

FREE VENICE

Venice lost its independence in 1797, when it was invaded by Napoleon Bonaparte; since then it has been occupied by Austria & Italy.

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CORRECTION: 454 grams = 1 pound, not 1 ounce. A gram of gold would be worth about \$14 at current prices; a gram of silver about 50¢.

OUR EARS ARE NOW
IN EXCELLENT CONDITION

FLORENCE MORNING NEWS

—the Progressive

Black Leaders Turn Death Ear To 'Run Jesse, Run' Chorus

This is far more serious than the old-fashioned deaf ear, understand.

AP News Analysis

WASHINGTON (AP) — While Jesse Jackson ponders whether to run for president, many of his fellow black leaders quietly hope he won't. Some are pointedly supporting someone else, or getting ready to.

BULK RATE

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Photo of Dean Allen & hat omitted by request.

the Southern Libertarian Messenger

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Greenville County Man Suing

Associated Press

GREENVILLE

A Greenville County man has filed a \$105,000 lawsuit against the Libertarian Party and its chairman, saying he was denied a seat at the Sept. 25 meeting of the state party's executive committee.

William Dean Allen said in his lawsuit that party chairman Steven Kreisman and other party members "conspired to deny... his lawful seat on the state executive committee."

The action "has been done for political reasons not related to the plaintiff's qualifications or election to the position," Allen charged.

He also said in the lawsuit that the action was an attempt to discredit him as a Libertarian Party candidate for the U.S. Senate.

Allen said in the suit that in a meeting of the Greenville County Libertarian Party executive committee on Oct. 15, he was unanimously re-elected to represent the county on the state executive committee.

Also in the lawsuit, in which Allen represents himself, he said the minutes of the October meeting were

Now you see what all we've been going through.

Reagan Perfectly Clear

President Reagan on civil defense, as quoted in Robert Scheer's new book, *With Enough Shovels: Reagan, Bush & Nuclear War*: "I think we're going to have to start a civil defense program. I think—see, they violated and we kept to the premise that McNamara, in the original getting together and what resulted in our doing away with our antiballistic missile system, at a time when we were ahead in technology on that."

filed with the Greenville County Clerk of Court, because of allegations that he was not properly elected in an earlier county committee meeting.

Allen has asked that the court issue a temporary restraining order keeping the Libertarian officials from denying him his seat as a member of the state executive committee. He also has asked \$5,000 in actual damages and \$100,000 in punitive damages.

The suit was filed Monday in Greenville County Common Pleas Court.

According to Libertarian Party Secretary John Harlee of Florence, executive members voted to deny Allen a seat at their meeting because "there wasn't anybody there who was a legitimate elected delegate."

"He obviously knows we don't have \$5,000," Harlee said. "The most we ever have in our party treasury at one time is maybe \$2,000."

Harlee said Tuesday that he does not know if Allen's October election was proper, but "by doing it over, he's admitting he didn't do it right the first time."

He added that a letter Allen sent to state party officials does not indicate who was at the second county meeting, whether public notice was given before it was held, or whether it was held in a public place as required by law.

Allen said in his lawsuit that state party chairman Kreisman disregarded the Oct. 15 county election and appointed Bill McCuen of Greenville as county chairman.

Libertarian Leaders Squabble

By BOB FORD
State Staff Writer

The state executive committee of the South Carolina Libertarian Party refused Sunday to seat the chairman of the Greenville County party and urged him to quit.

W. Dean Allen Sr. of Greer walked out of the committee meeting Sunday afternoon in Columbia, taking with him about 10 supporters.

Dr. David Morris of Cayce, editor of the state Libertarian Party newsletter and a committee member, said Allen was not seated because he failed to follow legal procedures.

Morris said Allen, after he was elected to the committee last spring, had not filed with the Greenville

County clerk of court or with the state Libertarian Party secretary as required by state law and party bylaws.

Allen left Sunday before a motion to censure him came up.

"We gave him every opportunity to defend his position," Morris said Sunday night. "This meeting was originally scheduled for last weekend, but (Allen) couldn't attend, so we changed the meeting date to accommodate him. But he left the meeting early after we failed to seat him."

Allen, meeting at a nearby restaurant with six supporters after he walked out of the meeting, drafted a resolution to censure the executive committee for not seating him and called for the ouster of party leaders.

Morris and Steven Vandervelde, vice chairman of the state party, said Allen opposed the Libertarian position supporting less stringent enforcement of victimless crimes.

They said Allen was seeking to eliminate certain sections of the party's platform that had strong support of the majority of the party leadership.

Morris said Allen had publicly referred to members of the executive committee as "the pervert faction" in describing the Libertarian position on victimless crimes.

Allen also has "portrayed the Libertarian Party as right-wing — which it is not," Morris said.

WHAT DEFINES A COMMUNIST, AND WHAT DOES NOT

by Robert Brakeman

Picture this: some especially brave (or foolish) commentator or columnist, on the day when the bravery-juices are flowing even more quickly than the norm, puts himself in gear and makes a passing reference to "Certain prominent American Communists, among them Jane Fonda, Marcus Raskin, Mark Rudd, Ron Dellums, Linus Pauling, Cyrus Eaton, Tom Haydon, William Kunstler, Ralph Abernathy, Gabriel Kolko, Cora Weiss, Staughton Lynd, 99% of the staff of the radio stations of the Pacifica Foundation, and a goodly number of the teaching fellows at Berkeley..." and then goes on to make whatever point he or she wants to make.

Now, if that were to happen, two other things would likely happen. Naturally one of them would be that the speaker or writer of those words would be fired before reaching the end of the sentence, for ever since the American Left was able to kill off the anti-subversive investigations of the Fifties, one is simply not allowed to use the word "Communist" to describe anyone who doesn't proudly admit to actual membership in the Communist Party, U. S. A. That has become the ultimate no-no in genteel society, and this prohibition, as I've explained elsewhere, was in fact the most important outcome of the whole McCarthy/anti-McCarthy dispute.

The second thing that would happen would be that the assorted critics would demand of the (newly unemployed) commentator that he supply proof that all those named were indeed Communists — by which they would mean documentation that person "X" had been paying his dues to the party on time, or attending cell meetings regularly, or writing for the Daily World, or whatever. And that brings me to the key point of this analysis, for all those questions would have nothing to do with anything, in determining who is a Communist.

At any given moment in the years since the terrorists took control of Russia in 1917 and began to spread their influence throughout the world, there have always been incomparably more Communists in America than could be counted on the roster of the C. P. U. S. A. — and I don't mean that primarily in the sense that the FBI would mean it (that is, that there are many "underground" Communists, although that's true too). What I mean is that for every Communist who actually joins the Party or one of its satellite groups like the Young Workers Liberation League or one of its competing openly-Marxist groups like the Socialist Workers Party, there are several who don't join the Party but who are just as fully Communists as those who do.

For what defines a Communist is what defines the adherent of any other ideology: the nature of the person's thought and actions, not his membership in some group. One is an advocate of the free economic system if one believes in that system, irrespective of whether one ever joins any group which supports it; one is a racist if one holds racist views, and the question of whether one joins some racist group is interesting, but not important; and if a person spends a good deal of time speaking in favor of isolationism in our foreign policy, he or she is an isolationist, and the fact that there is no group-membership involved doesn't lessen that isolationism.

