

Liberty

December 2001

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Anthrax,
Bioterrorism
and You

Rage Now!

by Sarah McCarthy

Fighting Terror, Keeping the Constitution

by Congressman Ron Paul

U.S. Government: Terrorism's Best Friend

by R. W. Bradford

A Guide to On-the-Job Sex

by Wendy McElroy

Also: *Judges and Cops* tell why we should end the War on Drugs, *Randal O'Toole* explains how Smart Growth will strangle our cities, *William Tonso* remembers when Sunday meant comics, movies, and guns . . . plus other articles, reviews, and humor.

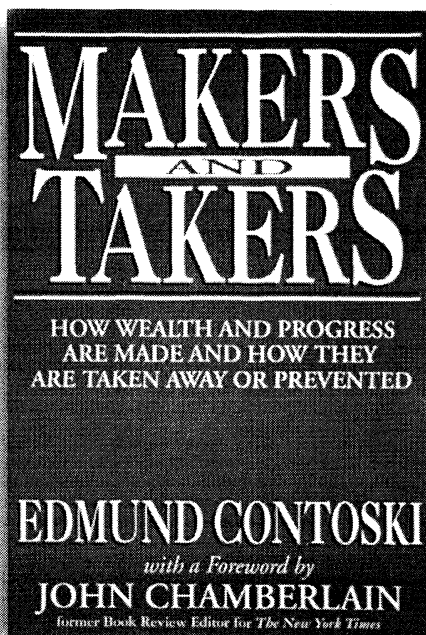
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Letters

Justice for All?

Edward Feser's article ("Injustice Compounded," October) on reparations was of serious interest to me. My grandfather joined the Union Army to end the evil of slavery, and while he survived, some of his friends did not. "Reparations" would mean that the descendents of those who fought and died to end slavery would be taxed to pay "reparations" to the descendents of those they fought and died to free. How evil that would be.

Robert Burnside
Palos Verdes Estates, Calif.

Rethinking Reparations

I was very pleased to see such an excellent analysis of reparations in the first issue of my new subscription.

Feser's article places the pseudoissue in its true perspective. My own case is a good illustration. I am the son of a German mother from Hector, Minn. and an Irish immigrant father who arrived here in 1929. My parents neither discriminated against blacks nor were slaveowners, yet Randall Robinson and his ilk would lay a claim against me for reparations.

Bill Kelly
Dundas, Minn.

Slaves of the State

I take issue with Edward Feser's superficial diatribe against reparations for African-American slavery.

Centuries of African-American chattel slavery was the product of express U.S. federal, state, and local government policies. The U.S. government encoded slavery into the Constitution. It designated a black slave as three-fifths of a person for tax and political representation purposes. It protected and nourished slavery in Article IV by mandating that all escaped slaves found anywhere in the nation be returned to their masters. In the Dred Scott decision in 1857, the U.S. Supreme Court reaffirmed that slaves remained slaves no matter where they were taken

in the United States. It is certainly the U.S. government that bears the blame for the national shame of slavery.

M. Delaney Grayes
Dallas, Tex.

Intelligent Design vs. Evolution

Timothy Sandefur (*Reflections*, October) criticizes conservatives' "innate dislike for science, with its acidic reason and refusal to appeal to authority," and suggests that evolutionary science be our guide.

In recent years, the intelligent-design movement has successfully questioned evolutionary "science" by pointing to its many weaknesses and highlighting the heavy component of belief among its adherents. What's wrong with belief? The scientific enterprise itself rests on belief in such axioms as the existence of objective reality and the human ability to comprehend it. We must recognize that belief is unavoidable and proceed with an attitude of full disclosure of premises. No one should object to science, but when the "acid" of atheism (and related rejection of God-given authority) poses as "science," conservatives and others are right to complain.

Steve Sawyer
Fountain Hills, Ariz.

Shame!

R.W. Bradford's "Terror!" (November) was hasty, irresponsible, and inappropriate. Bradford has seriously compromised his credibility as a thoughtful journalist.

Don F. Hanlen
Benton City, Wash.

Shame II!

R.W. Bradford finds nothing deserving his attention when he hears about the destruction of the twin towers. Then he quickly discovers that this will be a glorious opportunity to revel in his own smartness. Then he puts his mind into high gear and he figures out that the whole country is acting irrationally now and will continue to do so in years to

Liberty (ISSN 0894-1408) is a libertarian and classical liberal review of thought, culture, and politics, published monthly by the Liberty Foundation, 1018 Water Street, Suite 201, Port Townsend, WA 98368. Periodicals Postage Paid at Port Townsend, WA 98368, and at additional mailing offices.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Liberty, P.O. Box 1181, Port Townsend, WA 98368.

Subscriptions are \$29.50 for twelve issues. Foreign subscriptions are \$34.50 for twelve issues. Manuscripts are welcome, but will be returned only if accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope (SASE). A writer's introduction is available: send a request and an SASE.

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come. Only four planes were hijacked, only a few office buildings were destroyed and only a few thousand people died but the country is acting as if it had been under a thermonuclear attack! How absurd!

But no big harm done, there are more important things in his life than the terrorist attacks — emails have to be answered and the phone lines need some tinkering. Alas, every nice day at the office comes to an end and he finally hits the road back home. In the bucolic setting of his small town he gazes into the sun that, with a spectacular sunset, was crowning its accomplishment in making that day so perfect (save for that horrific thing far away).

Finally the sun is down and Bradford, knowing his duties as a person writing for a magazine, drags himself in front of his television. He measures up the whole situation, destruction and overreaction included, and he finds himself bored. He begins to flick the channels, slightly annoyed as time goes by, in vain looking for . . . something else. Those damn dead people, not again!

Despite these times that would frustrate any discriminating thinker, more realizations are to come. He determines that the act of being glued to the television and watching the horrors over and over again, something the other people appear to do, is the expression of sympathy in these alienated times. But he is incapable to show even this form of sympathy. And Bradford wants Americans to keep their moral and intellectual balance. Obviously, once people in the land learn about his stoic wisdom they must come to their senses.

Alexander Papp
New York, N.Y.

War, Secession, and Utopia

I hope that the authorities manage to protect us from terrorism. But suppose they don't? Suppose we experience a series of acts of megaterrorism. What then?

Suppose the Alaska Independence Party wins that state's next election, and Alaska secedes from the union in order to remove itself from the terrorists' target list. Suppose that other states follow Alaska's example. Eventually Washington, D.C., would have to fight its war to control the Middle East all alone.

Meanwhile, the rest of us, freed from the federal government's foreign policy

and its taxes, would enjoy a golden age of peace, prosperity, and liberty.

Bill Anderson
Capitola, Calif.

Osama's Real Maker

If "the worst thing we can do is merely wound them," as Sarah McCarthy argues in the November issue, then it is too late because we have already done it. After all, just how did all this start?

The only effective way to rid the world of its Osama bin Ladens is to stop creating them. But you see, Ducky, as war is the health of the state, the idea of avoiding it does not play well within the offices of the welfare-warfare-managerial capitals of the world.

Jack Dennon
Warrenton, Ore.

Learning From History

In your articles on the attacks of Sept. 11, Tom Jenney comes closest to addressing the reasons for them. But no one hit the mark. Fifty-three years ago a new political organization — recognized by only 20 or 30 governments — stole a 200 by 50 mile area of Arab land and made it the new state of Israel.

I'm surprised that *Liberty* isn't addressing this injustice for a couple reasons. First, libertarians recognize that property rights are basic to organized society. Second, libertarians are anti-UN based on their recognition that the Constitution is the basis for our country. I was expecting a well-reasoned approach, not a call to nuclear war. Perhaps more time is needed to put these events into proper perspective.

Do I have the answer? Does anyone have the answer? I do know that until the United States recognizes that we've financed an intransigent, belligerent, and illegal government in the middle of a billion Muslims we can't even talk about the answer.

Harold Shull
Phoenix, Ariz.

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

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Penn's Important Political Works Together for the First Time

The Political Writings of William Penn

Introduction and Annotations by Andrew R. Murphy

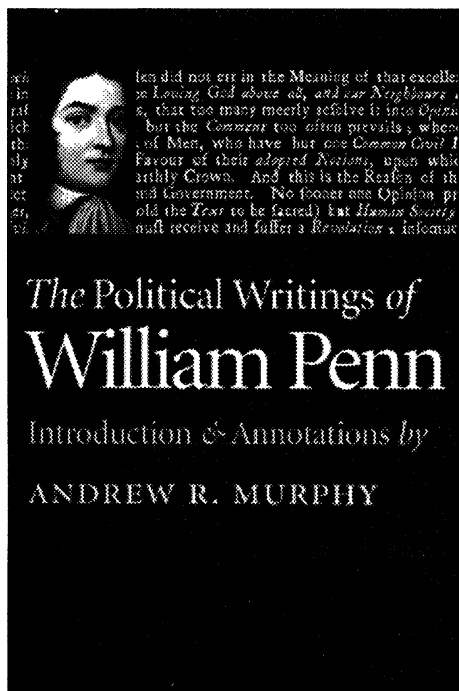
William Penn played a crucial role in the articulation of religious liberty as a philosophical and political value during the second half of the seventeenth century and as a core element of the classical liberal tradition in general. Penn was not only one of the most vocal spokesmen for liberty of conscience in Restoration England, but he also oversaw a great colonizing endeavor that attempted to instantiate his tolerationist commitments in practice. His thought has relevance not only for scholars of English political and religious history, but also for those who are interested in the foundations of American religious liberty, political development, and colonial history. This Liberty Fund volume illuminates the origins and development of Penn's thought by presenting, for the first time, complete and annotated texts of all his important political works.

Penn's early political writings illuminate the Whig understanding of English politics as guided by the ancient constitution (epitomized by Magna Charta and its elaboration of English native rights). The values of liberty, property, and consent (as represented by Parliament) provide the basis for Penn's advocacy of liberty of conscience in Restoration England. During the 1660s and 1670s, Penn used his social prominence as well as the time afforded him by several imprisonments to compose a number of works advocating religious

toleration and defending the ancient constitution as a guarantor of popular liberties. In the 1680s, Penn's political thought emphasized the substantive importance of toleration as a fundamental right and the civil magistrate's duty to grant such freedom regardless of those interests in society (e.g., the Church of England, Tories in Parliament) who might oppose it.

His social status, indefatigable energy for publication, and command of biblical and historical sources give Penn's political writings a twofold significance: as a window on toleration and liberty of conscience, perhaps the most vexing issue of Restoration politics; and as part of a broader current of thought that would influence political thought and practice in the colonies as well as in the mother country.

William Penn (1644–1718) lived during the two great political and religious upheavals in seventeenth-century England: the Civil Wars of the 1640s and the 1688 Revolution. He was expelled from Christ Church College, Oxford, for religious nonconformity, and in 1667 he converted to Quakerism. After his conversion, he worked as a preacher, writer, and spokesman for the Quakers, promoting religious liberty and attempting to advance the interests of the Quakers in the American colonies.



Available December 2001.

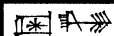
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Hardcover. 0-86597-317-2. \$24.00.

Paperback. 0-86597-318-0. \$12.00.

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Reflections

Whoda thunk? — Who would have guessed that weapons used in the first battle of the first war of the 21st century would be razors and box-cutting knives that can be acquired by anyone at any Kmart for a couple of dollars each? Or that, after being attacked on its own soil, the United States would respond by bombing a distant land with plastic bags filled with boiled lentils? — R. W. Bradford

Don't desecrate on me! — A man in Indiana was recently arrested for burning an American flag, despite two Supreme Court rulings that laws against burning the flag are unconstitutional. Several times, constitutional amendments designed to allow legislatures to ban flag desecration

have passed the House of Representatives, and been held up only by a few votes in the Senate. It seems likely, with the resurgent patriotism resulting from the Sept. 11 attacks, that if such an amendment were pushed again now, it would pass.

According to basic rules of constitutional interpretation, one part of the Constitution is supposed to be read as consistent with other parts, whenever possible. The proposed amendment does not explicitly state that it is meant to repeal the First Amendment; it only would allow states to prevent the desecration of the flag. It would therefore be entirely proper to read the amendment as banning flag desecration *except* when the desecration is intended as an expressive act. This would be entirely consistent with the constitutional provisions, and with the presumption that Congress would not do something so awful as to curtail free speech, unless they explicitly say so in the amendment. And this interpretation would have the result of banning flag burning only in those cases where it's considered *respectful* (the destruction of worn-out flags, for instance) but protecting it only in those cases that offend the flag-protectors. And that would give me the giggles.

Incidentally, the increase in the number of people driving around with flags on their cars has provided us with a prime example of the law of unintended consequences: The flags

keep falling off people's cars. As a result, I have desecrated dozens of flags in the past month, by unintentionally running them over on the freeway! — Timothy Sandefur

Res publica, RIP — What more dramatically emphasizes the wound, likely fatal, to our republic brought on by our latest war: The fact that so few Americans even realize our Constitution insists wars be authorized by a congressional Declaration of War, or the fact that so few Americans care? — Ross Levatter

A for impact, F for symbolism — It's a wonder the Statue of Liberty was not a target on Sept. 11. Not only does she stand for everything the terrorists oppose, she

isn't wearing a veil and she's holding a book. — Tim Slagle

Operation Re-election

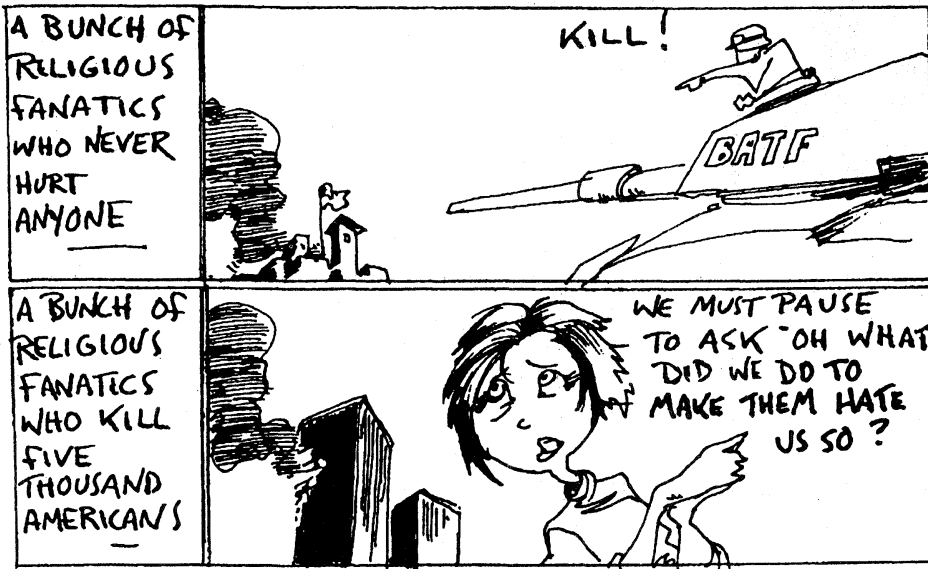
— Many high government officials — including especially the president himself — have stressed the fact that this War on Terrorism will not be short. Since the government fighting the war is the same government de-

termining what constitutes terrorism, this seems almost certainly true. The president has learned many lessons from his father, including the detrimental effects on one's popularity rating of ending wars too soon. I predict this war will last at least until the first Wednesday after the first Monday of November, 2004. — Ross Levatter

Affirmative action for the unproductive

— When politicians talk about "stimulating" the economy with increased government spending, what they are really advocating is taking more money from the relatively productive sector of the economy and deploying it in the relatively unproductive sector of the economy. How that will lead to long-term or even short-term productive growth is one of those mysteries we mere mortals are not meant to understand. Apparently we just have to believe. — Alan Bock

Ride that Cessna, Pappy! — Terrorists are an incredibly tricky enemy, as any Vietnam veteran will tell



you. But Americans are begging for some form of retaliation, and I think it's time to call up the militia. First we need a financier, independent of the United States government. Osama bin Laden has an estimated worth of \$300 million. That's chump change compared to some of the money scooting around the United States.

Then we get together a handful of rednecks. Rather than Paul Revere riding through New England crying "To Arms!" somebody could just stand in the center of Butte, Mont., hollering, "Who wants to go mess up some towel heads?" We then load up some Cessnas with Jack Daniels, diesel, and ammonium nitrate, and let the good ol' boys fly them straight into Mecca.

When the Islamic world protests, George Bush can apologize for the tragedy and offer the resources of the United States government to find this rogue terrorist organization operating within our own borders. We were the victims of these same terrorists ourselves at Oklahoma City. We will even be more than happy to extradite their leader, provided we have sufficient conclusive evidence he is linked to the attack, and he will be released only into the custody of a Western nation.

— Tim Slagle

Medical note — War is the health of CNN. — Durk Pearson

Life in these United States — There is some reason to suspect that people in rural and small-town America are less prone to wallow in panic than city people. In a series of reports about how people in smaller cities are getting along, *The Wall Street Journal* reports with evident surprise that "Locals [in Quincy, Ill.] asked about the tragedy express sadness and outrage — then volunteer that it caused them to miss not one day of work." Small-town folks, me included, know that chores have to be attended to.

— R.W. Bradford

Art saves lives — One low-cost way to suppress domestic terrorism is to set up terrorist traps. Just stage a NEA-funded art show with brilliant works of art like the stuff the NEA funds already, except replace the portrayal of Christ with Mohammed and replace God with Allah: A lifelike

Liberty

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Romancing the Dismal Science • Mark Skousen unearths a dramatic tale — starring everyone from Carl Menger to Karl Marx — behind the history of the much-maligned dismal science. (audio: A501; video not available)

Future Imperfect • David Friedman leads a thrilling exploration of coming developments in biotechnology, and how they'll radically change the way we think about law and each other in the coming decades. (audio: A503; video: V503)

The End of the World As We Know It • Is globalization the disease or the cure? Fred L. Smith Jr. explains how expanding markets cripple intrusive government and make liberty that much easier to find. (audio: A504; video: V504)

Prisons for the Innocent • Washington state Supreme Court Justice Richard Sanders exposes America's mental health gestapo, and shows how thousands have been locked up for life without ever committing a crime. (audio: A505; video: V505)

All the Lies That Are Fit to Print • Jeff Rigenbach chronicles media coverage of illegal drugs — from early 20th century "Negro cocaine fiends" to "crack babies" of the 1980s — uncovering a legacy of shoddy coverage and botched reporting. (audio: A506; video: V506)

Who's Afraid of the Antichrist? • Douglas Casey takes a provocative look at the tenets of radical Islam and how they inspired the recent terrorist attacks. Does God hate America? (audio: A507; video: V507)

Terrorism on Drugs • Alan Bock probes the link between terrorism and America's drug war — and proposes a single

Live 2001

The 2001 *Liberty* Editors' Conference featured several sessions on the recent terrorist attacks. Now you can listen to what the editors of *Liberty* think in this collection of raw and unrehearsed commentary!

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The 2001 Liberty Group • Tim Slagle, R.W. Bradford, Fred L. Smith Jr., David Friedman, and Alan Bock participate in a roundtable discussion of recent events including their take on how the United States should respond to terrorism. (audio: A502; video not available)

The War on Terrorism (Part I) • Durk Pearson, Richard Sanders, David Friedman, R.W. Bradford, and Fred L. Smith Jr. discuss what will happen to our civil liberties in light of the recent terrorist attacks. (audio: A509; video: V509)

The War on Terrorism (Part II) • Douglas Casey, Jeff Rigenbach, Randal O'Toole, Alan Bock, and R.W. Bradford ask how terrorism will change our lives; for the better or for the worse. (audio: A510; video: V510)

reform that will end terrorism in America forever. (audio: A508; video: V508)

Central Planning on Main Street • Randal O'Toole makes the case against the cult of "smart growth" — and demolishes the plan to cram the world's population into an area the size of Kentucky. (audio: A511; video: V511)

How Libertarianism Must Change to Succeed • R.W. Bradford looks over the Libertarian Party's successes and failures and comes to a surprising conclusion: It's time for the LP to give itself a chance. (audio: A512; video: V512)

Grass-roots Organizing for Liberty • Randal O'Toole asks, Why has environmental activism been a rousing success and libertarian activism an unremitting failure? (audio: A513; video: V513)

A Short Introduction to Libertarian Anthropology • William Merritt takes a hilarious look at differences between the sexes and how they got that way. (audio: A514; video: V514)

Abandon the LP? • Bruce Ramsey and R.W. Bradford discuss whether the Libertarian Party has failed in its mission — or whether that mission hasn't even been tried. (audio: A515; video: V515)

Law in Cyberspace • David Friedman explores how anonymity on the Internet can actually lead to a world of nonjudicial justice. (audio: A516; video: V516)

Kicking the FDA's Ass • Durk Pearson and Sandy Shaw recall their success over the Food and Drug Administration, and document the

state's continued refusal to comply with their landmark legal victory. (audio: A517; video: V517)

Stalking Garet Garrett • Bruce Ramsey paints a picture of a paleo-libertarian from the *Saturday Evening Post* and his battle against the New Deal. (audio: A518; video: V518)

The Comedy of Tim Slagle • Tim Slagle takes on everything from vegetarians to the homeless in his classic comedy routine. (audio: A519; video: V519)

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portrait of Allah depicted in camel dung, a replica of the Great Mosque submerged in pig urine. Station a Delta Force unit in the gallery, disguise the soldiers as art patrons, complete with ponytails and PBS tote bags (with Uzis stashed inside). When the terrorists show up . . . — Tim Slagle

A corner office on the third floor just isn't the same — Popular economist Paul Krugman frets whether the Sept. 11 attack will “permanently damage New York’s position as America’s economic capital.” While he says, “this is a real question and deserves a serious answer,” it is in fact a question of concern only to Manhattan property owners and the city of New York. The idea that financial centers need giant skyscrapers is disproven by Silicon Valley’s financial district in Menlo Park, which consists of one- to three-story buildings with abundant parking. Outside of New York, few Americans care whether our economic capital is in Manhattan, Menlo Park, or somewhere in cyberspace (which is probably the safest place for it).

— Randal O’Toole

Play it again, Uncle Sam — Stratfor.com, the international intelligence website, predicts that the current war on terrorism will require help from the Russians, which will lead to beefing up that country’s geopolitical strength and importance. Haven’t we been down that road before? Isn’t that how we got into this mess? Didn’t we train and support Osama bin Laden in his war *against* the Soviets 20 years ago? — Alan Bock

Executive mob action — The Taliban is threatening to step up opium sales to finance its war with the United States, and I believe it’s time for desperate measures. We can ruin them financially if we legalize narcotics. So many sources for the substance would appear that opium would be as cheap as pet food. A second benefit would be that the Mafia would be put out of the heroin business, and in turn, would be so furious with bin Laden they would probably have him whacked just out of spite. I can think of no organization more capable of performing the job, quickly, cleanly, and without a trace of evidence. — Tim Slagle

Maybe we should rid the world of hyperbole? — All right, we know that politicians of all stripes are subject to bursts of hyperbole, especially when the winds of war are gusting. But President Bush’s remark during the memorial service at the National Cathedral that

“Our responsibility to history is already clear: to answer these attacks and rid the world of evil,” followed by a pledge Sunday that the United States “will rid the world of evil-doers” was a bit grandiose even by recent presidential standards.

Let’s hope the defense strategists define the war objectives a little more narrowly when they get down to specific cases. — Alan Bock

Sprawl saves lives — The sprawling Pentagon illustrates the resilience of dispersed development and the wisdom of Stephen Ambrose’s advice, “Don’t bunch up.” The Pentagon covers 583 acres. The World Trade Center compactly fit into 16 acres. The Trade Center had about 50% more office space, but after adjusting for inflation, the Trade Center cost three times as much per square foot to build as the Pentagon. While the Trade Center was completely destroyed by the terrorist attacks, the airliner flying at full speed into the Pentagon destroyed less than ten percent of the building. The jets crashing into the Trade Center killed about 3,000 people each; the plane crashing into the Pentagon killed 120. — Randal O’Toole

The prophet’s profits — For comic relief in the midst of tragedy, consider the fact that *Nostradamus: The Complete Prophecies* surged to the top of amazon.com’s charts shortly after Sept. 11, spurred by an apparently non-Nostradamus “prophecy” about great thunder in the city and Two Brothers torn apart by Chaos while the fortress endures.

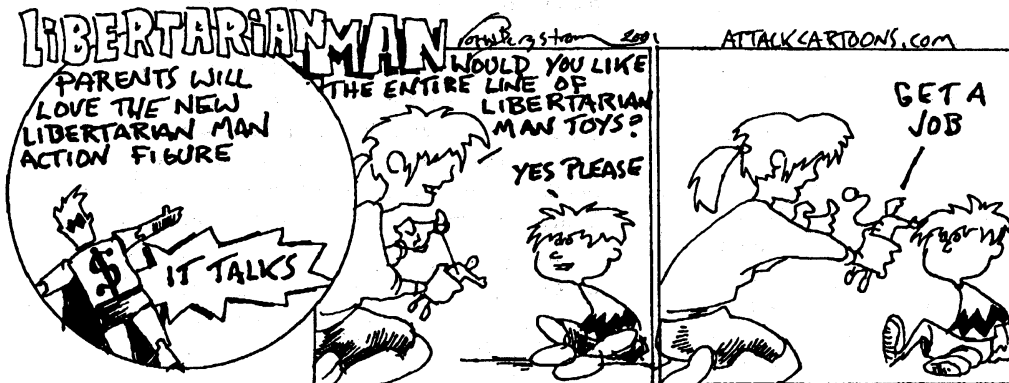
My conspiracy theory? Nostradamus engineered it himself, from the Great Beyond, to pump up book sales. Now if he can only figure out a way to collect the royalties.

— Alan Bock

Spies like us — Our government has called on true, loyal Americans to keep an eye out for others in their neighborhoods who may be plotting terrorist acts, warning us that terrorists are in our midst and can only be found with our help. We are urged to report to authorities anything and anyone appearing suspicious.

And so, in the name of freedom, Americans begin to act like Cubans. — Ross Levatter

One war at a time, please — Just before the terrorist attack defense officials were agonizing over whether it was wise to continue the traditional Pentagon strategy of having a military big enough to handle two wars at the same time, with reformers arguing for dropping the two-war requirement. Now that we’re committed to an amorphous, long-term, and costly war on terrorism, the question intrudes. Shouldn’t we focus on one war at a time? I would be more than willing to drop the War on Drugs, thank you — especially since de-profitizing drugs will cut off at least some of the money



terrorists rely on to do their dastardly deeds. — Alan Bock

The World Pork Center — Many think of the World Trade Center as a symbol of free enterprise, but it was actually built by the Port Authority of New York to aggrandize the city and stem the tide of businesses spreading to suburban and other locations. The idea for the center was originally promoted by banker David Rockefeller and supported by his brother, Nelson Rockefeller, when he was New York's governor.

The Trade Center towers were a financial failure for their first two decades, requiring subsidies from users of airports, bridges, and other Port Authority facilities. During the recent economic boom, the Port Authority managed to convince a developer, Larry Silverstein, to lease the center for 99 years. Silverstein wants to rebuild the center as four 50- to 60-story buildings instead of two 110-story structures. Shorter buildings would make less of a target, but might not discourage companies from migrating to lower-density areas. — Randal O'Toole

And the award for brazen cowardice goes to . . . — My favorite victim of the terrorist attack is the twice-displaced Emmy Awards show. First they were put off for that horrible fundraising telethon in which celebrities who earn \$10 million for spending three months shooting a two hour movie, donated a couple hours of their nine-month vacations to ask the average working stiff for money. It turns out that a lot of these people, who play invincible heroes on television, are afraid to fly.

After the awards were rescheduled for Sunday, Oct. 7, where they were pre-empted again because CBS decided to show footage of the beginning of the Afghanistan bombing. This brings to mind the classic conundrum: If an award is presented and there's no one there to watch the acceptance speech, is it still an award? — Tim Slagle

Trade v. Terrorism — Free-trade agreements with Arab countries, such as the one recently signed with Jordan, are a very smart way to counteract the influence of Islamic fanatics within those countries. Yet American politics can ruin even the smartest of deals. The Jordan "free trade" agreement has been ruined by the Senate's imposing U.S. labor and environmental standards on imports, standards that simply cannot be met in Jordan. Imposing U.S. leftist opinion on what should be free trade with Arabic countries is exactly the wrong thing to do, adding further credibility to the Islamic fanatics' charge that the United States is imperialistically forcing its values upon the Arab world. Yet the Democrats and the "moderate" (i.e., left-wing) Republicans couldn't help themselves from buying special-interest group support even at the cost of helping the terrorists.

— Sandy Shaw

Getting an education in something — California's governor Gray Davis has signed a bill into law which will charge illegal immigrants — who are nowadays referred to as "undocumented immigrants," apparently to avoid the unpleasant impression that they have done something illegal — the same tuition at community colleges or California State University campuses that legal California

residents pay. It costs more now for a person who has come to a California college legally from another state than a person who has come here illegally from another country. Perhaps Gov. Davis, who a week earlier admitted to taking illegal contributions for his gubernatorial campaign, might not respect the law all that much. — Timothy Sandefur

Don't bunch up — The Sept. 11 tragedy has thrown a monkey wrench into the war on sprawl. Suddenly, living in high-density cities is even less smart than it was before. Of course, opponents of autos and low-density suburbs are putting their spin on the attack. "The center must hold!" declared environmental attorney Eric Goldstein, arguing that cities need "a strong central core." Others urge the federal government to spend billions on passenger rail lines to provide an alternative to air travel.

