FRAGMENTS

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The Personality of Henry George

By Louis F. Post

(From: *The Prophet of San Francisco: Personal Memories & Interpretations of Henry George*, by Louis F. Post (New York: The Vanguard Press, 1930)

(Editorial Note: *"The Prophet of San Francisco"* is Henry George.)

The Prophet's personality was reflected in his philosophy. Though the story of his life be interesting and useful as a sketch of the external processes of his career, his personality is to be better inferred from the spirit and the substance of his writings than from recollections of friendly intercourse however intimate, or considerations of personal conduct however picturesque. (p. 313)

He [George] believed in prayer. No one believed in it more than he did. Not mere piety petitions, nor hollow forms of worship, nor empty denunciations of wrong; but by deed as well as word; and by trusting an Intelligent and Beneficent Creator for results. (p. 314)

[Concerning human immortality], our Prophet... gave expression to it in *Progress and Poverty* while discussing the problem of individual life; and on an occasion five years or so before he died he declared it to me in response to a question inspired by a recent death. "Do you believe in immortality?" I asked. "Yes," he answered with solemn emphasis. "Why?" "Because this a rational universe, and the existence of men born only to die would be irrational." (p. 315)

Mr. Verinder recalled an instance of Henry George's readiness at repartee — not repartee of the merely humorous type, but of the kind which, enlivened by wit, is loaded with philosophical truth. "In our great meeting at Lambeth Baths," relates Mr. Verinder, "a social democrat asked: 'But what about capital?' " The question alluded evidently to George's having in his speech laid no stress upon monopoly of capital, but all stress upon monopoly of land. "Quick as lightning," Mr. Verinder continues, "came the perfect reply: 'My friend, when you've got the cow, you've got the milk!' " (p. 321)

In nothing were our Prophet's intellectual powers exemplified more impressively than in the practical climax he gave to his elucidation of the enigma of poverty as the companion of progress. He had risen to the heights of observation and penetrated the depths, he had brought all his powers to bear in describing conditions and picturing possibilities, he had appealed to the moral law for condemnation of the most destructive of social sins — monopolization by the few of the birthright of all, — he had advocated unreserved restoration of that birthright as the only remedy for impoverishment in the midst of plenty; yet the same prophetical powers that enabled him to perceive the gigantic sin of civilization, forced him to realize that the practical remedy lay in the domain of the statesman. (p. 321)

As a statesman, . . . he knew that a social custom so firmly rooted as land monopoly could not be uprooted over night.... With statesmanlike forethought and skill, he thereby made of himself a pathfinder through our social wilderness to the social Eden he saw beyond. "It is a maxim of statesmanship . . . that the great changes can best be brought about under old forms. We, who would free men, should heed the same truth. It is the natural method. When Nature would make a higher type, she makes a lower one and develops it. This, also, is the law of social growth. Let us work by it. With the current we may glide fast and far. Against it, it is hard pulling and slow progress." (pp. 322-323)

[He was a person of great integrity.] An instance was his refusal as a juror to obey the judge who ordered an entry by the clerk of the court of a verdict for the defendant, a distillery company, in an accident case. When the court clerk, upon receiving this instruction from the judge, repeated the usual formula to the jury, saying, "By direction of the court you find the defendant," etc., Henry George, who was the foreman of the jury, arose and succinctly said: "I don't." The clerk repeated the formula. George replied, "No, I don't." "Yes, you do," said the judge severely; "I take the responsibility in this matter." He gave George no opportunity to reply or explain, but struck his name from the jury for the term. (pp. 323-324)

In an interview with a New York World reporter immediately afterwards, Mr. George made this explanation. "I was utterly astounded when, after the testimony had been closed, Judge Freedman instructed the jury to find a verdict for the defendant, for it seemed to me that a negligence had unquestionably been proved. I make no reflection on Judge Freedman. He is the guardian of his own conscience. But I am also the guardian of mine." (p. 324)

Though a serious-minded person, Henry George was nevertheless not lacking in appreciation of the humorous. He was moreover affectionate, tolerant, at times absent-minded, always courageous, ambitious within the limits of the rational and the moral, never destructive in purpose or policy, but always considerate. (p. 324)