Thus, when Jane Fonda says repeatedly that if we only knew the true wonderfulness of Communism we would get down on our knees and beg for it here, she has defined herself quite fully. So has Ralph Abernathy

the Southern Libertarian Messenger



Editor
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John T. Harillee
Robert Brakeman

A newspaper is not for just reporting the news as it is, but to make people mad enough to do something about it.
— Mark Twain

\$5. for third class mail anywhere in the U. S.,
\$6. for first class mail, Canada or Mexico,
\$8. for overseas, by surface mail.

When he makes repulsive trips to East Germany, lauds the terrorist regime there, calls it the kinds of things Chou calls Mao, and accepts a decoration from the regime. Cyrus Eaton did it through his amazingly pro-Communist comments on the Soviet Union and its leaders, and Linus Pauling through his similar comments and acceptance of the Lenin Peace Prize, and Kunstler through every word he's said in the past 20 years, and so on.

None of these people, as far as one can tell, ever joined any Communist Party — and that's a point of profound irrelevance. They are what they are due to their thoughts, words, and actions, not their memberships. Our opinion-molders, when they hear someone make an openly-racist remark, don't ask what racist group he belongs to — they properly conclude he's a racist, group or no group. Only because it's against their interests as Leftists do the fail to do the same thing with the Marxists.

William Ray Pike, a 44 year old native of Spartanburg County, S. C., announced Sept. 15 that he is a Libertarian candidate for Congress. (S. C. 4th District) Mr. Pike is a long-time political activist in S. C., working with the Democrat party. Ray Pike has held Democrat party office on precinct, county and state level. In 1978 Mr. Pike ran in the Democrat primary for county council. Without taking any time off from work and spending less than \$500., Pike polled a 36% vote. Ray Pike is now chairman of the Spartanburg Co. Libertarian Party. The candidate is now semi-retired and promises to campaign full time for this office in '84.

In declaring his candidacy, Ray Pike gave this statement, "I intend to win this race. During this campaign, I will show there isn't any difference between Democrat, Republican, conservative or liberal. Many people don't vote because they can't see any difference when one party replaces the other. They're right. Professional politicians stay in office for years, doing nothing but running for reelection. We need people bold enough to work and speak for true tax reform, sensible foreign policy, and to be honest about the socialist direction our country is going."

If you want someone in Congress that will do just that, become a partner with Ray Pike. To do this, send one dollar. That is not much, but it will help greatly, and let Pike know there are many people interested in real meaningful change in our government. Send your dollar to:

Ray Pike for Congress Committee
Post Office Box 69
Pauline, South Carolina 29374

Paid for by the Ray Pike for Congress Committee.

The Shanarana

by Robert Brakeman

The Shanarana does not exist. That is its great value. To be a bit more exact: The Shanarana does not exist as it is thought to be. That is what has made it a legend in its time. If we work it right, its time will be Forever.....

The shanarana (I only capitalized it above to get your attention; it's a common noun, though an uncommonly useful one) is a phantom, and its role in life is to be chased. Like all phantoms, it can't be caught — but that's fine for the shanarana comes to life and justifies its existence (nonexistence?) in situations where all that's necessary is that someone chase it — the fact that they can't catch it isn't important at all. In truth, if they did catch it, it would be a disaster, for when they made the final dive, the final tackle for it, and brought it to the ground, and unwrapped the sack in which the shanarana is kept, they would find that the bag is empty, that the shanarana doesn't exist, and then they would start looking at Other Things, the Things they were ignoring all the time they were chasing the shanarana across the meadows and through the endless forests where it likes to play; and it is precisely that looking-elsewhere we don't want, for the shanarana's role in life is to keep Certain People off wasting their time chasing it so that they won't be doing damage elsewhere.

No doubt all of that is enough mysteriousness to hold you for one tale, so let's start moving to a little harder version of just what the shanarana is. Think of it as a tool. A tool for the protection of liberty in a world dominated by tools made only for the building of tyranny. There are times — there are very often times — when Wonderful Things can be accomplished for the proluberty cause if the Bad Guys can just be kept busy chasing some nonexistent threat to them — while the real threat burrows away unnoticed. It makes me sad to have to bring the shanarana down into the world of ordinary words — for it's ever so much more significant than almost any of those words — but you could, I suppose, think of the shanarana as a type of diversion. Not as a diversion, but as a certain type of diversion (if it were the former we could dispense with "shanarana" and just use "diversion" and be done with it).

If (in our tyranny-prone time this is one of the commonest "ifs" there is) you face a situation in which the villains are about to do what they spend most of their time doing (villainous things), you may try to divert them in any number of ways: You can create something so attractive that they drop their villainy to go visit it; you can create something which is neither particularly attractive nor particularly threatening — but simply interesting, something so intriguing their curiosity forces them to stop their activities to go look it over; you can create something which doesn't concern itself with their thinking at all, something which diverts them from what they're doing by sheer physical force (think of an explosion outside a window); you can divert their attention from their Evil Deeds by creating a real threat to them, one which forces them to defend themselves rather than spend time on their favorite activities; or you can build the shanarana, that very special being, that threat-which-isn't-a-threat-at-all, that fictitious danger which keeps people so busy running it down that another, real danger has time to sink them....

There is, in one of the "degenerocracies" which pass for countries in the Western Hemisphere, a terrorist dictatorship, one which unloads its viciousness on approximately everyone — but which takes particular pride in assaulting Americans who happen to fall into its grasp. When that grasp does happen to get lucky, and manages to clutch an Americano, it don't hardly never let go. It doesn't matter much what the supposed "crime" of the American is; all that matters is that the grasp succeeds in making the clutch. From then on it's all anti-climax, and the clutchee is as likely to spend the rest of his/her life in jail for jaywalking as for murder-two. (for first degree murder — or anything the terrorists choose to pretend is murder-one — the firing squad will of course get right to work). Once in prison, the chances of being subjected to systematic torture, to endless rapes and beatings and nail-pullings and rackings and electrical shocks on the genitals and on and on, are excellent. Just excellent.

In one such Country Club in this Tourist's Paradise, some Americans were — every day — experiencing those things. They were open-minded people, and they'd given the country (or rather the zombies who ran the country) a chance to show what their idea of hospitality to foreigners was; having seen it they weren't impressed. They wanted out, out of the Country Club and out of the country. They got out, and they have the shanarana to thank for it.

I should be a little more exact. They owe their thanks to the people who created a shanarana for their benefit; occasionally one creates itself, one falls together through random causes and aids pro-liberty purposes purely by accident, but usually a shanarana is a purposeful creation, something put together by people who know of the usefulness of this particular kind of phantom. That's the way it was in this instance; the shanarana existed because certain people caused it to exist — at substantial risk to themselves (in an antiliberty world the creation of a shanarana, a major proluberty tool, is almost always a dangerous undertaking — one accompanied, in the "democratic" — socialist — countries by the threat of imprisonment and in the communist countries by the threat of being murdered).