In fact, as historian Stephen Ambrose observed, the real lesson of the attacks is, "Don't bunch up." Promoting high-density housing, employment, or transportation merely creates targets for terrorists. This lesson has not been lost on American employers and families, who will probably accelerate their century-long migration out of the central cities into the suburbs. — Randal O'Toole

Ominous parallels, redux — Quick — which Taliban leader said the following: "Nothing less than a drastic overhaul of this civilization and an abandonment of its ingrained gods — progress, growth, exploitation, technology, materialism, humanism, and power — will do anything substantial to halt our path to destruction"? Of course, it was not a Taliban leader, but environmentalist and self-proclaimed Luddite Kirkpatrick Sale, who wrote this in *The Nation* in 1990. Christian conservatives Jerry Falwell and Pat Robertson were roundly criticized for saying that the attacks at the World Trade Center were an expression of Holy Wrath for America tolerating godless heathens, homosexuals, and greedy materialists, but the left has so far hesitated to acknowledge that they have been preaching precisely the

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same stasis for decades. If this war is to have any overriding political and moral justification, it will be as a contrast of a culture of progress, growth, and the pursuit of happiness (symbolized so beautifully in the World Trade Center) — against the preachers of stasis, fear, traditionalism, dogma, and authoritarianism.

— Timothy Sandefur

Osama TV — A decision by the major networks, prodded by National Security Adviser Condoleezza Rice, to air only short excerpts of possible future videotaped messages from Osama bin Laden or other real or alleged terrorists is troubling on several levels. I'm not in favor of news outlets broadcasting information that might endanger or undercut a military action, although the Pentagon tends to have a much broader interpretation of what might do so than I would and to desire complete control over the news. But this action seems to have been a capitulation to Ms. Rice's argument that broadcasting a 20-minute, uncut statement from bin Laden was giving the terrorist chief an opportunity to make propaganda that U.S. networks simply shouldn't afford the alleged mastermind of the Sept. 11 atrocities. Maybe that's not such a hot argument. The statement had already been broadcast over the al-Jazeera network. That broadcast was more likely to reach people who would be thrilled and persuaded by bin Laden's remarks than a broadcast in the U.S. And if "know your enemy" is a valid bromide, having the statement broadcast in the United States could be seen as useful to the American people, who would have a chance to parse and perhaps to understand what drives the Saudi heir, if it's anything other than irrational hatred.

Well, at least the networks apparently didn't buy the argument that was bandied about on television that the message might contain coded messages to terrorist cells in the United States waiting for orders from the master in the cave. The network executives did seem to understand that unless news directors had somehow managed to obtain a secret terrorist decoder ring, airing only short excerpts would make little or no difference where this supposed threat was concerned.

— Alan Bock

Action in the afterlife — What we seem to be confronted with is a generation of young terrorists hoping to be rewarded in Paradise by ever-willing, ever-virginal young women. If these guys would just treat women decently in this life, they wouldn't have to die to get laid.

— William Merritt

She's baaaack! — I recently received a letter from Linda R. Tripp, the one-time friend of Monica Lewinsky. Linda retailed a sob story about how she lost her job as a "dedicated public servant" and ran up \$2 million in legal

bills by dint of her telling the truth about what an awful person Clinton is. Based on this, Linda asked me numerous times in the course of the letter to send her anywhere from \$20 to \$500 to cover her bills and, indeed, keep food on her table.

The letter prompted a number of questions in my mind. Why would anyone want to help someone who, no matter how she rationalizes it, is famous mostly for betraying a friend who trusted her? Why would anyone want to help someone who was a lifelong government employee in the first place? Especially if that person wants you to sign a petition to "restore my government career with a meaningful position in the new administration"? Where is Linda getting the money to do a mass-mail campaign soliciting funds, in that the hard cost of each of the letters she sent out is at least 35 cents, and that has to be paid in advance? How did she ever run up a seven-figure legal bill? Who were the lawyers involved, and why did they take the case when she obviously had no means? Although it's at least as dishonorable as betraying her friend, why didn't she declare bankruptcy to stiff her lawyers? Why hasn't she had a trashy tell-all book ghostwritten, and hit the speaking circuit to earn some money?

And just how did my name get on a list that would make someone think I had any sympathy for her?

I contemplated affixing the self-addressed return envelope to a large brick before putting it in the mail, but decided she wasn't worth the trouble.

— Douglas Casey

Playing ball, not media games — It's late, but can we celebrate Barry Bonds, slugger of 73 home runs during the late baseball season? This achievement, along with the achievements during the entire career of the man who may be this generation's best offensive player, didn't get the attention and admiration it deserved. Some have said it was because it came too soon after the mutual assault on the old Ruthian-Maris record by Mark McGwire and Sammy Sosa only three years earlier. The real reason, I suspect, is that lots of baseball fans are convinced Barry Bonds is something of a selfish jerk, mainly because he had made a habit of being tightlipped and not very cooperative with sports writers, who then became eager for evidence of his shortcomings and jerkiness. Bonds might not have been wise earlier in his career — sportswriters are more easily mollified with a few offhand kindnesses than you might expect — but his stubbornness seemed to me like a kind of personal integrity, a refusal to play the PR game deemed so essential these days. Barry Bonds seems to be a real individual. For that, in addition to his prowess with a bat, he deserves a certain amount of respect and admiration.

— Alan Bock

A risk worth taking — Current uncertainties make companies and individuals hesitant to spend money and anxious to keep their options open by hanging onto money and other liquid assets. Understandably, the Federal Reserve hopes to ward off a possible severe recession by meeting the public's increased demand to hold money. Unfortunately, as recognized, for example, by Milton Friedman in *The Wall Street Journal* of Oct. 10, this response risks reigniting price inflation a year or two from now. The Federal Reserve, staffed by mere humans, will scarcely be

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clever enough to withdraw the new money in the right ways and amounts and at the right times.

Greenspan-bashers will seize their new opportunity. But Alan Greenspan is not to blame for our absurd monetary system, so different from a conceivable one that would automatically accommodate the quantity of money to the demand to hold it at a defined and stable value of the dollar.

Economic theory alone cannot tell us that the current monetary stimulus is wrong. I personally regret the prospect of renewed inflation. Still, risking it may be a price worth paying to show the terrorists that they cannot hobble the U.S. economy. Worries about the longer run do not always trump concern to get through the short run. — Leland B. Yeager

Epitaphs —

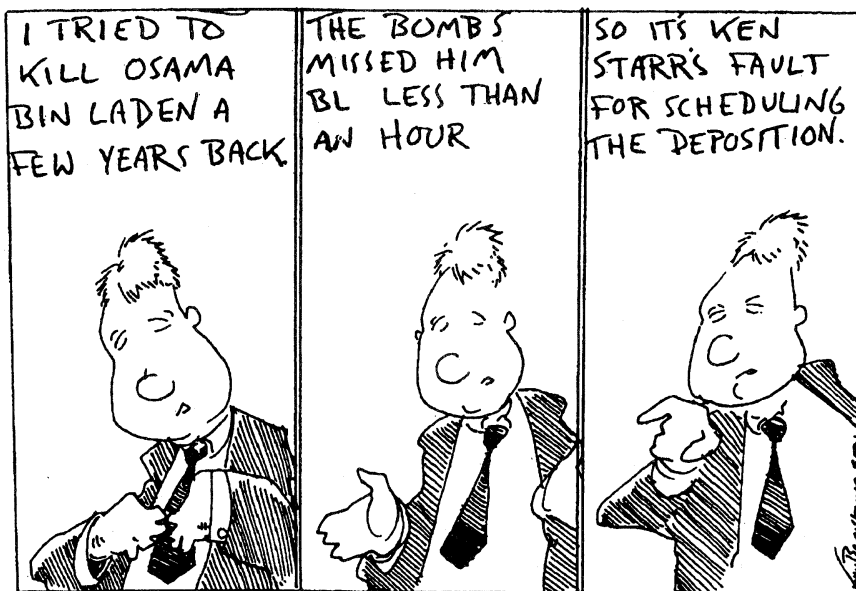
The United States of America: A Voluntary Republic of Independent States 1776–1865

The United States of America: A Limited Government Opposed to Empire 1776–1898

The United States of America: A Nation of Laws, Not of Men 1776–1938

The United States of America: A Giant Colossus, Impervious to Harm 1945–2001

— Ross Levatter



their individuality into a collective? How is it possible in a philosophy that extols individual reason? Is the fate of the Objectivist just the final triumph of irony, the force in the universe that makes men absurd? — Brien Bartels

Never again —

I don't know how many movies I have seen about the Holocaust. At least half a dozen. Most of them were very moving, and added to the drum beat: Never again.

And he had so much to live for — My wife and I are in mourning. We lost a friend to Objectivism.

It started off fairly innocently. He was one of the youngest LP activists in the state. Joined at 14, became a committee chair at 15, managed a campaign at 16, started a talk-radio show, etc. His enthusiasm usually carried him through a project, if that project was relatively brief in duration, say three months or so. Beyond that his attention waned. We knew he was a fan of Ayn Rand, but he wasn't, you know, weird about it or anything.

When my wife pointed out that the phrase "whim-worshipping" appeared in one of his emails, I thought it was cute. As an old *Liberty* hand, I remembered how the staff joked about the verbal and intellectual tics of the Rand collective. "Vim-vorshipping muzzle-mystic!" delivered in a fake Russian Jewish accent was a great tension reliever. But I digress. That our young friend had taken to similar japes I saw as proof of his essential sanity and health.

But less ambiguous signals were in the offing. His emails and conversations became peppered with the words "rational" and "irrational." Sept. 11 found him calling for an all-out invasion of central Asia. According to Objectivist minarchism, defense of the nation is one of the few functions of government, so we ought to defend our borders in Baghdad and Kabul and Kandahar. Well, we can disagree about that. But then he proudly posted this, a copy of a note he'd

emailed to Bill O'Reilly of *The O'Reilly Factor*. "You're pretty clever Bill, but when confronted with the rationality of Dr. Leonard Peikoff, you just don't measure up."

We knew we'd lost him. Our friend had become a Randroid.

Oh, he hung on with us for a little while. After seeing an email discussion between some activists and myself about how to get Libertarians to do volunteer work, and so "walk our talk" about the importance and morality of private charity, he fired off an email about the immorality of volunteerism, or something. I recognized the language from an Ayn Rand Institute op-ed I'd seen five years ago.

Oh, the humanity. Why are some so eager to submerge

Other groups have suffered genocide — the Cambodians, the Ukrainian kulaks — and must feel the same way. The Jews have had the master storytellers, from Leon Uris to Steven Spielberg, and got their story out better than any other group.

I salute the authors of those stories. If "never again" were the only message, then I would have no complaint. Damn right, never again. But inoculation against future inhumanity

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is not the only motive for telling such stories. They tend to create a political claim. The story of the gas chambers is so horrifying that it creates guilt among everyone. Those who had nothing to do with it are to feel guilty because their ancestors did not go over to Europe fast enough, and fight Nazi Germany soon enough, to stop it. The underlying message from the storytellers is: You owe us. Owe what? Support for Israel.

The supporters of Israel don't say it that way. What they do is repeat the jihad threats of the most rabid Arabs about pushing Israel into the sea. The message is clear enough: It is Nazism all over again. Another Holocaust. Israel is defending itself. But on whose land? The Israelis took the land. Is it theirs? And if the question is moot, because they took most of it 50 years ago and it would be too much trouble to give it back, then by what right do they settle new land, which the United Nations once allocated to a Palestinian state? By what right does Israel keep expanding?

Americans might well weigh Israel's claims with the Palestinians', if such claims could be discussed in a rational way. But it is difficult. To question Israel is to single out Jews, and that is anti-Semitic. And that is the political value

of the Holocaust story.

That value is bolstered by the stupidity of the "Holocaust deniers." The question is not whether the Holocaust happened — obviously it happened — but what obligations it imposes. But when one begins to ask critical questions about that, one begins to sound like a Holocaust denier.

There is another consequence for libertarians. We are the political heirs of the America Firsters, the people who opposed Franklin Roosevelt's drive to get into World War II. During 1940–41, there was a national argument about that. It was not mainly about an American duty to save the European Jews but about whether it was our duty, and in our interest, to defend Britain. World War II was not presented as a war for the European Jews, and most Americans knew nothing about the death camps. Nor did America's joining the war save the Jews. Six million of them died, among tens of millions of others in the war.

Even after the war was over, and the extermination of the Jews was acknowledged, it was presented as a footnote. *Life's Picture History of World War II*, a big coffee-table book published in 1950, is an example of how America saw the war while the memory was still fresh. The book mentions the

Fourteen Bullshit Tactics Used Against Libertarians

1. Pointing out that there are gray areas between voluntary and coercive action, and pretending that the existence of gray areas destroys the distinction and, hence, the very idea of liberty. Libertarianism is "illusory."

2. Maintaining that, because major libertarian reform is at present politically impossible, it is nonsensical to explore and evaluate the desirability of such reform. Libertarianism is "unrealistic."

3. Supposing that the case for libertarian reforms collapses if reform that maximizes liberty is not desirable, or not desirable 100% of the time, and then attacking the legalization of bazookas. Libertarianism is "simplistic," "rigid," "impractical," "sophomoric," "rationalistic," etc.

4. Pretending that the libertarian vision or agenda includes something about your personal morals or lifestyles, and then condemning the lifestyles supposedly advocated. (This one belongs to the conservatives.)

5. Implying that if one is against government activism to achieve X, he is against the achieving of X. Hence libertarians are uncaring, apathetic, callous, selfish, etc.

6. Identifying libertarianism as "right wing" and then shifting to the other meaning of "right wing." Hence, libertarians are nationalist, racist, intolerant, etc.

7. Equating the libertarian's views with the ideas or policies of Republican politicians, and then bashing Republicans.

8. Assuming that libertarians, as supporters of "the free market," think that all social problems should be addressed using pricing mechanisms, and pretending

that the use of pricing is the essence of the libertarian cause. Thus, libertarians want to "make everything for sale," "put a price on human life," "commodify human existence," etc.

9. Suggesting that libertarians, again as supporters of "the free market," don't recognize or don't value solidarity, community, shared experience, and shared sentiment. Libertarianism is "individualistic," "atomistic," etc.; it wishes to reduce society to "the cash-nexus."

10. Implying that, as advocates of "capitalism," what libertarians really care about is the profitability of Exxon, General Motors, McDonald's, etc.

11. Labeling one who openly supports or argues for libertarian reforms as an "ideologue," one engaged in "advocacy," rather than in serious research and "positive science." (This one is big in academia, especially among establishment Democrats.)

12. Pretending that libertarian arguments depend on "perfect markets," "perfect information," "perfect competition," etc., and then pointing out that such perfection isn't the case.

13. Pretending that libertarian arguments assume that "people are rational," and then showing that people aren't always "rational" (whatever that is taken to mean).

14. Assuming that to be a libertarian is about supporting the Libertarian Party, and then pointing out that the LP is bound to be either marginal or damaging to its own cause or both.

— Dan Klein

death camps on one page, along with prisoner-of-war camps, and has no gruesome pictures. A lot of those pictures did not come out until the early 1960s, and the word "Holocaust" was not widely used until the 1970s.

Most stories fade away. This one has grown — and rightly so, compared with the treatment it got in 1950. But its political effect is to turn World War II into a morally unquestionable crusade and to disarm those who would stop other crusades. These days, if politicians want to intervene in a foreign war — against Iraq, against Serbia, against anybody — they compare the local tyrant to Hitler. They raise the cry of genocide. The comparison is often not very good, and it can usually be argued that however many people are dying, even more will die if we drop bombs on them. But the Holocaust story stains such calculations as petty. It is the foreign-policy equivalent of "playing the race card." It stops conversation. It traps us, because it attaches guilt not to the party that commits acts of war, but to the one that remains at peace and minds its own business.

— Bruce Ramsey

Deaf, but not dumb — On Monday, Oct. 8, Rush Limbaugh told his nationwide radio audience that he was suffering from a mysterious illness that had rendered him almost completely deaf. He gallantly promised to do everything within his power to continue the broadcasts that have made him the most influential media personality in history. The next day, sure enough, he was back on the air. His voice was different from normal, but he was able — apparently by the use of instantaneous electronic transcriptions — to respond to callers with his usual crispness. When famous people phoned to condole with him, he refused to be diverted into self-pity. He hit his political themes in his usual way, and he promised again to keep doing the job he was born to do. I wish him success, and I hope that you do, too.

I don't relish everything about Rush. He's weak on certain libertarian issues — on drug laws, for instance. He chatters mercilessly about sports. He likes the "music" of Mannheim Steamroller. (No, don't make me explain what that is.) When he tries for the eloquent touch, he sometimes turns maudlin. But I have no difficulty affirming that Rush Limbaugh is this era's most effective spokesman for liberty.

I remember the first time I heard him, 13 years ago. I was driving the California coast, twisting the dial on my radio and finding nothing that remotely resembled intellectual discourse. Then I heard a strange man who, in about 60 seconds of repartee, brilliantly demonstrated the principles of limited government, principles that libertarians often cannot demonstrate in 60 hours and that conservatives often do not understand well enough to demonstrate at all, even to themselves. Rush abused the Democratic Congress in terms a hundred times more pungent than I had ever been allowed to hear on radio before. Then, delighted by himself, he sang, "Old Rush Limbaugh came out of the wilderness, out of the wilderness, out of the wilderness..."

That was the start. Rush went from "Who?" to "Oh, that guy!" to "Rush Limbaugh, the nation's most influential radio host." He attracted an audience of conservatives who had based their political behavior (such as it was) on instinct, and he taught them how to think. The results of this thinking were almost entirely libertarian. Slash taxes. End agencies. Liberate private education. Maintain the Second

Amendment. Stop making laws.

Rush held the Republican heartland to the cause of free trade.

He punctured the code of liberal piety that had given even such grotesques as Jesse Jackson and Teddy Kennedy nearly total protection from public ridicule.

He showed that the divine art of satire is still alive, and when his adversaries, pretending to be outraged by the harshness of his language, insisted that he was a "liar," a "fascist," and a "big fat idiot," he calmly restated the facts that justified his satire.

He actually dared to *use* the freedom of speech that was theoretically his right, and when the liberal establishment tried to destroy him by reinstating a "fairness" code for radio and television, he mobilized public opinion and promptly put his enemies, and the enemies of public liberty, to flight.

He used his broadcast to dramatize and popularize himself, but after doing so, he used it to introduce a new generation of libertarians and conservatives to a national audience.

He demonstrated that you don't need to be a leftist to dominate the best-seller list.

He demonstrated that you don't need a desk at the *New York Times* to understand politics; he demonstrated, indeed, that a desk at the *Times* can be a strong liability in that regard.

Finally, he demonstrated that you can make a lot of money and gain a lot of power, and still keep in contact with the true life of America.

He kept in contact with America, and America kept in contact with him. I have taken many long trips across this country, and I have never reached a location where I could not tune into Rush Limbaugh. I remember driving through a remote part of western Maryland, enjoying Rush in some especially Rushlike moment and enjoying him so much that I was reluctant to stop for food. I was ravenously hungry, but I didn't want to miss a minute of his broadcast. Then I saw a mom-and-pop convenience store, and I knew I was safe: They would *have* to be listening to Rush in there. And they were.

I hope that they can keep on listening. — Stephen Cox

Asymmetric choice — This year's Nobel Prize in Economics was recently awarded jointly to George Akerlof, A. Michael Spence, and Joseph Stiglitz. One of my colleagues remarked that it was understandable that it took two MIT products and a Harvard Ph.D. to win this prize: Together they may have produced as much value added as one Milton Friedman, or George Stigler, or Gary Becker, or one of the other economists from the University of Chicago, the school that has dominated this prize since its inception.

Snide remarks aside, the contributions of Akerlof et al. have been and are today being misunderstood to show that

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government must regulate portions of the economy. In fact, they show no such thing.

This year's joint winners produced valuable insights on "asymmetric information" in the market. Akerlof led the way with a classic paper on "The Market for Lemons." He explained that the seller of a product such as a used car may know far more than potential buyers about the condition of that car. Buyers, knowing of this problem, are unwilling to pay enough for a fine car since they often cannot identify which ones are lemons and which ones are fine. Sellers of lemons can benefit from this asymmetric knowledge, but buyers, along with sellers of fine cars, will lose.

This asymmetric knowledge has been used to justify government regulation, even though there are, in fact, ways for sellers of good cars to convey better information. For example, they can signal the high quality of the car by offering an inexpensive, optional warranty, something the seller of a lemon could not afford to do. Of course, not everyone would catch the signal. The market is not perfect, relative to Nirvana. But more often than not, at the end of the day it beats the regulatory alternative.

Government regulation could improve matters only if the politicians and the bureaucrats they hire have better information than the consumer and act on it so as to actually perform better. The record of regulation, as illuminated by the record of deregulation, does not help the case for regulators. The benefits to consumers of deregulation, worldwide, seem to refute the case made by supporters of limiting market activity by regulatory action. Costs are lower, and consumers are generally better served by deregulation. Only special interests — corporate and big labor interests for example — seem consistently to benefit from regulation.

Asymmetric information — information known to one side of an exchange but not to the other — is a classic problem in politics and government, where it's worse than in the private market.

The voter, who is supposed to control the actions of the politicians, is largely ignorant. The average American of voting age has been shown time and again to be unable even to name his or her congressional representative. When I did my time in Washington as director of policy analysis at the Department of the Interior, I became acutely aware of how little I and others outside the beltway understood about how things actually operate in Washington. The people in the provinces are not stupid. They're just ignorant of realities regarding what they can best ask for and what they should reasonably expect.

On the other side, I learned also how little those inside the beltway, including regulators, understand about the particulars of reality in the rest of the nation. Washington decision-makers, those I met at least, were typically very bright, extremely conscientious, and focused on their mission (to the exclusion of all others). But they lacked information, too. As Friedrich Hayek noted years ago, the relevant knowledge of time and place is hard to know from afar. So political deals are made with seriously stunted information on all sides, about what citizens want and about what options might actually be available.

Asymmetric information on both sides of the political market is endemic, with even the brightest of people on both

sides of any political deal. Which is one of several reasons why market failure is not sufficient to justify replacement by government of voluntary action and market trading. Notwithstanding the lemon problem. — Richard Stroup

Buried knowledge — The California legislature has passed a law creating a state version of the Native American Graves Protection and Restoration Act (NAGPRA). As I've written in these pages ("Creationism: Not Just for Fundamentalists Anymore," December, 2000) NAGPRA requires museums to turn over ancient skeletons to Indian tribes whenever the tribe asserts a "cultural affiliation" with the skeleton. Federal bureaucrats, with no particular scientific background, decide whether a skeleton is "culturally affiliated." The California law does the same, specifying that all California state universities and museums must inventory their collections and turn over any culturally affiliated skeletons to Indian tribes for burial (i.e., destruction).

The state law does not require that mediators who determine affiliation have any scientific training, and among the rules it sets for determining affiliation, it holds that "Tribal oral histories, documentations, and testimonies shall not be afforded less evidentiary weight than other relevant categories of evidence on account of being in those categories." Idiotic as this is, it is an improvement over an earlier version of the bill, which required mediators to give equal weight to oral history and to actual scientific data. Scientific inquiry, among the most delicate of liberties, is thereby sacrificed to the appeasement of politically powerful interest groups.

— Timothy Sandefur

I was a fugitive from a National Committee meeting — As I often do at public meetings that I'm reporting on, I recorded the Libertarian Party National Committee meeting in Las Vegas in late August so I would be able to quote accurately from the proceedings. My mini-disk recorder has a capacity of 144 minutes, so I set the alarm on my watch for 2 hours and 20 minutes and ignored the thing until the watch beeped.

On the morning of the second day of the affair, a sudden decision was made to go into executive session (i.e., a secret meeting) and all but committee members and invited guests were told to leave the room. I left the room, oblivious to the fact that my recorder was silently running. When the meeting began again, the chairman announced that someone had discovered a recording device in the room, and he wondered to whom it belonged. I immediately claimed it.

The thought didn't occur to me that anyone would have thought that I was attempting to record the proceedings surreptitiously. Not only would doing so be unethical, but my recorder was in plain view — I'd put it on a chair between my own chair and the door to the room and strung the microphone to the top of the chair back. It would be difficult for anyone in the room not to notice it.

When the next executive session came up, I turned off the recorder and left the room. I was naturally surprised, when I returned, to see that the recorder was gone. I asked LP director Steve Dasbach whether he knew what had happened. He said that the committee had been worried that it might somehow be capable of recording and had delayed starting the

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meeting until a trusted LP staffer could be summoned from his hotel room to take the device away. Dasbach called the staffer on his cell phone and, five minutes later, returned the device to me.

The committee's worry struck me as paranoid in an amusing sort of way, and I wrote a brief "reflection" on the subject. I mentioned this to a member of the committee whom I was interviewing several days later, and he asked — maybe "instructed" would be a better word — me not to run the reflection, on the ground that I was describing events that had taken place in executive session. This seemed silly to me — I hadn't heard a word of either executive session and in fact all I knew about what happened in them was what the party's chair and national director had freely told me. But I decided to defer to his request as a courtesy to the National Committee and didn't give the matter another thought.

Then, a couple of weeks ago, I got an email from an editor of this magazine, asking how I liked being accused by *LP News* Editor Bill Winter of committing a felony. I asked him what he was talking about, and he emailed me this excerpt from an article by Winter in the current *LP News*:

When the executive session ended, [Chairman Jim] Lark announced that a recording device had been discovered in the room. The device was functioning, and would have recorded the closed meeting.

Liberty magazine editor R.W. Bradford — who was attending the LNC meeting — said the digital recorder belonged to him. He claimed he left the device in the room by 'mistake.' Lark confiscated the audio disk and returned the recording device to Bradford.

Under Nevada state law NRS 200.650, it is a felony to 'monitor or record . . . any private conversation . . . unless authorized to do so by one of the persons engaging in the conversation.' The crime is punishable by one to four years in state prison, and a fine of \$5,000.

Of course, my editor friend had exaggerated: Winter had not actually accused me of a felony. What he had said was too disjointed for that. He'd merely made the suggestion.

This was the cherry on top of the whole amusing episode. And when people suggest to me that the Libertarian Party is a silly sideshow, irrelevant to the struggle for freedom, and that *Liberty* is wasting its resources covering what's going on in the party, I feel obliged to admit that there may be some merit to their thinking.

There also may be some merit in travelling incognito the next time I visit Nevada.

— R. W. Bradford

RIP Phoolan Devi: 1963–2001 — On July 25 Phoolan Devi, India's famous "Bandit Queen," stepped out of her car in front of her home in New Delhi and was ambushed by several gunmen. Had she been armed, she would have remembered how to shoot. She was 38 years old.

In 1981, the Indian press was rife with stories about her. Her vengeance on behalf of abused women included castration and the mutilation of men's genitals with a rifle butt. She stole wealth from the ruling-caste Thakurs and redistributed it. Most famously, in an act of instant justice on St. Valentine's Day, 1981, she slaughtered 26 Thakurs who had gang raped her. This is known as the Benmai massacre and was to be the turning point of her career. After that the government opted to negotiate with Devi. It was also to be the cause of her murder.

Devi became a folk hero and after she was released from prison she was elected to Parliament, though she belonged to a splinter socialist party. She was often sought out by the press for her notorious soundbites.

I met Phoolan Devi in March 2001. It was easy to make arrangements to meet her. I drove to her bungalow near the House of Parliament, past the one security guard. There was a large dog tied up in the back yard. Devi was petite, with a round face and large, pretty brown eyes. She had no lines or wrinkles. "She likes to give them out" an acquaintance told me later. She appeared to have had no trouble adjusting to power and

privilege. Her nieces and nephews played in nice clothes, like members of the higher castes. Her husband, Umed Singh, is a land dealer in Delhi, where land prices can equal those in New York. He seemed like a nice guy.

I asked her if she was getting more respect now that she was an incumbent. She said, "Yes, it is easier." Then she said, "I am a socialist. For there to be justice for all in India, it is necessary for now. I am also a Buddhist." For Buddhists, caste distinctions are unimportant.

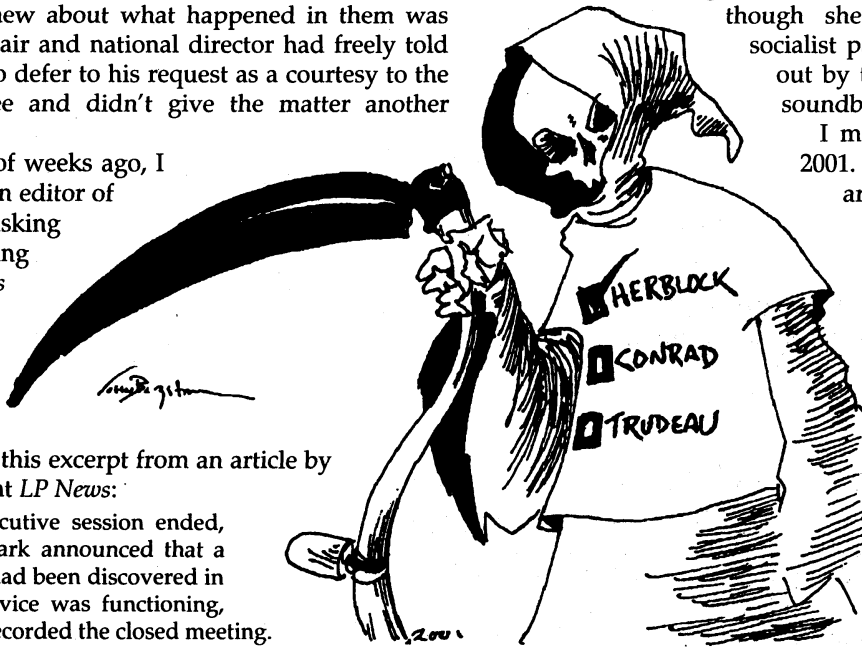
I asked what her views were on gun permits and she said, "Many MPs get armed escorts front and back; regular people have a hard time getting permits. However, criminals are always able to get firearms."

