

Liberty

September 2004

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Being
Spiderman

The Color of Envy: Partying with the Greens

by Tim Slagle

The Military Invades the Campus

by Mark Moller

The Man from Botox

by Alec Mouhibian

Why is the West Rich?

by Jane Shaw

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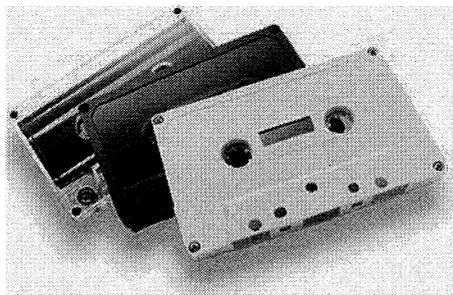
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Letters

The Return of Christ

I wish to make a factual correction to Stephen Cox's delightful note, "Totalitarian Grandeur" (Booknotes, July). In his comments on the construction of the Palace of Soviets in Moscow, he writes, "The site of the Palace of Soviets is now a swimming pool." This was true a decade or so ago, but it is not true today.

Prior to the Russian Revolution, the site was occupied by the Cathedral of Christ the Savior built to commemorate Russia's victory over Napoleon in 1812. Stalin decided to build the Palace of Soviets on the site, and the cathedral was dynamited on his orders. The Palace of Soviets was never built. In its place a swimming pool was constructed. Following the fall of the Soviet regime, the swimming pool was demolished and the Cathedral of Christ the Savior was rebuilt from the original plans. It was consecrated at the millennium and, today, it is occupied by the see of the Patriarch of Moscow.

Serge N. Timasheff
Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Reagan's Critics and the Constitution

Ronald Reagan's death brought grudging admiration by Democrats, but also condemnation for "his deficit spending." Let's review our Constitution: "All bills for raising revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives." Currently, there is a razor thin difference between the number of House Republicans and Democrats. The defection of a few members in either party can swing a vote to the other party. But while Reagan was president, the GOP averaged 62 fewer members in the House than did the Democrats. Reagan got the weapons to win the Cold War, but he had to pay for those weapons by allowing the Democrats to get their snouts deep into the trough, where

they dominated domestic spending.

Bill Chambers
San Marcos, Calif.

The Virtue of Capitalism

In "Refuge and Sanctuary" (Reflections, July), Bruce Ramsey recounted that Charles Murray recently acknowledged that "hundreds of millions of people around the world were perfectly happy living under authoritarian governments."

Hardly anyone wants a government that pushes him around. Nearly everyone wants a government that cushions him against the caprices of the capitalist marketplace. Capitalism does not reward hard work and loyalty. It rewards luck and talent.

John Engelman
Wilmington, Del.

Terror in the Desert

My wife and I live in the "inhospitable terrain" of the Sonora Desert east of San Diego, about which R.W. Bradford wrote in "Bordering on terror" (Reflections, July). We see the havoc caused by government anti-immigration policies and enforcement daily. We have no problem advocating open borders, no fear of being overrun by Spanish-speaking immigrants, and no fear of being inundated by Latino culture.

The advantages of open borders would, in my studied opinion, outweigh the disadvantages and create a healthier, wealthier economy for the entire hemisphere, with the greatest gains being seen in the currently depressed U.S.-Mexico border area.

Economics aside, the humanity issue is reason enough to do away with the Border Patrol and anti-immigration policies.

I see men, women, and sometimes children with backpacks and water bottles hiking through the desert (where "it's 110" in the shade and there ain't no shade"), hiding in the bushes along the Colorado River, or stretched

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out on the ground prior to being loaded into Border Patrol vehicles for the trip back to Mexico. I imagine myself in their position and curse the irrational fears that cause people to be so inhumane to other people.

Before moving here I lived in Logan Heights (a rough neighborhood in San Diego). There were street gangs, crack addicts, speed freaks, hookers, rampaging cops, drive-by shootings, and all sorts of crime and violence.

One group of neighbors didn't participate in all that. They were the illegal aliens. I used to sit at an upstairs window writing and watching the people in the apartments next door. There was one family I remember in particular. The father worked from dawn to dusk while the mother and early-teen daughter took care of other people's children. They were very poor and worked very hard, but were always happy and smiling and very polite. One night there was a Border Patrol raid and most of the residents of that building were hauled away.

A few nights later, during a large storm, I was watching TV news and saw, in the glaring searchlights of a TV helicopter, a family of three being swept out to sea while attempting to cross the Tijuana River. I got a terribly sick feeling when I recognized the terror-stricken faces of our neighbor family who were paying the ultimate price for trying to get back to work.

Whatever you may choose to call U.S. anti-immigration policy — I call it terrorism and mass murder!

J.R. Nobody Graham
Winterhaven, Calif.

I Like Mike

I was just reading your report on the LP convention and the nomination of Michael Badnarik ("Dark Horse on the Third Ballot," August). Excellent reporting — by far the best I've seen on this convention. I picked up a lot of new information. I hadn't heard anything about his not paying income tax or his driving without a driver's license.

I am the Indiana Libertarian candidate for U.S. Senate, running against incumbent Democrat Evan Bayh. I don't think I'd qualify as a gray "Harry Browne" candidate, but I'm, well, a little more grounded in reality than to be driving without a license and such foolishness.

On the other hand, I like Badnarik. He seems to be showing the modera-

tion to clean up a bit, settling with the IRS and such. Those two quotations about the U.N. building and chaining prisoners do kind of look bad, though. Still, he seems like a good, sincere guy, with no taint of association with Browne, and without the rabid and inconsistent emotionalism of Russo. He can't do worse than Browne. I hope.

Al Barger
Laurel, Ind.

Bradford Doesn't Like Mike

It's no wonder Libertarians do so poorly in elections. Democrats and Republicans don't use their press outlets to slam their candidates. It seemed R. W. Bradford tried to show Michael Badnarik in the worst light possible,

and that's *after* he was chosen to represent the party. Bradford complained that Badnarik answered Fox News questions "perfunctorily." (For example, when Fox asked Badnarik for his stand on the separation of church and state, Badnarik responded, "I don't know that the Libertarian Party has an official position on the separation of church and state.") I didn't realize that Bradford was grading all the interviews! It doesn't matter if the answers are right, I guess, if they lack style in the reporter's view.

Jennifer Barry
Lewisville, Texas

Nader vs. Fishing

In his article in the July *Liberty*, K.R. Mudgeon wrote that he "expect[s] to

From the Editor . . .

As this *Liberty* is being printed and mailed, the Democrats are gathering in Boston to crown their nominee in a counterfeit convention, wholly lacking the significance and suspense of an occasion on which real decisions are to be made. At *Liberty* we are more interested in *real* conventions, where real politics takes place. So our main feature this month is a report from the nominating convention of the Green Party. If "fringe" American politics isn't enough, we listen to a new leader of a fringe party in a fringe country.

We don't ignore mainline politics altogether, though. We explore the question of how anti-war Democrats chose a warmonger to challenge warmonger Bush and take a close look at the Man from Botox himself.

Many holidays celebrate nations, kings and gods, but only one celebrates Liberty. An author of the Declaration of Independence predicted that the anniversary of its adoption would be "solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations from one end of this continent to the other." One of the pleasures of living in my small town has been that its celebration of this holiday is as the founders anticipated. The aroma of gunpowder is always in Port Townsend's air on Independence Day. Fireworks (what John Adams called "illuminations") are everywhere from dawn until late at night.

But now that is changing. The city fathers have outlawed "illuminations," except of course) for those licensed and exhibited by themselves. So this year Independence Day was like other days, except that most people didn't work. Gone were the bang of firecrackers, the whistling of spinners, and the illumination of rockets. Those who wanted to recognize the day the way Loyalists recognized the authority of the British Crown waited until sunset, then went to the waterfront to watch choreographed fireworks of the kind one sees when a steroid-soaked baseball player hits a home run.

Those (like me) who wanted a more authentic celebration had to leave town, and, ironically, leave the United States herself. We went to the Suquamish Nation, the home of a tribe of First Americans, who maintain a shard of independence thanks to an old treaty that the U.S. government has not yet completely broken.

Because of its proximity to Seattle, the Suquamish earn a modest income each year selling illuminations to individuals who want to celebrate Independence Day in an independent way. By tradition, they allow fireworks in their public park. So hundreds of reactionary lovers of Liberty gather there to celebrate as the Founders expected. I believe I saw the ghost of Thomas Jefferson, smiling along the periphery of this glorious celebration on a beautiful evening in a beautiful place. As I dodged errant rockets, I took a deep breath of the acrid, gunpowder-infused air of Independence, and remembered what America was before the weenies and whiners took over.

R. W. Bradford

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have another great day fishing" on Nov. 2 rather than vote for Democrats who favor unlimited authoritarian government and more public spending, or Republicans who are trampling civil liberties and outspending Democrats. Tens of millions of Americans share Mudgeon's sentiment. That's why voters grow more apathetic with each presidential election. People are relinquishing power to greedy elites with severe consequences for our democratic institutions. Organizations that fight political corruption are strangled by campaign cash flowing to both major parties from the same corporate interests. Liberty rests on a shaky foundation when private power gains control over the public sector, squeezing the lifeblood out of a democratic state.

Ralph Nader has led the way for decades in building networks to challenge corporate malfeasance and misconduct. He has saved over a million lives.

Corporate charters were never intended to give corporations supremacy over the lives of citizens. In the 1800s nobody imagined that international goliaths would make a mockery of our national sovereignty, and in secret meetings flout the patriotic values we hold dear. A *Business Week* poll in 2000 found 72% of those polled believed corporations had too much control over our lives. Today, a post-Enron poll would show that figure to be even higher. Yet, only candidate Nader will touch that issue. No wonder presidential candidates from neither major party will debate him. If we go fishing on Nov. 2 instead of making Nader's conservative message known, we will hand the duopoly a mandate to accelerate the downward spiral toward increased spending and global economic chaos with the rigid authoritarian social control that inevitably follows such a scenario.

Joseph Dubovy
Putnam Valley, N.Y.

Fish Instead of Pigs?

"Nowhere to Go" was interesting reading. President Bush along with the Republican-controlled Senate and House of Representatives has failed to control both our spending and deficits. He has failed to veto any of the pork-laden spending bills sent to him by Congress. Both liberal Democrats and so-called conservative Republicans have given up balancing the budget.

Except for Sen. John McCain and a few others, everyone believes the best way to grease the wheels of reelection is to load up on billions of dollars worth of pork-barrel projects. Democrats and Republicans have morphed into one Washington inside-the-Beltway party. Their philosophy is to continue to increase spending above the rate of inflation. Liberals won't say no to social welfare programs. Conservatives love any defense spending. Both support corporate welfare subsidies and are reminiscent of pigs at a trough. They are leaving the next generation an inheritance of government debt in the trillions of dollars.

What adults listen to, consume, inhale, perform, read, or view in the privacy of their own home or workplace is their own choice. Our civil and economic liberties prosper best when Big Brother stays out of the bedroom and marketplace. Sadly, most GOP inside-the-beltway career politicians have abandoned this basic libertarian Republican philosophy.

The late Alabama governor George Wallace was correct when he said that there ain't a dime's worth of difference between Demopublicans and Republicanrats. No wonder a majority of Americans vote for none of the above by staying home on election day. K.R. Mudgeon is playing into their hands by going fishing. We need to have the silent majority come out to vote this November for the Libertarian or any other third party presidential candidate. As for me, I'm going to write in Howard Stern for president and Robin Quivers for vice president. The only way to change the status quo is by voting the Beltway crowd out of office! Let them find honest work back home.

Larry Penner
Great Neck, N.Y.

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Reflections

Splendid hypocrisy — Displaying a seldom apparent sense of irony, our splendid system of justice has used perjured testimony and a jury containing at least one member who lied to gain a seat on the panel to convict Martha Stewart of a felony for lying to agents of the FBI, which has been made a crime by a Congress composed of people who are universally recognized as so unfailingly forthright that they are referred to as honorable.

— K.R. Mudgeon

Power to the prairies — John Kerry, who split his formative years between boarding schools in Massachusetts and in Europe, was trying hard to connect with Wisconsin farmers. "Look at the power of that land . . . I know what you love. I know why you're here," he rambled.

Only a politician would claim to love land because of its "power." What politicians really love, of course, is their own power, which is why he went on to talk about increasing taxpayer subsidies to farmers and using corn squeezin's for fuel.

— Alan W. Bock

Checkmate — I had forgotten about chess grand master Bobby Fischer until I saw the news story about a possible checkmate: Fischer had been arrested in Japan for failing to possess valid travel documents. The United States had revoked his passport. As I write, he is being held for possible deportation to the United

States to stand trial for violation of the International Emergency Economic Powers Act, which carries a maximum penalty of \$250,000 and ten years in prison. He is said to have violated this act by playing in a chess tournament.

I remember his big match in 1972 against Boris Spassky. I was a backpacker in Europe that summer. I remember seeing a crowd of Bulgarians in front of the U.S. embassy in Sofia, all staring in the window at pictures of the U.S. chess hero who had taken on the Russians.

In 1992, Fischer had a rematch with Spassky in Belgrade. Serbia was then under U.N. sanctions, and Fischer was warned by the U.S. Treasury Department that he was violating U.S. sanctions law. He hauled the order out in front of reporters and spat on it. "I don't support the sanctions because first of all I don't support the U.N.," he said.

So he knew what he was doing. Still, it seems crazy to threaten a man with ten years in prison for playing in a chess tournament, and even crazier that government employees would remember it twelve years later, and take the trouble to deport him for it.

— Bruce Ramsey

Blood will out — If leftists weren't possessed by their hatred of George Bush, they would denounce *Fahrenheit 9/11* as a bigoted film filled with "hate speech" and racism.

Moore talks about the Bush family's connections to Saudi Arabians with unconcealed disgust, as if just being a Saudi were enough to convict one of financing terror.

He flashes images of Bush family members shaking hands with guys in turbans as though he had caught them dealing heroin to schoolkids.

He complains about the percentage of the U.S. economy owned by Saudis. How would that play if you replaced "Saudis" with "Jews"?

It's a subtle thing, easy to miss if one enters the theater intent only on liking the movie and stoking one's hatred for Bush. Think of the anguish this could stir up in the American modern-liberal psyche. What's worse, a racist film or the evil Dubya? The possibilities for spin are endless. Let the dividers be divided for once.

— Patrick Quealy

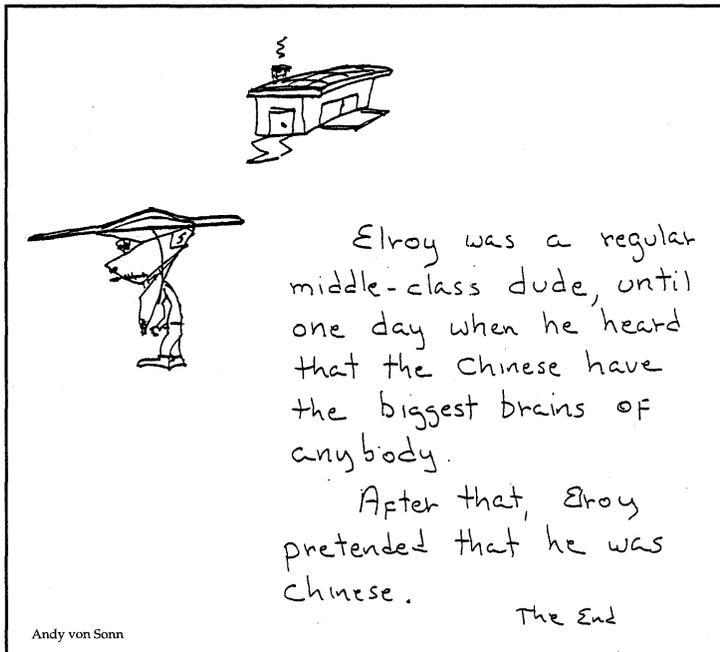
Where Rome left off — Ever since I was a

kid, I have loved to watch

trains go by. Then I read *Atlas Shrugged*, and I loved them even more.

When I see a train go by, I think about the stuff being traded from all over the world, headed to its destination to meet people's needs. I see a bit of a miracle there, in trains.

My father hopped a train once, as a young man in the Great Depression. With no work in Idaho, he'd heard he could find a job "haying" for \$1.00 a day. He nearly froze to death on the trip, taking days to recover from hypothermia, but he got the job. He stayed there for two years, saving all of his money. When he got back to Idaho, he had the cash to put a down payment on 40 acres of land and buy three dairy cows. He got married and built a one-room log house. I was born there. My father made a success of his life through hard work and frugal living: he grilled me every time I came out



Andy von Sonn

Elroy was a regular middle-class dude, until one day when he heard that the Chinese have the biggest brains of anybody.

After that, Elroy pretended that he was Chinese.

The End

of the bathroom about how many toilet paper squares I had used.

Folks who hop trains and sleep in homeless shelters aren't necessarily lowlifes. I slept in a homeless shelter not long ago, and I even begged on the streets in Atlanta. I was there to try to help Aaron Russo get the Libertarian Party presidential nomination. I had to hop a train to get back to Idaho, because I pledged my life, my pennies, and my sacred honor to Aaron as the best, maybe last, shot liberty has 'til the Earth turns for another 2,000 years, if humans are still here then.

I've digressed, though. For a few days, at least, I don't like trains anymore. See, I took my lunchbreak in my car, as I always do, so I can listen to the news. A train came by, and my car was very close. Pocatello is a rail hub, and we get a lot of very long trains here. This train was the longest train I've seen passing through for some time. It was all flat beds, loaded down with tanks, rocket-launchers, jeeps, semi-trailer trucks, bulldozers, and lots of other vehicles of America's war for empire. Yeah, there were ambulances on the train, too.

I've not figured out why yet, but the sight of that train had far more of an impact on me than the photos from Abu Ghraib prison or the beheadings. Even more than watching the World Trade Center go down.

I saw my beloved trains being used to export war to the far corners of our Earth. I wanted to go lie down under the wheels of that train. I don't know how to explain it, but the sight was surreal! And worse than that: the evil of America's attempt to pull off what Rome couldn't was right there before my eyes. — Larry Fullmer

Expedient conservatism — Vice President Dick Cheney managed to emerge from one of his undisclosed locations and get out on the campaign trail, criticizing John Kerry for being "out of touch with the conservative values of the heartland." Would those be the conservative values embodied in the Bush-Cheney administration's largest increase in domestic spending since the Great Society?

— Alan W. Bock

Abortions, left and right — The Republican Party and the Chinese are the new odd couple. Both believe that a woman's pregnancy is the government's business, not

hers. After decades of enforcing with coerced abortions their totalitarian "one child" policy of population control, itself a reversal of decades of government-encouraged population growth, the Chinese have now embarked on a plan to ban certain abortions because the male to female ratio is out of whack, causing a bride shortage and an excess of male hooligans running the streets. China hopes to achieve a normal balance of newborn boys and girls within six years by banning sex-specific abortions and ultrasounds done to learn the sex of the fetus.

People in desperate situations do desperate things, and China's history of a teeming population that couldn't feed itself predictably resulted in the abortion of girls. Boys were needed to do the heavy lifting, taking care of the farm and of their parents in old age.

We can almost predict that this new version of forced pregnancy will result in an increase in the horrors of infanticide or abandonment, both already common in China, where boys have traditionally been preferred. Instead of embarking on another endeavor to forcibly micro-manage the reproductive habits of women, can't these Chinese guys just take a trip to somewhere, like chimpanzees and gorillas do, find a spot where females are plentiful and just bring one home? Or, maybe a grass roots-generated experiment in polyandry is in order where a woman can have two or three husbands, thereby increasing her wealth and theirs, as well as their offspring's, and the size of their farm.

— Sarah McCarthy

¿Poder corrompe, sí? — Mexican President Vicente Fox's chief of staff,

Alfonso Durazo, has resigned and issued a 19-page criticism suggesting that Fox is pretty much just like the old PRI autocrats who used to rule Mexico. The more things change, and all that . . . This illustrates the much-less-widely-known truism that merely putting "good" people into power doesn't solve the basic problems that inevitably result from power being concentrated in the hands of the few.

— Alan W. Bock

My own little ministry of information

— I have a friend — probably you have one like this too — who can't resist sending me modern liberal news dispatches. Often it's some revelation of incompetence in the Bush

"IT'S A FINE LINE" DEPARTMENT

WELCOME TO OUR COUNTRY, SEÑOR. IF I MAY: PLEASE DO NOT AGAIN CALL US A "BANANA REPUBLIC." WE ARE VERY PROUD OF THE FACT THAT WE ARE NOW A "BANANA DEMOCRACY."



An Echo, Not a Choice

by R. W. Bradford

In 1968, the U.S. was bogged down in the Vietnam quagmire. Thousands of U.S. troops were under fire, and many were dying, in an attempt to occupy and subdue people thousands of miles away who plainly did not want to be subdued. Voters, who had at first supported the military action, were growing more and more doubtful about the venture.

Substitute "Iraq" for "Vietnam" and "2004" for "1968," and the paragraph is equally true. But there is one massive difference.

In 1968, the president who had got the nation into the mess was forced to end his reelection campaign after faring poorly in several of his party's primaries. While forces loyal to Johnson and at least sort of loyal to the war managed to capture the presidential nomination for his vice president, a reluctant supporter of the war, it was plain that voters had done something unprecedented: they had repudiated the war by denying an incumbent president a chance to run for another term. Meanwhile, the opposition party nominated for president a man who promised somehow to get out of the war with dignity (a process that ultimately took several years and cost many lives) and to end the draft.

This year, as in 1968, there is ample public opposition to the Iraqi war. Most Democrats have voiced opposition, as have some conservative Republicans. For the first time ever, a documentary movie has become a major hit — and that documentary is a propaganda blast against the war. Opposition to the war is not quite as well developed this year as in 1968, mostly because the U.S. is in only the second year of its futile attempt to "rebuild" Iraq, as opposed to 1968, when it was in its third year of planting social democracy in southeast Asia. So it's not surprising that the incumbent president easily obtained his party's nomination.

What is curious is what has happened in the opposition party. Although its membership is overwhelmingly opposed to the war, it has nominated a man who supports the war even more enthusiastically than the man who got us into it. In an interview with *The Wall Street Journal* on July 15, well after he had secured the nomination, John Kerry said he hopes that "by the end of my first term" the U.S. will have "reduced the number [of troops in Iraq] significantly." In the meantime, he intends to get more help from other governments, and, the *Journal* reports, "consult with military commanders to determine how many more troops might be needed to make Iraq more secure." Kerry added, "I know how to do that. I think I'll do that more effectively than this president, and I'll . . . listen to them with greater respect than this president and this secretary of defense did."

For the U.S. to withdraw from Iraq, he said, three conditions must be met: (1) Iraq must be "stable"; (2) "the outlook for the stability to hold" must be good; and (3) we must be assured that Iraq's armed forces can provide "security sufficient for the government to stand on its own." Until these

conditions are met, he said, "I will provide for the world's need not to have a failed state in Iraq." He then accused Bush of being less resolute about continuing the war in Iraq: "'I've heard [it] said by many people,'" the *Journal* reported, "that the White House might be gearing up to withdraw troops prematurely before the November election. 'I'm prepared for any political move' on Iraq, Mr. Kerry said. 'I'd put nothing past them.'"

To sum up: Kerry would not withdraw unless certain conditions were met. These conditions are far more stringent than any set by Bush. And until withdrawal, he is likely to increase the number of U.S. troops in Iraq. In short, Kerry is even more committed to the war than Bush.

Just how did the Democrats, who overwhelmingly oppose the war, choose this kind of man as their standard bearer?

The reason is simple. The Democrats oppose Bush much more than they oppose the war. Witness the "Anybody but Bush" chanted, mantralike, at Democratic conventions and caucuses from coast to coast. For ordinary voters and ordinary party members, this mantra also means "end the war,"

John Kerry supports the Iraq war even more strongly than Bush. How did the Democrats, who overwhelmingly oppose the war, choose him as their standard bearer?

but for party regulars and bureaucrats it means something far different: winning the presidency is necessary for Democrats to get jobs and power in the federal government.

For these people, uniting behind a single candidate early in the campaign was critical. A contentious battle for the nomination would use up much of their money. A consensus quickly developed that they would coalesce behind whichever candidate pulled out to a significant lead, no matter what his stands on the issues were. The media have proclaimed that Iowa's caucuses in January are the first major venue for candidates, and when Kerry won the caucuses, these party regulars all jumped to support him.

That is how, after decades of reform of the nominating process, the Democrats allowed their nominee to be determined by a handful of self-selected people from Iowa, a smallish, sometimes Republican, state whose voters are atypical in many ways.

And it is how the American voters have been denied an opportunity to express their doubts about the war, unless they are among the tiny minority that is willing to vote for fringe-party candidates. Thus have intellectual clarity and moral force been brought to our politics by the agents of progressive change.

administration, to which, he believes, I am slavishly devoted. Sometimes the information, real or alleged, is more general: Antarctica is melting, pipelines are exterminating all the elk, moose, and lichens in North America, fees are rising in the national parks, fewer babies have milk, more enjoy the products of Frito-Lay. I've asked him to stop sending me stuff, but that only makes him desist for a couple of weeks. Then the torrent begins anew. I think it's something genetic with him.

It's obvious, from my own example, that propaganda campaigns of this kind never win any converts. They are means of self-expression, nothing more. But why not express yourself? Why not retaliate in kind? And that's what I eventually decided to do. But why bother, I asked myself, with reporting the transitory and insignificant news of today? Why not let your modern liberal friends know all the news they've missed since modern liberalism began? News like this:

"Trust-Busters" Solidify Monopoly Interests
Wilson Fails to End All Wars
New Deal Prolongs Depression
FDR Gives Free Hand to Stalin
Rationing: a Colossal Failure
Social Security "Insurance" Swindle
Hiss, Rosenbergs Proven to Have Spied for Russia
"Urban Renewal" Devastates Inner Cities
"Missile Gap" Called Kennedy Fabrication
Bogus Count Gives JFK White House Win
Racism Traced to Affirmative Action
War on Poverty Ends in Stalemate
Medicare, Medicaid 10 Times More Costly than Predicted
The "Creative" Constitution: High Court Invents,
Government Mandates

"I Lied for LBJ": Bill Moyers, the Early Years
Tonkin Gulf Attack Proved Fraudulent
It Was "Sex" All Right: Physiologists Dispute Clinton Claim

Thousands Succumb to Canada-Style "Health Care"

You see the possibilities. But again, be forewarned. This is strictly a means of self-expression. You will never bring a modern liberal to his senses by telling him simple facts. When I sent my friend a list of headlines like these, he replied, "Either you've got a terrific filing system, or you're making things up." Then he sent me another item from PBS.

