnosing depression, there is heated debate about who should take antidepressant drugs. Here is the politically correct answer to this question:

[U]nlike, say, high cholesterol levels, which show up in laboratory tests, the diagnosis of depression is often subjective. What do you use as criteria? . . . Maybe an individual is not clinically depressed, but he or she still feels depressed and goes to the physician 15 times a year and misses 30 days of work. . . . If the individual takes the drug and doesn't go to the physician and doesn't miss any work, the benefit to the total health care cost would be there.⁸

In a similar vein, the *New York Times* informs us that "At least 11 million Americans have a bout of depression every year, and only about 30 percent currently get medication that could help them. . . . Many millions more whose symptoms don't amount to clinical depression might also look to such drugs."⁹ The adjective "clinical" is a code word justifying drug treatment (and involuntary psychiatric interventions). The fact that not a single textbook of pathology recognizes depression and schizophrenia as diseases has not in the least dampened popular and political enthusiasm for their diagnosis and treatment.¹⁰ Not surprisingly, Gore insists that "antidepressants such as Prozac have been developed for the treatment of diagnosable mental illnesses, not the casual pursuit of 'happiness.'" The term "diagnosable," another code word, means "government-

approved-and-reimbursable." Gore's protest is superfluous. As everyone knows, the pursuit of happiness by means of government-disapproved drugs is now punished more severely than violent crime. The minimum penalty imposed by U.S. federal law for "attempted murder with harm" is 6.5 years; for possession of LSD, it is 10.1 years.¹¹ In addition, possessing an illegal drug is presumptive evidence of using it, being addicted to it, and hence having a disease as well.

Defining the use of drugs disapproved by the state as a disease (substance abuse, chemical dependency, addiction), and the use of drugs approved by the state as a treatment (antabuse, methadone, Haldol), illustrates the radical politicization of both nosology and therapy.¹² As a result, if the government validates a drug — by bestowing on it FDA approval for the treatment of, say, X — then, *ipso facto*, X is accepted as a disease (clinical depression, panic attack, schizophrenia). After all, if there is a drug to treat "it," "it" must be a disease. Illustrative is the report of the Johnson & Johnson pharmaceutical company having "won federal approval for its schizophrenia drug

Many of the current disease taxonomies are not intended to be scientific. Instead, they are political: Their purpose is to achieve a practical, social goal.

Risperdal, which has caused a stir among doctors and patients seeking new treatments for one of the most devastating and expensive of all illnesses. . . . The disease costs \$33 billion annually in the U.S."¹³

Brandishing such enormous costs makes it a taboo to question whether schizophrenia is a disease and whether antipsychotic drugs help patients. At the same time, the dogmatic view that mental diseases are brain diseases, treatable with chemicals, dehumanizes the denominated patients. Individuals diagnosed schizophrenic and their behavior disappear into a fog of literalized metaphors: "One psychiatrist who studied Risperdal," we learn, "said his

“Voilà logic!”

—P. J. O'ROURKE

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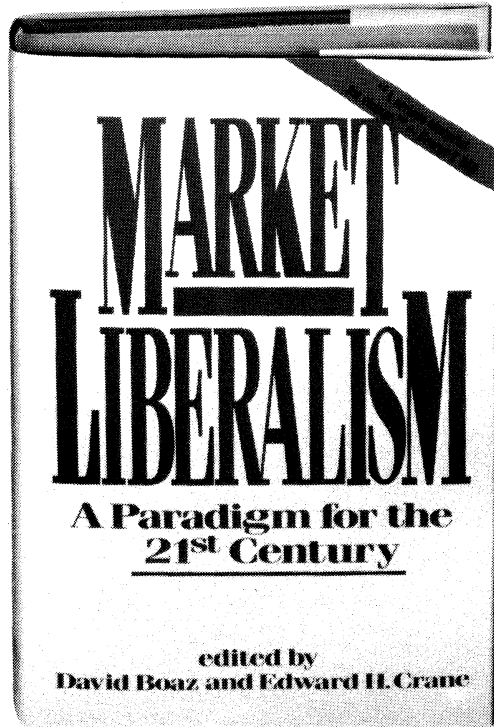
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research found it treated schizophrenia's delusions better than haloperidol, one of the most widely used antipsychotic drugs.¹⁴

Who cares that "schizophrenia" cannot have any delusions? That having delusions is not like having diabetes, because what the observer calls "delusion" the subject calls "belief"? That anti-schizophrenia drugs, eagerly embraced by the patients' familial adversaries, are regularly rejected by the patients whose suffering they allegedly relieve? Declared Laurie Flynn of the National Alliance for the Mentally Ill: "This new drug means a whole new group of people will have an opportunity to return to productive life. . . ." ¹⁵ Who cares whether this a serious forecast or a self-serving exaggeration?¹⁶

Before World War II, few diseases were treatable, but nosology was an honest enterprise. Now, many diseases are treatable, but nosology is a dishonest enterprise. The old nosology, whose aims were empirical validity and scientific respectability, was unconcerned with the treatment of diseases. The new nosology, whose aims are political favor and professional profit, rests on arrogant claims of treatability as a criterion of illness.

Virchowian nosology was an offspring of nineteenth-century science and the free market. Except for psychiatry and public health, medicine was then economically and politically independent of the state. Today, the definitions of disease and treatment are controlled by a monopolistic alliance of medicine and the state; health care is viewed as an entitlement; and physi-

cians, endorsing neuromythological fantasies about mental illnesses,¹⁷ join the mindless political chatter about (fictitious) market forces in medicine. In short, we are in the process of replacing the classic pathological criteria of disease with new economic and political criteria of it. Perhaps unwittingly, José M. Santiago acknowledges that he recommends recognizing depression "as a legitimate and serious medical condition, like hypertension, diabetes, or can-

cer, [because doing so] can greatly increase productivity at work."¹⁸

Current nosology no longer encodes the objectively verifiable condition of the patient's body. Instead, it reflects the attitudes of his family and society to his dependency and unproductivity, and their justifications for the interventions they want politicians (and psychiatrists) to legitimize and provide for (and perhaps impose on) him as therapy.¹⁹ □

1. Plato, *Republic* (trans., Paul Shorey), in *The Collected Dialogues of Plato, Including the Letters*, Edith Hamilton and Huntington Cairns (eds.). Princeton University Press, 1961, p. 650.
2. A.R. Feinstein, "ICD, POR, and DRG: Unsolved scientific problems in the nosology of clinical medicine," *Archives of Internal Medicine* 1988: 148: 2269-2274, emphasis added.
3. G.G. Gupta, "Diagnosis-related groups: A twentieth-century nosology," *The Pharos* 1990: 53: 12-17.
4. P.E. Greenberg, L.E. Stiglin, S.N. Finkelstein, and E.R. Berndt, "The economic burden of depression in 1990," *Journal of Clinical Psychiatry* 1993: 54: 405-417.
5. Tipper Gore, "The High Social Cost of Mental Illness," *Wall Street Journal*, January 12, 1994, p. A11.
6. J.M. Santiago, "The costs of treating depression," *Journal of Clinical Psychiatry* 1993: 54: 425-426.
7. *Ibid.*
8. H. Blissenbach, quoted in M. Freudenheim, "The Drug Makers Are Listening To Prozac," *New York Times*, January 9, 1994, p. E7.
9. Freudenheim, *Op cit.*
10. The following texts have been consulted: J.M. Kissane, (ed.), *Anderson's Pathology*, ninth edition, Mosby, 1990; R. S. Cotran, V. Kumar, and S.L. Robbins, *Robbins Pathologic Basis of Disease*, fourth edition,

- Saunders, 1989; R.A. Crawson, A. W. McCracken, P.B. Marcus, and G.S. Zaatari, *Pathology: The Mechanism of Disease*, second edition, Mosby, 1989; E. Rubin and J.L. Farber (eds.), *Pathology*, Lippincott, 1988. Not one of these texts mentions depression or schizophrenia in its index, much less presents them as diseases.
11. D. Cauchon, "Attack on the Deadheads Is No Hallucination: Band's Followers Handed Stiff LSD Sentences," *USA Today*, December 17, 1992, A6.
12. See Thomas S. Szasz, *Our Right to Drugs*. Praeger, 1992.
13. M.W. Miller, "FDA Clears J & J Schizophrenia Drug," *Wall Street Journal*, January 4, 1994, p. B3.
14. *Ibid.*
15. *Ibid.*
16. For evidence that anti-schizophrenia drugs do not help the patient, see S.E. Finn, J.M. Bailey, R.T. Schultz, and R. Faber, "Subjective utility ratings of neuroleptics in treating schizophrenia," *Psychological Medicine* 1990: 20: 843-848.
17. In the United States, more than eight out of ten prescriptions for psychotropic drugs are written by non-psychiatric physicians.
18. Santiago, *Op. cit.*
19. See P.E. Greenberg, L.E. Stiglin, S.N. Finkelstein, and E.R. Berndt, "Depression: a neglected major illness," *Journal of Clinical Psychiatry* 1993: 54: 419-424.

Seavey, "The Man vs the Empire State," continued from page 24

meeting in the public atrium of the Citicorp Building in Manhattan, for the purpose of forming a breakaway group, the New York County Libertarian Party. About eight people showed up. A vote to adjourn soon followed, and Vogel became enraged when State Party Secretary Lisa Clark (an Objectivist unhappy with Stern and even more unhappy with Vogel) attempted to reclaim Vogel's gavel as Party property. A scuffle ensued, and the entire group was thrown out by Citicorp security, despite Clark's insistence that she had a receipt

for the gavel. Vogel reportedly continued the meeting, in diminished form, at his apartment, and has already drawn up the new party's by-laws.

Meanwhile, back at the real LP, Stern's candidacy was still producing ripples. Derek Rose, a reporter from Massachusetts, traveled all the way to Albany to vote for Stern, using his New York LP membership from his days at Vassar (an institution he now says should be destroyed). "We've got to rally behind Howard!" he shouted after the business meeting, his fist clenched.

"I'm not sure you're even thinking like a libertarian any more," responded Chris Whitten, managing editor of the Laissez Faire Books catalog and a recent addition to the Party. "I think you've just turned into a Sternie."

That, in a nutshell, will be the dilemma throughout the campaign: trying to make this a libertarian event instead of just a Howard Stern event. Regardless, I think the political process will have been beneficially disrupted. And without question, I will have been greatly entertained. □

The Allure of Organized Crime

by Stephen Cox

Our streets have been rendered unlivable by a morally bankrupt criminal class.

Under the leadership of President Clinton, America has embarked on yet another crusade against crime — a crusade that is doomed to fail, despite the president's high moral rhetoric and his blustering demands for legislative solutions. It is time we understood that social problems cannot be solved simply by laws and rhetoric. We need to realize that social problems may have social roots, that they may be traced to problems of social class.

By "class," however, I mean something quite different from anything that the president means when he refers to the connection between crime and poverty.

Most of the really serious crime in this country originates in a relatively small but easily identifiable group of people, a group distinguished from all other groups by a lack of personal values of any but the most rudimentary kind. People in this group seldom engage in productive work. They subsist largely on the unmerited largesse of the working population, whom they intimidate into contributing to their welfare with threats of violence. Enjoying the benefit of universal compulsory education, they are steeped, nevertheless, in primitive ignorance; and they pass on their culture of dependence and aggression to their children and grandchildren. It is this class that spreads terror through our inner cities and even our suburban and rural areas.

I refer, of course, to the political or governing class.

The life of this class is characterized by emotional vacuity and feverish physical activity. It is a social class in the most basic meaning of the term: its activity is never anything *but* social. Its members are incapable of enjoying the bliss of solitude and quiet self-reflection. They are never alone. They spend their days hanging out in the corridors of public buildings, many of which their filthy habits have rendered unfit for any legitimate use. But wherever there is trouble, these people are sure to appear. When a civil disturbance or natural disaster occurs, they descend on the neighborhood in the company of armed guards, prepared to extort money for "protection" from as many demoralized victims as they can find. Often they instigate violence for the mere purpose of whiling away their useless lives.

The mental attainments of this class are truly pitiable. Their attention spans are too brief, their command of language is too limited, and their curiosity is too atrophied, to allow them

to derive any profit from education. Although some may have begun life with normal intelligence, the human brain cannot easily withstand years of addiction to regular injections of political power. There is no evidence that mature members of the political class have ever read a book. True disciples of popular culture, they derive all their impressions of the world from a steady diet of television and cheap "news" magazines. Their talk among themselves is mainly the boastful language of the street, designed to intimidate potential rivals. When they are required to mix with people who are not part of their gang, they make pathetic attempts to overcome their sense of inferiority by shouting a series of catch phrases generally misunderstood and misapplied.

Living only for the moment, they naturally put an almost absolute faith in luck. Should one of them discover that a favorite scheme has resulted in disaster, he will persist in that scheme, convinced that by next November some unknown power will rescue him from the consequences of his deeds. Ignorance begets superstition.

Many of these people believe that they can obtain virtually absolute power by writing their names on pieces of paper containing certain magical words. They are convinced, for example, that they can heal the sick, create money, and ensure universal happiness by merely affixing their signature to documents decreeing that such things will happen.

Superstition is particularly evident in what passes for spiritual life in the

They spend their days hanging out in the corridors of public buildings, many of which their filthy habits have rendered unfit for any legitimate use.

political class. The class has divided itself into numerous competing gangs. At the beginning of any serious dispute among these gangs, their wise men and priests stand in public places and hurl spells at one another. These spells, or "rival legislative programs," as the priests call them, are meaningless to outsiders, but they are capable of inciting credulous gang members to acts of nearly incredible savagery. At intervals of two or at most four years, rumbles of this kind convulse gangs throughout the country.

There would be little danger to respectable citizens if such outbreaks of violence could be confined to the gangs themselves. Unfortunately, however, the point at issue in these wars is normally the right to gain wealth and obedience from the surrounding population. Two or more gangs may claim the right to prey upon (or "represent") all members of a particular ethnic or occupational group. Others, more ambitious, may claim the right to "govern" everyone who lives on their turf. When one gang gains victory, it recovers the cost of its wars by compelling everyone whom it "represents" to pay tribute in the form of so-called "taxes."

With their livelihood secure, the priests and warlords of the gang extort respect for their superstitions by forc-

ing their neighbors to desist from any pleasurable activities that the gang has declared taboo. Sometimes the servile population is compelled to erect strange and repellent monuments to its own subjection, rendered in a style that is euphemistically known as that of "public art." Frequently, higher tributes are exacted. People have allowed their cities to be destroyed (in gang parlance, "redeveloped"), their life savings to be plundered ("socially secured"), and their sons to be sacrificed ("conscripted") for no other purpose than to flatter the superstitions of gang leaders.

Because these leaders are incapable of self-reflection, they are necessarily self-aggrandizing and self-righteous. None has ever been known to confess a sin, and few have ever been known to confess a fault. In some circumstances, those in which the savage mentality feels that "face must be saved," they participate in a ritual known as "taking responsibility." These ceremonies normally take place immediately after a gang leader has committed some particularly stupid and dishonorable act. On such occasions, the leader addresses his followers with great solemnity and reasserts his power. He declares that he possesses "responsibility" for everything that happens, whether good or bad. His followers first emit a few murmurs of assent and then loudly congratulate him on his "exercise of courage." Once the ceremony has been performed, no further investigation of rights or wrongs can take place; the past has been ritually killed; all controversies have been symbolically "laid to rest," and the survival of the leader has been magically ensured.

So strong an influence do such beliefs exert on primitive minds that most would-be missionaries have despaired of the possibility of converting the political class to any higher, more philosophical faith. In recent years, indeed, political superstition has shown a considerable capacity to diffuse itself in the general population. It takes hold especially among the weak-minded and insecure, the very old, and the very young, all of whom are susceptible to vague and wistful hopes for "change" by some miraculous means. Many supposedly enlightened civic leaders, par-

ticularly businessmen, have also succumbed to gang control, seduced by promises of underworld profits.

But children are the most tragic victims. Boys and girls are regularly employed by the gangs as accomplices. Some slave in "political campaigns"; others are abducted and made to march in "demonstrations"; still others are hypnotized and transported to Washington, D.C., where they are induced to "testify before Congress" in support of any vile program currently being advocated by the political class. The leaders of this class understand that children can commit antisocial acts with virtual impunity. If they are caught in some flagrant crime, they will usually escape with only a slap on the wrist. When apprehended in bad company and returned to the shelter of homes in which traditional values are respected, these young victims of abuse often run back to the gang. A few such children have grown up to become gang leaders.

Leadership, however, stays largely in the extended families of the political class itself. In some parts of the country, ordinary people have become so accustomed to the dominance of this class that they will vote automatically

Because they are incapable of self-reflection, they are necessarily self-aggrandizing and self-righteous.

for anyone who is a son or daughter, nephew or niece of a political don. They apparently do not care whether or not these candidates are fronts for gang interests, so long as they can "get things done" in some nefarious way. Other candidates are favored because they have married into an underworld family or have been inducted into it by the ceremonies of blood-brotherhood performed at the so-called "colleges" and "universities" in which the political class performs its initiation rites.

Most initiates are so thoroughly indoctrinated that they are incapable of breaking with the underworld, even if they obscurely want to do so. Leaving

the gang would bring disgrace, ostracism, and the necessity of finding a productive job. Dialogue with normal people is often of limited usefulness in helping members of the political class recover their self-respect. After all, "dialogue," in the form of pointless chatter, is one of the self-affirming rituals of the class itself.

Of course, internal stresses sometimes destabilize antisocial groups and set their psychological prisoners free. The political cult that formerly operated in Moscow met its doom in that way. But addictive behavior may persist even after its most obvious social supports have been destroyed. Former Russian Communists quickly discovered or created other cults. A similar pattern appears in the behavior of former SDSers, Rockefeller Republicans, and followers of Ross Perot.

Civic-minded people should not wait, therefore, until some unforeseeable convulsion allows them to escape from the clutches of the political class. To do nothing is to surrender everything. We must do now whatever we can to free ourselves.

It won't be easy — but just take it one step at a time. Here are some suggestions.

1. To start with, protect yourself. Just say no! (I'm speaking especially to you young people.) The political class may seem fun and glamorous, but remember that it's really not. The folks you see riding in limousines and shaking hands on streetcorners, acting as if they didn't have a care in the world, ac-

tually lead devastated lives. Don't share those lives, even if something as seemingly innocuous as a health care plan is offered you "for free." Anyone who offers you something like that is not your friend. He wants to take your money, and your soul.

2. Withdraw all psychological support from antisocial behavior. Members of the American political class need constant emotional reinforce-

Children are the most tragic victims. Some slave in "political campaigns"; others are abducted and made to march in "demonstrations."

ment. An open, self-confident denial of their illusions can sometimes bring on a crisis of morale. I have seen members of this class break into tears when I politely questioned the need for national action to protect certain groves of "old-growth forest" that the political class regards as sacred. It's tough to make a grown man cry, but remember, you'll be doing it for his own good.

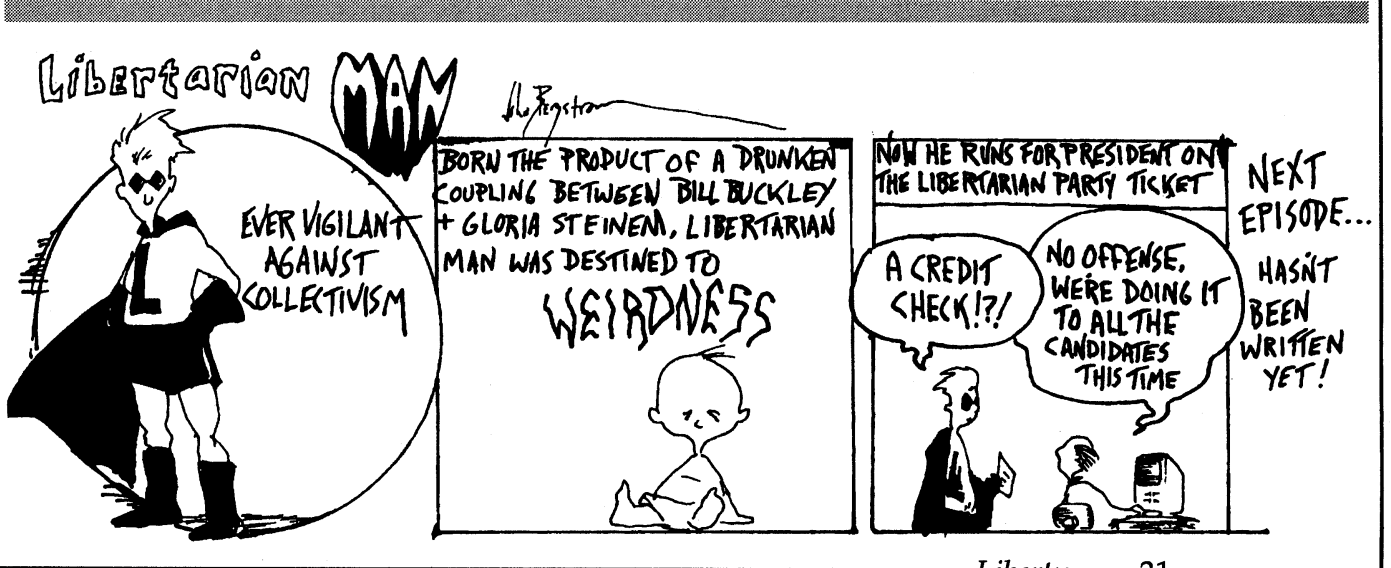
3. If withdrawing moral support doesn't work, punishment may. When a member of the political class is seized by the electorate and imprisoned in the boot camp of civilian life, recovery sometimes takes place. Some persons sentenced to retraining under the new

term-limitation laws may actually learn to engage in productive occupations.