When I asked her if her gang ever used marijuana or alcohol she admonished me, "Dacoits only drink water!"

Devi's government bungalow was scantily protected and she was repeatedly denied gun permits on the basis of her criminal record. But in this nervous age, when most MPs take a mess of armed guards to go shopping, Phoolan Devi went back and forth to Parliament and to the doctor for her ulcer treatment with little or no security.

Such a character! Phoolan Devi was held back by a painful life. She was an illiterate, lower-caste Indian woman but she fought back and took justice the only way she could.

— John Driscoll



A Constitutional Response

by Ron Paul

Is it possible to defeat terrorism while upholding our constitutional liberties?
A member of Congress tells how he thinks it can be done and why it's important.

Last week was a bad week for all Americans. The best we can say is that the events have rallied the American spirit of shared love and generosity. Partisanship was put on hold, as it well should have been. We now, as a free people, must deal with this tragedy in the best way possible. Punishment and prevention is mandatory. We must not, however, sacrifice our liberties at the hand of an irrational urgency. Calm deliberation in our effort to restore normalcy is crucial. Cries for dropping nuclear bombs on an enemy not yet identified cannot possibly help in achieving this goal.

Mr. Speaker, I returned to Congress five years ago out of deep concern about our foreign policy of international interventionism, and a monetary and fiscal policy I believed would lead to a financial and dollar crisis. Over the past five years I have frequently expressed my views on these issues and why I believed our policies should be changed.

This deep concern prompted me to seek and receive seats on the Financial Services and International Relations Committees. I sought to thwart some of the dangers I saw coming, but as the horrific attacks show, these efforts were to no avail. As concerned as I was, the enormity of the two-pronged crisis that we now face came with a ferocity no one ever wanted to imagine. But now we must deal with what we have and do our best to restore our country to a more normal status.

I do not believe this can happen if we ignore the truth. We cannot close our eyes to the recent history that has brought us to this international crisis. We should guard against emotionally driven demands to kill many bystanders in an effort to liquidate our enemy. These efforts could well fail to punish the perpetrators while only expanding the war and making things worse by killing innocent non-combatants and further radicalizing Muslim peoples.

It is obviously no easy task to destroy an almost invisible, ubiquitous enemy spread throughout the world, without

expanding the war or infringing on our liberties here at home. But above all else, that is our mandate and our key constitutional responsibility — protecting liberty and providing for national security. My strong belief is that in the past, efforts in the U.S. Congress to do much more than this have diverted our attention and hence led to our neglect of these responsibilities.

Following the Sept. 11 disasters a militant Islamic group in Pakistan held up a sign for all the world to see. It said, "AMERICANS, THINK! WHY YOU ARE HATED ALL OVER THE WORLD." We abhor the messenger, but we should not ignore the message.

Here at home we are told that the only reason for the suicidal mass killing we experienced on Sept. 11 is that we are hated because we are free and prosperous. If these two conflicting views are not reconciled we cannot wisely fight nor win the war in which we now find ourselves. We must understand why the hatred is directed toward Americans and not other Western countries.

In studying history, I, as many others, have come to the conclusion that war is most often fought for economic reasons. But economic wars are driven by moral and emotional overtones.

Our own revolution was fought to escape from excessive taxation but was inspired and driven by our desire to protect our God-given right to liberty.

The War Between the States, fought primarily over tariffs, was nonetheless inspired by the abhorrence of slavery. It is this moral inspiration that drives people to suicidally fight to

the death as so many Americans did between 1861 and 1865.

Both economic and moral causes of war must be understood. Ignoring the importance of each is dangerous. We should not casually ignore the root causes of our current fight nor pursue this fight by merely accepting the explanation that they terrorize us out of jealousy.

It has already been written that Islamic militants are fighting a "holy war" — a jihad. This drives them to commit acts that to us are beyond comprehension. It seems that they have no concern for economic issues since they have no regard even for their own lives. But an economic issue does exist in this war. Oil!

When the conflict broke out between Iraq and Iran in the early 1980s and we helped to finance and arm Iraq, Anwar Sadat of Egypt profoundly stated: "This is the beginning of the war for oil." Our crisis today is part of this long-lasting war over oil.

Osama bin Laden, a wealthy man, left Saudi Arabia in 1979 to join American-sponsored so-called freedom fighters in Afghanistan. He received financial assistance, weapons, and training from our CIA, just as his allies in Kosovo continue to receive the same from us today.

Unbelievably, to this day our foreign aid continues to flow into Afghanistan, even as we prepare to go to war against her. My suggestion is, not only should we stop this aid immediately, but we should never have started it in the first place.

It is during this time bin Laden learned to practice terror; tragically, with money from U.S. taxpayers. But it wasn't until 1991, during what we refer to as the Persian Gulf War that he turned fully against the United States. It was this war, said to protect our oil, that brought out the worst in him.

Of course, it isn't our oil. The oil in fact belongs to the Arabs and other Muslim nations of the Persian Gulf. Our military presence in Saudi Arabia is what most Muslims believe to be a sacred violation of holy land. The continuous

We cannot close our eyes to the recent history that has brought us to this international crisis. We should guard against emotionally driven demands to kill many bystanders in an effort to liquidate our enemy.

bombing and embargo of Iraq has intensified the hatred and contributed to more than 1 million deaths in Iraq. It is clear that protecting certain oil interests and our presence in the Persian Gulf help drive the holy war.

Muslims see this as an invasion and domination by a foreign enemy which inspires radicalism. This is not new. This war, from their viewpoint, has been going on since the Crusades 1,000 years ago. We ignore this history at our own peril.

The radicals react as some Americans might react if China dominated the Gulf of Mexico and had air bases in Texas and Florida. Dominating the Persian Gulf is not a

benign activity. It has consequences. The attack on the *USS Cole* was a warning we ignored.

Furthermore, our support for secular governments in the moderate Arab countries is interpreted by the radicals as more American control over their region than they want. There is no doubt that our policies that are seen by the radicals as favoring one faction over another in the long-lasting Middle East conflict add to the distrust and hatred of America.

The hatred has been suppressed because we are a powerful economic and military force and wield a lot of influence. But this suppressed hatred is now becoming more visible and we as Americans for the most part are not even aware of how this could be. Americans have no animosity toward a people they hardly even know. Instead, our policies have been driven by the commercial interests of a few. And now the innocent suffer.

I am hopeful that shedding light on the truth will be helpful in resolving this conflict in the very dangerous period that lies ahead. Without some understanding of the recent and past history of the Middle East and the Persian Gulf we cannot expect to punish the evildoers without expanding the nightmare of hatred that is now sweeping the world.

Punishing the evildoers is crucial. Restoring safety and security to our country is critical. Providing for a strong defense is essential. But extricating ourselves from a holy war that we don't understand is also necessary if we expect to achieve the above-mentioned goals. Let us all hope and pray for guidance in our effort to restore the peace and tranquility we all desire.

We did a poor job in providing the security that all Americans should expect. This is our foremost responsibility. Some members have been quick to point out the shortcomings of the FBI, the CIA, and the FAA and claim more money will rectify the situation. I'm not so sure. Bureaucracies by nature are inefficient. The FBI and CIA records come up short. The FBI loses computers and guns and is careless with records. The CIA rarely provides timely intelligence. The FAA's idea of security against hijackers is asking all passengers who packed their bag.

The clamor now is to give more authority and money to these agencies. But remember, important industries like our chemical plants and refineries do not depend on government agencies for security. They build fences and hire guards with guns. The airlines have not been allowed to do the same thing. There was a time when airline pilots were allowed to and did carry weapons, and yet this has been prohibited by government regulation set to go into effect in November.*

* In a technical sense, pilots are authorized to carry weapons. But the law requires that they must first take an FAA training course on the use of guns on aircraft, and the FAA has never offered the course. I introduced a bill that simply authorized pilots to carry sidearms if they wanted to, but it has gone nowhere. The measure currently under consideration has a provision that on the surface authorizes pilots to carry guns, but it's no different from the previous measure: it gives only the appearance of authorizing pilots to carry handguns, while leaving the situation unchanged. In my view, since virtually all commercial airline pilots are ex-military, they are already familiar with handling sidearms and trained well enough. Certainly, if the pilots of the planes that crashed into the WTC and Pentagon on Sept. 11 had sidearms, the terrorist attacks would have been foiled.

If the responsibility had been left with the airlines to provide safety they may have had armed pilots or guards on the planes just as our industrial sites have. Privatizing the FAA, as other countries have, would also give airlines more leeway in providing security. My bill, HR 2896, should be passed immediately to clarify that the federal government will never place a prohibition on pilots being armed.

We face an enormous task to restore the sense of security we have taken for granted for so long. But it can be done. Destroying the evildoers while extricating ourselves from this unholy war is no small challenge. The job is somewhat like getting out of a pit filled with venomous snakes. The sooner we shoot the snakes that immediately threaten us, the sooner we can get safely away. If we're not careful though, we'll breed more snakes and they'll come out of every nook and cranny from around the world and little will be resolved.

It's no easy task, but before we fight we'd better be precise about whom we are fighting and how many there are and where they are hiding, or we'll never know when the war is over and our goals are achieved. Without this knowledge the war can go on for a long, long time, and the war for oil has already been going on for more than 20 years. To this point, our president and his administration have displayed the necessary deliberation. This is a positive change from unauthorized and ineffective retaliatory bombings in past years that only worsened various conflicts.

If we can't or won't define the enemy, the cost to fight such a war will be endless. How many American troops are we prepared to lose? How much money are we prepared to spend? How many innocent civilians, in our nation and others, are we willing to see killed? How many American civilians will we jeopardize? How many of our civil liberties are we prepared to give up? How much prosperity will we sacrifice?

The Founders and authors of our Constitution provided an answer for the difficult tasks that we now face. When a precise declaration of war was impossible due to the vagueness of our enemy, the Congress was expected to take it upon themselves to direct the reprisal against an enemy not recognized as a government. In the early days the concern was piracy on the high seas. Piracy was one of only three federal crimes named in the original Constitution.

Today, we have a new type of deadly piracy, in the high sky over our country. The solution the founders came up

with under these circumstances was for Congress to grant letters of marque and reprisal. This puts the responsibility in the hands of Congress to direct the president to perform a task, with permission to use and reward private sources to carry out the task, such as the elimination of Osama bin Laden and his key supporters. This allows narrow targeting of the enemy. This effort would not preclude the president's other efforts to resolve the crisis, but, if successful, would preclude a foolish invasion of a remote country with a forbidding terrain like Afghanistan's — a country that no foreign power has ever conquered throughout all of history.

Lives could be saved, billions of dollars could be saved, and escalation due to needless and senseless killing could be prevented. Mr. Speaker, we must seriously consider this option. This answer is a world apart from the potential disaster of launching nuclear weapons or endless bombing of an unseen target. A marque and reprisal demands the enemy be seen and precisely targeted with minimal danger to others. It should be considered and, for various reasons, is far superior to any

effort that could be carried out by the CIA.

We must not sacrifice the civil liberties that generations of Americans have enjoyed and fought for over the past 225 years. Unwise decisions in response to the terror inflicted on us may well fail to destroy our enemy, while undermining our liberties here at home. That will not be a victory worth celebrating. The wise use of letters of marque and reprisal would negate the need to undermine the privacy and rights of our citizens.

As we work through this difficult task, let us resist the temptation to invoke the most authoritarian of all notions that, not too many years ago, tore this nation apart — the

Dominating the Persian Gulf is not a benign activity. It has consequences. The attack on the USS Cole was a warning we ignored.

military draft. The country is now unified against the enemy. The military draft does nothing to contribute to unity nor, as the Pentagon again has confirmed, does it promote an efficient military.

Precise identification of all travelers on all our air flights



is a desired goal. A national ID issued by the federal government would prove to be disastrous to our civil liberties and should not be considered. This type of surveillance power should never be given to an intrusive, overbearing government, no matter how well intentioned the motives.

The same results can be better achieved by the marketplace. Passenger IDs voluntarily issued by the airlines could be counterfeit-proof; and loss or theft of an ID could be immediately reported to the proper authorities. An ID, fingerprints, birth certificates, or any other information can be required without any violations of anyone's personal liberty. This delicate information would not be placed in the hands of government agents but could be made available to law enforcement officers like any other information obtained with probable cause and a warrant.

The heat of the moment has prompted calls by some of our officials for great sacrifices of our liberties and privacy.

Before we fight we'd better be precise about whom we are fighting and how many there are and where they are hiding.

This poses great danger to our way of life and will provide little help in dealing with our enemies. Efforts of this sort will only punish the innocent and have no effect on a would-be terrorist. We should be careful not to do something just to do something.

Mr. Speaker, I fear that some big mistakes could be made in the pursuit of our enemies if we do not proceed with great caution, wisdom, and deliberation. Action is necessary; inaction is unacceptable. No doubt others recognize the difficulty in targeting such an elusive enemy. This is why the principle behind letters of marque and reprisal must be given serious consideration.

In retaliation, an unintended consequence of a policy of wanton destruction without benefit to our cause, could result in the overthrow of moderate Arab nations by the radicals that support bin Laden. This will not serve our interests and will surely exacerbate the threat to all Americans.

As we search for a solution to the mess we're in, it behooves us to look at how John F. Kennedy handled the Cuban missile crisis in 1962. Personally, that crisis led to a five-year tour in the U.S. Air Force for me.

As horrible and dangerous as the present crisis is, those of us that held our breath during some very tense moments that October realized that we were on the brink of a world-wide nuclear holocaust. That crisis represented the greatest potential danger to the world in all of human history.

President Kennedy held firm and stood up to the Soviets as he should have and the confrontation was resolved. What was not known at the time was the reassessment of our policy that placed nuclear missiles in the Soviet backyard, in Turkey. These missiles were quietly removed a few months later and the world became a safer place in which to live. Eventually, we won the Cold War without starting World War III.

Our enemy today, as formidable as he is, cannot compare to the armed might of the Soviet Union in the fall of 1962.

Wisdom and caution on Kennedy's part in dealing with the crisis was indeed "a profile in courage." But his courage was not only in his standing up to the Soviets, but his willingness to re-examine our nuclear missile presence in Turkey, which if it had been known at the time would have been condemned as an act of cowardice.

President Bush now has the challenge to do something equally courageous and wise. This is necessary if we expect to avert a catastrophic World War III. When the president asks for patience as he and his advisors deliberate, seeking a course of action, all Americans should surely heed his request.

Mr. Speaker, I support President Bush and voted for the authority and the money to carry out his responsibility to defend this country, but the degree of death and destruction and chances of escalation must be carefully taken into consideration.

It is only with sadness that I reflect on the support, the dollars, the troops, the weapons, and training provided by U.S. taxpayers that are now being used against us. Logic should tell us that intervening in all the wars of the world has been detrimental to our self-interest and should be reconsidered.

The efforts of a small minority in Congress to avoid this confrontation by voting for the foreign policy of George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, and all the 19th century presidents went unheeded. The unwise policy of supporting so many militants who later became our armed enemies makes little sense whether they are bin Laden or Saddam Hussein. A policy designed to protect America is

Muslim radicals react as some Americans might react if China dominated the Gulf of Mexico and had air bases in Texas and Florida.

wise and frugal and hopefully it will once again be considered. George Washington, as we all know, advised strongly as he departed his presidency that we should avoid all entangling alliances with foreign nations.

The call for a noninterventionist foreign policy over past years has fallen on deaf ears. My suggestions made here today may meet the same fate. Yet, if truth is spoken, ignoring it will not negate it. In that case something will be lost. But, if something is said to be true and it is not and is ignored, nothing is lost. My goal is to contribute to the truth and to the security of this nation.

What I have said today is different from what is said and accepted in Washington as conventional wisdom, but it is not in conflict with our history or our Constitution. It's a policy that has, whenever tried, generated more peace and prosperity than any other policy for dealing with foreign affairs. The authors of the Constitution clearly understood this. Since the light of truth shines brightest in the darkness of evil and ignorance, we should all strive to shine that light. □

Feeding the Hand That Bites You

by R. W. Bradford

Why Americans won't come to grips with the real cause of the terrorist attack and what would happen if they did.

The bottom line about Sept. 11 is this: Our government left us vulnerable to a terrorist attack, so vulnerable that one can only be shocked that no attack occurred before. In a country where 35,000 aircraft take off each day, the government constructed two giant towers in New York that could be toppled with tremendous loss of life by crashing aircraft into them. And it made those aircraft vulnerable to low-tech hijacking by forbidding their crews to arm themselves. The only additional ingredient needed for a terrorist attack of the magnitude of the WTC attack of Sept. 11 was a handful of fanatics willing to sacrifice their lives for a cause.

The 20th century witnessed the deeds of dozens of such individuals. In America alone, there were Carl Weiss, who assassinated Louisiana's dictator Huey Long in 1935, only to fall in a hail of bullets; Giuseppe Zangara who tried to kill Franklin Roosevelt in 1933, only to die in a hail of bullets; Leon Czolgosz, who assassinated President McKinley in 1901 with the knowledge that if he survived the assassination attempt, he would surely be convicted of murder and executed — those are but a few. Many American soldiers committed acts of suicidal bravery for their country in the great and horrible wars we fought. Japanese fliers volunteered for kamikaze missions. Communist partisans faced certain death fighting Hitler in occupied Europe.

Our government didn't manufacture the suicidal fanatics who attacked the World Trade Center, but it was well aware that many such people exist. Indeed, it was well aware that Osama bin Laden was engaged in doing his best to locate, train, and motivate such individuals. For more than a decade, our government has known that there are hundreds of individuals who would gladly give their lives in order to commit a spectacular act of terrorism of the sort that America suffered on Sept. 11.

The simple fact is that the terrorist attacks of September were the predictable result of U.S. government policy and

negligence.

In the face of this, it is ironic that most Americans reacted to the attacks by calling for their fellow citizens to cede even more power to their government, the very institution that made the terrorist attacks inevitable.

In a million ways, great and small, Americans have shown that they are glad to surrender their liberty, hoping that by doing so they will prevent future terror.

Their hope is blind. Leaving aside such patently absurd measures as the searching of cars before allowing them to board ferry boats in the Puget Sound and the prohibition against possession of "unauthorized pamphlets" while attending a football game, let us look only at measures aimed at preventing future hijackings.

Americans have agreed to arrive at airports two hours before their flights are scheduled so they can be searched and have confiscated from them virtually anything made of metal. Yet knives need not be made of metal. We have called up the National Guard to provide security at airports, though there is no reason to believe that putting armed citizen-soldiers in airports could prevent another low-tech hijacking. Presumably, the National Guard is there to provide silly people with a sense of security, not security itself.

Curiously, both the Bush administration and the Democratic leadership oppose the one simple measure that could provide real protection against this sort of attack — and could save lives at negligible cost both in terms of people's liberties and property. I refer to Congressman Ron Paul's proposal to allow pilots to arm themselves. Virtually

all pilots are ex-military, trained and presumably expert in the use of handguns, and could easily be armed with high-tech weapons to kill or disable a hijacker without risk of piercing the skin of the aircraft. Yet they are still prevented from carrying sidearms on aircraft.

Meanwhile, Americans have agreed to spend vastly more money on defense, as if our military might prevent further domestic terrorist attacks of this sort. The military is great at attacking fortified positions and conquering and occupying territory. The problem is that terrorists have neither territory nor fortified positions. We can attack the terrorists' "host" countries, but doing so won't stop them: They can simply move elsewhere.

The communist partisans in Nazi-occupied Europe managed to commit thousands of acts of sabotage and terror with

The terrorist attacks of September were the predictable result of U.S. government policy and negligence.

no fortified positions, no territory, and hardly any financial resources. They used improvised and stolen weapons, just as the Sept. 11 terrorists did.

A month after the attacks, it remains unclear whether the military target we have chosen was actually involved in the attacks. If we accept everything the government has told us — and that's a very big "if" — we can conclude only that Osama bin Laden approved of the attacks and may have known that some sort of attack was going to occur on Sept. 11. Nor is it clear that killing him would prevent or reduce future attacks: There remains a good possibility that making the charismatic figure a martyr might inspire thousands or even millions of terrorists rather than the mere hundreds that he has inspired so far. Yet we are happy to give up our property and our lives in hopes of destroying him.

Our government and the terrorists have a common interest in stirring up the fears of ordinary Americans. The *raison d'être* of a terrorist attack is to instill fear in the population, and this the attacks undeniably achieved. So when our political and media elite elongated the period of grief, fear, and outright paranoia, they did exactly what the terrorists had hoped they'd do.

Our political leaders and the bureaucrats they employ have an interest in increasing their own power and revenue, and they know that people are far more willing to surrender their liberty and property when they are stricken with fear. So it should surprise no one that when the terrorists did their awful deed, America's political leadership responded with all sorts of measures designed to increase panic and fear. They virtually banned ordinary life for several days, allowing fear, hatred, and grief to fester, thereby enabling politicians to increase their own power and revenue.

The cost to the country has been tremendous. When the attack came, the United States was arguably on the brink of a severe recession or even a depression, and encouraging people to stop engaging in ordinary activities is a good way to make such an economic decline worse. *The Wall Street Journal*

reports that for the past month, there has been an average of 600,000 fewer hotel rooms rented each day, that sales of soft drinks are down sharply,* that GM will manufacture 30,000–50,000 fewer cars in the final quarter of this year, and that Avis has returned over 40,000 cars to automobile manufacturers. It's impossible to determine just how much lower these costs would have been if our political leaders had not led Americans to wallow in fear, hatred, and grief. But it is undeniable that the losses would have been much lower.

I do not suggest that our political and intellectual elite consciously chose to work hand and glove with the terrorists. Obviously, they did not. The problem is that their natural reaction to any crisis is to call for more government. The tragedy is that Americans are especially susceptible to their calls.

Horses led from a burning barn are said to react by running back to the barn as soon as they are released. Twenty-first century Americans, having inherited the pathetic faith in government that caused so much pain and suffering during the previous century, react like those horses. They see government as a magical entity that can perform miracles, and when it fails on a grand scale, they conclude only that they have not had sufficient faith, that they should increase the offerings they heap at the shrine of the state.



But how would a sensible political leader respond to the attacks? Suppose for a moment that the president of the United States were a person whose top priority was to pro-

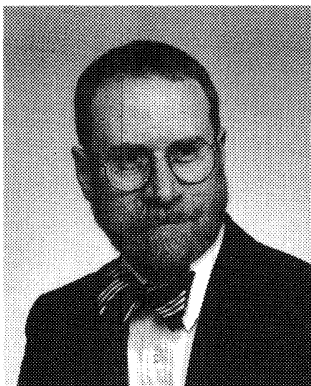
Horses led from a burning barn are said to react by running back to the barn as soon as they are released. Twenty-first century Americans, having inherited the pathetic faith in government that caused so much pain and suffering during the previous century, react like those horses.

tect the life, liberty, and property of Americans, a person who, in addition, had some understanding of how the world works, and the courage to tell the truth about it. What would he do?

It's a thorny question. For one thing, if the president were such a sensible person, the attacks would never have happened. Armed aircraft crews would have prevented takeover of the planes, if any terrorists had been sufficiently foolhardy to try to take them over. But there would probably have been no terrorists either, because America's foreign policy would not have been so intrusive and erratic.

For another, expecting a sensible leader to untangle the mess left behind by decades of the sort of demagogic, imprudent, and irrational leaders who have shepherded America for the past century may prove to be more than anyone can

* Coca-Cola expects its soft drink sales to fall by more than 300 million gallons — that's more than 3 billion twelve-ounce cans — in the final four months of the year.



Don't Fund Religious Groups

by Sheldon Richman

President Bush just doesn't get it.

He may say, repeatedly, that the surplus belongs to the people and push for a modest tax cut, but if he really believed his own words, he wouldn't be proposing to spend the taxpayers' money on social-welfare activities performed by religious organizations.

Mr. Bush makes a spurious appeal to fairness in proposing that these groups be given our money. A proclamation at the White House website states that religious organizations "have traditionally been distant from government ... and typically have been neglected or excluded in Federal policy. Our aim is equal opportunity for such groups, a level playing field, a fair chance for them to participate when their programs are successful."

He heaps high praise on those groups. But has it occurred to him that their success may have something to do with their distance from government? Yet he proposes to close that distance. We already know what happens when private groups get too close to government. They lose their autonomy. It's the oldest principle in the world. Conditions follow cash. That's why the Bush program has not been embraced with the enthusiasm he must have anticipated.

Moreover, there is no way that the program can avoid funding religion — which is anathema in a free society. The Bush folks assure us the money won't be used this way, but they are being disingenuous. If a religious social-service organization gets taxpayer money to, say, feed the poor, other money will be freed up for ecclesiastical work. A dollar is a dollar is a dollar.

But isn't it unfair, as the administration says, that secular groups can get taxpayer money but not religious groups? Shouldn't this anti-religious bias end? The answer to both questions is yes.

But the proper way to end the discrimination is to stop the subsidies to the secular groups!

In a free society individuals should be left free to make their own decisions about whom to help and how. Americans historically have been immensely generous. The richer our society has gotten, the more generous they have become. This was as true in the 19th century, when there was no income tax and therefore no deduction, as it is today. Americans are people of goodwill and they show it by lending a hand to people who have had a hard time.

Moreover, as historian David Beito shows in his book *From Mutual Aid to the Welfare State*, even low-income Americans were ingenious at setting up mutual-aid societies, such as lodges, that provided various kinds of "safety net" benefits when misfortune struck. It was government that effectively ran these marvelous institutions out of business by providing similar benefits "free" — that is, through force: taxation. Government's shameful record in displacing self-help with inferior politically inspired

programs is well-documented by Beito. Not only has the expenditure of trillions of tax dollars not eradicated "poverty" as promised, it has corrupted a nation of people who once looked to themselves, not government, to improve their own lot.

The Bush program now goes further in this direction by proposing measures that will corrupt hitherto independent organizations. Nothing good can come of this program. By luring independent groups onto the welfare plantation it sadly reinforces the very principles that have transformed this country from a proud republic of individualists into a welfare state.

Bush is getting high marks from conservatives, but one suspects they are marking on a curve. Subsidizing religious social-welfare organizations, rather than ending the subsidies to secular groups, is nothing to rave about. It goes against every principle conservatives say they support.

*Mr. Richman is senior fellow at The Future of Freedom Foundation (www.fff.org) in Fairfax, Va., author of *Tethered Citizens: Time to Repeal the Welfare State*, and editor of *Ideas on Liberty* magazine.*

THE FUTURE OF FREEDOM FOUNDATION

11350 Random Hills Road, Suite 800
Fairfax, VA 22030
Phone: (703) 934-6101 • Fax: (703) 352-8678
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sensibly expect.

But let us suppose that through some fluke Americans had chosen such a person to be president and had not yet deposed him, and that he had not yet been able to implement sensible reforms. Again, what would he do?

I don't claim to know the complete answer to this question, partly because I am not privy to all sorts of information that the president would have and partly because, well, I am

It should surprise no one that when the terrorists did their awful deed, America's political leadership responded with all sorts of measures designed to increase panic and fear.

not all that smart. But here are some of the things I think the president would do.

He would postpone withdrawal of American troops from other countries, simply because doing so would be instantly and universally perceived as giving in to terrorism, thereby encouraging future terrorist attacks.

He would insist on a complete and lawful investigation of the attackers. If credible evidence could be discovered implicating any living person or persons, he would vigorously prosecute those implicated. If those implicated were

under the protection of a foreign state, he would take prudential action to bring him to justice.

If, as seems quite plausible, evidence is found that Osama bin Laden's terrorist enterprise is in fact so close to the government of Afghanistan that it can reasonably be considered part of that state, then a sensible leader would ask Congress to declare war on it.

A sensible leader would immediately take action to prevent future attacks of mass terrorism, minimizing the cost in terms of treasure and liberty to Americans. To begin with, he would authorize the arming of flight crews. Then he would do his best to minimize Americans' wallowing in grief, fear, and hate, using the bully pulpit to lower the emotional pitch.

When the time was right, he would begin a gradual withdrawal of American troops from other countries, starting with those not closely associated with revolutionary Islam. He would implement a policy of free trade and friendship with all nations.

But this is fantasy. H.L. Mencken once observed that "democracy is the theory that holds that the common people know what they want, and deserve to get it good and hard." I fear that Americans are no more interested in sensible leadership than they were when they elected John Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson, Richard Nixon, Jimmy Carter, Ronald Reagan, George Bush the Elder, Bill Clinton, and George Bush the Younger. I fear that, sadly, they are getting the government they deserve. □

God Bless Us Every One

Once upon a time, in a land not so far away, the king decided that he had been pushed too far. Boys were misbehaving outrageously, tipping over the royal outhouses and so forth, so the king declared a war on mischief.

We shall root out mischief, no matter how long it takes, no matter how much it costs, the king declared, to the frenzied applause of his subjects, most of whom — truth be known — were also fed up with adolescent misbehavior. The news media lavishly announced every new pronouncement by the king's flunkies, each of whom explained that unless the royal government eliminated every misbehaving boy belonging to a global network of misbehaving boys, not sparing the countries that aided and harbored them (a proviso that left the misbehaving boys of Ireland as well as the state of Massachusetts off the list), the kingdom would never be secure in the enjoyment of the people's constitutional right to play any game they might choose.