— Stephen Cox

The body political — Kevin Neely, a spokesman for Oregon's attorney general, Hardy Myers, was quoted in



The New York Times as saying the federal appeals court ruling authorizing doctors to help their terminally ill patients commit suicide was "a slam-dunk victory for the State of Oregon." That is true: the ruling was a victory for the state, not for the individual. When a person attempts to commit suicide without "physician assistance," he or she is involuntarily committed to a mental institution for "treatment" of "mental illness," and thereby deprived of liberty by the state.

The *Times* article also quoted Neely as saying that "decisions regarding medical practice are decisions for the state and the state alone to make." Myers clearly views a citizen's body as the property of the state, not of the individual citizen.

— Jeffrey A. Schaler

A semblance of due process — With its decisions regarding people the government has detained in connection with its undeclared but apparently pervasive and unending "war on terrorism," the U.S. Supreme Court did a certain amount to restore a semblance of balance in the U.S. government by reining in untrammelled executive power. That's at least somewhat reassuring.

The decisions were not quite as clear-cut as they might have been — the justices side-stepped the issue of Congress' power to declare war — and the justices split in sometimes

The Court gave a firm rebuke to those who want to give the president virtually dictatorial power.

surprising ways, but the bottom line, as Justice Sandra Day O'Connor put it in the Hamdi case, is that the court "made clear that a state of war is not a blank check for the president when it comes to the rights of the nation's citizens."

Three cases were considered: *Hamdi v. Rumsfeld*, *Padilla v. Rumsfeld*, and *Rasul v. Bush*. Yaser Esam Hamdi, an American citizen, was captured fighting on the side of the Taliban in Afghanistan, declared an "enemy combatant," and has been held for two years with no charges filed and no contact with his family or a lawyer. Jose Padilla is the alleged "dirty bomber" who was arrested in a Chicago airport before he had a chance to carry out any of the terrorist acts the government alleges he was plotting, and has been held incommunicado in a military prison. In *Rasul v. Bush*, the Court tackled the issue of whether foreign fighters held at the Guantanamo prison in Cuba can have access to U.S. courts to contest or clarify their status.

To be sure, the Court did uphold the power of the president to declare people enemy combatants (though Justice O'Connor noted that the term lacks a precise legal definition) and detain them. But it rejected decisively the breathtaking claim that the president has the absolute and unlimited power to keep somebody imprisoned indefinitely and without charges simply by invoking the term "enemy combatant."

The Court ruled that a citizen held as an enemy combatant is entitled to "notice of the factual basis for his classifica-

tion" and "a fair opportunity to rebut the government's factual assertions before a neutral decision-maker." It continued: "[W]e necessarily reject the government's assertion that separation of powers principles mandate a heavily circumscribed role for the courts in such circumstances."

Justices Scalia and Stevens went further in a dissent, arguing that the right of habeas corpus — the ancient protection against arbitrary detention — can be suspended only by Congress, and Hamdi's detention was therefore entirely illegitimate.

In Padilla's case, the court sidestepped the issue on a technicality. But its arguments in *Hamdi* suggested that if anything Padilla has a stronger case than Hamdi.

As for the prisoners at Guantanamo, the Court ruled 6–3 that federal judges have jurisdiction to consider habeas cor-

pus petitions from detainees who argue they are being unlawfully held. It left some details unclear. Whether the issue can be handled by a military tribunal, whether the cases can be consolidated, whether there will be jurisdiction-shopping, whether charges will be filed before habeas petitions are heard, are all to be decided. But the Court was clear that the Constitution requires a semblance of due process, even for foreign fighters.

All in all, pardon my optimism over a decision that was less far-reaching than I would have liked, but it was not a bad day for the ongoing protection of American liberties: the Court gave a firm rebuke those who want to give the president virtually dictatorial power.

— Alan W. Bock

No Skull and Bones about it

— Remember that when you vote Libertarian (or any other third party) for president this November, you're casting an *objection* against Skull and Bones, an extremely self-consciously "exclusive" club indigenous only to Yale University, to which both Kerry and Bush II belong. The organization is often imitated by other secret societies to which only an infinitesimal percentage of America's elite are invited to belong. Don't forget that Dubya picked five fellow Bonesmen, as they are called (not "Boners"), to collaborate in his regime. But don't expect to hear much about S&B from the candidates: both candidates took a pledge of silence about all things S&B.

All my adult life, I've wanted an opportunity to cast a vote against the idea of Skull and Bones. Not for promises of membership in all the snotty clubs in the world would I miss this chance. Nor should you.

— Richard Kostelanetz

The first step to recovery — It's true that the differences between the claims of Bush administration and the report of the 9/11 commission weren't as great as some implied. Both acknowledged that there were contacts between Saddam and al Qaeda in the

1990s. The commission just went on to say there was no evidence of collaboration, while the administration wanted to let the contacts stand as evidence of a "relationship," as President Bush put it. The evidence for active collaboration is certainly underwhelming. If the president would simply say something like, "We may have overstated the closeness of the relationship," instead of going defensive and acting as if his administration had never made a mistake or a misjudgment, perhaps people would have more confidence in his judgment.

— Alan W. Bock

"Government security" vs. security — The executive director of a major airport authority was talking about air-travel security. For all the billions spent, he said, two things had made the greatest difference since Sept.

News You May Have Missed

PETA Goes Ape

NEW YORK — Ingrid Newkirk, president of People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, said yesterday that her organization has been guilty of "blatant and systematic discrimination" because it has not allowed animals to join, and even its name is openly bigoted. "People?!" Newkirk exclaimed. "How speciesist can you get?"

At a PETA meeting last month at its Manhattan headquarters, steps were taken to remedy the longstanding prejudice when three dogs, one cat, one mouse, and 47 cockroaches who were in attendance were cordially invited to join the group. But Newkirk admitted afterward that this "token gesture," as she called it, was hardly enough, especially since the cockroaches left before they could complete membership forms, and the mouse didn't survive the meeting, having been killed by the cat, and the cat also didn't survive the meeting, having been killed by the three dogs, one of which sank its teeth into Newkirk's behind as she tried to intervene in the mayhem, or "differences of opinion," as she put it.

Some members of PETA, especially those who were gnawed on by the horde of rats invited into its most recent meeting, are said to be quietly opposing the introduction of animals into the organization, arguing that animals should form their own damn

organization, preferably called Animals for the Ethical Treatment of People (AETP), which might finally agree, after millions of years of resisting the move, to stop biting, stinging, clawing, mauling, chasing, and eating human beings.

Newkirk, on the other hand, seems determined to go through with her new policy, scheduling the group's next meeting at the Bronx Zoo, where she hopes to recruit hundreds of avid new members and introduce a resolution to throw the group's support behind an animal candidate in the upcoming U.S. presidential election. What kind of animal is already a matter of bitter contention within the group. Early polls indicate that horses will probably coalesce around a dark horse candidate, while dogs are expected to favor an underdog, ducks will flock around a lame duck, hawks will back a hawk, and doves a dove, leaving behind the fish who think that the whole issue of species favoritism is a red herring. Newkirk herself is believed to lean toward an ape, since according to reliable reports she has been spending most of her free time with a prominent Park Avenue baboon, and the two were recently seen crouching together on a banquette at the ultrahip bistro Pastis in the meat-packing district of the West Village, examining each other's pelt for fleas.

— Eric Kenning

11, 2001. The first was the securing of cockpit doors on airplanes. The second was the change in people's awareness of risk. Those two things were worth more than all the unpacking of laptops and X-raying of shoes by officious federal inspectors.

The cockpit doors were a one-time expense paid by the private sector that I believe would have happened without any government regulation. The public awareness happened all by itself. Some of the other things are useful, but much of it serves mainly for appearances.

— Bruce Ramsey

Known unknowns we didn't know we knew

— The Senate Select Committee on Intelligence's report on prewar intelligence assessments was released on a Friday, which, given the lack of attention most people pay to the news over the weekend, is often a way to bury or minimize embarrassing stories. It has a few dubious conclusions, most notably that the intelligence community's failure was not the result of political pressure (a conclusion that was not unanimous, as some news reports suggested). Republican and conservative politicos jumped on that one, suggesting that it exonerated Bush.

As people digest the information, however, they will find that the report is simply devastating. Its key conclusion — that "[m]ost of the major key judgments in the Intelligence Community's October 2002 'National Intelligence Estimate (NIE), Iraq's Continuing Programs for Weapons of Mass Destruction,' either overstated, or were not supported by, the underlying intelligence reporting," — is backed by voluminous documentation and makes hash of the case as stated for going to war with Iraq.

A paragraph early in the 30-page "Conclusions" section sums up a great deal:

The IC [Intelligence Community] had long assessed that Iraq maintained its ambitions to obtain WMD and would seek to resume full WMD efforts once UN sanctions and inspections ended. Accordingly, after UN inspectors left Iraq in 1998, IC analysts began to look for evidence that Iraq was expanding WMD programs. Analysts interpreted

ambiguous data as indicative of the active and expanded WMD effort they expected to see. The presumption that Iraq would take advantage of the departure of inspectors to restart its WMD efforts essentially became a hypothesis in search of evidence.

Democratic Sen. Jay Rockefeller, ranking Democrat on the committee, was probably correct when he said that "we in Congress would not have authorized that war . . . with 75 votes, if we knew what we know now." And California Sen. Dianne Feinstein had a point when she said: "The committee's report does not acknowledge that the intelligence estimates were shaped by the administration."

Before the war, the case was that Saddam's weapons constituted a "grave and growing" threat. That case, as this report (and intensive postwar inspections) shows, was incorrect. We need to remember this the next time a politician starts beating the war drums.

— Alan W. Bock

Batting .300 at the Decalogue — On June 26, 2004 the meteoric rise of the primary senate campaign of millionaire Republican businessman Jack Ryan imploded dramatically when a sex scandal arose. Divorce documents unsealed at the request of the *Chicago Tribune* claimed the candidate's ex-wife, actress Jeri Ryan, complained he had her accompany him to a variety of sex clubs both here and abroad.

In his defense, Ryan claimed he "violated no law, broke no commandment." In making this last claim, I assume Ryan was thinking primarily of the commandment not to commit adultery. It seems pretty clear, though, that he violated the one about coveting one's neighbor's wife, or else why was he visiting sex clubs? Unless Ryan's parents raised him with very questionable values, he probably violated the commandment to honor thy mother and father. Depending on the day of his visit, he may not exactly have been keeping the Sabbath day holy. Furthermore, the decor of a sex club and the speech of its clientele may violate the commandments not to use the Lord's name in vain and not to make graven images . . .

Too bad Ryan dropped out. I could have voted for a candidate with such a poor command of the Ten Commandments.

— Ross Levatter

The quicker the better

John Kerry, while complaining that Bush "rushed to war" in Iraq, promises not to abandon Baghdad now that we're there. This not only fails to give voters a real alternative, it incorporates a false premise. If you jumped into quicksand, how eager would you be to "abandon" it? If you took a wrong turn and were headed for Atlanta rather than Las Vegas, would it be cowardly to "abandon" the wrong route? Seems to me the more quickly the U.S. gets out of there, the better off the Iraqis will be.

— Alan W. Bock



The cat tax — We just got another notice from the mayor's minions about my cat, Kato. She's a winsome black and white alley cat who could pass for an angora on a moonless night. But the mayor is worried about her — he's afraid she might be afflicted with rabies — so he tells us in municipal form 253M. Therefore, says the animal lover who presides over our city, she needs a rabies shot. And she needs to be licensed. Please send me 25 bucks, he concludes.

We cat advocates need to roar, not meow, over this. Cats

are proud and private creatures. Kato would be humiliated to know that somewhere in a city hall drawer, she's listed like a dumb telephone pole. I won't tell her that, but I will tell her that when PETA's plans mature and felines get enfranchised, she should vote for whoever's opposing the mayor.

I think he's a hypocrite. I don't think he gives a damn about Kato. I think he's afraid she'll bite one of his infrequent voters or even a non-voter who, if he doesn't pass away foaming at the mouth in a rabid fit, might make a contribu-

Word Watch

by Stephen Cox

On June 24, Albert Gore, former presidential candidate, made a speech about the administration of the man who defeated him. He called it a haven for Nazis. To be (unlike Gore) very precise and accurate, he called the "rapid response team," which disseminates the administration's media spins, "digital brownshirts."

On June 19, a federal circuit judge named Guido Calabresi did something similar. He told a meeting of the American Constitution Society that President Bush "came to power as a result of the illegitimate acts of a legitimate institution [the Supreme Court] that had the right to put somebody in power. . . . That is exactly what happened when Mussolini was put in by the king of Italy . . . That is what happened when Hindenburg put Hitler in."

Calabresi, a Clinton appointee, apologized when his remarks got out. Gore didn't. Each, however, provided a sorry example of this year's political use of language. I hoped that the new millennium would mark the end of Hitler's career as a chief source of political imagery, but that was not to be — apparently because the former Chancellor of Germany is at present one of the few historical figures whom the products of state schools have ever heard of. In this context, even Mussolini is a welcome break, but you see that Judge Calabresi's mind wouldn't rest with him. It immediately wandered home to Hitler.

Getting stuck on certain verbal habits, or returning to habits once given up, is a bad sign in private individuals; it's even worse in the body politic. At the very least it's a symptom of ignorance or defective imagination, and it may indicate a morbid fixation. "Boots on the ground" wasn't so bad at the start of the Iraqi war, but this summer's return to the expression signaled the ominous resurgence of an irrational idea: when there's a military "problem," the "solution" must be more young soldiers; i.e., "boots on the ground," otherwise known as "cannon fodder."

Linguistic atavism may also take the form of a reversion to expressions picked up in childhood. Gore, always a good source for examples of bad language, led off the summer by criticizing the administration for its supposed role in the Iraqi prison abuses. "How dare they?" he asked, with the tone and grimaces that I associate with the wicked king in my third-grade reader, who used those words to comment on the behavior of revolting peasants.

Let's consider a slightly more adult expression — one that has, very unfortunately, infested this part of the world for the past 10 or 15 years. The expression is "outraged." In today's political culture, it's never enough to disapprove, object to, argue with, campaign against, or simply reject anything. One must be "outraged." If one is not "outraged," one must not really care. But who gets "outraged"

about things? Angry, feckless, frustrated, childish people. Pharisees, mostly (consult the dictionary, or the New Testament). In any event, emotional children.

A current example, from the *Cortez (Colorado) Journal*:

City council members said they were outraged over an alleged racial incident June 21 that set the state's ears abuzz and prompted the University of Colorado, Boulder, to consider charges. The alleged perpetrators, meanwhile, said they're not the monsters they've been painted as. "I think it's really unfortunate," Councilman David Grant Long said at the Tuesday council meeting. "That (the reported victims') first experience in Colorado is getting called foul names in Cortez is really embarrassing." Long referred to a group of CU students and their guests from Dillard University, a historically black college in Louisiana, who said they were harassed in Cortez the night of June 21 by two young men in pick-up trucks flying Confederate flags.

Obviously, people in Colorado are so "outraged" that they can't talk or write clearly — whether the "reported" incident happened or not.

Let's turn to another field in which emotion runs wild. Something that I'm sure actually did happen this summer was the death of Marlon Brando. Fox News immediately pronounced it "the death of a legend." Yahoo.com's headline was, "Legendary Actor Marlon Brando Dies at 80." Now, how legendary could Brando have been? King Arthur, Achilles, Grendel — those are legendary figures: they never existed. Thespian is a legendary figure: he existed, all right, but some of the stories told of the early theatrical personality (hence, "thespian") are probably just that, stories. He lived 2,500 years ago, so who can tell? But suppose somebody says, "Marlon Brando was a big, fat, crazy jerk." That's a legend? But "legendary" is the default adjective for all recently extinct people-whom-the-masses-have-heard-of.

What we're dealing with here is the child mentality. It's childish to compare your enemies to Hitler, to get fixated on some basic metaphor ("boots on the ground"), to throw a fit ("How dare they?"; "I'm outraged!"), and to gaze up at famous people with stupid amazement, as if they were mysterious objects from the dawn of time.

This sort of thing has been going on for quite a while, in "intellectual" discourse as well as the primarily silly stuff I've been quoting here. In 1942, Isabel Paterson noted that "some years ago the twentieth century was labeled 'the century of the child.' It was an ominous phrase. The intellectual standard of discussion today has been lowered to the level of sheer illiteracy." She was right in 1942, and — ominously — she remains right in 2004.

tion to the mayor's discretionary fund.

When he demands that Kato, now a pawn of the state, must be inoculated, I wonder why not protect us taxpaying humans from the 300 sneaky, non-taxpaying squirrels in my backyard? They bite about as often as cats. How could an astute politician overlook the fact that 300 times 25 bucks is about ten minutes of TV time describing his virtues, and there are more squirrels around town than cats. Besides, there's a lobby of cat owners like me, but no squirrel lobby. Even PETA has no plans for giving the vote to the rodents who pillage your pecan tree.

Instead of a cat tax, I'd prefer a good ol' confiscatory state income tax increase. It beats this hypocritical fantasy over rabid cats. A rabid cat is as common as a truthful politician, and they only bite (and lightly, lovingly at that) when they're making more cats — an activity that is, as yet, untaxed. It's the duplicity I hate. I mean, if the mayor needs \$25 that badly, he should hide a police car in those big bushes where Speedway Avenue intersects with Hot Rod Blvd. It's a district the mayor never carries, anyhow. But politicians love taxes like Kato loves cream, so we have a cat tax.

Tax my cat? It's more reasonable to tax my three apple trees and subject them to an annual mandatory spray. Cats don't bite humans, but apple trees spread the contagious

Alberta Blight with every malicious wind that flutters their leaves. There won't be an unblighted apple in town. And consider how many naive, innocent kids will sicken on diseased apples. Now, there's a cause for the mayor!

— Ted Roberts

Show me your ID and I'll show you mine

— I spoke with a very attractive and intelligent woman last Friday. She is beginning college next semester. As I am unattached, the thought crossed my mind . . . perhaps she would like to "race without running," as Shakespeare nicely put it. But a little knowledge of local law did the job usually performed by a cold shower.

Florida law is draconian regarding sex by an adult with a minor. These are strict liability offenses; ignorance of the age, misrepresentation of the age by the minor, or a bona fide belief that the minor is an adult are not defenses. The sentences for a first offense are up to 15 years for sex with a person 16 or 17, if the offender is 24 or older; up to 15 years for sex with a person 12 to 15; and up to death for sex with a person less than 12 years old.

Imagine a situation were a boy or girl shows a driver's license, apparently authentic, to an adult. It indicates the boy or girl is 18 or older. They have consensual sex. Later the adult learns the license is a fake and the younger person is a minor.

Perhaps they part and nothing further happens. Perhaps they live happily together forever. (If the minor is emancipated by a court as for an early marriage, there is no crime.) Then again, perhaps the minor or a relative reports the incident to the police, and the adult is arrested, convicted, and jailed. Or perhaps the minor uses the law to press the adult for money, or to prolong the relationship.

Libertarians disagree on the appropriate legal consequences of sex with children. Some libertarians believe there should be no minimum on the age of a sexual partner. I think this is both unprincipled and imprudent. Contract law correctly holds that certain contracts made by a minor are void or voidable, and with good reason. Should the sale of a new Mercedes-Benz by a 5-year old for \$50.00 be upheld? And it is not practicable to have a jury or judge determine in each case whether there was informed consent. So there are flat age requirements for consent in contract law, usually 18. The rule for sex should be similar.

There should be changes from existing law. The general age of consent should be lowered. I do not claim any special knowledge, but 18 seems too high. In light of the greater sophistication and earlier physical maturity of many adolescents, something like 15 or 16 seems more reasonable. And the accused should be given the opportunity to prove the maturity of the minor. In any event, the penalties should be drastically reduced. And the defenses of misrepresentation and

News You May Have Missed

Bush, Kerry Agree on Clarity Threat

WASHINGTON — President George W. Bush, declaring "Saying what I mean and meaning what I say doesn't always mean it means how I say them," told the nation that major combat operations in his War on Syntax have come to an end, and in a quiet ceremony on the White House lawn he accepted the unconditional surrender of high-ranking logicians, delegations from leading dictionaries, and orderly phalanxes of subjects, verbs, and objects. He said the occupation of the English language would continue approximately until it ended.

"No longer," Mr. Bush said in his victory speech, "will Americans have anything to fear every time they open his or her mouths. No longer will they be subjected to the attacks of narrow pendants who aim at nothing less than an oppressive, totalitarian regime of linguistic and grammatical correctness. The forces of whatever I was talking about just now are on the run. Bring 'em on. I hereby put every member of the Axis of Coherence on notice that these folks will have to stop making sense and submit to regular inspections aimed at making sure they have

ceased to desist making them or else face a shock and awe campaign of dropped antecedents, dangling participles, and explosive non sequiturs that will quickly bring you to their knees. From this day forward all Americans, not just the president, will be able to speak like I can, with the God-given freedom of total spontaneity."

Meanwhile, Mr. Bush's opponent, Sen. John Kerry, apparently caught off guard by the new developments, quickly issued a statement aimed at defending his strong stand in favor of woolly ambivalence, insisting that he was "every bit as capable of wishing I hadn't said that as the next guy." He said that his vote against the Congressional Resolution Authorizing Taking Back Whatever We Just Resolved could be explained by the fact that he was always against being against it, subject to numerous reservations and scrupulously hedged and qualified qualifications, right up to the point at which he provisionally neither was nor wasn't, as the case may be, and he would not hesitate to hesitate again, and back it up with plain, straight-shooting self-contradiction, if called upon to sort of do so. — Eric Kenning

bona fide belief that the minor is of age should be allowed. These changes would prevent much injustice and allow many loving relationships that would otherwise be deterred by law. But for me and my new friend, it's *hasta la vista, baby*.

— Martin M. Solomon

Not a simple choice — I was surprised to find that Jeffrey Schaler's "Brother Ray's hard candy" in the August Reflections was so narrow-minded. The one statement that made me laugh the most was "Once again we see that using and quitting heroin is a choice." Following shortly after it was this little gem: "Treatment, harm reduction, public health, medicine, and disease had nothing to do with it."

Ray Charles suffered through almost 20 years of heroin use, so it would be safe to say that he had an addiction. In 1964 he was arrested on drug charges, and "quit" using drugs to receive a suspended sentence. Isn't it interesting though that he died from liver disease, a common byproduct of alcoholism. It seems that he traded one drug for another, a far cry from going cold turkey. Addiction is a horrible disease that can affect a famous musician, a regular Joe, or a homeless bum. As an addict who has struggled to control my addiction along with many others, I haven't encountered a single person who could overcome it without help.

— Anonymous

For an eternity in hell, press 6 — Americans and other citizens of what used to be known as the Free World increasingly live like rats in a laboratory maze. You imagine some devil-god in a white coat studying them as they issue out of a serpentine suburban cul-de-sac and inch forward through tangled expressway interchanges and funnel-like tunnels, over backed-up bridges and onto abandon-hope-all-ye-who-enter exit ramps on their way to their offices, where they occupy one cubicle in a fluorescent-lit labyrinth of them and spend the day on a computer where diverging electronic corridors lead to diverging electronic corridors and boxes within boxes, before they return home to sit in front of the TV with remote in hand, frantically switching through a series of snares and dead ends before finding themselves back where they started, or going on the Internet to pursue something that is always just around the corner in an infinity of corners. In order to qualify for the necessities of modern life or to fix them when they routinely go wrong they call "Customer Service" and are presented with a multitude of baffling options luring them into baffling steel-trap commitments, and when they have second thoughts or make a mistake, they can't take a step back, they have to start — "to return to the main menu, press 8" — where they began — "Please listen carefully to the following options." On weekends, after threading their way through

another Gordian Knot of traffic, they lurch in and out of row after indistinguishable row of a mall parking lot the size of a strife-torn Balkan country in order to find the space that will allow them to stagger into the mall and its bewildering, enticing array of shops, each of them offering convenient access to the ultimate inescapable maze, credit-card debt. As for the government, federal, state, local, it looms before them as a Kafkaesque apparition of numbing bureaucratic anterooms and couloirs, opaque sentences festooned with self-immolating clauses and syntactical tickets to nowhere, abstruse forms and schedules, exceptions and exemptions, subtractions of line 43e from 43b (see page 2347, column B, subsection 101-R, under Penalties, Annulments, and Annihilations), along with hall-of-mirrors election campaigns and courts of law that routinely defer their provisional suspended judgments, all of it presided over by implacable, remote, rulebound, yet ingeniously arbitrary authorities whose function is to frustrate, whose prestige, pomp, and circumstance consist in making one wait and wait.

No wonder popular culture stays in business by selling experiences that seem to retain what is vanishing from the rest of the culture, a sense of resolution, a beginning, a middle, an end, an occasional earth-moving climax, experiences like sports, action movies, happily-ever-after fables and melodramas, winner-take-all reality shows, and sex. But escapism doesn't offer escape, a way out of the real-life maze. Wittgenstein said that the only purpose of philosophy is to let the fly out of the bottle. It may be too much to ask, expecting a politician to perform a similar service,

but as free citizens morph into goaded, prodded, and yanked statistical marketing artifacts, rich in options, poor in a sense of direction, full of information but clueless, it would be nice if some eloquently modest political anti-Daedalus suddenly showed up, dazzling us not by crafting new escape-proof foreign and domestic labyrinths but by offering to dismantle a few.

— Eric Kenning

The eyes have it — The threat posed by the police has just increased. An article in the *New Scientist* examines "[l]ong-range Taser-like high-voltage weapons that do not use wires, and can potentially 'stun' (electrocute) entire crowds." The article explains, "The laser pulse must be very intense, but can be brief. So the makers of the weapons plan to use a UV laser to fire a 5-joule pulse lasting just 0.4 picoseconds — equating to a momentary power of more than 10 million megawatts. This intense pulse — which is said not to harm the eyes — ionises the air, producing long, thread-like filaments of glowing plasma that can be sustained by repeating

THE FACT THAT THERE ARE MORE THAN 60 MILLION UNINSURED CATS AND DOGS IN THIS COUNTRY IS A DISGRACE!