4. Take back your neighborhood, bit by bit. Once a political gang has been expelled from one part of its turf, it will be easier to expel from the next. Locate the areas in which your local gang is most vulnerable, the places where it cannot live in the light of day but must restrict its activities to the midnight hours. Install better lighting in these spots, and you will expose the secret betrayals, the tawdry "business" deals, the legislative murders by which politicians operate when they are not yet strong enough to act with brazen assurance. With careful planning, concerned citizens may be able to eliminate some of the gang's weaker (but very profitable) enterprises — NASA, Social Security, monopolized public education — and then move on to others.

5. Your own morale is tremendously important. Don't try to do everything by yourself; in that direction lies despair. Join a support group, or form one. When your father tells you how much Franklin D. Roosevelt did for the old people, and your sister-in-law informs you that health care is a right, and your husband tells you what a good speaker Al Gore is, it's easy to think that you're all alone. But millions of caring people are suffering just as you do. Reach out to these people, and work together with them to find solutions to this terrible social plague.

6. Never give up. After all, we're smarter than the politicians — aren't we? □



“On February 7th, when I walked out of that Court House... I could barely keep my excitement from making me skip down the steps. I know, first-hand, that this knowledge is Real Power. I also know that we are on the road to Individual Freedom that will take us anywhere we want to go.”

— Harry Plott, World Network Holdings, on reorganizing his business as a Terra Libra Trust.

HOW TO LIVE FREE ALMOST ANYWHERE

My name is Frederick Mann. In 1977 I became a **Free Sovereign Individual**. Since then I've lived largely free from government coercion in many parts of the world. I've learned what I call **Freedom Technology**: the practical knowledge, methods, and skills for living free — the street-smart know-how to outwit freedom-violators at every turn. Freedom Technology makes it possible for us to legally, elegantly, and safely exit coercive government systems and to live free. Freedom Technology includes the practical means to protect yourself, your income, and your assets against attacks from freedom-violators. Ultimately, Freedom Technology also includes the means to blow away the bogus power of the freedom-violating elite.

We apply Freedom Technology to increase our personal power, wealth, and health. We engineer a massive shift of resources from the freedom-violating elite to the Free Sovereign Citizens of Terra Libra.

AMERICA: LAND OF ECONOMIC RAPE

In 1988 I moved to America — “the land of the free and the home of the brave.” To my horror I soon discovered that America and Americans were being economically raped. I researched the specific mechanisms of the economic rape and identified the key economic rapists. I wrote the book ***The Economic Rape of America: What You Can Do About It***.

After more research and discussions with many, I concluded that Personal Power was an important ingredient of the solution, so I wrote a second book ***Wake Up America! The Dynamics of Human Power***.

HOW TO MAKE A FORTUNE PRACTICING AND SPREADING FREEDOM

As a professional consultant I've worked with computers for many years. Among other companies, I've studied Microsoft to determine why it has been so successful. Why has it overtaken IBM in terms of market valuation? Microsoft basically sells software programs to make computers more efficient and effective and easier to use. We could call Microsoft's programs “computer success programs.” At the time Microsoft was created its potential could have been measured by the difference between how successful computers were at that time compared to how successful they could become. There was a gap between what was and what could be. This gap represents potential. By utilizing this gap of potential, Microsoft co-founder Bill Gates became a billionaire and the richest man in America.

In human affairs there is also a gap between what is and what could be. We suffer from “human failure programs” (like government!) that keep us as society stuck at a low level. The gap between what is and what could or should be represents potential. **This potential is vastly greater than the potential that enabled Bill Gates to become the richest man in America.**

TERRA LIBRA

Terra Libra is a phenomenal societal breakthrough for taking advantage of the gap between what is and what could or should be. Terra Libra is a worldwide free country that extends across national borders. It's an information-based rather than a territorial country.

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS

“The American people possess that loathsome and deplorable custom of blind obedience and servility to those in power or stationed in high office. History demonstrates that we should distrust politicians, not worship them. I have received and briefly reviewed your manuscripts, and find them well written and full of information. I congratulate you on your work. I hope that your works get wide circulation because they look excellent.”

Lowell H. Becraft, Jr. - Attorney - Huntsville, Alabama

“**WOW!** Your Terra Libra concept is a mind-blower... and a winner whose time is **NOW!** The info you sent brought the greatest excitement about the possibility of freedom in my lifetime I've ever known. Thru Terra Libra you're providing an exciting possibility: Be free now, working within and around our present oppressive government, leaving it to collapse of its own weight while we simultaneously create alternative systems that'll be in place to replace those of the tyrannical government when it withers and dies as in the USSR. Fascinating stuff!

Dr. Howard Long - Dentist - Carnelian Bay, California

“For the last 25 years I've been reading about “what's wrong!” I've been a member of “The John Birch Society” and “Neo-Tech” and I've never found anything as well written as your Terra Libra Manuals.”

Duane F. Campbell - Developer - Kent, Washington

Its inhabitants are Free Sovereign Citizens.

Terra Libra is the means to replace human failure programs with human success programs. During the coming decades Terra Libran free-enterprise entrepreneurs will apply Freedom Technology to move society from what is to what could or should be. In the process many will become millionaires and billionaires. The Terra Libra books, reports, and information packages will tell you how. You simply can't afford to miss out on these incredible opportunities.

TERRA LIBRA STRATEGY

When you oppose something, or try to reform it, you encounter opposition. Your effort elicits an almost automatic counter-effort. Terra Libra does not attempt to change, oppose, reform, or overthrow any political or economic systems. We simply create our own voluntary alternatives. In fact, Terra Libra does not threaten or challenge the authority of any legitimate governments.

The bogus power of illegitimate freedom-violators depends on the support of their victims. Terra Librans find practical ways to legally, elegantly, and safely withdraw their support. The power of illegitimate freedom-violators is tenuous — flimsy, fragile, and of little substance. Understanding the dynamics of human power enabled Mohandas Gandhi to defeat the armed might of the British Empire without firing a shot. The armed might of the East German freedom-violators, backed by 300,000 Russian troops, could not keep the Berlin wall standing. When the victims of the soviet freedom-violators withdrew their support, the Soviet Empire collapsed overnight.

Because of currency debasement (inflation), huge budget defi-

cits, property seizures, Nazi-like terrorism, and other criminal violations, many freedom-violators are destroying their own coercive power systems. They are rapidly losing control.

We distinguish three sectors: the **public** sector, the **private** sector, and the **free-enterprise** sector. The **public sector** operates on the principle of coercion: the force of the gun. The **private sector** mixes coercion and freedom — politics and business. People in the private sector enjoy a modicum of freedom. However, they obey, bribe, and finance the freedom-violators of the public sector. They often obtain special privileges such as monopoly licenses, subsidies, tariff protection, and welfare from the freedom-violators.

People in the **free-enterprise sector** practice real, true, or pure free enterprise. In Terra Libra slavery has been abolished. Free Sovereign Citizens own their lives, minds, bodies, and the fruit of their labor. They practice voluntary exchange. They can do anything which doesn't harm others or their property. These principles are formulated in the Code of Terra Libra.

Terra Libra is the free-enterprise sector of the world. Terra Librans create voluntary institutions in areas such as education, currencies and banking, justice, communications, energy, etc. As the coercive institutions of the freedom-violators worsen and collapse, people naturally shift their economic activities into Terra Libra — the **"Terra Libra Shift."**

Freedom Technology enables you to legally, elegantly, and safely shift some or all of your economic activities into the free-enterprise sector. The Terra Libran entrepreneurs who facilitate this shift will become the millionaires and billionaires of the next century. To get an idea of the potential, consider the size of the public and private sectors. These two sectors will fade away or collapse and be replaced by the free-enterprise sector.

Over the years there has been a shift in the nature of power. At one time power was almost totally based on **violence** (coercion). Then power came to be based more on **money** than on violence. In today's world power is based primarily on **information**. This shift in the nature of power is described in the book **Powershift** by Alvin Toffler. Territorial countries are based on violence, money, and brainwashing (the perversion of information). Terra Libra is primarily an information-based country. We provide the information that shifts power, resources, and wealth from the freedom-violating elite to Free Sovereign Individuals.

I believe that we maximize our prospects for freedom by applying a wide range of strategies — circumvent, ignore, criticize, ridicule, weaken, reform, and replace the enemy on many fronts. Terra Libra should be viewed as an **adjunct** to other strategies. Our strategy is outlined in much more detail in the Terra Libra reports.

WHAT HAS BEEN ACHIEVED SO FAR

Much more has been achieved than space allows me to mention. A few highlights:

- There are now thirty-eight Patrons and fifty Professional Liberators in: Arizona, Arkansas, Australia, Bulgaria, California, Canada, Colorado, Delaware, England, Florida, France, Hawaii, Illinois, Ireland, Jamaica, Louisiana, Michigan, Nebraska, New York, North Carolina, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Puerto Rico, Sark (Channel Islands), South Carolina, Texas, Turkey, Washington. (Patrons and Professional Liberators are basically people who provide services related to Freedom Technology, for example, alternative currencies & banking, privacy & asset protection, tax abatement, education, secure communication, etc.)
- We have customers in all fifty U.S. States and dozens of other countries around the world.
- The Terra Libra "country" concept has been expanded to include "Terra Libra Territories" of which there are already several. A major international holding company has reorganized itself as a Terra

Libra Trust and declared itself a Terra Libra Territory.

- A company has been established to create a worldwide economic system with a 100%-gold-based currency. The system will interface with current banking systems. It's organized so every aspect of it is perfectly legal in the country where that aspect operates. Users will be able to enjoy most of the services they now receive from their local bank. They will be able to deposit local currency checks and bank notes. The system will write checks in local currency. Secure electronic transfer will be possible for transactions between users of the system. Users will be able to withdraw funds from local ATMs. The gold will be maintained by several solid financial institutions and will be insured and subject to regular independent audit. We expect the system to be operational within a few months.

- One of our Professional Liberators operates a private financial services organization in California. Last year his company was raided by freedom-violators. They illegally seized computers, files, and money. Two days later he was back in business. He presented some documents to the appropriate officials, essentially indicating that he is a **Sovereign Individual not subject to their jurisdiction**. In January this year the freedom-violators returned everything they had seized. This was a brilliant application of Freedom Technology.

- A solid foundation is being created for the explosion of freedom around the world. I invite you to join us. The pioneers will reap the greatest rewards. You could be one of us — the greatest freedom team in history!

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Jeremiad

Toad Trainers and the American Dream

by John Briggs

It's hard to teach excellence when you've settled for mediocrity.

After a week or so of class, when the first essays have appeared, I often have an uncharitable urge to cut most of the students and send them at once to their law firm or ad agency, their fluorescent lives of sanctioned pilfering. The basketball and football coaches have the authority to cut, and that accounts in part for their burly, whistle-blowing confidence. "You are clumsy," they can say. "You are weak. You have slow feet. Get out of here!"

Coaches offer their own marvels of cant, but they work at excellence, as we who cast the humanities for a living generally do not, though we mumble the incantations. We long ago made our bargain: in return for a long-term job and a name-plate on our door, we would agree that all our students are worth educating and stop making distinctions the Admissions and Retention Committee find invidious. For a paycheck, we would agree that sneering George — a college junior still unclear on the dates of the Civil War, still incapable of creating a clear, original sentence, and belligerently outspoken on the unfairness of long reading assignments — has as valid a claim on our energies as any other student. Except over a beer with a disgruntled colleague, we are afraid to identify him as what he is: a waste of time.

It is true that many among us do have limits, a line of inanity over which we will not comfortably cross. When so, however, the limits are per-

sonally theorized. In our collective identity, our institutional clusters, we are unwilling to declare anyone unfit to sit in a college classroom. We welcome all breathers, having delivered our judgment into the hands of university administrator-clerks. No matter that many of the students bring into the college classroom the yawning impatience that left them buffoonish after twelve years of school; we accept the bodies parceled to us by the computer, accepting too the premises, rarely debated, that in the humanities the determination of excellence is impossible or impractical or, somehow, vaguely wrong.

As though we were querulous reverends, we have as a group come to pride ourselves on our capacity for understanding, dispensing generously euphemisms for ignorance and laziness and stupidity and sleaziness with a Unitarian weepiness of language. Our traditional goal of nurturing excellence has been altered, and we wish now to "retain" students, to save them — though universal access to higher education, which no right-minded person will publicly oppose,

means that "higher" is merely a slight rise on a barren plain.

Our People's Colleges have been opened, demystified, and equipped with reading ramps and easy-access fountains of knowledge for the intellectually challenged. We have from classroom necessity democratized our canon of literature, broken into chewable fragments our study of history, added smiling cadres of specialists in remediation, graduated populations of idiots — and we profess bemusement that the tone of the broad culture is thin and ugly, or that television pitchmen have preempted the look of sincerity.

We accept and expect weakness in our students, noting with a pimpish wink that those bodies pay our salaries. We have promoted academic opportunists to administrative generalship of the universities, and they have done with them precisely what Carlyle warned a century ago that they would do — turned them into demotic social clubs. Having allowed the thoughtless to take over the universities, rather than easing them into the streets and malls and corporate clerkships and movie theatres where

they belong, we are bewildered that they have no respect for us and that everywhere we have only a residual social force.

Teachers are weightless because we have become, in general, wimpish dealers in philistinism, catering to aspirant vulgarians. Many among us reward artistry, intelligence, and diligence, which is fine, but while we recognize the good, we devalue it by accommodating the bad, the dullness and stupidity and laziness — though we shrink from examining the implications of that acceptance. Acutely aware that our mall-bound students must be retained, we fraudulently certify them as competent; we shorten the race for them, lower the hurdles, abridge our ideals into a Phil Donahue version of the American Dream. As we dispense it, an "education" is the key that unlocks shop doors, promising credit cards, cars, and, for the gapers from the suburbs, a ferny future surrounded by people who look good in swimming suits.

Unfriendly as it sounds, the notion of equal access to education is intrinsically fraudulent, except as "education" has been reduced in scope to that which formerly was called "training." Equal access to education should logically and properly be a "right" that diminishes as each student ages. Those who are incompetent must assume the responsibility of their own salvation, though we might expect that such a requirement would cause them to feel abused.

(ii)

A few years ago, Earl Butz, a blunt-mouthed Republican, lost his position as Secretary of Agriculture by joking to gossipy reporters that all that blacks want is "loose shoes, tight pussy, and a warm place to shit." Despite the pursing of lips and sad condemnations by numerous social-discourse monitors, the joke was widely repeated, and I suspect that many who are not black chuckled at it; its bite was its casual destruction of then-current sanctimonies regarding black aspirations. It re-animated abandoned and discredited stereotypes of black indolence and cultural inadequacy, and restored a comfortable image of Kingfisher slapping down the Saturday-night pavement in two-tone shoes and a Panama hat.

Should Butz have been fired? I was

of two minds. His indiscretion was culpable. He had been around long enough to know that reporters are untrustworthy; he should have foreseen that the joke would be interpreted by the Brokaws of the day as a revealed animus toward blacks — the philosophy animating the administration's social policies. He deserved firing, for naiveté.

Still, though he was likely just repeating a joke he had heard in some Republican dive, he had been tickled by the incongruity between "pussy" and the expected response to queries regarding black desires: "What do blacks want? Blacks want [hand over heart] social justice, self-respect, the dignity arising from recognition of their essential humanity. . . ." To the extent that Butz appreciated the joke because he appreciated the incompleteness of pieties about blacks, I regretted his departure. Droll bureaucrats should in general be retained.

At any rate, and more to the point, Butz's little joke is not at heart anti-black; it might be generally employed. What are Republicans after? What motivates the top management of General Motors? What was the essence of the New Deal? What is the American Dream? Why do we teach? What do our students want? (Women who resent the male orientation of the above hilarities must create their own response, beginning, if symmetry is to be preserved, with the word "thin.")

What does George, who so dislikes reading, want? He wants what Butz said blacks want, though translated into acceptable Americanese. I suggest that our willingness to tolerate George and his soulmates in our humanities classrooms is *ipso facto* a demonstration of having been unnerved; each such person we pass along diminishes our self-respect, leaving us limp technicians to his *Playboy* reveries. As a tweedy aggregate, we have surrendered to blank, hostile eyes such as his; we merely hope for the best, absolving ourselves of responsibility. We have allowed our individual voices, if we retain them, to be stifled in committee chatter, and, as Carlyle wrote in *Shooting Niagara: And After?*, the danger here, "the poison

. . . is not intellectual dimness chiefly but torpid unveracity of heart. . . .

Insincerity, unfaithfulness, impiety: — careless tumbling and buzzing about, in blind, noisy, pleasantly companionable "swarms," instead of solitary questioning of [ourselves]. . . .

Each time we publish merely to demonstrate our professionalism, or give a predictable talk, or suffer cant in silence, or applaud in annual faculty meetings the inanities of politician-administrators, or weaken a syllabus to avoid an exodus of students from our class to that of a truckling colleague down the hall, or award a C- to a George when he should be flunked — each time we bow to the autocracy of convenience — we devalue our profession. When we are cowards, we can teach only cowardice, no matter which books we fondle.

(iii)

We who teach complain endlessly of grade inflation and lowered standards and our apparently failing culture; simultaneously, we gauge the success of the schools in which we teach by the percentage of our graduates who manage to attain a measurable portion of Earl Butz's American Dream.

The American Dream that students bring to college is of loose shoes, tight pussy, and a warm place to shit,

Universal access to higher education, which no right-minded person will publicly oppose, means that "higher" is merely a slight rise on a barren plain.

though as vulgarians they instinctively fluff up their goals with chatter of "personal growth" and "meaningful contributions." If our function truly is to train young people to follow orders, let us do it well and make of the university a Marine boot camp; if we are more interested in team-work than ethics, let us follow the methods of Jerry Tarkanian. If we were to train students to the far borders of his platitudes, we might at least graduate to Dow and to NBC and to General Motors competent and efficiently self-effacing automata, happily ignorant of poetry and

history, functionally literate, acquainted with but group integrity, unskeptical, uncritical — thus, well-prepared and well-educated to be office functionaries recording lifelong sterile numbers on sterile forms.

Properly, however, we are not shopkeepers with a commercial interest in placation, endlessly grinning and capitulating. We have no interest in assuring George that his weakness is our fault or our responsibility. He must find his assurances of worth in church or from his gaping friends; his pitiful sensibilities must not be sanctioned by those of us who would be teachers. Our students arrive and leave asking why they must read this stupid Carlyle or Gibbon or Thucydides or old-fashioned Jane Austen. "Her sentences are too long." "When I go for a job they're not gonna ask me about Carlyle." Nope, George, they're not. They want you to spend your working life applauding the product, finding your spiritual satisfactions in new devices for the kitchen and daydreams of Sharon Stone. If they know of him, they are contemptuous of Carlyle, or of Roethke, in *Dolor*:

... I have seen dust from the walls of institutions,
Finer than flour, alive, more dangerous than silica,
Sift, almost invisible, through long afternoons of tedium,
Dropping a fine film on nails and delicate eyebrows,
Glazing the pale hair, the duplicate gray standard faces.

You're right, George. Though only 20 and unacquainted with other than the dark alleyways of the present,



you've hit on a great truth. Your company is not interested in literacy, and it does not want integrity; it recruits docility.

But such sarcasm, employed as a rhetorical spur to excellence, will not work. Carlyle and Austen are dull to George because they are incomprehensible to him. He has had successively thicker Dolphin Readers throughout school, has heard pious inducements to "excellence," and he knows the tone and knows that in the end (semester's

Our People's Colleges have been opened, demystified, and equipped with reading ramps and easy-access fountains of knowledge for the intellectually challenged.

end) he will be passed through if he just shuffles appropriately and gets two-thirds of his papers in more or less on time.

Perhaps we teachers wish secretly to nurture rogue essayists with clear eyes and untainted purpose who will write beautifully and uncompromisingly their observations, caring little for prosperity or job security: Errol Flynn's of high purpose. If so, we are whistling in the wind. No Thoreau, no Thucydides, no Pater would sit for long surrounded by such dolts as we tolerate.

We expose students to excellence as though it were one more commodity. Fantastic new suders of soiled clothes, great movies, world-class pizzas, sexy

Pepsi, and excellent Carlyle. Carlyle, though, does not fit. He is not attractive or accommodating. Unlike Lee Iacocca, he does not want you in his shop, and all the pearly study questions in all the college bookstores will not alter him or make Jane Austen less subtle or cause Roethke somehow to

fit comfortably into Kingfisher's easy world.

Excellence! Excellence is so much dangled as the purchasable that a teacher's insistent proclaimed yearning on behalf of his students must strike them as mundane. And few of us, I think, seem to embody fearlessness or seem much to have lived life at its richest. We teachers may seem even less attractive than those we urge our students to disdain. We have learned the rewards of compromise, and students like George know weakness when they see it. When we speak of excellence, George knows we are blustering.

We teachers of literature and history and writing, dealing in what people have done, dabbling in excellence, are properly uneasy when we ponder our proper role. If it is to train George so that he can make his product and return to his predictable suburban home without killing anyone or defecating on the sidewalk, then we are in no way concerned with excellence, but with sufficiency; we are trainers, no more, mere agents of the present culture, subservient to those with more authority — and as such we have no business even mentioning Jane Austen or Melville or Nabokov in a classroom.

If we are toadying self-seekers ourselves, we have no business introducing to classrooms of incipient toads — toads-in-training — those who have exemplified excellence, as though we superintend them or have somehow mastered them. We taint the Excellents with our familiarity and are as pathetic as those yokels at writing conferences who, after a handshake, treat the famous author as an old friend and call him by his first name.

Much better, if we are such a teacher — a trainer-toad — to abandon all suggestions of excellence and teach what we exemplify. The canon is vast: *Dale Carnegie*, *Babbitt as Hero*, *Movies as Literature* — and because we speak with authority and because the subject is clearly relevant, even George will pay attention and learn readily: to be a part of the swarm, to accept ugliness as beauty, pieties as wisdom, meretriciousness as excellence, and, most importantly, that the pilfering spirit of the advertiser is the human spirit. □

Analysis

The Institutions of Higher Tuition

by Jesse Walker

With the costs of a college education spiralling ever higher, it's time to bring the Ivory Tower down to Earth.