It would be a "new kind of war," the king explained, sometimes violent, sometimes silky smooth, but he promised that no matter whether the evening news had any explosive film footage to offer or not, the subjects should understand that the war was continuing, and would continue to continue until every last bit of misbehavior had been liquidated. Subjects gathered in little knots of threes and fours at the street corners and nodded knowingly. Unless we deal with these misbehaving boys once and for all, they said, we shall never again have peace in the kingdom.

So, the king's forces deployed themselves around the globe. From time to time, the news broadcasts showed video of explosions in the night sky of what the reporters said was Hobgoblin and other faraway places.

Many years went by, indeed whole decades passed, and still the war continued. The king's military provisioners earned handsome profits, and the news media kept the subjects in a state of greater or lesser apprehension, but the king himself basked in the warmth of his subjects adoration, for the subjects knew that only the king's protection stood between them and some boy's mischief.

Strangely, from time to time a royal outhouse was tipped over, or a royal spring discolored by a strange yellow liquid. These events seemed anomalous to a few of the more astute subjects, because the mischievous boys the king had set out to destroy in the beginning had long since grown into middle-aged men. Most subjects failed to notice, however, that the king's war on misbehavior might have a category fallacy built into it.

The subjects now played only one game, because no one wanted to risk being seen playing some even marginally mischievous game, for fear that the king's men might swoop down and dispatch them in the public interest. Yet every Sept. 11, they all celebrated with song and dance the "national day of free play." Eventually, everybody forgot how to play the old games, so they didn't mind that they could no longer play them at will.

The war never ended, but nobody minded that, either. Permanent war had become the nature of life in the kingdom. "God save the king," the people sang each morning after reciting the pledge of orderly play. "And God bless us every one," said the king, as he departed for his well-publicized daily briefing in the war room.

— Robert Higgs

No Time for Fantasy

by Stephen Cox

Why we can't afford to live in the New Jerusalem.

At the climax of the last book of the Bible, the book of Revelation, St. John presents his vision of the end of history:

And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men . . . and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away.

For two thousand years, this vision has inspired the devout and amused the skeptical. But no one, until now, ever thought that the event had already taken place.

No one, until now, ever thought that he was actually living in a world like the New Jerusalem, where pain and sorrow and death had become, well, obsolete. Only in the aftermath of the apocalyptic destruction of the World Trade Center has this mighty truth dawned upon the consciousness of a minority — but a significant minority — of Western intellectuals.

To these people (are you one of them?), the way to deal with the atrocity of Sept. 11 is, basically, to ignore it. Yes, they admit that it happened. It was "shocking." It was "horrifying." They "grieve for the victims." But for them, terrorism still has an air of unreality. They see no necessity for the United States to engage in military retaliation. Quite the contrary. They believe that the terrorists will stop, if the United States does. They believe that America's enemies have good reasons for their enmity, and that it is up to America, therefore, to "end the cycle of violence." That means dropping the arrogant assumption that we have the right to punish foreign nations for the ("alleged") misdeeds of their residents. If we want to end terrorist attacks, we should look "beyond the horror of Sept. 11" and think about how we can find nonvio-

lent solutions to international problems.

Sounds good, doesn't it? Certainly it sounds good to the "signers and j'iners," the people who busy themselves sending out petitions for "justice, not revenge" and other self-evidently worthy causes. When they speak of peace and reason and cooperation, their satisfaction — indeed their self-satisfaction — always appears complete. Eloquent about the risks of war, they seem certain that nothing in their own proposals could possibly entail a risk. They appear certain, in other words, that they are already living in the New Jerusalem, in that blessed place where morality and practicality are, at last, one and the same, that place where there is no longer any necessity for death, neither sorrow, nor crying. To inhabit that risk-free world, all we need to do is to live, as St. John puts it, "in the Spirit."

It's interesting that nobody except Americans ever seems to reason in this way. Sure, there are zealots and thugs and morons all over the world who are willing to riot for "peace" at a moment's notice, but they know that the peace they seek can only be purchased at the price of destruction, the destruction not just of America's foreign alliances, military bases, and so forth, but also of American capitalism and any other identifiably American aspect of world culture. It's only Americans who get so carried away by evangelical beliefs as to imagine, not merely that everyone ought to be traveling toward that City on the Hill, but that everyone ought to act as if the journey had actually been completed.

I'm as vulnerable to the evangelical spirit as any other American. I always want to believe that we are half a mile from the New Jerusalem, and getting there fast. I have very strong isolationist and peace-freak proclivities. Nevertheless,

even I know that the anti-anti-terrorist attitude is bunk. At best, it expresses a true idealism about peace and justice. At worst, it expresses a cruel disregard for reality.

This disregard achieves fantastic proportions in the idea that, pending judicial proceedings, no one should be "punished" for the Sept. 11 atrocity. After all, it is said, we haven't seen all the evidence against Osama bin Laden. He may be guilty of nothing more than *saying* that he wants to have us all killed, riling up a few mobs here and there, running a few boot camps for weekend warriors, and, from time to time, blowing up a ship or an embassy somewhere. In sum, he may be little more than an "ideological role model" for the people who are trying to kill us.

Yes, I can see it now: Dorothy and her friends are walking along through Oz when, suddenly, the flying monkeys descend, abducting the girl and leaving her friends for dead. Well, who really knows who was responsible? True, the Wicked Witch showed up before, and made some threats —

I have very strong isolationist and peace-freak proclivities. Nevertheless, even I know that the anti-anti-terrorist attitude is bunk. At best, it expresses a true idealism about peace and justice. At worst, it expresses a cruel disregard for reality.

but maybe she was joking. Maybe she was just carried away by her own rhetoric. And, true, the flying monkeys are known to be allied with her — but maybe she didn't actually direct their attack. Remember, we have only the word of the Wizard that she is the focus of evil, and the Wizard has been known to lie. Clearly, no water should be poured on the Witch until she is arrested and tried at The Hague.

Sorry. She's a wicked witch, and she has to be killed. That will discourage the other wicked witches. And you can see what miraculous effects this kind of thing can have on a gang of flying monkeys. Once she was dead, all they could think of to say was, "Hail, Dorothy!"

At this point, however, we should consider the assumption of many leftist and (I am sorry to say) libertarian experts on the New Jerusalem, to the effect that America would have no enemies in the Muslim world if it didn't insist on interfering with the Muslim world. A corollary assumption is the belief that American vengeance for the victims of Sept. 11 will "only produce even worse reprisals." Let me reduce these assumptions to even plainer language. The idea is this: If Americans would simply cease to be *bad*, then everybody else would very naturally and irresistibly start being *good*.

This is, at least, a very *convenient* theory. If you are a pacifist, it is very *convenient* for you to believe, not only that war is evil, but also that war will never work. If you are an isolationist, it is very *convenient* for you to believe, not only that foreign interventions are always wrong, but also that foreign interventions are always counterproductive. In fact, however, morality and practicality are not always the same. They are two clearly distinguishable things. That's why they are

called by two different names, and why it is so hard to think about either one of them without thinking about its difference from the other. Even a murder can have good effects; even the noblest act of heroism can have bad ones. Everybody knows this, except when the talk turns to politics.

War is an evil. I believe that America's chronic involvement in foreign disputes is also an evil. Unfortunately, even worse evils would follow if we beat a precipitate retreat from our foreign involvements. (Please do not tell me that you decline to choose the lesser of the two evils. You have no other choice — unless you think that you really, truly do have the option of living in the New Jerusalem, right here, right now.) Our withdrawal from foreign alliances would offer us no more protection than President McKinley got from the fact that he was not the Tsar of Russia. McKinley was assassinated by a terrorist to whom that slight difference of identity did not appear important. From the terrorist's point of view, Nicholas II and William McKinley were significant simply because they were both enemies of the social revolution. From the p.o.v. of people like Osama bin Laden, liberal civilization is the enemy, and every aspect of liberal civilization — from women's equality to the disgustingly permissive Saudi royal family — is as appalling and hateful as the presence of American marines in the Middle East.

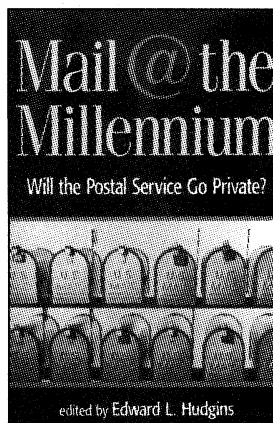
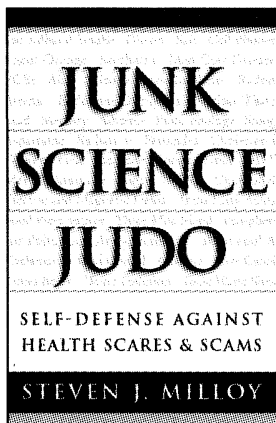
Does anyone really think that if America withdrew from all its alliances today, the international terrorist movement would suspend military operations and devote itself to seeking KFC franchises and erecting statues to George W. Bush? Not hardly. Any weakness we show at this point would only invite further aggression. If America yielded and withdrew from all forward positions in the Middle East (as I wish that America would do, when America decides to do it on its own), America would simply be confronted with a new series of demands, culminating, I suppose, in a demand to withdraw from Dearborn, Mich.

The question of whether, and to what degree, American policies "provoked" the events of Sept. 11 is interesting in certain respects, but it is not interesting in respect to our plans for the future. Hitler may have come to power because of the injustices of the Treaty of Versailles, but once he came to power, abrogation of the Treaty by Britain and France would not have kept him out of war. In fact, the Treaty was dead as soon as he marched his troops into the demilitarized zone of western Germany, three and a half years before the beginning of World War II.

The claims that bin Laden & Co. make on reality are actually somewhat larger and less easily satisfied than the claims that Hitler made. I don't mean to suggest that the Islamic terrorists are more possessed of evil than Hitler was; that's a question of morality, and right now, I'm talking practicality. Hitler wanted to create a certain social order in Germany and some of its surroundings; he specifically disavowed any messianic desire to spread Nazism beyond the borders of Germania. Terrorism, however, has long operated without even this modest degree of ideological discretion. Nihilists and anarchists and the other social revolutionaries of the 19th century weren't about to be fobbed off with little concessions like the abolition of serfdom; it was the Tsar who abolished serfdom who perished by a terrorist's bomb. Now the reactionaries of the Islamic world demand that, pending

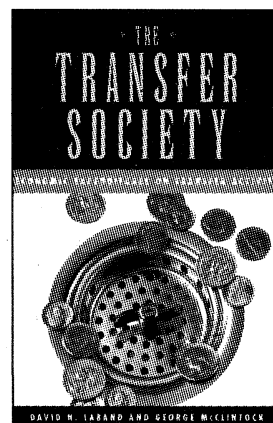
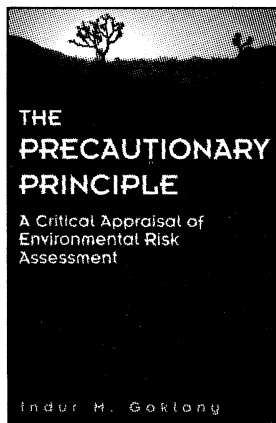
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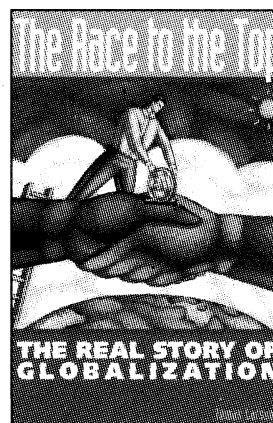
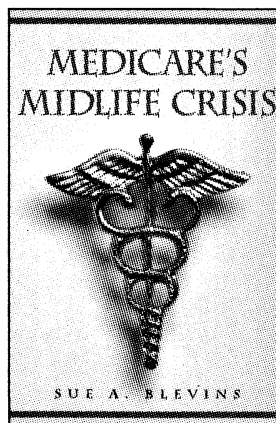
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Western evacuation of Arabia, all (male) infidels be killed, wherever found. Do you think that ambitions like theirs can be satisfied by a pullout from Arabia? And do you think that people who enjoyed massacring thousands in New York City wouldn't get even more fun out of an atom bomb?

No, we are not living in the New Jerusalem. If you believe we are, you should take another look at those demonstrations of terrorist supporters in places like Pakistan and Afghanistan. That quadrant of the Holy City seems to be inhabited exclusively by angry young males (or, perhaps, one very angry young male, surrounded by a lot of mirrors), males who appear to be occupied exclusively in screaming, surging, and pillaging. An odd note is the grinning happiness shown by the AYMs whenever a Western camera starts pointing in their direction. You remember the communist tendency toward doublethink? It didn't die with communism. These people think that everything in the West is evil, except the products that they happen to have a use for — products that they love and cherish, as if they could have the products without the culture. They can't; their revolt is the revolt of the parasite. Yet for that very reason it is insatiably envious, incapable, on its own, of facing any essential truth about either itself or its enemy.

It may be that the West has helped to fuel this revolt by its feckless charity and search for friends. The isolationists have much to teach us about how that works; their argu-

Hitler may have come to power because of the injustices of the Treaty of Versailles, but once he came to power, abrogation of the Treaty by Britain and France would not have kept him out of war.

ments, in this department, are often cogent indeed. But there's no reason to imagine that terrorism will simply starve on the vine once America stops subsidizing it. The terrorists will get their camo fatigues from someone else. Perhaps, eventually, they may even learn how to make their own.

So where do we go from here? There are three things that are capable of defeating terrorism.

The first, and potentially the most conclusive, is boredom. The terrorist movements of the late 19th century eventually fizzled out — partly, it seems, because the terrorists got bored with plotting to assassinate people. Some of them changed their political tactics; others, it seems, just grew up. Unfortunately, however, some of them kept at it, like the terrorists who started World War I; and it will never be known how many would have institutionalized themselves permanently, like the IRA, if they had not been the targets of repressive measures.

The second means of defeating terrorism is, therefore, direct repression of the terrorists. Every dead terrorist is a terrorist who will never commit another act of terror. Sorry, peace dude: Violence often works. As to the idea that repression "creates martyrs," "sows dragon's teeth," "fuels more rage," and so forth . . . sometimes it does, but in this case,

who cares? Maybe Osama bin Laden's untimely death will be avenged by a bunch of yahoos who decide to blow up the World Trade Center. Oops! that already happened. The terrorists were already fueled with enough rage to do that. Do you think that if we don't pursue bin Laden, they're going to say to themselves, "Oh, I guess we shouldn't blow up the Chrysler Building, after all." I don't think so. But if America's war on bin Laden is successful, some of them will say (to themselves), "Dude! That coulda been me. I think I'm gonna go back to Florida State and pick up that degree in computer science."

The third means is an attack on terrorist states. That's the approach that President Reagan took when he bombed

Every dead terrorist is a terrorist who will never commit another act of terror. Sorry, peace dude: Violence often works.

Libya. Until then, Libya was a focus of terrorist activity. Now it's not. Why? We repressed Libya. We shouldn't be under any illusions about terrorism being a strictly spontaneous overflow of powerful feeling. Abou ben Adhem, age 18, native of Taliban City, Talibanistan, may be as mad as hell about America's squishing of his hero, Osama bin Laden, but he will probably be in no position to avenge the death, so long as he's unable to locate people who are well-organized and well-funded enough to help him. The trouble starts when he hooks up with some government-protected agency that gives him money and sanctuary and all the other stuff he needs to live as a professional terrorist with some prospect of a dramatic success. That's why America should do what it can to put terrorist states out of business.

Now, it's obvious, simply from the fact that we do *not* live in the New Jerusalem, that we have no guarantee that any of these three means of ending terrorism will totally succeed. There's no guarantee of total success in anything. But there are guarantees of failure. "Mr. bin Laden, we're really upset with you. We're going to investigate this situation, and if we find evidence that will stand up in court, we are going to insist that the government of Afghanistan extradite you to New York, where you will be given a fair trial and be either convicted or acquitted. As to force and coercion, we're not going to stoop to your level. Meanwhile, we're going to appoint a committee, headed by the Rev. Jesse Jackson, to review the question of Why People Who Hate Capitalism and Liberalism Also Hate America." That's what I'd call a guarantee of practical failure.

But let's take a strictly moral view of the situation. There are very few people, even radical libertarians, who would deny that the American government has a duty to pursue and punish any gang of Americans who murder 6,000 people for the purpose of emphasizing their own religious views. The legitimate purpose of the state, if any, is the protection of liberty and property. But if the state has the duty to go after a gang of Americans, is there any moral reason why it can't go

continued on page 61

Rage Now!

by Sarah McCarthy

This is no time for Norman Schwarzkopf-type wussiness.

Conservative-cable blonde Ann Coulter, known for her snappy and outrageously flippant remarks, was recently fired from her column at *National Review* for making an outrageously flippant remark about her editor. Reacting to the Sept. 11th attack, she submitted a column that was vintage Coulter: "We know who the homicidal maniacs are. They are the ones cheering and dancing right now. We should invade their countries, kill their leaders and convert them to Christianity. We weren't punctilious about locating and punishing only Hitler and his top officers. We carpet-bombed German cities; we killed civilians. That's war. And this is war."

After *National Review* on-line editor Jonah Goldberg decided against publishing Coulter's column, Coulter publicly accused him of censorship, and called the guys at *National Review* "girly men," and Goldberg fired her. Then Goldberg's mom, Lucianne Goldberg, the publicist who gained fame by advising Linda Tripp, entered the fray, publishing as quote-of-the-day on her website a letter saying that Coulter's "skinny blond butt" was fired because her column was completely "over the top" and she "should not have pissed off the person who signs her checks." The irrepressible Coulter replied that these checks were only \$5 a column.

Before all this happened, I had emailed the editor of an on-line magazine a couple of columns with a similar, but more practical, recommendation: "We should kill them and take their oil!" And in regard to veil-wearing women complaining that Americans were looking at them funny, I said, "If IRA terrorists attacked America I would not be walking around covered in shamrocks." I thought I was being pithy, but the editor scrapped my columns, "Ten Reasons to Fight the Terrorists" and "A Time to Kill," calling them "emotional rants." Like Coulter's, my hawkish comments were considered not the kind of sentiments an editor wants to associate his publication with in these precarious times.

Coulter's comments about converting them to Christianity were over the top if taken literally; but Coulter,

after all, traffics in hyperbole, and her comments were a legitimate expression of her reaction at what happened on Sept. 11, as well as an emotional intuitive revulsion at the Islamic religion which — despite politically correct claims that it really is a wonderful, peaceful religion that we would all respect and love if we only knew how great it really is — looks to many of us to be a seriously flawed religion if judged by its widespread profusion of rotten fruit.

Coulter is neither a reporter nor a Pentagon decision-maker in charge of pushing the nuclear trigger. She's a commentator whose job is to generate controversy, which her column certainly would have done. Did Jonah Goldberg expect a hair-on-fire pundit like Coulter to turn into a mild-mannered policy wonk evenhandedly expressing herself in academic jargon at the moment America was attacked by suicide bombers?

Shortly after the planes hit the buildings, I was stunned by the onslaught of knee-jerk attempts to short-circuit American anger before it had been expressed. Gen. Stormin' Norman Schwarzkopf quickly appeared on television to pacify us, warning Americans that when we retaliate we had to be careful not to harm civilians because "we didn't want to be like them." Yes, General, we do want to be like them, I thought. This is a war and we do, in fact, want to be not only like them, we want to be worse than them because it's the only way to defeat them, or, make no mistake, they will be back. It's called self-defense.

The first few people I ran into after the attack stunned me almost as much as the moment when the twin towers sunk soft as birthday cakes, because they expressed more alarm

about what their fellow Americans might say or do than what the terrorists had done; one was alarmed that a mutual friend would soon arrive and say the words "towel heads." That people were worrying about the words "towel head" only three hours after the incineration of thousands of Americans by terrorists from nations that wear headgear that looks like towels, demonstrated the alarming degree to which Americans have lost their sense of proportion.

There was disproportionate concern from the media and public officials about what Americans would do or say, even

Gen. Norman Schwarzkopf quickly appeared on television warning us that we have to be careful not to harm civilians because "we didn't want to be like them." Yes, General, we do want to be like them, I thought. We want to be not only like them, we want to be worse than them.

though, considering the provocation, there were few cases of retaliatory attacks on Muslims. In Pittsburgh, the media touted a man who said he had been beaten up by a drunk construction worker, but the fight was quickly broken up by a passing college girl. The next day, the man, looking spiffy, was on the evening news discussing his victimization. His

A Modest Proposal

If Osama bin Laden's demands are a good proxy for the gripes of radical Islamicists and Arab nationalists, America may be in luck. There is an outside possibility that we can figure out how to take some of the fire out of anti-American resentment, and at the same time exterminate the perpetrators of the Sept. 11 atrocities. We need a Kennedyesque show of genuine bravado, accompanied by a back-channel effort to address the other side's complaints, as when Kennedy took the missiles out of Turkey.

Bin Laden's demands were three. First, get American troops off Saudi soil. That seems like a no-brainer. Second, stop bombing and embargoing Iraq. That's a little more difficult, but it would be a lot easier if someone — inside or out of Iraq — managed to take Saddam Hussein out of power.

Third, stop supporting Israel. That's a no-brainer for me, but much more difficult to implement in real life, given that so many Americans (and not just Jews) have a fond attachment to the state of Israel. Here, it looks like Bush is aiming for some kind of middle ground. The object should be to implement a peace agreement and a land settlement that doesn't look like a total rape of the Palestinians. Perhaps the United States needs to apply some visible (if not actually heavy-handed) pressure to force Israeli settlers out of their bunkers.

The ultimate strategic aim of all of these measures should be to remove entirely America's visible military presence (but not our spies) from the Middle Eastern hornet nest.

— Tom Jenney

case was the only retaliation case reported to the police in Pittsburgh.

Two days after the terrorist attack, a Muslim woman wrote a letter to the editor in the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* complaining that Americans angry about the attacks had made comments to her, a veil-wearing Muslim and native-born American, telling her to go back where she came from, and that there were Americans in Internet chat rooms saying things like "nuke them all." She said these angry Americans were haters just like the terrorists.

If we could not even say "nuke them all" in an Internet chat room, I worried, how would we summon the rage and then the determination that we must have to defeat these lunatics? I wrote a letter answering this woman, saying that anger was put into our species by God, or by evolution, because it protects us from predators. The baring of teeth, the pounding of chests, the rattling of snakes and swords is necessary and important, but it is not hate. It is a warning saying "do not tread on me." One can only imagine what the world would be like without it. To say "nuke them all" in an Internet chat room is a perfectly understandable reaction to such a terrorist attack. Islamic terrorists had just incinerated 7,000 Americans in an unthinkable inferno and American speech was being held to some Orwellian standard of literalness. How would we fight this war if we couldn't even speak?

Polls showed that two-thirds of Americans were worried that the United States' response would not be strong enough. Osama bin Laden himself had said a few days after the attack that the media had made Americans "psychologically helpless."

It's unfortunate that the terrorists who have repeatedly attacked us are of a certain religion and ethnicity, but even at the brink of war, we were continually cautioned not to over-

Punishing the evildoers is crucial. Restoring safety and security to our country is critical. Providing for a strong defense is essential. But extricating ourselves from a holy war that we don't understand is also necessary.

state or generalize by calling the perpetrators Arabs, Islamicists, or Muslims, and finally, pitifully, absurdly, we were told that it is politically incorrect to call them "terrorists." After all, explained Reuters and CNN to us blood-thirsty American rednecks, "one man's terrorist is another man's freedom fighter." That kind of equivocation is the kind of philosophical head game that dilutes our necessary rage and saps our resolve. Next to the threat of terrorism, the biggest danger we face is the pacification of America. At this time more than ever before, it's important that we think, and more importantly, feel, in primary colors, and leave the equivocations to CNN.

While authoritative news agencies were blurring the meaning of the word "terrorist," suggesting that the guys who crashed airliners into the World Trade Center might not

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be terrorists after all, others were telling us that Americans expressing anger at the attacks are the real terrorists — people who were saying things like “nuke them all” in Internet chat rooms. I heard a man say that to say “towel head” is to be like a member of the KKK. And only two hours after the Sept. 11 attack, I saw a woman leave the room where others watched American television and say she would watch the BBC where the news would be “more objective.”

Less than three days after terrorists attacked, Jerry Falwell appeared on the Christian Broadcasting Network telling us that “God has allowed the enemies of America to give us probably what we deserve.” He wagged his chubby finger at the ACLU, feminists, pagans, gays, lesbians, and abortion-rights supporters for God’s lifting of the veil over America, thereby permitting us to be attacked by suicide bombers.

Appearing together on the *700 Club*, Pat Robertson and Falwell concluded that the victims of these terrorist atrocities were people “consumed by the pursuit of health, wealth, material pleasures, and sexuality,” expressing a sentiment they share with bin Laden and the Taliban.

Fundamentalist Christians called talk shows saying that maybe the Taliban weren’t so bad, because the Taliban opposed Madonna, divorce, Internet porn, and adultery. Though Falwell and Robertson share many of the worst of the terrorists’ religious beliefs, they are lightweights who could have just as easily blamed the Sept. 11 attacks on the lavender Teletubby.

The Taliban and other radical Islamics hate everything about American culture, even Pepsi. “You like Pepsi, we like death,” said one of the radical Islamics in the week after the attacks. In Iran in the ‘60s, writer Jalal Al-e Ahmad identified what he called a cultural “illness” that had stricken Iranian cities and towns. He coined a new word to describe it: *Gharbzadegi*, or “West-stricken-ness,” or “Westoxication.” He mourned the villager who “in search of work flees from the village to the town so he can drink Pepsi-Cola and see a Brigitte Bardot film.” Islamics believe that America is a land of the scantily clad, whereas their women are hidden under veils and robes freeing men from temptation.

The Taliban, and their religious brethren throughout the Arabic states, seem to be a quintessential case of some kind of collective Freudian psychosis involving sexual repression. On the wall of one of the hijackers motel rooms hung a picture of a woman, her back turned away from the camera. The terrorist covered the picture with a cloth to keep himself temptation-free while he concentrated on loftier goals like

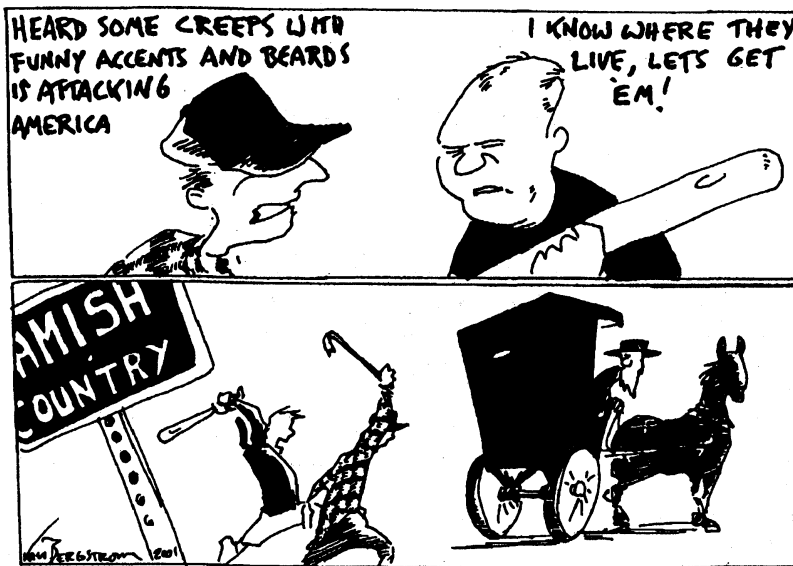
Allah’s holy mission to dive bomb into the World Trade Center towers and incinerate 6,000 infidels.

It crossed my mind during the aftermath of the planes hitting the buildings that several of our bravest and strongest leaders in this saga had been previously pronounced by Christians as unworthy of holding public office — Mayor Rudy Giuliani, declared immoral by William Bennett in a *Wall Street Journal* editorial because of his adultery, and Tom Ridge, governor of Pennsylvania, who is forbidden from entering any Catholic church in Erie because of his pro-choice position on abortion.

Ridge resigned his post to become terrorism czar. In his farewell address, he did some finger-pointing and political grandstanding of his own, adding insult to America’s injuries by lecturing us as if we, rather than the terrorists, were the uncivilized-barbarians. “We need to fight the urge to lash back in fear and retribution against people who worship differently or look different. There is a word for such behavior”

he said, “terrorism. And it must stop!” Lawmakers rose to their feet, giving him a standing ovation. There is a word for such a speech, Governor. It’s “demagoguery.”

The real terrorists are a psychotic outgrowth of their medieval, radical Islamic beliefs who express their contempt for our “decadent” society even as they enslave women, burn books, outlaw music, hang cassette tapes from trees, and sentence people to death for preaching Christianity.



It’s time to take a hard look and robustly criticize the countries, religions, and cultures that gave rise to these monsters, no matter who is offended.

The lead hijacker, Mohammed Atta, left a will barring women from his funeral. “Women must not be present at my funeral or go to my grave at any later date,” he ordered. “Neither pregnant women nor unclean people should say goodbye to me.”

Well goodbye anyway, Atta. Goodbye, and good ride to you, you miserable sexist towel-headed mutant. And goodbye to the primitive and barbaric ideology you represent. Newt Gingrich said it well: “There are only two teams on the planet for this war. There’s the team that represents civilization and the team that represents terrorism. Sudan will cease to house terrorists or we will replace the government of Sudan. The Taliban will cease to house terrorists, or we will replace the Taliban. We’re the most powerful nation in the world. If we want to eliminate the regime of Saddam Hussein, we have the capacity to eliminate it.”

Bottom line, Atta, too bad you didn’t stick around long enough to see the Great Satan pave over your swamp and put up a parking lot. □

At Home With Terror

by Richard Kostelanetz

Life goes on in the city.