Before describing how this shanarana came to be and how it did its phantomish work, I owe it to semanticist friends of mine — and to everyone else too, I suppose — to say something about the work itself. You may protest that it sounds like a nonsense word — and I won't quarrel with you, as long as you mean by that only that it has an odd sound to it, and not that the concept to which it refers is in the least bit silly. You have no doubt also concluded that it's obviously a coined word, one to be found in no dictionary; I concede the correctness of your conclusion — and add only this cautionary note: Do not decide that because lexicographers never got around to creating it and proluberty activists had to do so, that there was no need for it, or that some other word would have sufficed. As was made clear above, no other word is the synonym of shanarana; only "diversion" comes close, and it's not very close, for a shanarana is a very special kind of diversionary event, and a subdivision of a category is never, can never be, a synonym for the broad category itself (if it were, it of course would be impossible to tell if one were alluding to the whole, or to one of its subdivisions).

The language grows, and new words are needed, whenever an entire phrase is need to describe something which has to be referred to quite frequently; the growth in the American language comes when the phrase is dropped and replaced by a word. 'Tis obvious that a lengthy phrase like "a diversionary tactic, used by proliberty activists, which consists of an apparent but unreal threat to antiliberty forces, one which keeps them so transfixed they don't notice a real threat coming from another direction" needs to be replaced by a single word. And now it has been. It was needed on general principles, and because the word was needed for the writing of this and similar articles by the present author, and because, one hopes, the shanarana as a pro-freedom tactic will be the wave of the future, an occurrence so common, use of a single word to describe it will become mandatory.

In coining "shanarana", I'm obviously just trying to do the folks at Merriam-Webster a favor, as well as authors and speakers everywhere; for the benefit of all those parties (and you), here it is phonetically: Shah-nah-rah-nah. Now that it's been spelled and described and phoneticized, only two more things remain to be said about it. The first is the how of its coining, which was really quite simple. Having been involved in a number of adventures in which a shanarana-without-a-name played a major role, and feeling that anything so prominent needed a single word to describe it, and feeling, further, that life has acres too much boredom and square miles too little fun, I determined to (A) name this phenomenon and (B) name it with a word which has much to do with fun and approximately nothing to do with describing real events. I say "approximately" because shanarana does have a little bit of real descriptiveness within it. The first part of it is the pure nonsense part, the part which is gleefully proud of the fact that it has nothing to do with anything. It came to be because during the performance of dramatic Good Deed which involved the creation of a shanarana, oldtime (1950s) rock and roll music was sweetly pounding away in the background the whole time — a time which was therefore full, as the music was full, of endless "sha na na"s; that phrase was the most common of all the lovable nonsense phrases which haunted the backgrounds of the pop music of that time, with not even bomp-a-bomp-bomp-bomp and rama-lama-ding-dong in its class. Sha-na therefore surely deserved a place in the word — and the last two syllables were added both to give it a nice even-sounding balance and to get in a vision of movement, of run/ran/run, of something fleeing phantomlike across the landscape with various Baddies in breathless pursuit.

The second remaining (and last) thing to be said about the word itself is that if you don't like it — you don't have to use it; all that's essential is that you understand it, understand what it refers to here and in my elsewhere-writings. If you understand the concept, you may coin your own name for it — or you can use some lengthy phrase to describe it, in case you have religious (or other) principles against anyone but professional lexicographers coining words. Those are options available to you — but I suggest you'll use neither of them — for the tale which follows may cause you to think very fondly of the "shanarana".....

It is a tale which, as we've seen above, involves Americans stuck in places where they're Just Not Happy. Reasonable Americans tolerate willingly much, but are capable of being made Not Happy by such sports as, in the case of women, being gang-raped

daily, and, for men, being truncheoned on their testicles regularly. The Unhappiness which these people felt was made known in all kinds of places where it did no good at all (the terrorist "government" of the country in question, and the American government, so desperately eager not to offend any marxist animal on the face of the earth that it regularly allows its citizens to be brutalized anytime a foreign dictator concludes that would be a fun thing to do) — and also in some places where it meant something. I should rephrase that just a bit: their pleas made it into one milieu where they meant something; they came to the attention of some people who were capable of doing something about their plight. Capable, and willing — and there were those who knew these people well who said "willing" understated the case — and that "eager" was more like it.

Whatever they were, they decided to Do the Deed (some of them had done such things before, and that capitalized phrase was a favorite one with them). What gave them hope that it could be done successfully was the awtounding incompetence of those running this atrocity-masquerading-as-a-country. They'd come to power the way most communist (and other) terrorists do, by being more ruthless than their adversaries, by being more willing than the competition to see piles and piles of bodies in the streets — not by being more intelligent than the opposition. They were, in fact, not particularly intelligent at all. Observers who discussed them (people outside the "country", needless to say) couldn't go much more than ten seconds without dropping in the word "mediocre" — and when they managed, for the sake of variety to avoid "mediocre" for a decent interval, they'd feel compelled to resort to "mediocrity" — there just wasn't any other sensible way to talk about these people, if it was their competence one was discussing (if it was their morals, there were many other things to be said; many, many things...).

One would not want to overdo this disparagement of their intelligence. These people were clearly somewhere above dunce-land, or they would not have been able to hold power for as long as they had (which was a depressingly long period of time); all we're suggesting here is that they were not first-rate intelligences, not brilliantly incisive minds — and therefore minds capable of being sent off chasing a shanarana while Certain Things were being done elsewhere, things they would have been paying attention to if they'd been smart enough to figure out that they were being misled and fooled and duped and defrauded — bamboozled, in a word — by that sweetest little bamboozler of them all, the shanarana.

The people who were going to attempt to do this Deed had a certain Principle, one they held to as religiously as the Principle which suggested that they choose as opponents not-too-bright types whenever possible (as it was here); this second principle was a sad one, for it should not have been necessary, and if America were being governed by sane people it would not have been necessary. The principle was simply that no planning for the Deed would be done within the United States. None. Not even a little bit. Not even informal, shoot-the-breeze discussions. The reason was that the US government was, and is (one can always hope that the "is" will be out of date by the time you read this), controlled by people best characterized by the description given above in another connection — "people desperately eager not to offend

Be doers of the word, and not hearers only.—James
1:22.

any marxist animal on the face of the earth". That eagerness would cause them, if they got a chance, to make all kinds of trouble for anyone who dared to make trouble for those animals — including the animals who ran the Land of Psychosis where these Americans were being held. A kind of trouble they wouldn't be able to make was extradition; the matter had been carefully researched, and what the shanarana-planners were going to do wasn't covered by the extradition treaty between the two countries. But what the American pols could try to do for their buddies in the Faraway Place was indict the shanaranafolk for conspiracy — for plotting (within the US) to do what they finally did (outside the US); such an indictment would have been weak on a number of legal grounds, but there was no need to take any chances — all planning would be done outside the US.

Would be, and was. Exactly where the planning/plotting/scheming sessions were held is about as important as the exact height of the body-piles the psychopaths running this country had created since taking power — what matters is the plan/plot/scheme which was spun out of that series of meetings. It was a wonderfully modest little idea — modest because it was based on what would surely have been the Eleventh Commandment if they'd gone one more: Thou Shalt Not Purchase Unnecessary Trouble. If the people involved in this little project had been unwilling to buy trouble for themselves, they of course would have stayed at home playing tennis — they were hardly opposed to risk as a matter of religious (or nonreligious) principle; but on the grounds of both those kinds of principle they were impressed with the craziness of taking avoidable risks, of facing M-16 fire when derringers could be arranged, of taking on an army when a squad-sized unit could be found to fight, of matching intellects with geniuses when dunces could be found, or of (and this is the relevant "of") confronting an entire government when it could be arranged to confront just one tiny bureaucratic segment of it.