Shortly after I graduated from the University of Michigan, my *alma mater* announced that it would be increasing tuition. That in itself was no surprise — they raise tuition every year — but that year's excuse seemed a little bizarre. Tuition must be increased, they said, in order to meet the demand for financial aid.

It takes a lot of gall to say you're subsidizing something when you're really raising its price. But universities are long on gall these days. When the same campus got its own little deputized police force two years before, Executive Director of University Relations Walter Harrison asserted that Michigan would save money on the deal. Only those who read the fine print discovered that Harrison expected a significant increase in funding from the state legislature — far higher than it had given anytime recently — before any money was actually saved. Lo and behold: a year later, Michigan's subsidy was cut instead. By then, of course, the amateurish safety patrols were a *fait accompli*.

And by then, hardly anyone was batting an eye at the president's expensive, university-subsidized mid-campus mansion, despite the fact that its putative resident actually lived in another part of town. There *was* a public outcry when his wife was hired to continue her fundraising duties, "formalized" into a job netting \$35,000 a year; she now once more works for free. But dorm residents are still trapped in a much bigger boondoggle: being forced to subsidize dorm cafeteria

ias while better, cheaper food is being provided privately all over town.

All of this has attracted some complaint, but the worst of the academic porkbarrel still goes unchallenged. The University of Michigan — like almost all American universities, public and "private" — is *itself* a monument to out-of-control bureaucratic growth. Shielded from market discipline by monopolistic privilege, our public colleges have little incentive to efficiently serve their customers. Instead, educational monies are allocated according to political power — clout in the halls of the state legislatures, in the winding corridors of the academic guilds, in the grant-spewing chambers of the federal government, in the red-tape jungle of America's university bureaucracies. The inevitable losers are the payers of taxes and tuition.

Only basic, radical change — abolition of monopoly control of higher education and the professions — can undo this hopeless mess of pork and privilege.

Packaged Deals

Colleges and universities usually respond to complaints about skyrocket-

ing tuition by asserting that the increases have been made necessary by "rising costs." But as Thomas Sowell has pointed out, this poses more questions than it answers. "Even if not a single price except tuition had changed anywhere in the entire economy, 'costs' would still have risen, as costs are defined in academic discussion," he writes. "Whatever colleges and universities choose to spend their money on is called a cost." That includes superfluous campus cops, presidential mansions, and academic pork. It includes junkets for university officials and higher salaries for top bureaucrats. It includes all the programs that have raised the ire of critics Left and Right, from weapons research to P.C. pseudoscience. It includes vast bureaucratic expansion. And yes, it even includes financial aid.

Sowell's conclusion: "it is the amount of money that colleges and universities can get — from tuition, endowment income, donations, etc. — which determines how much their spending or costs will go up, *not* the other way around, as they represent it to the public. To say that costs are

going up is no more than to say that the additional intake is being spent, rather than hoarded" ("The Scandal of College Tuition," *Commentary*, August 1992).

When a student purchases a college education, she provides the money, but the university decides in large part how that money will be spent. History majors subsidize the drama department. Physics students underwrite the

Students are putting up vast sums of money with little say in how it is spent, while the administrators who do have say have little incentive to economize in their spending.

hockey team. Dorm residents who eat out still pay tribute to the dormitory cafeterias. And every tuition-payer and taxpayer pays the salaries of a host of administrators. Means of allocating funds vary from school to school, of course, but every major college in the nation suffers from this same basic problem: students, their families, and the taxpayers are putting up vast sums of money with little say in how it is spent, while the administrators who do have say have little incentive to economize in their spending.

Yes, universities are disciplined somewhat by consumer demand, but this discipline is corrupted by heavy political interference. Since the great portion of public universities' operating budgets comes from state governments, and since public and private colleges alike are partially dependent on federal grants, the customer with the most pull in the collegiate market is the government, which rarely misses an opportunity to issue a "mandate." Students make themselves felt by choosing where to go to college, and there is competition between schools to attract certain kinds of "desirable" students — prodigies, gifted athletes, racial minorities. But for most applicants, the competition is with other students for a place in the college of their choice, not between colleges for the honor of

their presence. College education is a seller's market.

Indeed, among the country's leading universities, the name of the game is not *competition* but *collusion*. For three and a half decades, representatives from MIT and the Ivy League schools met each year at a gathering called "Overlap," to determine how much money they would charge each individual student who had applied to more than one of the participating universities. Differences between each school's nominal tuition rates were ironed out by financial-aid offers. The Overlap meetings ceased in 1991, when the Justice Department threatened an antitrust suit; of the cartel, only MIT was willing to defend itself in court. It did pretty well, eliciting a ruling in favor of such "cooperative financial aid agreements."

None of this would be possible in an open educational marketplace. But an open marketplace is one thing American higher education is not.

The University As Bazaar

Most critics of the educational establishment have trouble imagining alternatives to the collegiate *status quo*. Sowell, for example, can only recommend antitrust action to stop organized collusion like the Overlap case. That is to say, he advocates *more* government intervention. Surely, free-marketeters can do better than that.

Far more imaginative is David Friedman:

In a free-market university . . . the present corporate structure would be replaced by a number of separate organizations, cooperating in their mutual interest through the normal processes of the marketplace. These presumably would include one or more businesses renting out the use of classrooms, and a large number of teachers, each paying for the use of a classroom and charging the students who wished to take his course whatever price was mutually agreeable. The system thus would be ultimately supported by the students, each choosing his courses according to what he wanted to study, the reputation of the teacher, and his price.

Other organizations might coexist with these. There might be one that did nothing but give examinations in various subjects and grant degrees

to those who passed; presumably, teachers would be hired to spend part of their time writing and grading such examinations. Another might perform clerical functions, printing a course catalogue listing courses that were being offered and their prices. . . . There might be groups publishing and selling evaluations of teachers and courses. . . . (*The Machinery of Freedom*, p. 66)

Once you start thinking along these lines, it's hard to avoid getting still more radical. Why must the university be an ivory tower, separated from the surrounding community? Is there any reason, for example, to give specific buildings over just to classrooms and auditoriums? Many courses, particularly those with very specialized appeal or application, could easily meet in the instructor's home. Others could rent rooms in office buildings, or arrange to meet in the local library. Many — perhaps most — would be more akin to study groups than traditional one-teacher/many-students arrangements. Advanced study, after all, is apt to be small-group-oriented and cooperative. And mere freshman lec-

As of 1991, only 60% of American college students were enrolled full-time, and only 15% of all undergraduates received their degree in the familiar four-year period.

turing can be done more efficiently and as effectively on video.

And how many subjects now taught in the universities might be better learned in apprenticeships, or through self-directed study? How much is useless duplication of on-the-job training? In the present protected market, it's difficult to tell.

There are advantages, of course, to some sort of corporate university structure. Some students might prefer to pay for a common library, computing center, pretty campus, etc. Some might desire the warmth and guidance of a very organized program. Others may appreciate a particular sort of student body — an all-male or all-female acad-

emy, a blacks-only Afrocentric institution, a specifically Christian environment, or the like. So long as there is sufficient demand for such places, they should exist — as private colleges, dependent entirely on tuition and/or endowments.

But Friedman's open university, like the medieval *universitas* it resembles, seems both more practical and less costly. Friedman does not discuss the tuition-rates issue in his book, but the lowering of costs is an obvious, positive by-product of his proposal. The student at the education bazaar is paying for what she desires for her education, not what administrators desire for their institution. She is not paying for departments she will never take courses from, bureaucratic programs of dubious merit, or crappy cafeterias — unless she wants to.

Aristocracies of Knowledge

For now, alas, a college education is a package deal. More and more students, though, are treating it as though it were not. Most have jobs, and many take time off between semesters to make enough money for the next round of classes: as of 1991, only 60% of American college students were enrolled full-time, and only 15% of all undergraduates received their degree in the familiar four-year period. Most commute to college from their homes. Nearly half are over 25.

Why are these career-oriented "nontraditional" students attending school, if not for the fabled four-year liberal-arts experience? To attain specific knowledge and skills, of course — and to acquire the credentials that allow them to practice within a profession. It is this credentialism that maintains the current system of higher

education. Eradicate it, and the university porkbarrel will come crumbling down.

The licensed profession is the modern equivalent of the medieval monopolistic guild. Licensing systems are nearly always controlled by the profession that is being licensed; for that reason, accreditation processes naturally evolve to overly restrict the number of people who may practice. With supply

What is the purpose of a "degree" in literature or history or women's studies, other than permission to teach other people classes that will, in turn, enable them to earn "degrees"?

thus prevented from rising to meet demand, prices are driven up.

Some defend this system as a reasonable trade-off: the professionals get their monopoly, the rest of us get competent service. But it rarely works out that way. Many incompetents survive the accreditation process, while thousands of qualified people do not.

Consider the universally reviled trial-by-fire system of medical internships, in which interns must work consecutive stress-filled 20-hour days, often making life-or-death decisions with no sleep at all. Obviously, this does nothing to protect the safety of the patients. It isn't very good for the prospective doctors either. Many drop out, unable to take the stress of work or the havoc it wreaks on their psyches and their private lives. Men and women who might have become very

good doctors, don't. The supply of medical practitioners is capped, fees stay high, and the mystique of the medical priesthood goes up a notch. (Less hazardous initiation rites, such as hazing, are illegal in most of the country.)

No less dramatic but nearly as harmful is the use of the bell curve.

While the liberal arts suffer from the opposite problem — grade inflation — many science classes, especially in medicine, maintain the barbaric custom of grading students in relation to one another, rather than against an objective standard. Thus, a student who gets 85% of a test right, but has a low score relative to the rest of his class, fails. Fierce competition is fomented for an artificially scarce prize; qualified men and women are weeded out.

Imagine a world where baseball teams graduated the same number of players to the majors each year, awarding them places according to how good they are in comparison to other rookies, rather than in accordance with broader requirements of skill. That's the spirit that animates the gatekeepers to the medical profession.

The situation in the humanities is in many ways worse. Medicine, law, and the like at least exist as recognizable occupations in the outside world. But what could possibly justify the liberal-arts guilds, cartels to limit access to positions within the very institution — the university — that maintains the cartels? If they are less powerful than the medical or legal hierarchies, they more than make up for that by having so little reason to exist. What is the purpose of a "degree" in literature or history or women's studies, other than permission to teach other people classes that will, in turn, enable them to earn "degrees"?

This does not guarantee academic excellence. It guarantees academic inbreeding. And insular guilds are protected by solid disciplinary walls. That is why so few philosophers know economics, so few economists know anthropology, and so few political scientists know anything. Perhaps the worst consequence of this is the iron curtain that separates C.P. Snow's "two cultures," the sciences and the humanities, producing legions of learned idiots convinced that half their cranial capacity is for the apes.

A Way Out?

Into this maze of guild privileges and bureaucratic pork-barrel come the aforementioned nontraditional students, poorer on average than their schoolmates, on campus to learn *partic-*

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Critique

The New Mythology of Rape

by Wendy McElroy

No woman is safe when personal responsibility is undermined.

Rape is an abomination that no civilized society can tolerate.

In the '60s, feminists broke down the old, puritanical mythology of rape. They shattered the presumption that only bad girls who walked alone at night got raped, and exploded the notion that all rapists were seedy men who lurked in alleys.

In fact, *every* woman, from infancy to the grave, is vulnerable to attack, even in her own home. And rapists can be hard-working husbands or apple-cheeked boys next door, not just hardened criminals and psychopaths. Indeed, the victim usually knows her assailant.

In the place of the old mythology of rape, '60s feminism offered facts and practical help for women in pain. Their hotlines and crisis centers did something neither the legal system nor new research could: they talked to raped women, and let them know they were not alone.

As a woman who has been raped, I owe a debt to '60s feminism. I emerged from the experience in one piece largely because of the groundwork feminists had already created for rape victims. I learned that I had a right to be angry, not only at the man who raped me, but also at the laws and cultural attitudes that sheltered him and not me. From feminism I learned an irreplaceable lesson: *What happened to me was not my fault.*

But in the past two decades, a disturbing change has taken place in feminism's approach to rape. Rape

used to be considered a crime, a violation of normal life. Then, in the '70s, a theoretical groundwork was laid to place rape at the very heart of our culture. For the new feminists, rape was an expression of how the average man viewed the average woman. By the mid-'80s, rape had become thoroughly politicized: it was now viewed as a major weapon — perhaps *the* major weapon — by which the patriarchy keeps women in their place.

The New York Radical Feminists' manifesto exemplifies this change:

It is no accident that the New York Radical Feminists, through the technique of consciousness-raising, discovered that rape is not a personal misfortune but an experience shared by all women in one form or another. When more than two people have suffered the same oppression the problem is no longer personal but political — and rape is a political matter. . . . [M]an is always uneasy and threatened by the possibility that woman will one day claim her full right to human existence, so he has found ways to enslave her. He has married her, and

through the family, binds her to him as wife and mother to his children. He has kept her helpless and dependent, forcing her to work when he needed her labor, isolating her (physically and psychologically), and as a final proof of his power and her debasement as a possession, a thing, a chunk of meat, he has raped her. The act of rape is the logical expression of the essential relationship now existing between men and women. (Quoted in *Rape: The First Sourcebook for Feminists* by Mary Ann Manhart, p. 215)

Rape was no longer a crime committed by individuals against individuals. It had become part of class analysis.

In the conclusion to *Rape: The First Sourcebook for Feminists*, Mary Ann Manhart remarked on this shift:

[T]he initial step in the feminist process is consciousness-raising and the final step is political action. . . . Consciousness-raising is a political act, and in turn, political action becomes consciousness-raising. . . . In a sense, rape is not a reformist but a

revolutionary issue because our ultimate goal is to eliminate rape and that goal cannot be achieved without a revolutionary transformation of our society. It means a transformation of the family, the economic system, and the psychology of men and women so that sexual exploitation along with economic exploitation becomes impossible and even unimaginable. (p. 249-250)

In her near-legendary essay, "Rape: The All-American Crime," radical fem-

As a woman who has been raped, I will never downplay its trauma. But being raped was not the worst thing that ever happened to me . . .

inist Susan Griffin makes what no longer sounds like a radical or unusual claim:

Indeed, the existence of rape in any form is beneficial to the ruling class of white males. For rape is a kind of terrorism which severely limits the freedom of women and makes women dependent on men. . . . This oppressive attitude towards women finds its institutionalization in the traditional family. (*Rape Victimology*, Leroy G. Schultz, ed., 1975, p. 3)

Rape had found its niche within a political ideology with a revolutionary agenda. No longer simply an abominable crime, it had become an accusation to be thrown wholesale at "white male culture" and all men.

By politicizing and collectivizing the pain of women, radical feminism is reversing the gains of the '60s, when the myths about rape and the barriers between men and women had a chance of being dissolved. Today, new myths and new barriers are being erected.

New Myths for Old

Any look at this new mythology should begin with Susan Brownmiller's seminal book of 1975, *Against Our Will*, which charts the history of rape from Neanderthal times to modern days, placing great emphasis on periods of war and crisis. *Against Our*

Will is a watershed book, one which has been said to "give rape its history." Its radical thesis is that rape is the primary mechanism through which men — as a class — perpetuate their domination over women. According to Brownmiller, all men benefit from the fact that some men rape.

I understand how compelling this view of rape can be. At times, I've wanted to blame all men for the violence I experienced. Certainly, I was angry at all men.

But Brownmiller's theory of rape is wrong. And it is damaging to women.

Brownmiller makes three basic and interconnected claims:

- Rape is an arm of patriarchy;
- Men have created a "mass psychology" of rape; and
- Rape is a part of "normal" life.

I dispute each of these.

Is rape an arm of patriarchy? This is perhaps the most basic new myth about rape, that it is a crime with one cause: the general oppression of women by men. It is no longer politically correct to conduct studies on the causes of rape, because — as any right-thinking person knows — there is only one cause.

Decades ago, in the heyday of liberal feminism and sexual curiosity, the approach to research was more sophisticated. The Kinsey study of the 1950s classified seven types of rapists — assaultive, amoral, drunken, explosive, double-standard, mental-defective, and psychotic. And as recently as 1979, in *Men Who Rape: The Psychology of the Offender*, A. Nicholas Groth made a statement that sounds almost jarring to today's ears: "One of the most basic observations one can make regarding men who rape is that not all such offenders are alike" (p. 12).

Such studies are no longer in fashion. It is no longer proper to suggest that there can be as many motives for rape as there are for other violent crimes.

People murder for money, for love, out of jealousy or patriotism — the rationalizations come in all colors and shapes. Rape is every bit as complex. Men rape out of sexual hunger, from a need to prove themselves, from hatred of women, from a desire for revenge, as a political statement, from peer pres-

sure. There is a constellation of possible motives for sexual assault, which become further blurred when you introduce drunkenness or other drug use to the equation.

Eldridge Cleaver defined his rape activity as "an insurrectionary act. It delighted me that I was defying and trampling upon the white man's law upon his system of values and that I was defiling his women. . . . I felt I was getting revenge." (*Soul on Ice*, 1965, p. 28). Contrast that with this comment in *The Crime and Consequences of Rape*:

In acquaintance rapes, the brutality and violence . . . are usually absent. Since sex is the primary motivation in these cases, any classification of the motivation for rape would have to include sex in addition to power, anger, and sadism as motivating factors. (p. 44)

Feminism needs a theory that reconciles Cleaver's rapes with those of a drunken frat brother. We need a theory that explores the complexity of the issue, not one that oversimplifies it for

. . . and I have recovered from it. Feminists who say otherwise are paying me a disrespect.

the sake of a political agenda. Instead, radical feminists offer book after book of anecdotal, biased studies full of unproven blanket assertions that have acquired the status of truth through sheer repetition.

Armed with such ideological arrogance, radical feminists jettison all scientific method from their research. Susan Brownmiller asks, "Does one need scientific methodology in order to conclude that the anti-female propaganda that permeates our nation's cultural output promotes a climate in which acts of sexual hostility directed against women are not only tolerated but ideologically encouraged?" (p. 395) Her answer to the rhetorical question is plain.

And that answer is wrong. One needs scientific methodology to verify any empirical claim. Otherwise, all discussions devolve into opinion. Or

worse, they become a barrier to real research conducted by people willing to reach conclusions based on data, not prejudice. Inconvenient issues like rape committed against men are also ignored, or sidestepped; all victims are considered, for political purposes, to be women. This is rather like the television interview in which Stokely Carmichael divided the world into the white oppressor and the black oppressed. When asked about the huge global population of Asians, he replied, "Consider them black."

Brownmiller's second myth is that men as a class have created a mass psychology of rape — that all men are rapists at heart, and all women their natural prey:

Man's discovery that his genitalia could serve as a weapon to generate fear must rank as one of the most important discoveries of prehistoric times, along with the use of fire and the first crude stone axe. From prehistoric times to the present, I believe, rape has played a critical function . . . it is nothing more or less than a conscious process of intimidation by which *all* men keep *all* women in a state of fear. (p. 14, emphasis in the original)

Leaving aside the question of how Brownmiller comes by her amazing information about prehistoric psychology, her message is clear: men are inherently rapists.

To back this up, Brownmiller plays fast and loose with anecdotal accounts and passages of fiction, her selection of evidence revealing tremendous bias. At one point she states, "People often ask what the classic Greek myths reveal about rape. Actually, they reveal very little" (p. 313). Yet these myths are widely held to be archetypes of human psychology. If Brownmiller wishes to maintain that there is a continuum of male oppression that extends from man's first recognition of his genitalia as weapon through this very moment she must, in honesty, consider Greek mythology. She can't just pick and choose the evidence that supports her position.

Yet even dipping into history and fiction when and where they choose, radical feminists' evidence still doesn't lead to the conclusion that all men are

rapists. In the preface to their 1991 book *Acquaintance Rape: The Hidden Crime*, editors Andrea Parrot and Laurie Bechhofer offer a common statistic: "Approximately one in four women in the United States will be the victims of rape or attempted rape by the time they are in their mid-twenties, and over three quarters of those assaults will occur between people who

The issue of rape has been diverted into a political tangle of class theory and ideology. It is time to return to the basics: consent and coercion.

know each other" (p. ix). This stunning figure is supported by FBI records.

In looking at such terrifying statistics, women have a natural tendency to overlook a vital aspect of what is being said: three out of four women will *not* be raped. Even assuming that there is a one-to-one correlation between victims and rapists — a generous assumption, since many rapists commit serial crimes — this means that 75% of all men will never commit this brutal act. Indeed, many men would come immediately to the defense of a woman being attacked.

This observation may seem obvious or facile. But in the face of astounding and unsupported claims like "all men are rapists," it becomes necessary to state the obvious. If another group of radicals claimed that all whites or Protestants or bisexuals were sadists, yet the statistics they provided indicated that at least 75% were not, no honest observer would accept their argument. But when the radicals are sexually correct feminists, their incredible statements are swallowed whole.

And lest a single man try to slip through the net of accusations by pleading that he has never raped or even contemplated doing so, Brownmiller explains how good intentions and good behavior do not excuse a man from the charge of rape:

Once we accept as basic truth that rape is not a crime of irrational, impulsive, uncontrollable lust, but is a

deliberate, hostile, violent act of degradation and possession on the part of a would-be conqueror, designed to intimidate and inspire fear, we must look toward those elements in our culture that promote and propagandize these attitudes, which offer men . . . the ideology and psychological encouragement to commit their acts of aggression *without awareness, for the most part, that they have committed a punishable crime*, let alone a moral wrong. (p. 391, emphasis in original)

Such a theory allows for no contradictory evidence. There is no possibility — through action, thought, or word — for a man to escape the charge of rape. It becomes axiomatically true.

The third myth Brownmiller propounds is that rape is part of normal life. Yet her book examines rape primarily during times of war and political crisis. This allows for some valuable scholarship, but it leads to some shaky conclusions. According to Brownmiller, because men rape in times of war and social turbulence, they are normally rapists; rape is the norm.