The chumps incidentally killed many more Muslims than Jews. Most of the former were low-level employees required to be at work early. Louis Farrakhan estimated that over a thousand Muslims worked at the WTC. When all the missing dead are finally accounted for, this statistic might be instructive. The victims came from more than 50 countries; many of them were British, then South Asians, then Germans. The Jewish dead included the chief of the Port Authority and some bond traders.

Everyone knows someone who's been lost, in my case a very attractive African-American policeman who got a law degree and belonged with me to a libertarian discussion group. Downtown that morning to file his retirement papers prior to going into private legal practice, he joined policemen he already knew to help rescue people from a building that soon collapsed on him. From the 3,000 families in Rockaway Park, to which I'm relocating, 30 people are missing; from the entire Rockaways, more than 120 are missing, including most of the firemen from a single firehouse.

Fireman have become city heroes. When a bunch of them walk down the street, often looking exhausted, they get a spontaneous round of applause. Whereas they used to cook dinners for themselves in the firehouse, many now find the neighboring communities delivering food. Policemen have also become more accessible. Two of them regularly spend the evening at the end of my street, their hats atop a mailbox, talking to each other, eagerly greeting passersby for lack of anything else to do; several hours later, when I returned home after midnight, they were still there, still talking about Lord knows what. At nearby Washington Square, seeing four cops lounging against waist-high horizontal bars, I wanted to give them a deck of cards. I have mixed feelings about so many visible police, collectively reminding me more than once of East Berlin in the 1980s, about which an American guidebook advised that tourists didn't need to

know the telephone number of the police, they are visible everywhere. Getting uniformed officers back into their police stations will be a relief, at least for me.

Though the explosion destroyed western lower Manhattan, it hardly affected daily life uptown or in the outer boroughs, except in firehouses or places where firemen lived, such as predominantly Irish-American neighborhoods in Belle Harbor and Rockaway Point, in outermost Queens.

Even on Sept. 11 I went up on my roof in the afternoon, turned my back to the flames, and did literary work under clear skies. Though the WTC was less than two miles south of me, the trade winds off the Hudson River were carrying ash and odor across lower Manhattan into Brooklyn. The following day the wind turned north, affecting me as well. Nonetheless, I stayed home, as did my nonagenarian father, who lives on a high floor less than a mile northwest of me and actually witnessed the crashes and aftermath from his dining room window. Hearing of friends who left town, I was reminded of a film I co-produced two decades ago about pre-World War II Jewish Berlin in which I interviewed survivors smart enough to leave town in the mid-1930s, often remembering the fate of those who didn't. Remembering my film, I had to persuade myself that the situations were not analogous.

From Tuesday through Thursday, the police had closed off my downtown neighborhood (SoHo), so that I needed to present my driver's license if I ventured north of Houston Street and then wanted to return home. I left my laundry on

Tuesday noontime, thinking I should keep a neighborhood merchant busy; but when I went to pick it up several hours later, the laundry had closed along with everything on the block. I had to use T-shirts as pillowcases until Friday. As the local laundry, so the post office downtown, which didn't deliver mail to either my home or my post office box for three days. Though the backlog from those days took as long as three weeks to be delivered, I hesitated to complain that my mail is live in ways that debris is not. Not to disrespect mourning, I feel very strongly that normal activities must

The police had closed off my downtown neighborhood, so that I needed to present my driver's license if I ventured north of Houston Street and then wanted to return home.

resume. There are good reasons for the Israeli policy of trying to continue normal life in the wake of terrorist murders.

When the WTC was first constructed, I remember the architectural historian Sibyl Moholy-Nagy telling me that they were so dumb architecturally that they would destroy the reputation of their architect. Personally, I never thought them attractive, their intimidating size notwithstanding, unlike the magnificent Winter Garden in the neighboring World Financial Center. The latter survived, its interior palm trees looking in a photograph as though they've been through a hurricane.

I heard that restaurants are hurting, but know from experience that good ones aren't. Thankfully, the restaurant industry, which suffers from a high rate of failure anyway, hasn't joined the airlines in petitioning the government agencies for a state subsidy. Wait perhaps until next month. What was destroyed was the Millenium Hotel with its monumental misspelling etched in monumental stone above its doorway, perhaps to the relief of English teachers in nearby Stuyvesant High School.

Talk about increased synagogue security notwithstanding, the one favored by me for Rosh Hashanah (Sept. 17) had one unarmed guy just inside the doors who asked to inspect my bags. At European synagogues, the last time I was there, an armed local officer stands outside the building, sometimes accompanied by Israeli veterans who treat attendees as skeptically as El Al security regards airplane passengers.

I went with a lady friend on the 25th, exactly two weeks later, to the first home game at Yankee Stadium. The security folk at the turnstiles were advised to forbid all bags and ther-moses. Since a policeman advised my date that a middle-aged woman could probably enter with a clear plastic bag of papers from her office, I sent her through to our seats while I went into the open parking garage to hide mine under someone else's car.

The most valuable items in my bag were stuffed into my pockets, which incidentally could have hidden a pistol, if not a grenade; but Yankee security hasn't asked to check our clothing. In this case, "tough" security seems as misguided as the rule, scarcely discussed even now, requiring policemen to check their unloaded weapons when boarding a com-

mercial airliner.

When I got to our seats, my date was not there. It seems that while a front guard accepted her, a second one decided to turn her back. The subway to Manhattan was filled, she said, with unlikely suspects with their bags in hand, similarly disappointed. The tragedy was that thousands were needlessly refused participation in a magnificent opening ceremony honoring our police, fire, and emergency medical service workers (and then watching the disappointing end of Roger Clemens' winning streak). Three hours later, I returned to reclaim my bags intact.

I figured that the principal beneficiary of such overzealous security was the overpriced concession biz (that charges six bucks for a beer), the loss in potential customers notwithstanding. Incidentally, one more serious "security" problem at Yankee Stadium that has not been addressed is insufficient open exits, so that crowds back up dangerously on the ramps after a regular sold-out home game. (The presence of those consuming too much alcohol doesn't help.) Were panic to occur within Yankee Stadium, let me warn, thousands would be crushed. I recall a local television news program exposing this problem a year ago, to no avail. (Another television reporter exposed so many gross violations in the handling of food that I wouldn't buy a pretzel, let alone a hot dog, there.) Remember all this the next time you enter Steinbrenner palace.

For most of us, the city has returned to the semblance of normal. Those hurting have common stocks; but here New

Everyone knows someone who's been lost, in my case a very attractive African-American policeman who got a law degree and belonged with me to a libertarian discussion group.

Yorkers are suffering no more than stockholders everywhere else in the world. In the end, perhaps it will be said that the looneys sabotaged international capitalism not by knocking out some eyesores with 6,000 people but by undermining a skittish economy.

Speaking of which, two local writers who run a sophisticated political talk show — John Calvin Bachelor and Paul Anderson — have drawn attention to huge profits made by those purchasing an unusual number of put options (not calls) on airlines and insurance stocks the day before the crash. This anomaly demands additional investigation, even though many of the transactions reportedly occurred in Europe, where they are less traceable. What can be more fearsome than a precedent for hiring a few suicidal chumps to create a disaster from which their handlers can profit? Or even benefiting from "inside information" that wasn't commonly available? What can be more evil than profiting enormously from advance knowledge of mass murder?

I think retaliation necessary and am not a pacifist. But I think care must be taken. If civilians in other countries are killed, we've lost all moral advantage. And we face a terrible risk of falling into a trap that would unite the Arab and Muslim worlds against us. □

The Chilling Effect

by Wendy McElroy

Universities and workplaces might have once been places for the full range of human expression. But thanks to the “sexual harassment” revolution, those days are long gone.

In her book, *Sexual Shakedown: The Sexual Harassment of Women on the Job* (1978), Lin Farley wrote of discovering a common experience among many, if not most, women. Namely, they had been made uncomfortable or worse in their place of employment by unwanted sexual attention. Often the women had complained to a superior who ignored the situation. Some had resigned from jobs they needed in order to preserve their self-respect. The problem was particularly pressing because of the huge influx of women into the marketplace during the late '60s and the '70s.

Radical feminist Catharine MacKinnon provided a legal framework for sexual harassment in her book, *Sexual Harassment of Working Women* (1979). She explored the case of Carmita Wood. Wood had resigned from a position she had worked hard to attain at Cornell University because of the incessant sexual attention of a male official away from whom the university refused to let her transfer. Wood was also denied unemployment benefits because the university claimed her resignation was for personal reasons. The term “sexual harassment” was invented for the claim she filed against Cornell.

MacKinnon argued that sexual harassment was a form of discrimination against women in employment. In doing so, she appealed to a long-standing goal of more moderate liberal feminists who generally sought to reform male society rather than to overthrow it. MacKinnon offered an innovative method to improve the working conditions and salaries of women: litigation. Thus, sexual harassment became part of the liberal feminist agenda as well, and so gained considerable momentum.

A Hostile Legal Environment

Legal precedent and mechanisms for implementing the sexual harassment agenda already existed. On Jan. 31, 1970,

Women's Equity Action League had filed a class-action complaint with the Department of Labor against all universities and colleges in the United States. The complaint accused academia of sexually discriminating against female employees. In the next few years, through a concerted campaign, hundreds of similar complaints were filed against specific schools alleging that they discriminated against women through everything from their admission practices to professional salaries.

Two laws put teeth into the new charge of sexual discrimination. The first was the Civil Rights Act of 1964. Section 703(a) of Title VII of the act states that it is “an unlawful employment practice” for an employer to discriminate in hiring, firing, or in applying the conditions of employment because of “race, color, religion, sex, or national origin.” Although universities and colleges were excluded, the act provided precedent. The second was Title IX of the Education Amendments Act (1972), which required educational institutions to outlaw sexual discrimination if they wished to receive federal funding. The Department of Education included “verbal . . . conduct of a sexual nature” within its definition of what constituted sexual discrimination.

The power of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission (EEOC), which enforces Title VII, was expanded in 1979. By 1980, EEOC guidelines defined sexual harassment as “unwelcome sexual advances, requests for

sexual favors, and other verbal or physical conduct of a sexual nature" when accepting the attention is a condition of employment, is a factor in making employment decisions, or creates a hostile environment. In 1984, the EEOC amended its sexual harassment guidelines to place the burden of blame squarely on the employer, who was responsible (and liable) for any act of sexual harassment within his business.

Despite all the "guidance" offered by lawsuits, feminist theorists, government agencies, and privately drafted policies, one important question about sexual harassment still remains: What exactly is it?

Toward a Definition

One problem in defining sexual harassment is that the term is used differently in the workplace than it is in academia.

Harassment in the workplace is generally defined as either a quid pro quo, by which sexual favors are directly traded for professional gain or against a threat of professional loss or as "a hostile working environment in which

The idea of sexual harassment as an overwhelming, all-pervasive problem has been constructed to convince people that trivial behavior — such as telling tasteless jokes — should be legally actionable.

women are threatened and disempowered." Quid pro quo is a fairly well understood form of sexual harassment: The woman (or man) renders sexual favors in return for keeping a job or for other employment benefits. But "hostile working environment" is not. The term was coined in the '70s by Catharine MacKinnon, who did not provide a clear — that is, a nonsubjective — definition.

The concept became part of American society in 1986 when the U.S. Supreme Court ruled in *Meritor Savings Bank v. Vinson* that sexual harassment exists when the conduct of an employer or co-worker has "the purpose or effect of unreasonably interfering with an individual's work performance or creating an intimidating, hostile, or offensive working environment."

This ruling embedded subjective standards into sexual harassment in at least two ways. First, by outlawing behavior that has only the "effect" of interfering with work performance, it outlaws activity innocent of any intention to interfere. Second, words like "intimidating" and "offensive" invite subjective and widely varying interpretations. Further court rulings tended to encourage subjective interpretation.

For example, in *Ellison v. Brady* (1991) the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit rejected the "reasonable person" standard in evaluating sexual harassment. By that standard, the court would have evaluated whether a behavior was offensive or not from the point of view of the average sensible human being. Instead, the court found that "a sex-blind reasonable person standard" tended to be "male-biased" and did not take sufficiently into account "the experiences of women." Thus, the court adopted "a reasonable

woman" standard, by which women's subjective assessment of men's behavior became the guideline for what was deemed offensive and sexually harassing. Consequently, a hostile working environment has been found to include jokes, unsolicited compliments, and any other purely verbal conduct that makes a co-worker feel uncomfortable.

Sexism 101

In academia, sexual harassment has evolved in a different, more restrictive manner. In essence, it focuses more upon the position of authority that a professor has over a female student. One of the early and most frequently cited definitions comes from the researcher F.J. Tilly in his *Sexual Harassment: A Report on the Sexual Harassment of Students* (1980). Tilly deemed sexual harassment in academia to be "the use of authority to emphasize the sexuality or sexual identity of a student in a manner which prevents or impairs the student's full enjoyment of educational benefits, climate, or opportunities."

Tilly identified five types of sexual harassment, including general sexual comments; inappropriate sexual advances that occur without sanction; sexual advances that have the promise of rewards; sexual advances that hold the threat of punishment; and sexual assaults.

Universities across the nation have instituted some version of this definition and they have usually gone several steps farther. For example, in September 1989, Harvard University — to which many other schools look as a role model — issued a guideline that removed any connection between behavior and intent. It said that sexual harassment could occur even when the transgressor acted with goodwill and no intent to harm. In the section titled "Sexism in the Classroom," the Harvard guideline cautioned against innocent remarks without sexual content that might be taken the wrong way. It stated, "Alienating messages may be subtle and even unintentional, but they nevertheless tend to compromise the learning experience of both sexes . . . For example . . . calling only upon women in a class on topics such as marriage and the family . . ." Thus, sexual harassment has come to include the pattern of how a professor asks questions, the standard reading material he assigns, his interpretation of classic works, and many other seemingly benign behaviors.

Part of the reason for the more restrictive definition within academia is probably a product of the more intimate connection between universities and the federal government than between government and private workplaces. Both academia and private industry must comply with the Civil Rights Act of 1991 that opened the door for both compensatory and punitive damages for sexual harassment cases. But most universities, unlike most workplaces, are financially dependent on the federal government. Thus, academia complies with additional measures such as the Campus Sexual Assault Victims' Bill of Rights (1992) through which universities, in order to maintain federal funding, were required to follow up diligently on reported offenses and to do so in a manner that led to policies that favor the accuser. Probably the most extreme version of such a policy was the one put into practice by Columbia University in the fall of 2000, which flatly denied due process to the accused. The policy stated, "the student does not necessarily have the right to be

present to hear other witnesses." A person accused of harassment could neither face his accuser nor cross-examine witnesses at his hearing. Nor was he allowed to have an attorney present. (In the wake of national outrage over these and other violations of due process, the policy has been considerably softened.)

Ideas Have Consequences

Academia has also adopted a stricter code on sexual harassment because of the prominence of radical or gender feminist ideology within its halls.

In *Sexual Harassment: Confrontations and Decisions* (1992), radical feminist Nancy Tuana contends that even innocent academic meetings can be coercive because of the power differential between a professor and a student. Tuana calls this harassment an "implicit unintended threat, [with] no intention to harm." Thus, the mere presence of authority can function as harassment regardless of anyone's actions or intentions.

The broadening of the definition of sexual harassment within universities continues to this day. Earlier this year, Sandra Banack won a sexual harassment suit brought against Cal. State University at Fullerton. No sexual touching or language was alleged; no one lost a job or salary. Rather, the university was found guilty of reprimanding Banack about a possible trespass upon private property and violation of a permit from the Department of Fish and Game during a class field trip. The reprimand was judged to have been both unfounded and directed at Banack because she is a woman. Thus, the reprimand constituted sexual harassment.

Contra Sexual Harassment Policies

Even those who champion First Amendment protection of free speech rarely object to the de facto state regulation of

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sexual expression within private industry. One reason is undoubtedly because the workplace — like other free-market institutions — has been thoroughly and effectively vilified by modern liberalism. People who would never tolerate the regulation of sexual attitudes in the home, on the street, or in the media rarely blink at imposing draconian speech codes on private industry. And, so, a place at which many people spend most of their day, the workplace, has become an area in which government controls the attitudes expressed.

It is only in academia that the impact of sexual harassment policies on freedom of speech is treated as a credible concern because universities still retain the mystique of being halls of knowledge where truth is pursued.

In her book *Who Stole Feminism? How Women Have*

Betrayed Women (1994), Christina Hoff Sommers detailed the disastrous effects such policies can have on academic freedom. She described a situation at a university in Minnesota at which four female students filed formal charges of sexual harassment against all the tenured staff of the Scandinavian studies department (five men and one woman). The accusations included charges that the professors harassed the students by not giving them higher grades, that one professor greeted a student in an unfriendly manner, that another offered a "patriarchal" interpretation of Isak Dinesen's work, and that one professor did not read a novel that a student had recommended. The students' demands for remedy included denial of merit pay for not less than five years and

By converting the trivial into the legally actionable, the Sexual Harassment Industry guarantees that the flow of money into its pockets continues. It also expands the control that feminism exerts over society.

monthly sexual harassment workshops for at least twelve months. (In the end, all charges were dropped, without explanation.)

The iconoclastic feminist Daphne Patai, in her book *Heterophobia: Sexual Harassment of the Future of Feminism* (1998), chronicled other casualties of sexual harassment, including Professor Ramdas Lamb. Teaching religion at the University of Hawaii at Manoa, Lamb was reportedly an affable, popular, and accessible man who gave of his time freely to students. As part of a course on contemporary social issues, Lamb assigned an article from a textbook which dealt with rape. A discussion ensued in class among the students about false rape allegations. During the back-and-forth, several female students insisted that "women never lie" and became distressed when Lamb encouraged a hearing for all sides.

A three-and-a-half year battle followed. Even though Lamb was so pro-feminist that he referred to God as "she," three female students claimed that he had created a hostile environment for women. Months later, one of the students, Michelle Gretzinger, added the charge of rape to her complaint. The additional accusation was proven untrue when it was demonstrated that some of the specific dates of attack she provided were not feasible.

Patai quotes Lamb: "I used to love to teach. Not any more. I used to love to interact with students and stimulate them to think critically. Not any more. I used to believe that university campuses promoted free speech and the truth. Not any more. I used to believe students when they would tell me things. Not any more."

The threat of sexual harassment complaints has chilled free speech and inquiry on campuses across the nation.

Even without addressing freedom of speech, it is clear that sexual harassment policies have damaged the workplace as well. Among the less visible costs are: Women have acquired

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Sundays Past

by William R. Tonso

*Sunday
was a special
day for an
immigrant's
son in a
small town
in rural
Illinois.*

"a-Ape! a-Ape!" The faint cry came from about three blocks up tree-lined 10th Street — north, toward the high school. But I knew that it would be getting louder. As it grew louder, it was accompanied by a rumble that stopped and started again, and became louder itself. Sunday morning was on its way and would soon officially arrive for me. The "a-Ape" was the cry of the paperboy. He was actually yelling "pay-a-per!" but regardless of who he was and as long as there were paperboys to yell it, the front "p" and the end "r" were lost to the listener, even up close, while the added "a" in the middle was loudly emphasized. For years I thought that paperboys, for some mysterious reason known only to them, yelled "a-Ape." The rumble that accompanied him was produced by the iron wheels of the pushcart that carried his assortment of big-city Sunday newspapers over the brick streets of my home town, Herrin, Illinois, a coal-mining town of about 10,000, located about a hundred miles southeast of St. Louis and three hundred miles south and slightly west of Chicago.

It was the paperboy who brought me the magic of the Sunday colored comic pages during my childhood — I was born in 1933 — and every seven days those colored comics launched a day full of special events for me, events rooted in a different time, that have left me with a special fondness for Sundays, even though times and Sundays have changed. On weekdays, my father brought the *St. Louis Star and Times* home from work with him in the evening, and I avidly followed its black-and-white comics, but on Sundays my comics' horizon expanded at the same time that it became more colorful. From the paperboy's cart, my folks bought the *Chicago Tribune* and the *Chicago Herald and Examiner*, which became the *Herald American* in 1939. Between them these papers carried not only colored editions of some of the daily strips, such as "Terry and the Pirates," that I followed in the *Star and Times*, but others, such as "Price Valiant" and "Flash Gordon," which did not appear in daily comic pages at that time.

While I enjoyed many of the actual comical strips, particularly "The Katzenjammer Kids" with its exotic tropical setting, I lived the better-drawn adventure strips, particularly "Prince Valiant," "Flash Gordon," "Terry and the Pirates," and, to a lesser extent, the comic-western adventure "Little Joe." No sooner did my mother neaten up the various sections of the Sunday paper than I had the comics out again. I not only read those comics, in those pre-television days I devoured them, returning to them throughout the day to admire their artwork (drawing was one of my favorite pastimes during my grade school days) and to become absorbed in the settings and situations depicted.

"Prince Valiant" transported me to comic artist Harold Foster's imagi-

native blending of the 5th-century world that might have produced a real King Arthur, with 13th-century Arthurian legend, and in doing so did more to foster my lifelong interest in history than any history course I've ever taken. My eventual recognition that jousting knights and Roman legionnaires did not occupy the same historical time slot came to trouble me some, but "Prince Valiant" was still a magnificent strip with its depictions of grand vistas, battle scenes, Camelot, and Valiant's bejeweled Singing Sword. Some panels stuck in my memory for decades. Milton Caniff's "Terry and the Pirates" transported me to the exotic Far East of the 1930s and 1940s, and I still remember that bright red P-51 Mustang flown by Terry's World War II buddy, Hotshot Charley. And those canyons turned purple and red by western sunsets still come to mind when I think of "Little Joe," a lesser-known creation of politically controversial "Little Orphan Annie" cartoonist Harold Gray.

"Buck Rogers" appeared, as I recall, in both the *St. Louis Globe Democrat* and the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, papers that my maternal and paternal grandparents, respectively, bought from the paperboy on Sunday. This strip, along with Alex Raymond's "Flash Gordon," extended the domain of good guy/bad guy conflict into space and the gleaming cities of other worlds. Fantastic! But I can still remember the disappointment I experienced when a 1947 issue of the aviation magazine *Air Trails*, one of my favorite magazines at the time, carried an article describing the planets of our solar system as they had come to be known even then — uninhabited gas balls or barren rocks. So much for the romance of space, though the "flying saucer" phenomenon that took root that same year has helped even a skeptic like me to cling to some of those romantic associations.

The worlds of these and of my favorite adventure strips, such as "The Phantom," "Buzz Sawyer," "Dick Tracy," "Smilin' Jack," "Brick Bradford," "Tim Tybr's Luck," and "The Lone Ranger," were inhabited by bold, honorable men who used their wits, strength, and skill with weapons to fight clearly defined evil. Many of these strips were also inhabited by beautiful women, often rather formidable themselves, who were loyal to the heroes, who were loyal to them. There was no doubt about the masculinity of the comic heroes or the femininity of their heroines in those days, before it became politically incorrect to be concerned about either, nor was there any apology for violence done in the cause of justice. Newspaper comic heroes weren't bullies — they fought when they had to fight, often reluctantly, but always on the side of clearly defined right.

If I'm not mistaken, it was my third-grade teacher, a nice lady I still remember fondly, who one Monday morning asked our class something about our church attendance the previous day. While such a question asked in a public school in practically any community nowadays would trigger civil-liberties concerns about maintaining a wall of separation between church and state, in small-town southern Illinois in 1941 or 1942 it had no such effect. The question did give me some anxious moments, however, because I come from a non-religious family. Casting about for an acceptable response, when it came my turn to answer, I told the teacher that I read the comics on Sunday mornings and that was that. I was just trying to get the teacher off my back, so to speak,

but in a way I received from those colorful panels secularized versions of what my classmates learned in Sunday school. The messages about right and wrong reinforced the messages I got from my family, and they have left me impressed by the power of popular culture. So impressed, in fact, that I cringe every time I think of the impact that today's popular culture must be having on the young.

Religion then, did nothing to make Sundays special for me. All of my grandparents and a number of their relations and friends, at least ten families in all, dropped not only from the Roman Catholic Church, but of religion entirely when they came to the United States from the Piedmont region of northern Italy in the early 1900s. When I was young I took my family's lack of religion for granted; consequently, I made no real effort to discover why they had abandoned it. I have since found that it was not uncommon for Italian immigrants to leave their or religion altogether in the wake of the secular-

No sooner did my mother neaten up the various sections of the Sunday paper than I had the comics out again. I not only read those comics, in those pre-television days I devoured them, returning to them throughout the day.

izing impact on northern Italy of the European industrial and political revolutions of the 18th and 19th centuries. Southern Italian peasants usually perceived the Church as oppressive. And few cared for the Irish control of the Church in this country.

Number 7

After the arrival of the comics, the next event that marked off Sundays as special for me was Sunday dinner. We ate all other meals in the kitchen, but on Sundays and holidays our big meal was eaten in the dining room. The time varied somewhat because it depended on when my father got home from work. As the manager of the largest hotel in town, the 99-room (advertised as 100 rooms) Ly-Mar (named after its owners, Lyerla and Marlow), he worked every day of the week, including holidays. Leaving home at about 7:00 a.m., he would walk four blocks to the hotel (my folks have never owned a car), and he would come back home at about 12:30 p.m. on his lunch break. That break lasted until about 3:00 p.m. and he would get back home in the evening at about 7:30. He came straight home every night.

Whenever he got home on his break, my mother, in my opinion an excellent cook, would have the meal ready, and on Sundays that meal was always a little special. The main dish might be as American as baked chicken, meat loaf, or some kind of roast; it could be north-Italian *polenta*, *risotto*, or spaghetti with or without meat sauce. *Polenta* is a cornmeal mush, and in my family it has always been accompanied by some kind of meat or fish fixed in a tomato-based sauce, or *bagna*. The meat and sauce are poured over the mush. The fish was always cod filets, but the meat could be chicken, rabbit, squirrel, beef, or, my favorite, an Italian sausage that we Piedmontese call *sautissa* and our Italian neighbors from Lombardy call *lugoniga*. I'm not certain of either spelling, but

the former appears as *salsiccia* on restaurant menus nowadays. *Risotto* is Italian rice, and in my family it is also fixed with tomato sauce, but the Lombards often fix it with saffron. Side dishes ranged from mashed or baked potatoes to breaded eggplant or breaded cauliflower, and my mother has always fixed green beans and green peas with tomato sauce. And there was often a special fresh-baked cake or pie for dessert.

What we did between the time we finished Sunday dinner and the time that my father went back to work varied considerably from one week to the next. But on very special Sundays, the three of us would take a walk out in the country to or beyond the No. 7 coal mine area on the east edge of town — *and we always had one or more guns with us.*

These “walks” were really recreational shooting expeditions, and at an early age, as naturally as taking my first step, I fired a gun for the first time. I may have been six or even

When I was four or five I banged up my head in a fall, and I clearly remember that to calm me down as my mother patched me up, my father allowed me to play with his tiny Colt .25 semi-automatic pistol.

younger. The gun would have been a .22, either my father's Remington bolt-action rifle or his Colt Woodsman semi-automatic pistol — probably the former. I do know that though I was not allowed to go shooting by myself until I was a junior in high school, by the time that I was twelve I had fired, under parental supervision, not only the .22 rifles and pistols with which I had been introduced to shooting, but 9mm, .38, and .45-caliber handguns, and even military rifles.

Among my earliest memories, back when I was no older than three, are those of my father cleaning his pistols. When I was four or five I banged up my head in a fall, and I clearly remember that to calm me down as my mother patched me up, my father allowed me to play with the tiny Colt .25 semi-automatic pistol (unloaded) that he often carried to work with him. I had two BB guns, one rubber-band powered, by the time I was six, and I received a powerful Benjamin for my ninth birthday, though it was several years before I could use any of them without supervision. Colt, Remington, Hi-Standard, joined in later years by Smith & Wesson, Harrington & Richardson, Ruger, and others, were household names, music to my ears. I associated these names not only with precision instruments beautifully sculpted out of steel and other durable materials, but with wholesome family recreation and the outdoors, and with the actions of popular cultural and real heroes, past and contemporary. Some of these guns were semi-automatics, a type of action that the mainstream media seem to have only recently discovered, even though it has been in common civilian use since the turn of the century.

While I tend to remember our shooting expeditions as Sunday activities, we occasionally went shooting on weekdays. Probably my most memorable weekday shoot took place a day or so before my father had to report for his draft

physical during World War II. I was nine or ten at the time, and thinking less of the dangers that he might face in the military than I was of the fact that he would be away from home, which he never was when he wasn't working. To cheer me up, my parents took me shooting, and as I recall, the gun we used that day was an old Colt Single Action Army .45-caliber revolver, a favorite in both the Old West and Hollywood westerns, and also a favorite of one of my World War II heroes, General George S. Patton. Patton's Colt had ivory grips (not pearl, as was often reported) and was silver-plated and engraved — much fancier than ours. As it turned out, my father, a very robust man, failed his physical due to a three-week bout with vertigo he had suffered several years earlier, and I can still remember how happy my mother and I were when he sent us the news.

After the war my father sold the old Colt and a .41-caliber mate of the same model, one made in 1887 and the other in 1892, for about 25 or 30 dollars each. Since he had bought them for three dollars each from a young man who was leaving for the military, and no one was interested in these old guns at the time, that seemed like too big a profit to pass up to someone from an immigrant, mining-family background who had experienced the Depression. Who knew that those old Colts would now bring at least \$1,500 apiece? But I wouldn't want to sell them if we still had them.