Would've been nice if things could have been worked out so that the segment was one full of people with no guns, something like a local post office or district sewer commissioner's office — but since those gentle folk hardly ever are in charge of keeping people in custody, it just couldn't be arranged. Those being challenged would be only a tiny part of the dictatorship — but their part was the part which killed people for a living.... If they'd been daisies the 'Mericanos would no doubt have been able to get out without any help.

It's now time to say something descriptive about those Americans, both because you'll find what there is to be said wonderfully interesting and informative (and all that I write must of course be interesting and informative) and because those who would try to spring them would not have tried it (or at least most of them wouldn't have) unless the prisoners were just the kind of prisoners they were. They can be described on either a theoretical or a practical level. At the latter elevation, it should be said that most of them had been put where the dogs never bark and the sun never shines for drug violations; at the latter level of analysis, it could be said that none of them had committed a true crime, meaning an act of aggression against the person or property of another. All of those about to leap into the world of the shanarana were strong believers in the moral principle that, always and everywhere, those are the only actions which constitute crimes — and that words-on-paper (the "laws" of the dictatorial regimes of the twentieth century, expressly including the Ameri-

can one) cannot make a crime out of what isn't. Such views, which of course (as I and others have demonstrated to the point of redundancy elsewhere) are the only views on the subject which are even defensible, let alone right, lead the people who cling to them to see as non-criminals all kinds of people every government in the world (including the "free" ones like the one down the block) sees as felons, and to see acts of governmental criminality in actions which politicians see as their (legitimate) reason for existence. Such hard-to-get-along-with people see that it is an act of pure assault to jail people for doing nonaggressive things with their minds/bodies which hacks-in-power don't happen to like, and these "difficult" men and women understand that it's an act of (equally pure) theft for the state to steal resources from those who own them to give to those the government happens to like better. They're people who (to put it in stunningly boring, old-line political terms which just don't matter any more — the battle is between the state and the rest of us, not between competing statist) sympathize with liberals on sex/drug/pornography issues and with conservatives on economic issues, and — most important for this tale — they're individuals who see people jailed for sex/drug "crimes" or for "tax evasion" crimes as being involved in criminal activity all right — but as victims of it, not perpetrators.

Those hoosegowed Americans were surely in that category, and that was true of both those who'd been busted on drug charges (the majority of them) and those who'd gone down for other reasons — in the latter cases they were jailed for such non-criminal "crimes" as "currency violations" (hack-jargon for exchanging various forms of money at ratios-of-exchange the dictators don't happen to like) and "passport violations" (going where you wish without paying sufficient attention to hack-prescribed paperwork) or "customs violations" (moving one's property around without groveling appropriately before men-with-guns). Fine folks, in other words.

These fine folks were held in a spot which was lovable (from the perspective of certain people...) for two reasons. It was cuddly because it was located right next to the border of a neighboring country (that's right next to the border, as in get-in-and-get-back-out-quickly); and it was attractive because, as Country Clubs went in this country, it was a low security installation. The animals running the country were just animals — they weren't crazy animals; by that I mean they knew perfectly well these people weren't real criminals, weren't people used to law-breaking and prisons and escaped and weapons — weren't people likely to be dangerous in prison or pose a threat of breaking out of prison. Good risks, just made for minimum-security institutions. Convenient, and lovable.

As in the assessment, earlier in this tale, of the intelligence of the people running this paradisaical country, one would not want to overdo this point; the gringos weren't being kept in some one-horse-town's ramshackle old jail, nor were they in a wide-open prison-farm kind of setting; it was a real live penitentiary — it was just that, as penitentiaries go, it was awfully far down on the lower end of the pen-spectrum (or awfully high up, if one is a prisoner trying to become a former prisoner). The people running the place were the lowest-quality people in the prison system; they operated under procedures which were very careless with those in effect elsewhere; the guards were relatively poorly armed; the institution's physical structure was fairly unimpressive; and — most important, as far as the rotters-away

and their would-be rescuers were concerned -- the commandant of this hostelry was a worrier, a neurotic worrier, a man who worried about whatever he could find to worry about and when he couldn't find anything in the real world made up something.

He would be given something, something from the real world, yet something unreal; a shanarana would be created just for him, and while he was spending his nights and days chasing it through the canyons of his mind, the thing he should have been worrying about would be happening. The shanarana would look like the real threat to his future well-being, and so he would devote all his resources to fighting it -- resources which therefore wouldn't get in the way of Certain People -- people who were really assaulting his future well-being (which in a country like this one also meant his future chances of staying alive).

As in all countries which have slid into something between dictatorial slime and totalitarian goop, this nation had people inside it but outside prison who were, like the people about to Do the Deed, "difficult" people -- people unhappy with things as they were, and people who, in certain circumstances, would attempt to overthrow the regime -- and who in all circumstances were interested in undermining it as much as possible. You could call them by a dramatic/romantic name like "underground" if you wish, but you really need not call them anything in particular -- just recognize their usefulness, to Certain Outsiders.

Before describing in detail the actions those Outsiders took, it's now time to change pronouns. Previously in writing of those Certain People, I've spoken of "them"; form here on it'll be "us". I kept myself out of the first part of this tale in the hope that my analysis of its background (and the necessity for action) would seem more dispassionate and objective if I did so; that setting of the stage having now been accomplished (without having fooled those who know me, I'm sure), I can get as close to the tale in print as I was in the real world -- which will be both more comfortable for me and more enlightening for you (I'm guessing about you, but I'm sure about me; saying endlessly "they" when I was thinking, each time, "we" was a strain).

Those unhappy people within the country (that's the only argument for using a melodramatic word like "underground" -- it lets you avoid a long phrase) made known to us that the commandant was always worrying about losing his job (because there was that previously mentioned likelihood that his head would go with it), and that for that reason the thing he was most afraid of was the sudden, unannounced inspections which the central penal authorities sprung on him every so often. He never did very well in those inspections, for, as we've seen, he didn't have much to work with. At its best his prison could pass an inspection in good shape, but with his limited resources there was no way he could keep things rolling along anywhere near peak efficiency all the time. His only hope of doing well in an inspection was to get advance word of it, and for that purpose he'd developed his own little (might as well use it) underground. It operated in the capital, it was made up mostly of relatives, and it did its best to get work to him when an inspection team was about to start scurrying all over his Premises.

His mini-network had recently succeeded in giving him that kind of advance warning, and at the moment he was very high on it -- what I'm trying to say, friends, is that he'd believe anything it told him, especially if the "anything" was something he wanted to hear -- and particularly if it was (you must

remember that he was a worrier, a pessimist) gloomy news. Since he was in a mood to hear bad news, since as a professional worrier/pessimist he almost liked bad news, we gave him some. At first it was thought the best move would be to simply arrange (yes, I'll tell you how in a moment) to tell him that an inspection was on the way shortly. But that was rejected for two reasons, one of which I'm proud of (as an efficiency fanatic, and rationalist, and logician) and one of which I'm a little shy about even admitting. To understand each of them you need to know what we rejected that option in favor of; the winning program was that he'd be told that a Super-Inspection was on the way, an Inspection to End Them All, the Most Fanatically Severe Inspection Ever Carried Out Anywhere, For Any Purpose, and -- he was told -- an inspection with a very special purpose: when "The Word" came down to him it said that his enemies in the capital had determined to get him, and that they were going to use this fanatically severe inspection (and his presumed failure to pass it) to accomplish that end.