SHCHAMBERS

THE ROAD TO THE WHITE HOUSE:
2036

the pulse every few milliseconds.”

A correspondent who is a physicist responded, “. . . said not to harm the eyes?!?! I am no laser physicist, but I would venture to guess that anything that packs enough power density to IONIZE CLEAR AIR *will*, in fact, harm the eyes. Acutely. Further, five joules “every few milliseconds” translates to hundreds of watts of average power, more than enough to roast most biological materials even if *not* concentrated into a point at the end of a “thread-like filament.” Now, if you wanted to adapt this into a dot-matrix-style “printer” to print custom suntans . . . — Wendy McElroy

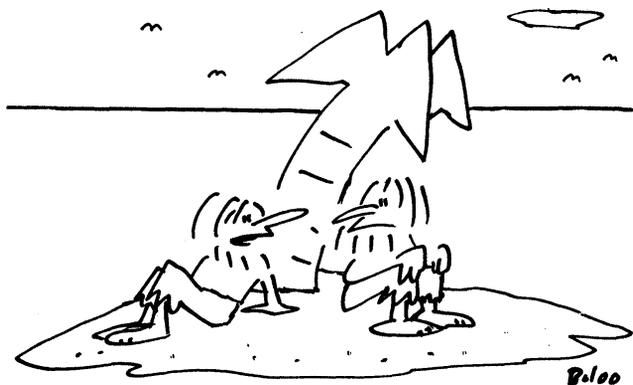
Just all the facts, ma'am — Here's another advance in police tactics and technology. The Gadgets and Tech section of Netscape Network reports, “A police officer stops you on the street, then taps something into a device in the palm of his hand. The next minute, he knows who your relatives are, who lives in your house, who your neighbors are, the kind of car you drive or boat you own, whether you've been sued and various other tidbits about your life. Science fiction? Hardly. A growing number of police departments now have instant access via handheld wireless devices to vast commercial databases that contain details on just about anyone officers encounter on the beat.” The article comments, “But placing a commercial database full of personal details at an officer's fingertips also raises troubling questions for electronic privacy activists.”

As a feminist, just the first question that comes to mind concerns the series of recent allegations and convictions against police officers who sexually assaulted women they'd pulled over for traffic offenses. Now they're to have easy access to unprecedented information on those women? Yeah, that'll encourage victims to come forward. — Wendy McElroy

What were they thinking? — Bill Bradford's coverage of the Libertarian Party National Convention is hilarious and troubling. It leaves me wondering: have Libertarian Party members lost their minds?

Certainly some Bush supporters will welcome Badnarik's nomination: a fringe and extremist Libertarian candidate will only convince Libertarian-leaning voters that they have no reasonable alternative to voting for Bush. With the election shaping up to be close, these few thousand votes might make the difference in some battleground states.

Of course, from the point of view of the Libertarian Party, Badnarik's and Campagna's nominations are disasters. It is



“The funny thing is, I miss ‘Baywatch’ most of all.”

one thing to have divergent views. But these views, to be effective, should be put forward by able individuals who would make the strongest and most appealing candidates. It is hard to see that the Libertarian Party has picked such candidates this time around.

In 1980, the Libertarian Party with Ed Clark as its presidential candidate polled over a million votes. It's hard to imagine Badnarik getting more than a fraction of this amount. — Alan Ebenstein

The LP story — In the August *Liberty*, I wrote a lengthy report on the Libertarian Party national convention, telling just how the assembled delegates came to nominate a candidate without having any knowledge of his exotic opinions (keeping prisoners in bed for twelve hours a day, demolish the U.N. building) or his refusal to pay income taxes or get a driver's license or license plates for his car.

Reactions to my article so far received have virtually all been favorable, whether from libertarians or nonlibertarians, LP members or nonmembers, rank-and-file LP activists or party leaders. This is a bit surprising, at least in comparison with reactions to my past reports on the LP, which pretty much all have drawn criticism — usually both from those outside the LP, who chastise me for paying attention to the party at all, and from those within the party, who wish my

Why does Liberty cover the LP? Because the LP is an important element in the broad libertarian movement, and because almost no one else does.

reports were more, well . . . more like the reports they get in *LP News*, that is, that steer away from controversy and always put a positive spin on things.

Why does *Liberty* cover the LP? Because the LP is an important element in the broad libertarian movement, and because almost no one else covers the LP in the sense of providing straight and in-depth reporting. Party publications act as morale-raising adjuncts of party fundraising efforts, and nonparty publications generally treat the LP as an amusing sideshow. But *Liberty* takes the LP seriously and endeavors to give it the kind of coverage that major media give major parties.

Liberty's coverage got speedy and substantial publicity. On Monday, July 12, we posted the story on our spanking-new website (www.libertyunbound.com) and the next day I told a few friends about it. By the weekend, it was ranked the 22nd most written-about story on weblogs, and it has been very widely quoted in the media.

The most frequent question I am asked about the story is how I obtained all the information that I reported about what happened at meetings between the campaign staffs of various candidates and other movers and shakers, since I obviously was not present at these meetings. I got these facts by using pretty standard journalistic techniques: paying attention to what was happening and asking various people

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The Triumph of the Brummagem

by Alec Mouhibian

It isn't just John Kerry's face that is immobilized by Botox.

It started with the Botox. If you're a man like John Kerry, the last thing you should do is tailor your appearance to match your character. Appearance is supposed to be a decoy, at least distracting the public from what lies beneath and at best fooling them into thinking it's the opposite of what it really is.

Kerry's "Lincolnian facial lines" (as Peggy Noonan described them) worked well to that effect, projecting a pretty believable facade of sincerity and contemplation. It had me fooled. The first time I saw Kerry, on a cable news show shortly after 9/11, I remember being very impressed and thinking: "Well, this man certainly knows that he doesn't know what he's talking about." Those facial lines are now jellied, Tom Jonesed, and gone.

Kerry is already the type who smiles with his mouth instead of his face. Such a smile consists of the lips trespassing on unaccommodating muscles, whose refusal to adjust is only solidified by a Botox injection. It may not be a bad thing for a person with a bad smile to be stripped of the temptation altogether, but the problem for Kerry is that the American people like smiling presidents, who can also red- den up when appropriate. (Al Gore's makeup artist knew this a little too well.) Those abilities suggest passion, optimism, and — this is a deep-down hunch of mine — red meat. Americans, by and large and especially large, love red meat.

Kerry can neither get red nor get giddy. He lacks both those abilities just as his campaign lacks what they symbolize — another example of the physical being too true to the personal.

Some may argue that Kerry, with his horse's face and drab voice, can win this election, citing Al Gore's candidacy in 2000 as evidence. Gore was even more monochromatic than Kerry, yet still got more votes than Bush. But comparing Kerry and Gore is like comparing vegetables and vegetable soup. Not only did Gore run off of eight prosperous years, he actually had a platform (if you can call it that), namely Clintonism (if there was such a thing). While Gore might be no more like Clinton than Bush Sr. was like Reagan, both represented their predecessors in the minds of American voters. Exit polling indicated that, had Slick Willy been allowed to run for a third term, he would have lost. But that was because of scandal, and Gore was Clinton without the scandal. When looking at Al Gore, the last thing anyone thinks of is sex.

It has been clear, ever since Kerry began wearing it on his face, that inauthenticity will be the operative issue in this election. The first reason is obvious: Kerry's immediately exposed penchant for being cyclically inconsistent on the same issues, often in the same sentence. As Kerry remodels the architecture of his campaign to suit conservative tastes, it is hard to see how he'll be able to sell it come

open house. There's just too much clear-cut, contradictory evidence available, what with his having the most liberal voting record in the Senate and notorious double stances on major issues. This might be one of the reasons that, in the last 80 years, only one president has been elected from

The bulk of Kerry's own supporters can't stand him. Dated Dean, Married Kerry? A shotgun wedding if ever there was one.

either house of Congress. It is much easier, even if you're not a double-edged sword by nature, to be consistent as governor or veep, positions which leave no track record at the national level to contradict your platform. (As for the one man who did get elected, the only thing John Kerry has in common with him is his initials.)

Kerry knows this, as his now-public passes at John McCain make clear. If authenticity cannot be added to Kerry, it can be added to his campaign, and the saucy southwestern senator would have amounted to such an addition, especially as it concerns posing strong on the most important issue of the election: national security. (If it's the economy, then why isn't Bush a lock?) At a time when people want a commander-in-chief, as opposed to a principal, McCain's history of bold statements illustrates exactly the type of strength Americans are looking for. But despite early flirtations, McCain resoundingly refused. So Kerry is left with his *new-ahnce*, which he has proudly mastered, as his media adulators proclaim. But bragging about being a master of nuance is like saying "I put the MAN in mangina."

Then there is the singularly remarkable fact that the bulk of his own supporters can't stand him. Dated Dean, Married Kerry? A shotgun wedding if ever there was one.

George Bush is hardly immune from this problem. Considering the WMD debacle, the doubted link between Iraq and al Qaeda, the massive increase in deficits, and the ever more festive congressional luau, the question of authenticity has had more than a cameo role in his first term. True, the effect of being wrong about Iraq having

WMDs, the gravest problem on that list, was stunningly a mere peek-a-boo, which to some has suggested his invincibility. Either way, Bush's problem is political, not personal. While this is Bush's election to fumble, inauthenticity will be one of the two arms that could strip it, the other being, of course, disaster.

I am referring to the new breed for which President Bush is the poster-mutt: the Big Government Conservative. Supposedly, BGCs are those who believe that the government should be used to further conservative values. Exactly how big government can be used to further the conservative value of small government is beyond me. And I'm not alone. Feeling similarly is a small but significant sect that, amidst election-time Republican appeals to voters, regularly gets gypped: the libertarian-conservatives. Appeals to "moderates" are made to cotton-candy conservatives and appeals to the "far right" are made to religious conservatives, while fiscal hardliners, socially tolerant libertarians are left the Eleanor Rigbys of politics. Like all the lonely people, they just might stay home in November. This would be no small deal for Bush. His slack in the polls, according to the most recent data, is due to a lack of support from Republicans and independents rather than any increased support for Kerry.

Despite the last-minute pandering, the Religious Right also accounts for some of that slack. They also feel alienated by the Bush-Rove political strategy of hijacking Democratic issues to win the election. Bush has been away, stealing food as part of a plan to later feed his family. But his family hasn't been appreciative; they want more quality time.

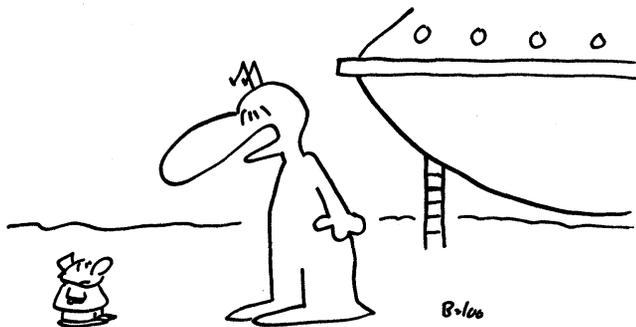
Exactly how big government can be used to further the conservative value of small government is beyond me.

They're getting picked on by anti-Christian bullies at school, who won't let them say God on the playground. So Bush has promised to make it all up to them with a big present (the Federal Marriage Amendment). Thieves, however, usually end up divorced and arrested. Neither their family nor society wants them.

Bush Sr. failed by adopting his opponents' principles. Clinton succeeded by adopting his opponents' principles. There is a consistency in that, not a contradiction. Bush would have done better to notice it.

If Kerry wins, it will be by default. Never is that the favorable position to be in, and yet more and more, it seems like this election is going to be lost instead of won. Which means that, more and more, success of the default candidate becomes plausible. Plausible, but still unfathomable, at least to me. Whatever the polls say, the reality of President Kerry remains like Michael Moore in a Speedo: even if it can be pictured, it still can't quite be seen.

Especially if Kerry stays true to form and shows up to the first debate wearing flip-flops. □



"You've got to hide me, Earthling! — The big guys are after me!"

The Military Invades the Campus

by Mark Moller

The first casualty is free speech.

A year ago most academics cheered when the Supreme Court ruled that the University of Michigan could use race-conscious admission criteria. Now that decision is proving to have surprising consequences for academic freedom, particularly in Middle East Studies programs and for on-campus military recruiting. The consequences are not simply hypothetical. They're playing out in the Third Circuit, in a case called *Forum for Academic and Institutional Rights (FAIR) v. Rumsfeld*.

The root of the problem is a legal brief filed by a host of ex-military and ex-Pentagon officials in *Grutter v. Bollinger*, a landmark case in which the Supreme Court ruled that a university may use race as a factor in deciding whom to admit. The brief argued that national security requires elite universities to operate race-conscious admission programs. Its argument was simple: the military needs diversity; many officers come from colleges; therefore, colleges must have racially diverse student bodies.

In accepting this argument, the Court broke down longstanding barriers against government invocation of national security to justify incursions on university freedom. Now the government is imposing new restrictions on university speech based on national security considerations. And *Grutter* is making the government's job easier.

A Wartime Decision

The immediate subject of the military brief in *Grutter v. Bollinger* seems far removed from national security. *Grutter* involved an equal protection challenge to the University of Michigan Law School's policy of using race as an admission criterion in order to achieve a "critical mass" of minority law students.

Yet the ruling is a wartime decision. Oral argument occurred only days after the invasion of Iraq, and the decision was released not long after President Bush's declaration of "victory" in Iraq. Against the backdrop of war, the *amicus* brief filed by such defense notables as Robert "Bud" McFarlane, the Reagan-era architect of the Iran-Contra scandal, and Norman Schwartzkopf, the hero of the first Iraq war, proved especially persuasive.

The brief asked the Court to uphold the University of Michigan's affirmative action program as an essential prop for a racially diverse military. For a diverse military effectively to protect national security, the military brief argued, the military must have a diverse officer corps. What is more, the military argued, it is a "small step" to conclude that national security requires civilian universities — from which the military recruits some officers — to expose students to racial and viewpoint diversity on campus.

The military brief proved to be a resounding success. In a case that attracted over 100 *amicus* briefs, the Court quoted the military brief more than any other single submission, and accepted the brief's central premise: that national security requires the University of Michigan Law School to use race as a selection criterion. As the Court explained, it is impera-

tive that the “most selective institutions” of higher education “must” expose students to “diversity” if the military is to “fulfill its principle [sic] mission.”

Taking Aim at Academic Freedom

While the Court’s decision gave universities what they wanted — the right to discriminate in admissions — the national security policy arguments accepted in *Grutter* raise troubling concerns for their academic freedom.

Grutter is the first Court opinion to recognize a national security interest in the way universities administer admissions. Indeed, *Grutter* is the first decision in decades to recognize that “national security” requires that universities “must” take *any* action favored by the government.

The national security interest recognized in *Grutter* implicates campus speech, a core concern of 1st Amendment protections for academic freedom. This is so because of the way the Court characterized Michigan’s admissions system. The Court did not treat Michigan’s use of race as an end in itself. Instead, the Court held that the school uses race as a *proxy* for expanding student “exposure to . . . diverse . . . cultures, ideas, and viewpoints.”

In other words, *Grutter* viewed the Michigan admissions program as a system for (indirectly) regulating the *distribution* of speech on campus. In that context, the Court’s emphasis on national security is particularly troublesome. If race is a proxy for *viewpoint*, then the Court’s recognition of a national security interest in the Michigan admissions program comes uncomfortably close to recognizing a national security interest in the way universities manage the exchange of views on campus. Indeed, the military brief implied as much: the brief’s “national security” argument invoked *Haig v. Agee* — a landmark 1981 precedent that upheld government power to *regulate speech* (not race) based on sufficiently “compelling security interests.”

At the same time *Grutter* has weakened a key protection against government incursions on campus speech that are justified on national security grounds: the requirement for establishment of a causal link between the speech and endangerment of national security. In the 1971 *Pentagon Papers Case* Justice Brennan stressed that only “government allegation and proof that [speech] must *inevitably, directly,*

The Grutter decision enables the government to impose new restrictions on university speech based on national security considerations.

and *immediately*” threaten national security could provide a basis for government regulation of expression (emphasis added).

That test is hardly met in *Grutter*: given that the vast majority of University of Michigan law students will never serve in the military, much less become officers, the national security interest in the make-up of the student body is far from “inevitable,” “immediate,” or “direct.” In short, in an atmosphere where national security has a special cachet, *Grutter* has weakened significantly the presumption against

government oversight of the marketplace of ideas on campus.

Grutter and Military Recruiting

Grutter’s threat is not an idle one. Litigants have already used *Grutter* as a precedent supporting a government “security” interest in campus speech in *FAIR v. Rumsfeld*, a case scheduled for oral argument before the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Third Circuit later this year.

FAIR v. Rumsfeld arises from attempts by a number of law schools to bar the military from on-campus recruiting because of military discrimination against gay students. The government threatened to withhold federal funding from

Grutter is the first Court opinion to recognize a national security interest in the way universities administer admissions.

those law schools, and the *FAIR* plaintiffs sued to enjoin the government from carrying out its threats. The *FAIR* plaintiffs include academic rights organizations and law professor Erwin Chermersky. Together, these plaintiffs argue that the government’s coercive use of the purse-string infringes on private universities’ freedom to express principled opposition to discrimination against gay and lesbian students.

However, after *Grutter*, the government has some new arguments at its disposal: if national security requires that universities must promote effective military recruitment by regulating the racial demographics of the student body, then doesn’t that also suggest that the freedom of law schools to interfere with or burden military recruitment on campus has limits?

An *amicus* brief filed by ex-military law students thinks so. The ex-military students’ brief zeroes in on *Grutter*’s implications for “viewpoint diversity”— and suggests that, under *Grutter*, universities must take care to ensure that viewpoints *favoring military service* are represented on campus. Students with a military background, argues the brief, “add value to law school classroom discussions, *particularly* on matters of national security, foreign affairs, and other issues connected to America’s armed forces.” The brief adds that “[i]f the plaintiffs succeed . . . law schools will lose part of the vibrancy and diversity of the academic environment” that *Grutter* recognized is “so critical to law school success.”

The brief’s *Grutter* argument underscores that, after *Grutter*, a university’s freedom to manage debate on campus is no longer sacrosanct — and may well count for less when litigants are able to characterize ground rules set by universities as a threat to *both* “viewpoint diversity” and “national security.”

Grutter and Federal Oversight of Middle East Studies Programs

Grutter, by suggesting a link between viewpoint diversity and national security, is also relevant to H.R. 3077, a bill now making its way through Congress. The bill would expand

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The Color of Envy

by Tim Slagle

The Greens gather in Milwaukee to nominate a presidential candidate and fight Big Coffee, Big Beer, and Big Printing.

Ralph Nader, the Green Party presidential nominee in 1996 and 2000, announced long ago that he would run for president as an independent, without the Green Party label. So it was a bit surprising that a week before the Green Party convention began in Milwaukee, Nader picked as his vice presidential candidate Peter Camejo, the leader contending for the Green nomination. Nader's idea was to get the Greens to endorse his independent ticket or, failing that, to get the Greens to nominate no candidate at all, presumably so Green voters would vote for Nader.

As the Green convention approached, rumors spread that Nader might attend the convention to try to get the assembled Greens to do what he wanted. I had already made arrangements to cover the Green convention for *Liberty*, and I was excited by the prospect of meeting Ralphie face to face.

I once called into a radio show where he was talking about health care and the need to implement a health care system similar to Canada's. I asked him if he supported universal legal care: "Since today we have a two-tiered system, where only the rich can afford quality legal assistance, wouldn't it be a good idea to socialize the entire legal profession and let the government decide how much a lawyer can earn annually, what branch of law he can specialize in, and put limits on the fees that can be collected. That way every American will have access to good quality legal assistance." It was obvious that my argument flustered him, but I never got to see his face. I imagined that his trademark look of composure broke at that point, and the co-host had to wrestle the "dump" button from him. I hoped he would be here at the convention and eagerly anticipated getting to see his

face this time.

I got to Milwaukee early Friday morning, the first day of the convention. It was a beautiful, sunny day, the kind of day that makes you feel that you could be an environmentalist yourself. As I walked into the hotel, I noticed that the LED sign on the restaurant across the street was flashing out the drink and dinner specials, and also said, "It's not easy being Green. Welcome to Milwaukee! Yes, we have a large selection of vegetarian menu items!" I said a prayer of thanks to the invisible-handed gods of the marketplace who always supply what people demand, and I wondered why these Green people are so opposed to my religion — a religion that demonstrates such mercy, despite their rejections and insults.

I noticed as I walked into the hotel that it was built right over the site where Progressive candidate Teddy Roosevelt was shot in the chest (he finished his speech, before being taken to the hospital, where he credited a breast pocket Bible for his survival) back in 1912. I hoped that this would be the second time that a progressive candidate were ambushed here, albeit this time nonviolently.

I checked into the convention and picked up my press credentials. It was pretty laid back. I gave my name, but no

one seemed to care. No checking me against a list, nothing. They just handed me a media card and told me to write my name on it. I wondered why I had gone to the trouble of applying for press credentials at all.

Up first was a press conference for all the Green candidates for Congress. Two of the four Green Senate candidates were there. Maybe the other two couldn't afford the airfare. Or maybe they're too weird to be let in front of the media.

The Greens were a lot more conservative than I had imagined. There were a few aged hippies wandering around, and occasionally I bumped into a real whack job, but for the most

It was a beautiful sunny day, the kind of day that makes you feel that you could be an environmentalist yourself.

part, if I didn't know where I was, I would have guessed it was a meeting for the National Education Association.

Scott Summers, a small businessman from Michigan who's running for the Senate, spoke first. He said that he opposes grants and tax breaks to corporations because they hurt the economy and take money away from social programs. He thinks it makes economic sense to give tax breaks and grants to small businessmen instead. Not that unusual of an opinion for a small businessman.

Terry Baum, candidate for Congress from California, said that her first priority would be to see to it that George Bush is hauled in front of a tribunal and tried for war crimes. This was the first time I noticed Green ignorance of constitutional procedure, but it would not be the last. The Greens seem to view the Constitution as a minor obstacle in their march to a better America.

I discovered that, aside from me, there was only one reporter at the press conference, a girl with a pierced nose, no makeup, and a very expensive camera on her shoulder. Her pass said something like New Media Cooperative. Everyone else in the room was a delegate or a candidate, and the candidates outnumbered the audience.

I wandered around the hotel for a while after the press conference wondering to myself if I should even be doing this. "Where's the story?" I thought. I needed a sandwich. Nothing like mayonnaise on bread and a bag of potato chips to reassure a man that his purpose in life is noble.

I selected a tuna croissant and a bottle of grapefruit juice. The beer looked really tempting, but I figured that if I started drinking at this hour I'd be cashed in long before the day even started. I took my food up to the counter and waited while the help fumbled around with the cash register, and then, inexplicably walked away, leaving me standing there with a perplexed look on my face. I couldn't believe how crummy the service was until I remembered that this was a union hotel. I've always noticed a distinct difference between union and non-union hotels. Unionized workers make the same money regardless of how well they perform and they pool their tips, so there is absolutely no incentive for anyone to exert himself.

Unionism is popular among the Greens. All the handouts I received had a union label at the bottom of every page

insuring that Allied Printing Trades Union Local #10 had made certain that this print job cost a lot more and took a lot more time than it otherwise would.

I took a seat at a table and looked over the schedule to plan my day. I overheard a couple of delegates at the counter explaining to the uninterested cashier how "Starbucks® destroys neighborhoods. They go into an area and force out the small businessmen. They've ruined entire cities by putting shops in places where thriving businesses used to be."

I hadn't even noticed that I was in a Starbucks® before I overheard their conversation. Starbucks® has become so synonymous with coffee that I don't even notice its logo anymore. But the Greens notice. They looked at that green circle with the woodcut of the twin-tailed siren the same way some Christian fundamentalists used to look at the Procter and Gamble moon. Except for Wal-Mart and McDonalds, there is probably no greater evil in all the world.

A very pleasant woman asked if she could share my table for a minute. She was from Palo Alto, Calif., and it was her first time in Milwaukee. "Beautiful city, isn't it?" I said. My sarcasm went right over her head and out into the lobby. "Yes, it's a very beautiful city. I wouldn't have expected that." She tells me that the thing she likes the most about Palo Alto is that she can ride a bike to work. "That wouldn't be much fun here in Milwaukee," I chided. "Oh, but it would on a day like today." That's the trouble with a lot of these people. They're just so dang nice. They want to destroy the free market and the wonderful things that it has given them, but their intentions seem good.

She excused herself and congressional candidate Joe Fortunado asked if he could have her seat. I welcomed him. Right away he noticed that I had a media pass. "Where're you from?" "Chicago," I replied. I saw in his face that wasn't the answer that he was looking for. "I'm from *Liberty* magazine." I hoped that he hadn't heard of it, so I could remain quasi-anonymous.

"That's a libertarian publication, isn't it?" Busted. I had kind of hoped that I could play the hippie journalist for the weekend. I even grew my beard out for the role, but Joe was pretty slick. "I know we agree on a lot of things, but there's

The Greens were a lot more conservative than I had imagined. Occasionally I bumped into a real whack job, but for the most part, if I didn't know where I was, I would have guessed it was a meeting for the National Education Association.

some things we're vastly different on," he continued. "So what's a libertarian doing at the Green Party convention?"

"I'm just here to check out the party." That didn't sound right so I clarified. "Meaning party with the small P." He laughed, and I excused myself.

As I left, I overheard someone at the counter saying, "Do you know what Starbucks® does to workers in Third World countries?" I skipped down the hall and wondered to myself why such an anti-corporate party would hold their conven-

tion at a Hyatt Regency.

I went into the main convention hall. It was my first opportunity to see the assembled faithful, about 100 of them sitting at round tables. I couldn't help but notice how much they smelled like hippies. For the most part they were well dressed, and there were very few pony tails or beards (my own notwithstanding), and I hadn't spotted a single microbus in the entire parking structure. (There was only one hybrid, and no electric vehicles whatsoever.) But they still *smelled* like hippies. Sometimes it was the unmistakable smell of patchouli, sometimes it was sandalwood, sometimes it was that unidentified spice that makes every health food store smell exactly the same; but in a group together like this it was almost overwhelming.