This requires a leap of logic. The circumstances Brownmiller highlights — war, riots, pogroms, revolutions — are expressions, not of consistent social attitudes, but of social breakdown. Yet in chapter after chapter, Brownmiller uses horrifying accounts of rape from such periods of crisis to make claims about the attitudes and behavior of the ordinary man-on-the-street. Arguing from the extreme, Brownmiller draws conclusions about the normal.

There is no doubt: in times of war and social upheaval, the frequency of all violence increases. But this says nothing about regular life. Nor does it indicate whether the violence is caused by society or by the forces ripping society apart. Men kill in war, but that doesn't make the accountant feeding his parking meter a murderer.

Even when *Against Our Will* moves away from the agonies of war and revolt, it still focuses on situations of polarization and conflict. After the chapters titled "War" and "Riots, Pogroms, and Revolutions" comes "Two Studies in American History." These studies involve the history of rape as applied to American Indians and

slaves. Again, Brownmiller offers some valuable insights — but with much narrower application than she is willing to accept.

Redefining Rape

Years ago, I watched a television interview in which a Russian sociologist claimed there was no rape in Soviet Russia. Pressed on the point, the woman explained, "No word for rape exists in the Russian language; therefore, there is no rape."

I have no idea whether her linguistic claim is true, but her methodology is familiar: By not naming a problem or reclassifying it, it is supposed to go away. A similar sleight of hand seems to be at work right now, only in reverse. Through a semantic shell game, rape is being redefined out of recognizability.

In their essay, "The Psychology of the Rapist and His Victim," Lilia Melani and Linda Fodaski virtually equate heterosexual sex with rape:

Once we accept the relationship of aggression and submission; once we

recognize force or struggle as an integral component of the sexual courtship (as in the battle of the sexes) it follows that the sex act itself is only a less emphatic expression of all those elements that make up criminal rape. (*Rape: The First Sourcebook for Feminists*, p. 88)

That view is, of course, an extreme. But today's crusade against date rape is well within the feminist mainstream.

No one can condone rape in the guise of dating. But for many feminists, "date rape" — as a concept — is much more than a stand against drunken frat brothers assaulting female students. In their 1989 book *The Female Fear*, Margaret Gordon and Stephanie Riger come close to denying the possibility of consent within dating itself: "The American dating system, which constitutes a primary source of heterosexual contacts, legitimizes the consensual 'purchase' of women as sexual objects and obliterates the crucial distinction between consent and nonconsent" (p. 60).

It is difficult to tell what constitutes

consent or coercion for radical feminists. Consider a recent definition of sexual violence offered by Liz Kelly:

Sexual violence includes any physical, visual, verbal, or sexual act that is experienced by the woman or girl, at the time or later, as a threat, invasion, or assault, that has the effect of hurting her or degrading her and/or takes away her ability to control intimate contact. (*Surviving Sexual Violence*, 1988, p. 41)

This, in one form or another, has become a common guideline for identifying sexual violence. And it is a dangerous one.

According to this standard, a woman need not have felt threatened during the sex act itself to have been raped. Consider Kelly's words: "Sexual violence includes any . . . sexual act that is experienced by the woman or girl, at the time or later" as violent. In retrospect and in light of other experiences, the woman might decide that she had been coerced. But everyone makes mistakes. Regret is not a benchmark of consent.

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And how can anything "experienced by the woman or girl" as violent be *de facto* violence — especially when verbal or visual "violence" is included? The crucial link between coercion and the use or threat of force has been broken. Tangible evidence of violence — bruises, witnesses, explicit threats — is no longer needed for a man to be considered guilty. A woman need only *feel* threatened, invaded, or assaulted by him.

Such subjectivity makes a mockery of rule of law. The issue of rape has been legally skewed in favor of the accused for so long that women have reacted by swinging the balance too far in the other direction.

By expanding the definition of rape with such wild abandon, radical feminists have blurred all clear lines on this issue. Rape used to be forced sex — a form of assault. Today, the focus has shifted from assault to "abuse." A recent survey by two Carleton University sociologists, financed by a \$236,000 government grant, revealed that 81% of women attending Canadian univer-

sities and colleges had suffered sexual abuse. Their survey descended into a maelstrom of controversy when it became known that the researchers defined "abuse" to include taunts and insults during quarrels.

In *Men Who Rape*, Groth provides the essential distinction between rape and sex that occurs under pressure or persuasion: "The defining characteristic of forced assault is the risk of bodily harm to the woman should she refuse to participate in sexual activity. All nonconsenting sex is assault. In the pressured assault, the victim is sexually harassed or exploited. In forced assaults, she is a victim of rape" (p.3).

By eliminating the distinction between force and persuasion, important sexual lines are erased — such as the line between rape and seduction.

Camille Paglia offers a refreshing contrast to the obfuscations other feminists are weaving around rape:

[F]eminism, which has waged a crusade for rape to be taken more seriously, has put young women in danger by hiding the truth about sex

from them.

In dramatizing the pervasiveness of rape, radical feminists have told young women that before they have sex with a man, they must give consent as explicit as a legal contract's. In this way, young women have been convinced that they have been the victims of rape. (*Sex, Art, and American Culture*, 1992, p. 49)

The pivotal difference between individualist feminists and radical feminists lies in the concepts of coercion and consent. For individualist feminists, these concepts rest on every woman's inalienable right to her own body. If a woman says "yes" (or if her behavior clearly implies "yes"), consent is present. If a woman says "no" (or clearly implies it), coercion is present.

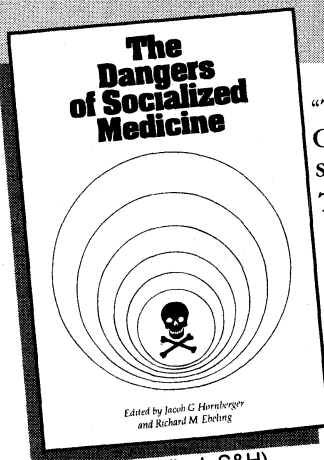
For radical feminists, on the other hand, the distinction is little more than a muddle.

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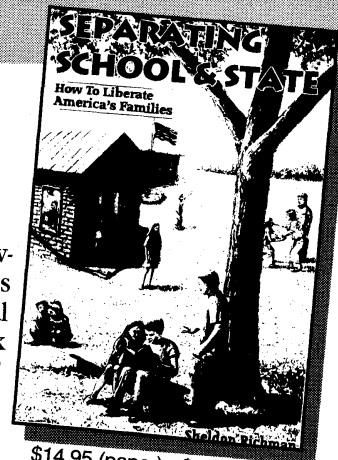
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women. In Paglia's words, "The point is, these white, upper-middle-class feminists believe that a pain-free world is achievable. I'm saying that a pain-free world will be achievable only under totalitarianism" (p. 64).

But the fact that women are vulnerable to attack means we cannot have it all. We cannot walk at night across an unlit campus without incurring real danger. These are things every woman should be able to do, but "shoulds" of this sort belong in a utopian world.

Feminism needs a theory that explores the complexity of rape, not one that oversimplifies it for the sake of a political agenda.

They belong in a world where you drop your wallet in a crowd and have it returned, complete with credit cards and cash; a world in which unlocked Porsches are parked in downtown New York, and children can be left unattended in the park. This is not the reality that confronts and confines us.

Paglia has introduced some reality into the discussion: "Feminism . . . keeps telling women they can do anything, go anywhere, say anything, wear anything. No, they can't. Women will always be in sexual danger. . . . Feminism, with its pie-in-the-sky fantasies about the perfect world, keeps young women from seeing life as it is" (p. 50).

Radical feminism paints a schizoid picture of women. We are supposed to be free and complete sexual beings — who live in a state of siege. We are supposed to be empowered sisters — terrified to open our doors at night. The picture of men is no less confusing: even the kindest, gentlest husband, father, and son is supposed to benefit from the rape of women they love. No ideology that makes such vicious accusations can heal any wounds. It can only provoke hostility.

This antagonism may serve an unpleasant purpose. Radical feminism is a cry for revolution, and revolutions are not built on conciliation. For radical feminists, there is no solution to

sexual violence short of adopting their entire social, economic, and political agenda. No other bridge of understanding or trust may be built between men and women.

Nor does radical feminism seek to help women on an individual basis. Even the supposedly definitive work on rape, *Against Our Will*, gives only a cursory nod to the idea of individual women healing, or learning to defend themselves. Instead, those who have been raped are told that they will never recover from the experience, that rape is the worst thing that can happen to a woman. As Paglia observes, "The whole system now is designed to make you feel that you are maimed and mutilated forever if something like that happens. . . . [T]he whole system is filled with these clichés about sex" (p. 63).

As a woman who has been raped, I will never downplay the trauma it brings. But being raped was not the worst thing that ever happened to me, and I have recovered from it. Feminists who say otherwise are paying me a disrespect.

The issue of rape has been diverted into a political tangle of class theory and ideology. It is time to return to the basics: consent and coercion.

So far as consent is concerned, the crucial question must always be, *Has a woman agreed to have sex? It is not Has she been talked into it, bribed, manipulated, filled with regret, drunk too much, or ingested drugs?* And in an act that rarely has an explicit "yes" attached to it, the touchstone of consent has to be the presence or absence of physical force.

On the question of coercion, I think feminists desperately need to change their focus from the man to the woman. They should be crying out for every woman to learn how to say "no" as effectively as possible — with deadly force if necessary. The true way to empower a woman, to make her the equal of any man who would attack her, is to teach her to defend herself.

Women *should* be able to live unthreatened by the specter of rape — just as they *should* be able leave their apartments and car doors unlocked. Yet women who bolt their doors every night often refuse to learn self-defense

because they don't believe they should have to. Because they *should* be able to feel safe, they refuse to take steps that would so dramatically acknowledge how unsafe they truly are.

Feminism needs more women like Paxton Quigley, author of *Armed and Female*. After a friend of hers was brutally raped, Quigley went from agitating for gun control to teaching women how to use handguns.

Quigley uses an effective technique to break through women's tendency to shy away from guns. Her beginner's course includes a tape of a 911 emergency call that was made by a Kansas rape victim as her attacker was breaking into her home. As he appears at her bedroom door, she screams: "Who are you? Why are you here? Why are you here? WHY?"

Once they've heard the tape, Quigley's students are more willing to learn such techniques as how to shoot lying down and how to aim for the head.

If there is a solution to rape and other violence against women, it is self-defense. Politicizing women's pain has been a costly diversion from the hard work necessary to create real safety. As one of the women who took Quigley's course told *The Wall Street Journal*, "Girls grow up believing that they're going to be taken care of, but it just ain't so."

Rape is a crime committed against individual women, and the remedy must be an individualist one as well. Women who are raped deserve one-on-one compassion and respect for the unique suffering they experience. Too much emphasis has been placed on the commonality of reactions among raped women: it is equally important to treat these women as distinct human beings and respect their differences.

By the same token, women in fear deserve one-on-one training in how to defend themselves. Theories of how Neanderthal man was sexist do not offer women safety in their own homes. Women deserve to be empowered, not by having their pain and fear attached to a political agenda, but by learning how to use force to their advantage.

Self-defense is feminism's final frontier. □

Libertarian Pragmatism

by Bart Kosko

The politics of fuzziness, the fuzziness of politics.

Libertarian pragmatism holds that you judge a social policy more by how it affects personal liberty than by how it fits or clashes with abstract principles of liberty. It favors facts over logic but uses them both. It is reasonable without being rationalistic.

Libertarian pragmatism is a method. It is not a doctrine or set of beliefs about how the world is or how we should act. We all use the method to some degree. The libertarian pragmatist just uses it to a higher degree than he uses abstract principles of rightness or rationality or duty or utility. His pragmatism seeks the cash-in value of social policy. His libertarianism cashes those policies into the coin of freedom. He has an eye for facts and a taste for liberty.

The Case for Pragmatism: Do Numbers Exist?

The best case for libertarian pragmatism may be the case for pragmatism in general. Psychologist William James made the first popular case for pragmatism in his 1907 book *Pragmatism*:

What difference would it practically make to anyone if this notion rather than that notion were true? If no practical difference whatever can be traced, then the alternatives mean practically the same thing, and all dispute is idle. . . . It is astonishing to see how many philosophical disputes collapse into insignificance the moment you subject them to this simple test of tracing a concrete consequence. There can be no difference anywhere that doesn't make a difference elsewhere — no difference in

abstract truth that doesn't express itself in a difference in concrete fact and in conduct consequent upon that fact, imposed on somebody, somehow, somewhere, and some-when.

James saw this toolbox method as a way to use both principles and facts to cut through the thick Hegelian metaphysics of his day. This let him take the best of the old camps of rationalism and empiricism without joining either one. Take a claim and try to predict where it leads and retrodict where it might have led. Use whatever works best to trace down a "concrete consequence."

James went on to make a theory of truth out of the method and came up short. The testable effects of a statement do not exhaust its truth content. The statement "Grass is green" is true to whatever fuzzy degree it is true even if we or computers or super-alien cannot figure out all the ways to test it.

Modern logician Willard Van Orman Quine has firmed up the case for pragmatism by applying it to the whole of science and math. "Grass is green" is on the evidential edge of a huge *web of belief* that has math and logic at its core. The logic strands shade into the fact strands at the edge. You test no strand or statement by it-

self. That is why we may not accept a new fact or theory or the latest citing of a UFO. It may uproot more strands than it is worth.

Facts and experience challenge and change the many edge strands in a belief web. Scientific theories help group these and middle strands into tree branches. New math theories (like chaos and fuzzy logic) challenge the logical roots and can shake or color the whole belief web. The march of science does not proceed a strand at a time as the logical positivists claimed. The plastic unit of knowledge is the whole of science and math.

Now consider the old question of metaphysics: Do numbers exist? Yes or no? Platonists say yes and fail to point to a number anywhere in the space-time continuum. Nominalists say no but fail to explain why a mere convention is an infinite set of interlocking theorems. And they have to say that scientists are wrong when they use math (and quantify over it) when they speak of the world. Neither position holds up under criticism. That suggests that the yes/no question poses a false binary split if it poses anything at all.

Quine and others resolve the question with a system-wide pragmatism. Inside the system of math it makes

sense to ask if numbers exist and the answer is yes. Outside of math we ask questions about the system. Here to say that numbers do or do not exist does not make sense just as it does not make sense to say that of an inch or a pound. We can ask pragmatic questions about the use of math and its effects. We can ask if math is a tool worth using and the answer so far has been yes.

What goes for the concept space of math goes for them all. We use them because it pays and only because it pays. Other forms of intelligence may use something else that pays better for them. We get mixed up in our words if we say our tools exist or are right or provable. We may not see this if we look at just one scheme or concept space or part of it by itself. This led the logical positivists to assert their "principle of verifiability" and so to paint the whole web of belief with the same brush of sense data. But verifiability is a matter of degree and holds more for star light than for quark tracks in a

Libertarian pragmatism is a method. It is not a doctrine or set of beliefs about how the world is or how we should act.

bubble chamber or for cosmic strings cast in terms of abstract group theory.

At some point we have to stand back and see our interests or questions as part of a system and perhaps see that system as part of a larger system and so on up the chain. The final meta-questions about the systems are pragmatic. Logic might show that some systems are simpler or imply other systems. Facts might better match more parts of some systems. Or some systems might lead to more facts or promise to lead to them. How we vote has to do with how the systems pay off by our lights. As James said we want our word schemes to get us in satisfactory relations with our experiences.

Libertarian pragmatism works this way at two levels. For those outside of politics it offers them libertarianism on its social merits. We can argue that most people in most cultures want more wealth and the freedom to use it

and that on net libertarianism gives them more of both than do its statist competitors. We can use all the facts and principles we can muster. In the past some have called this view utilitarian but that is mistaken. The pragmatist makes no claims about measuring happiness or utility and need not accept outcomes that favor the majority at the expense of some minority. A pragmatist may hold a mixed strategy of utility and duty or of utility and right or of something else. Most doctrines have some degree of value. We don't have to accept them all or none — and we can embrace as many or as few of them as we choose.

For those in the libertarian movement it offers a way to explore new options as well as a way to debate those options with non-libertarians and with one another. We have limited time and energy. All sides of the debate know that drug legalization favors personal freedom. The hard part is to show how a partial free market in drugs would unfold in time and to make these effects concrete. That is why there are tens of thousands of science-fiction writers but only a handful of these can secure book contracts and only a handful of these writers achieve wealth and fame. Extrapolation is an art but one that improves with practice.

Before I show how a libertarian pragmatist can deal with an abstract and a practical problem of liberty I want to pause and look at the recent history of libertarian pragmatism. The lesson is that you can use ethics and philosophy in your life as you see fit. But they will fail you in a fight.

The Recent History of Libertarian Pragmatism

A decade ago I called this position "scientific libertarianism" in an article by that name in *The Pragmatist*. The title and history of that journal makes clear that some form of libertarian pragmatism has been afoot for at least a decade.

Scientific libertarianism deals with arbitrary means to a valued end. The end is the pure end of libertarianism. It is to maximize personal and economic freedom. We favor means that help achieve this end and disfavor those that do not.

The name "scientific libertarianism" was a shot at Marx's "scientific socialism" and an attempt to take liberty straight as a naked value judgment and not to rest the case for it on God or philosophy. This brings up two hard facts.

The first fact is that science and math and the world they describe are all amoral. No one has produced a true

The philosophical libertarians did a great service for liberty and their place in its history is secure. But it is time to drop the crutch and move on.

or false statement of value. No one has derived "ought" from "is" and no one is likely to. Claims like "Profit is evil" or "You should not cheat" or "Green is better than blue" match no chunk of the space-time continuum or of any imagined one. They are not testable in principle. We have to start with this fact even if it hurts.

Past libertarians tried to ground freedom in theology or metaphysics. Socialist atheists made short work of the old liberal claims that freedom came from God. In turn libertarian atheists like Ayn Rand and Murray Rothbard met them blow for philosophical blow and then went on to put forth their own species of rationalism. Rand's "Existence is identity" somehow replaced Marx's "dialectical materialism."

Both views are as reasonable and as untestable as the other. Rand turns to Aquinas and Aristotle for support. The best argument for Marxism was always a gun.

The next hard fact is that philosophy is just a playpen of words. It does not rest on logic or fact though it can use both in its word-schemes. Philosophy does not sit above science as some ultimate tribunal of thought. Facts don't answer to words. And scientists don't take orders from philosophers. August Comte got it right when he said large systems of knowledge advance from theology (astrology) to philosophy (celestial substance) to science

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

"Dear Michael,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Name Withheld, Los Angeles, CA

Divorced Mother Gets Job

"Dear Michael,

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

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

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

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

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

"Michael, you saved my life."

M.B., Miami, FL

Shy Libertarian Gives Speeches

"Dear Michael,

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

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

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

C.N., San Antonio, TX

1-900 Libertarian Phone Sex?

"Dear Michael,

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

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

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

people into the libertarian movement and get them active.

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

C.M., Portland, OR

Captain Convinces Commander

"Dear Michael,

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

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

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

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

Captain stationed in Germany

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

Do you really want the people you talk with to start advocating libertarianism to their friends?

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(astronomy). Philosophy is an epiphenomenon of science in the same sense that Santayana said mind was of brain: "a lyric cry in the midst of business."

That leaves libertarianism without philosophy. We may not like that but we have to make the best of it. The philosophical libertarians did a great service for liberty and their place in its history is secure. But it is time to drop the crutch and move on.

The term "scientific libertarianism" wove all these threads into the same banner. But the term did not stick. It did not seem to name a thing that most libertarians could endorse. George Smith once said in a debate with David Friedman that no freedom fighter ever has or will go to battle with a flag that reads "Pareto Optimality!"

Still when pushed or shoved we have to defend libertarianism. We want to say more than that it just tastes good. We want to give reasons for our beliefs and tastes. Philosophy tempts us here with its promise of logical proof and a knock-down-drag-out-30-second syllogism. But all you can prove is a tautology like "A is A." From that no fact follows. You don't establish a fact with logic or words. You do so with evidence and that is the job of science.

The best logic and philosophy can do is help sharpen our wits and help sort out what we claim and where our claims lead. Logic and philosophy will not do what we want them to do. They will not ground our value judgements in logic or fact. They will not convert taste to math theorem or causal truth. Asking them to do so can only confuse heart with head. And it smacks of an adult way of still asking the Lord to

grant a casual favor in exchange for a prayer. As Bertrand Russell said: philosophy is the no-man's-land between science and theology.

Two Pragmatic Examples: Nonaggression and Taxes

Pragmatism offers a way to argue for liberty without making nonscientific claims for it. Pragmatism can help shape our political webs of beliefs. Near the center we seek principles simple in their logic and rich in their effect on actions and beliefs. The best principle grounds the other principles without conflict and grounds the social actions that can follow from these principles. Near the edges of the belief web we seek the effects of the principles on human action past and future.

The principle of nonaggression is a candidate grounding principle. It

No freedom fighter has ever gone to battle with a flag that reads "Pareto Optimality!"

states that what is wrong is the *first* use or threat of force. What is wrong is starting the fight. In this sense it is more the principle of *anti-aggression*.

A pragmatic thing to ask is how would the world change if everyone (or no one) acted on the principle. Imagine U.S. and world history if the Constitution stated the principle in its opening line as the foundation of a free and just society. Imagine Stalin at the height of his power and terror switching his beliefs to fit the principle and reshaping the Soviet Union to reflect it

just as the ancient Indian king Ashoka one day converted to Buddhism on a battlefield. How would things be different? What would be the cash-in value of the principle in terms of facts and beliefs? In this sense libertarian pragmatism is just a method of inquiry or way of looking in

this case at the principle of nonaggression or in general at politics. It is not a doctrine or some new truth and you need not be a libertarian to practice it. The best libertarian pragmatist may well be a computer program.

The principle of nonaggression is both simple and rich. It grounds a wide range of legal prescriptions against fraud and assault and forced takings. Most of all it fits well with personal ethics in all cultures. Human nature has evolved a deep vengefulness that feels the need to repay even the slightest jab or jest between friends. We can argue that most people apply the principle of nonaggression in their own lives. We can suggest polls and studies that might test for how often we use the principle in practice and can speculate on the principle's evolutionary track record in prehistory and in more recent times.