As a professional worrier/pessimist that was just the kind of news which he always expected to hear, and a kind which almost, in a way, appealed to him (all worriers/pessimists are at least a little masochistic). That was the "good" reason we'd chosen a super-inspection and not just an everyday one as our rumor-to-be-passed-down-to him -- we knew he'd react very intensely to it because it fit in so well with his predispositions -- much more intensely, we thought, than he would have reacted to an everyday-inspection message. The reason I have my doubts about was a simple one: We just thought it would be a lot more fun if he thought an Incredible assessment of his performance was about to hit him than if he thought only an Ordinary one was on the way. He'd worry a lot more, he'd run around a lot more crazily in an effort to get things shaped up in time, he'd antagonize his staff much worse, he'd cause himself to look more ridiculous before the surrounding community as his super-fear drove him to super-heights of paranoia and preparation; he would, in sum -- there's just no other way to say it -- squirm a lot more than if just an ordinary inspection was in the offing. Although there's much to be said for hedonism (fun's fun, as long as no decent people are injured, and seeing a zombie get a small part of the discomfort which he deserves is legitimate fun), I like to think the main reason we opted for the more severe inspection was the other one, the one which suggested the crazier he got the easier our task would be; I'm just a little uncomfortable with the other one (you may send me your psychological analyses of that uncomfatableness).

After we decided what the shanarana would be, the next key decision was how to make him aware of it so that he could get on his horse and go charging off after it -- while we were busy Elsewhere. There was, in a country whose name doesn't matter, a hotel whose name doesn't matter either -- and in that hotel was a room which had a number which doesn't matter here. I was about to say that the room was trimmed in orange, but that wouldn't have been right at all; it was all orange from the trim to the beds to the rugs to the drapes to the porcelain to the lamps. The trim was orange, and so was everything the trim was trimming. The orangeness of It All sticks with me because it was during a bright-orange sunrise that we made the decision on -- how. With enough Orange to hold all of us for the rest of our lives and beyond, assaulting us from inside the room and outside, we went through the options, from the least likely-to-work to the most-. We could attempt to use sweet reason on

someone in the commandant's underground, attempt to convince the person he or she should cooperate with us because it was the "right" (moral) thing to do; but of course what is right has nothing to do with anything if one is interested in the motivations of most people, so we just laughed off that alternative (we may have been up all night and we may have been a shade punchy, but we weren't crazy enough to think moral suasion would get us anywhere).

We could offer to effect the advancement of the person or persons who helped us -- but that option was thrown out because our in-country resources weren't great enough to make that promise credible to anyone. We could offer to get someone out of the country -- but that suggestion we dropped because as a member of the ruling group the person(s) in question might well be fairly happy where he (they) was (were) and because even someone who might like to Get Out might not want to take the risks that would entail. We then moved to what is -- I tell you as a matter of both logic and experience -- almost invariably the second-strongest inducement to get people to do what you want them to -- assuming that the "people" you want to do the thing are men-people; and with that qualification you know that the inducement I'm parading before you now is -- women. The offer of a beautiful woman can get almost any man to do almost anything; that is one of my favorite "iron laws" of human behavior, and I continue to state it at every opportunity in spite of the fact that it gives friends and associates wonderful openings to jump in with references to the fact that I have (allegedly) a certain weakness in that direction myself (they always ask sweetly if I include myself in my iron law and I always modestly reply that I'm one of the reasons you need that first "almost" and the conversation degenerates into Eddie Foy-1912 vaudeville jokes from then on). In any case, we rejected that option in this instance, in spite of the obvious (?) accuracy of the iron law and in spite of the fact that we had a certain woman in mind, if we needed her.

She was the kind of woman who could make me rethink my view that you do need those "almosts" in the iron law, and in retrospect I'm a little surprised we didn't use her (if for no other reason than just to get an excuse to see her again). Well, not really; it was fairly sure from the beginning we would reject that option, simply because the logistics of the situation looked like there might have to be a lot of running back and forth from this person to that, "persuading" as we went -- and dragging a young lady around wasn't as easy as dragging around -- the tool we finally settled on. It of course was hard cash, a tool so universally and consistently useful that in its iron law you need the "almost"s a lot less than you do in the other one -- indeed if you need them at all. Money it was, money it would be, and money did it.

What the money did was get two key people within the commandant's underground to pass down "secret" word of the shanarana, secret word of the Super-Inspection. While it would be pointless (and possibly dangerous to some people who don't deserve to be put in danger) to describe just how the money was gotten into just the right hands and in just the right amounts, I'll tell you this much about it (a point I never miss the opportunity to make): it was real money (gold), not the comedy-paper governments force their subjects to accept while they consciously inflate it to the point of worthlessness.

The effect of this gold-in-the-right-places was marvelous. Marvelous. Our people on the scene (we weren't in-country yet) reported that the commandant began hurrying/scurrying/bustling around at a pace

so fanatically feverish it reminded one of nothing so much as Sergeant Garcia, the bumblingly harried lackey on Zorro in the 1950s.... His bustling was doubtless fun to watch (too bad we had to miss it; being an on-scene observer sometimes has its advantages), but the important point was that his attentions were entirely taken up by the shanarana. As a professional/fanatical worrier/pessimist, he liked to throw all of his efforts in one direction, so that he could produce the maximum amount of enthusiasm for what he was doing (I was about to say "for his work", and that wouldn't have been far wrong; for most serious worriers their fears really do take up most of their time and come to be almost their vocation). He was single minded in his fears (I guess I should therefore say "fear"), and when he heard of the Really Big Inspection, any thought of other threats just melted away.

Poor boy. Like many men headed for a fall, he was almost right. He thought he was seriously threatened, and so he was; he just didn't understand what the threat was, for he was transfixed by the shanarana while terrible things were sneaking up on him from other directions. Part of the reason he was transfixed was that the shanarana seemed to be everywhere -- he was getting reports of it from so many directions that (A) he couldn't doubt their accuracy and (B) the shanarana -- as a phenomenon which seemed to be closing in on him from all sides -- became an obsession with him. No wonder. In addition to having two separate independent sources within his capital-network pass the Word down to him, we also arranged for locals to get into the act. Tradesmen who brought supplies to the prison mentioned to him that they'd heard that Laundresses who came to work there said that there was probably nothing to it but they thought they ought to tell him that down at the marketplace they'd heard that....