The Green Party Black Caucus announced its formation. These twelve African Americans who spoke about the party's tolerance and diversity were just about the only persons of color I saw at the convention. For a group of people who love to point out the percentage of white people in the Republican or Libertarian Party, there were very few persons of color. It is a classic case of the white bread calling the milk white.

The new logo for the Green Party Black Caucus was unfurled. It was an African design depicting two crocodiles superimposed at right angles. The significance, they explained, is to remind people that although the crocodile has two heads, it shares a common stomach. I guess they were implying that we all have to eat, so food should be shared equally. I thought to myself, that if they have a common stomach, only one has to eat for the creature to survive. Perhaps this is why my mom told me to finish my plate because there are children starving in Africa. I always wondered how my being full would help people an ocean and a hemisphere away. Now I know.

As the banner was unfurled, the floor broke into applause, although not everybody applauded. Some people did this weird thing that reminded me of a Grateful Dead show: they raised their arms up in the air and wriggled their fingers rapidly. I found out later that this motion is called "twinkling." It is a gentle form of applause for those who are committed to nonviolence, and the Greens love to do it.

You can always judge the condition of a city by taking a walk downtown. If there is nothing other than failing businesses, then certainly there will be a lot of despair in that area. If the stores are boarded up, that means one thing. If the buildings are all government offices, that means something else. Those with nothing but antique shops are not much more reassuring — it's like the residents are selling everything they own before getting out of town. My favorite cities are those with downtowns that have a variety of thriving businesses where you can while away an afternoon.

A political party is like a mini-city and their exhibit halls are the downtowns of their political villages. I figured I'd check out the exhibit hall and see what the vendors had to sell.

The first table I stopped at was from Growing Power, Inc., a group that promotes "environmentally sustainable agriculture and strategies for urban food security." They have an indoor farm right here in Milwaukee where they grow plants hydroponically. I was curious about how much food could actually be produced in this fashion.

"So what do you grow?"

"Mostly house plants."

I don't know how many people can be fed from a ficus, but at least they're doing it in an environmentally friendly fashion.

"Doesn't hydroponics take a lot of electricity to grow?"

"Well, all the plant beds are built on an incline so gravity does all of the work. It only has to be pumped once up to the top, and then it runs down all by itself." That may violate the Law of Conservation of Energy, but it's an interesting way to look at it.

Next I visited two political tables, right next to each other, one for Ralph Nader and one for Texan Dale Cobb, the front-runner since Camejo accepted Nader's vice presidential nod.

The Green Party Black Caucus announced its formation. These twelve African Americans who spoke about the party's tolerance and diversity were just about the only persons of color I saw at the convention.

There was a huge rift developing within the party and most people were aligning themselves with one of these two candidates. Joe Fortunado had told me earlier that morning that I had missed the fireworks the night before. Apparently there was an informal rally for all the presidential candidates, but it got really ugly and turned into a shouting match.

Standing behind the Cobb table was a pretty young girl with optimistic eyes named Jennifer who caught my attention. "They stuck you right together like this?" I asked.

"It's not so bad, we're all in the same party."

There was a boy also working the table who I'm pretty certain had a thing for Jennifer. "It's not so bad," he said. "In college they put our table right next to the Young Republicans!"

"How did that go?"

"We just didn't talk about politics," said Jennifer perkily.

Another college-age delegate asked about the youth caucus, and she handed him a sheet of paper. "We're having a meeting tonight. Put your name, email address, and birth date down."

"What's going on tonight?" I asked.

"We're forming a youth caucus. It's for people under 30."

I guess she thought I was trying to snake an invitation, and she wanted to make sure I knew I was too old. "We need to get 100 members before we can form a caucus. The Greens already have a Black Caucus, and a Women's Caucus, and a Disabled Caucus, and a Lavender Caucus . . . that's for gay people."

I clarified, "No, I was wondering why you needed to have his birth date. I guess that's to ensure he's under 30. How does the Lavender Caucus ensure that all their members are gay?"

She blushed. I suddenly felt like a dirty, old man and quickly moved to the next table. I wondered how the Black Caucus was able to get 100 signatures together. Not at this convention, that's for sure. But I guess they didn't make them prove they were black either; just having a Black

Caucus to make themselves appear diverse is probably far more important than the size of that caucus.

I noticed a pamphlet for the Green Energy Buying Club on the New York Green Party's table. The GEBC is part of a movement to take America away from its carbon dependency by reselling energy from alternative sources. They buy units of electricity from renewable sources like wind farms, and sell them to electrical companies. They make up the difference in price (renewables are still more expensive) by selling

There was speculation that Cobb was funded by the Democratic Party, as a way to keep Nader off the ballot.

credits to concerned citizens. By calculating the amount of electricity they use every month, and sending a check to places like the GBEC, an electricity consumer can insure that every watt he takes from the grid is replaced with a watt of "clean" energy. I looked over the pamphlet.

"Do you participate in this?" I asked Jerry who was manning the table.

"Yeah, I sent them \$74."

"Every month?"

"No, just when they started out, I'm a big proponent of wind power." I guess Jerry assumed that once a wind farm is constructed, it churns out free electricity forever. He didn't take into account that a wind farm requires maintenance, that the property is either taxed or leased, and the interest and principle on the startup capital has to be paid. No energy is "free" and if you want the assurance that you are not putting carbon into the atmosphere every time you turn on the pump of your hydroponics farm, that is going to cost you at least an additional two cents per kilowatt-hour.

"You're supposed to pay them every month depending on how much electricity you use."

"No, we can't do that in New York, it's illegal. The energy corporations won't let us use wind power."

"But this pamphlet right here on your table says you can. You just have to send them a check."

"I don't know anything about these pamphlets, I'm just filling in here."

Surprisingly few of the delegates were environmentalists — at least few seemed to be following the mores of environmentalism. Wisconsin is committed to recycling, so there were recycling bins all over the convention center. I kept peeking into them to see if they were ever used. They were always empty. Perhaps that's just good housekeeping, I thought, so I caught a housekeeper: "Do you empty the recycling bins?"

"We do if they're full. They haven't got full yet."

"What about the trash?"

"We empty a lot of trash."

The convention site comprised two main areas: the hotel's banquet and meeting facilities, and the Midwest Airlines convention center. To get from one to the other, Greens had to choose between the environmentally friendly staircase in the middle of the lobby or two bordering escalators, powered by electricity and therefore polluting the environment. The only

time I ever saw any delegates take the stairs was when the escalators were backed up.

Sitting in the lobby, I saw one of the few true hippies carrying a sign over to the convention center. It read, "Profit from Marijuana Farms, Not Arms for Gasoline. Stop Global Warming." She rode up the escalator with it.

I needed a cup of coffee. I went into the coffee shop, and the two employees were talking over by the coffee machine: "I can't listen to them anymore. I'm just going to make a pot that's not Starbucks® and save it just for them."

"Can I have a cup of Starbucks®, please?" I asked.

The girl behind the counter laughed.

Over in the platform committee there was trouble. No one had a clue about how the platform was supposed to be amended or approved. Finally, they began discussing the question of whether the platform should support social justice or social and economic justice.

A woman stood up: "I think it should say we support social, economic, and sustainable justice."

A guy on the other side of the room: "How about social, economic, and sustainable justice for the victims of slavery, genocide, and corporate culture . . ."

Boring. I skipped down the hall for a peek at another workshop. There was one for "The Green Message and Political Marketing." Stacy Malkan, a comely blonde, was speaking.

"You have to get to know the reporters. Find out what interests them, learn where they like to hang out. They like it if you do their work for them. I can't tell you how many times they just took a press release we sent them, and just put their name on it, and published it as is." I looked at my watch; it was a quarter past a beer. Time to find the bar.

I cozied up to an open stool at a bar behind the escalators. I didn't have my back to the door, and I could see pretty much everything. Two delegates in the corner were tearing through the complimentary peanuts. The bartender asked them if they would like something to drink. They asked her to run through the entire beer list and who made each brand; they didn't want any money going to Anheuser Busch, or Philip Morris. I noticed their peanut shells overflowed the

I had never thought about this before, but Nader does look a lot like those pictures of the little girls with the big sad eyes that were so popular in the seventies.

ashtray and were spilling on the floor: apparently they weren't so concerned about the big corporations or the state monopolies involved in getting peanuts to them.

I opted for a Leinenkugel. It was brewed in Chippewa Falls, Wis., by the Leinenkugel family for 137 years, but now is owned by Miller. I emptied the pint before I knew it. "Would you like another?" the bartender asked. She was at the corner where the two delegates had just left, sweeping up peanut shells.

"I hope they left you a good tip after leaving all that mess," I interjected. She just smiled.

"Did they stiff you?"

"No, they paid their tab."

"But did they tip?"

"No."

I understand that government employees are some of the worst tippers this side of Europe, and I imagine that the Green Party derives a lot of its membership from government workers. "How have these people been treating you? Are they generally tipping you well?"

"Not so good. But there's been a lot worse groups through here. There was a Baptist women's group, and I didn't make a dime."

Thus fortified, I decided to check out the press conference of the Green International Committee. Maybe it was because it was late in the day, or because the room was full of video lights, hot, and crowded, or perhaps it was just because I'm bigoted against Europeans, I don't know, but the international press conference was the worst-smelling event I attended all weekend. Gone were the pleasant aromas of patchouli and incense. It smelled like a taxicab in August.

I learned that although more than 10% of the EU parliament is Green, there has been little or no interest from Eastern Europe. They came up with all sorts of explanations, except for the obvious: that it's really hard to sell communism to people who have had to live under it for the past 70 years.

Well that was a waste of time. I returned to the bar to resume my little tête-à-tête with the Leinie tap. The bar was full, but I found a table within earshot of a couple guys who were going back and forth about Nader vs. Cobb. It was time to educate myself. I invited myself into the conversation, and sat down with John and Ed from Connecticut.

The state of Connecticut had its caucuses way back in April before anyone thought that Nader would snub the party, so Connecticut had several delegates bound to Nader, despite the fact that he had refused to ask for their nomination. Publicly, Nader had said he did not seek the Green nomination because he preferred to run as an independent. But most Greens think he didn't seek it because he thought he might not be able to get it. Inside polling indicated that Nader support had declined sharply, because a lot of Greens feared becoming the party of Nader, and some believed he has strayed too far away from Green Party principles.

Nader had also been less than honest with the party. Nader refused to share his donor list with the party. After a year of pleading and angry letter writing he finally relented and released his list of all donors under \$100. Apparently the man who wants to keep big money out of politics wants to keep his big money donors to himself.

Nader conspired with Peter Camejo to get the Green Party's support without having to go through the tedious process of winning the nomination. Camejo had just run for California governor as a Green. Camejo agreed to run as a reluctant candidate, and if he won, he would refuse to take the nomination. He never was secretive about this; everyone understood that he would not accept it.

By releasing his delegates after he won the first round of the nomination process, he would force a second round of voting in which there would be entered a nomination for "No Candidate." If No Candidate won the majority in the subsequent round, individual state Green Parties could put Nader on the ballot in their own states, saving him the trouble of petitioning.

Another advantage that Nader has gained by remaining independent is that he is free to solicit endorsements from all third parties, without being tied to any of them. He did this successfully with the Reform Party, and I heard an unsubstantiated rumor that he had even approached the Libertarians with a similar offer. It was apparent that the Nader strategy was to build a majority by aligning all of the third parties under an anti-war wedge issue against the Democrats and Republicans. Of course, except for the Iraq war commonality, the Libertarians are opposed to everything

Joe asked if he thought there's a possibility that the Democrats could "take Nader out." Walt replied that Bobby Kennedy was assassinated by the Federal Reserve.

Nader stands for, and there's as much chance of Hillary Clinton eating lunch at Hooters® as of a Libertarian voting for Nader.

Meanwhile, David Cobb was gaining support as the candidate who would bring the party back to its roots. He characterized Nader as an outsider who was taking the party too far away from its core values. He promised to use his campaign to build the party, and to stay away from battleground states. There was speculation that Cobb was funded by the Democratic Party as a way to keep Nader off the ballot.

Peter Camejo used these rumors to claim that Cobb was supporting Kerry. Both Cobb and his running mate, Pat LaMarche, said that defeating Bush was more important than putting a Green in the White House.

"Camejo really brings out the feminine side of the party," said Justine, a delegate from Connecticut who sat down with us. "Cobb is a really powerful speaker, but he is so masculine. When Camejo speaks, he just makes you feel the pain."

"She likes to suffer," John interjected.

"Well Nader, he's just the picture of suffering."

I had never thought about this before, but Nader does look a lot like those pictures of the little girls with the big sad eyes that were so popular in the seventies. Our conversation was interrupted by a volunteer passing out a photocopied letter from Nader himself. It was still warm, so it must have just been made. I noticed there was no union seal at the bottom.

Of course, it doesn't make a lot of sense to hire a union print shop professional when the copy machine does 99% of the work involved. I guess an important news flash like this just couldn't suffer the 24 hour turnaround that a union job would take.

Over at the bar I saw Joe Fortunado. I pulled up a stool next to him.

"Just heard, Nader's going to call in tonight."

Great. A phone call. My desire to meet the man face to face had been thwarted again.

Joe introduced me to Walt who, he claimed, was the unofficial historian of the party. Walt was a hard-core socialist, and he credited himself with inviting Nader to run back in '96. He has also asked Noam Chomsky, who he said declined because Chomsky feels he would do more harm than good for the party — all the Chomskyites already vote Green any-

way, and Noam has a lot of detractors. I bought a round of beer.

"Tim's a libertarian," Joe told him.

"Wow, I don't think I've ever had a libertarian buy me a beer before," Walt replied.

"We don't mind charity, as long as it's voluntary," I responded.

Walt started talking about conspiracies, which I always enjoy. He told me that George Soros is funding anti-Nader activities, and has already set up a website. It gets deeper. Joe asked if he thought there's a possibility that the Democrats could "take Nader out." Walt replied that Bobby Kennedy was assassinated by the Federal Reserve. Bobby was also a friend of Nader, so it's not out of the realm of possibilities

Each line of the Green Party Preamble was read and then the audience repeated it. It sounded a lot like the Apostles' Creed that I became so familiar with as a Catholic schoolboy.

that if Nader started threatening the Democratic ticket, he might suffer a similar fate.

I mentioned that it's not going to happen this year because Hillary wants Kerry to lose, so there'll be no incumbent Democrat to run against in 2008. They looked at me like I was crazy.

Walt started talking about Edward Heisler, a member of the Socialist Workers Party and candidate for U.S. Senate from Illinois, who turned out to be an FBI informant. Well, Walt did a few background checks and learned that Edward was still living, now in Utah, and that his name has surfaced on quite a few Green Party mailing lists.

I excused myself, but before I went, Walt wanted to be sure to get my name. He looked at my media pass to make sure he had the correct spelling. "Are you going to do a background check on me too?" I asked. He laughed.

Michelle Shocked, who was really huge for about 15 minutes back in the early '90s, back when the "female singer-songwriter" was in fashion, was scheduled to perform at a street party. I caught her act in Chicago back in 1990 for the 20th anniversary celebration of Earth Day staged in the park across the street from my apartment, and I remember the day well. I couldn't find parking anywhere, because everybody from the entire surrounding tri-state area drove all the way into Chicago to celebrate the environment. I'll also never forget the trash on my front lawn, and the mountains of garbage in the park after it was all over.

When I arrived, the street atmosphere was quite festive, and "One Drum" was just wrapping up their opening set. A Green Party spokesperson took the stage and started revving up the crowd. He broke into the Green Party preamble which everyone there seemed to know by heart. Each line was read and the audience repeated it. The effect was very much like the sound of everyone mumbling their prayers in church. It sounded a lot like the Apostles' Creed that I became so familiar with as a Catholic schoolboy:

Priest: We believe in an alternative.

People: We believe in an alternative.

Priest: We believe in independent politics and active, responsible government.

People: We believe in independent politics and active, responsible government.

Priest: We believe in empowering citizens and communities.

People: We believe in empowering citizens and communities.

Priest: We offer hope and a call to action.

People: We offer hope and a call to action.

Together: Green and Growing! Green and Growing! Green and Growing!

By now, I was a little hungry, so I wandered to the back of the event to check out the food tents. There were only three. Jimbos Broasted offered a traditional Wisconsin fish fry, that is deep fried perch, french fries, and a little bit of mayonnaise soaked cole slaw. LaVerne's Soul Food had ribs and beer-boiled bratwurst to offer. Here are all these delegates from California, and there's nothing to eat but traditional Wisconsin fare — strange victuals for people more accustomed to sushi than fried fish. Then there there was the politically correct food tent: Lula's Vegetarian had boiled cabbage with lentils and rice and a spanakopita, but that was as nouvelle as it got. I opted for the rib dinner, sweet and greasy and delicious.

By now it was nearly 8:00, time for the big Camejo rally. I followed the swarm into the exhibit room where a couple hundred people were waiting for the phone call from Nader. Prominent delegates were taking turns at the microphone saying really nice things about him and mean things about Dave Cobb. The crowd was getting really worked up, with lots of delegates throwing their arms in the air and wriggling their fingers. A young girl from D.C. said, "Ralph Nader fought to get a supermarket in D.C.!"

At 8:25 the speaker on stage was told to wrap it up because Ralph was finally on the line. The crowd, now about 300, went wild. Nader-Camejo signs were thrust into the air, and fingers were wriggling all over the place. The camera girl with the pierced nose panned over the crowd to capture all the excitement.

Ralph said, "Hi." More cheering. He says he's sorry he couldn't be there, but he trusts that everybody will do the right thing. That's it.

After the call, I walked back out to the street fair. Michelle Shocked was doing a sound check. Only about a hundred people were still there. There was a guy walking around in a cow suit with pink floppy ears and a big plastic udder right in front. The cow suit had seen better days. It was no longer white where it should be white, nor black where it should be black, and it was torn where the owner has grown beyond the limits of the fabric. I imagine that when the suit was new and the man was closer to being a boy, the cow suit was a great attention getter at all the animal rights events. More than a couple young vegetarian coeds must have found the costume adorable, and melted into his hoofs. Those years, however, passed long before this convention, and I wondered why this guy was still clinging to the tattered cow suit. I guess that the things that bring us such joy in our youth are very hard to part with. It's probably the same reason that people still buy Van Morrison records.

When all the levels were adjusted, Michelle walked behind the stage where an Alero with Illinois plates was parked. She rummaged around in the trunk for some things, then slipped into the front seat to change her clothes. Apparently the last decade had not been too good to her.

I returned to the meeting room just in time to see Peter Camejo start speaking. Delegates for Peter were quite enthusiastic about him, and I was really a little curious. Peter Camejo was born into one of Venezuela's wealthiest families. Almost as if she were concerned for his presidential eligibility, his mother traveled to New York, in 1939, to deliver him in America. In 1960, he and his father competed in the Rome Olympics on Venezuela's yachting team. He earned a participation medal which he wore around campus to attract women.

He attended MIT and UC Berkeley where he was expelled just short of graduation in 1969 at the tender age of 30 for causing trouble. In 1976, he ran as the Socialist Workers candidate for president and got almost 90,000 votes. In 1980, after mounting a campaign to align all the leftist third parties against Ed Koch in the New York Mayoral Campaign, he was expelled from the Socialist Workers Party. He now works as a financial advisor with a progressive investing strategy.

Camejo started calmly with a call for peace in the party. But then he started to get worked up. He was angry about the "torture" in Abu Ghraib prison, and said it's no surprise to him — his brother was tortured by the CIA. Apparently they wanted to learn the whereabouts of a communist facility, so they put an unloaded pistol to his head and pulled the trigger. He told story after story about the plights of gentle com-

munist guerrillas being brutalized by the CIA throughout Latin America to a rapt audience.

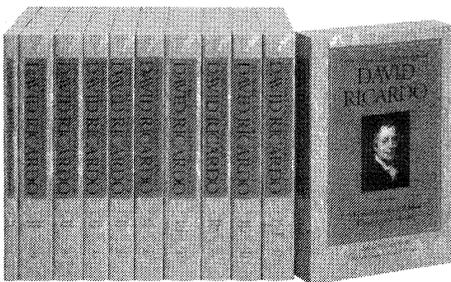
Then he spoke about economic mathematics. "Once the price of oil goes up, it never comes back. Corporate America has us addicted, so they can charge us whatever they want. The crisis is coming. When it starts rising, it's not going to be a spike, it will just keep going up. Ninety-five percent of the American people have not seen a pay raise in the past 30 years."

At this point I realized I was getting pretty tired. Not just of the platitudes, but genuinely tired. I looked at my watch, and realized I'd been there for almost twelve hours — time for sleep. On the way back to my car I passed through the festival one more time. About a hundred people were there listening to Michelle Shocked. Her voice hasn't lost a single note over the past 14 years; she's got the kind of voice that goes all the way down to your heart. There was a young girl not older than ten playing clarinet with her, I imagine that's her daughter. It was a beautiful summer night, and I lingered for a while, wanting to stay for more. I had a two hour drive in front of me, though, and I'd be lucky if I could stay awake for another hour. I forced myself out to the car, and reminded myself to go through the box of cassette tapes I have down in the basement and dig out the Michelle Shocked tapes, along with Van Morrison.



Saturday morning I was back in the press room. It was time to meet the candidates. I was barely awake, my head ached, and when I pulled out my pen it smelled like stale

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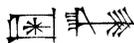
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beer. I overheard Camejo whispering something about Bush being reelected; he looked back, saw me listening, and lowered his voice below audibility. The press trickled in. There seemed to be considerably more people with media badges than there had been the day before.

All the candidates were asked to take the stage. David Cobb moved up the aisle confidently, and I saw for the first time what Justine had earlier described as the "masculine" side of the party. He looked like Steve Forbes, only not quite as tough. He had one of those waxy permanent grins, like the one you make when you don't want anybody to know what you're really thinking. It never cracked once.

Peter Camejo was casually reading the paper, looking almost bored. I couldn't help but think he was pretty certain that it was wrapped up.

Carol Miller started things with a speech for Nader. Next was Lorna Salzman who looked like she was probably at Woodstock. She now lives in New York with her composer husband Eric. She was running to bring the environmental message back into the party. She said, "If the Green Party doesn't make the ecological paradigm the root of the its message, then it is useless."

I asked her about this, because I had noticed the same thing. "You said that the party is moving away from the environmental message?"

"We never really had a very strong one. I still don't think it has. I've been in this since 1984 and we haven't had any environmentalists in it at all, and there's hardly any now because they don't see that the Green Party is making it their focal point."

JoAnne Bier-Beeman, a drain commissioner from Charlevoix, Mich., then told a story about seeing an eagle nest on a friend's property. Her number one issue: she wants to abolish the electoral college, so that in the future majority wins. She figures if Bush can try to pass a constitutional

There was a guy walking around in a cow suit with pink floppy ears, and with a big plastic udder right in front. More than a couple young vegetarian coeds must have found the costume adorable, and melted into his hoofs.

amendment prohibiting gay marriage, she can pass an amendment abolishing the electoral college.

"The president of the United States has tried to push onto the people an amendment that restricts who can marry. That's none of his business."

I asked her, "I thought the president had nothing to do with constitutional amendments?"

Her friend butted in, "He can propose them."

She agreed, "And he's pushing these things. We have to start talking about what should be. It's right to abolish the electoral college, it's right to have majority wins."

"Would it be right to have majority outlaw gay marriage?" I asked. "I understand that the majority of the people are against gay marriage."

"The majority of the people want jobs. But the real ques-

tion about this whole gay marriage thing, and the thing that nobody talks about either, the marriage through the state allows people special benefits. If we were a just and honorable state, people wouldn't have to worry about their security, wouldn't have to worry about old age, wouldn't have to worry about not having any insurance benefits, or worrying about putting a can out at the local 7-11 if you've got diabetes or you need a colonoscopy, you know, we need to have universal health care." Wow, nice cover. Vote Green so gay people don't have to put their can out at 7-11 for a colonoscopy.

One of her proudest accomplishments is keeping Wal-Mart from building a store in her town. "They put a high school out in the country against the wishes of the people of the town, and we predicted when that happened almost three years ago that Wal-Mart would follow. It endangered our children; it endangered our town. Just like a spider puts a web in a spot that's good to catch bugs, Wal-Mart put its store where it would catch young people on their way to and from school in order to sell them stuff from mostly other countries."

It's nice to know that even a lowly drain commissioner from Charlevoix, Mich., can prevent Wal-Mart from building. Ralph Nader would be proud.

Kent Mesplay, an air pollution inspector from San Diego with a doctorate in biomedical engineering, had a pony tail, an ill-fitting double-breasted gray suit, and some very interesting opinions that he was happy to share. He was born in New Guinea to American Lutheran missionaries and spent the first ten years of his life there. "We are experiencing wacky weather worldwide," he said, "I grew up with primitive people, and they know something is happening. They are Stone Age, not stupid. They have been observing the climate for millennia, and they know something drastic is happening."

I was unaware that the people of New Guinea have been recording temperatures and ocean levels. Perhaps their oral histories are more accurate than ours. I ran into him later, and asked some follow-up questions.

He said that his knowledge came not from the people of New Guinea, but from his contact with the Hopi tribes. "Native peoples are more in tune with the spirits," he said. My eyes must have gone wide at that point because he started to correct himself right away. "I don't normally like to talk about this sort of thing, because, well, I'm a scientist. I grew up with people who didn't have a lot, and not having a lot encourages long-sightedness."

"Doesn't scarcity encourage shortsightedness?" I asked.

"No, scarcity encourages long-sightedness."

"You mean scarcity might encourage people to hoard?"

"No, hoarding is shortsighted. Scarcity encourages people to share."

"How is sharing long-sighted?"

"Because someday, you might not have enough, and people you shared with before will share with you."

It seemed to me that hoarding is a more reliable survival technique than counting on the benevolence of others, but what do I know? I tried a different tack.

"Yes, but isn't it true that if you don't have enough to eat, you don't care if the animal you're eating is endangered?" I asked.

"Nomadic tribes were able to live in the desert for thou-

sands of years. Because they never stayed in one place, they had very little impact on the environment."

So that's it. He wants us all to live in the Stone Age.