Could any words be more fitting and inspiring than his own, when in *Social Problems*, he wrote of spiritual rewards for earthly service? "What, when our time comes, does it matter," he asked, "whether we have lived daintily or not, whether we have worn soft raiment or not, whether we leave a great fortune or nothing at all, whether we shall have reaped honors or been despised, have been accounted learned or ignorant-as compared with how we may have used that talent which has been entrusted to us for the Master's service? What does it matter, when eyeballs glaze and ears grow dull, if out of the darkness may stretch a hand and into the silence may come a voice, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things. I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of the Lord.' " (pp. 327-328)

As A Man Thinks

(Excerpts from *As A Man Thinketh*)

BY JAMES ALLEN

This little volume, *As A Man Thinketh*, . . . is not intended as an exhaustive treatise on the much-written-upon subject of the power of thought. It is suggestive rather than explanatory, its object being to stimulate men and women to the discovery and perception of the truth that "They themselves are makers of themselves" by virtue of the thoughts which they choose and encourage; that mind is the master-weaver, both of the inner garment of character and the outer garment of circumstance, and that, as they may have hitherto woven in ignorance and pain they may now weave in enlightenment and happiness.

The aphorism, "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he," not only embraces the whole of a man's being, but is so comprehensive as to reach out to every condition and circumstance of his life. A man is literally *what he thinks*, his character being the complete sum of all his thoughts.

As the plant springs from, and could not be without, the seed, so every act of man springs from the hidden seeds of thought, and could not have appeared without them.

Act is the blossom of thought, and joy and suffering are its fruits; thus does a man garner in the sweet and bitter fruitage of his own husbandry.

A man's mind may be likened to a garden, which may be intelligently cultivated or allowed to run wild, but whether cultivated or neglected, it must, and will, *bring forth*. If no useful seeds are put into it, then an abundance of useless weed-seeds will *fall* therein; and will continue to produce their kind.

Just as the gardener cultivates his plot, keeping it free from weeds, and growing the flowers and fruits which he requires, so may a man tend the garden of his mind, weeding out all the wrong, useless, and impure thoughts, and cultivating toward perfection the flowers and fruits of right, useful, and pure thoughts. By pursuing this process, a man sooner or later discovers that he is the master-gardener of his soul, the director of his life. He also reveals, within himself, the laws of thought, and understands, with ever-increasing accuracy, how the thought forces operate in the shaping of his character and destiny.

Thought and character are one, and as character can only manifest and discover itself through environment and circumstance, the outer conditions of a person's life will always be found to be harmoniously related to his inner state.

Every man is where he is by the law of his being; the thoughts which he has built into his character have brought him there, and in the arrangement of his life there is no element of chance, but all is the result of a law which cannot err.

Man is buffeted by circumstances so long as he believes himself to be the creature of outside conditions, but when he realizes that he is a creative power, and that he may command the hidden soil and seeds of his being out of which circumstances grow, he then becomes the rightful master of himself.

Good thoughts bear good fruit, bad thoughts bad fruit.

A man does not come to the almshouse or the jail by the tyranny of fate or circumstance, but by the pathway of groveling thoughts and base desires.

Men do not attract that which they want, but that which they are. Their whims, fancies, and ambitions are thwarted at every step, but their inmost thoughts and desires are fed with their own food, be it foul or clean. The "divinity that shapes our ends" is in ourselves; it is our very self. Man is manacled only by himself: thought and action are the jailers of Fate — they imprison, being base; they are also the angels of Freedom — they liberate, being noble.

Not what he wishes and prays for does a man get, but what he justly earns. His wishes and prayers are only gratified and answered when they harmonize with his thoughts and actions.

In the light of this truth, what, then, is the meaning of "fighting against circumstances"? It means that a man is continually revolting against an effect without, while all the time he is nourishing and preserving its cause in his heart.

That cause may take the form of a conscious vice or an unconscious weakness; but whatever it is, it stubbornly retards the efforts of its possessor, and thus calls aloud for remedy.

Suffering is *always* the effect of wrong thought in some direction. It is an indication that the individual is out of harmony with himself, with the Law of his being. The sole and supreme use of suffering is to purify, to burn out all that is useless and impure. Suffering ceases for him who is pure.

Men are anxious to improve their circumstances, but are unwilling to improve themselves; they therefore remain bound.

A man only begins to be a man when he ceases to whine and revile, and commences to search for the hidden justice which regulates his life.