You get the idea. An idea you may not get is that most of these people believed what they were reporting; they weren't conspirators -- they were simply people passing on very carefully placed rumors -- rumors which confirmed what he'd gotten from his official sources. At this point in our preparations for the Deed itself, our long-distance assessment (no one was in-country yet) was that this shanarana was one born in heaven -- or wherever wonderful things get their start. It was not only doing its general task well (the one which it had to accomplish if it was going to merit that honorable name) -- it was also giving us Extra Added Attractions, providing us with specific, subsidiary benefits we had no right to expect to be automatically part of a shanarana (sometimes you get the fringe benefits, sometimes you don't; in that respect shanaranas are unpredictable). The general task was of course to divert everyone's (the commandant and his staff) attention away from the real danger toward a false one -- to keep every live body so busy figuring out the best ways to survive the inspection that the had no time to think about possible escape attempts. Not having time or energy to think about escapes (or anything else but the SuperInspection) was all we could have asked for -- but it wasn't all we got. The shanarana produced for us:

An immensely increased traffic flow into and out of the prison. The commandant had carpenters and plasterers and plumbers and electricians coming and going from the surrounding town in an effort to get the place looking like something in time for the inspection; he had laundresses and seamstresses passing in and out of the gates each day to do their work for his guards uniforms; and he had gunsmiths passing back

and forth trying to punch up his often archaic weapons so that they'd be in as good shape as they'd ever been in.

A loosened security concerning the traffic flow into and out of the pen. With mobs of people coming and going where only dribblets usually did, and with all kinds of new, unfamiliar tradespeople coming where only old, familiar faces had before, there was no way normal checking could be done, no way the possibility of various Unauthorized Personnel getting in hadn't been immeasurably increased.

Finally, there was a massive diversion of guards from guard-duty to various paint up/fix up chores.

The usefulness (to Certain People) of these developments can be imagined. A greatly increased traffic flow meant greatly increased chances to slip Certain People into the prison; greatly lessened security at the gates meant those chances were improved even more; and a large number of guards walking the grounds with brooms when they'd ordinarily been walking the walls with guns -- well, even someone who loves to comment on things as much as I do can't find any excuse to comment on that.

We'd created the shanarana. We'd released it to go galloping off into the hills. Everyone in the prison was spending all his time chasing after it. Now it was time to take advantage of this, one of the smoothest-flowing shanaranas we'd ever seen, or even heard rumors about....

On a day which dawned as magnificently (or repulsively) orange as that one back in that hotel room, we moved, moved from where we were to where we weren't, from where we weren't needed any more to where we were, from out-country to in-country. In the Big Bad Bond novels and similar works of fiction, border crossings are usually thrilling adventures in and of themselves -- great entertainment even if nothing very entertaining happens beyond the border; there are walls to be vaulted and barbed wire to be passed through and AK-47-toting guards to be overpowered and swooping searchlights to be avoided -- and if the author's really enthusiastic there'll be mine-fields and shark-blessed waters and electric fences to worry about. My creative instincts tell me to throw in some of that stuff here, but concern for accuracy forces me to tell you -- there was none of that. Proliberty forces are blessed by the fact that the totalitarians who control most countries just don't have the resources to fortify their entire border against surreptitious intruders. They're usually fortified against invading armies (in the sense that somewhere nearby there are defensive army units), but the illusion of a great wall around an entire country is just that -- an illusion. In our case: we went to an isolated wooded area, we walked to the border, and then we walked over it.

It wasn't much of a walk to the border town/prison town; once we were there we began the second act of creation. Our first had been something that even when it had been created didn't really exist: the shanarana. The second would be something which would have an existence so real it would make up for the trick-on-reality we'd played by creating the shanarana. It was a truck. For protective reasons I can't tell you much about it, but I'm allowed to say this: it was big, it was made to look like one of the service trucks which were caravaning into and out of the prison all day long -- and it had a splendid attribute which allowed it (and us) to Get The Job Done. It had a false bottom, a place where people could be stashed below equipment....

On a date whose day doesn't matter in a year whose number doesn't this Magic Vehicle (created by Magic People, working for us) was driven out of town and off toward the prison. When it got to within half a mile of it, it fell into line -- it joined the little caravan which was continuously formed at the gates of the place by trucks funnelling down roads coming from several different directions. How absurdly well our creation (the shanarana, not the truck) was working was demonstrated at the gate. There were so many vehicles the line had to be kept moving at all costs, so everyone was waved through semi-automatically; there were so many new, unfamiliar faces that the strangers were waved through as perfunctorily as the few who were known; and so many guards were being kept so busy on paint up/fix up/wash up details that there was just one li'l ol' boy at the gate -- and he seemed to be the least competent one they could have found. We didn't need to make use of the flawless foreign-language abilities of the man driving the truck, nor of our wonderful cover story about what we were there to do -- we were waved on through without having to slow down (that made the person who'd created the cover story a little depressed, but the rest of us were content).

As if it hadn't been enough of a friend to us already, the shanarana gave us yet another gift: it made it easy to get to the prisoners (we'd known it would ahead of time, through our sources inside): they weren't in their cells, they were out (what else?) painting up and fixing up and washing up. They were working together as a group out in the yard, and it was sadly (for those who like Challenges) easy to get the truck over near them. When we reached them we got busy -- busy in two directions at once: we went merrily about the maintenance work we were supposedly there to perform (just what that was might be helpful to Certain People, so we'll omit it here) -- and we began, even more merrily, the process of slipping the 'Mericanos, one by one, into the truck. Once we got over an initial obstacle, that was easy, for the yard was full of people and full of trucks and full of people constantly going into and coming out of the backs of those trucks (who was to notice that some people who went into our truck didn't come back out?)

The obstacle was that some of the prisoners didn't exactly want to go. No, it wasn't that they'd gradually come to like torture and rape -- it was that they weren't entirely convinced we were who we said we were, there to do what we said we were there to do. A message had been gotten in to them, a message that we'd be coming -- but people who'd gone through what they had were inevitably just a shade paranoid. We were strangers, and we did look pretty scruffy (no funny comments, please; we looked that way by design), and it could have been a set up. Prisoners in this degenerocracy had a terrible tendency to get themselves "killed while trying to escape" -- so how were they to know we weren't there to arrange the next "tragic" killed-while-trying-to-escape incident?

In the same way the commandant would shortly be hit by a problem coming from a direction he was ignoring completely, we'd now been struck by just the kind of difficulty we'd least expected. Hadn't expected at all, to be exact; trouble from the authorities we knew we had to expect, and we were armed and trained accordingly -- but it did seem reasonable to expect nothing but cooperation from the authorities' enemies, the prisoners, the people we were there to spring. For as firm a believer in the power of peaceful persuasion (well, some-time believer) as myself, it would be a pleasure to report that we quietly talk-

ed with the doubters and convinced them all was well -- or at least all would be well if they would just shut up and get in the truck; but that wasn't the way it worked -- at least not in the case of one young man. The other doubters (there were two others) were convinced by a few quick words in heavily-American accents, but he kept glowering at us and mumbling, "I don't know, I don't know...." No doubt if we'd been proper ACLU types instead of Dirty Harry/Clint Eastwood types, we'd have respected his civil liberties by leaving him. What we did in fact was assault his civil liberties by showing a weapon -- and then "urging" him again to get into the truck. He did, and once in he was bound and gagged, for we weren't sure he'd really seen the light yet. The time it took to do that wasn't much time, but those few moments were the tensest of our lives, for in spite of the fact that we kept right on working while discussing, anyone watching very carefully could easily have concluded that something was wrong, for the Ultimate Doubter wasn't working, he was just pacing around, pacing & mumbling.