Back at the press conference, the camera girl with the pierced nose from the media cooperative was pointing her camera towards the dais, but her attention was focused elsewhere. On the floor in front of us was a *New York Times* photographer, rolling around on the carpet like a fashion

The convention floor was a madhouse. As Cobb's vote total approached the number he needed for victory, people got up on their chairs and twinkled.

photographer, changing lenses and angles and snapping a series of pictures. He was dressed all in black, and had taken the trouble to write *New York Times* onto his media badge. The rest of us just put our names down, so we'd know who we were drinking with. The girl from the cooperative was looking at him with longing in her eyes. I don't know whether it was the man or his position at the *Times* that brought out the desire in her. Maybe it was the obscenely large Nikon he was swinging around.

Scott McClarty announced that the conference was over, and told us to proceed to the convention hall for the nominating process.

Outside the convention hall, I happened across a gentleman projecting a PowerPoint presentation onto the wall behind him. There was the unmistakable suspended concrete rail stretching over the urban landscape, but instead of a train there were these cool red and white bubble cars that looked kind of like helicopters without the blades. The presenter was Dean Zimmerman, a Minneapolis city councilman, who wants to get Minneapolis and the DOT all to cough up \$600 million to build his toy train of the future. He wore a fishing hat and rarely made eye contact. His eyes were locked on the computer screen, and I couldn't tell if it was the train or his Microsoft PowerPoint that more fascinated him.

"So you see, the thing runs with what you call a Maglev system. That's a real efficient way to move the thing, and it doesn't make any emissions."

"No emissions?" I asked dumbfoundedly. Electricity has to be generated, and electrical generation as I learned from talking with Lorna, is the most polluting sector of our energy supply.

"Well, no emissions at the point of use. When we get all the wind farms hooked up there will be no emissions at all."

"When is that going to happen?"

"I don't know."

The person seated in front for his presentation took the opportunity of our conversation to head for the door.

"Why don't you take a seat there?" he asked. What the heck, it might be interesting

Dean started flipping through the presentation again. There were beautiful sketches of a futuristic train and you could see why he was so infatuated.

"Right now, they're building one in Wales," he gushed,

flipping up a picture of a building that looked like it could be Welsh, that has a very bad image of the monorail superimposed over it. "You build it right over the street, you see, so you don't have to worry about crossing gates, and it doesn't take up much more space than the road that is already there."

"How much electricity does it use?" I asked. "Theoretically it could be more polluting than cars."

"No, no, no, this will only use one fourth the energy it takes to run a car. Look here, you see, you never have to wait for a train, you got your own individual car, that you never have to share with anyone. You just put your dollar, maybe a dollar fifty, in the slot right there, and you punch in the number of the station you want, and it takes you right where you want to go.

"Now the cars, they are all heated and air conditioned," he put up a picture of a modern couple, looking very relaxed and sophisticated, inside the vehicle, only one of two on the track. Below the track, rush hour traffic is snarled. "Oh, and look at those two people, I'll bet they're real glad they're not down there in all that traffic."

I went inside for the nominating process. Dave Cobb came to the podium and the audience became a sea of campaign signs and wriggling fingers. He claimed to be the candidate of the working poor, and of the party of the working poor because we are all working poor people. More fingers, more cheers. "And before I leave to let you have your vote, I am pleased to announce that I just received the endorsement of the Green Black Caucus."

"Oh no you didn't!" shouted somebody from the caucus who obviously disagreed with the decision. Apparently, the 24 hours of Black Green solidarity were over. That can happen when you make your symbol a crocodile with two separate heads.

The voting started, and I watched all the goofy speeches that delegates make when cameras and microphones are thrust in front of them. I became reasonably certain that the nomination was going to take at least a second ballot and suddenly realized that I could have the bar all to myself. I took advantage of the situation.

I returned to the convention floor a couple hours later. David Cobb had finished first on the first ballot with 308 delegates. Behind him were Peter Camejo with 119, Ralph Nader with 117.5, and "No Nominee" received 74.5. Behind them were Lorna Salzman with 40 and "None of the Above" with

The Greens seem to view the Constitution as a minor obstacle toward their vision of a better America.

35.5. Because candidates who had not agreed to accept the party's nomination were considered abstentions, Nader and "None of the Above" were both scratched. Camejo and Salzman released their delegates. But Kent Mesplay (24) and JoAnne Bier-Beeman (14) both made it into the next round. The withdrawn candidates and "No Nominee" had received 355 combined votes in the first round (these delegates would theoretically vote for "No Nominee," i.e. Nader, in the next

round) while Cobb had only 308. It was going to be an interesting second round with four choices: Cobb, "No Nominee," Mesplay, and Bier-Beeman; 385 delegates were needed to secure the nomination. I'm not sure why "None of the Above" was disqualified while "No Nominee" was allowed to go into the next round. Maybe I shouldn't have gone to the bar.

Outside I ran into a man in a suit from the Green Party organizing committee. He was fumbling around with a couple of grocery bags (plastic, not paper) full of Doritos, potato chips, a six pack of beer, and a twelve pack of bottled water. "Can you help me carry this?" he asked. I figured why not.

"This is my first convention," he says. "I think it's so neat to see everything finally come together. Those state signs look pretty good, we just made them last night."

"You printed them up yourself?"

"No, we found a Union Shop, and had them sent here. I meant we got the wood and stapled them all onto the wood last night." I wondered whether the wood came from a union lumberyard.

"Oh my gosh, I didn't see you were with the media, I guess it's kind of wrong to ask someone from the media to help me carry water, but I just get so used to asking just anybody for help. You know, everybody here is a very helping person. I guess we're just a party of friendly people."

We walked into a service hallway towards the dressing room for the banquet entertainment. Diverse, a local hip hop group, was scheduled to play. This was the third urban band that played for the event. I remember back in my college days, when all the fraternity boys liked to hire blues acts.

"This isn't for us," he said lowering his voice, even though there is nobody around. "This is 'Rap Food'." He might as well have said "Purina Negro Chow" because the intent seemed the same. Wow. Party of friendly people.

Back in the press section things were getting pretty hairy. The voting in the second round was neck and neck between Cobb and No Candidate. The media was now out in full force, and the AP reporter kept phoning in updates via his cell phone. He told me that he had two stories written, one covering each eventuality.

A pretty blond came up to me. I read on her delegate badge that her name was Medea Benjamin. "Which one of

They want to destroy the free market and the wonderful things that it has given them, but their intentions seem good.

you is the guy from *The New York Times*?" she asked. She had a look in her eyes that I remembered well from my rock and roll days. It was the same look you would get from the girls outside the stage door, the ones that were hoping you could introduce them to the band.

"Why?" I asked. I looked over to my left, and saw the *Times* photographer on the camera platform turning the camera at right angles taking horizontal and vertical shots alternately. I looked back and could see that my question had

flustered her. "I, uh, . . . just wanted to thank him for the article in the paper today."

The convention floor was a madhouse. As Cobb's vote total approached the number he needed for victory, people got up on their chairs and twinkled. The Texas delegation was lining up in front of the cameras, and it looked as if the big announcement was about to be made.

At this point, someone named Amber, with a face full of schoolgirl charm, dropped a press release in front of me, smiled shyly, and made her way down the aisle to drop one off with the next reporter. I was pretty tired of being handed pamphlets, so I almost ignored it. Just in case I was missing something important, I looked down. No union label. Hmmmm. I skimmed the first line:

"06/26/04, MILWAUKEE, WI — Green Party National Convention Crashed! In an effort to see just how extreme members of the U.S. Green Party are, or even if they have any sense at all, a cell of Wisconsin Bureaucrash activists, calling itself 'Progressives against Progress' infiltrated the U.S. Green Party's 2004 presidential nominating convention."

I rushed out into the lobby and called Shane Steinfield, the contact whose number was at the top of the release.

"Hello, Shane?"

"Yeah, we're leaving already, okay?"

"No, you don't understand, I want to talk to you. I think this press release is funny." He seemed shocked to learn there was a compatriot here inside the center. Apparently, I was the only person in the whole convention who wasn't really offended. Some of the delegates even threatened him and threw stuff at him. As I hurried down the corridor, I could hear that the nomination was official. Ralph Nader had been shot down by the Green Party, and I was missing the whole thing.

By the exit I was greeted by a what looked like a skateboard gang. I knew I'd found the right people because Amber was there. I thought that perhaps I should buy them a round of beer in gratitude for brightening up my weekend, but I wondered if they were old enough to drink.

"So how would you define yourself politically?" I asked.

"We're libertarian," Shane answered.

Here at the Green Party convention they handed out flyers nominating Fidel Castro for president, circulated petitions calling for an end to modern farming, the Internet, and business in general. They were shocked to learn how many Green Party members actually supported these ideas, and some delegates even thought it would be a good idea to recognize the good things Castro has done for Cuba.

These brave kids travel around the world, busting into events like these, and holding up protest signs with slogans like "Socialism Kills" and "Enjoy Capitalism."

"How do you fund these adventures?" I asked.

"I don't know. It's not organized."

"What's next on the agenda?"

"We're going to go to Bangkok for the World Health Organization meeting. We're going to make them look stupid. I don't know how, but we have a couple weeks to figure out something."

I'm sure they will.

I walked around the conference center one last time just to see if there was any better note to leave the convention on.

There wasn't. □

Urination Nation

by Ari Armstrong

The War on Drugs takes its show on the road.

Naughty or nice? There's no instant test for that yet, but the drug czar can tell what you've been smoking, so you'd better watch out. The White House's Office of National Drug Control Policy (ONDCP) spread a little early holiday cheer to government bureaucrats in a tour of several cities during March and April.

The ONDCP is promising \$23 million in grants to schools that run programs to randomly test students for drug use. Mary Ann Solberg, deputy director of the agency, toured Chicago, Fresno, Atlanta, and Denver to promote the idea. Speaking along with Solberg were David Evans, Executive Director of the Drug Free Schools Coalition; Bill Judge, a lawyer who works in the area of drug testing; and Joseph McKinney, Chair of Educational Leadership at Ball State University. They presented evidence concerning the results of student drug testing.

I was at the April 8 meeting in Denver.

In her introductory remarks, Solberg said the goals of her office are to prevent drug use, "heal America's drug users," and "disrupt the market." She noted the "direct connection between terror and drug trafficking," though she neglected to point out that this connection is the result of prohibition.

Solberg wants to treat drug abuse like the "pediatric onset disease that it is." A handout from ONDCP seconds this approach: "[D]rug dependence is a disease of the brain that spreads through non-addictive users. . . ." Solberg explained that, while the parents of today's children might have smoked marijuana with 3% THC, the levels of THC in marijuana now are 30% or even 40%. She also pointed out that most minors who are in drug treatment are in it for mar-

ijuana use. She concluded, "Marijuana is not benign, it is addictive."

To Test or Not to Test?

Judge ran through the legal history of testing students for drugs. "The U.S. Constitution and the constitutions of most states protect us from acts by the government, not from private parties," he began. The 14th Amendment placed students in government schools under the protection of the U.S. Constitution, Judge said. In 1985, though, the Supreme Court ruled "reasonable suspicion" is sufficient to search students for drugs. In 1995, the Court ruled athletes may be tested randomly. And in 2002, in the 5-4 decision of *Pottawatomie v. Earls*, the Court ruled that random testing may be used for students in extracurricular activities. The conditions under which testing is justified depend upon what the meaning of the word "unreasonable" is in the 4th Amendment's prohibition of "unreasonable searches and seizures."

Positive results from random drug tests cannot be turned over to police for legal action against students, though they can result in loss of the privilege to participate in extracurricular activities, as well as other in-school sanctions. "Co-curricular" activities, such as taking band class for credit, "should never be subject to random testing," Judge said.

He added, "In my world, there's no such thing as zero tolerance . . . I've got cut-off levels." Evans said those "cut-off levels" assure that naturally occurring chemicals and second-hand smoke won't affect the results. He added, "You'd have to be in a phone booth with Jerry Garcia for the weekend" to test positive for a drug based only on exposure to second-hand smoke.

Still, a person can trigger results on the initial test because of certain medicines and foods. These results are always sent to a "medical review officer," and a result is not classified as positive unless the officer determines (often through interview) whether some factor other than illegal drugs is at work. "There is no such thing as a false positive," Evans said.

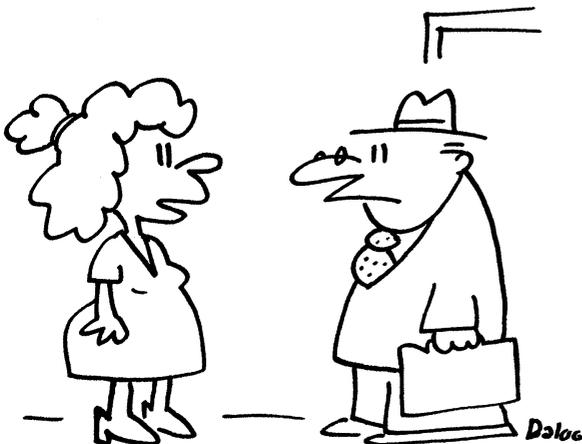
Both Evans and Judge have represented people on both sides of the issue. Both argue the tests are accurate, if they're administered correctly. Judge described a case in which a woman was fired because of test results that were not properly verified. Judge sued on her behalf, and the woman returned to work.

Though results referred to a "medical review officer" are kept confidential and can't be used as the basis for sanctions, the process has got to be nerve-wracking for students. Evans' claim that the initial result is not a "false positive," because it's subsequently verified by an expert, is little comfort to the kid who has to go through the ordeal.

A contrarian handed out a pamphlet from the ACLU and the Drug Policy Alliance. It points to a study published last year in the *Journal of School Health* that purports drug testing has not reduced drug use. McKinney criticized that study on the grounds that it doesn't differentiate between random testing and infrequent testing based on suspicion.

McKinney published his own study that relies on the perception of school officials — a subjective, and probably not quantitative, source of data. He also noted a correlation between random testing and higher test scores, but of course this says nothing of causation. However, McKinney did present some evidence from specific schools in which drug use (as reported by students) went down during periods of random drug testing.

Evans was involved in setting up drug tests at Hunterdon Central Regional High School in New Jersey, where he reports drug use among students declined dramatically.



"I did a study today, and cooking dinner just isn't cost-effective."

(That school tested for alcohol, too, though alcohol leaves the body at a faster rate than many other drugs.)

Marijuana Myths

In their essay for *The New Prohibition*, Paul Armentano and Keith Stroup explode Solberg's myths about the increasing potency of marijuana. They note that general-use marijuana has increased in potency, but only from about 3% to 5% — not 30 or 40%, as Solberg claimed. They note that "quantities of exceptionally strong marijuana or sinsemilla (seedless marijuana) are inordinately expensive, comprise only a small percentage of the overall marijuana market, and are seldom used by the population at large — particularly younger adults." They also point out the more potent stuff generally is taken in lower quantities. Of course, the increase in potency of many drugs is attributable to prohibition, which encourages the trade of more compact product. As for "treatment" of marijuana abuse, Armentano and Stroup point out that forcing minors into treatment for addiction does not mean they are actually addicted.

And yet, Solberg's obviously bogus claims do not prove that she is intellectually dishonest. I suspect she is simply a party-line bureaucrat, and I can imagine her giving the same sort of peppy speeches for any government program — or any government — whatsoever.

During one of the breaks, Solberg was sitting at a table with another of the speakers. I happened to have an extra copy of Bill Masters' 2001 book, *Drug War Addiction*, so I gave it to her as a gift.

She seemed less than pleased. "We'll have to agree to disagree," she said.

"I think we can find some commonality," I replied, thinking of Masters' strong criticisms of drug abuse.

"The bottom line is there should be less drugs in our community," she said.

"Everybody believes that," I replied. In retrospect, my comment was an overstatement; one eccentric local activist thinks more (non-ill) people should smoke marijuana. Nevertheless, practically every reformer I know is very concerned about the problem of drug abuse. Of course, many reformers see the consumption of some drugs, including alcohol, tobacco, and marijuana, especially in moderation, as less of a problem than engaging in a wide range of other activities that aren't demonized.

"Some people want more drugs," Solberg said, identifying this group with people who want to "legalize" drugs. (She pronounced the word "legalize" several times throughout the day in a strained, self-conscious tone, the way a proper lady might name a sex organ in public.)

I explained to Solberg that support for legalization doesn't mean that one wants more drugs or more drug abuse. The reformers I know would like to see a decline in drug abuse, and generally a decline in the use of non-medicinal drugs.

Then, proving there is such a thing as karma, Solberg replied, "Alcohol is legal and it's one of the most abused drugs." I had to ask: "Then you would support returning to the full prohibition of alcohol?"

Amazingly, she seemed not to be prepared for this one. "No," she said.

"Why not?" I asked.

continued on page 52

Invitation

Resist All Wars!

by Barry Loberfeld

*This is an open letter to the National War Tax Resistance
Coordinating Committee.*

May 25, 2004

*The war in Iraq
is not the only
war the U.S.
government
fights and
demands its
citizens support
with their tax
money.*

To all people of goodwill in the National War Tax Resistance Coordinating Committee:

What struck me most about your "Appeal to Conscience: In Support of Those Refusing to Pay for War on Iraq" was that it sped straight to the point of what war means: "death and disease" — by bombing, shooting, and environmental poisoning — for both soldiers and civilians in Iraq, as well as "terrorist attacks against the United States, its citizens, and those of any allies who join us." It also means expenditure of "tens, if not hundreds, of billions of dollars, thus further diverting resources from addressing the hunger, homelessness, unemployment, and other economic problems facing millions of American families." The appeal contended that "[p]re-emptive war against Iraq violates international laws, including the Charter of the United Nations, which the U.S. Constitution requires us to uphold" and suggested that "there are other, more peaceful and effective approaches to dealing with real threats posed by weapons of mass destruction." It concluded:

We believe that every citizen of this country has a moral duty to speak out against, and avoid cooperation with, this escalated war against Iraq — and to encourage others to do the same.

Refusal to pay taxes used to finance unjust wars, along with refusal by soldiers to fight in them, is a direct and potentially effective form of citizen noncooperation, and one that governments cannot ignore. War tax refusal has a long and honorable tradition among religious and secular opponents of war. . . .

Refusal to pay all or a portion of one's federal taxes as a form of conscientious objection to war may involve personal risks. For that reason, material and moral support for war tax refusers — including organizing support committees, raising support funds, and providing legal defense — is an important form of war resistance in itself.

Therefore, we, the undersigned individuals, believing that war tax refusal under the present circumstances is fully justified on moral and ethical grounds, publicly declare our encouragement of, and willingness to lend support to, those persons of conscience who choose to take this step. [emphasis in original]

Among its signers are Joan Baez and Daniel Berrigan, William Sloane Coffin

Among its signers are Joan Baez and Daniel Berrigan, William Sloane Coffin and Daniel Ellsberg, Noam Chomsky and Howard Zinn.

The signers have heard prominent, accomplished individuals, both inside and outside the Bush administration, present empirical evidence and moral arguments. They have heard the War on Terrorism justified as a benefit to all people, including the Iraqis, and they have heard the accusations of "selfishness" and "indifference" hurled at those who've rejected this claim. They must surely acknowledge the possibility that this invasion of Iraq, like the earlier one,

Will you support me in refusing to pay taxes in support of the War on Drugs?

might garner the support of a majority of the population. And yet they defend the right of any dissenting individual, acting upon no more than *his own* judgment and conscience, to withhold his person and property from the war effort of the state.

The war in Iraq is not the only war the U.S. government fights and demands its citizens support with their tax money. By the logic used in your appeal, those who dissent from the other wars our government fights have the same right to withhold their persons and property from the prosecution of those wars.

For example, I oppose the War on Drugs. I disagree with those, inside and outside the government, who defend it. My own judgment of the evidence and my own moral code lead me to conclude that narcotics prohibition is a benefit to no one. Even though poll after poll may show that a majority of Americans oppose legalization, don't I have a right to refuse "to pay all or a portion" of my "federal taxes as a form of conscientious objection" to *this* war? Will you support me in refusing to pay taxes in support of the War on Drugs?

I also oppose the War on Ignorance. I believe "public education" to be a virtual oxymoron; that government involvement (i.e., coercion) makes a mockery of anything that can decently be called learning; and that freedom of education is a basic human right for the same reasons that, say, freedom of religion is. While most Americans don't agree with me, many others — from Calvinist fundamentalists to Randian atheists — do. So I invite you to honor the

right of "tax refusal" of both the "religious and secular opponents" of this war. Will you support us in our appeal to conscience?

What about the War on Illness? After considering every argument on the subject, I'm convinced that greater government control of medicine — especially "national health care" — will mean only greater "death and disease." My sense of "moral duty," my idea of what I owe others, tells me to advocate the total withdrawal of the state from this area — that is, "to speak out against, and avoid cooperation with, this escalated war." Will you join those who support us in this matter of conscience?

Finally, consider the War on Poverty. I believe this war, by "diverting resources from" American citizens (via taxation), has prevented us "from addressing the hunger, homelessness, unemployment, and other economic problems facing millions" of our fellow human beings, here and abroad. I believe this war has no more provided anyone with "security" than the War on Terrorism has; that both have already backfired; that both have increased, not lessened, misery; and that both are unconstitutional (as are all the others above). Those of us who condemn the War on Poverty as strongly as the War on Terrorism should be free to dissent from both, for the good reasons given in your appeal. I invite you to stand in solidarity with us, to "publicly declare" your "encouragement of, and willingness to lend support to, those persons of conscience who choose to take this step."

"The War Resisters League affirms that all war is a crime against humanity." So far as I have seen, you seem only to focus on foreign wars. I am sure you mean well, and that this oversight has been an honest one. I therefore hope you will consider condemning domestic wars as well, the deployment of armed forces by the state against its own citizens, in language as strong as that with which you rightly condemn the war in Iraq. It is good to reject retaliation by "the army" against invading soldiers, but must we not also reject coercion by "the police" against people who have done no violence to anyone?

In Peace and Freedom,



Barry Loberfeld

Reflections, from page 16

questions about their roles. All the candidates and their staffs were quite willing to talk, and, with one or two exceptions, they were also quite forthright. As usual, we insisted on getting at least two sources for everything reported that I hadn't actually witnessed myself. This meant a lot of phone calls. Only one source — a very valuable one — asked for anonymity; he or she provided a wealth of information, some of it rather startling, all of it later verified by other sources.

My second most-frequently asked question is: do you support Michael Badnarik, with his peculiar views and behavior? The answer is an unequivocal yes, for reasons that I will explain in the next issue of *Liberty*.

In the meantime, I wish that other media would give the LP closer and more serious attention. I remain optimistic that the party will one day become visible enough on the American political landscape to merit coverage in other media of the sort that *Liberty* provides. — R.W. Bradford

Why I Am for Freedom

by Rodney Hide

The new leader of New Zealand's ACT Party tells the world why he wants to change things.

I was asked on the radio this week for my role model. I didn't hesitate. A truck driver. My father. My father loved working. He worked hard all his life, he valued the money he earned, and he didn't waste it.

Today I am driven by my father's judgment. What would he make of what a government department is up to . . . what this minister is proposing? Not a lot, would be his typical reaction.

Why? Because my dad judges every action, every decision, every utterance on whether it has a useful purpose and a valuable outcome. That's what drives me. Just as it drove my father.

My dad started work at 15 driving a team of eight draft horses. By 18 he was behind the wheel of a truck. He drove trucks for the rest of his working life. He loved it. And so did I. My best memories of growing up are the days spent with my dad. Dad always had the biggest and most powerful truck. I would sit up there in the cab, oh so proud, as we crisscrossed North Canterbury. We carted shingle, grain, superphosphate, lime, and coal. We went to the farms, the factories, the quarries, the ports, and the railways. And we talked. It was a great life.

I wanted to drive trucks, too. But Dad wanted me to have a trade first. I stayed on at school to get a year knocked off my apprenticeship. Thank goodness. For in my sixth form year I fell in love. I had discovered the joys of science. I went off to the University of Canterbury to gain a bachelor's degree. I still drove trucks for Transport North Canterbury. And it didn't matter how many exams I passed, I still didn't

know as much about truck driving as the other drivers. I didn't have their level of skill or experience. I have never forgotten that. The people out doing the work know more about it than the fellows with degrees in Wellington sitting around talking about it.

At the end of my third year at university I had a bachelor's degree in zoology which got me a holiday job for what was then the New Zealand Forest Service. I worked as part of a team measuring regrowth of native trees on the west coast of the South Island. I was very proud. I was on my way to being a scientist. It was a fun job too, walking around regenerating forests, counting and measuring trees and recording the native birds that we heard.

But there was something odd about it. No one appeared to be overly interested in the results. The decisions on how to manage the forests bore no relation to the science or the facts. The decisions were all political. Everyone appeared to know this except me. I was very naive! The money we were being paid was coming from the taxpayer and so no one cared whether the work we were doing had any purpose or value.

They couldn't see the forest for the red tape.

It was a defining moment in my life. I walked away from the forest. I still loved science, of course, but the only work going for scientists in those days was with the government,

and I knew I couldn't work where my efforts would be so poorly valued. But I wasn't going to quit university. I went back and completed my bachelor's degree in botany. The ironic result is that I am now the only qualified ecologist in our parliament.

The Greens talk about ecology, but I actually studied it. I worked three jobs that year while studying and saved my money. For I now had a plan. I even worked to satisfy more bureaucratic madness. To protect the poorly run, govern-

I experienced human ingenuity at its best while working on North Sea oil rigs, and experienced the true horrors of state control by going behind the Iron Curtain.

ment-owned railway, trucks were only allowed to drive 40 miles beside the railway line. So we built a shed the next summer halfway to the west coast just so a load of lime could be transferred from one truck to another to make the journey. Now, at enormous expense, the lime made the journey in two trucks, not one. But, it was legal. So that was all right.

Once the shed was built, I headed off on my Overseas Experience. I saw real poverty, experienced human ingenuity at its best while working on North Sea oil rigs, and experienced the true horrors of state control by going behind the Iron Curtain when those terrible totalitarian regimes were at their worst.

On my return to New Zealand, I launched myself back into academia and gained a master's degree in natural resource management. I stayed on at the Centre for Resource Management at Lincoln University as a researcher and lecturer in environmental science. But something was troubling me. We had all the theory about managing resources wisely, but we didn't have any evidence whatsoever to back it up. I began to worry about what the resource management experts we were producing might do to the country, let alone the planet.