The body is the servant of the mind. It obeys the operations of the mind . . . At the bidding of unlawful thoughts the body sinks rapidly into disease and decay; at the command of glad and beautiful thoughts it becomes clothed with youthfulness and beauty.

Change of diet will not help a man who will not change his thoughts. When a man makes his thoughts pure, he no longer desires impure food.

Until thought is linked with purpose there is no intelligent accomplishment. With the majority, the barque of thought is allowed to drift upon the ocean of life. Aimlessness is a vice, and such drifting must not continue for him who would steer clear of catastrophe and destruction.

A man should conceive of a legitimate purpose in his heart, and set out to accomplish it. He should make this purpose the centralizing point of his thoughts . . . . He should steadily focus his thought forces upon the object which he has set before him. He should make this purpose his supreme duty,

and should devote himself to its attainment, not allowing his thoughts to wander away into ephemeral fancies, longings, and imagining. This is the royal road to self-control and true concentration of thought. Even if he fails again and again to accomplish his purpose . . . *the strength of character* gained will be the measure of his true success, and this will form a new starting point for future power and triumph.

Thoughts allied fearlessly to purpose become creative force: he who knows this is ready to become something higher and stronger than a mere bundle of wavering thoughts and fluctuating sensations; he who does this has become the conscious and intelligent wielder of his mental powers.

All that a man achieves and all that he fails to achieve is the direct result of his own thoughts . . . . A man's weakness and strength, purity and impurity, are his own, and not another man's; they are brought about by himself, and not by another. His condition is also his own, and not another man's. His suffering and his happiness are evolved from within.

The universe does not favor the greedy, the dishonest, the vicious although on the mere surface it may sometimes appear to do so; it helps the honest, the magnanimous, the virtuous. All the great teachers of the ages have declared this in varying forms, and to prove and know it a man has but to persist in making himself more and more virtuous by lifting up his thoughts.

All achievements, whether in the business, intellectual, or spiritual world, are the result of definitely directed thought, are governed by the same law and are of the same method; the only difference lies in *the object of attainment*. He who would accomplish little must sacrifice little; he who would achieve much must sacrifice much; he who would attain highly must sacrifice greatly.

The dreamers are the saviors of the world. As the visible world is sustained by the invisible, so men, through all their trials and sins and sordid vocations, are nourished by the beautiful visions of their solitary dreamers. Humanity cannot forget its dreamers; it cannot let their ideals fade and die; it lives in them; it knows them as the *realities* which it shall one day see and know.

Cherish your visions; cherish your ideals; cherish the music that stirs in your heart, the beauty that forms in your mind, the loveliness that drapes your purest thoughts, for out of them will grow all delightful conditions, all heavenly environment; of these, if you but remain true to them, your world will at last be built.

Dream lofty dreams, and as you dream, so shall you become. Your Vision is the promise of what you shall one day be; your Ideal is the prophecy of what you shall at last unveil.

Into your hands will be placed the exact results of your own thoughts; you will receive that which you earn; no more, no less. Whatever your present environment may be, you will fall, remain, or rise with your thoughts, your Vision, your Ideal. You will become as small as your controlling desire; as great as your dominant aspiration.

The thoughtless, the ignorant, and the indolent, seeing only the apparent effects of things themselves, talk of luck, of fortune, of chance . . . . They do not know the darkness and the heartaches; they only see the light and joy, and call it "luck."

In all human affairs there are *efforts*, and there are *results*, and the strength of the effort is the measure of the result. Chance is not.

The Vision that you glorify in your mind, the Ideal that you enthrone in your heart — this you will build your life by, this you will become.

Calmness of mind is one of the beautiful jewels of wisdom. It is the result of long and patient effort in self-control. Its presence is an indication of ripened experience, and of a more than ordinary knowledge of the laws and operations of thought.

The strong, calm man is always loved and revered. He is like a shade-giving tree in a thirsty land, or a sheltering rock in a storm. "Who does not love a tranquil heart, a sweet-tempered, balanced life? It does not matter whether it rains or shines, or what changes come to those possessing these blessings, for they are always sweet, serene, and calm. That exquisite poise of character which we call serenity is the last lesson of culture; it is the flowering of life, the fruitage of the soul. It is precious as wisdom, more to be desired than gold — yea, than even fine gold. How insignificant mere money-seeking looks in comparison with a serene life — a life that dwells in the ocean of Truth, beneath the waves, beyond the reach of tempests, in the Eternal Calm!"