The calm moments which followed those hyper-tense ones didn't last long. We were going to get out the gate by saying the equipment we had with us wasn't right for the job that needed to be done, so we'd have to go back to town to get the right stuff. The same guard was at the gate, but this time he'd been joined by his guard-sergeant, who was doing some paperwork inside the guardhouse. The guard took an awfully close and long look at us when we gave him our story -- and then said he's have to check with his superior -- people were supposed to come in in the morning & leave in the afternoon, period. When he asked the sergeant, the sergeant screamed at him something we translated roughly as "You dolt! Why do you bother me with this trivia when I'm trying to get ready for the inspection, only 2 days away -- 2 days, you fool, 2 days!" and then commenced mumbling to himself. The guard apologized, bowed and scraped a little -- and waved us through. One final time, the shanarana had saved us....

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John Molloy, author of Dress for Success, describes USPS uniforms, "They look like escapees from an old-fashioned minimum-security prison."

"A living fish can swim against the current; a dead one is carried downstream. A living Christian opposes the evil in the world." - Anon. (JTTCW)

Coast Guard pamphlet, "Guide to Hazardous Bars", has to do with the sandbars off the Northwest coast, not the ones in port. (FFWorld)

The hookers in Ho Chi Minh City, formerly Saigon, ply their trade on General Uprising Street. (FFW)

While Gov. Deukmjian of California was addressing 450 peace officers in a hotel in Concord, someone robbed the cigaret machines in the lobby. (FFWorld)

Wealth

From time to time I become impatient with libertarian theorists. Let me take an example: I have here a disquisition on land ownership, that says the only way to establish title to unowned land is by homesteading it. This is all very well for the common agricultural land, but let us see what happens when one tries to apply it to other types of terrain.

Let us take grazing land, arid. What would constitute homesteading? Building a fence around it is not too practicable when it takes 10 acres to support 1 cow.

Let us take swamps; sure you could drain the swamp and plant vegetables, but suppose you want to keep the swamp and grow cypress timber?

Let us take mountains: sure you can cultivate the steeper slopes, but all you're going to get for it is gullies. But unless this property is owned by someone, it cannot be protected from use and abuse by just about anyone. (An exception to this is the volcano, which can take care of itself.) How do you protect a mountain for recreational use, other than by building a ski slope?

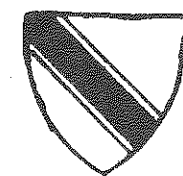
Let us take rain forests: these normally have thin soils and are good for nothing but growing timber; how does one homestead them?

I could belabor the point with more examples; the point is that unowned (i.e., government-owned) land needs to be transferred to the private sector, and that in most cases homesteading is not the easiest way to do it. The simplest way would be to sell it at public auction, perhaps with certain easements attached in the case of especially notable scenery, and use the money to reduce the tax burden.

As for establishing good title to land, their is another method, uncontested possession. If an owner can provide good title for a certain length of time, unchallenged, we assume that he is the legitimate owner, regardless of what may have happened many centuries in the past.

Yes, we need to privatize unowned land, but in most cases, considering the nature of most of the land in question, homesteading is not the best way.

Harleian Miscellany Club



Send for a list of our current select list of books, and other publications, on liberty. Many not available elsewhere at discount prices! Bumperstickers! Tee shirts! Posters!

Rt. 10 Box 52A, Florence, SC 29501

Among the more bizarre items in the news is one from American Opinion, on a program run by Lutheran Social Service in Minnesota, which includes pornographic materials including a film of "a man having sex with a car". Don't ask me how. I know lots of people who love cars, but none have ever tried to have carnal relations with them, as far as I know. What next?

KHOF TV, a religious channel in California, was denied license renewal by the FCC for the usual reasons. So, starting in July they will be on satellite instead. Playboy dropped its channel on NCN satellite. So now the programs that were available only in California and New England will be available nationwide, thanks to the FCC and its concern for freedom. (YHNews)

SPECIAL REPORT

"Daily we experience the increasing militarization of our lives... the surveillance of citizens who express dissent democratically... the lack of mercy shown by special military units... the use of torture to extract 'information'."

Jaime Cardinal Sin
Philippines 1981

Missouri has called for a constitutional convention on the balanced budget amendment; 32 down, 2 to go. (TWConst)

In 1939 Congress failed to pass a bill sponsored by Sen. Robert Wagner of NY to allow 20,000 Jewish children over the quota to enter the US for adoption from Germany. (Chr Vang)

Dr. James Kennedy, pastor of Coral Ridge Presbyterian, Ft. Lauderdale, FL (one of the largest of that denomination) has called for Christian resistance to the income tax on the grounds that it is used to plunder God's people and fund the works of the Devil. (Y H News) Right on, Reverend!

"Despite the agony, most published 'freeze' material evades mention of the ongoing horror of conventional wars (totalling some 140 since 1945, with millions of men, women and children killed.)" - Rural Southern Voice for Peace, Rt. 5, Burnsville, NC 28714.

Zeppelin Mattress Co. in West Germany is advertising endorsements by Helga Helmut, a well-known retired madam. (FFWorld)

In France, it is illegal to cut a tree more than 50 years old on your own land. (FFWorld)

Nina Smith, 72, was unable to prove her age to the satisfaction of govt., and was therefore denied a license to operate a golf cart in Sun City because she could not prove she was over 18. (Match)

In Pontiac, MI a widow lost her home because her late husband had not paid a \$32. bill for city weed killing services. (Match)

American Patriot Party, sponsored by KKK, will try to get on ballot in NC next year, & plans to offer 100 candidates. Notes that there are 1.7 million eligible whites not registered in NC. (TW Carolinian)

LP has rewritten the preamble to the party platform, leaving out the "cult of the omnipotent state".

"The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers." say tee shirts or sweatshirts from Folger Shakespeare Library, 201 E Capitol St, SE, Washington, DC 20003. Henry VI, part II.

Patrick & Leah O'Connor use their home computers to write learning software (they are teachers) & are being prosecuted in Chicago for violating the zoning laws thereby. (var.)

Pending: SJR138 by Sen. Ed Zorinsky to hold hearings on why the govt. schools are not teaching children to read.

A Soviet schoolgirl who wrote Pres. Reagan in support of peace had her letter returned; USPS marked it "Addressee Unknown". (Pravda) For once, something in Pravda I can easily believe.

In Bedford, VA a tax assessor fell into a 7 ft. deep manure pit while inspecting the farm of Norville Boone. (Am Spectator)

Columnist Patrick Buchanan on French history, "One is reminded of the poor, befuddled king of France sitting in the Bastille, wondering aloud why he was to be beheaded when he had made every concession the revolution had demanded." He was certainly befuddled if he thought he was in the Bastille, which had been torn down 3½ years before. On Chinese history: "The Chinese communists will tell you that the old dynasty was finished when it proved incapable of preventing the British from shipping opium to the Chinese people." They may say that, but the Ch'ing dynasty held on nearly 70 years after the Opium War.



OR MAYBE A CORRUPT, LEFTIST, BANKRUPT THIRD WORLD DICTATOR

"Putting letter carriers into cars slowed down the mail almost as much as transporting it by plane instead of train," says Doug Larsen. (FFWorld)

When Joseph Conrad was offered a knighthood, he put the envelope aside unopened, thinking it was a tax notice, until a royal messenger came, weeks later to inquire why he hadn't responded. (FFWorld)

Joe Brown, 71, who had been driving since 1933 without even a parking ticket, moved his car at the request of workmen patching the street, hit another car, and was ticketed for drunk driving in Glasgow, Scotland. (The Sun)

Request: researcher is seeking archives of Congressman Eberharter of Pennsylvania, who died in 1958; his alma mater, Duquesne has practically nothing on him. Any surviving relatives, former employees are sought, or leads to finding same. (He tried to hold up passage of the Internal Revenue Code in 1954.) Contact "Sam" c/o SLW.