The principle seems borne out by the new theorem in game theory that the tit-for-tat strategy (first cooperate and then reciprocate) is an optimal or stable strategy in a world of egoists. This optimal strategy is not unique since always cheating or "defecting" is stable too. The frequency that players fall into a stable tit-for-tat equilibrium depends on the odds that they will have to deal with one another in the future. We treat our neighbors and office-mates better than we treat strangers in the check-out line or in distant airports just as we treat our own car better than a rental. The defection strategy beats tit for tat in an infinite crowd of strangers.

The principle of nonaggression also implies that taxation is theft. Modern liberals shrink from this and reject the principle as if the result were a *reductio ad absurdum*. Here the libertarian pragmatist can point to the logic strands in belief webs as well as to the fact strands. He can demand logical and legal consistency with the liberal's belief in a person's nonnegotiable civil rights and can argue for less aggressive ways to fund the state or argue for less costly state ends and means. He can do the same when the liberal objects to how the principle implies that the military draft and forced jury duty are forms of slavery and that eminent domain is wholesale theft. Nowhere need he claim more for liberty than his taste for it. And again he



could argue the pragmatist case even if he lacks the taste.

Taxes are unique among a libertarian's complaints. Taxes both harm the person the state takes them from and pay for the state to keep taking them from him. Cutting them cuts this positive feedback loop. A citizenry with infinite wealth could grow an infinite state. And taxes come in so many forms and with so many time horizons that to cut some and not others might give up more liberty than it gains. At a given time taxes are conserved. The state makes up for lost revenues here by taking them there or by borrowing them from future subjects.

Libertarian pragmatists have long asked how the state would change if we abolished the income tax. The question has lost its radical flavor since the income tax now makes up less than half the state's revenue in the United States. Other third parties now adopt the proposal just as they have adopted the libertarian call to abolish victimless crimes. To abolish the income tax in the future may yield no more than a symbolic triumph and may risk taking the blame for the huge state that remains. A flat tax may suffer the same fate.

I have proposed a "fuzzy tax form" to bring some personal choice into how the state spends whatever taxes it takes from its subjects. Current tax forms are binary in the sense that all the money you pay goes to general revenues. The state then spends it as it sees fit. Everything is a matter of degree in the fuzzy world view. So let half the money go to general revenue as before. That way politicians can't balk about their need to fund spot measures. The other half goes to some degree to broad categories of your choice. You may list on the form that you want 50% of it to go to debt relief and 30% to AIDS research and the last 20% to some miscellaneous cause. Or you could fill in all zeroes or leave the form blank and so get back the binary tax form as a special case. You would have that choice.

I put forth the fuzzy tax form as a fuzzy theorist. I argued for it as a libertarian pragmatist. The obvious argument is that it gives a say to those who pay and favors the pop democracy of the media and op-ed columns. It is hard to believe a politician would argue against it on the air or in public.

Special interest groups would have a stake in passing it into law so that they could attract state funds straight from the source. And the name "fuzzy" gives the proposal a sense that it springs more from the forefront of science and machine intelligence than from a political point of view. In time a fuzzy tax form could change the structure of the state and the society that the state shapes. It might even make enough

people ask why they have to pay their money to these categories in the first place.

The deeper pragmatic argument traces down a "concrete consequence": A fuzzy tax form could fund research contests for large cash prizes. Society gets what it rewards for. So reward researchers for breakthroughs. The latest trend is to punish them if they fail to come up with a breakthrough. That

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does not condition the same social reflexes. California now requires a minimum number of electric cars on its streets by 1998. It wants 2% or more of the cars sold there in 1998 to emit no pollutants. But in June of 1993 Whirlpool won \$30 million for the cleanest and most energy-efficient design of a new refrigerator (which just happened to use fuzzy logic to control its compressor). Twenty-four electric utility companies put up the money in what may be the start of a new trend. So put up a few million dollars for the best electric car or the best way to clean up oil spills. Put up a billion dollars or 10 billion dollars or 100 billion dollars for a cure for lung cancer or AIDS. A fuzzy tax form would not just help society get what it pays for but would let it pay for what it wants to get.

The Virtual Future of Libertarian Pragmatism

Libertarian ideas and policies have come a long way in the last two decades since the Libertarian Party formed. Some ideas have sold better than others have and some policies have worked better than others have. Drug legalization has entered public discourse. But polls show that most Americans are not that worried about their taxes. They worry more about crime. So libertarian policies of restitution and private justice may come into their own in the future. And a greening of libertarianism seems sure to come with the growing joint concerns of the environment and of a world population that adds an extra 80 million babies a year. We can step back as we near the end of this century and guess at the ideas and policies that may fare best in the next century.

The future of libertarian pragmatism lies in tracing down more concrete consequences in new media. By far the boldest pragmatic idea is the Atlantis Project. It seeks to build a floating city in the free blue waters of the Caribbean Sea:

Is true freedom possible? We at the Atlantis Project are tired of arguing about it, so we're going to find out. We're going to build a floating city in the Caribbean, founded on the principles of free thought and free enterprise.

Located outside the hurricane belt in international waters east of Panama, our floating city will have small parks, theaters, schools, shopping, sports facilities, and ports for STOL aircraft, helicopters, and ships. This sea city will be the first in the new sovereign country of OCEANIA. Our painstakingly detailed constitution and laws will ensure that current and future generations will enjoy the same liberty as the founders.

The same architectural firm that designed a real floating hotel over Australia's Great Barrier Reef has since

Moore's Law means that every dog will have its day and sooner than we think. Socialism and Communism have had their day. Libertarianism will have its day.

designed a small model of the floating city. Cost estimates start at a billion dollars.

The next century may see many such social experiments. They may float at sea or orbit the Earth or Sun or lie on or in the Moon or Mars. The very idea and scale of such libertarian projects helps erode the old statist notions of sovereignty and citizenship and binary property rights. Their designs and visions and conflicts will work their way into public debate just as drug legalization and city privatization have in this decade. The new ideas and dreams they supply will create and feed their own demand.

Virtual reality (VR) can speed both the supply of new libertarian visions and the demand for them. Future VR systems will let us trace down concrete consequences by directly experiencing them. The old pragmatists thought the best we could do was work them out in our heads. Today the VR game SimCity lets us design our own cities. The VR games of the next century will let us live in them as well. Think of the poll results when subjects spend a day each in the four VR test cities cast as extreme models of libertarianism, con-

servatism, populism, and liberalism. No arguments could compete with such direct experience. Libertarianism may stand or fall on its VR cash-in value alone.

Books and films have been the poor man's VR of the past. Ayn Rand and Robert Heinlein painted bestselling visions of their libertarian worlds in their novels. Some of the many libertarian worlds of scientific fiction stand to pass into films with the new advances in digital special effects. Oliver Stone's TV series *Wild Palms* showed a cyberpunk world where a fascist state controls the media of the future and tries to suppress the explicitly libertarian underground (as in many of Heinlein's worlds). Stone's 1991 film *JFK* put forth an "alternative myth" to that of the Warren Commission. Pundits of all stripes attacked this anti-statist movie for its denunciatory tone and its stark what-if questions. But in the end it forced the CIA to open some of its files on the Kennedy assassination. The film did in three hours what hundreds of books and articles and TV stories had failed to do over the past quarter-century. It made the state give a little. This suggests the powerful effects libertarian VR worlds can have on future hearts and minds.

The Information Age runs on Moore's Law: Computer chip density doubles every 18 months. The amount of information in society almost doubles from the time a candidate announces he will run for president to the time he takes office. There is no precedent in history for this MTV rate of cultural acceleration. And it stands to continue well into the next century if not far beyond it. The past grows more and more rapidly. It is both the graveyard of failed ideas and the birthplace of new and untried ones.

Moore's Law means that every dog will have its day and sooner than we think. Socialism and Communism have had their day. Libertarianism will have its day. Facts and logic will play a role in this. But at root they are subtle forms of coercion. Facts and logic may have little to offer the ultra-couch-potatoes of tomorrow. The best we can do is paint some of the pictures on some of their VR channels and let nature and machine intelligence take their course. The future lies in examples. □

Reviews

Peddling Prosperity: Economic Sense and Nonsense in the Age of Diminished Expectations, by Paul Krugman. Norton, 1994, 303 + xvi pp., \$22.00.

Quackery, Left & Right

Leland Yeager

Paul Krugman, a young academic superstar, classifies himself as left of center. He finds the divide between Left and Right less important, however, than "the fault line between serious economic thinking and economic patent medicine, between the professors and the policy entrepreneurs." Although the policy entrepreneur is an intellectual, he occupies the fringes of the profession. Krugman defines him as "the economist who tells politicians what they want to hear" (p. xiv).

A few professors do try to play entrepreneur, seeking the rewards of money and a heightened sense of importance. Those who manage to transcend the constraints of professorly ethics, however, "cease to be professors, at least in the minds of their colleagues. And in general it seems that it is easiest to become a policy entrepreneur if your mind has not been clouded by too much knowledge of economic facts or existing economic theories — only then can you be entirely sincere in telling people what they want to hear. As a result, most of our influential economic policy entrepreneurs, right or left, have their professional roots in journalism or law rather than economics" (12).

A Walk on Supply Side

Krugman examines "supply-side economists" as contemporary speci-

mens of policy entrepreneurs of the Right. Supply-siders he mentions include Robert Bartley (editor of *The Wall Street Journal*), Jude Wanniski (some-time *Journal* editorial writer, author, consultant), Paul Craig Roberts (professor, columnist, think-tanker), Alan Reynolds (writer, think-tanker), and Arthur Laffer (consultant, part-time professor, napkin-doodler). Though not sharing all the characteristics of this group, Robert Mundell, an eccentric Columbia professor, somehow became their guru.

Krugman does not deny the importance of the supply side of markets, of course: no amount of demand can substitute for capacity and willingness to produce goods and services. Nor does he deny that opportunities, prices, taxes, and regulations can be powerful incentives or deterrents to production. But this message is scarcely new, and preaching it is hardly what separates supply-siders from mainstream economists.

What distinguishes supply-siders is their intellectual style: They come off as cranks, as slightly nutty outside challengers of scientific orthodoxy. They underplay the importance of demand-side issues and of the money supply. Some of them blamed the Great Depression largely on the Smoot-Hawley Tariff of 1930. One of them (Laffer) has maintained that currency devaluation never does any good but merely feeds inflation. Just before and

during the Reagan years, supply-siders preached optimism about tax cuts, often without due attention to cutting government spending as well. Sometimes, apparently motivated by politics, they made excuses for government budget deficits, or wrote about deficits and even inflation with a tone of complacency. They trumpeted "growth" as the way out of economic difficulties, or out of difficulties with their own policy positions. Sometimes they played fast and loose with statistics.

Is the chronic government budget deficit of the Reagan and post-Reagan period leading us toward catastrophe or is it harmless? Does it even, as a few unreconstructed Keynesians suggest, provide beneficial economic stimulus? Krugman gives an intermediate answer, leaning more toward complacency than I myself do.

Supply-siders may complain that Krugman has not supported his charges with sufficiently detailed citations of chapter and verse. Not each of them is guilty of each charge. Still, my own (admittedly incomplete) acquaintance with them and their writings tells me that

Getting rid of bad ideas is like flushing cockroaches down a toilet: they come back sooner or later.

Krugman's criticisms are pretty much on target. One should be fastidious in choosing intellectual allies. Not everyone who claims to be a free-market economist is an asset to the cause.

Strategic Industrial Policy

One especially enjoyable aspect of Krugman's book is that it is at least as hard on policy entrepreneurs of the Left as those of the Right. Just as he examined "supply siders" as specimens of policy entrepreneurs of the Right, he

focuses on a group of policy entrepreneurship of the Left: the academic vogue of "new" or "strategic" trade theory, to which Krugman himself has contributed.

This new theory — not so new, really, except in its specific details and examples — invents hypothetical, curious cases in which shrewdly applied subsidies and trade barriers could conceivably snatch the profits of imperfect competition away from foreigners for the benefit of the home country. Intellectual gymnastics like this have their

If "you hear someone say something along the lines of 'America needs higher productivity so that it can compete in today's global economy,' . . . he might as well be wearing a flashing neon sign that reads: 'I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT.'"

legitimate place, provided the gymnasts understand and explain what they are doing. But leftist policy entrepreneurs have latched onto these theories as though they could successfully apply them to correctly identified opportunities in the real world. They imagine that they have a case for an activist trade policy — and, in general, for industrial policy, which means government identification of industries meriting special favor and industries to be eased into decline. Their key idea is that, "for a country to prosper, it must establish a leading role in the right sectors, somehow defined" (251).

Interestingly, "strategic trade has nothing to do with traditional liberal concerns about equality and social justice" (249). It takes a management consultant's view of the U.S. economy and its problems, applying concepts of business strategy to the economy as a whole — concepts which are going out of fashion in the business world itself. Still, the public "finds the simplicities of strategic trade much more palatable than the subtleties of the professors" (18).

In 1992 Krugman wrote an op-ed piece for the *New York Times* on the im-

portance of raising productivity. An editorial assistant insisted that he "explain" why we need to be productive: "to compete in the global economy." Bill Clinton offered the same explanation in February 1993 when trying to justify his tax-hiking economic package. But the supposed explanation is wrong. "We need to be more productive in order to produce more, and this would be true even if the United States were completely without foreign competitors or customers" (268).

Refreshingly, Krugman admits that he does not have the definitive explanation of the slowdown in U.S. productivity growth. The slowdown worries him not because of any supposed problem of global competitiveness, but because productivity and production are decisive for the standard of living. What counts is overall productivity, so productivity growth is more important in large than in small sectors of the economy, whichever kinds of competition they may be facing. If, instead, "you hear someone say something along the lines of 'America needs higher productivity so that it can compete in today's global economy,' never mind who he is, or how plausible he sounds. He might as well be wearing a flashing neon sign that reads: 'I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT'" (280).

Two people as good as wearing this sign are Robert Reich and Ira Magaziner, both of whom attended Oxford with Bill Clinton and developed their ideas over years of conversation with the future president. Reich, originally a lawyer and now Clinton's secretary of labor, began advocating a U.S. industrial policy in op-ed pieces and magazine articles and books; he portrayed himself as a second Adam Smith by titling his 1991 volume *The Work of Nations*. But he "was isolated from his colleagues at Harvard, who conspicuously refused to change his title from Lecturer to Professor, a serious academic snub" (249). Meanwhile, Magaziner summed up his views on international competition in the title of his 1990 book, *The Silent War*.

Other sign-wearers include Robert Kuttner, *The New Republic's* house propagandist for industrial policy, and Lester Thurow, whose book on economic rivalry, *Head to Head*, has been flaunted

and cited by the president. Thurow's appearance on Krugman's list of unadmired persons is a delicious irony: Thurow is business school dean at MIT, the very university where Krugman teaches.

Alan Blinder, in his 1987 book *Hard Heads, Soft Hearts*, states Murphy's Law of Economic Policy — "Economists have the least influence on policy where they know the most and are most agreed; they have the most influence on policy where they know the least and disagree most vehemently" — and O'Connor's Corollary: "When conflicting economic advice is offered, only the worst will be taken." Similarly, Krugman explains that bad policy ideas tend to drive out good ones. Like the conservative professors who backed Reagan in 1980, today's liberal professors cannot believe that what they perceive as the silliness of Democratic policy entrepreneurs will be allowed to govern policy. Both groups have been proven wrong: "If there is any underlying trend in ideology, it is not to right or left but toward a sort of non-partisan dumbing-down" (19).

Here's how Gresham's Law of policy ideas works. Once an administration accepts bad ideas in one area, they "drive out good ones even in seemingly unrelated areas" (290). One of Krugman's examples focuses on Ira Magaziner, head of the Clintons' health-care task force. Professional econo-

Bad policy ideas tend to drive out good ones.

mists had humiliated Magaziner on the issue of industrial policy at a conference in 1983, and he was severely criticized around the same time by economists from the Brookings Institution. Subsequently, he excluded Brookings economist Henry Aaron from his medical-reform deliberations, along with virtually anyone else with a background in health-care economics, despite Aaron's recognized expertise in the field and his left-liberal and pro-Clinton credentials.

In short, "when a government is committed to an ideology that all real experts know to be wrong, this tends to

exert a chilling effect on its ability to get anything else right, even in areas in which that ideology seems to have no bearing" (290). Or, more precisely:

If there is an economic dogma that is simply, flatly, demonstrably wrong, then good economists are likely either to have said that it is wrong or to be associated somehow with other economists who have said that it is wrong. If this wrong-headed dogma is then adopted as the official ideology of an administration, it therefore tends to drive out good economic ideas in general, even where they do not on the surface conflict directly with the dogma. . . . [Early indications are] that the foolish simplicities of strategic trade were damaging the ability of the Clinton administration to make good policy decisions across a surprisingly broad front. (291)

Getting rid of bad ideas is like flushing cockroaches down a toilet, Krugman recognizes: they come back sooner or later. But it would be wrong to give up the struggle.

Implications and Conclusions

Before drawing implications, I'll hail Krugman's soundness on some strands of academic economics that lack direct policy relevance. Recognizing that professors are an "inherently faintly ridiculous" species (8), he understands how the incentive structure of the academic world rewards clever technique more than plodding research into how the economy actually works. He duly takes to task the "new classical economists," believers in rational expectations and equilibrium-always who attribute such preposterous near-perfection to markets as to risk drawing ridicule onto free-market economics in general. Despite its "unrealism bordering on silliness" (52), their business-cycle theory apparently gained some appeal from its conservative political implications. Similarly, Krugman is duly scornful of "real-business-cycle" theories, which exclude monetary causes from their explanation of cyclical fluctuations. This

theoretical fad illustrates how the internal dynamics of the academic game tend to displace contact with reality.

Although Krugman comes across as a pretty accurate commentator on persons and doctrines prominent during his own professional lifetime, he becomes unreliable when describing earli-

promising monetary and macroeconomic doctrines that, in fact, it nearly crowded off the scholarly scene for several decades. These doctrines are now being independently rediscovered, refined, and extended in a line of research misleadingly labeled the "New Keynesian Economics." Krugman sympathetically sketches some of its main themes. If Krugman and some of the New Keynesians consider the history of economic thought too unimportant to be worth getting straight, I can't help but wonder why they bother mentioning it at all.

On the other hand, Krugman does do a good job criticizing one famous policy entrepreneur of the past. Readers should relish his dissection of John Kenneth Galbraith, accurately regarded by his academic colleagues as more media personality than economist. Although the popular press reviewed his *The New Industrial State* rapturously, the academics rightly treated it with indifference. Galbraith then "turned to increasingly bitter attacks on his fellow professors. . . . John F. Kennedy brought him into his administration, but literally put him as far from economic policy as possible by making him Ambassador to India" (14).

Perhaps unintentionally, Krugman gives libertarians new reasons and arguments for fighting ambitious government management of the economy. We already had the main economic reasons, developed in the Mises-Hayek analysis of socialist calculation and borne out in the worldwide collapse of socialism. The Public Choice school developed political reasons, explaining how an activist government tends to be perverted, in John Gray's words, into a key weapon in a Hobbesian war of all against all. Now Krugman gives us his Gresham's Law of ideas, explaining how bad ideas in one area of application infect other areas. Peddlers of bad ideas, once they have gained influence, act to protect themselves



THE WORKING MAN

er doctrines. Most notably, he interprets Keynesian economics as emphasizing the importance of effective demand, of money, and of wage-and-price stickiness. These elements are indeed central to macroeconomics, but recognizing them was not the defining innovation of Keynesianism. On the contrary, they characterize old-fashioned (e.g., Clark Warburton's) monetarism, with which Krugman shows no acquaintance. He also says that Keynesians as well as monetarists saw the Great Depression as largely a monetary phenomenon; this, of course, is false. Krugman also makes historical slips regarding two technicalities, the liquidity trap and the real-balance effect.

It is ironic that Krugman pretty much assimilates Keynesianism to the

against being shown up; in doing so, they surround themselves with people like themselves. Furthermore, Krugman demonstrates this in a well-written book that is enjoyable to read.

Libertarians should avoid hastily

classifying thinkers into two groups, good guys and bad guys. Some apparent allies, like the supply-siders, may turn out to be embarrassments. And some self-styled (left) liberals and Keynesians may have much to teach us. □

***Hayek on Hayek: An Autobiographical Dialogue*, by F.A. Hayek; Stephen Kresge and Leif Wener, eds. University of Chicago Press, 1994, 170 pp., \$27.50.**

The Evolution of an Independent Mind

Timothy Virkkala

"I've a theory that all economists who serve in government are corrupted as a result of serving in government," Friedrich Hayek once said. "I owe my own independence [to the fact] that I cleared out of every country as soon as they started using me for governmental service." This is one of the many little gems in *Hayek on Hayek*, edited by Stephen Kresge and Leif Wener, a light adjunct to "The Collected Works of F.A. Hayek."

Hayek on Hayek opens with an excellent biographical essay by Kresge, which contains some interesting information I have not seen elsewhere — for instance, Hayek's divorce and second marriage, and its relation to his move to America. But the bulk of the slender volume consists of memoirs by Hayek, interspersed with interviews expanding thoughts and subjects covered in the memoirs. It also includes a radio "debate" that Hayek subjected himself to in the wake of the popularity of his *Road to Serfdom*. This "round table" discussion with two American com-sympy — er, "progressive socialist-liberals" — is a gas. As is the whole book.

The appeal of *Hayek on Hayek*, I readily admit, is all the gossip in it. Of course, since much of this is *old* gossip, and about famous people, it qualifies as *history*. But it is not the kind of history professors dole out to their students:

• Lord Beveridge "was completely

ignorant of any economics whatsoever" (p. 83), and did not write the most important parts of his famous book on unemployment (the book that brought Keynesianism to the unwashed masses of politicians). He once wrote, after much counselling by Hayek on the nature of inflation, "But unfortunately, as Professor Hayek has discovered [!], an increase in the quantity of money tends to drive up prices" (84).