Tempest-tossed souls, wherever ye may be, under whatsoever conditions ye may live, know this — in the ocean of life the isles of Blessedness are smiling. And the sunny shore of your ideal awaits your coming. Keep your hand firmly upon the helm of thought. In the barque of your soul reclines the commanding Master; He does but sleep; wake Him. Self-control is strength; Right Thought is mastery; Calmness is power. Say unto your heart, "'Peace, be still!"

— Bryngoleu, Ilfracombe, England

To Our Readers

As this issue was going to press, we learned, with horror and dismay, the terrible events of September 11, 2001: the bombing of the Twin Towers in the City of New York and the Pentagon in Washington, D. C. — with the resultant loss of life, limb, and property. We are in no position to comment on these horrible happenings now, but reserve the right to discuss them in detail in the next issue.

Our hearts go out to the victims (and their families) of these shocking murders.

— The Editors

P.S. Already, one hears the familiar cry of a number of commentators, namely, that awful as war destruction may be, it is, nevertheless, a "proven fact" that "war is good for the economy — and provides jobs." We call the readers' attention to the oft-reprinted essay by Jack Schwartzman, "War Jobs," which first appeared in *FRAGMENTS* in the July-September, 1981, issue, and addresses itself to these much-repeated comments.

Recollections of a Curmudgeonish Georgist

BY OSCAR B. JOHANNSEN

(This 1982 article is reprinted by request)

I can see him today. It must have been in the Fall of 1938 or '39 that I first entered the Henry George School of Social Science, which was then located on East 29th Street. The man who greeted all who entered was Mr. Otto Dorn, who, I learned later, was a Trustee of the School. He was a courtly gentleman with a greying Van Dyke beard, which caught the eye immediately. His distinguished bearing and gracious welcome could not fail but impress anyone who entered.

This was disconcerting, for I had come prepared to demolish the theories of that crank, Henry George, who (I was led to believe) was against real estate. Could such a man who appeared to be as intelligent as Mr. Dorn be led astray? I knew all there was to know about real estate, for my father had owned three tenements. I remembered only too well how he, my brother, and I slaved to paint the roofs of these buildings, and repaired leaking faucets and electric fixtures, trying to keep the buildings in presentable shape so that there would be no vacancies. One vacancy was enough to cause my mother and my father sleepless nights.

The school hummed with activity. The depression was still very much in the minds of all of us, and most of those who came were anxious to find out why jobs were so scarce and why the economy seemed to be going from bad to worse.

Shortly after we were ushered into a classroom and met our teacher, in walked a very attractive young woman with a dazzling smile to give us a little talk about school. Theresa McCarthy was her name, but while she was, without question, an Irish beauty, her voice certainly had no tinge of an Irish brogue to it. What fascinated me, and I am sure all present, was the beautiful modulated voice she had. Her diction reminded me of those English actors and actresses whose voices made those of American actors appear to be flat and banal by comparison.

As I think about it now, it is strange that I should have been so impressed by the physical attributes of the school's personnel. Possibly it was because I must have felt that with such attractive and intelligent people, the school must have something.

So, I took the ten-week course. Ironically, as the course proceeded, instead of my being able to annihilate George, I was slowly but surely agreeing with what I read and heard in the classroom. But it was not until about the ninth or tenth lesson that it suddenly hit me that this was not a course on some kind of fiscal reform, but that it had to do with freedom, and to me the *sine qua non* of happiness is freedom. Without freedom, life can be a torturous experience instead of a fascinatingly enjoyable one. It dawned on me that what we were learning was a highly individualistic philosophy, with freedom of choice and freedom of activity as its base.

That decided me. I was hooked. I took the advanced courses, studying Henry George's *Protection or Free Trade, The Science of Political Economy, Social Problems*, as well as Max Hirsch's *Democracy versus Socialism*. After having had my fill of these, I was invited to join the Teacher Training course under lovable, if irascible, Frank Chodorov, the then Director. Once again, I studied *Progress and Poverty*, this time with the "Master." To this day, I have the notes and amusing examples that Frank used, to make the course not only an interesting but an informative one. I doubt that he ever was able to keep that pipe of his lit for more than five minutes. Sometimes, I think he used it so as to enable him to tamp it when a tough question was thrown at him, and thus give him time to ponder how best to answer it.