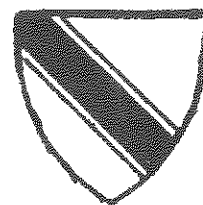
"Let me set you straight; it is not that the country would be in chaos if everybody failed to file tax returns. The country is already in chaos..." - Lucille Moran

Wm. F. Buckley has suggested giving away to anyone 3 commodities that would constitute an adequate diet: bulgur wheat, dried milk & dried beans. This would cost ½ as much as food stamps, & be more nutritious. (AMEN)

"The poor are poor, not stupid. If you give them incentives to be poor they will stay that way. Entitlements subsidize poverty and anyone knows that when you subsidize something you get more of it and when you tax something you get less." - Walter Williams.

Until recently all branches of the KKK opened all meetings with a salute to the Yankee flag, says "Nation of God". Most people do not know that the "new" KKK had most of its membership outside the South in the 1920s, and controlled the legislatures of several Northern states.

World Council of Churches rejected a proposal calling for immediate Soviet withdrawal from Afghanistan, & refused to hear appeals from Christians in Russia. (WSJ)



Harleian Miscellany Club

ROUTE 10, BOX 52-A

FLORENCE, SOUTH CAROLINA 29501

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE LIBERTARIANS OF SOUTH CAROLINA

Dear Friends:

I know you're out there; 9,800 of you voted for Ed Clark in 1980. I only know a few hundred of you by name, so please pass the word on to any other libertarians you know who don't get this letter.

The Democrats and Republicans hold their primaries in June, 1984. We have to hold ours earlier. What I want you to do is take a little time, about 15 minutes, to vote in our primaries. We have everything that's up for election this year; 1 U. S. Senator, 6 Congressmen, all the seats in both houses of the legislature, and about half of the local offices like county council, sheriff, coroner, tax assessor and so on. I don't expect that we'll have a candidate for every office; the Republicans haven't been able to since 1876; but we will have a lot. And we will have several races where the Libertarian nomination is contested, for just about the first time.

Here's what you do: 5 MINUTES NOW: fill out the membership form and send it in. Don't put it off because you don't have any money in the bank now because of Christmas; send a check and ask the treasurer to hold it if you have to. The main point is to get your name on the party membership rolls for 1984 so you can vote as a member of the party.

5 MINUTES in February; attend your precinct organizational meeting; I know it seems odd but these meetings literally only last 5 minutes, as the precinct has no duties beyond meeting every 2 years and sending in a report. You can find out when and where your precinct meets from your county chairman or county organizer; if you don't know who she or he is, ask. Likewise, if you are the only one to show up (it has happened), ask what to do.

5 MINUTES in March; attend your county convention. Some of these will last more than 5 minutes if they have a guest speaker or if they have other business; you do not have to be there for the whole meeting if you don't want to. But this is where you vote in the Libertarian primary for local offices, and for party officers. That part will only take about 5 minutes.

Now, after that, if you want to vote on state officers of the party and in the statewide primary for federal offices and the legislature, ask to be a delegate or alternate to the state convention on April 14. David Bergland will be coming to speak, and that is reason enough to come by itself. There will be lots of other libertarians there, which is always a lot of fun.

I'll see you there.

Thanks,

John Miller

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EXTRA!

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(We also sell books! Ask for a copy of our latest booklist.)

Merry Christmas

MEMBERSHIP FORM

The South Carolina Libertarian Party was certified as an official political party by the South Carolina State Election Commission in January, 1979. South Carolina law requires that all members of any political party in South Carolina hold valid South Carolina voter registration certificates.

I hereby certify that I do not believe in or advocate the initiation of force or fraud as a means of achieving political or social goals. I support the principles of the Libertarian Party.

Signed: _____

I am registered to vote in _____ County, S.C.

Name: _____ Home phone: _____

Address: _____ Work phone: _____

_____ Occupation: _____

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As a state committee of a political party, the South Carolina Libertarian Party qualifies under federal income tax laws for political contributions. State and national dues also qualify as political contributions for federal tax purposes.



☐ Check this box if you prefer that your membership or contribution not be recognized in the party newsletter or if you prefer that your name not be given to other libertarian organizations.

SOUTH CAROLINA LIBERTARIAN PARTY

P.O. BOX 50643 COLUMBIA, S.C. 29250

INTEREST LIST

I'm interested in the work for Liberty. I can help with (check all appropriate):

- ____ Typing
- ____ Making phone calls
- ____ Stuffing envelopes
- ____ Soliciting donations
- ____ Helping with fundraising efforts
- ____ Writing Letters-to-the-Editor
- ____ Writing letters to public officials
- ____ Writing brochures, flyers, and the like
- ____ Making posters
- ____ Artwork
- ____ Newsletter work
- ____ Printing
- ____ Giving talks to non-libertarian groups
- ____ Giving talks on _____ to libertarian groups
- ____ Petitioning
- ____ Handing out leaflets
- ____ Door-to-door campaigning
- ____ Campaign management
- ____ Legal assistance
- ____ Planning functions and events
- ____ Providing transportation
- ____ Helping with fair booths
- ____ Helping with yard sales

Sorry, I'm not interested in further mailings. Please take me off your list. _____

I can't help, but please keep me on your list. _____

I can't help now, but I will be able to help starting _____.

I have enclosed \$ _____ to help the South Carolina Libertarian Party.

Please send me more information on the Libertarian Party before I answer. _____

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street or p.o. box city state zip code

COUNTY _____ HOME PHONE _____ WORK PHONE _____

the Southern Libertarian
Messenger



A newspaper is not for just reporting the news as it is, but to make people mad enough to do something about it.
— Mark Twain

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The SOUTHERN LIBERTARIAN MESSENGER publishes tales of the grotesque and the bizarre — and that's just the news! It tells you if it's true what they say about Dixie. It has been described as "always lively" by the late Henry Meulen of England and "crammed full of juicy tidbits" by Vince Miller of Canada.

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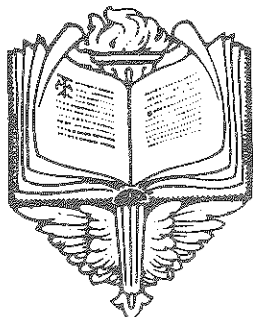
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MEMBERSHIP FORM

CLUB RULES:

1. You must pay for the books you order and receive. Obviously.
2. Postage is free if you pay in advance.
3. You must tell us if you don't want the regular selection.
4. You must tell us if your mailing address changes. Again, obviously.
5. If you get a book you didn't order, you can buy it or send it back.
6. You can resign at any time.

We are able to do this, including extending credit, because libertarians are people of honor and principle, who will pay their just debts.

YES, I want to become a Charter Member of the HARLEIAN MISCELLANY CLUB. I understand that unless I notify the Club otherwise, I will be shipped the regular selection each time, and will accept it. I agree to the Club Plan described herewith.

Signed: _____

Date: ____/____/____

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Name: _____

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