When we went shooting we carried our gun or guns in plain sight as we walked the three blocks or so to the edge of town. From the late 1930s to the late 1950s there were no highly publicized anti-gun sentiments, and gun ownership was then and still is widespread, accepted, and even honored

I remember my disappointment when aviation magazine Air Trails carried an article describing the planets as uninhabited gas balls or barren rocks. So much for the romance of space.

in rural and small-town America. Yet though my home town and area had experienced labor, Ku Klux Klan, and bootlegger wars during the decade before I was born, it had become a very peaceful place by the time I came along. Even the violence of the 1920s (which included the massacre of strike breakers and mine guards by striking miners that made my town infamous nationally and cemented my county's nickname — *Bloody Williamson*) had been factional rather than random, and rooted in economic and/or cultural (“native”/immigrant) conflict. Though I and many of my high-school classmates came from homes that possessed guns, no one took a gun to school to cause trouble. Boys commonly carried pocket knives, (I started carrying one in the third grade), but they were never pulled in schoolyard scuffles. Drugs were unknown.

In the 1950s, when I was an undergraduate at the still-small Southern Illinois University in nearby Carbondale, it was not uncommon for male students from rural areas and small towns to bring guns to campus for recreational use and keep them in their dormitory rooms. A friend of mine had

two .22 rifles and a shotgun hung on his campus dorm-room wall. Today's effete anti-gun crowd would surely find this state of affairs disturbing, to say the least. Yet there were no shootings, accidental or otherwise, and not even gun thefts, in spite of the fact that the dormitories in which we lived were flimsy, tarpaper, World War II barracks with only skeleton-key locks.

The sheer unoffending normalcy of the widespread acceptance of guns through the low-crime-rate 1940s and 1950s cannot be exaggerated, but would shock today's cosmopolitan elites. Hollywood movies such as James Stewart's *Winchester 73* (1950) and *Carbine Williams* (1952), Randolph Scott's *Colt .45* (1950), and Gary Cooper's *Springfield Rifle* (1952) celebrated guns or their inventors, and the very titles of such late 1950s TV westerns as Chuck Connor's *The Rifleman*, James Arness's *Gunsmoke*, and Richard Boone's *Have Gun, Will Travel* still celebrated heroic gun use. The 1940s kid's radio western *Tennessee Jed* introduced each week-day segment with the sound of a ricocheting bullet, and the Lone Ranger's trademark was a silver bullet. And Western heroes from the movies of the 1930s through the TV series of the 1950s were much more often than not symbolically marked off from others by the distinctiveness of their guns. Some of these big-screen and TV heroes carried ivory-handled six-shooters, but more of them carried stag-handled Colts that were seldom packed by movie villains. TV's Chuck Connors carried a rifle instead of a six-shooter, and Steve McQueen's trademark in TV's *Wanted Dead or Alive* was a sawed-off rifle that was quite distinctive but of questionable real-world utility.

When I asked my speech professor at SIU for permission to bring a handgun to class and fire off a surprise blank as part of my talk on gun safety, he gleefully gave me that permission. That blank was the best part of my otherwise stumbling presentation, and at the risk of being labeled a male chauvinist pig, I took pleasure in noting that several coeds popped up noticeably in their seats when it exploded. (My

I don't recall ever seeing a movie from its beginning back then, but we always stayed until it got to the part "where we came in," and sometimes beyond.

unofficial double major when I was an undergraduate was pranks and pingpong.) Nothing was made of the fact that I carried my Smith & Wesson revolver in its zipper case to and from class. And nothing was made of the fact that several of us wore revolvers in our belts or holsters for a costume open house at our dorm.

The National Rifle Association-affiliated Air Force Reserve Officers Training Corps rifle team, of which I was a member my senior year, had its shooting range in the attic of SIU's Old Main building (which was destroyed by an arsonist during the student unrest of the late 1960s). Among the items displayed for cash-and-carry, no-permit-or-age-restriction purchase in the Carbondale establishment that made the biggest milkshakes in town, were cheap .22-caliber revolvers that have come to be vilified as "Saturday night specials." In

the late 1940s, the Army's Office of the Director of Civilian Marksmanship sold surplus 1917 Enfield bolt-action military rifles to the public for about \$7.00 each, and as late as the middle 1960s the DCM was selling *semi*-automatic M1 carbines to the public for \$20.00 each. The constitutionally guaranteed right of civilians to possess military rifles and carbines, other than *full*-automatics, had yet to be questioned.

Sunday movies during my childhood and adolescence were big-budget movies featuring the top Hollywood stars, and they stayed in town for two days.

In fact, that right had been confirmed by the Supreme Court (*Miller v. the United States*) in 1939. And prior to the Gun Control Act of 1968, guns, including *semi-automatic* military surplus rifles and handguns, could be ordered through the mail.

While serving in the Air Force at a radar station near Miles City, Montana during the late 1950s, I lived in town (there were no officers' quarters on base) and belonged to a civilian gun club that had its shooting range on the second floor of a building right in the middle of the business district. After a shooting session one evening, several of us went to a restaurant across the street, and while there took out our handguns and compared them. No one gave us a second glance. The moral climate, or rather the lack of it, creates problems, not the possession of guns. And that moral climate, with, I suspect, the assistance of the popular culture, has changed considerably since the late 1950s.

Sunday Matinees

Herrin had two movie houses when I was small. The Hippodrome, the first-run theater, was located right across the street in the next block south of the hotel my father managed and was owned by the hotel owner. After this theater burned in the 1940s and was rebuilt, it was renamed "Marlow's" after its owner, who also owned the second-run theater, the Annex. The two theaters were located back-to-back, with an alley separating them — Marlow's facing east on 14th Street, as did the hotel, and the Annex facing west on Park Avenue, our main street. The Annex building remains today, but Marlow's and the hotel became victims of "progress."

While nowadays movies that draw well at the box office may be shown for months at the same theater, that wasn't the case in my hometown, and I suspect elsewhere, through the 1950s. On Sundays, the first-run theater had a *matinée*, and once the proceedings started, the single major Hollywood feature, previews of coming attractions, newsreel, animated cartoon, and selected short subjects repeated without lengthy interruption until the theater closed late in the evening. The same major film would be shown again a couple of times on Monday evening — no *matinée*. On Tuesday evening two new movies, both of the low-budget "B" variety, would be shown, and this same double feature would be offered again on Wednesday evening. A fresh B double feature would come to the theater on Thursday evening and be held over on

Friday before being replaced by yet another double feature on Saturday, a matinée day that almost always included a B western or serial for the kids. So while most children my age were watching B adventures starring Gene Autry, Roy Rogers, or Hopalong Cassidy on Saturday afternoons, on Sunday afternoons my mother and I were watching Hollywood's biggest names and the latest of what passed for adult fare in those days. And I mean the latest.

When I scanned the entertainment sections of the St. Louis and Chicago newspapers back in the 1940s, I never ceased to be amazed that our small-town theater got the major Hollywood pictures at least as soon as did the big-city theaters. In fact, I could swear that they often reached us before they got to the cities. My favorites were the big-budget pictures featuring frontiersmen, military heroes, pirates, knights, swordsmen, and other adventurers.

The swashbuckling Errol Flynn was my favorite actor from the late 1930s through the middle 1940s, and his Elizabethan *The Sea Hawk* (1940), and three westerns, *Dodge City* (1939), *Virginia City* (1940), and particularly, *They Died With Their Boots On* (1941), like the comic strip "Prince Valiant," fostered my interest in history, even though I eventually discovered that their historical accuracy left much to be

Men and women came together in these movies because they loved each other, not because they lusted after each other, a distinction that is now derided when not altogether forgotten in Hollywood.

desired. *They Died With Their Boots On* was a romanticized and highly imaginative depiction of Custer's last stand, but it left a lasting impression on my eight-year-old mind. For weeks after I saw it, I played Custer in our front yard, equipped with my favorite frontier-style cap pistol, the wooden copy of Prince Valiant's broadsword that my father had made for me, and a 7th Cavalry guidon I made from one of my mother's sheets turned dish towel. That movie made me a lifelong Custer and Little Big Horn buff, and "Garyowen," the 7th's marching song, still triggers my martial spirit. Garyowen, incidentally, is not someone's name but Gaelic for Owen's Garden, which is a suburb of Limerick, Ireland. Yes, I know that Custer is no longer politically correct, but interestingly enough, in *They Died With Their Boots On*, greedy whites with political pull rather than the Indians who killed Custer and his men were portrayed as the villains.

Another Sunday movie that impressed me mightily and influenced my solitary play adventures for some time after I saw it was *Jesse James* (1939), starring Tyrone Power as Jesse and Henry Fonda as his brother Frank. In this movie, Jesse (portrayed as a good man who had been driven to become an outlaw by greedy exploiters) was equipped with two six shooters, one with plain grips, the other with ivory grips, the former a Colt and the latter a Smith & Wesson, I discovered in later years. So, gun enthusiast that I had already become, when I played Jesse I selected just the right cap pistols from my well-cared-for collection. Unlike the real revolvers Power

used in the movie, my two Jesse cap pistols were identical *except* for the fact that one of them had *black*-painted metal grips while the other had *white* Bakelite grips. These two cap pistols with Hollywood-Jesse-appropriate grip colors would accompany me to my maternal grandparents' house, where I would use two stiff-backed living-room chairs pulled together seat-to-back with a throw rug tossed over them to make what to me was a reasonable facsimile of a train to rob in the name of justice.

My early familiarity with and interest in guns provided me with a very vivid link to movies (particularly westerns) featuring heroes who used guns, and these movies in turn helped reinforce my interest in guns and my linking them to things heroic. In the 1940 *Jesse James* sequel *The Return of Frank James*, when Henry Fonda's Frank, living as an honest farmer under an assumed name, learned of Jesse's assassination, he retrieved his revolver from its hiding place in his barn before setting out to avenge his brother. With the assistance of a second viewing sometime in the late 1940s, the symbolism of that scene and the carved grips on his revolver were etched in my memory. Joel McCrea's *Union Pacific* (1939) was memorable to me in large part due to the pair of stag-handled Colts he carried. The scene that stuck with me from my initial viewing of *Gone With the Wind* (1939) was Vivien Leigh's Scarlett O'Hara dispatching a threatening Union deserter with the long-barreled Remington revolver that Clark Gable's Rhett Butler had given her. One of my Detroit cousins still remembers how when he, his sister, and I went to the movies during their visits, if the wrong guns were being used for the time and place being depicted, I would always point out that fact to them.

Other Sunday matinée offerings during my childhood were war movies like Gary Cooper's *Sergeant York* (1941) and *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1943), costume adventures like Fonda's *Drums Along the Mohawk* (1939) and Douglas Fairbanks Jr.'s *The Corsican Brothers* (1942), and comedies like Bud Abbott and Lou Costello's *Buck Privates* (1941) and Bob Hope and Bing Crosby's *Road to Morocco* (1942). And there was a mixed bag of many others: Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman's *Casablanca* (1942), Judy Garland's *Wizard of Oz* (1939), and Crosby and Fred Astaire's *Holiday Inn* (1942), which introduced the classic song that began as a World War II favorite, "White Christmas."

Along with these and other well-remembered movies that we saw on Sunday afternoons were many soap-operaish romances (dare I call them "women's movies"?) that I've long ago forgotten, but that I suspect may have helped foster a romantic and sentimental streak in me. But then again, practically all adult movies in those days, not only the soap operas, musicals, and comedies, were love stories, and love was not synonymous with sex. Rugged frontiersmen or cops courted their ladies at the same time that they dealt with villains; and brave soldiers, as they faced the enemies of freedom on battlefields far away, thought about their loyal wives or sweethearts back home for whom they were fighting and would gladly give their lives. Men and women came together in these movies because they loved each other, not because they lusted after each other, a distinction that is now often derided when not altogether forgotten in Hollywood and other popular cultural centers.

But like the comic-strip heroes of the time, the movie heroes of my childhood mentioned above, and even those of my on-my-own-at-the-movies adolescence were a special breed. (I'm referring to screen personas, not to the actors who played those heroes, though some actors who often played heroic characters seem to have been decent, honorable men themselves.) The John Wayne of director John Ford's cavalry trilogy *Fort Apache* (1948), *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon* (1949), and *Rio Grande* (1950), the Joel McCrea of *Buffalo Bill* (1944) and *The Virginian* (1946), the Tyrone Power of *Captain From Castile* (1947), *Prince of Foxes* (1949), and *The Black Rose* (1950), the Gregory Peck of *Twelve O'Clock High* (1949) and *The Gunfighter* (1950), the Gary Cooper of *Unconquered* (1947), the Stewart Granger of *King Solomon's Mines* (1950), the Van Johnson and others of *Battle Ground* (1949), and many others were brave and tough, but they were also chivalrous gentle-

Heroic characters who were central to our popular culture and our national mythology have been relegated to the periphery of both, where today's children are not likely to find them and be impressed by them.

men and decent human beings—with a sense of humor as well as a sense of honor. Even John Wayne's crusty, driven rancher in *Red River* (1948) began and ended the movie as a proper John Wayne character. And any day I'll take that John Wayne screen persona over the sullen, menacing, anti-heroic, killing-machine, screen persona that Clint Eastwood perfected in his 1960s "spaghetti westerns" and later cop movies, and that to a certain extent even contaminates, in my opinion, his otherwise admirable *The Outlaw Josey Wales* (1976).

Needless to say, I am no fan of Eastwood's Academy Award-winning *Unforgiven* (1992), that was such a smash hit with the critics precisely because it was so anti-heroic, morally ambiguous, and non-traditional. And looking back on it in the light of the changes that have occurred in our popular culture and our society over the past 30 years, I've become somewhat ambivalent about another movie that I once admired for what I considered to be its "realism." In *Hombre* (1967), Paul Newman's hero shoots Richard Boone's outlaw leader while the latter is under a flag of truce. None of the popular cultural heroes of my childhood and youth would have considered doing such a thing no matter how much the villain deserved to be shot. And as syndicated columnist Charley Reese has noted, none of those old popular-cultural heroes had the 007 "license to kill" possessed by another 1960s Hollywood "hero," James Bond, as played by Sean Connery and others. In fact, rather than shoot the villain, the B-western hero of my day typically, if unrealistically, shot the gun out of his hand.

As with our shooting expeditions, our moviegoing when I was a child was not always a Sunday pastime. On very rare occasions my mother and I would be able to talk my father into going to a movie after he finished work. Westerns were the best bait, and that was the case with Robert Taylor's *Billy the Kid* (1941). Rather than my mother and I seeing it on

Sunday afternoon, the three of us saw it on Monday evening. As with all Hollywood biographical efforts of the time, *Billy the Kid* left much to be desired in the historical-accuracy department, but it was beautifully filmed in color and the way movies look (scenery and costumes) and sound (the music of the sound track) as much or more than their story lines have always made them memorable to me.

With regard to sound, the tune "Alexander's Ragtime Band" left me with a fondness for the movie by the same name, starring Tyrone Power and Alice Faye (1938), long after I had forgotten its story. "As Time Goes By" brings to my mind Bogart and Bergman's *Casablanca*, and "Moonlight Becomes You" carries me back to Hope, Crosby, and Dorothy Lamour in *Road to Morocco*. But I always found westerns directed by John Ford, with their Monument Valley settings and traditional-music-permeated soundtracks, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Garyowen," "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon," "The Yellow Rose of Texas," "Lorena," and many others, particularly impressive in the looks and sound department.

What my mother and I did after the Sunday matinée depended on what time we got out. Those were the days of "This is where we came in." People commonly entered the movie when they got there, not necessarily at the beginning of the feature, and they stayed until they had seen what they had missed. I don't recall ever seeing a movie from its beginning back then, but we always stayed until it got to the part "where we came in," and sometimes beyond. If getting to a movie late, or a long picture, or watching part of a picture over again put us out at about 7:00 PM, when my father could sometimes start for home on Sunday evening, we would drop by the hotel to pick him up and walk home together.

The hotel my father managed was a glamorous place with a cool spacious lobby furnished with comfortable stuffed chairs and divans. Hotel guests were often quite famous, ranging from Illinois governors, including two-time Democratic presidential candidate Adlai E. Stevenson, to practically every big band from the golden age of the Big Bands — Harry James, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Guy Lombardo, Kay Kyser, Lawrence Welk, Vaughn Monroe, Stan Kenton, Wayne King, Woody Herman, Benny Goodman, Xavier Cugat, and many others. These bands performed at White City Park, once a Herrin institution also owned by the hotel owner. White City Park's ballroom allegedly drew fun-seekers from a 150-mile radius (an area reaching up to central Illinois and into Missouri, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Arkansas) to its Saturday evening dances.

I never saw the inside of that ballroom (now demolished), which was located on the northwest side of town. And though I enjoyed the music of many of these bands, and I often saw them in the movies, it never occurred to me that I should try to get the autographs of any of their leaders or more famous musicians and singers. Their music lingers in my memory, however. "You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To," "Deep Purple," "Where Or When," "My Reverie," "Among My Souvenirs," "That Old Feeling," "To Each His Own," and other love ballads made a lasting impression on me even when I was a kid too young to appreciate what they were all about.

If the weather was pleasant, we sometimes window-shopped along Park Avenue, our main street, before we

walked home. But most of the time we would be out of the movie long before my father could leave work, so my mother and I would go on home and I would listen to radio comedies like *Baby Snooks and Daddy*, starring Fanny Bryce, and *The Jack Benny Show* until he came in.

Once my father came home from work on Sunday evening, we would eat supper, usually leftovers from our main midday meal. Eating out was not an option for my family in those days, though I do remember a few occasions when we had barbecue sandwiches brought home from the small café across from the hotel. After supper we would visit my grandparents, who lived one house from each other one block east of us on 9th Street. Due east of us, 7th Street, was the last street before the fields and mine pond that separated our neighborhood in town from the No. 7 mine.

Since we had no washing machine in those days, we would carry our dirty laundry over to my grandparents' house on Sunday evening so that my mother and her mother could do a combined washing in her mother's washer on Monday morning. My mother often took time out from her own busy schedule to help her folks, particularly in the spring when they raised cabbage, pepper, and tomato plants in their backyard hotbeds. To supplement their miners' income, my grandparents sold those plants for transplanting at prices that now seem incredibly low, given the work put into raising them: cabbage plants for a nickel a dozen, tomato and pepper plants for 15 cents a dozen or a quarter for three dozen, and tomato plants for 50 cents per 100, once the farmers started buying them late in the season.

We carried our laundry in pillow cases, and once I was big enough to carry them, it was my proud duty to do so. I can still remember the smell of coal smoke in the air from the

The hotel my father managed was a glamorous place, with a cool, spacious lobby furnished with stuffed chairs and divans. Guests were often quite famous, from politicians like Adlai E. Stevenson, to big-band leaders like Tommy Dorsey, Woody Herman, and Benny Goodman.

neighborhood chimneys as we walked the one block east and most of a block south to my maternal grandparents' house on crisp winter evenings. During warm weather we would pass neighbors sitting on their porches, as was common before air-conditioning and television encouraged people to stay indoors. So there often were brief conversations with neighbors along the way. Practically any evening during warm weather, my grandparents' front porch was the most popular gathering place for several of the neighborhood ladies of their generation. They would sit and gossip or talk about the old country while swishing away mosquitoes with small branches stripped from the maple trees in the front yard.

For blocks around, most of our neighbors were north-Italian immigrants (generally Piedmontese or Lombard) or their offspring, though there were a couple of Syrian and Lebanese families, a second or third-generation German family, a first-generation Welsh family, and a scattering of

Southerners whose ancestors had come from the British Isles. So I grew up around many people who felt much more comfortable speaking Piedmontese or Lombard dialects than they were speaking English. I never learned to speak these Italian dialects, I'm sorry to say, but I could understand them as well as I could understand English. When my cousins would come down from Detroit for summer vacations, the high point of my summers, I would translate for them the adult (but never really racy) conversations in Piedmontese Lombard our parents, grandparents, and other grown-ups would be carrying on.

When the nights were warm, my grandparents' front porch was a popular gathering place for neighborhood ladies, who would sit and gossip or talk about the old country while swishing away mosquitoes with branches stripped from the maple trees in the front yard.

After we had deposited the laundry at my maternal grandparents' house, we visited with them for a while before we started back home, stopping for a short visit with my paternal grandparents (where Piedmontese was generally spoken) along the way. It was during these Sunday evening visits with my grandparents that I followed the adventures of "Buck Rogers," carried in both of their St. Louis Sunday newspapers, but in neither of the Chicago Sunday newspapers we bought from the paperboy. Once we got home, the specialness of Sunday was over, and there was nothing to do but go to bed at 9:00, whether I wanted to or not. Monday, for nine months of the year at least, meant five more days of school and homework.

Sundays Present

It has been many years since paperboys yelled "a-Ape" and pushed their carts full of big-city Sunday newspapers over the brick streets of my hometown. In fact, many of those streets, including 10th, have been blacktopped. And I now live in Evansville, Ind., a city of about 130,000, 97 road miles and about a two hour drive door-to-door from my house to my folks' house where I grew up. Our paperboy delivers the *Sunday Evansville Courier & Press* to our front steps the same way that he delivers our daily paper. In the late pushcart days, when I still lived with my folks, this newspaper's earlier incarnation was one of the big-city newspapers we bought from the paperboy after the *Chicago Herald American* went out of business, so this Sunday paper helps bridge the gap between my past and my present. And the *Sunday Evansville Courier & Press's* colorful comic pages, like the colorful comics of the past, still provide me with a bright start for Sundays, even though the strips therein are quite different from the strips in the St. Louis and Chicago newspapers of my childhood.

Gone are the beautifully and realistically drawn adventure strips like "Prince Valiant," "Flash Gordon," and "Terry and the Pirates," though the soap-opera strip "Rex Morgan, M.D." remains as a less than spectacular example of that

drawing tradition. After reading an early draft of this article, one of my Detroit cousins sent me several comic sections from the Sunday *Detroit Free Press*, which still carries "Prince Valiant" as drawn by Hal Foster's successor. Rather than having a full page to itself, as it did in its heyday, the strip now is crowded on to a page with three or four other strips, and grand panoramas can no longer be depicted.

"Rhymes with Orange," a recent and sometimes successful attempt at satire carried in our Evansville newspaper, may have the honor of being the worst drawn strip to have ever graced a comic page. "Blondie" and "Snuffy Smith" are left over from the old days, but the for-a-time-improved-but-once-again-completely-inane "Nancy" and old-timer "Gasoline Alley" have been dropped, the latter several years back. My current favorites are the political satires "Mallard Fillmore" (which generally reflects my culturally conservative but politically libertarian views) and "Doonesbury" (which often does not reflect my views), plus the provincial antics of the folks in "Geech," the teacher-student antics of the folks in "Funky," and the family antics of the folks in "Sally Forth," "Rose Is Rose," "For Better or for Worse," "Born Loser," and "Foxtrot." I miss Calvin and Hobbes, the fanciful, even philosophical, adventures of a bratty little boy and his stuffed tiger. But favorites or not, I read all of the strips in the Sunday comic pages, and these colored versions of the black-and-white strips that I read religiously through the rest of the week still help make Sundays special for me, even though other Sunday associations have faded.

My wife is not fond of Sundays. As long as she had a job, Sundays were drudgery days used to prepare for the coming work week. But there are other reasons that we have not developed our own tradition of eating a big Sunday noonday meal in our dining room. Since we did not have children we have tended to operate on a very flexible schedule, made even more so by our professions. My wife is a nurse, who, when she worked in a hospital, often worked on Sundays. Both of us have tended to go to bed late and get up late when our schedules have allowed us to do so, and as a college professor who has had late morning classes for many years, my schedule has done nothing to discourage this pattern. Consequently, until recently, and through most of the quarter-century plus of our marriage, both of us have tended to sleep in on Sundays. But my writings about my Sundays past have prompted my wife to finally take a step that she had long considered, to reconnect herself to her Methodist Sundays past. So she now goes to church on Sunday mornings, and that (plus the fact that she has quit her job) has improved the day for her. I still sleep in. The Sunday brunch that was becoming a tradition for us has been shifted to Saturdays. As always, we have our main Sunday meal at home or out in the afternoon or evening, and it may or may not be more special than weekday meals.

Things obviously change as we grow up, leave the nest, move around, have to earn our own living, acquire responsibilities, and bring others into our intimate lives through marriage, etc. Rather than a five-minute, block-and-something walk to visit my grandparents, it's now a two-hour, 97-mile drive to visit my parents. I make that drive frequently, but my visits are not always on Sundays. Rather than a fifteen-minute walk out to the country to engage in open-air, recrea-

tional shooting free of cost other than the price of ammunition, I now either drive five minutes to an indoor range and pay five dollars for a half-hour of shooting, shut off from the nature that has always enhanced the experience for me, or drive 25 minutes to the outdoor range of the gun club to which I pay 30 dollars a year for membership whether or not I use the range. The 50-minute or so round trip to the club range does not encourage me to make that trip often, and I do well to visit it twice a year if at all. I seldom exercise either the indoor or outdoor option on Sundays.

Times change, but there are two cultural disruptions of things that I hold dear and that I associate with Sundays past, movies and guns, that disturb me mightily. While the newspaper comics I read today, Sunday or otherwise, are different from those of my childhood, I still enjoy them very much. Gone are the adventure strips with their heroes and heroines,

We carried our laundry in pillow cases, and once I was big enough to carry them, it was my proud duty to do so. I can still remember the smell of coal smoke in the air from the neighborhood chimneys as we walked to my grandparent's house on crisp winter evenings.

but most of the strips I currently read are still populated by decent people doing decent domestic things. Even though Andy Capp, of the recently dropped English strip by the same name, is a lazy, boozing, philandering jerk, his long-suffering wife and practically everyone else in the strip are decent sorts by the standards that I have internalized. I wish that I could say the same for the people who populate Hollywood movies nowadays.

Going to the movies was a large part of what made Sundays past special for me, but for a couple of reasons movie going is seldom a part of my Sundays present. The first and lesser reason is that there is no longer anything special about Sunday movies. Sunday movies during my childhood and adolescence were big-budget movies featuring the top Hollywood stars, and they stayed in town for two days only one of which, Sunday, had a matinée. Now, though stars like those of days past hardly exist, all movies are big-budget movies, and even the box-office bombs stay in town for several days, while the successful stay for weeks or even months. Therefore, since even the cheaper matinées are shown all through the week and I'm retired, there is no particular reason for me to go to the Sunday matinée unless both my wife and I are interested in seeing the same movie. And this brings me to the second and more important reason that movie going is seldom part of my Sundays present — Hollywood now makes very few movies that either of us want to see and even fewer that both of us want to see.

I am a sociologist, and as such I am an extreme cultural relativist. But relativism is an analytical tool for social scientists, not a principle to live by, and in everyday life I made no apologies for being judgmental. Though I am very familiar with four-letter words and far from a prude, as a product of all that is symbolized by my Sundays past I quite frankly

despise the foul-mouthed, promiscuous characters (female as well as male), dysfunctional families, and nihilistic or wussy-politically correct messages that Hollywood has been offering the public for several decades. And the popular-culture-assisted moral ambiguity, well established across the nation during the 1970s, has played havoc with the tough but gentlemanly, decent, honest, and honorable heroes of my Sundays past.

There have been a few big-screen heroic characters of the old sort in movies I have seen during the past ten years, among them Kevin Costner in the ultra-politically-correct-but-still-enjoyable *Dances With Wolves* (1990), Daniel Day Lewis in *The Last of the Mohicans* (1992), Matthew Broderick, Morgan Freeman, and others in *Glory* (1989), and Liam Neeson in *Rob Roy* (1995), but not enough to regularly draw me to the local movie houses at their inflated ticket, popcorn, and drink prices on Sunday or any other day. So I now look to American Movie Classics and other cable TV movie channels to rerun my old favorites and put me in touch again with screen characters I can admire, and to more recent made-for-TV gems such as TNT's *Conagher* (1993), starring Sam Elliot and Katherine Ross, and CBS's magnificent miniseries *Lonesome Dove* (1988), starring Robert Duvall and Tommy Lee Jones. But though I can still find them occasionally on the big screen, on cable TV, in made-for-TV movies, in paperback historical westerns by writers like Douglas C. Jones and Richard S. Wheeler, and sometimes even in more critically acclaimed historical novels like Charles Frazier's impressive *Cold Mountain*, it disturbs me that heroic characters who were not too long ago central to our popular culture and our national mythology have been relegated to the periphery of both, where today's children, fewer of whom are the products of stable families, are not likely to find them and be impressed by them.

Guns also helped make Sundays past special for me: the guns my folks and I used on our shooting expeditions to No. 7, the guns used by the fictional heroes of many movies to fight off oppression and right wrongs, the guns real heroes in movie newsreels were using to win World War II, the guns that were taken for granted as a non-threatening part of the

Guns helped make Sundays past special for me: the guns my folks and I used on our shooting expeditions, the guns used by the fictional heroes of movies, the guns real heroes in movie newsreels were using to win World War II, the guns that were taken for granted as a non-threatening part of the cultural mainstream.

cultural mainstream of rural and small-town America through the late 1950s, and the positive symbolic relationship between all of these guns. But guns are anything but politically correct in influential symbol-manipulating circles nowadays, the same circles that through their popular cultural offerings — "music," movies, and television — have unthinkingly helped to foster the moral breakdown responsible for high rates of violence that they blame on widespread gun

ownership. It does no good to point out to these people that gun-ownership rates in this country have been high when violence rates have been low, and that even now, gun ownership rates are highest where violence rates are lowest. So once-honored guns, like the responsible popular cultural heroes who once used them, have been stigmatized and pushed to the periphery of the popular culture and the national mythology.