The day arrived when, as one of the new teachers, I stood before my first class. It was a good one. Somehow or other, I managed to struggle through the whole course, and I found it exhilarating. It was so surprising to find how many of the students looked up to the teacher as though he knew all, even though I stressed that as the teacher I was not some guru with all the answers. But not all students were awed. Some could make the class really lively with caustic arguments. Some could put everyone to sleep with their interminably long, boring comments. I knew that the best monitors of a class were the students themselves, so I let the class bores mumble on until they were advised to cut it short, in no uncertain words by their fellow classmates. It was great fun.

And, of course, because of the school, I wound up absolutely unbearable to my friends. I was always spouting George. I don't know why they tolerated me. I even managed to get some of them to attend the fundamental course. But, to my dismayed surprise, while most of them were impressed and recognized the truths, they did not seem to have imbibed the enthusiasm which filled me.

"It's a beautiful theory. I'm for it, and if it comes to pass I'll go along with it, but it's not going to happen in my lifetime, so why get all excited?" In a nutshell, that seemed to be the attitude of far too many of them.

But nothing could stay me. I had discovered something which saved me from being a socialist; something which changed the direction of my life. This was true even though I began to recognize that Henry George's dream for a just society was going to take years, possibly generations, for it to reach fruition. We, of my generation, were among the pioneers. It was we who had to do the educating so that those who came after us might someday actually be able to turn the dream into reality.

Now, it is 1982. The school is celebrating its Fiftieth Anniversary. Did Oscar Geiger, the founder, expect that it would last fifty years? He had planted a seed which has borne fruit, probably beyond what he reasonably could have expected. The political action of George's time has been all but forgotten. The political activists of his day are all dead. Only the school, and its affiliates, survive to carry on the dream. It remains the central institution around which the Georgist philosophy revolves. It has had its ups and downs, and will have more in the future.

But the seed which Geiger had sown was a good one, and as long as it is nurtured as he would have wished it to be, Henry George's dream will live on, and those of us who have helped to keep it alive may someday look down from the heavens above (where all good Georgists go) to tee the dream become a reality.

Kaleidoscope XVII

By Sydney A. Mayers

Scootermania

A born New Yorker, like myself, views with nostalgic amusement the plethora of foot-powered two-wheelers that nowadays so ubiquitously weave through pedestrian traffic in the Big Apple. With this pleasant *deja-vu*, however, I find a vast difference between then and now in the acquisition of these useful vehicles. Whereas currently the scooter seeker plunks fifty or a hundred bucks to buy one, in my boyhood days such a practice would have been unthinkable. All we lads required were a couple of boards, an old skate, some nails, a hammer, and a lot of what we called elbow-grease. A few of us decorated our scooters in one way or another, but ultimately our hand-made products became not only enjoyable conveyances, but highly personal creations as well. In any case, long may they scoot!

* * *

Nobody Asked Me

To me, one of the less pleasurable, often disturbing, and occasionally shocking concomitants of maturity is to hear or read an allegation or a description relating to a person, place, object or event of the distant past, which statement I *know* is incorrect. I discover such inaccuracies, which sometimes amaze me, in the words of the most erudite of writers and speakers, via the printed page or the channels of TV. As a sly wit opined about a century ago, "what's surprisin' ain't how much people know, but how much they know that ain't so." I freely admit this phenomenon in no way evidences superior intelligence on my part; it simply establishes that I was among those present on Earth, in a position to observe who said or did what to whom, and maybe even why. Anyhow, if you want to know what happened in the last millennium, ask me: I was there!

* * *

A Greek Bearing a Gift

My Constant Readers may recall my previous mention of those philosophers who have impressed and edified me, the all-too-short list including H. D. Thoreau, Henry George, Ayn Rand, Henny Youngman, and even Babe Ruth. Of all the great minds I have encountered, however, I must say my most favorite is that ancient Grecian gentleman who was known as Aristotle. There were many facets to his brilliance, but to me the most outstanding is his concept of "the Golden Mean," that more or less midway point between extremes. There, he maintained, lies the intelligent choice. As I go through life, constantly (often painfully) observing the suffering and injury brought about by maniacal efforts to attain outrageous ends, I conjure a vision of what might be if humankind should develop the wit to tread the central path described by Aristotle, that which inevitably leads to worthwhile goals. The dream is a happy one. Thank you, Ari! (Sorry, Ayn.)