• "Harold Laski was a pathological problem. Even among his friends today, they recognize he was a pathological liar" (82).

• Hayek saw the great economist Carl Menger only once, and in a later tribute described the founder of the Austrian School of Economics as "tall." This one bit of personal observation in a generally scholarly account was, in fact, the only inaccurate statement: Menger was actually "quite medium-sized" (54). Hayek, impressed by Menger's bearing, and perhaps overawed by his intellect, simply overestimated his *physical* stature.

• Though by age 15 a convinced agnostic, Hayek's "position *vis-à-vis* the different Christian churches was somewhat ambivalent." As Hayek confesses, he "felt that if somebody really wanted religion, he had better stick to what seemed to be the 'true article,' that is, Roman Catholicism. Protestantism always appeared to me a step in the process of emancipation from a superstition — a step which, once taken,

must lead to complete unbelief" (41).

• Contrary to rumor and suspicion, Ludwig von Mises failed to obtain a post at the University of Vienna not out of anti-Semitism (Mises was a Jew), but because the Jewish members of the faculty hated him (Mises was an anti-socialist; they were all socialists).

• Hayek was a mountain-climber, and this fact about him — *not* any contribution he made to economics — was what primarily interested Cambridge economist A.C. Pigou.

• Despite John Maynard Keynes' and Hayek's disagreements over economic theory — Hayek figured that Keynes had spent no more than a year studying economics, and that Keynes' knowledge of economic theory was pretty much limited to that of economists of Cambridge, where Keynes taught — the two were actually pretty good friends.

• Though Keynes prided himself on his political influence (he described himself as "Cassandra"), he was unable to get the British government to go along with his and Hayek's plan to fund the war effort in a non-inflationary way. (Could Hayek's support of the scheme have been the jinx?)

For the half-dozen or so people obsessed with trivia about economics and economists, this book is a gold mine. For those trying to make sense of the two most important anti-socialist

The appeal of this book, I readily admit, is all the gossip in it. Of course, since much of this is old gossip, and about famous people, it qualifies as history.

thinkers of our socialist-drenched age, *Hayek on Hayek* is also helpful. We get a lot of Hayek here, but alas not much Mises; if you want Hayek's more studied thoughts about his mentor, you'd best consult Volume IV of the Collected Works, *The Fortunes of Liberalism* (1992), which contains a fascinating chapter on the older economist.

For my part, I was looking for an explanation of how a major intellectual

figure like Hayek could recapitulate most of the major ideas of one of his most influential predecessors, Herbert Spencer, without ever mentioning him. Was it a case of politic careerism? It is difficult to come up with a thinker as out of favor as Spencer was during the time Hayek was building his reputation. But once that reputation was established, he would have little reason to slight an un-P.C. antecedent. And Hayek, the con-

Hayek felt that if somebody really wanted religion, he had better stick to what seemed to be the "true article," that is, Roman Catholicism.

summative historian of ideas, was never reticent about giving credit.

But I found no smoking gun in *Hayek on Hayek*. Instead, I found quite a lot of evidence suggesting that Hayek's similarity to Spencer is a case of convergent evolution, of a later species evolving to fill the niche left by an extinct one. Few things are more certain than that during the middle 40 years of this century, the years of Hayek's flourishing, Spencerianism was as extinct as the Dodo.

The best evidence for Hayek's independence is found in his work in psychology. In these memoirs, Hayek takes pains to relate his early work on the psychology of sensations to his growing dissatisfaction with the ideas of Ernst Mach and the Vienna Circle. His solution to the problems of sensation, memory, and concept-formation may be Spencerian, but it is apparently the result of original research. Readers curious about the development of Hayek's psychological theory or its fruition in the least famous of his great works, *The Sensory Order* (1952), will be pleased with its extensive treatment in *Hayek on Hayek*. It appears that any similarity between *The Sensory Order*, regarded by some scholars as ahead of its time, and Spencer's *Principles of Psychology* of 1855 and 1870, is coincidental.

(There are more spectacular similarities between the two thinkers — "spontaneous order," social evolution, group-selection theory, and a sophisticated opposition to social engineering

being only the most obvious. These similarities suggest *some* sort of influence. Perhaps Hayek got Spencer's ideas through others. Menger and Friedrich von Wieser are two good possibilities: Menger is the most important post-Spencerian "spontaneous order" theorist, and Wieser turned away from history and toward the more abstract social sciences primarily because of Spencer's work. Mises, who cited Spencer as a precursor, is also a possibility for such indirect influence.)

Of course, the filiation of Hayek's ideas is the prime interest in a book like this. Happily, it adds to our stock of knowledge on this subject. For instance, the similarity between Hayek's thought and Immanuel Kant's is treated nicely (and, thank the Invisible Hand, *concisely*). Appropriately, Hayek discusses his affinity with Karl Popper's work at greater length. Though this book is no substitute for the more thorough treatments of this subject available, it is good to have a primary document, something parallel to Ludwig von Mises' *Notes and Recollections* and Margit von Mises' wonderful and peculiar *My Years With Ludwig von Mises*. Like these books, it imparts a sense of the subject's personality. It also draws a picture of the evolution of Hayek's thought — of its integration, its increased sophistication, and (of course) its divergence from mainstream twentieth-century ideas.

Hayek on Hayek is elegantly designed, with photographic plates and a typesetting style worth noting: the memoir portions are typeset in standard book style, while the interview portions are in a sans-serif type, without right justification. The index is also helpful, with short biographies and bibliographies of all the personages cited in the text. Alas, here I detected two small errors:

1) Carl Menger is described as an "economist and mathematician." Though Menger likely knew math, he is infamous for not having used it in his economics. It was his son, Karl Menger, who was the professional mathematician.

2) Surely the editors could have found the date of death of Hans Mayer, who succeeded Wieser at the University of Vienna. The citation (p. 166), reads "Hans Mayer (1879-?; Austrian economic historian. Author, *Die Wirtschaft*-

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lehre der Gegenwart (1927–1932))". For the record, Mayer died thirty-seven years before Hayek, in 1955.

But these are minor flaws. It is Hayek who is the center of attention in

this book, and I hazard that he should be judged independently of Spencer, Mises, and Mayer. And editors Kresge and Wener have been careful not to err regarding his life, or his opinions. □

George Wallace: American Populist, by Stephan Leshner. Addison-Wesley, 1994, 587 pp., \$23.95.

An Independent American

Bill Kauffman

In 1968, a curious voter had to travel far west, across the Death Valley of *Time* and *Life* and *The New Republic*, all the way to the New Left monthly *Ramparts* to find a single sage observation about rebel third-party presidential candidate George Wallace. Journalist Pete Hamill, while genuflecting enough to keep from getting expelled from the church, keenly noted that "Wallace and the black and radical militants . . . share some common ground: local control of schools and institutions, a desire to radically change America, a violent distrust of the power structure and the establishment. In this year's election, the only one of the three major candidates who is a true radical is Wallace."

Alas, the two healthiest factions of '60s politics — the Wallace populists and the New Left decentralists — never surmounted the cultural barriers that separated them, preferring to lob maledictions over the fence: "fascists," "pinkos," "dirty beatniks" (an archaism Wallace loved) . . . the whole dispiriting witless list. In a sane world Creedence Clearwater Revival would've played "Fortunate Son" at Wallace rallies, but as it was the Alabama bantam's showbiz supporters were limited to Chill Wills, Walter Brennan, and George "Goober" Lindsey.

Wallace revived American populism after its 30-year New Deal- and World War II-induced slumber, and for that, I for one am eternally grateful. "They all saying today what I was saying back then," Wallace noted recently

— but with the exception of Ross Perot, they all liars.

Stephan Leshner's fine new biography, *George Wallace: American Populist*, ought to occasion reassessment of the most reviled public figure of our time. (It won't, but that's another matter.) Leshner covered Wallace for *Newsweek*; he is a Southern liberal who reminds us, whenever the picture gets too rosy, which side *he* was on in the civil rights struggle, but his book is noteworthy for its fairness to a subject who doggedly refuses to be lovable.

George Corley Wallace was not the reading kind, but he did have some understanding of Southern history and his role in it, so it's meet that he was born in Clio, Alabama. As a boy he accompanied his physician grandfather Oscar on his rounds in the country. George's father — sickly, ineffectual, and irritable — lost through foreclosures most of the land Oscar had accumulated.

George was a popular, pugnacious kid, twice an Alabama Golden Gloves champ (at 115 and 120 pounds). Unlike the populist *poseur* Harry Truman, who as a child was a sissy and a pipsqueak, George Wallace was a scrawny but tough kid who played quarterback in high school. He worked his way through the University of Alabama and its law school before enlisting in the Army Air Corps (his bomber crew flew the improbably named *Little Yutz*); in wartime, he married 16-year-old Lurleen Burns, who worked behind the cosmetics counter in Kresge's in Tuscaloosa.

Discharged, broke, and ambitious, Wallace secured a sinecure as assistant attorney general from Governor

Chauncey Sparks, a fellow Barbour County resident. In 1946, at age 27, he won a seat in the state legislature, where his primary goals were reducing the sales tax and establishing technical and vocational schools throughout the state. (He was successful at the latter; three schools for whites and two for blacks were created in 1947.) In 1952 he was elected to the circuit court, where he earned the sobriquet "the fighting little judge." During this time, Wallace was a wary ally of the entertainingly eccentric populist Jim Folsom, who dominated Alabama politics in the 1950s; like Folsom, he was regarded as supportive of black interests. (Wallace asked for, and got, appointment as a trustee of Tuskegee Institute.)

In 1958 Wallace lost his first race for governor to Attorney General John Patterson, an arch-segregationist. Marshall Frady, the purple-penned *New Journalist* (imagine James MacGregor Burns under the influence of Tom Wolfe) who wrote the cheap shot biography *Wallace* (1968), claimed that Wallace vowed af-

In a sane world Creedence Clearwater Revival would've played "Fortunate Son" at Wallace rallies, but as it was the Alabama bantam's showbiz supporters were limited to Chill Wills, Walter Brennan, and George "Goober" Lindsey.

ter this loss, "Boys, I'm not going to be out niggued again." Frady's story became a canker of Wallace folklore, but Leshner finds no evidence that Wallace ever said such a thing. (The funniest story in Leshner's book concerns the '58 primary. Candidate Shorty Price, a state legislator, was arrested for urinating on a fire hydrant one boozy night. Price complained that his arrest showed that he didn't even "have as many rights as a damn common dog.")

Wallace was elected governor of Alabama in 1962; he delivered a memorable inaugural address, vowing, "I draw the line in the dust and toss the gauntlet before the feet of tyranny, and I say: segregation now, segregation tomor-

row, segregation forever." (This speech was largely ghosted by Asa Carter, a white supremacist who under the pen name Forrest Carter wrote the charming Cherokee coming-of-age novel *The Education of Little Tree*, as well as *Gone to Texas*, the source of Clint Eastwood's masterpiece *The Outlaw Josey Wales*.)

In his first year in office Wallace became a snarling symbol of white intransigence when he "stood in the schoolhouse door" in defiance of the Justice Department's demand that the University of Alabama admit two (well-qualified) Negro students. He claimed to represent the historic rights of localities against the encroaching national leviathan; he decried President Kennedy's federalizing of the Alabama National Guard as part of the "trend toward military dictatorship in the country."

He explained himself on *Meet the Press*: "I think it is a dramatic way to impress upon the American people this omnipotent march of centralized government that is going to destroy the rights and freedom and liberty of the people of this country if it continues, and we in Alabama intend to resist this centralized control, where they now tell us whom you can eat with and whom you can sell your house to. This is the great constitutional principle upon which we stand in Alabama."

He used the same vocabulary — libertarian, particularist, high-minded — in denouncing the Civil Rights Act of 1964, which he warned "will extend federal control over business, industry, and individuals." He raised the specter of "a welfare state where government referees all rights and the individual is subject to the caprice and whim of an autocratic, all-powerful government structure."

As Leshner notes, Wallace was be-

coming "a man who opposed federal intrusion into everyday life, not a man who opposed blacks." When he scared the hell out of the Democratic establishment by running strongly in a handful of primaries in 1964, Wallace deftly muted his racism and took his stand on the original federal principle: "A vote for me in Wisconsin is not a vote for segregation. It is a vote for the right to run your schools, your business, your lives as you and you alone see fit."

Then came 1968. Go back and read Wallace's press from that campaign. The corporate media feared and loathed him as they have no postwar politician with the possible exception of Ross Perot. (It is my firm conviction that had Perot not stupidly aborted his candidacy to save his daughter the shame of those doctored photos of her in a Sapphic clinch, the Texarkana populist would've been shot with Bremer's bullets. A safe rule of thumb when reading our stateside *Izvestias* and *Pravdas* is that a "demagogue" offering "simplistic solutions" and baring a "dark side" is, hands down, the best and most independent man in the race.)

Wallace, we were told, was a crude and malevolent force, an unthinking vessel of evil who spoke to the brown-shirt in the mill, the Klansman on the beat, the bully in the shop, the bigot with a mop. The candidate was presented to easterners via a series of articles by housebroken southern journalists whose common treasonous ambition — often realized — was to work for the *New York Times* and piss on their ancestors' graves. Right-thinking people everywhere breathed a sigh of relief when on election night Walter Cronkite announced in his pompous, dim-witted way, "George Wallace has gone down to ignominious defeat." (Well, not quite: he won 9.9 million votes, or 13.5% of the total cast, and five states worth 46 electoral votes.)

So what did this boiling cauldron of hate want? James J. Kilpatrick's sneering profile of Wallace in *National Review* (April 18, 1967), which made the

Governor Regent (wife Lurleen was keeping the seat warm) sound like a hookworm-addled cracker with moon-pie smeared over his inbred, cross-eyed face, quoted the Dangerous Fascist: "The biggest domestic issue for 1968? I'll tell you. It's people — our fine American people, living their own lives, buying their own farms, working the way they like to work, and not hav-

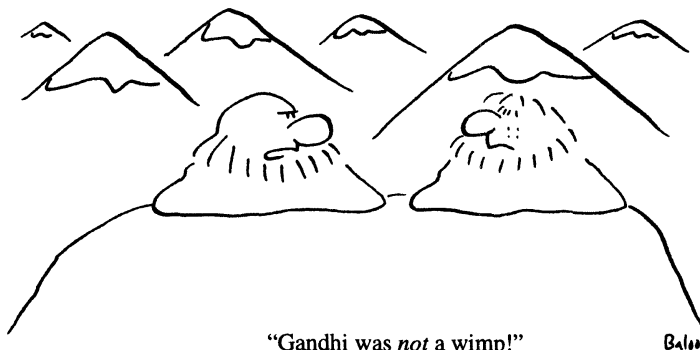
A safe rule of thumb when reading our stateside Pravdas is that a "demagogue" offering "simplistic solutions" and baring a "dark side" is, hands down, the best and most independent man in the race.

ing the bureaucrats and intellectual morons trying to manage everything for them. It's a matter of trusting the people to make their own decisions."

(*National Review* founder William F. Buckley, Jr. disdained Wallace as an uncouth "country and western Marxist" — but then Buckley and his dear friends Roy Cohn, Allard Lowenstein, and John Kenneth Galbraith were not exactly habitués of the Grand Ole Opry.)

Wallace was sharp enough to realize that Humphrey and Nixon were the same monster; he called his makeshift organization the American Independent Party, a name that sums up everything his opponents were not. The insurgent memorably described our one-party system back in 1966: "You can put LBJ in the sack. You can put HHH in the sack. And you can put Robert 'Blood-for-the-Vietcong' Kennedy in the sack. You can put Earl Warren in the sack; Warren doesn't have enough legal brains in his whole head to try a chicken thief in my home county. You can put wild Bill Scranton and the left-wing Governor Romney and Nelson Rockefeller, that socialist governor, in the sack. Put 'em all in the same sack, shake 'em up. I don't care which one comes out, you stick him back in — because there isn't a dime's worth of difference between them."

Wallace's faith in The People was



"Gandhi was *not* a wimp!"

Baloo

complete. "This is a people's awakening," he explained in 1968. "Those perfect hypocrites in Washington don't know what's coming over you. Well, if they'd gone out and asked a taxi driver, a little businessman, a beautician or a barber or a farmer, they'd have found out. But no, they don't ask those folks when they make their decisions. They ask some pointy-headed pseudo-intellectual who can't even park his bicycle straight when he gets to campus,

If the Vietnam War was not winnable with conventional weapons within 90 days of his taking office, Wallace pledged an immediate withdrawal of our troops.

that's who they ask. But they're not ignoring you now. You're tops. You're the people."

His was an agrarian populism that harnessed a Jeffersonian vision of a country of landed freemen to a post-New Deal conception of the role of government in the national economy. Understanding that "the abnormal growth of . . . urban centers has created and compounded many of our socioeconomic problems," Wallace proposed a series of incentives to lure industry to rural America, in part to disperse population and encourage those poor whites and blacks of the Southern diaspora to trade the ghetto for birdsong and sunrise. As he told Tom Wicker, "I don't think God meant people to be all jammed up in cities. No courtesy, no time, no room — that's all you get in cities."

His most incendiary proposal was to tax the foundations endowed by "multibillionaires like the Rockefellers and the Fords and the Mellons and the Carnegies," as well as the commercial property of churches. He also promised to compel the employees of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare to "throw their briefcases in the Potomac River."

Far from being the saber-rattling jingo of the Big Bad Wallace myth, the candidate advocated a foreign policy of prudence and sobriety (though he did

delight in castigating that red-yellow devil "Mousey Tongue"). Though not in the resplendent Tom Watson/Huey Long tradition of rabble-rousing southern anti-imperialism, Wallace was a far less sanguinary internationalist than Humphrey or Nixon. He was the last American politician to make the Old Right bugbear of foreign aid a major issue: "The average citizen is fed up with this foreign aid . . . to countries from Afghanistan to Zanzibar." He urged burden-sharing on the nations of Europe, Asia, and every established hegemony. If the Vietnam War was not winnable with conventional weapons within 90 days of his taking office, Wallace pledged an immediate withdrawal of our troops. "The hell with it," Wallace aides said of Vietnam to Pete Hamill. (His disastrous choice of vice-presidential candidate General Curtis "Bomb them back into the Stone Ages" LeMay — a self-described "moderate Republican," by the way — obscured his relative sensibleness on peace matters.)

On May 15, 1972, at the Laurel Shopping Center in Maryland, a wacky cipher named Arthur Bremer pumped five shots from a .38 caliber revolver into Wallace, permanently crippling the governor and ending his threat to the managers and owners of the American state. Another lone gunman, straight from central casting: this one was even thoughtful enough to keep a hilarious Diary of a Mad Utterly Solitary Assassin. Bremer's rambles were later published; Gore Vidal has speculated that a pro ghosted this bizarre memoir, and that the Wallace hit was not as random as our intrepid seekers of the truth insist. (See "The Art and Arts of E. Howard Hunt" in Vidal's *Matters of Fact and Fiction*, 1978.)

A Wallace presidency would've been a strange interlude. In 1971, woolgathering with a reporter, he suggested that a Wallace Cabinet might have Milton Friedman as treasury secretary — and George Meany as secretary of labor. He'd have eliminated foreign aid and reduced our commitments in exotic corners of the world. He'd have shifted the tax burden upward, off the beleaguered middle and working classes and onto the wealthy and whichever corporations he disliked. Federal deseg-

regation orders and civil rights initiatives would've been defunded and rescinded, but the dollars would have poured like Niagara into road maintenance and park cleanup and other public-works jobs. Paradise, no, but fewer American boys would die in alien jungles, and some Americans — for instance, the good people of South Boston — would have been significantly freer in their daily lives.

Wallace was a politician, which is to say that as a man he was (or is; how ghostly he seems already) a virtual nullity. His personal life is a depressingly familiar story of ornamental wives, neglected children, corrupt cronies, and the occasional shiv in the blades to a friend no longer useful. (Idea for an unpublished essay: the emasculatory effect of image-conscious second wives — Cornelia Wallace, Elizabeth Dole, Nancy Reagan — on contemporary American politicians.)

Yet George Wallace had a genuine feeling for ordinary folk, and he voiced their grievances with wit and fire. He was also far-sighted in his prediction that civil rights laws would become Big Brother's cudgels. The public accommodations provisions of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 did violate on a

"A vote for me in Wisconsin is not a vote for segregation. It is a vote for the right to run your schools, your business, your lives as you and you alone see fit."

massive scale the right of restaurateurs and hostellers and other businessmen to serve (or not serve) whomever they please. This is, admittedly, a vexing matter, and one on which there seems to be a good deal of dissimulation (and judicious silence) on the part of respectable critics who understand which cattle may be slaughtered and which must be worshiped. Few things rankle like petty racism, but the American response to a Lester Maddox barring blacks from his chicken joint should be boycott, ridicule, and ostracism, not calling in the Justice Department.

In 1966 Wallace told Tom Wicker, "The real problem ain't race. The real problem is these intellectual liberals who take power and oppress people."

Has anyone ever offered a pithier definition of the civil rights mess? George Wallace, American Populist, was also George Wallace, American Prophet. □

***The Penguin Book of Rock & Roll Writing*, edited by Clinton Heylin.**

Viking, 1993, 682 pp., \$27.50.

***From the Velvets to the Voidoids: A Pre-Punk History for a Post-Punk World*, by Clinton Heylin.** Penguin, 1993, 384 pp., \$14.00.

***Ranters and Crowd Pleasers: Punk in Pop Music, 1977-92*, by Greil**

Marcus. Doubleday, 1993, 438 pp., \$22.00.

***Route 666: On the Road to Nirvana*, by Gina Arnold.** St. Martin's Press, 1993, 228 pp., \$12.95.

Rock, Paper, Scissors

Brian Doherty

Of all popular art forms, rock music may seem the least worthy of extended literary or critical commentary. It is both a folk art and a commercial art, and its appeal, even in the sober musings of professional critics, often depends more on the enthusiasm, emotionalism, and hyperbole of the fan than the quiet, reflective intelligence expected of the critic or historian.