I then had a stroke of good fortune. I started to try and figure out how we know what we know. I read book after book on the philosophy of science and then I hit the jackpot with Sir Karl Popper's *Logic of Scientific Discovery*. He brought it all home to me. Knowledge is always provisional. We can't prove a theory to be true. But we can prove it to be false. So our knowledge can grow and get better. We can always improve our understanding. And our understanding can be objective because it can be tested against the facts. We should not try to determine the true and right answers once and for all. We should instead constantly challenge and improve our knowledge by rigorous testing against experience.

I then read Popper's *Open Society and Its Enemies*. This is the book that has had the most dramatic impact on my thinking. We should always be suspicious of grand blueprints. Knowledge is ever-evolving. We are better to engage in incremental improvement rather than utopian social engineering.

This was the birth of my liberalism. My thinking was free and I discovered a new love. I became more and more inter-

ested in economics. I taught economics at Lincoln and went on to complete a master of science degree in economics at Montana State University. I mention this because I have now spent years thinking and challenging how we manage our resources and look after our environment, and how we make truck drivers richer.

My father started out with horses. He retired driving a magnificent 40-ton truck with hydraulics and power steering. My father achieved success by working hard to ensure that the business he worked for prospered and could invest in better and better trucks. The business prospered, and he prospered with it. My father and North Canterbury owed their prosperity not to handouts but to hard work.

My father taught me this all that time ago, as I sat in the cab beside him as a young boy. But it took me years of studying economics to truly understand the wisdom of his experience. And that surely is the task ahead: to ensure that vision is not the wisdom of a lone truck driver, but the basis of freedom and prosperity for all New Zealanders. It's not mysterious. It's just a question of letting people make their own decisions and prosper according to their own efforts.

That's what I believe in.

We have entire political parties dedicated to denying New Zealanders like my father the opportunity and indeed the right to prosper by their own efforts. If I was a young boy now, my father would be made poor because he would be taxed hard. He would be stripped of his dignity by having to apply for a top-up benefit because with three kids he would be considered needy. I know what my father would make of that. He wouldn't want a handout. Especially when it was his own money being handed back to him. He would just want to keep what he had earned.

My father worked hours and hours overtime every week of his working life. He did that because there was work to be done and to provide for his family. That's how we and the country prospered. And today? Our high-tax and top-up system would see my father keep only 11 cents out of every extra dollar that he earned working overtime.

That's a disgrace. Our government is denying hard-working people like my father the opportunity to improve their family's and our country's future by working harder. That's wrong. I am in politics to put an end to that. We must

I am in politics for a simple reason: to help New Zealanders reclaim the freedom that should be theirs as a right.

ensure that each and every working New Zealander can share in the dream of benefiting himself and his family by working hard. It is a dream that will make us all richer. Richer in the control we have over our own lives and our own destiny. And in the process we will make this great country even greater.

I am in politics for a simple reason: to help New Zealanders reclaim the freedom that should be theirs as a right so that every one of us can prosper just like my father and my family did. □

When Freedom Seekers Meet

by Logan Brandt

The avant-garde of the Free State Project gathered for an old-fashioned campout in New Hampshire.

The Free State Project (FSP) began in July 2001 when Jason Sorens, then a political science student at Yale, penned a proposal in L. Neil Smith's online magazine, *The Libertarian Enterprise*. He proposed that a large number of people who loved liberty should relocate to a state with a relatively high degree of freedom, and a small enough population for libertarian activists to make a difference in local government and in society. He received hundreds of emails in response, and worked out the basic concept in the course of the next several months. In the *May Liberty*, Free Stater Tim Condon described the progress the FSP has made since Sorens' proposal, especially in the past year.

At first, I didn't pay too much attention to the FSP. I have witnessed the "move and liberate" idea in action several times, and each effort I witnessed was aborted. But I met several Free Staters at the recent Libertarian convention, and they seemed to be my kind of people. The project reminds me of how I felt in the early '70s about Heinlein's *The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress*: "We'll get a bunch of young, brilliant, good-looking, born leaders together, declare independence from earthbound, imperial bureaucrats, and throw rocks at 'em!"

As I put tire tracks between me and the LP National Convention on Memorial Day weekend, I decided to check out the Free State Project's first annual Porcupine Freedom Festival coming up in Lancaster, N.H. I wanted to get to know these people better and see what they were all about.

Friday 6/25

I drove to the festival from my home in Detroit. I could have shaved 200 miles off my trip by driving through Canada, but decided to take the low road through the States. I've never had problems with customs, but these are strange

times, and the image of my baby (2002 Audi A4 1.8 Liter Turbo) being dismembered by snarling, dead-eyed bordercrats was more than I could bear.

As the hours wore on, I began to wonder whether that decision had been too hasty. My trip would take two days, around Toledo and Lake Erie, down the Ohio Turnpike, up through the northwest nub of Pennsylvania, east along what they call the Southern Tier superslabs of lower New York state, then into Vermont, and finally across the Connecticut River into the Promised Land. I'm glad I did it, though. It let me see the contrast between freedom's dying light in surrounding states and freedom's dawning day across the river.

From the point of view of a rational motorist, New York is the worst state in the Union. Signs on the sparse, hilly terrain on the southwestern edge of the state declare to motorists as they cross the border:

- No handheld cellphones.
- No radar detectors.
- Seatbelts mandatory.
- Helmets mandatory.
- State speed limit 55 (or 65 on the Interstate).
- Aircraft used in speed enforcement.
- Move over for police vehicles or else.
- Fines doubled in work areas.
- Felony to transport a firearm.

- Don't drink (Perrier?) and drive.
- No facilities at most rest stops, but don't even think about pissing in the bushes.
- No dogs allowed, lock down small children in back seat at all times.
- Drunk driving, you can't afford it.
- No one-fingered waving at police officers.
- Do not speed up, slow down, move out of your lane, or fall asleep while reading these signs.
- Ignorance of the law is punishable by death.

Welcome to New York, you sleazy, would-be miscreants! We ♥ NY! Have a nice day.

During my stay at the midway point of my journey, near Oswego, N.Y., I learned of major transgressions by the great state of New York against the freedom of its people: farm-stealing and other eminent domain incursions, historical-building despotism, etc. I also discovered in the hotel bar that night that California's smoking ban has made it eastward. New York is now part of the Gang of Five (with California, Maine, Connecticut, and, most recently, Taxachusetts), all of which will soon be breaking down the doors of a private, allegedly smoke-filled property near you.

I shouldn't really pick on New York — after all, Michigan and the other people's paradises in the U.S. have their own nitpicking-to-bonecrushing families of statutes. The question I asked myself was whether New Hampshire would be very different.

Once New York Route 7 turned into Vermont Route 9, everything on either side of the road seemed to be a hill, a rock, a tree, an antique shop, or a sign directing me to a ski lodge. Vermont road signage, to use an exact technical term, *sucks*. It makes Houston seem like a beacon of civil-engineering perfection.

Maybe even farther down the statist road than New York, Vermont once was the "move-to" darling of workers of the world uniting, the Left's perverse version of FSP, where statists could flock to practice self-immolation.

The moment I crossed into New Hampshire, time stood still.

An occasional wild turkey waddled alongside the road. A highway placard declared, "Moose," and sure enough, I soon saw a real moose. I wasn't the only one intrigued: other drivers had turned on their emergency blinkers, parked on the

My journey took me north several miles along New Hampshire Route 2, a drive that felt like riding through a Norman Rockwell painting in the Twilight Zone.

shoulder, and settled down for some moose-watching. (Disney movieplexes no doubt have a hard time competing in these parts.)

I tore myself away from the spectacle of the roadside moose and resumed my journey. It took me north several miles along New Hampshire Route 2, a drive that felt like riding through a Norman Rockwell painting in the *Twilight Zone*, and at long last arrived at the campground and motel

where the festivities would take place. I negotiated my deal with the desk attendant and proceeded to my site to pitch my tent. Moisture hung in the air, but the mosquitoes were tolerable.

On the access road adjacent to my site, a darling little girl struggled to master her bike, which was still equipped with training wheels. She fell a few times, but was too small and too close to the ground to get hurt. I said "Hi," which elicited her life story: "My name's Sophie and I'm here with my mom and dad, and my brother is older and can already ride a bike, he has a big bike, this is a nice place, my dad can drive a car real fast, when I'm finished learning, like tomorrow, I'll ride fast like my brother, our dog is named Joe."

As a solitary man, I felt anxious about striking up conversations or making more than perfunctory remarks toward small, unescorted children. For one thing, I don't want her to be unwary of strangers, because in the Old World where aggression is legal and commonplace, and sickos lurk — that's another thing, in the Old World, a single man talks to a small girl alone, he's a sicko, it's like inviting the gendarmes to swarm down to steal your *Playboy* collection and throw you in shackles — she needs to be wary. But being unfriendly sends the wrong message, too.

So we chatted for a while, i.e., she talked and I listened while I figured out how to put up my new tent. Her folks were with the FSP and, in fact, they were right over in the opposite campsite. Whew!

At nightfall, I headed toward the Friday campfire, bringing a handful of brewskis. I introduced myself, found a name-tag and a seat, and joined in the conversation. We kindred souls shared stimulating conversation about home schooling, the irrationality of drug and gun laws, transportation alternatives, private space travel, and the origin of the sawed-off shotgun, among other topics.

I had landed in a rational universe where people let one another be, but were at the same time eager to share their knowledge and interests, their "being." I felt proud to be human, hanging out with all these different and wonderful people. As we shared our stories and grew closer, I felt that these people were going to be successful. I hadn't felt this way since the Libertarian National Convention in 1979, when we nominated Ed Clark to realize our aspirations. That hope proved illusory, but we did have a real chance at a breakthrough for freedom-loving people then, and I feel that we have such a chance again in the FSP. I hope my feeling is right this time. FSP, being focused more on lives than on politics, may deliver our liberty more naturally.

The night in the tent was comfortable, but decompression tension kept me from sleeping well.

Saturday 6/26

I rose at the crack of dawn, got a cup of joe from the coffee shop, and sat at a table across from one of the few other people awake. He was a tall, young man, about 6'10", wearing a mountain-man hat and a T-shirt imprinted with the famous quotation from Ben Franklin: "Those who would give up essential liberty to purchase a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety." He told me he was here to check out the FSP, and clearly his affinity for the organization was motivated by interest in firearms rights.

"How are the rules in New Hampshire?" I asked.

"Pretty good here," he said. "A lot of citizens own and use firearms, and realize the 2nd Amendment isn't about duck hunting. It's the federales we worry about mostly."

After breakfast, I visited the main hall and made the rounds of the vendor tables. A wonderful cornucopia of pro-freedom organizations had representatives in attendance, and I spoke with almost all of them. At one table, someone hawked *The Bottom Line: The Socratic Technique*, a video by Jan Helfeld, who uses an unorthodox method to fluster notable Demopublican officeholders. At another table, the Save-A-

A highway placard declared, "Moose," and sure enough, I soon saw a real moose.

Patriot Fellowship held forth on the necessity of lawful money and lawful taxation as fundamental economic principles that precede any valid political system. New Hampshire real estate agent Dave Walthour showcased some homes. The prices were very reasonable compared with what I am used to in Detroit. West Coasters could probably buy in New Hampshire five of whatever they live in now! Joe Carringer, aka Joe Hemp, made available the magazine *Hemphysis*. The New Hampshire LP had a table; I signed up, and have already received my first newsletter, which I daresay is a cut above the national *LP News*. At the table of a group called the Merrimack Valley Seekers, I spoke with a man named Jack. He shared my interest in developing a "church of reason."

At 10 a.m., Amanda Phillips, president of the FSP, called the group of about 300 people to order for the opening remarks. The wide, airy building and the upbeat attitude of the Free Staters lent the feel of a revival meeting to the convocation. Amanda is a tall, striking woman with a warm, easy smile.

She asked us to stand for a moment of silence. I thought, "Geez, is there some bad news I missed? Didn't everyone already pay enough homage to Ronnie? Who else died?"

After about 30 seconds, she broke the silence, saying, "That was a moment of silence to mourn the passing of authoritarianism, statism, fascism, socialism . . .!"

This explanation, of course, brought down the house and put everyone in happy-camper modes. She yelled excitedly, "Can you feel the energy?" Amanda proved masterful at running a meeting, getting audience participation, and keeping everything on track.

We acknowledged the "early movers" in the throng, those who had already moved to New Hampshire in accordance with the pledge. They stood to rousing applause. Amanda then opened the floor for people to tell their stories about why they joined the FSP. I spoke of my concern about the encroachment of police states like the ones I had just driven through: "I like the idea of creating a free country by actually creating a *free country*."

With a tone of immense admiration, Amanda introduced Jason Sorens. Naturally, he received a standing ovation. His topic was "We're Making History." He gave a nod to the remarkable progress the FSP made in the last year, but said he wants to focus more on "quality of life" issues now. He suggested that, in its early days, the FSP drew people with an

abstract, almost sacred, vision of political society, people wanting to reify the nonaggression principle. The Free Staters' outreach now, he says, should take the form of selling people on a profoundly enriched experience of life: "In terms of slogans, instead of 'Hi, we're from the Free State Project and we're here to help you,' let's think more like 'You have a friend in New Hampshire.'"

Jason remarked that we humans live our lives as projects of sorts. Most of us are not content to move aimlessly through life, pursuing transitory, hedonistic ends, but yearn to shape our environment and see our intentionality reflected in that environment. Project building comes naturally to us, he said, so why not projectize the achievement of human liberty? A narrowly focused, doable project such as FSP fittingly seeds that larger goal, making it achievable.

Other idealistic separation movements that aim to develop intentional communities tend to bite off more than they can chew. To accomplish their goals in the lifetime of original participants would require extraordinary, and usually unrealistic, input of capital and labor. The Free State Project is different, Jason said, because it's realistic.

With that, the meeting was adjourned.

By rationally projectizing the pursuit of political freedom, Sorens and the many competent people of the FSP have given libertarians a workable solution. Libertarian Party candidates and activists around the country are making a difference at the local level, and their work is to be applauded. But inevitably, if you're a libertarian, you're in a supplicant position: "Please, politically powerful elite, leave my people alone." The Free Staters have a different message: "Let my people go!"

In the afternoon sessions, Ed Naille of the Coalition of New Hampshire Taxpayers gave us practical tips on getting into the political process in New Hampshire. When he first came to New Hampshire, he said, he went to ten town meetings before he first raised his hand. Pick an organization and go for it, he urged. Become part of the neighborhood.

Joe Carringer talked about industrial hemp. Joe is a tall, good-looking young businessman, artist, and activist in the hemp-legalization movement. When he asked for a show of hands for how many people are aware of the distinction between the agricultural and pharmaceutical uses of cannabis, he was surprised that about a third of us raised our hands. Hemp is Mother Nature's strain of cannabis. It con-

Inevitably, if you're a libertarian, you're in a supplicant position: "Please, politically powerful elite, leave my people alone." The Free Staters have a different message: "Let my people go!"

tains little THC, so it won't get you high. It has several benign uses, including the manufacture of paper and diesel fuel. And it can be grown in New Hampshire.

In a normal growing season, hemp has two and a half to three full cycles, in which the crop grows densely to between six and 16 feet high. It's an environment-saving, multibillion-

dollar industry that can recreate the family farm overnight — which is the reason hemp is designated a Schedule I controlled substance. The federal government has prohibited hemp purely as a protectionist measure for the forestry and petrochemical industries and for producers of cotton.

With that, the main day's session was over. The "banquet" followed, and it was skimpy: a piece of chicken, half a cup of macaroni, and handful of chips. A server, perhaps to allay her feelings of remorse, told me, "We can't do much for \$6.50."

I stopped at the campground store to buy a whisk broom. It cost \$2.99; I handed the cashier a five-dollar bill, and she handed me back \$2.01! I almost had a seizure. That was the first purchase of general merchandise in my entire life that didn't entail a cut for leeches in the state capitol. I staggered into the coffee shop, where I could sit down to let my head clear. New Hampshire does not have an income tax or a sales tax on general merchandise. Residents of most states can realize a significant increase in real income just by relocating to New Hampshire.

Sunday 6/27

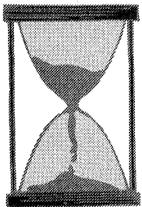
Sunday morning, I ate breakfast at a restaurant in town and asked a waitress whether there were any good golf courses nearby. She was super friendly and tried to lay before me the entire smorgasbord of golfing courses in northern New Hampshire. What is it with these people being so friendly and happy to help? Stop it! The golf course three miles from here will be fine.

I returned to camp, where Pastor Garrett Lear prepared to hold Christian services through his Well of Living Water Christian Fellowship, "a free, unincorporated, unregistered, and unlicensed New Testament church." Amanda decided to give the atheists somewhere to hang out, too. I joined the gathering of Porcupine Atheists at Amanda's campsite, where we held our version of a service. It was a charming and invigorating interruption in the bustle of the weekend.

Amanda asked the group, "What inspires *us*, as people who do not believe in divine, supernatural, anthropomorphic beings?" She told us the movie *Braveheart* always brings her to tears, because William Wallace holds to what is right regardless of the cost. Others agree and affirm that many of their fellow Free Staters inspire them, because they see what they want and go out and get it. I bring up my feelings for Thomas Paine, who fought both state and church. A young man identified himself as a Daoist. A young woman said she was partial to the God of Nature, and that she was polyamorous.

We ended our "service" with a charitable act. An FSP member, Randall Wolfe, had set out to walk from Kentucky to the festival. He was robbed on the Appalachian Trail and had to return home to recover. He then set out to drive to the festival, and made it most of the way, but his car had an unfortunate encounter with a moose, and the car lost. We heard he was all right . . . but how could he be all right? We passed the hat and raised \$100 or so.

continued on page 51



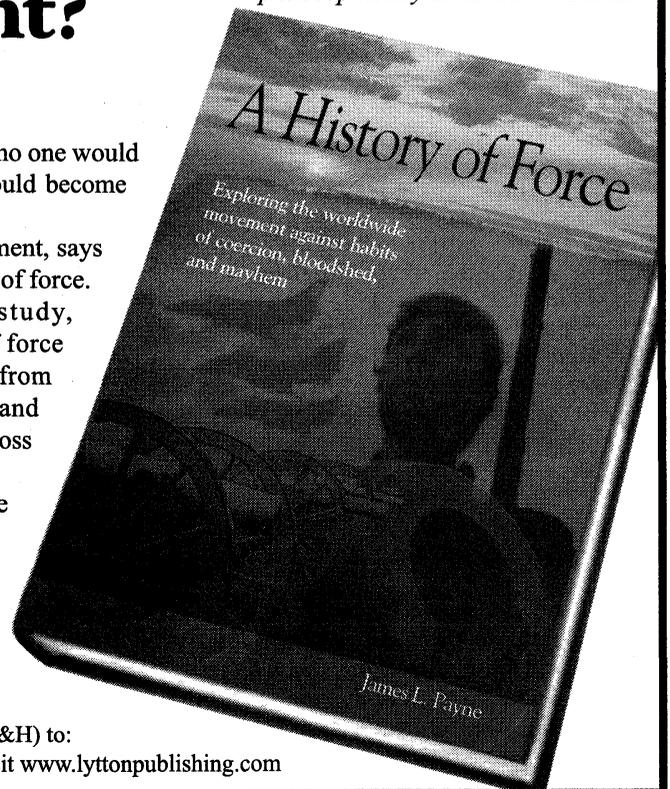
Is Time Running Out for Government?

"Historically comprehensive and philosophically coherent" —Choice

Force is the basis of government. Take away the guns, and no one would care what senators say, and their bustling marble chambers would become echoing mausoleums.

Therefore, if we want to know about the future of government, says political scientist James Payne, we need to track trends in the use of force. This is what Payne has done in his provocative new study, *A History of Force*. His readable account of dozens of uses of force reveals a long-term tendency for the human race to turn away from violence and coercion. This trend affects government. Large and intrusive as it is today, government is quietly being eroded by the loss of moral, cultural, and intellectual support.

For centuries, reformers have looked to the state and its use of force to improve the world. Payne shows that this perspective is historically misguided. Coercive approaches are in decline. The future belongs to voluntary arrangements that emphasize individual creativity, persuasion, and generosity.



To order *A History of Force*, send check for \$27.45 (\$23.95 plus \$3.50 S&H) to:
Lytton Publishing Company Box 1212 • Sandpoint, ID 83864 • Or visit www.lyttonpublishing.com

Two Cheers for Violence

by Dave Kopel

Pacifists often claim that violence only begets violence. They are wrong.

“Violence never solves anything,” pacifists and gun prohibitionists like to say. “Violence begets violence,” they add. The statements are rattled off as if they were empirical claims whose truth is obvious to all intelligent people. In fact, they are baseless propositions that are contradicted by ample and obvious evidence.

Unless you want to abolish the police, then you can not really believe that “violence never solves anything” or that “violence begets violence.” Police carry weapons and use them when necessary to apprehend criminals. Societies create police because people believe that doing so results in less violence overall. Even British bobbies of the 19th century carried nightsticks.

When you watch the evening television news, you sometimes see stories such as “Policeman thwarts kidnapping by wounding kidnapper” or “Rapist stopped when policeman subdues him with billy club.” No reasonable person sees such stories and thinks, “How terrible. The policeman used violence, and since violence begets violence, we are sure to have even more violence in the future.” Instead, rational people think, “Because the criminal was stopped and arrested, we will probably have a little less violence in the future. At least that criminal will not be attacking anyone else for a while.”

Most people think the same thing when citizens who do not work for the government stop a crime. If the newspaper headlines read, “Students Wrestle School Shooter to the Ground, Breaking His Arm,” or “Elderly Woman Shoots Burglar; DNA Tests Identify Him as Serial Murderer,” reasonable and decent people are happy that the crime was

thwarted. They believe that the people who stopped the crimes reduced violence.

Every year at least 100,000 Americans (according to the lowest estimate), and perhaps as many as several million Americans (the highest estimates), successfully use gun violence, or the threat of gun violence, to thwart violent criminal attacks. Less violent crime, less violence.

History tells many success stories for violence. Violence begat American independence, Greek independence, and Swiss independence. Violence kept the United States united, and then freed the slaves. Violence prevented Napoleon from becoming dictator of Europe, and prevented Hitler and Hirohito from becoming dictators of Eurasia. The threat of violence, including nuclear violence, deterred Stalin and the Soviets from conquering Western Europe. Violence ended the Holocaust, established the modern state of Israel, and stopped the Arabs from driving the Jews into the sea in 1948 and 1967. Violence removed the Ceausescu communist dictatorship in Romania. Violence removed Afghanistan as a secure training base for worldwide terrorists in 2001. Violence kept terrorists from crashing United Airlines flight 93 into Washington, D.C.

Pacifists point out, quite correctly, that nonviolence can

be successful, and is sometimes more effective than violence. Mohandas Gandhi's nonviolence ended British rule in India, and the People Power movement in the Philippines removed the Marcos dictatorship in 1986.

Only a person who is willfully blind to history can deny that violence and nonviolence can both be effective.

Some pacifists reply that violence should not be deemed an effective means of ensuring peace unless it is perfectly effective every time it's tried. They point out that World War

Every year at least 100,000 Americans successfully use gun violence, or the threat of gun violence, to thwart violent criminal attacks. Less violent crime, less violence.

II left Stalin in control of half of Europe, and that the War Between the States did not solve the problem of racism.*

There is little we can do that is perfectly effective. If perfection is the standard, then nonviolence fails the test as surely as does violence. The peaceful People Power revolution in the Philippines has left the Philippines with many social problems, including a terrorist Islamic insurgency which was more effectively suppressed by the police state of Ferdinand Marcos. Gandhi's nonviolent movement for Indian independence led to British withdrawal and over one million deaths in the civil war that resulted.

When conscientious people refuse to use violence when necessary to defend against the initiation of force, they help to propagate violence by criminals and by criminal governments. Nonviolence allowed the worst violence in history to take place: democracies failed to act against fascism when victory would have been easy.

Pacifists often cite the American civil rights movement of the 1950s and 1960s as proof of the efficacy of nonviolent resistance. The reality is more complex.

Under the leadership of Martin Luther King, the civil rights movement did engage in a wide variety of nonviolent actions, such as bus boycotts, lunch counter sit-ins, and demonstrations. Some of these, such as the Montgomery bus boycott, succeeded quickly and directly. At other times, the benefits came more indirectly, but were still substantial. For example, when Birmingham, Ala., police used German Shepherd attack dogs and fire hoses against peaceful protesters, the images showed that it was the racist police, and not the civil rights protesters, who were guilty of destroying public order. The event changed public opinion in the rest of the country and thereby paved the way for Congressional passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and the Voting Rights Act of 1965.

* The federal government did not prosecute that war to achieve racial equality, but to preserve the Union, so it is unfair to call the war a failure because the victors did not achieve an objective they didn't have. The war did eliminate slavery. Freedmen after the war were victims of pervasive discrimination, but discrimination is a far cry from slavery, under which one's children can be sold to an owner in another state.

But the part of the civil rights story that has been ignored by pacifist mythmakers is the great extent to which civil rights activists armed themselves for protection against terrorists like the Ku Klux Klan. White supremacist tactics in the 1960s were just as violent as they had been in the first Ku Klux Klan era, after Reconstruction, when the Klan would methodically disarm the freedmen in a community and impose its reign of terror. In the 1960s, over 100 civil rights workers were murdered. The U.S. Department of Justice refused to intervene and prosecute the Klan or to protect civil rights workers. And help from the local police was often out of the question; Klan dues were sometimes collected at the local station.

In response, many blacks and civil rights workers armed for self-defense. John Salter, a professor at Tougaloo College and a 1960s NAACP leader, wrote: "No one knows what kind of massive racist retaliation would have been directed against grass-roots black people had the black community not had a healthy measure of firearms within it." Salter personally had to defend his home and family several times against attacks by night riders. When Salter fired back, the night riders, cowards that they were, fled. The unburned Ku Klux Klan cross in the Smithsonian Institution was donated by a civil rights worker whose shotgun blast drove Klansmen away from her driveway.