And the urban-oriented middle classes, increasingly unfamiliar with and fearful of guns, refuse to take responsibility for their own safety, and rely on increasingly heavily armed and militarized police to protect them from vicious under-

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class thugs, and on professional soldiers rather than citizen soldiers drawn from their own ranks to protect their country from foreign thugs. Not only popular-culture heroes are fewer and farther between, but the urban-oriented middle class seems to be producing fewer individuals willing to take heroic risks in defense of themselves, their families, and their country. And they give no thought to how they will protect themselves from the armed agents of the state if the need ever arises. We seem to be breeding more than our share of feral teenagers, on the one hand, and wimps (many of whom seem to work for the mainstream media when they grow up) on the other. That disturbs me.

Much of the charm of Sundays past for me was obviously rooted in the fact that they were no-school (even during the school year) fun days for a child with no real responsibilities. My mother worked just as hard at home and my father worked just as hard at the hotel on Sundays as they did any other day, though she usually took time out for the movies in the afternoon, and he might be on the job a half-hour or so less than usual, and both of them occasionally took time off for a recreational shooting expedition in the country.

But fun and lack of real responsibilities don't completely account for my feelings about Sundays past. Sundays were bright days, sun days, even when the sun wasn't shining because of the convergence of special people, real (my parents and grandparents) as well as fictitious (comic-strip and movie heroes and heroines), special places (my home, my grandparents' homes, the mine area and countryside east of town, the movie theater), and special events (reading the colored comics, meals in the dining room, going shooting, going to the movies, listening to radio comedies, visiting my grandparents). And this convergence of the real and the popular cultural greatly influenced my views on many things, among them what it means to be a member of a loving family, what it means to be a man, what it means to love and be loyal to a woman, and what it means to be a good person and a responsible and patriotic American citizen. I suspect that Americans prior to the 1960s, though few lived Norman Rockwell perfec-

Brainstorming Without Brains

by Lois Kaneshiki

The Libertarian Party's Strategic Planning Team is not strategic, is not planning, and is not a team.

Steve Givot first proposed that the Libertarian Party embark on a series of strategic planning meetings at the December 2000 Libertarian National Committee meeting. His proposal got a lukewarm reception at first, but after some discussion the committee agreed to conduct a series of planning meetings to discuss what the LP can do to become more successful at getting its candidates elected.

I attended and participated in the first four Strategic Planning Team (SPT) meetings. The first meeting was a brainstorming session in which we were asked to come up with any ideas we could think of on "what the LP could or should be doing" to accomplish its goals. The only problem with this was that we had not yet agreed on what the LP's goals should be.

Givot argued that the LP cannot achieve its goals if it doesn't have tactics available to achieve them. So he thought the LP should come up with a list of tactics first. Well, it is true that in order to achieve your goals you must have ways to achieve them. But because the SPT did not begin with an end in mind, it was unable to determine which would be the best activities on which to expend its resources.

We ended the day with about 600 or so ideas, an ungainly number, to be sure, but in my opinion, a low number considering the overwhelming and undefined objectives of building the LP.

Then we spent a seemingly endless amount of time sorting and categorizing those ideas, resorting and then recategorizing them, debating whether or not they were strategies or tactics or goals; before any discussion of what where the fundamental issues we were trying to address. To me, this was all an utter waste of time.

When we did start looking at goals, we did it by collecting a list of so-called "third rail issues." These were supposed to represent highly controversial issues in the party, issues over which many members would have very strong views. Some of them were:

Should "The Pledge" be required for membership in the LP?

Does the national platform need to be changed?
Should the LP run "paper" candidacies?
Should it deliberately run "spoiler" campaigns?
The Unified Membership Program (UMP)
Should the national office provide financial or other support to get ballot access for state affiliates?
Should the LP be a "membership organization"?
Should our candidates accept matching funds from the government?

Again, the SPT could not intelligently debate these questions because it had not first accepted some basic assumptions about the LP's mission. Is the Libertarian Party a political party or isn't it? Is the LP's goal to get Libertarians elected to office or is it to spin its wheels trying to convince voters of our philosophy? Or is the LP trying to do both? How one answers these questions makes a big difference when deciding what kind of strategies to employ.

But even if we do want to pursue both electoral success and convert the masses, why are we discussing paper and spoiler races at the national level? These issues should be debated at the local level, where the decisions are going to be made anyway.

The question of the national platform is an important one. But I think the LNC should not be discussing whether to change the platform, but whether the party should have a national platform at all. The national platform is not decided by local activists but by the LP's "religious following" which cares more about ensuring the "purity" of the party than it does about getting candidates elected to office. And there can be no doubt that the national platform hurts local candidates by forcing them to defend a radical, "in your face" set of planks.

If the LP didn't have a national platform, or if it had a more generically libertarian platform, candidates could run their campaigns on the planks most likely to win voter support. The SPT failed to address this critical issue.

The one thing that really undermined the strategic planning sessions, though, was that Givot was consciously deter-

The strategic plan turned out to be a document hundreds of pages long that says let's do more of what we're already doing. It cost the LP \$93,000.

mined not to take a critical look at what the LP has done in the past and how each campaign or program has helped or hurt the party. Look forward, not back. Let's not rehash the past. This would be fine, except that the goal of the sessions was supposed to be to find out what it is about our organization that has kept us politically irrelevant for three decades.

Despite the handicaps they face, Libertarians have been elected to local offices all across the country. As a party, we have not focused on how these candidates got elected.

The reason we do not is that most Libertarians are afraid that electoral success would corrupt the party and make it more like the other parties. But we cannot get our policies

implemented, and we cannot build a political infrastructure, without first getting serious about low-level electoral success.

Instead of looking at what the national office and LNC have done to encourage a culture in which political operations are secondary to "educating the public," the SPT came up with a series of "recommendations" for state and local affiliates.

However, the party bylaws make it clear that the LP's purpose is to identify individuals who are interested in politics and getting involved in their local government, individuals who agree with our fundamental concepts of limited government and individual liberty and responsibility. Local electoral success should be viewed as the only important measure of success. Local people will discover the best tactics and strategies to pursue in their local political climate. Nothing in the strategic plan is going to help them do that.

My worries about the value of the project began at the first meeting. I asked Givot for a presentation of what he had in mind so we could discuss what the planning process would entail. Givot said the process would use a consensus-building methodology, but that discussing anything more about it would "bias the outcome."

But the process itself can bias the outcome, and in this case it did: We simply wound up with a "let's do more" version of what we're already doing — at a cost of \$93,000 and six and a half weekends spent in hotel rooms. As a longtime LP activist, I think strategic planning is a good idea. If only the SPT was engaged in strategic planning, and not simply rehashing old, failed approaches. □

"The Chilling Effect," from page 39

the status of victims who require protection from a paternalistic state; women are losing mentors who are unwilling to risk complaints; and women are being viewed as "the enemy" by male co-workers who do not associate with them more than is necessary.

The Tyranny of the SHI

The most visible cost to both the workplace and academia, however, is the financial burden imposed by the Sexual Harassment Industry — or SHI as Patai has dubbed it. The SHI consists of writers, professors, sensitivity or diversity trainers, consultants, scholars, lawyers, psychologists, bureaucrats, expert witnesses, and all the other professionals who profit from the issue of sexual harassment. Patai describes how the University of Massachusetts at Amherst paid \$1,250 to \$1,800 per day per trainer for a course on sexual harassment prevention. The university paid an additional \$10,000 for the trainers' travel, hotels, and meals. This was merely for one course in a far larger sexual harassment program at the university.

Lawyers are among those who receive huge benefits from sexual harassment complaints. In the Cal. State Fullerton case, the lawyer for the complainant received \$236,804 in fees as part of the court settlement: His client received only \$75,000 in damages. And, of course, the university required legal services of its own.

The SHI has a vested interest in expanding both the definition and the application of sexual harassment. The idea of

sexual harassment as an overwhelming, all-pervasive problem has been constructed to convince people that trivial behavior — such as telling tasteless jokes — should be legally actionable.

Patai illustrates one way that sexual harassment is made to appear pervasive. She describes a passage in the influential *Sexual Harassment on Campus: A Guide for Administrators, Faculty, and Students* (1997) by Sandler and Shoop. (Bernice Sandler is arguably the foremost figure in the SHI.) The opening chapter states, "About two percent of undergraduate women experience the most severe type of sexual harassment — direct or indirect threats or bribes for unwanted sexual activity from faculty or staff. For graduate women, the incidence for sexual harassment increases; between 30% to 40% report they have experienced some form of sexual harassment from faculty or administrators." Patai points to the "easy transition" from severe sexual harassment to "some form" of harassment — "some form" being undefined. Thus, behavior that may be as innocuous as a thoughtless comment may be placed under the same heading as a sexual assault, and both made actionable as the same behavior.

Thus, *Sexual Harassment on Campus* includes the following behaviors: sexual bantering; humor about females or sex; laughing at or not taking seriously someone who talks of experiencing sexual harassment; leering or ogling such as in

continued on page 61

Reviews

The Vanishing Automobile and Other Urban Myths: How Smart Growth Will Harm American Cities, by Randal O'Toole.
The Thoreau Institute, 2001, 546 pages.

The Intelligent Man's Guide to Smart Growth

R. W. Bradford

Back in the Dark Ages, when I was an undergraduate, I enrolled in an "experimental" college. The theory was that we'd get away from traditional academic disciplines and take a fresh, new, interdisciplinary approach. This involved reading leftist arguments for increasing the power of government, discussing that bold new idea in small groups, then holding a collegewide symposium at which we would all endorse the same conclusion.

The first such symposium was about automobiles and how they had uglified America, squandered natural resources, undermined moral decency, and made people move from central cities to awful suburbs where they quickly became "alienated." My fellow students agreed with their state-worshipping professors: Automobiles are evil.

In the eons since those days, the anti-car drumbeat has accelerated. Statists somehow know something important about automobiles that we who value liberty have never really learned: The automobile is a wonderfully liberating device. Ask a libertarian about how technology has

expanded freedom, and he'll probably start talking about computers and the Internet — valuable tools, certainly, but more valuable for talking and writing than for actual, practical freedom.

The automobile, on the other hand, gave practical value to Americans' freedom to travel and to trade. Before there were cars, most people spent their entire lives within 50 miles of their birthplace. By the 21st century, however, the average American was driving nearly 18,000 miles per year — an interesting comparison to the roughly 1,600 miles per year that Americans had traveled (mostly on foot) a century before.

Automobiles and trucks expanded trade, lowering the cost of getting goods to market, thereby increasing productivity. Where I grew up in northern Michigan, most of the land was covered with pasture and croplands a century ago, despite the fact that the region is not very well suited for farming. The reason? Northern Michigan was within a reasonably short distance of Chicago and Detroit, so that even inefficiently produced farm commodities could be delivered to those urban markets more cheaply than more efficiently, but more dis-

tantly, produced commodities. But when I grew up, northern Michigan was gradually reforesting itself. Farm production was surrendered to regions with better soil and growing conditions, which could now be reached efficiently by truck. Today, the primary industry in northern Michigan is recreation, which the region easily markets to the millions of people who can travel long distances by car.

The automobile has made the world a freer place in other ways, too. Men and women no longer have to cram themselves into crowded cities in order to be close to their work. No longer do most factory workers live in tenements in central cities. They can live further away from their jobs, which means they can live in the sort of places where they want to live. Those who like the amenities of urban life still live downtown; those who prefer lower density housing and back yards live in suburbs or small towns and drive to work in their cars. Many even manage to live in the country.

Of course, there are many people who, like my old teachers, hate the automobile and the freedom it exemplifies. They are chronic proponents of centralized planning, a peruna that they are always putting in new bottles. No longer do they try to market the Soviet model, even in the watered-down form to which my professors were addicted. "Smart growth" is the brand name now. The content is simply government control of housing, commerce, and transport, but the picture on the label is a beautiful vision of some yesterday that existed only in the nostalgic celluloid of Metro Goldwyn Mayer. In his new book on the subject, Randal O'Toole observes:

As planners describe it, smart growth is an attractive vision of people living and working in pedestrian-friendly communities, walking to the store, taking light rail on longer trips, and using the automobile only as a last resort. As a result, smart growth

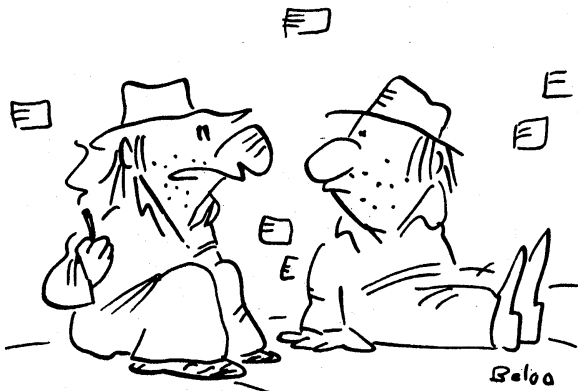
supposedly allows urban areas to grow without increasing congestion, pollution, taxes or the loss of open space.

Unlike liberationists who are so focused on theory and social morality that they pay little attention to facts, O'Toole is obsessed with getting the facts. By training as a forest ecologist, he began his professional career as a more or less conventional environmen-

Statists somehow know something important about automobiles that we who value liberty have never really learned: The automobile is a wonderfully liberating device.

talist. But over the years, he learned a lot of facts. He came to realize that government control of forests in America hasn't worked any better than government control of forests in the Soviet Union. He gradually became the leading expert on the U.S. Forest Service — and its leading critic.

One day in 1995, a neighbor invited him to attend a meeting of the "Oak Grove Growth Management and Transportation Planning Committee," where he began to learn about "Smart Growth" and how bureaucrats in Portland — Oak Grove is an unincorporated suburb of that city — were trying to force changes to his home town that local people simply did not want. A few months later, he wrote "The Battle of Oak Grove," which was published in this magazine.



"When I lost my apartment, I lived in a car for awhile, but who can afford *that* these days?"

Over the next few years, O'Toole gradually immersed himself in Smart Growth, both the theory and practice. If he's not the world's leading expert on the subject, he's very close to it. Now he has written the definitive book on it — *The Vanishing Automobile and Other Urban Myths: How Smart Growth Will Harm American Cities*.

Don't let the mind-numbing 14-word title discourage you from reading this book. It is far more than an exposé of Smart Growth. It's also a treasure trove of information on two other subjects — cities and transportation — both subjects afflicted with fallacy and outright falsehood.

When I got the book, I cracked it open and found myself looking at page 355 and a table titled "Highway Finance Facts." This interested me considerably. A few years ago I got into one of those inconclusive email debates. A well-known scholar had opined that mass transit was self-sufficient and that as a patron of mass transit he was annoyed at the huge subsidies that he was forced to pay through his taxes to support drivers of automobiles. I responded that while there had been a time when highway construction was subsidized by the general fund, it was my understanding that now highway users paid so much in excise taxes on gasoline, vehicle registration fees, and the like, that they were subsidizing other activities, including and especially mass transit. The scholar rejected my contention. All I could point to in support of my thesis were some vague memories of news accounts about money being diverted from the highway funds to other purposes. They supported my belief in a general way but could hardly provide

proof. For that I'd have to know the total national expenditures for road construction and maintenance, and the total user fees. My belief that mass transit was heavily subsidized was based on similar evidence; as with vehicular traffic, I had not seen any comprehensive figures.

But voilà! Here on a single page was a concise summary of all the data and a detailed list of the

data's sources. It turns out that in 1998, there was a net subsidy to automobile users of 0.3¢ per vehicle mile. State and federal highways were net revenue generators: The federal government took in \$3.6 billion more than it spent on maintenance and construction of highways, and states took in \$6.6 billion more in user fees than they spent. But local governments had spent \$17.9 more on streets and roads than they got in user fees, so there was a net subsidy of \$7.6 billion. During that same year, 1998, 2.6 trillion vehicle miles were driven, creating the net subsidy of 0.3¢ per vehicle mile or, roughly, 0.18¢ per passenger mile.

So I was partly right and partly wrong: In order to register even this tiny subsidy, you have to include local streets and roads, where much of the expense is for the benefits of residents, not automobile drivers. Even then, the subsidy is very small.

What about mass transit? I thumbed through the book until I found a table titled "Transit Finance Facts" (303). Here I learned that in

O'Toole immersed himself in smart growth, both in theory and practice. If he's not the world's leading expert on the subject, he's very close to it. Now he has written the definitive book on it.

1998, transit was subsidized to the tune of \$18.3 billion, and there were a total of 44.6 billion transit passenger miles, for a net subsidy of 41¢ per passenger mile, more than 200 times the subsidy per passenger mile for automobiles.

I suppose this made me more or less victorious in my inconsequential email squabble. More important, however, was the fact that I now had real knowledge rather than mere supposition. That's one of the great merits of *The Vanishing Automobile*: It replaces suppositions with facts.

The structure of the book at first appears chaotic: Rather than being divided into chapters with an occasional illustration or table, it's broken

into 40 chapters, interspersed with eight case studies (one of which is broken into 16 chapters), eleven tables of facts and statistics, and discussions of 71 "urban myths" that underlie Smart Growth, each debunked by O'Toole. Everything is well-documented, and O'Toole provides Web links for additional information whenever possible. It all sounds complicated and even confusing, but it is not, thanks to the fact that all the material is extremely well-organized. The case studies, tables, and debunking of myths appear in their logical places in the overall structure of the book.

The result is a book that, as O'Toole suggests in his introduction, can be used as a reference as well as read through (with pleasure, I might add) as a coherent account of the principles, history, and implications of the Smart Growth movement, followed by a brief account of what the author thinks should be done about the problems that Smart Growth pretends to address.

While reading this work, and pondering the strange history of Smart Growth, I often had occasion to meditate on the melancholy history of its immediate predecessor, urban renewal. A half-century ago, urban renewal was the favored approach of people who wanted government to establish its hegemony amid the landscape, or the ruins, of downtown America. The plan was to "renew" our cities by using the power of eminent domain to force the owners of buildings considered to be undesirable to sell their land to the government, which would then tear down whatever improvements existed on the land and resell it to developers. The developers would then build new and more desirable buildings, until every American rejoiced in a "decent" home and a "healthy" environment. In 1949, Congress passed legislation to implement the urban renewal program, and during the next decade, it was the doctrine that ruled America's cities.

Then, in 1960, a single social scientist began research on a subject related to urban renewal. The program was widely reported to have stimulated \$20 billion in private investment, but the researcher wondered where the private funding came from, what kind of con-

struction had been funded by it, and what kind of profits private developers were making out of it. He quickly discovered that no one seemed to be able to substantiate the \$20 billion figure, and that, in fact, there "was not much known about the federal Urban Renewal program." As the researcher later wrote:

It ha[d] been especially difficult to evaluate the federal urban renewal program for the following reasons: (1) little aggregate data were available in meaningful forms; (2) the available data were incomplete, and (3) no one had attempted to consolidate analyses dealing with various parts of the program.

So the researcher began to accumulate the data, all of it. He abstracted information from federal publications and from the files of the Urban Renewal Administration — a seemingly overwhelming task:

The amount of data was great and without the aid of a high-speed computer I would probably still be processing it. The data were first coded and punched on over 10,000 IBM cards. These cards were processed on an IBM 1620 computer to develop new data, to correlate various parts of the data, to sort the data, and to rank them according to various parameters, and to produce a systematic record of the facts gathered.

The IBM 1620 wasn't much of a computer — the computer on my desk has 35,000 times as much memory — but it got the job done. And because the researcher included the results of every urban renewal project ever undertaken, no one could argue with the conclusions of his study.

And those conclusions were staggering: The program destroyed far more housing than it created; over 60% of the people whose housing was destroyed were members of racial minorities; and the housing created was almost all luxury housing for high-income people. In other words, the rich often benefited, while low- and middle-income families now found "decent" housing significantly harder to find. The results of the first 15 years of the multibillion-dollar program were exactly the opposite of what its proponents claimed.

In 1964, the researcher, Martin

Anderson, published his findings in a scholarly book called *The Federal Bulldozer* — which then, somehow, became a best seller. And not a minute too soon. Urban renewal had already done grave damage to the nation's urban environment and heritage, not to mention the damage it had done to the property rights and living condi-

Smart growth, by which is meant government control of housing, commerce, and transport, is offered as a beautiful vision of a yesterday that existed only in the gauzy nostalgic celluloid of Metro Goldwyn Mayer.

tions of millions of the nation's citizens. Anderson's book was the death knell for urban renewal.

The Vanishing Automobile has a lot in common with *The Federal Bulldozer*. It closely examines a set of policies dedicated to increasing the government's power over the way people live. It gathers reliable data, analyzes them, and arrives at inescapable conclusions. Whether it will put an end to Smart Growth, as *The Federal Bulldozer* put an end to urban renewal, remains to be seen. But one thing is certain: it provides the facts about Smart Growth and about the issues that Smart Growth claims to address. It is a powerful weapon in the battle against state power. □



"You'll have to move to New Jersey — you seem to have a toxic-waste deficiency."

Political Fictions, by Joan Didion. Knopf, 2001, 338 pages.

Slouching Toward Washington

Jeff Riggenbach

"We tell ourselves stories in order to live," Joan Didion wrote nearly 30 years ago. "We look for the sermon in the suicide, for the social or moral lesson in the murder of five. We interpret what we see, select the most workable of the multiple choices. We live entirely . . . by the imposition of a narrative line upon disparate images, by the 'ideas' with which we have learned to freeze the shifting phantasmagoria which is our actual experience" (*The White Album*, p. 11).

The owners and operators of political campaigns know this truth too, and they count upon it in their attempts to place their candidates in national office, especially when that office is at 1600 Pennsylvania Ave. As Didion confesses in her latest collection of essays, she came over the past decade to realize that "the political process did not reflect but increasingly proceeded from a series of fables about American experience" (*Political Fictions*, p. 7), and that "[p]erhaps the most persistent of the fables from which the political process proceeds has to do with the 'choice' it affords the nation's citizens, who are seen to remain unappreciative" (6).

Actually, of course, "unappreciative" may be understating the case considerably. As Didion notes,

[l]ess than fifty percent of the voting-age population in this country actually voted (for anyone) for president in 1996. The figures in the previous five presidential-year elections ranged from fifty to fifty-five percent. Only between thirty-three and thirty-eight percent voted in any midterm election since 1974. The figures for those who vote in primary elections, where the terms on which the campaign will be

waged are determined, drop even further, in some cases into the single digits. (245)

Nor does Didion agree with the mass media's knee-jerk response that those who choose not to participate in elections are "apathetic." "[F]ifty-one percent of these nonvoters," she writes,

meaning roughly a quarter of all adult Americans, were classified [in a study of polling data conducted by the *Washington Post* and the Joan Shorenstein Center's 'Vanishing Voter Project' at Harvard] as either 'alienated' ('the angry men and women of U.S. politics . . . so disgusted with politicians and the political process that they've opted out') or 'disenchanted' ('these nonvoters aren't so much repelled by politics as they are by the way politics is practiced'), in either case pretty much the polar opposite of 'apathetic.' (10-11)

And why is it that so many Americans are so disgusted or repelled by politicians, the political process, or the way politics is practiced? The answer, in Didion's eyes, is not far to seek. "[P]eople inside the process," she writes,

constituting as they do a self-created and self-referring class, a new kind of managerial elite, tend to speak of the world not necessarily as it is but as they want people out there to believe it is. They tend to prefer the theoretical to the observable, and to dismiss that which might be learned empirically as "anecdotal." They tend to speak a language common in Washington but not specifically shared by the rest of us. They talk about "programs," and "policy," and how to "implement" them or it, about "tradeoffs" and constituencies and positioning the candidate and distancing the candidate, about the "story,"

and how it will "play." (20-21)

"They speak of a candidate's 'performance,'" Didion writes, "by which they usually mean his skill at circumventing questions." And again:

When we talk about the process . . . we are talking, increasingly, not about 'the democratic process,' or the general mechanism affording the citizens of a state a voice in its affairs, but the reverse: a mechanism seen as so specialized that access to it is correctly limited to its own professionals, to those who manage policy and those who report on it, to those who run the polls and those who quote them, to those who ask and those who answer the questions on the Sunday shows, to the media consultants, to the columnists, to the issues advisers, to those who give the off-the-record breakfasts and those who attend them; to that handful of insiders who invent, year in and year out, the narrative of public life.

"What strikes one most vividly about such a campaign," Didion writes, "is precisely its remoteness from the real life of the country" (21-22). Not surprisingly, the overwhelm-

From the point of view of those inside the political process, being on or off the point is beside the point.

ing majority of Americans don't pay the process much heed. For example, Didion reports, around 80% of "television households" tuned out network coverage of the Republican and Democratic conventions in 1988. Covering the last three presidential campaigns for the *New York Review of Books* (her articles for that publication make up this volume), she follows Michael Dukakis around California one June day in 1988. From a public high school in suburban Los Angeles to "a downtown San Diego office plaza through which many people were passing on their way to lunch," where Dukakis announced, "I want to work with you and with working people all over this country," not realizing (or not caring?) that, as Didion observes, "people who work in offices in downtown

San Diego do not think of themselves as 'working people'" (26). And from San Diego to a schoolyard in a depressed downtown neighborhood in San Jose; there, in a part of the city "in which the lowering of two-toned Impalas remained a central activity," Dukakis talked about "bringing people together" (24). "[L]ate that afternoon," Didion writes, "on the bus to the San Jose airport, I had asked a reporter who had traveled through the spring with the various campaigns . . . if the candidate's appearances that day did not seem a little off the point. 'Not really,' the reporter said. 'He covered three major markets.'"

From the point of view of those inside the process, you see, being on or off the point is beside the point. "Among those who traveled regularly with the campaigns," Didion writes, "it was taken for granted that these 'events' they were covering, and on which they were in fact filing, were not merely meaningless but deliberately so: occasions in which film could be shot and no mistakes made" (26-27). Hence, looked at from the point of view of a movie writer (which Didion has been, off and on since the early '70s), "[a]ny traveling campaign . . . was a set, moved at considerable expense from location to location. . . . There was the hierarchy of the set: there were actors, there were directors, there were script supervisors, there were grips. . . . There was also the tedium of the set: the time spent waiting for shots to be set up, the time spent waiting for the bus to join the motorcade, the time spent waiting for telephones on which to file, the time spent waiting for the Secret Service . . . to sweep the plane" (28-29).

Most importantly, Didion found, a campaign is like a set because the story that unfolds there is made up, a fable.

American reporters 'like' covering a presidential campaign (it gets them out on the road, it has balloons, it has music, it is viewed as a big story, one that leads to the respect of one's peers, to the Sunday shows, to lecture fees and often to Washington), which is why there has developed among those who do it so arresting an enthusiasm for overlooking the contradictions inherent in reporting that which occurs only in order to be reported. They are willing, in exchange for

'access,' to transmit the images their sources wish transmitted. They are even willing, in exchange for certain colorful details around which a 'reconstruction' can be built (the 'kitchen table' at which the Dukakis campaign was said to have conferred on the night Lloyd Bentsen was added to the 1988 Democratic ticket, the 'slips of paper' on which key members of the 1988 Bush campaign, aboard Air Force Two on their way to the Republican convention in New Orleans, were said to have written

their choices for vice president), to present these images not as a story the campaign wants told but as fact. (30-31)

The "increasingly hypothetical voter," you see, is "seen as responsive not to actual issues but to their adroit presentation" (32).

"During those eight summer evenings in 1988," Didion writes, "four in Atlanta and four in New Orleans, when roughly eighty percent of the television sets 'out there' were tuned

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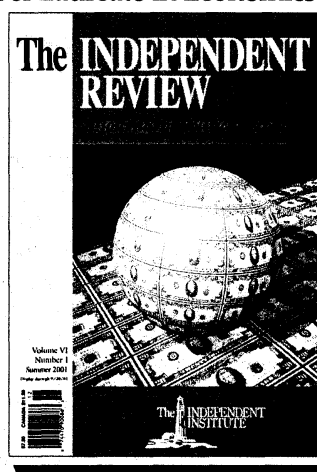
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somewhere else, the entire attention of those inside the process was directed toward the invention of this story in which they themselves were the principal players, and for which they themselves were the principle audience" (47). "All stories," she notes, "depend for their popular interest upon the invention of personality, or 'character'" (41). And there has been perhaps no greater invented personality in the past several decades than Ronald Reagan. Those who ran the process carefully controlled the public presentation of his personality during the 1970s and '80s when he was governor of California and president of the

Much that has been remarked upon as "mysterious" about Reagan's personality by his former political colleagues is not mysterious at all if you know a little something about how movies are made.

United States, and the project has continued over the past ten years with publication of book after book by one author after another from inside the process, almost all of them singlemindedly intent upon creating a certain kind of Ronald Reagan, the one (in their judgment) best suited to public consumption.

Here and there, however, there have been straightforward, honest appraisals of the man as he actually was. Didion quotes one from former White House chief of staff and former

Treasury Secretary Donald Regan, who wrote in 1988:

As President, Ronald Reagan acted on the work habits of a lifetime: he regarded his daily schedule as being something like a shooting script in which characters came and went, scenes were rehearsed and acted out, and the plot was advanced one day at a time, and not always in sequence. The Chief of Staff was a sort of producer, making certain that the star had what he needed to do his best; the staff was like the crew, invisible behind the lights, watching the performance their behind-the-scenes efforts had made possible. (94)

Former California governor and current Oakland (Calif.) mayor Jerry Brown saw much the same thing in Reagan that Regan had seen. To Brown, Reagan's focus was on "performing his ceremonial role as governor. . . . Most of the day-to-day stuff is very symbolic. . . . There is something illusory about it, like a play. Then again, if that satisfies people, it has some value. Reagan seemed to understand all that" (98-99).

In fact, according to Didion, much that has been remarked upon as "mysterious" about Reagan's personality by his former political colleagues is not mysterious at all if you know a little something about how movies are made.