The recently deceased composer Frank Zappa — who was generally marketed as "rock," though he had nothing but contempt for the form, because he insisted on yoking his modern jazz and classical compositions to lyrics dependent on sophomoric toilet humor — had a famous quip about rock journalism being "people who can't write interviewing people who can't talk for people who can't read."

The jibe is funny, but inaccurate. The best rock journalism is not chatting with performers, but history, criticism, and analysis by aware and intelligent fans. Rock writing usually appears only in ephemeral magazine and newspaper form, and only rarely finds itself between book covers; its professional rewards, in prestige or cash, are slight. Rock writers must of necessity be motivated, at least initially, by love of the music or the community and way of life

that surrounds it. (Or, in some cases, love of an easy, sleazy way to grub a meager living licking the butts of cretins and spreading received opinions about the worst sorts of commercial tripe.)

Such love, combined with the insularity of fandom and the difficult intellectual work involved in writing what one is really trying to say about a non-narrative art like music, often makes for essays thick with jargon and dependent on a ready collection of descriptive clichés. Clinton Heylin calls this lingo "rockspeak," and *The Penguin Book of Rock 'n' Roll Writing*, which he edited, is full of examples of it: "drive," "aggression," "raw, basic," "hard, tough, edgy," "fierce, self-destructive."

But the essential quality of good (and much bad) rock criticism is its attitude toward rock music and rock culture. As Caroline Coon writes in Heylin's Penguin collection, "The audiences are revelling in the idea that any one of them could get up on stage and do just as well, if not better, than the bands already up there. Which is, after all, what rock & roll is all about." Some version of this idea of rock as a necessarily demotic art is expressed by many of the dozens of authors in the Penguin book.

What, then, have scribes to add to our understanding of this scrappy folk art that requires so little formal or

technical skill? Is the historical and sociological commentary, hagiography, and criticism in these books necessary or valuable?

Rock's value as folk art does not, I hope, require an extended defense. It stands as late-twentieth-century America's grandest contribution to the musical and literary vocabulary of the world's popular culture. Opera is the only form that even approaches rock in its coherent combination of the physical and emotional immediacy of music, grand theatrical gesture, and the balance, beauty, and insight of the written and sung word. Rock can communicate on more aesthetic levels than music or poetry alone.

But for them who lack ear to hear, the intellectual tradition of rock criticism as represented in the Penguin collection is ill-equipped to enlighten. True, the writing is almost uniformly interesting, emotionally vivid, and colloquial, as befits its subject. It addresses almost every aspect of modern rock as art and business: obituaries of musicians, commentary by rockers on their music and lives, criticism that both adores and reviles. But a problem remains, one diagnosed long ago by Ezra Pound: "We talk about the odor of music and the timbre of a painting because we think we suggest what we mean and are too lazy to undertake the analysis necessary to find out what we do mean." Elvis Costello's snide comment that "writing about music is like dancing about architecture" is appro-

Too often, rock writing consists of cries of enthusiasm or approbation that work only on an emotional level.

site, and more so for rock than any other genre.

Too often, rock writing consists of cries of enthusiasm or approbation that work only on an emotional level. It might be understood but cannot be explained; it's more like sloppy poetry than criticism. In many cases, it aspires to the off-kilter emotional suggestiveness of its subject rather than the precision of the critic. And to the untrained

or unappreciative ear, rock really can sound like just a lot of noise, especially the more harsh and underground punk rock discussed in these books. So there is some explaining to do. The Western musical tradition's values of structure, elegance, modulation, melody, and harmony are often irrelevant to, subverted by, or stomped on in rock. And even when it pays homage to those verities, it usually does so in such a simple and repetitive manner that the experienced musician can well sneer.

Rock's social role as an accompaniment to the cretinous or foolishly ebulli-

Opera is the only form that approaches rock in its coherent combination of the physical and emotional immediacy of music, grand theatrical gesture, and the balance, beauty, and insight of the written and sung word.

ent activities of adolescents assembled in clubs, dances, and parties is also well-known, and doubtless hinders rock's prospects for critical acceptability among the intelligentsia (who rarely seem to understand it even when they try). So what makes late-middle-aged professional intellectuals like Greil Marcus and Clinton Heylin so obsessed with rock?

Marcus attempts to address this question, without directly acknowledging its importance, in some of the collected magazine journalism that makes up *Ranters and Crowd Pleasers*. He expresses his love for Bruce Springsteen, Elvis Costello, Gang of Four, the Au Pairs, Sonic Youth, and others in language that attempts to harness this noise, these little popular song-poems, to political, social, and emotional realities that the cynical might assume are far beyond the power of the music to reach. But fellow fans realize that Marcus is indeed onto something, even when he slips into seemingly absurd hyperbole — for instance, his claim that the Clash's music inspires "disbelief that mere human beings could create such a sound, and disbelief that the

world could remain the same when it's over."

The fan knows that rock's combination of volume, repetition, simple melodic devices, speed, and direct verbal meaning can indeed make life seem this way sometimes; that rock can galvanize, inspire, excite, and even educate; that it is a uniquely powerful mode of communication.

In an essay explaining why an author might have chosen to use Rod Stewart's excellent song "Every Picture Tells A Story" as an element in her short story, Marcus writes: "I sometimes wonder how good a song has to be to make its way into fiction like that — into a life like that." He goes on to define a good record as "one that carries surprise, pleasure, shock, ambiguity, contingency . . . each with a faraway sense of the absolute; the sense that either for the whole of a performance . . . or more often for a stray moment, someone . . . wants what he or she wants, hates what he or she hates, fears what he or she fears, more than anything in the world . . . one that, entering a person's life, can enable that person to live more intensely." Marcus' impassioned and far-ranging book makes the case that rock music is as worthy of attention, and is as capable of serving the function of art, as poetry or more "culturally privileged" musics from the European classical tradition. He assumes from the outset that this is true; there is no stench of apologetics in this book, merely the assurance and urgency of a writer certain of the vital importance of his subject matter.

Of course, a professional violinist earning union scale in a modern symphony orchestra reading about the latest shenanigans of an Axl Rose may well wonder who's culturally privileged: the one earning millions or the one with the dubious honor of being embraced into a highbrow canon. Rock is a big business and a huge cultural presence, whether intellectuals take it seriously or not. The Penguin book recognizes on and off the necessity of considering the business as well as the music in trying to understand or explain rock music.

As Michael Lydon writes in his essay "Money: Rock for Sale," rock "was never an art form that just happened to

make money, nor a commercial undertaking that sometimes became art. Its art was synonymous with its business." He later writes that "the companies that produce it and reap its profits have never understood it," thinking that this makes rock'n'roll unique. Actually, in a world of international megacorporations owning interests in every part of commodity culture, this is a necessary part of modern capitalism, and its effects can be both malign and benign. But the dark side is obvious: in modern radio and record production, it can limit the public's exposure to a wide range of music, denying listeners pleasure and corporations revenue.

The mass distribution network has let rock as an art form down. The best music is not being heard beyond a small core of what performer/critic Joe Carducci in the Penguin book calls "the real rock music audience . . . part hipster, part record collector, part music fan, part groupie, part misfit." This is accurate, and it is depressing, except to those hipsters whose self-image depends on a self-imposed, self-indulgent, and phony cultural marginality. Carducci's essay, the only extended and thoughtful attempt to define rock in a limited sense in musicological and aesthetic terms, cheers the divorce of rock from mass popularity. He steadfastly assumes that rock is rock and pop is pop, and never the

Rock's art is synonymous with its business.

twain shall meet. His bluster is entertaining and impassioned, but I feel he is barking up an irrelevant tree. Rock is popular music in the sense that it is not art music, not chamber music, not jazz music (which was itself popular in the beginning). It is pop in the sense that it is made in hopes of mass sales to a mass audience, even when it comes out in vinyl pressings of 300. In general, rockers limit themselves only when they feel that popular taste limits them. When they catch a clue that the masses might love them, they almost always throw themselves at the masses. Witness the speed with which so many for-

merly independently-distributed bands have signed with major labels in the wake of Nirvana.

Heylin's *From the Velvets to the Voidoids* and Gina Arnold's *Route 666* are extended explorations of the music and communities that Carducci's hipsters built as rock evolved from a cog in a mass-production machine into a more personal and communal folk art, one whose pursuit of artistic values didn't necessarily depend on becoming a chart-topping popular sensation. (As amazing as such early rock artists as Chuck Berry, Elvis Presley, Little Richard, and Jerry Lee Lewis were, and as much as they loved the sounds they made, finding a place for southern misfits to make money, fame, and spectacles of themselves was central to their careers in a way that would seem alien to later self-conscious white urban bohobos like Pere Ubu or Sonic Youth. But then again, neither Ubu nor Sonic Youth rejected major-label deals when offered them, and both are seeking as much success as they can within the limits of their aesthetic.)

From the Velvets to the Voidoids is a thorough and workmanlike (though dry) history of the arty and primitive bands that paved the way for the rise of punk rock as a semi-mass phenomenon in the late '70s. Written like a hypertrophied magazine article, the book's narrative is constructed from musicians' and hangers-on's reminiscences about the early years of such bands as the Ramones, Talking Heads, Blondie, Pere Ubu, the Dead Boys, Television, and Devo. The book's key contribution to the historical/critical record is its British author's recognition of the primacy of American bands in this musical revolution. (The Sex Pistols' successful self-promotion has fooled many into thinking of punk as a British invention. Not so. In a familiar pop pattern, the British sold back to Americans stylized ver-

sions of their own innovations.)

Route 666 is a more personal memoir of what punk rock as an economic and philosophic force turned into: "indie" (independent) rock. Arnold is now a professional rock critic, but in San Francisco during the '80s she played a role no less important to the functioning of independently produced and distributed rock music: that of "scene queen," the woman at whose house all the traveling musicians could stay and be treated kindly, fed, and allowed to shower without having to expend their razor-thin profit margin on hotels. (This hospitality, despite what the prurient might think, did not necessarily include sexual favors; Arnold makes clear that the alleged easy availability of sexual conquests for musicians who are not quite yet stars is largely a myth.) If buying records and writing about them is vital to the survival of this independent American folk art, helping the artists stay alive and cared for while out on the road plying their trade is at least equally important.

Arnold's enthusiasm for the role, for the second-hand glamor and news of the outside world the traveling musicians brought, shines through admirably. Yes, the book is filled with the overwrought emotionalism and critical howlers of which enthusiastic fans are prone. But for someone who finds it hard to believe that this music and lifestyle can be healthy, vital, and energizing, that it represents a hidden font of the most skilled and passionate popular American songs, Arnold's openhearted and naive diaristic/journalistic account is instructive.

Arnold profiles record label heads, radio programmers, and musicians from the late '70s to now, from Jello Biafra of the early San Francisco punk band the Dead Kennedys to the recently deceased Kurt Cobain of Aberdeen, Washington's Nirvana, the band whose

multi-platinum success in the early '90s leads Arnold to believe that the values of the rock underground have finally "won."

That curious belief casts shadows on the rest of her book, and makes its central theme murkier and more questionable. First of all, what are the "values" inherent in the



"For richer or for what?"

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music she loves? "It's not merely that I'd rather hear good music on the radio than bad," Arnold writes. "It's that I think people liking good music is indicative of better things." As sociology, this is nonsense. It leads Arnold to confusedly write that when Nirvana's song "Smells Like Teen Spirit" reached number one, she realized the success of a song whose first line was "Load up on drugs and bring your friends" meant that George Bush would not win reelection. To my ears, this intentionally hermetic tune's first line always sounded like "Load up on guns and bring your

Real punk rockers stand for community, self-reliance, and creative integrity, values that have nothing to do with worldly success or huge audiences.

friends," a less Clintonian message, but no matter: Bush still lost, and would have with or without Nirvana.

The liner notes to Nirvana's follow-up LP demanded that anyone in their audience who didn't share their progressive attitudes toward women and gays not see their shows or buy their records. In other words, Cobain begged to return to the level of audience and wealth he would have had if he'd stayed on the independent label and club circuit. But he still cashed the checks the uncaring Middle American lunkheads he excoriated tossed his way. His awareness of this contradiction was probably among the thoughts that compelled him to pull the trigger on himself. (Anguished self-importance is a long-established rock tradition, with Pete Townshend as its king.)

If Arnold merely means that music she likes is selling in enormous quantities and making a lot of money for the musicians she admires, that is one thing, and it is a victory not be sneered at. But throughout the book she presents herself, her friends, and the bands she loves as standing for something more than merely good rock music; her heroes are Fugazi, a D.C. band that refuses to associate themselves with large corporations, to charge more than \$5 for tickets to their show, or to

play shows where fans of all ages cannot attend. The punk values Arnold is celebrating have something to do with community, lack of pretension, a do-it-yourself ethic, a small-business capitalism based on personal relationships — as well as great, personal rock music made for the love of it, not the money.

Making money doesn't have to kill the love; but Arnold quotes another of her heroes, Eddie Vedder of Pearl Jam — a band whose music this punk fan finds unconnected in any way with the musical and business tradition represented by that hoary term — as saying that, as their success has grown, "The audiences are suddenly getting bigger. And when they get bigger, I get smaller." Wealth and huge audiences are not a victory for punk or underground rock — necessarily. And if you want to think of it as "indie rock," it necessarily kills it. Except for Fugazi, every underground band whose success begins to burgeon feels it necessary to yoke themselves to an international megacorporation for the marketing, production, and distribution — and ownership — of their music.

Heylin concludes *From the Velvets to the Voidoids* with a similarly problematic statement confusing career victories for specific individuals with a victory for good underground rock. He wraps up his volume with an overview of what all the musicians he has discussed are doing now, and in almost every case it is continuing a career in the music industry long, long past the point where the music they are creating is valuable or interesting. But Heylin thinks this is some sort of spiritual or artistic triumph, just as Arnold seems to think it a triumph for her pals in Nirvana to become millionaires many times over selling their music to an audience that they hate and that hates the economic, political, and social attitudes they thought they stood for.

It is ever thus when art and business collide — or, as with rock, when the business and the art seem inseparable. But *real* punk rockers stand for community, self-reliance, and creative integrity, values that have nothing to do with worldly success or huge audiences. When success comes, the people sharing in it should well cheer. But to assert that the success of former punks has forever changed the world, or even

the world of the music industry, is mistaken.

The last innovation rock brought to the music industry was the notion of the band as a self-contained artistic factory that could write and perform its own songs. Since then — well, Nirvana is getting the same piece of the wealth created from their songs as, say, Garth Brooks. Most of the money from their music went toward making billionaire David Geffen, owner of their record company, even richer. And who is this a victory for?

Rock is a popular folk art, in the sense that anyone can do it with love, enthusiasm, and a small gift of talent. The emotional impact of its peculiar combination of sound and sense can inspire writing that is insightful and brilliant — or overwrought and ridiculous. These qualities nestle uneasily side-by-side in all of these books. □

Booknotes

Very Free Speech — Fans of fringe literature and conspiracy theories will probably enjoy Jim Keith's *Secret and Suppressed: Banned Ideas & Hidden History* (Feral House, 1993, 315 pp., \$12.95), a compilation of bizarre speculations on everything from the Jonestown massacre to the death of Jim Morrison to "subliminal images in Oliver Stone's *JFK*." What sets this book apart from the typical anthology of paranoia is the editor's ever-present sense of irony, shared by some (though not all) of his contributors. "On occasion," Keith writes, "I have included a particular piece in this volume not for its absolute validity, which is often nigh-impossible to determine, but for its quotient of unacceptability in the reality tunnels of the mainstream. . . . Please do not confuse the map with the territory, nor the editor or publisher with the contents of the book."

The result is a very odd volume indeed. Some readers will find it fright-

ening, others aggravating, others just plain weird. It is all of these things. And it's a lot of fun. —Jesse Walker

Hallowed Without Nonsense

— Daniel Sundahl, the author of *Loss of Habitat* (Mellen Poetry Press, 1993, 63 pp., \$12.95), is a professor at Hillsdale College, which has the distinction of being one of the very few colleges in this country that does not accept money from the government. In fact, in the century and a half since Hillsdale College was started by independent churchmen and abolitionists, it has never accepted money from the government.

Daniel Sundahl is as independent as the college he works for. He is a poet who has done what we often hear that poets no longer do. He has written an extended work (63 pages) that tries to find the truth about serious issues (parents, children, death, religion, work).

This seems odd.

Odder still is the fact that Sundahl has not merely imitated, say, the Victorians' way with the long poem. *Loss of Habitat* is a long poem written in many and various parts, with constant variation of poetic form.

Sundahl's scheme allows him to move easily from one means of expression to another. There is a formal and summary statement:

I know it will be well for me
Will be well a year and more than a
year

Years in which I live my life on
Slope of earth under slant of sky
Desiring no less than I deserve.

There is plain but striking description:

Someone's son sees
Glowing yellow filaments of owl's
eyes.

There is narration, usually of an elegiac kind:

My mother calls to say she's sold
the farm,
Her voice a nervous lilting rising
English and Norwegian tangle
saying
Farms have failed,
Stores have closed,
Empty elevators jut mortality
against the sky.

And there is pure terror:

Once ago in our town, an elder
farmer plowed
His spring-time fields and held his
infant granddaughter

Loving, distractedly, for she was
Soft with warmth melting the
river's ice;

He felt a thawing at his core

A jarring bump and she was sliced
in pieces.

There is also a reaching beyond terror to grasp certain implications about the largest patterns of life. Sundahl develops these implications as they ought to be developed, by movements and repetitions of images that the reader can slowly put together for himself as if watching

Passing clouds draw patches of sun
across

Alfalfa fields or chutes of sun
bursting

Through clouds.

To summarize the implications of Sundahl's poem would be to deny the full artistic experience from which they emerge. Suffice it to say that Sundahl believes that poetry

tries to be exact,

Even hallowed, to be without non-
Sense

and that his poem approaches this ideal. —Stephen Cox

Rio? Bravo! — Those who attempt to demonstrate that privately-run businesses are superior to their government-run counterparts are often stymied by examples of private companies that rival government agencies in their zeal to stifle individual initiative, reward mediocrity and conformity, enforce senseless rules, invade employee privacy, and generate layers of wasteful bureaucracy. Yes, government uses its considerable economic and coercive clout to remake private businesses in its own image, but most people fail to grasp this connection, and consider private corporations' bureaucratic bungling to be part of the "free market" in action. Without specific examples, moving beyond theory to demonstrate how a business can succeed by applying market principles within the workplace is a difficult chore.

Ricardo Semler's remarkable new book, *Maverick* (Warner Books, 1993, 352 pp., \$22.95), gives us an idea not only of what such a business would be like, but how one is able to prosper even in the hostile economic environment of Brazil. Its 35-year-old author heads Semco, a company in which em-

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ployees set their salaries, dress as they please, often work at home, periodically evaluate their bosses, have a major say in corporate policy, and are required (!) to take 30 days vacation each year. In conventional terms, this sounds like a recipe for a quick corporate demise, yet Semco, which manufactures industrial equipment and employs several hundred people, has grown 600% in ten years.

Semler writes with a breezy, informal style and delights in overturning nearly all the sacred cows of traditional corporate policy. He describes how company officials and employees at every level are treated as responsible, productive human beings. Conspicuously missing are the paternalism and adversarial labor-management relationships that are rampant in most other Brazilian (and American) companies. The company's books are open to everyone, as is information on each employee's salary. The company has implemented dozens of policy innovations, all serving to eliminate rules, slash corporate bureaucracy, and achieve a high degree of employee participation. "We have been allowed to innovate — to let our employees innovate," says Semler. "We are all freer."
—Charles Barr

The Devil You Say — Like so many other people, I bought a copy of Salman Rushdie's *The Satanic Verses* (Viking, 1989, 547 pp., \$19.95 hc, \$10.00 sc) when the Ayatollah Khomeini sentenced its author to death for "blasphemy." And, like so many others who bought the book, I did not read it. I just couldn't get past the first few sentences.

But *Atlantic Monthly* ran a fascinating article on Rushdie's friends and enemies in its March issue, and my

curiosity was renewed. (I was especially amused by a quotation from John Le Carré: "Nobody has a God-given right to insult a great religion." Except, of course, Jesus of Nazareth.) So I tried it again.

After getting over my original distaste, I found the writing both clear and amusing. Rushdie may be no Nabokov, but he is not overrated Pynchon either. And he gives the reader something that neither reputed genius offers: sympathy for his protagonists.

I initially pigeonholed the book as an odd example of Magic Realism. But as the supernatural elements piled up, achieving effects with little relation to the wondrously evocative or the beautifully mysterious — and as these elements became too integral to the plot to be interpreted as a series of flourishes — I decided that Rushdie's novel had more in common with what publishers bill as fantasy than anything by Gabriel García Márquez.

So I wasn't surprised to learn that Rushdie once entered a novel in a science-fiction contest. It was returned with a note saying that it was very good, but not science fiction. But how could they tell? Science fiction, fantasy, horror — the lines between them blur, and none of these monsters will stay put. Beyond realistic fiction, what C.S. Lewis called the "armies of the weird and beautiful" gather, co-mingling, making up the vast movement of what might be called *ultrafiction*.

Critics should admit that the fantastic in literature cannot be herded into neat little categories. And ultrafiction should certainly not be despised as less artistic, *a priori*, than more realistic fiction. If Salman Rushdie is admitted into the realm of Legitimate Literary Authors, why not, say, Gene Wolfe? Fiction is, after all, a morally permissible

Critics play an Ayatollah role when they deride more thoroughly fictive writing. The ritual belittling of whole categories of fantastic literature often amounts to little more than puritanic moralizing about the propriety of certain types of lying.