Many civil rights advocates viewed nonviolence as a useful tactic for certain situations, not as a moral imperative that required allowing oneself to be murdered on a deserted road in the middle of the night. For instance, the Deacons for Defense and Justice, based in local churches, set up armed patrol car systems in cities such as Bogalusa and Jonesboro, La., and were successful in deterring Klan and other attacks on civil rights workers and black residents. Sixty chapters of the Deacons were formed throughout the South.

Martin Luther King chose not to own a gun, but he explicitly defended the right of self-defense. In 1959, the annual convention of the NAACP resolved, "[W]e do not deny but reaffirm the right of individual and collective self-defense against unlawful assaults." King supported the resolution,

Part of the civil rights story has been ignored by pacifist mythmakers: civil rights activists armed themselves for protection against terrorists like the Ku Klux Klan.

explaining that violence "exercised in self-defense" was "moral and legal" everywhere. King pointed out that even Gandhi did not condemn self-defense.

The claims of some pacifists that nonviolence is always more powerful than violence cannot stand up to historical scrutiny. Sometimes nonviolence by itself works just fine. Sometimes nonviolence on one front works wonderfully when supported by violence on another front. And sometimes only violence can succeed. From a prudential viewpoint, nonviolence always deserves careful consideration. However, a rational person will sometimes conclude that nonviolence is not an effective option. □

Reviews

The Great Divergence: China, Europe, and the Making of the Modern World Economy, by Kenneth Pomeranz. Princeton University Press, 2000, 382 pages.

Why Is the West Rich?

Jane Shaw

During the past few decades, classical liberal scholars have developed an explanation of why Western Europe prospered on a scale that had never before been seen. The current classical liberal or “new institutional economics” story has been expounded in both scholarly and popular works. Douglass North, Nathan Rosenberg and R. E. Birdzell, Deepak Lal, David Landes, Richard Pipes, Tom Bethell, and others have developed the theory, which goes something like this:

In the Middle Ages, especially in the slowly emerging cities, western European countries began to develop the institutions of private property rights and limited government. Property rights evolved out of feudal relationships (and escaped from them), and limited government stemmed from the fragmentation of Europe, which was divided into landed estates and little duchies as well as more broadly into spiritual and temporal domains. Gradually, the liberating institutions expanded to include commercial law, insurance, and other innovations that encouraged individualism, entrepreneurship, trade, and invention. By the late 18th century, the accumulation of all these small changes became a major force, especially in England, where inventions such as the steam engine and the spinning jenny launched the Industrial Revolution

and rapid economic growth.

Implicit in this story is an understanding that other parts of the world, notably China, failed to develop such institutions and for that reason did not experience expansion of trade and innovation as Europe did. The usual explanation is that China had, from early on, a monolithic government that stifled individualism.

Now Kenneth Pomeranz comes along, seeking to blow this theory to smithereens. He doesn't think institutions matter much, at least not the institution of limited government: “There is little to suggest that western Europe's economy had decisive advantages before [the 1800s], either in its capital stock or economic institutions, that made industrialization highly probable there and unlikely elsewhere” (p. 16). Pomeranz disputes “various arguments that either the general structure of society or the specific rules surrounding commercial property gave European merchants a crucial advantage in amassing capital, preserving it from the state, or deploying it rationally” (18). He argues that China and Europe were essentially equivalent — on the measures that matter in his view, such as demographics and economic conditions — until the late 18th century. Both regions, he contends, experienced “serious ecological bottlenecks and spiraling poverty among too-numerous proto-industrial workers and underemployed farm

laborers” in the 18th century (22).

Pomeranz contends that Europe, facing a “squeeze” as a growing population met the constraints of limited agricultural land, averted the problem by creating colonies. These overseas outposts, with vast expanses of land cultivated partly by slave labor, provided agricultural products that Europe could not produce on its own. In other words, to explain the Industrial Revolution, institutions — limited government, private property rights, technological innovation, commercial trading institutions, and even trade in manufactured goods — all take a back seat to Europe's reliance on colonial land and labor.

Pomeranz also argues that a stroke of luck — the ready availability of coal in England — spurred the Industrial Revolution. In contrast, the major coal reserves in China were too far away: “[T]he area housing most of China's coal became a backwater, far from major markets and far from invigorating interaction with other sorts of craftsmen [than miners]” (63).

Pomeranz's hypothesis has evoked admiration from some surprising people. For example, Gary M. Anderson, a public-choice economist writing in *The Independent Review*, says that Pomeranz “does an excellent job of debunking the excessive emphasis on deregulation as the principal (or even the only) engine of economic growth” (Winter 2004, p. 446). Deirdre McCloskey

blurbs: "Pomeranz uses that European invention — economics — to overturn Eurocentrism, establishing beyond cavil a New Fact in our world. Never again will Europeans imagine they stood alone in the doorway of economic growth." Another reason to take the book seriously is the fact that *The Great Divergence* is published as part of an economic history series edited by a respected economist, Joel Mokyr.

At the same time, there is much to question, beginning with the importance of the "Malthusian constraints" and "ecological bottlenecks." These terms suggest a fashionable concern that may not reflect actual history, especially since Pomeranz reports that these problems were more anticipated than experienced. And even if one agrees that colonial advantages gave Europe an important economic edge, one might point out that the earlier institutional developments made Europe (but not China) capable of establishing colonial empires.

There are other issues, too. Although the book is full of impressive statistics — about the extent of the Atlantic trade, for example — its overall message is difficult to analyze. Pomeranz throws so much information (including six appendices) at the reader that one has to be impressed, but one must also ask whether this information supports his thesis. For

Pomeranz seeks to blow to smithereens the idea that property rights and limited government were major causes of the rise of prosperity in the West.

example, if imported sugar comprised 4% of the British diet in 1800, as he states, did the imports "save" Britain from using up between 1.3 and 1.9 million acres of British land, as he claims? And if so, what exactly does this explain? If England had been cultivating that land (and other land "saved" from cotton and coffee production), would the Industrial Revolution never have occurred? That seems to be the thrust of the argument, and while I am not enough of an expert to evaluate its

validity, it is not immediately apparent that freeing land from agricultural use was a critical factor giving rise to the Industrial Revolution.

And while Pomeranz provides heaps of information about Europe, he cites far scantier scholarship about China. Perhaps because it is too new and published in mostly specialized journals, Pomeranz cites very little popular or readily accessible writing that supports his views about conditions in China before the Industrial Revolution. He mentions a Japanese author, Kaoru Sugihara, as supporting his claim that economic conditions were similar in China and Europe just before the Industrial Revolution. Yet Sugihara departs from Pomeranz by contending that the Industrial Revolution had its origins in Europe as far back as 1500.

There are other difficulties, too. Exactly what are we comparing? Sometimes Pomeranz discusses China, sometimes the Yangtze Delta, sometimes other parts of Asia. He himself points out that the Industrial Revolution began in Britain, not in

Europe generally or even in Western Europe, but offers statistics for other parts of Europe, too. I get the feeling that these comparisons allow some slipperiness when comparing statistical data.

All in all, I look forward to careful scrutiny of *The Great Divergence* by economic historians who specialize in

Pomeranz contends that Europe, facing a "squeeze" as a growing population met the constraints of limited agricultural land, averted the problem by creating colonies.

Europe and, especially, China. I anticipate great deliberation and debate. Perhaps, as Deirdre McCloskey states, past explanations have been "Eurocentric." But it will take a lot to persuade me that institutions don't matter. □

Fahrenheit 9/11, directed by Michael Moore. Lions Gate Films, 2004, 122 minutes.

The Temperature at Which Truth Burns

Sarah McCarthy

I saw Michael Moore's *Fahrenheit 9/11* on opening day at a suburban theater in New Jersey. Afterwards, I talked to a man who'd brought a younger man to the film. "He's young and tough and wants to enlist," said the older guy. "I wanted him to see what he's getting into."

"I'm still signing up," said the young man. Moore had fought the movie's R rating, arguing that soon the teenagers prevented from seeing the

film would be 18, old enough to serve, and he wanted them to see the other side of the story.

What they are getting into, of course, is a guerrilla war that the United States entered into on the basis of bad information and with a flawed strategy. Seymour Hersh wrote in the October 2003 *New Yorker* that Kenneth Pollack, a former National Security Council expert, said that the Bush people had "dismantle[d] the existing filtering process that for 50 years had been preventing the policymakers

from getting bad information. They created stovepipes to get the information they wanted directly to the top leadership. They always had information to back up their public claims, but it was often very bad information."

Helen Thomas, a UPI correspondent at the White House for 57 years, said recently that we now have "a government that is absolutely ignoring the truth and a press that is ignoring the truth." The press today, she said, is doing a terrible job covering the presidency — worse than she ever has seen. "I really think that reporters for two, three months after 9/11 — everyone was afraid to ask their question. They would not ask any question that would appear to be unpatriotic. This reticent culture continued into the war in Iraq, where reporters feared questions would be perceived as jeopardizing American troops."

"I think she's absolutely right — dead on," says James W. Brown, executive associate dean of the Indiana University School of Journalism. "The evidence is there — the Bush administration lies, lies, lies. The strongest, most aggressive person taking the Bush administration to task is not someone from *The New York Times* or *The Washington Post*, but Michael Moore, albeit from his own viewpoint," Brown said. "He is asking the right questions."

Fahrenheit 9/11 isn't objective journalism, explains Moore, but an op-ed intended to remove George W. Bush from the presidency. From *Bowling for Columbine*, Moore's previous film, we know that Moore is a non-violent, anti-gun zealot who hates nothing so much as the sight of a white male American with a gun, even if he's under attack by al Qaeda. Look at these people, how afraid they are, says Moore's voiceover of *Columbine's* footage of New Yorkers running through the streets of Manhattan to escape the fast moving dust cloud from the collapsing World Trade Center. Do you want people like this to have guns lying around?

Well, yes, Michael, we do. We want these people to have guns and tanks and bazookas in the face of an attack by al Qaeda. Despite its warm reception at the Cannes Film Festival and its nominations for best documentary film, *Bowling for Columbine* is a funda-

mentally flawed film that exhibits a disturbing anti-American masochism in the face of terrorism, as well as misplaced blame for America's gun homicides. Anyone who is interested in serious research on gun violence in the U.S. would begin, I think, with a look

Unlike Bowling for Columbine, Fahrenheit 9/11 goes to the heart of issues that should have been vigorously debated before the country went to war with Iraq.

at something like the FBI's Uniform Crime Reports, available online. To curb gun violence, finding out who's doing the shooting, and why, is the appropriate place to start.

But Moore had preconceptions, and he picked the people who fit his theory. He focused on his usual suspects, "stupid white men" like Charlton Heston and the corporate gun merchants at Kmart. In fact, U.S. gun homicides are intensely concentrated in a group that comprises only about 3% of the U.S. population. Black males between the ages of 15 and 35 commit nearly 60% of American gun murders, and most of their victims are members of the same demographic. Moore overlooks such important factors as gang activity and the effect of the drug war, focusing instead on an isolated example of two bizarre white guys who brought guns to school, and generalizes from that to blame corporations, the defense industry, and the NRA, all infected, he says, with a form of mental illness, a paranoia that is the root cause of American gun violence. *Columbine* was an easy film to shoot down. Not so with *Fahrenheit 9/11*.

Stung by criticism that his films are full of lies that only the French and the glitterati at the Cannes Film Festival could love, Moore hired a fact checker from *The New Yorker* to review information in *Fahrenheit 9/11* and says he's thinking of offering \$10,000 to anyone who can find a factual error in the movie.

Unlike *Bowling for Columbine*, *Fahrenheit 9/11* goes to the heart of issues

that should have been vigorously debated before the country went to war with Iraq. Smoke bombed as we were with false information about WMDs — nuclear rods, yellowcake, anthrax, smallpox, and the rest — rational debate and cautionary voices were trampled in the stampede to exaggerate and preempt. Most Americans trusted the president, and believed he knew things that he wasn't telling us that were the basis of his sense of urgency about Iraq. Michael Moore tries to blast this trust of George Bush out of the water.

Moore's bias, of course, is in the editing. He has videotapes of Bush reading to Florida schoolchildren from *My Pet Goat* on the morning of 9/11, looking indecisive and dumbstruck and strangely passive for seven full minutes after he'd been informed that the country was under attack. At first I thought this was sort of a cheap shot, but then I thought again. How could a proactive person who believes he really is in charge just sit there for that long?

Bush also spent a lot of time, some might say too much time, hanging out with Saudis, including members of the bin Laden family, who are said to have given him his start-up money in the oil-drilling business. What's up with this, we can't help wondering, as Bush smokes a cigar with a Saudi prince who he's nicknamed Bandar Bush, and as they stand on a White House balcony together two days after 9/11 and watch the Pentagon burn. Considering the fact that the Saudis have invested around a trillion dollars in the U.S., Moore wonders, when Bush gets up in the morning, does he think about doing what's good for us or good for the Saudis. It's a fair question.

Moore captures the absurdity of the war on Iraq with a witty juxtaposition of narration and film: "Fifteen of the 9/11 terrorists were Saudis, so let's attack this guy!" he says, showing Saddam Hussein. Richard Clarke is shown testifying that the administra-

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tion wanted information that pointed to "an Iraqi hand" in the Sept. 11 attacks, an allegation made elsewhere by Wesley Clark, and by former Treasury Secretary Paul O'Neill in his book *The Price of Loyalty*. O'Neill writes that Bush administration hawks discussed an invasion of Iraq from their earliest days in the White House.

We see footage from 2001 of Powell, Cheney, and Rice in a not-to-worry stance about Iraq, insisting that Saddam was contained and that he had no new weapons, statements that stand in stark contrast to the later doomsday chorus about WMDs.

After 9/11, Moore says, the American public was emotionally primed and ready to be stampeded like a herd of frightened cattle into a policy long advocated by those in the Project for a New American Century. The plan to invade Iraq had been shopped around the Pentagon and White House by Wolfowitz and Rumsfeld for more than a decade. In his book *Plan of Attack*, Bob Woodward writes that George Tenet

told Bush it would be a "slam dunk" to convince the American people that there were WMDs in Iraq. In the overheated atmosphere after Sept. 11, military experts who criticized administration plans were denounced as blow-dried generals, or worse.

Whether they are going after General Zinni or Clark or the Dixie Chicks, the distinguishing characteristic of this administration and its media cohorts has been the politics of ridicule. Ridicule is what they do best and most often. Within Republican strongholds, intellectual argument and debates have mostly given way to ad hominem attacks. As these hard guys like to remind us, they don't do nuance. It's never morning in America, nor afternoon, nor evening or twilight. There are no lights or shades of gray. It is always dark and ominous — doom is coming, the last days are here, we are in a war of civilizations — and the vice president's face is locked into a permanent scowl. The administration and its allies are making the tough calls; everyone else is a girl.

Moore is at his biting best when he drives an ice cream truck through Washington, D.C., reading the Patriot Act through a bullhorn to members of the House and Senate because so few

"Fifteen of the 9/11 terrorists were Saudis, so let's attack this guy!" he says, showing Saddam Hussein.

of them have read it. Then, with a clipboard in hand, he tries to get politicians to sign up their kids for the war in Iraq. Class warfare and elitism have always been the fuel driving Moore's outrage, but the point he is making still stands. Can anyone seriously doubt that, were Bush or Congress or their kids fighting in the war themselves, an invasion with ground troops would have never occurred?

In a booming, mock-high drama voice, Moore recites the membership of Bush's Coalition of the Willing. Belize, Costa Rica, Iceland! And Romania! Morocco! None of them have an army, says Moore, but Morocco has just volunteered 2,000 trained monkeys to help search for landmines. And don't forget Afghanistan. They have an army — ours.

Fahrenheit 9/11 saves its power punch for the second half of the film, when Moore shows what the administration has tried to hide — the human cost of the war. Rows of coffins draped in red, white, and blue; an Iraqi baby girl dead or unconscious from a crater in the middle of her arm that looks like a knot of bloody red cable wire; an Iraqi woman screaming at the camera hysterically while praying to Allah for revenge, yelling that we don't know what we're doing; an American GI playing the rock song they use to psych themselves up as they head in for the kill — "We don't need no water, let the motherfucker burn / Burn, motherfucker, burn," go the lyrics. In the morning, the American troops see what they've done, as dump trucks haul away the

Calling All Jews!

Jolie, Barbra, even Sammy, Leo, and Liz

"Almost every Jew in America owes his life to laissez faire capitalism. It was relatively laissez faire America that welcomed Jews in unlimited numbers, and *progressive*, New Deal America that turned them away by the boatload, and back to Auschwitz... For Jews especially: God Bless America should be God bless laissez faire capitalism."

For *The Jewish Debt to the Right*,
see [Intellectually Incorrect](http://Intellectually Incorrect at intinc.org) at intinc.org

bloodied bodies of Iraqi civilians killed in a night of shock and awe. An American soldier says that when you kill people, a part of your soul is killed.

A patriotic American mother, Lyla Lipscomb from Flint, Mich., who says she always hated protesters, cries out in agony in front of the White House because her son, Michael Penderson, has been killed in a Black Hawk down incident near Baghdad. She reads aloud from his last letter: "I hope they don't re-elect that fool. We're here for nothing 'cause he wants to be like his dad." When confronted by a woman in front of the White House who blames her son's death on al Qaeda, Lipscomb cries out, "Al Qaeda didn't make the decision to send my son to Iraq."

Moore films unemployed young men and women being pursued by

military recruiters in poor neighborhoods with high unemployment. It's an amazing thing, he says, that these young people keep signing up to fight for their country, risking their lives to

Fahrenheit 9/11 saves its power punch for the second half of the film, when Moore shows what the administration has tried to hide — the human cost of the war.

protect us, fighting so we won't have to, asking nothing in return except that we never send them into harm's way without it being absolutely necessary. □

Spider-Man 2, directed by Sam Raimi. Sony Pictures, 2004, 127 minutes.

It's Not Easy Being Spidey

Jo Ann Skousen

Spider-Man 2, the summer blockbuster that many critics call the best superhero flick ever, focuses on the underside of being a superhero: no one appreciates you. No one knows your real name. It's an unpaid volunteer position that dominates your time, making it impossible to hold down a real job. Money is short. Personal relationships are limited. You have to drop what you're doing whenever you hear someone cry out for help. In short, being a superhero is a little bit like being a mother.

Is *Spider-Man 2* the best superhero flick ever? Well, it's good. But not for

the reasons you might think. The graphics are stunning, but we've come to expect that now that computers make it so easy. Tobey Maguire looks terrific in his Spiderman suit — or is that his stunt double crouching on top of the speeding train? The battle scenes are scary, in a Jurassic Park kind of way, terrifying the single-digit kids sitting in the row ahead of me. But the dialogue between the fight scenes gets a little long, boring those same little kids. As the love interest for a superhero, Kirsten Dunst lacks the feistiness of a Lois Lane or the glamor of a Catwoman. But after a hard day of saving the world, maybe a superhero just needs an ordinary lit-

tle woman waiting for him at home.

One of the characteristics that makes Spiderman and Batman more satisfying dramatically than Superman is that they are not invincible. They are ordinary humans who have developed incredible powers, but they have to work at it, and their lives are at risk. Superman loved jumping in front of speeding bullets, shaking his head with paternalistic disgust when the bad guys learned once again that his body was impervious to pain, strain, or intrusion. By contrast, in *Spider-Man 2* we see Tobey Maguire's face contort with genuine effort as he lifts, pulls, reaches, fights. At one point he grimaces, "This is really heavy!" We know that at any point he might lose. Well, okay, we know that he *won't* lose. But we know that he *could*, and that makes the conflict more satisfying. As Achilles remarks in *Troy*: "The gods envy us because we are mortal. Every moment may be our last."

What makes *Spider-Man 2* more than just a summer flick for me is that it addresses the debate between self-interest and social obligation. Can a true libertarian be a superhero? Or is "libertarian superhero" an oxymoron? Like Paul Newman's character in *Hombre* (1967), Peter Parker (aka Spiderman) must decide whether he is willing to give up his private personal pursuits to risk his life for a community that neither cares about him nor appreciates him. *Hombre* often makes the list of top libertarian movies because Paul Newman expresses many libertarian values as he rejects the pressure applied by his fellow stagecoach travelers to protect them from the outlaws, simply because he has the strength, daring, and skills they lack. Similarly, Peter Parker questions whether he is willing to continue being Spiderman simply because he has superhuman powers. Is he obligated to give up financial

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gain, romance, a satisfying career, and hobbies simply because other people need his help? John Adams said to Thomas Jefferson as he urged him to

After a hard day of saving the world, maybe a superhero just needs an ordinary little woman waiting for him at home.

write the Declaration of Independence, "It's your duty, damn it!" Peter's wise Uncle Ben tells him during a moment of personal angst, "People who have such a gift have an obligation to use it for the good of others." Uncle Ben is speaking from the Great Beyond, of course; he was killed in the first film trying to protect the world from a robber. Apparently, based on the bright white light behind Uncle Ben's head, we can assume that he has gone on to a happy reward, but is this promise of future benefits enough to warrant sacrifice in this life?

I couldn't help but note the implications of Spiderman as an archetypal Christ figure as well. He faces a Gethsemane, groaning from the weight of having to protect all those souls residing in his community, many of them undeserving and unappreciative. He has the power to reject his calling and rails against it, begging for another way. He is not forced to fulfill his role as a savior; he must choose for himself which path he will take.

Eventually, Paul Newman gives in and accepts his duty, protecting the ungrateful, and in many ways undeserving, society to which he belongs simply by virtue of a stagecoach ticket. Like Christ, he determines that he is willing to die for someone else's mistakes. Similarly, I don't think it would be giving away a plot twist to tell you that Peter Parker chooses to resume his Spiderman role, interrupting his personal life and interests to risk his life at the drop of a hat or the sound of a siren. That's fine for him. But what about our question? Is it

philosophically consistent for a good libertarian to be a self-sacrificing superhero? The key word here is "chooses." No one coerces Peter Parker — or Hombre or Jesus or Thomas Jefferson — into fulfilling the superhero role. He examines his life both as a superhero and as an ordinary human, and he discovers that he prefers the thrill and the personal satisfaction of doing good for others. He may not get paid money for his work, but he receives psychic benefits with each heroic act. Moreover, his time preference extends far into the future, where he will indeed be paid. Like

Achilles, who rejected marriage and family life for the life of a war hero, he knows that "they will remember us a

We know that Spiderman won't lose. But we know that he could, and that makes the conflict more satisfying.

thousand years from now." For some heroes, and mothers for that matter, that's payment enough. □

***Krakatoa: The Day the World Exploded*, by Simon Winchester. HarperCollins, 2003, 416 pages.**

The Explosion That Changed the World

Bettina Bien Greaves

The Dutch East Indies Company, established in the 1600s, had prospered with the spice trade and expanded into producing coffee, tea, quinine, and gutta percha, used to waterproof the sub-oceanic telegraph cables that had, in 1870, bound Java to the Western world. The Dutch colonials had abandoned to the natives and the Chinese the muggy, malarial, pox-ridden towns on Java's waterfront and erected in the uplands a flourishing new capital city, Batavia. There they enjoyed 19th century conveniences: gas for cooking, street lights, telephones, trams, steam engines, and even an iceworks to make ice for their afternoon beverages. The Australian Frozen Meat Company had started regular deliveries of frozen beef, lamb, pork, and poultry. By 1883, about a million Dutch colonials were

living civilized and gracious lives in Batavia. Social life in Batavia continued unabated throughout the summer of 1883, with parties, a masked ball, and a traveling circus boasting 100 acts, and a huge new tent from New York seating 5,000, with "real gas-lamp illumination."

Then, on Aug. 27, 1883, much of Dutch East Indian civilization was destroyed when the volcano Krakatoa, on the East Indian island of Krakatoa, vanished completely — into the atmosphere and the depths of the sea.

The first hint of trouble had come in May when some vibrations and a tremor in the air were noticed. Volcanic grumblings and growlings continued, but no one paid much attention. Then, on Aug. 27, the skies darkened, and gigantic explosions, ceaseless vibrations, blasts, falling ash, and heavy seas wracked the islands of

Java and Sumatra for over 20 hours.

At 10:02 a.m. there came the final, terrifying explosion. The noise was deafening! Lightning flashed across a pitch-black sky; pumice stone and dust rained down everywhere; tsunamis swept whole villages and their inhabitants out to sea. One hundred sixty-five villages were devastated, 36,417 people died, and countless thousands were injured. Ships in the Sunda Strait trying to reach shore gave up and headed back to sea. A Royal Dutch Navy paddle steamer was picked up by a giant tsunami and carried a mile and a half inland. The noise of the final explosion was heard 3,000 miles away.

The underwater telegraph lines were broken. Before the news could reach the outside world directly, tidal waves caused by the eruption had roiled the waters of the English Channel; atmospheric shock waves had circled the globe; smoke from Krakatoa had spread around the world. Temperatures in Europe and in the eastern United States plummeted suddenly. Enormous waves traveled outward from Java as far as Toronto, St. Petersburg, New York, and South Georgia Island. Debris from the explosion blocked the sun, affected the weather in Europe, and delayed harvests that fall in the eastern United States.

In 1883, no one had any idea why Krakatoa erupted. In *Krakatoa: The Day the World Exploded*, Simon Winchester describes in dramatic detail not only one of the physically most catastrophic events in world history, but

The noise of the final explosion was heard 3,000 miles away.

also the decades-long scientific research into Earth's geological structure that led finally in the 1960s to an understanding of the planet's unsettled nature. In the 1960s, the "mobilists," who argued that the continents wandered with what are now known to be dramatic and highly visible effects, finally prevailed over the "sta-

bilists," who believed that the world and its continents had always been in approximately the same positions.

Naturalist Alfred Russel Wallace reported in 1859 what would later become the first clue to the cause of Krakatoa's 1883 explosion. When studying East Indian flora and fauna, he found kangaroos, opossums, wombats, and duck-billed platypuses, all native to Australia and New Zealand, on the eastern islands, while on the western islands there were Asiatic Indian baboons, lions, elephants, buffalo, and giraffe. Wallace theorized that the reason must be geological;

perhaps subterranean earthquakes and volcanic eruptions in times past had led to suboceanic upheavals separating formerly attached bodies of land and pushing them apart.