Reagan could be "uniformly fair-minded and pleasant with aides" without getting close to them personally (or knowing where their offices were or even their names) not because he "saw them as instruments to achieve his goals" but because he saw them as members of the crew ("invisible behind the lights," in Donald Regan's words), as gaffers and best boys and script supervisors and even as day players, actors like himself but not featured performers whose names he need remember.

Similarly, the ability to work with people for a decade and never call them again precisely reflects the intense but temporary camaraderie of the set, the location, where the principals routinely exchange the ritual totems of bonding (unlisted home numbers, cell numbers,

car numbers, triple-secret numbers, and hour-by-hour schedules 'for sojourns in Aspen and Sundance and Martha's Vineyard) in full and mutual confidence that the only calls received after the wrap will be for ADR, or for reshoots. Even that most minor of presidential idiosyncrasies, the absolute adherence to the daily schedule remarked upon by virtually all Reagan's aides, the vertical line drawn through the completed task and the arrow pointing to the next task . . . derives from the habits of the set, where the revised shooting schedule is distributed daily . . .

On the set, Didion reports, once a scene is completed, "a vertical line would be drawn through it on the schedule, with an arrow pointing" to the next scene, "not in any sequence the principals need to understand, but the day's next task" (110-111).

Another great and memorable "character" created by those who con-

"Among those who traveled regularly with the campaigns, it was taken for granted that these 'events' they were covering were not merely meaningless but deliberately so: occasions in which film could be shot and no mistakes made."

trol the process is Bill Clinton. In "Vichy Washington," an essay on Clinton and the Lewinsky scandal, Didion writes that "the narrative they agreed upon, that the president's behavior had degraded and crippled the presidency and the government and the nation itself, worked at every point to obscure, in some cases by omission and in other cases through dismissal as 'White House spin,' what we now know to have been going on," namely "a covert effort to advance a particular agenda by bringing down a president" — or, in the words of Cokie Roberts, "a partisan witch hunt . . . an illegitimate process" (280-281).

Is it really any wonder that "large numbers of Americans report finding politics deeply silly" (146) or "that



"Love my neighbor"? — My wife would kill me!"

what the political scientist Walter Dean Burnham had called 'the largest political party in America' is "the party of those who see no reason to vote" (148)?

Didion tells us that as the pieces that make up this book "began to accumulate, I was asked with somewhat puzzling frequency about my own politics, what they 'were,' or 'where they came from,' as if they were eccentric, opaque, somehow unreadable."

They are not. They are the logical product of a childhood largely spent among conservative California Republicans (this was before the meaning of "conservative" changed) in a post-war boom economy. [Didion was born in 1934.] The people with whom I grew up were interested in low taxes, a balanced budget, and a limited government. They believed above all that a limited government had no business tinkering with the private or cultural life of its citizens. I voted, ardently, for Barry Goldwater. Had Goldwater remained the same age and continued running, I would have voted for him in every election thereafter. Instead, shocked and to a curious extent personally offended by the enthusiasm with which California Republicans who had jettisoned an authentic conservative (Goldwater) were rushing to embrace Ronald Reagan, I registered as a Democrat, the first member of my family (and perhaps in my generation still the only member) to do so. (7)

This, then, is where Didion is "coming from" politically. It's not that far from libertarianism, really. And this fact infuses her book with a general attitude toward politicians and the political process that most libertarians are likely to find very comfortable. Above and beyond that, Joan Didion is one of the finest stylists — one of the finest rhetoricians, in the classical sense of that word — working in the English language today. *Political Fictions*, her first collection of essays in nearly a decade, is a welcome addition, both to the current public discussion of politicians and the political process, and to American literature. □

Liberty

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Why Our Drug Laws Have Failed and What We Can Do About It: A Judicial Indictment of the War on Drugs, by James P. Gray. Temple University Press, 2001, 272 pages.

Dissent From the Bench

Alan W. Bock

Orange County Superior Court Judge James P. Gray surprised many people by criticizing U.S. drug laws in a courthouse press conference in 1992. Having gotten to know Gray a bit since then, I'm not surprised that he would produce a persuasive book on the subject once he got around to writing one.

But *Why Our Drug Laws Have Failed and What We Can Do About It: A Judicial Indictment of the War on Drugs* is even better than I had expected. No aspect of the drug war is ignored, no argument in favor of handling drugs through the legal system is spared attention, and few drug warriors emerge unscathed.

"We have been following essentially the same drug prohibition policy for many decades, and it has given us the worst of all worlds," Gray writes. "Today there are more drugs available in our communities, and at a lower price, than ever before. We have greatly expanded the number of prisons in the United States, but all of them are overflowing. As a direct result of the enormous amount of money available from illicit drug sales, the corruption of public officials and private individuals in our society has increased substantially. We have a much higher incidence of diseases, such as hepatitis and AIDS. The War on Drugs has resulted in the loss of more civil liberties protections than any other phenomenon in our history. Instead of being shielded, our children are being recruited into a lifestyle of drug selling

and drug usage by the current system. And revolutionaries and insurgents abroad are using money procured from the illegal sale of drugs to undermine legitimate governments all over the world. We could not have achieved worse results if we had tried."

Perhaps the most valuable aspect of the book, the one that sets it apart from other books critical of the drug war, is the sheer number of people of prestige and authority within the criminal justice and law enforcement community whose criticism he has placed on record, ranging from observing that the drug war is an abject failure and alternatives should be considered to frank advocacy of legalization or decriminalization. This is not an accident. Since Gray went public with his own opposition to the drug war in 1992, he has been in continuous communication with many of his colleagues on the bench and in law enforcement.

Whether emboldened by his example or pleased that someone had finally asked for their frank assessments of the War on Drugs, judges from around the country have agreed with Gray that the war should be questioned, and many have gone much further. Each chapter of this book opens with a quotation from a prominent judge, from Whitman Knapp of the U.S. District Court in New York, to Anthony A. Alaimo of the U.S. District Court in Brunswick, Ga., to Morris S. Arnold of the U.S. Court of Appeals in Little Rock to judges from the U.S. District Courts in Chicago, Boston, Santa Ana, and Denver, the Arizona Court of

Appeals, and to his colleagues in the Superior Court in Santa Ana. The text is loaded with eloquent criticisms from judges, attorneys, and police officials — including many still on duty, as well as those emboldened by

retirement.

In the interest of full disclosure, I should mention that I know, like, and admire Gray. I consider him to be something of a friend, though not a close enough friend that I would be

reluctant to criticize decisions he renders. I was introduced to him by a local physician who specializes in alcoholism and drug addiction because of a creative treatment program he was offering to people convicted of drunk driving. Having been convinced that a significant percentage of people arrested for drunk driving were likely to be alcoholics or problem drinkers, he thought the taxpayers' money might be better spent offering these people treatment instead of jail.

This is a fairly common idea these days, but it was hardly commonplace in the early 1980s. I talked to Gray on the phone several times, talked to

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Business

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Employment

Liberty magazine offers full-time, paid internships at all times of the year. We seek intelligent, highly motivated individuals who want to learn more about writing and editing. Responsibilities are flexible according to demonstrated abilities and interests. For more information, write: R.W. Bradford, Editor, *Liberty*, P.O. Box 1181, Port Townsend, WA 98368.

Literature

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The Sociology of the Ayn Rand Cult by Murray N. Rothbard. Published in 1987, this essay is one of the most important scholarly works on Ayn Rand's inner circle. Rothbard was there, and what he offers is an unflinching, critical look at a cult that "promoted slavish dependence on the guru in the name of independence." Send \$4 to Liberty Publishing, P.O. Box 1181, Port Townsend, WA 98368.

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Personals

Straight libertarian man — 27, atheist, ISO Washington D.C. woman. www.ben5.com.

Gay libertarian man — 41, 5'10", 155 lbs., blond/blue/stache, nonsmoker, HIV neg., atheist, San Franciscan — seeks romantic relationship. You: 21-50. E-mail: mdf1960@yahoo.com.

Web Sites

The source for Liberty on the WWW — Check out back issues of *Liberty* online at www.libertysoft.com/liberty.

No aspect of the drug war is ignored, no argument in favor of handling drugs through the legal system is spared attention, and few drug warriors emerge unscathed.

addiction specialists and doctors, and to some people who had been through his program. Being a sucker for alternatives to punishment I wrote a column on the subject.

When Gray announced on the steps of the Santa Ana courthouse in 1992 that he had become convinced that the War on Drugs was a failure and that it was time to begin a discussion about alternatives, it took me a while to remember this was the same Gray. I met him in person at an event on the drug war sponsored by the Reverend Robert Schuller's Crystal Cathedral, sparked in large part by Gray's coming-out. Gray was also influential in the promulgation of what has been called the Hoover Resolution, a fairly moderate statement that the drug war has failed and a national commission should be convened to consider alternatives, that hundreds of judges, law enforcement officials, and even a few politicians have signed. He has worked closely with Joe McNamara, the former San Jose and Kansas City police chief who as a fellow at the Hoover Institution has waged a tireless campaign to introduce law enforcement officials to informed and compelling

critiques of the drug war for more than a decade.

After graduating from UCLA, Gray went to law school and then into the Peace Corps. Next he took positions as a federal prosecutor in Los Angeles, as a criminal defense attorney in the Navy JAG Corps, and then to the Superior Court in Orange County as a judge. He is a straight arrow's straight arrow, a conservative Republican whom you believe when he says he has never ingested illegal drugs and who ran against "B-1" Bob Dornan in a congressional Republican primary a few years ago. He is personable and a good TV and radio guest.

His book carries endorsements from Walter Cronkite, Milton Friedman, George P. Shultz, and New Mexico's Republican governor Gary Johnson. There's nary a hint of the counterculture in any of those folks. These are people who have had the independence of mind to think through the drug issue and go public with their dismay at the adverse consequences of prohibition as a strategy, knowing it was unlikely to help their careers. Some of them have been reluctant. I remember a talk by George Shultz at a Hoover conference a couple of years ago in which he said that prohibition was not a moral question to him, and if he thought there were even a ghost of a chance drug prohibition might work he would probably be for it. But as an experienced foreign policy professional with some time in academia and the private sector and a background in economics he just couldn't imagine any way it could work.

(Right after that speech Jim Gray, who also spoke at the conference, told me that speech by George Shultz should have been at least featured on C-Span or run as a network special. I agree with him that having people of such stature — forgive me for praising a political creature — and genuine eloquence featured on such platforms would make a tremendous difference in the nature of the debate on drug policy. Although a John Stossel can make and run the occasional special on prohibition because of his popularity, for the most part network television is more interested in opposing soundbites more likely to add heat than light to the discussion. The cable news out-

fits have the air time and the capacity to dig deeper and at greater length, but they find their ratings increase when there's an O.J. or a Condit or a war to cover rather than when they indulge in hard-hitting, intelligent analysis.)

Gray has done a remarkable job of covering, concisely but with sensitivity to the complexities of the situation, almost every aspect of what is wrong with America's War on Drugs. He does so soberly and civilly, but with devastating thoroughness. He must have clipped and saved every story on police corruption, drug availability and use, the connection between crime rates and intensified drug-law enforcement, the incursions made by the drug

war on the Bill of Rights and judicial integrity, treatment, zero tolerance, and harm reduction for the last 20 years.

He documents the many kinds of harm done by the War on Drugs,

Intellectually, the drug war's game is up. The defenders don't have anything resembling a coherent argument for continuing or expanding the war.

observing that "Every dollar spent on investigation, prosecution, and incar-

Notes on Contributors

Baloo is a nom de plume of Rex F. May.

Brien Bartels is a freelance writer and political consultant living in Ellensburg, Wash.

John Bergstrom is a cartoonist and illustrator who lives in Southern California.

Alan Bock is a senior columnist for the *Orange County Register* and the author of *Waiting to Inhale: The Politics of Medical Marijuana*.

R.W. Bradford is the editor of *Liberty*.

Martin L. Buchanan is an occasional policy analyst, writer, and former infantryman living in San Diego.

Doug Casey is a contributing editor of *Liberty*.

Stephen Cox is a professor of literature at the University of California San Diego and the author of *The Titanic Story*.

John Driscoll is a freelance photographer/journalist who operates an import business.

Robert Higgs is an economist and editor of *Independent Review*.

Tom Jenney is a freelance writer living in Arlington, Va.

Lois Kaneshiki is the chair of the Libertarian Party of Pennsylvania and a member of the LNC.

Dan Klein is the author of *3 Libertarian Essays*.

Richard Kostelanetz has lived in New York City his entire life. His recent books include *Political Essays*.

Ross Levatter is a physician practicing in Green Bay, Wis.

Sarah J. McCarthy is co-author of *Mom and Pop vs. the Dreambusters*.

Wendy McElroy is the author of *The Reasonable Woman: A Guide to Intellectual Survival*.

William E. Merritt is a senior fellow at the Burr Institute and lives in Portland, Ore.

Randal O'Toole is editor of *Different Drummer*.

Ron Paul is a member of Congress.

Durk Pearson is co-author with *Sandy Shaw* of *Freedom of Informed Choice: FDA vs. Nutrient Supplements*.

Bruce Ramsey is a journalist in Seattle.

Jeff Rigenbach is the author of *In Praise of Decadence*.

Timothy Sandefur is a law student at Chapman University in Orange, Calif.

Sandy Shaw is a research scientist, best-selling author, and rabble-rouser.

Tim Slagle is a stand-up comedian living in Chicago whose Web site is www.timslagle.com.

Richard L. Stroup is a senior associate of the Political Economy Research Center in Bozeman, Mont.

William R. Tonso is a professor emeritus of sociology at the University of Evansville, Ind.

Leland Yeager is Ludwig von Mises Distinguished Professor Emeritus of Economics at Auburn University.

ceration of drug users and dealers is a dollar that cannot be spent on the investigation, prosecution and incarceration of other criminals. Getting 'tough' on drugs inevitably translates into getting 'soft' on all other offenses." He then discusses and analyzes various possible options, beginning with zero tolerance, and offers a thumbnail cost-benefit analysis of how they are likely to turn out.

By discussing a range of alternatives — from drug education (noting that honest education is difficult so long as there's a war on and federal programs mandate zero tolerance propaganda) to increased reliance on drug treatment, to what he calls "de-profitization" — he makes it clear that Americans don't face a stark choice between conducting a zero-tolerance drug war and the "anarchic" legalized open market. A wide range of options is available, from regulated government distribution to a highly regulated private distribution system as with alcohol to getting the national government out of the prohibition business and returning to the principle of federalism allowing states and communities to devise and implement their own localized approaches.

Gray gives the reader enough information to choose the alternative he or she favors. But I can almost guarantee that anybody who reads this book will not favor the current regime any longer.

Gray would be the first to acknowledge that he is not the first to come to these conclusions. If writing well-documented and persuasive books were all it took to get drug-law reform it would have been done long ago. Former law professor Arnold Trebach wrote persuasive books in the 1980s. Journalist Dan Baum did a good history and analysis in his 1996 book, *Smoke and Mirrors*, and screenwriter Mike Gray published *Drug Crazy*, a brief but comprehensive critique, in 1997. Intellectually, the drug war's game is up. The defenders don't have anything resembling a coherent argument for continuing or expanding the war.

So will this be the book that finally gets through to enough of the general public? Will politicians who know the drug war should be ended but think

drug-law reform is the real "third rail" of American politics finally be convinced that the time for change has finally come? Will more politicians come out, as Gary Johnson has? Given the thoroughly respectable people quoted in it and Gray's unthreatening demeanor, there's a chance of a break-

through. Whether this book is the spark that finally ignites the political revolt against the drug war remains to be seen. But the day when drug-law reform is genuinely on the table is not far off.

Give this book to your favorite drug warrior. □

Plague Wars: The Terrifying Reality of Biological Warfare,
by Tom Mangold and Jeff Goldberg. St. Martin's Press, 1999, 477 pages.

Be Very Afraid

Martin L. Buchanan

Biological warfare is the use of microorganisms or the toxins they produce as weapons of war. Before reading *Plague Wars*, I thought that I had a general grasp of the threat it posed. I was wrong. Mangold and Goldberg have produced a well-documented and timely book, collecting information little known outside of national security circles until recently.

Japan and the Soviet Union both began major offensive biological warfare programs in the 1930s. The Japanese program was based in Manchuria during Japan's war with China. It produced monstrous war crimes against human guinea pigs, a cholera epidemic in one city, and bubonic plague used against a village. When World War II ended, Japan had scheduled an attack for September 1945 against San Diego with bubonic plague. The Soviets implemented their biowar program on the battlefield: Epidemics of tularemia and Q fever decimated German forces in southern Russia and the Crimea in 1942 and 1943. Both organisms were part of the Soviet biowar program.

The Soviet program appears to be continuing to this day in Russia, in violation of the 1972 Biological Weapons Convention (BWC) that renounces offensive biological warfare, according

to defectors from the Russian program like Dr. Kanatjan Alibekov (now Ken Alibek), the former technical director of the Russian "BioPreparat" program. The Russians have "weaponized" the organisms that cause anthrax, smallpox, bubonic plague, Marburg fever, and dozens of other diseases. Their manufacturing plants produce biowar agents in the tens of tons. The Russians have bred and genetically engineered all of their major biowar agents to increase lethality, stability, and resistance to known vaccines or antibiotics. And they have developed special warheads for their ICBM's that can carry biowar agents through space to U.S. cities and effectively disperse them.

Information about the Russian and Soviet programs is corroborated by extensive U.S. intelligence efforts, which included some on-site inspections during the Gorbachev era. The U.S. government has been aware of large-scale Soviet and Russian cheating on the BWC since 1979, when a biowar plant in Sverdlovsk (now Ekaterinburg) accidentally released anthrax, killing many Soviet citizens. The United States has mostly ignored this issue because of its desire for the Russians to agree to other arms-control treaties, a logic that seems flawed.

Plague Wars provides extensive information about biowar programs in South Africa and Rhodesia, Iraq, North Korea, and in Japan by the Aum

Shinrikyo (renamed Aleph) cult. The South Africans used cholera and anthrax against Rhodesia's black guerrillas. There is circumstantial evidence that ebola and plague were also used.

When World War II ended, Japan had scheduled an attack for September 1945 against San Diego with bubonic plague.

The South African specialty was developing biowar techniques for assassinating individuals rather than committing acts of mass destruction.

Iraq has worked extensively with anthrax and possibly other organisms, along with several toxins. They have weaponized anthrax in missile warheads, crop dusters and aerosol spray-

ers, special drop tanks, and remotely piloted vehicles. Little is known about North Korea's program, but it is believed that North Korea is producing anthrax and plague and has had Soviet assistance in weaponizing them for effective dispersal. The Aum cult demonstrated the difficulties of weaponizing agents, when their \$30 million biowar program and several attempted biological and toxin attacks failed to kill as many as they expected.

Plague Wars has several fascinating substories, among them the sheer evil of the butchers who created and ran several of the biowar programs; the difficulties of weaponizing biological agents; and the long running cat-and-mouse games between inspectors and covert programs, notably in Iraq. It ends with hints of the deadly possibilities of genetically engineered biowar agents: chimera viruses (imagine com-

bining smallpox and ebola), or genetically targeted agents that only affect particular ethnic groups.

Since *Plague Wars* was published, the potential damage of biowarfare has become even worse. On the day this review was written, the complete genetic sequence of bubonic plague (*Yersinia pestis*) was published. About a year ago, Australian researchers were working with mousepox, the mouse version of smallpox, attempting to create a mouse contraceptive vaccine. They made an accidental and terrifying discovery: They created a strain of mousepox that kills 100% of infected mice, wiping out part of their immune system. The strain also appears to be extraordinarily resistant to vaccines. Their research has been published and is now available to the secret hidden labs that still harbor covert stocks of smallpox. □

"No Time for Fantasy," from page 30

after a gang of non-Americans who do the same thing? What? Does morality change at the border? Is there some reason to believe that the border of Afghanistan is more sacred than life, liberty, and property?

No, what's wrong with war is the prospect of people being shot, bombed, crushed, crippled, burned alive. That's why war is bad — not because it takes place on somebody else's soil, instead of our own. The war that America is in right now began on America's soil on Sept. 11, 2001. It will continue on America's soil, indeed it will escalate, until (1) the terrorists get bored; (2) we get to the terrorists and kill them; (3) we take action against the states that support them and either neutralize or kill them, too. The first option is, unluckily, outside our power to implement. The second and third options seem to lie within our power.

Isn't it remarkable? In combating international terrorism, the United States government is doing one of the few things that it has a clear and legitimate power to do. And that's precisely what critics of the anti-terrorist campaign don't want it to do. They are good people, many of them. Their critiques of government, in other contexts, have often been extremely valuable. Now, however, they are doing little more than identifying themselves as politically irrelevant, and that is a shame and a loss.

There's another passage of Bible prophecy that speaks of this. It's in the sixth chapter of Jeremiah, and it's much more realistic than the Bible passage with which I started. Speaking of certain intellectuals of his time, Jeremiah says, "They have healed also the hurt of my people slightly, saying, Peace, peace: when there is no peace." □

"The Chilling Effect," from page 50

what was called "elevator eyes"; and attempted or actual sexual assault. Here, ogling is conflated with a physical attack. By converting the trivial into the legally actionable, the SHI guarantees that the flow of money into its pockets continues. It also expands the control that feminism exerts over society.

One of the greatest flaws in the current treatment of sexual harassment is the inability of existing laws and policies to distinguish between assault and trivial behavior. For example, a 1993 brochure issued by the Personnel Services of the Southern Illinois University at Carbondale declared, "Sexual harassment can be as subtle as a look or as blatant as rape."

Ellen Frankel Paul, a professor at Bowling Green State University, makes a key distinction in her essay "Bared Buttocks and Federal Cases." She writes, "Outrageous acts

— sexual harassment per se — must be legally redressable. Lesser but not trivial offenses . . . should be considered moral lapses for which the offending party receives opprobrium, disciplinary warnings, or penalties, depending of the setting and the severity."

Sexual harassment policies became a part of our culture because they addressed a "wrong" that many women experienced without being able to name. Because the remedy was translated so quickly into legal terms, the private sector has never had the opportunity to address the "wrong" in any other terms. As long as "the law" and feminist theory are the arbiters of what expression should be permitted between the sexes, the issue of sexual harassment will continue to create conflict and stifle the freedoms upon which healthy sexuality depends. □

United States

John Passacantando, executive director of Greenpeace, proposes a progressive way to fight terrorism:

"We all want to feel safe in our world again and that will only come when nations are working in harmony, as many are right now to find those responsible for the recent attacks, to build a more secure world. Let us still engage the world with our usual fierceness, but now, more than ever, let us combine it with the love, or at least compassion, that we saw in Gandhi and Martin Luther King, to give ourselves the greatest strength to prevail."

San Francisco

A triumph of deregulation, from a direct mailing:

Working Assets Long Distance Company offers its customers rates of 7 cents a minute, plus "a coupon for a FREE pint of Ben & Jerry's Ice Cream," each month for a year, a calling card "made from recycled plastic," and a monthly invoice "printed on unbleached, 100% post-consumer recycled paper and printed with soy-based ink."

California

What's really important on the inside, from the *San Francisco Chronicle*:

The state Department of General Services recently announced that since "a state of emergency exists in the state's prisons," they had to award a \$1.9 million contract to a company that did not make the lowest bid to provide packets of peanut butter because inmates are "heavily invested emotionally" in certain foods and that a lack of peanut butter could precipitate riots.

Sheselweni, Swaziland

Western morality advances in the Third World, from the estimable Reuters:

King Mswati III recently decreed that, for the next five years, Swazi men caught having sex with teen-age girls will be fined one cow. He also revoked a decree "that made it a criminal offense for his subjects to bare their buttocks in protest at royal edicts."

Baltimore

Proof of the value of requiring prospective employees to fill out job applications, reported by *The Baltimore Sun*:

When a job application for the Baltimore police force asked whether the applicant had ever committed a crime, Edwin V. Gaynor replied that he had indeed, explaining that he had done one carjacking and two armed robberies.

Roanoke, Va.

Innovation in patriotic fund-raising, from the Associated Press:

The Roanoke Planned Parenthood office has started to offer red, white, and blue condoms "to raise money for those affected

by the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks." Said David Nova, president of the area office: "Offering patriotic condoms will hopefully stem the increase of unintended pregnancies while letting Americans display their colors proudly."

Savannah, Ga.

Legislative duties take a different turn, found in *The Atlanta Journal-Constitution*:

Rep. Dorothy B. Pelote, announced during a devotional that she had recently had a psychic vision of Chandra Levy, saying later to a newspaper that: "When I saw her, she was lying in a ditch and her eyes were closed." Pelote says that her psychic visions started after her near-drowning as a child.

New Delhi, India

Advance in prophylactic science, reported by *The Times of India*:

Union Health Minister C.P. Thakur has suggested that to avert a coming population boom in India that televisions be provided to people to distract them from the 'entertainment' of procreation. He further enunciated that: "Entertainment is an important component of the population policy, we want people to watch television."

California

The less verbal side of free expression, found in *USA Today*:

"The California Alcoholic Beverage Control Appeals Board ruled that topless dancers have a constitutional right to touch themselves while performing, as long as it isn't ruled lewd or obscene. . . . The ruling means that topless dancers in any California bar can now fondle and caress themselves without fear of having the bar's alcohol license revoked."

Tallahassee, Fla.

Proof that image is everything in the international arena, from *The Baltimore Sun*:

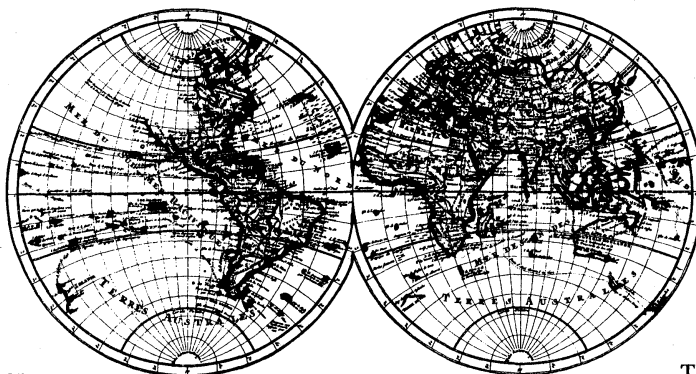
Israel hired the public relations firm of Rubenstein Associates to "spruce up its image." During a four-month study, agency personnel recommended that Israel paint the "military assault rifles that shoot rubber bullets purple or orange" to make it clear that Israel isn't trying to kill people.

Calcutta

The progress of public transit in the subcontinent, reported by Reuters:

After 59 attempted suicides, of which 29 were successful, the city of Calcutta has started playing "calming music" at its subway stations to divert people from throwing themselves in front of the trains. Said S.C. Banerjee, a spokesman for the system: "Suicides cause disruption to our network. Trains are delayed by an hour to retrieve the injured or dead."

Terra Incognita



Special thanks to Ivan Santana, Michael Slevin, Russell Garrard, and Tim Slagle for contributions to *Terra Incognita*.

(Readers are invited to forward news clippings or other items for publication in *Terra Incognita*, or e-mail to terraincognita@libertysoft.com.)



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—Patrick Henry, 1776*

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5 Obstacles

- 1. The Wasted Vote Argument:** "I don't want to waste my vote. If I vote Libertarian, the worst of the other two candidates might get elected."
- 2. The Spoiler Argument:** "The Libertarian cannot win, but he can cause the lesser of two evils to lose."
- 3. The 'You Can't Win' Argument:** "If the Libertarian could win, I'd vote for her. But she can't win."
- 4. The 'I'm a Democrat or Republican and I Vote the Party Line' Argument:** "My family has been Republican for 80 years. I always vote Republican. I never cross party lines." (A majority of registered Democrats and Republicans never cross party lines.)
- 5. The Deal Breaker Argument:** "I disagree with the Libertarian candidate on one issue: abortion, immigration, the Drug War, foreign policy, or gun ownership - so I won't vote for him."

The Solution

The Small Government Act: Our Libertarian Ballot Initiative to End the Income Tax in Massachusetts.

Why does this work?

1. The Wasted Vote Argument only applies to 3-way political races. Every Ballot Initiative is a

2-way race. You vote for our Ballot Initiative to End the Income Tax in Massachusetts — or you vote against it. Every vote counts. Every vote matters.

2. The Spoiler Argument only applies to 3-way races. Ballot Initiatives offer voters 2 choices: yes or no. It cannot be spoiled.

3. Tax-Cut and Tax-Limitation Initiatives can and do win. In California. Colorado. Michigan. Even in Massachusetts.

4. Ballot Initiatives are Non-Partisan. There is no party line to vote. There is no party line to cross.

5. There is no Deal Breaker on Ballot Initiatives. One issue. One vote. If a voter doesn't like the Libertarian position on abortion, gun ownership, immigration, foreign policy, or the Drug War...she can happily vote 'Yes' on our Ballot Initiative to End the Income Tax.

lets people vote for the Libertarian proposal they like most.

Ballot Initiatives get talked about.

Ballot Initiatives give voters direct control.

Ballot Initiatives shape the political debate.

Libertarian candidates can be ignored.

Libertarian Ballot Initiatives cannot.

National Coverage

If YOU generously donate now... if YOU actively and regularly support our Libertarian Ballot Initiative to End the Income Tax, we will generate **MORE** National TV and Newspaper Coverage than any Libertarian Presidential campaign in history.

Without YOUR active support, this will NOT happen.

With YOUR active support, this WILL happen.

Please donate now.

Benefits

Our Libertarian Ballot Initiative

The Small Government Act to End the Income Tax

☐ Check: The Committee for Small Government ☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard ☐ Discover ☐ AmEx

Most first-time donors start with a donation in this range.

☐ \$500 ☐ \$250 ☐ \$150 ☐ Other: \$

☐ \$85 ☐ \$65 ☐ \$45

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