So add this lesson to the more ballyhooed morals that the Salman Rushdie affair has provided jaded Westerners. The moral balance sheet of your average Western literary critic is darker than you think. And the future of fiction is, well, brighter. —Timothy Virkkala

I Like Ike — *Liberty* editor Bill Bradford and I have had many a friendly but heated debate over the question of whether Isaac Asimov, the late megaprolific author of science fiction, popular science, mysteries, history, literary analysis, dirty limericks, and yet more, qualified as a "hack." Bradford defines a hack as one who writes without love or concern for the material, but merely for the money — or, as we agreed in Asimov's case (I think), for the glory of racking up numbers in one's bibliography. I took these arguments personally, for Asimov's role in my life is central; he is a man I never met who I nevertheless consider not only an intellectual influence and advisor, but a friend. Indeed, like Martin Amis, after having read both volumes of Asimov's first attempt at autobiography in the late '70s and now the posthumous *I. Asimov: A Memoir* (Doubleday, 1994, 562 pp., \$25.00), I can say I know more about him than any other human being on Earth, including my family and closest friends. It is improbable, unless your companions or family are frighteningly voluble or self-centered, that you've heard them expound for nearly a million words about their lives, times, and work.

By normal standards, one would expect this book — which is a shorter overview of Asimov's whole life, covering both the material in the earlier books and beyond, even unto his deathbed — to be frightfully dull. As Asimov admits, and as would be clear to anyone who thinks about it, a life spent from around age 35 to death sitting ten-plus hours a day, seven days a week at a typewriter makes for little drama. But Asimov's unparalleled ease with words and exposition, his wit, his warmth, and the scope of his interests, anec-

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ble form of lying, deliberate untruth-telling. Realists tell probable tales; romanticists, fabulists, fantasists, science-fiction writers, and the rest tell improbable or impossible tales. *All* forms of fiction can be artistically rewarding.

notes, friends, and ideas make everything he writes — without exception — a sheer delight to read. There is never any barrier between his thoughts and your brain; his writing slips in as if he were whispering in your ear. In this sense — and it is important — he may be the finest writer I've ever had the pleasure to read, as well as a sentimental favorite.

That is why — despite an unlovely interest in bibliography-packing in the last decade of his life, counting as books he wrote over a hundred anthologies he "edited" with the help of usually two other people — I refuse to agree with Bradford that he could ever be thought of as a hack. His love of explaining is the only thing that can explain his ability to make everything he wrote flow with such supple grace. As his love shone through, his readers could not, I think, help but love him in return. (As an interesting aside, he allows subjective crankiness to show through here too, far more than in his first two autobiographies. One wouldn't have suspected the depths of his disdain, annoyance, and disappointment toward the likes of his son, his first wife, his mother-in-law, or Robert Heinlein from any of his previous output.)

The final scenes of this book, as he succumbs at age 71 to a series of grotesque and disturbing bodily debilities, brought tears to my eyes. I was reading about the passing of a man who is not only a hero, but became, through his hundreds of pages of discussions of his doings, his friends, his wives, and his achievements, a more fully realized man (in the human, not the macho sense) in my eyes than anyone else.

Anyone who has ever loved any of Asimov's books will probably love this one too. Reading this volume made me miss Isaac Asimov all over again. Not a day goes by when I haven't had occasion to think a thought inspired by something I learned from him.

—Brian Doherty

Optional Reading — The tragedy of Thomas Sowell's career is that he is usually known simply as a "black conservative," a classification that too often reduces him to look-we're-not-racist window-dressing for activists on the Right and an easily dismissed Uncle

Tom for opponents on the Left. Sowell is a first-rate scholar and writer who deserves better.

An economist by training, Sowell has published books on ethnic history, political philosophy, and education. But most readers know him from his syndicated newspaper column, where some of his best, most straightforward writing has appeared.

One of Sowell's particularly engaging qualities is his persistent crankiness: he never stops giving the impression that he has heard far too much crap in his life, and will not suffer fools gladly. In the most recent anthology of his columns, *Is Reality Optional?* (Hoover Institution Press, 1993, 192 pp., \$14.95), he ably attacks those convinced of their own moral superiority and their ability to run other people's lives, as well as those committed to following every fad or fashion no matter how absurd. His attacks on the "busybody addicts" who urge on the drug war is typical: "The morally anointed, whether liberals or conservatives, will never give up their attempts to tell others what to do — and to get the government to impose their beliefs on others. But the rest of us ought to start thinking about the ever-growing cost of our futile drug laws and how the whole society seems to be unraveling as a result."

Highlights include Sowell's defense of the Mercator Projection against its politically correct opponents, his four-part exposé of "Aha Statistics," and his collection of random thoughts. This last section is culled from his occasional "Larry King"-style columns — i.e., collections of random and unrelated thoughts like, "Whenever people refer to me as someone 'who happens to be black,' I wonder if they realize that both my parents were black. If I had turned out to be Scandinavian or Chinese, people would have wondered what the hell was going on." And: "What is history but the story of how politicians have squandered the blood and treasure of the human race?"

There are problems with this book. Like many collections of newspaper columns, it is repetitive: On page 28 there is an article entitled "The Chump Society" that describes, among other things, beggars in Paris; eleven pages

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later we find a column called "Beggars in Paris." And some "readers" might be "annoyed" by Sowell's "tendency" to put so many "words" in "quotes."

—Clark Stooksbury

Physics for Dilettantes — The days when a learned gentleman could aspire to the Victorian energy and abili-

ty to write massive multi-volume summations of the extant state of knowledge of various sciences, and personal observations and musings thereon, are long gone. The march of progress, even as it expands human aspirations in many areas, destroyed them in this. If one is doomed to be a dilettante, ought one even bother?

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Association of Libertarian Feminists, send SASE for literature list. Membership/newsletter sub, \$10/year. ALF, Box 20252, London Terrace P.O., New York, NY 10011.

BYOB — Brew Your Own Beer Easy. Complete book only \$10. S. Brennan, P.O. Box 4561, Whittier, CA 90607.

The Constitution and Bill of Rights need teeth to bite politicians. Join Committees of Correspondence and help sharpen those teeth. Send SASE to: Nick Hull, 2702-L Kimbrell Rd., TN 37771 or call: 615-856-6185.

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Free article on theories of natural rights. Don't say you have rights unless you can prove it. Spooner Press, P.O. Box 1165, Grand Island, NY 14072.

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makes the Libertarian position inescapable! \$3 each, \$2.50 each for 10+. Postage included. Maresca, 800 Flying Hills, Thousand Oaks, CA 91360.

"Private Schools for All," by O.B. Johannsen, Ph.D. Provocative essay on why education should be conducted as private enterprise. \$1.00 per copy. COMMITTEE OF ONE, 825 Walnut Street, Roselle Park, NJ 07204.

Terra Libra! Freedom-boggling breakthrough! Free and enrich yourself with **Freedom Technology**. Personal Power beats bureaucrats. Free Details. ZENO Press. Box 170-L, Sedalia, CO 80135.

Why Abortion Violates Rights. \$1.00 and SASE, please. *Libertarians for Life*. 13424 Hathaway Drive, #22, Wheaton, MD 20906, 301/460-4141. Doris Gordon, National Coordinator.

Periodicals

Cross verbal swords in *The (Libertarian) Connection*, open-forum magazine since 1968. Subscribers may insert two pages/issue free, unedited. Lots of stimulating conversation. Eight issues (year) \$20. 101 South Whiting #700Z, Alexandria, VA 22304.

Directory of Libertarian Periodicals, updated latest edition, lists around 150 titles, with addresses, other information. All believed to be presently publishing. \$3.00 postpaid, \$4.00 overseas. Jim Stumm, Box 29LB, Hiler Branch, Buffalo, NY 14223.

For liberty, double-plus good. Since 1990, *The Western New York Freeman*. Twelve issues, \$10. TWNYF, P.O. Box 55, Springbrook, NY 14140.

Living Free newsletter discusses practical methods for increasing personal freedom. Forum for freedom-seekers, libertarians, survivalists, anarchists, outlaws, since 1979. Lively, unique. \$9.00 for 6 issues, sample \$1.00. Box 29-LB, Hiler Branch, Buffalo, NY 14223.

The Voluntaryist Sample copy for two first-class stamps. Box 1275, Gramling, SC 29348.

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I do still bother, after my fashion, and the existence of *Fear of Physics: A Guide for the Perplexed* by Lawrence M. Krauss (Basic Books, 1993, 206 pp., \$20.00) shows that other folk out there are trying as well. There is still room for this sort of limited popularization to appeal to those who still hope — all in vain, all in vain — that they can "keep up" in some meaningful way with the sciences.

Over the past twelve years or so I've probably read as many of these science popularizations as any American, but I still found this book, well, perplexing. It lacks the hand-holding and wondrous good will of the average quantum physics popularization and the steady, sensible elocution of an Isaac Asimov. It covers some of the more contemporary areas of theoretical physics, so it's not just a rehash of the old Schrodinger's Cat/Niels Bohr/Bell's Theorem roundelay of your typical pop physics book; but despite its avowed intent, it doesn't treat the ill-educated (as I think probably all of us without advanced degrees in the topic ought to think of ourselves) with the ginger care we require.

This book is concerned more with elucidating the method of physics — how physicists *think* — than with dazzling us with counter-intuitive mystagogic results, but it does take swings at explaining such peculiarities as superconductivity, scale-dependence, and symmetry and their importance in contemporary physics. (The key to thinking physics, according to Krauss, is abstracting out certain complicating details and ignoring them; he traces the triumphant beginning of this mode of thought to Galileo's discovery of the laws of motion through imagining initially that no outside force interferes with motion, even though we all know they do. Readers trained in economics might recognize the method.)

The book covers much amazing — and vitally important — ground, but I think it's an even bet whether you will complete it educated, intrigued, and eager to learn more or befuddled and willing to cease thinking about the topic entirely.

—Brian Doherty

Medianotes, continued from page 20

those of the other members of the student libertarian organization he headed. That way they could invite the speakers they wanted and run the conference without regard for the "suggestions" of their backers; that way, they could be sure that those attending would be there because of their interest and passion, and not because an all-expenses-paid weekend at a luxury hotel sounded like fun. He would have none of it. It turned out that what he really wanted was to enlist me in helping him obtain the funding.

So there I was, giving him the same when-I-was-your-age-I-walked-barefoot-five-miles-to-school-in-the-snow routine my father gave me when I was a kid. And to the same effect. I was more than ever conscious of my middle age. And more worried about what's-this-younger-generation-coming-to.

Happily, a few weeks ago I received a sample issue of *Guillotine*, subtitled "A Slice of Reality." It is the genuine article, a student-published, student-written, student-financed, and student-edited libertarian tabloid (albeit with some reprinted adult writing thrown in). It is full of the vigor and enthusiasm of the student publications I recall from my college days. It also contains some very good writing.

The first copy of *Guillotine* I received had no information about subscribing, so I wrote the editors. One promptly called me and told me that they didn't really have subscription rates, and that so far, thanks to desktop publishing and using a cheap printer, they had managed to finance the venture out of their own pockets. Personally, I think any enterprise gets valuable feedback by offering its product in the marketplace, and I suppose I wish they'd start operating their tabloid on a more business-like basis.

But it's their venture, and who the hell am I to tell them how to run it?

Anyway, if *Guillotine* sounds interesting to you, I encourage you to write for a sample copy, or even a subscription. Its address is P.O. Box 50000, Binghamton, NY 13902. You also might want to send them a donation of a dollar or two for your sample, or ten or so if you decide to subscribe. There's no reason for us ex-young-libertarians to be a financial burden on the new generation of libertarian radicals. —RWB

Notes on Contributors

Chester Alan Arthur is *Liberty's* political correspondent.

"Baloo" is cartoonist *Rex F. May* in disguise.

Charles Barr is a longtime libertarian writer and activist.

John Bergstrom is special projects editor at *National Lampoon*.

R.W. Bradford is editor and publisher of *Liberty*.

John Briggs has written for *The Iowa Review*, *Religious Humanism*, and other journals.

Douglas Casey is author of *Crisis Investing for the Rest of the '90s* and other books and articles.

Stephen Cox is Professor of Literature at the University of California.

Brian Doherty is a journalist and musician.

James Gill, the cartoonist, recently returned from Europe.

Patricia Hanson is a writer living in Canada.

Robert Higgs is editor of *Arms, Politics, and the Economy* and other books.

Bill Kauffman is author of *Every Man a King*, *Country Towns of New York*, and the forthcoming *Nativist Sons*.

Bart Kosko is author of *Fuzzy Thinking* and other concise and readable tomes.

Pierre Lemieux is a Visiting Professor of Economics at the University of Quebec at Hull.

Michael Levine is *Liberty's* spanking-new editorial intern.

Ron Lipp is an attorney practicing in Sacramento.

Loren E. Lomasky is author of *Persons, Rights, and the Moral Community* and coauthor of *Democracy and Decision*.

Wendy McElroy is a "fellow" at the Independent Institute.

William P. Moulton is *Liberty's* roving Traverse City correspondent.

Todd Seavey has written for *Reason*, *Chronicles*, and *The Exchange*. His *National Review* article on Howard Stern appeared in its June 13 issue.

Jo Ann Skousen, past organizer of the Eris Society Convocation, is an editor and writer living in Florida.

Clark Stooksbury is assistant publisher of *Liberty*.

Thomas Szasz is author of numerous books and articles. His most recent is *Cruel Compassion*.

Timothy Virkkala is managing editor of *Liberty*.

Jesse Walker is assistant editor of *Liberty*.

Chris Whitten is managing editor of the *Laissez Faire Books Catalog*.

Leland Yeager is Ludwig von Mises Distinguished Professor of Economics at Auburn University.

Illustrations

"Chicago Black-Hole" (p. 9), "Go O.J.!" (p. 12), "Eerie Parallels" (p. 14), "The Torch Is Passed" (p. 15), "Embarrassing?" (p. 16), and "Beatnik Beowulf," (p. 36), by John Bergstrom; "Statue of Stern" (p. 23) by Chris Whitten; and "Robert Reich, the Working Man" (p. 55) by James Gill.

Coming in *Liberty*:

- "Where Taxes Rise Fastest" — *R.W. Bradford* on the geography of tax hikes and legal plunder.
- "Talking Sex, Not Gender" — *Wendy McElroy* on the uses and abuses of pornography.
- "Deep Ecology Meets the Market" — *Gus diZerega* on libertarianism's final frontier, radical environmentalism.
- "Is it Free? Is it Trade?" — *Fred L. Smith* on the World Trade Organization, the latest protectionist device to pose as a tool of "free trade."

Terra Incognita

York, England

Clashing cultures in the British Isles, as reported by the *Times of London*:

Yin Yin Man was fined \$1,075 for throwing hot water at trick-or-treater David Cooper, burning his face, chest, and back. Unaware of Halloween, the immigrant assumed Cooper was a ghost.

Harvard

The cause of inflated legal bills, as reported in the *Detroit News*:

Harvard superlawyer Laurence Tribe billed a client \$625 for a one-sentence letter written by one of his law students. "It was a very long sentence," he explained.

Chico, Calif.

Rule of law in California, as reported by the *Chico News & Review*:

In order to fight graffiti, Chico's police chief wants to make it illegal for a minor to be in possession of an indelible ink marker "for other than a legitimate use."

Washington, D.C.

Avant-garde welfare reform, as reported on National Public Radio:

The Clinton White House floated a plan to fund government job training programs by taxing welfare benefits.

Portland, Ore.

Bargaining with criminals pays off in the Pacific Northwest, as described in the *West Sound Sun*:

A man claiming to have a bomb and demanding \$25,000 held police and FBI at bay for more than two hours at a downtown U.S. Bank Branch. The incident ended when he bargained down his demand to a cigarette and a cup of coffee.

Los Angeles

Further progress in the fight for civil rights, as reported by *USA Today*:

An adult nightclub was ordered by city officials to remove its main attraction — a large shower enclosure — because disabled nude dancers wouldn't be able to get their wheelchairs into it, thus denying equal work opportunities to persons with disabilities.

Philippines

Advance in family planning, as reported by the *Times of London*:

Alarmed by birthrates in northern provinces, Filipino President Fidel Ramos gave all northerners free cable TV to give them something else to do.

Atlanta, Georgia

Impressive evidence of the progress of Austrian Economics, as reported by the Ludwig von Mises Institute:

"At a Plantation Supper at magnificent Stone Mountain, economist and historian Murray N. Rothbard will be honored by the Sons of the Confederate Veterans amidst a color guard and stirring music."

Wall Street

Dispatch from the war against sexism and discrimination, from the *Detroit News*:

Joanne Flynn, a former vice president at Goldman, Sachs & Co., sued the company alleging that she was denied a promotion and then fired because of her gender. The person who got the promotion and who eventually booted Flynn was Doris Smith — another woman. A federal jury found the firm guilty of gender discrimination.

Washington, D.C.

Another Congressional perk, as reported in *Newsweek*:

Though the public is not permitted to check books out of the Library of Congress, legislators may remove the library's books for as long as they want. As a result, many volumes have been missing for decades; an estimated 30,000 of the library's 16.4 million books are gone and considered stolen. Among the missing: two \$7,500 collections of nineteenth-century Italian architectural drawings, a \$6,000 nineteenth-century treatise on cactuses, two \$1,500 volumes on Navajo rituals, and Abbie Hoffman's *Steal This Book*.

New York

Literary note from Larry King, from his column in *USA Today*:

"I read Henry Kissinger's new book *Diplomacy* and found it fascinating. Maybe his best work to date."

Alamogordo, N.M.

"Zero tolerance" in action, as reported by *USA Today*:

A man who bought a truck at a police auction found 20 pounds of methamphetamine in the dashboard.

Opelousas, La.

Reliable sources in action, as reported by the Associated Press:

A city police simulation of a post-office fire turned surreal when a police spokesman who didn't know it was a drill told TV reporters that 14 people were wounded, one man was in custody, and shots were still being fired.

Luxembourg

Advance of culture in the European Union, according to a survey by *Euro Time*:

The favorite leisure activity of citizens of Luxembourg, the smallest member state of the European Union, is sleeping. The second favorite activity is resting.

U. S. A.

Advance of culture in the New World, according to a survey by 20/20, a consumer research firm:

Some 38% of American men say they like cars better than they like women; 8% of American women say they find men who drive nice cars to be more appealing; 15% of all Americans name their cars. The most popular names are Betsie, My Baby, and Angel.

(Readers are invited to forward newsclippings or other items for publication in *Terra Incognita*.)

Stimulate Your Mind! with *Liberty* back issues

(continued from back cover)

- "Depolluting the USSR," by James Robbins
- Plus articles and reviews by David Friedman, Loren Lomasky, Sheldon Richman, Karl Hess, Richard Kostelanetz, and others; and Mark Skousen's interview with Robert Heilbroner. (72 pages)

Volume 5

September 1991

- "Stalking the Giant Testes of Ethiopia," by Robert Miller
 - "GNP: A Bogus Notion," by R.W. Bradford
 - "50 Really Stupid Ways to Save the Earth," by Karl Hess
- Plus articles and reviews by Bart Kosko, Frank Fox, John Hospers, James Taggart, Mark Skousen, and others. (72 pages)

November 1991

- "The Road to Nowhere," by David Horowitz
 - "Women vs the Nation-State," by Carol Moore
 - "Thelma and Louise: Feminist Heroes," by Miles Fowler
- Plus articles and reviews by Robert Higgs, Leland Yeager, and others; and a short story by J. E. Goodman. (80 pages)

January 1992

- "The National Park Disgrace," by R.W. Bradford and Karl Hess, Jr
 - "Clarence Thomas and Zora Neale Hurston," by Bill Kauffman
 - "America's Bipartisan Apartheid," by Brian Doherty
- Plus articles and reviews by Leland Yeager, David Friedman, Henry Veatch, Jane Shaw, Richard Kostelanetz, and others. (80 pages)

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 - "P.C. or B.S.?" by Meredith McGhan
 - "Acid Rain and the Corrosion of Science," by Edward C. Krug
 - "Who Really Wrote *Little House on the Prairie*?" by William Holtz
- Plus articles and reviews by Karl Hess, Jane Shaw, Randal O'Toole, and others; and an interview with Pat Buchanan. (72 pages)

May 1992

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 - "The Cost of Kids," by Karl Hess
 - "Bill Clinton, Super Statesman," by Chester Alan Arthur
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 - "Returning America's Roads to the Market," by Terree Wasley
 - "The 'Lock' on the Electoral College," by David Brin
 - "The Myth of (Heavy) Metal Illness," by Gracie & Zarkov
- Plus commentary on the L.A. Riots, and articles and reviews by David Kelley, Leland Yeager, George H. Smith, and others. (72 pages)

Volume 6

September 1992

- "War on Drugs, War on Progress," by James Ostrowski
 - "If Execution Is Just, What Is Justice?" by J. Neil Schulman
 - "Stupid About Schools," by Martin Morse Wooster
- Plus articles and reviews by Jane Shaw, Murray Rothbard, William Mellor III, and others; and an index to back issues. (80 pages)

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 - "Europe's Familiar Money Mess," by Leland Yeager
 - "Inside Congress: The Grunting of 535 Pigs," by Jesse Walker
 - "Remembering John Cage," by Richard Kostelanetz
- Plus articles and reviews by David Kelley, Daniel Klein, Loren Lomasky, Gregory Johnson, Ben Best, and others. (80 pages)

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 - "How Do I Hate NPR? Let Me Count the Ways," by Glenn Garvin
 - "What Happened in Waco?" by Loren Lomasky and R.W. Bradford
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 - "Lies, Damn Lies, and AIDS Research," by Brian Doherty
- Plus articles and reviews by David Boaz, John McCormack, Stephen Cox, and others; poetry by Marc Ponomareff; and fiction by J. Orlin Grabbe. (72 pages)

Volume 7

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- "The Real Health Care Crisis," by R.W. Bradford
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 - "Anarchy in Salt Lake City," by Chester Alan Arthur
 - "The Supreme Court vs the American Police State," by Stefan Herpel
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 - "My Dinner With Slick Willie," by Douglas Casey
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