In 1915, a German meteorologist and Arctic explorer, Alfred Wegener, noticed that the coastlines of Africa and South America seemed to "fit" and wondered if they might once have been connected but had shifted and drifted apart. His contemporaries questioned his "scientific sanity" when he published on "continental displacement." Yet, when he died he was still "quite convinced he was

Notes on Contributors

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right, but with the world beyond equally convinced that he was wrong."

Scientists of the 20th century continued to study geology. A Dutchman, Vening Meinesz, took measurements in

Debris from the explosion blocked the sun, affected the weather in Europe, and delayed harvests that fall in the eastern United States.

a submarine off the southern coasts of Java and Sumatra and discovered a dramatic drop in the strength of the local gravitational field, due to the nearly five-mile-deep Java Trench. When he and a Princeton scientist found a similar trench in the Caribbean, they speculated that a mysterious force was causing these deep depressions, moving continents away from or toward one another.

In the 1950s, research on underwater magnetism in the Pacific demonstrated that the sea floor was spreading. Work in Iceland and elsewhere showed that it was "normal" for Earth's magnetic field to undergo reversals. Paleomagnetists reckoned that there had been no fewer than 76 such reversals over the last 76 million years. By the 1960s, further scientific evidence of continental drift was obtained from expeditions to Greenland, Spitzbergen, Arctic Canada, Finnmark, and elsewhere in the Arctic.

Plate tectonics offered an explanation of continental drift. A vast amount of heat accumulated during the formation of the planet a little over 4.5 billion years ago, and natural radioactivity added to the ferocity of the internal fire. But the heat is now ebbing and is being transferred from the deep interior to the surface by way of convection currents, which rupture the rigid layer of the earth's lithosphere. Tectonic plates are shunted about and bang

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against one another. At their edges, subduction zones are created. Subduction zones are the boundaries of tectonic plates, where one plate slips under another and begins to create new lithospheric material.

J. Tuzo Wilson pulled all these theories together in 1963. He pointed out that where a tectonic plate bumps into and slides along the side of another, upward pressures produce a ridge, the plate splits open, spreads, and produces subduction and a transform fault, through which the interior heat escapes.

To the "mobilists," it became obvious that the 1883 eruption of Krakatoa had been fueled by subduction along the Java Trench, beneath the Indonesian island chain, permitting and forcing materials from the earth's heated interior to escape. That process of subduction and expulsion continues today. In 1927, enormous bubbles,

warm water, flames, and a fountain broke the surface of the ocean west of the site of the old Krakatoa Island. In June of 1928, there was an eruption of ash and solid rock every minute; Anak Krakatoa, son of Krakatoa, was being born. Its cone now rises many feet, and its progress is being monitored. Given today's knowledge and technology, scientists should be able to locate the world's subduction zones, the boundaries of its tectonic plates, figure out what is happening, where, and how fast, and thus forecast the future of Krakatoa's "son," Anak Krakatoa.

Simon Winchester has written a fascinating book not only about one of the world's most dramatic and spectacular natural disasters, but also about how scientists, after a century of geological investigations in widely scattered locations around the world, eventually explained why and how Krakatoa came to explode in 1883. □

Booknotes

Triumph of the Nerds — Whit Diffie and Mary Fischer, both lovers of exotic animals, met in a New Jersey hardware store in 1969. She had a squirrel in her pocket; he was an MIT brainiac who was obsessed with mathematical problems and computer security. Marty Hellman, a Jew who was raised in a tough, Catholic neighborhood in New York City, received a doctorate from Stanford, became interested in cryptography, and was hired by IBM. The U.S. government's super-secret National Security Agency (NSA) at Fort Meade, Md., learned of Hellman's abilities and tried to hire him. Walt Tuchman, who was working on a crypto cipher for commercial use at IBM, worked out a deal with the NSA: the NSA agreed to license IBM's crypto program, which would then become the "standard," in exchange for IBM's promise never to export it.

These are only a few of the colorful characters in *Crypto* (Penguin Books, 2001, 356 pages), all computer nerds, most of them completely independent mathematical whizzes who had become obsessed at a young age with

codes, cryptography, and computers. They were dedicated to developing powerful encryption systems to make private communications secure from intrusion, especially intrusion by government snoopers. Their efforts were continually frustrated by the NSA, which considered decryption systems dangerous military weapons, and didn't want anything more powerful than IBM's system, which it had licensed, to be out there. Working in cahoots with the National Institute of Standards and Technology (NIST) and the FBI to enforce the International Traffic in Arms Regulations (ITAR), the NSA was determined to prevent the creation and export of any encryption system beyond its powers to decrypt.

Of course, this didn't stop mathematical and computer whizzes from continuing their work — independently or with the cooperation of a few business types who helped them put their ideas into practice — to develop stronger and stronger encryption systems to protect the security of private communications. After a couple of decades of challenging the NSA, tweaking

algorithms and mathematical formulae, the good boys — the individualistic, irrepressible cipherpunks and computer nerds — won out over the government snoops.

Crypto reads like a novel and is a real page-turner, even for someone who doesn't know the first thing about math, algorithms, bits, or bytes.

— Bettina Bien Greaves

An Anti-Malthusian Life —

Julian Simon, who died in 1998, was a remarkably productive and independent-minded economist. He is best known for his brilliant though controversial research in population economics, upon which subject he published several scholarly books, but he also wrote at length on mail-order business, advertising, statistics, and the treatment of depression, among other topics. His work was enlightening, intellectually honest, and (in part the result of that honesty) very politically incorrect.

His work on the effects of population growth, most popularized in his book *The Ultimate Resource*, argued for the view that the planet's resources are not threatened by population growth, indeed, that every aspect of human material wealth will continue to improve indefinitely. This made him an enemy of the environmentalist Left. (Simon's work provoked Bjørn

Lomborg, a Green-oriented statistician, to set out to debunk him — but as Lomborg documents in his book *The Skeptical Environmentalist*, he found Simon's work basically sound.) Simon's work on the economic effects of immigration, which argued for the view that immigration greatly benefits the economy in the long term (however disruptive in the short run), made him an enemy of the anti-immigration Right. And his willingness to investigate issues that went beyond his academic specialty made him an enemy of pedants of all stripes.

In *A Life Against the Grain: The Autobiography of an Unconventional Economist* (Transaction Publishers, 2002, 359 pages), Simon's account of his life is characteristically honest and frank. He grew up in a lower middle-class family in and around Newark, N.J. He was bright at school, though he showed no signs of exceptional genius. He attended Harvard, again doing well but by no means outstandingly, and served in the Navy. After his naval service, he worked his way into advertising. While working in a New York ad agency, he won a fellowship to attend the University of Chicago Graduate School of Business, where he earned his Ph.D. After starting and briefly running a small mail-order business, he took a

teaching position at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign. He started out in the Department of Advertising, but migrated to the College of Commerce. It was there that he first started doing research in demographic economics.

Simon initially supported the dominant Malthusian view that overpopulation is a threat to the world. He wanted to use his skills in marketing to help halt population growth by selling birth control to Third World countries. But his views started to change in 1969 as he studied the data, and by 1972 he held the contrary view: that population growth is beneficial and self-correcting. He published a technical treatise (*The Economics of Population Growth*) refuting alarmist Malthusianism in 1977, and his aforementioned popular treatment in 1981. At that time, he started to examine the issue of whether immigration is an economic threat, which led to the publication in 1989 of his book *The Economic Consequences of Immigration*.

He tells his life story openly, discussing not just his academic and intellectual history, but also his personal life (perhaps a bit too frankly!), including his long battle with depression. This makes for a delightful read, as well as for a good primer on the thinking of a most iconoclastic economist.

— Gary Jason

When Freedom Seekers Meet, from page 40

My golf outing took me to Waumbuck, established 1895, the oldest golf course in New Hampshire. The course is rugged, certainly not groomed to PGA Tour quality, but a fine walk unspoiled by poor play. The weather was wonderful, and I was in love with the natural beauty alone. The people in the pro shop wanted to tell me all about the course, as if I were somebody important. "Stop it!" I thought again, loving every minute.

I spent the night in the motel, then headed home.

Monday 6/28

I was stopped by the Border Patrol along I-91 southbound in Vermont. "Are you an American citizen?" they asked me. What's that all about? That's Vermont for you, I guess.

Many libertarian activists are getting tired of asking for their freedom. Freedom is something we're going to have to take. New Hampshire was the right state to choose for the migration. The Free Staters are pioneers. No less than their ancestors who escaped Europe to carve out a free world on these shores, the Free Staters are creating a new country. It just happens to be within reasonable driving distance.

Clearly, FSP is reaching a critical mass. When enough people realize that, progress will be swift. Not wanting to see a

brain drain to the Free State, the political class will extend the blessings of liberty to people in other states. The federal government might cave soon after. Okay, I'm getting ahead of myself. But I don't see a successful statist response to a determined Free State Project.

Most of my neighbors in Michigan and Texas are wallowing in suffering and self-pity. They're fat and lazy. They resent the happiness that a free mind engenders. Look

"In terms of slogans, instead of 'Hi, we're from the Free State Project and we're here to help you,' let's think more like 'You have a friend in New Hampshire.'"

around and see how slavish your neighbors have become. Does no one look you in the eye? Do people smile much, or talk with you just for the sake of being friendly? Probably not. It's depressing. They're plugged in to the state, and they don't want to be unplugged.

The "Show Me" state is now New Hampshire. Time to make it happen. □

Urination Nation, *from page 32*

She said simply, "At this point it's moot."

During her day extolling the health of children, not once did she mention the deaths of Esequiel Hernandez or Charity Bowers, two innocent young people killed by drug warriors. Not once did she mention those who have died by overdosing on drugs that, because of prohibition, are impure and of unpredictable potency. Not once did she mention the children who lost parents to prison or AIDS because of the drug war. "At this point it's moot," I suppose.

Recipe for Totalitarianism

I heard of this event when somebody forwarded me an email from the Drug Policy Alliance, an organization that was to take a beating throughout the tax-funded conference. That email prompted a few critics to attend, including three board members of the state Libertarian Party and Frank Atwood, a Libertarian who helped eliminate taxes on groceries in Littleton. Atwood wore a T-shirt that read, "Why stop at drug testing students? Let's drug test coaches and Congressmen!" I cautioned him that a libertarian's *reductio ad absurdum* is often a bureaucrat's logical conclusion.

Czar Walters did not show up. The very notion of calling somebody "Czar Walters" here in this land of the free is ludicrous, but strangely charming, I suppose for roughly the same reasons that a themed restaurant called Mao opened in town last year.

I was struck by the surreal surface normality of the event. Agents of the state want kids to pee in a cup or hand over spit or hair samples, in a random test, without any suspicion whatsoever of wrongdoing. That weirds me out — it's something out of a dystopian story. The frightening truth, though, is that most people will go along with damn near anything, if government officials explain it in a pleasant voice.

It is a recipe for totalitarianism. When free choices are treated as diseases and the government assumes responsibility for "treating" these "diseases," there is nothing beyond the scope of government control. Drug abuse, of course, is a very real problem. Some people do develop physiological attachments to some drugs. Blaming non-"addicts" for drug abuse by "addicts," however, is a mere pretext to maintain the machinery of the drug-war bureaucracy. Recreational

Recreational drug users have no more responsibility for drug abuse than those who drink wine with dinner are responsible for alcoholics.

drug users have no more responsibility for drug abuse than those who drink wine with dinner are responsible for alcoholics.

The Question of Children's Rights

And yet the issue of random drug testing is perhaps more complex than some libertarians wish to believe. Most

people, even most libertarians, agree that children do not acquire their full set of rights until they reach maturity. Parents have a right to force their kids to do certain things, such as go to bed at a set time or eat their peas at dinner, and this extends to drug testing. Whether various parental

The problem with random drug testing in schools is not the testing, it is the schools.

strategies are prudent is a different issue. If parents have a right to test their kids for drugs, may they not also delegate that right?

I asked Evans what he thought about letting parents opt out of random drug testing without their children losing access to school-related activities. He didn't have a big problem with the idea, and he said some schools in California already operate that way. To my mind, such a policy resolves the civil-liberties problem, so long as parents who opt out, and their children, don't suffer any repercussions. Judge pointed out that some private schools already test their students for drugs, and libertarians don't generally have a problem with that.

The biggest problem with drug testing is overlooked by most of its advocates and most of its critics. With government-run schools comes arbitrary use of government power to achieve misguided social goals, such as "keeping the public schools drug-free." Since when is education a federal issue? If we took the Constitution seriously, ONDCP would be abolished, along with all federal intervention in education. I didn't think it would be worth my time to ask about the 10th Amendment though, because I already knew the evasion I'd be offered: "Blah blah blah general welfare blah blah commerce clause blah blah blah."

So let us be bold. The problem with random drug testing in schools is not the testing, it is the schools. The pretext for testing students only in extracurricular activities is that those engagements are "voluntary." Thus, participating in such activities is said to be analogous to joining a private school, which has every right to drug test. In fact, extracurricular activities at government schools are generally not voluntary, in that they depend upon funds forcibly taken from parents and other members of the community. The rights violation occurs at the point of the forced transfer of wealth.

In the market, businesses have an incentive to test only to improve job performance (if at all), and they have a huge incentive to test properly, both because of legal suits and because of the risk of losing good employees. In the socialized school structure, such incentives are muted. The financial incentive, instead, is to test regardless of effectiveness. A bureaucrat might lose his or her job for incorrectly administering a test, or for failing to test, but if a school loses a legal suit, the funds come from taxpayers.

At What Price?

On a common-sense level, the notion that random tests help reduce drug use is plausible. Evans and Judge noted such tests work in the world of business and government.

What the hell are we talking about here, though? Lots of repugnant practices get results. The major problem is that many parents have abandoned their children to the television and to the government nannies. Drug abuse among students is merely a symptom of a much deeper problem, one that won't be solved by more government. Not every child raised in a "good home" will be without problems, to be sure, but parents are still the most important influence for most children. Responsible, involved parents tend to have more responsible children.

Evans made me nervous when he suggested the Supreme Court might already have several votes to okay random drug tests for all students in government schools. I asked him if he would support such a program. He said he hasn't reached a position, though "a case can be made for it."

If the government gets around to training an entire gen-

eration to live with random drug tests, would further expansions be that far away? I doubt, for example, that the Brady bunch would have much of a problem forcing, say, gun buyers to take a drug test. The most horrifying outcome would be mandatory, random drug tests for the general adult population, with the results encoded on our "papers, please."

I don't have a sense of whether random drug tests for students in extracurricular activities will catch on. Evans predicts better evidence will be available in a few years which will either encourage an expansion or retraction of the program.

My wife and I aren't even pregnant yet, and we've already decided to homeschool. Thus, we'll avoid this nonsense of drug tests entirely. The silver lining surrounding random drug tests is that the Left might finally realize that putting the state in charge of education is a dangerous thing. □

The Military Invades the Campus, *from page 20*

Congress' power to scrutinize university curricula and to punish "anti-American" scholarship. It is a nightmare for academic autonomy.

Yet, the bill is arguably less vulnerable to legal challenge after *Grutter*.

H.R. 3077 would provide new federal funding to Middle East studies programs, which Congress believes is needed to train more Middle East experts for government service. As an incident of federal funding, the bill would establish a curriculum oversight board tasked with recommending — from a national security standpoint — whether grant recipients ensure a proper balance of "diverse perspectives" in university Middle-Eastern studies programs.

Proponents of the board argue that Middle-Eastern studies programs must include views less "anti-American" and more friendly to American foreign and military policy. As University of Michigan Middle East specialist Juan Cole points out, the bill is accordingly a recipe for politically motivated harassment: "I could imagine the board making it a criterion that the politics of a faculty are not balanced, so the university must balance things out by hiring pro-Likud scholars, or else funding could be withdrawn."

Grutter was decided only two months before H.R. 3077 was introduced in Congress. While Congress did not cite *Grutter* as an authority for the legislation, the decision makes the legal case for Congress' power to enact the bill stronger.

Congress justified the proposed advisory board based on a link between viewpoint diversity and national security similar to that suggested by *Grutter*. Rep. Howard Berman (D-Calif.), for instance, argued that the board is designed to enhance government military recruitment by expanding student exposure to viewpoint diversity and eliminating a monopoly of narrow views "at odds with our national interest." Similarly, Rep. John Boehner (R-Ohio) claimed that the bill will "strengthen and renew higher education" by simultaneously "expanding diversity" and addressing a "critical piece of our national efforts to fulfill national and international security needs."

If the government's national security interest in military recruitment requires that civilian universities ensure viewpoint diversity in a law school — by regulating racial demographics to promote more diverse ideas and viewpoints to baby lawyers — then it would seem reasonable for Congress

To protect national security, the brief argued, the military must have a diverse officer corps, and it is a "small step" to conclude that national security requires universities to expose students to racial and viewpoint diversity.

also to monitor the diversity of ideas and viewpoints presented in programs that produce government specialists for the CIA, the Pentagon, the NSC, and the FBI.

After all, the connection between diversity, recruitment of military officers, and national security in the latter context assuredly is no less attenuated than the connection between law school viewpoint diversity, military recruitment, and national security suggested in *Grutter*.

Be Careful What You Wish for

Grutter is a case in which proponents of affirmative action relied on policy, not principle, to achieve their goal. Now, one of those policies, national security, is threatening unintended consequences that may prove especially costly in the post-September 11 climate, in which courts and legislatures can be expected to take an especially broad view of our national security interests.

Even if universities repent, the damage has been done. After *Grutter*, the notion that campus viewpoint diversity can and must take into account national security has been given a new purchase.

Expect Congress and the president to push the envelope. □

Baghdad, Iraq

Curious defense offered by President Saddam Hussein against charges of invading Kuwait, as chronicled in the estimable *Wall Street Journal*:

At his first courtroom appearance since being ousted from power, Hussein was told he stood accused of wrongdoing in his invasion of Kuwait. "I was protecting the Iraqi people from the Kuwait dogs who wanted to turn our women into 10-dinar prostitutes," Hussein explained.

Blacksville, West Virginia

An alarming lesson in thermochemistry from "Carolinas' News Channel" WCNC:

A man is recovering from burns after lighting a cigarette in a portable outhouse, causing the outhouse to explode Tuesday in Blacksville.

Los Angeles

The progress of education in the nation's second-largest city, from a report in the estimable *New York Times*:

In the shadow of downtown, the Temple-Beaudry neighborhood, modest, a little ramshackle, and mostly Latino, was broken up two decades ago, dozens of its houses razed for a high school that has yet to open. When completed, it will have cost about \$270 million.

United States

Note on the measured and careful approach to historical writing taken by modern scholars, from a book review in *The Wall Street Journal*:

Author Christopher Catherwood writes in *Churchill's Folly*, a history of Winston Churchill's role in building the modern Middle East: "Everything I write and you read is open to disputation and interpretation by zealous protagonists."

Bellingham, Washington

Astute economic analysis from the lead headline in an edition of the impressive *Bellingham Herald*:

Raspberry crop down; prices will be higher

U.S.A.

Creative use of statistics, from an op-ed in *The Week*, which neglected to mention that tax revenues increased from \$517 billion in 1980 to \$909 billion in 1988:

Reagan told voters his plan would boost tax revenues by sparking growth. But when he left office, in 1988, federal revenues as a percentage of U.S. gross domestic product had fallen to 18.3%, down from 19.6% at his 1980 inauguration.

Ottawa, Canada

Curious warning from Elections Canada, the bureau that organized and supervised Canada's recent election, from a story in the *Ottawa Citizen*:

Ahead of queries about getting registered and advance voting, Elections Canada's list of frequently asked questions begins with the puzzler: "Is someone allowed to eat a ballot?" The answer is a decisive no: "Eating a ballot, not returning it or otherwise destroying or defacing it constitutes a serious breach of the Canada Elections Act."

London

Progressive animal rights policy across the pond, from a report of the venerable *News Telegraph*:

Legislation to be announced by the Government this week will give courts the power to impose fines of up to £20,000 and 12 months in jail on people found guilty of mistreating animals. Anyone under the age of 16 will be banned from owning a pet and goldfish will no longer be allowed to be given as prizes at fairgrounds. The legislation could lead to gardeners being fined for killing insects, worms, caterpillars, slugs, and snails, if scientific evidence proves they have suffered pain and distress.

Merrillville, Indiana

Fashion note from the Hoosier State, from WKLY, Channel 32, "Where the News Comes First!":

Public school officials in Merrillville, Indiana, have banned pink clothing out of concern that the color has been associated with gang activity. "There is no evidence of gang activity," said Michael Berta, associate superintendent of the school district. "But because of the growing use of the color pink, we decided to be proactive."

New York

Military news flash, from Toronto's *Globe and Mail*:

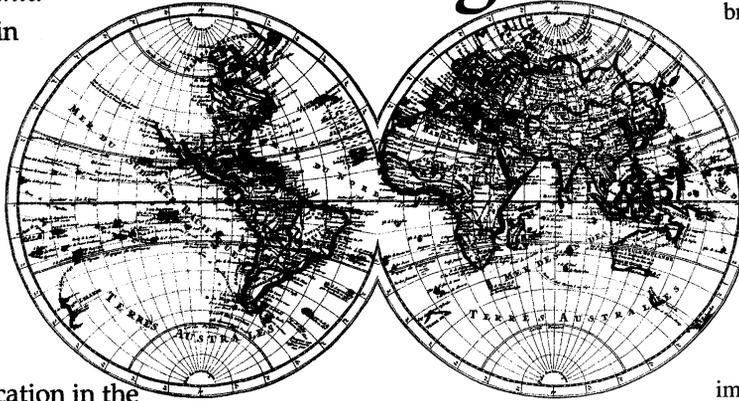
The U.S. Army now provides soldiers and their families with facelifts, breast enlargements, liposuction, and nose jobs at taxpayers' expense. The Army says it helps surgeons practice their skills.

Czechoslovakia

Traffic safety is a serious business in "New Europe," from a dispatch of South Africa's *Cape Times*:

A Czech police officer in the western city of Pilsen first fired a warning shot to stop a pedestrian from crossing a road against a red light. When the man failed to return to the pavement, the officer shot at him twice, missing with both shots.

Terra Incognita



Special thanks to Russell Garrard, Bryce Buchanan, William Walker, Starchild, and William Brickley for contributions to Terra Incognita.

(Readers are invited to forward news clippings or other items for publication in *Terra Incognita*, or email to terraincognita@libertyunbound.com.)

Can anyone be happier than a Catholic libertarian?

Libertarians and Roman Catholics share one basic teaching, the Doctrine of Subsidiarity. It teaches that all problems should be solved at the lowest possible level.

Moses got Aaron to do his talking for him. Christ appointed apostles. Bishops ordain priests. The people of God have practiced subsidiarity in theological and operational matters. God loves Libertarians because they believe in subsidiarity when it comes to politics, and that's a bigger step toward truth than many on the other side can take.

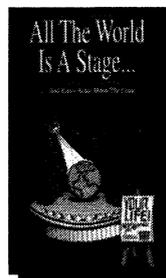
On the other side, control freaks want to do our thinking for us.

Should all libertarians be Catholics? Many already are, in that they feel God has given them the dignity and ability to think for themselves. It's a little harder to take the leap into full obedience, but a lot of smart people have.

You ought to explore this, especially if you're starting to be bitter and angry about how freedom is being destroyed a step at a time. Three books will cheer you up.



Crats! is a novel, halfway between Rand and Aquinas. It shows the relationship between reducing the size of government and God's great love for us. It shows that we can't fix government, even with armed rebellion, but we can fix ourselves.



All the World is a Stage is an easy read. It simplifies the world so we can see where we sit in our enemies' sights.

New Road to Rome explores a new theory of matter and human history. It helps us see that we live in God's world, which He programmed in place several thousand years ago. All human history (are you a child of Shem, Japheth, or Ham?) is boiled down to what our great-great grandparents believed. (They were largely right.) Learn about Catholic Fundamentalism and Radical Catholics, the theological soul-mates of libertarians.

Each book is \$6.95, plus \$2.00 s&h. The author has over a hundred patents, a sense of humor, and understands that, politically, libertarians are the salt that gives the world an important flavor. Order all three books for 19.95, plus \$3.00 s&h. If you don't like them, give them to your angriest friend, or send them back. We'll refund the purchase price.

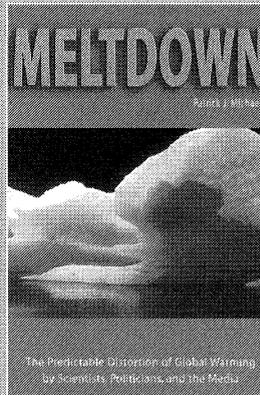
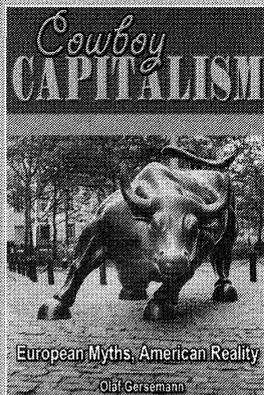


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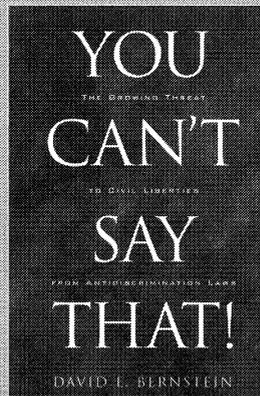
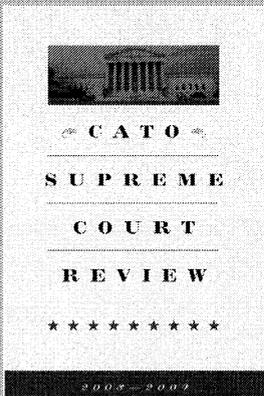


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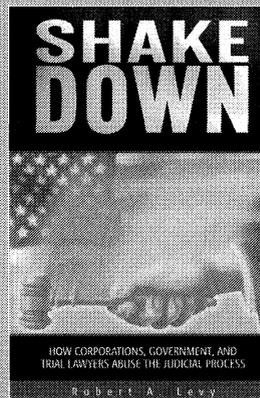
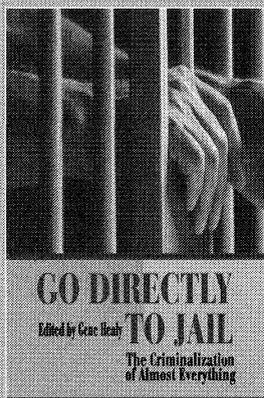


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