* * *

To Forgive Is Ridiculous

When the roll is called, pray do not count me among the kind-hearted souls who look upon forgiveness as "divine." I do not forgive with ease, and those who earn a place on my private list of villains, miscreants, and scoundrels are likely to remain there forever. While I freely exclude from the ignominy of my disdain those who commit egregious misdeeds unwittingly or unintentionally, I have no compassion for the deliberate perpetrator of a vicious or harmful act whose design is consciously evil. I am not impressed by sanctimonious and self-serving expressions of regret or sorrow glibly uttered by those whose heinous acts have caught up with them. (I don't believe blandly saying "I'm sorry" has ever restored a life, healed a wound, or assuaged a hurt.) What this personal policy makes of me I know not. Stern and pitiless, or just and proper? In any case, I have had my say.

* * *

Watch Your Head, Buddy

It has long been known to observant *cognoscenti* that a potential danger often lurks in the form of a nearby lady's shoulder-strapped handbag, which on occasion can display an unfortunate tendency to swing about and bop the noggin of some innocent victim. A crowded, swaying bus provides the arena for many such assaults. However, this threat has become a minor peril compared to the growing usage of the ubiquitous back-pack, that intriguing carry-all now favored not only by the ladies, but as well by gents and students. Due to its size and weight the back-pack constitutes an even greater hazard, its latent impact being barely short of lethal. What to do about the problem I cannot say, save to urge a prompt resurgence of that wise policy known as Eternal Vigilance.

* * *

There Ought To Be A Law

It seems to me the time has come for the adoption of a Constitutional Amendment which would stringently provide, under dire penalty, that (excepting only message-taking machines) henceforth no ringing telephone shall be answered other than by a real, live, breathing, warm-blooded, hopefully intelligent and knowledgeable human being, and would also declare forever illegal any telephonic instrument requiring the pressing of countless buttons — before being disconnected!

* * *

What Hath Science Wrought?

As a lad *circa* 1920, like many contemporaries, I was fascinated by a rather primitive device known as "wireless," which a brilliant physicist named Guglielmo Marconi had developed following earlier scientific discoveries by Heinrich Hertz and James C. Maxwell. The later work of Lee De Forest and others brought the world the wonders of Radio and Television, now the aural and visual diet of billions of people world-wide. But to what avail? Too many of us sit entranced, eyes and mouths wide open, viewing and hearing (to great extent) unmitigated drivel, interspersed by sponsored "messages" urging us to spend our good money on, *inter-alia*, dubious nostrums, more or less edible food, and various potions guaranteed either to encourage or discourage our bodily functions. Surely we cannot blame Messrs. Marconi, Maxwell, Hertz, or De Forest, but could it be that perhaps they should not have bothered?

The Ancient Saying and the Magic Ring

BY JACK SCHWARTZMAN

"They are not long, the days of wine and roses." — Ernest Dowson (1867-1900)

A devastating event in my recent life proved (to me, at least) the truth of the old cliché, that life is a roller coaster. Today's happiness may be followed by tomorrow's disaster; today's heartache may be succeeded by tomorrow's joy.

My despair brought to mind a famous old saying that has its roots in antiquity. It is found among the old legends of Israel, Mesopotamia, Assyria, Babylonia, Egypt, Persia, India, Arabia, Japan, China, Greece, and Rome. To those who are sorrowful, the saying often brings consolation and peace of mind; to those who are joyous, the saying often brings sobering reflection and deep understanding. The following story, dealing with King Solomon,[1] may explain my meaning.

* * *

One day, Solomon told his trusted minister, "Benaiah, there exists in this world a certain magic ring. If a happy man looks at it, he becomes sad, and if a sad man looks at it, he becomes happy. I want you to get this ring for me."

The minister promised that he would do his best to fulfill the task. He traveled to many countries of the world to find this ring — with no success. But one night in Jerusalem, he asked a merchant: "Do you, by any chance, have for sale a magic ring that makes a happy man forget his joy, and the broken-hearted man forget his sorrow? I will pay you anything you wish for such a ring."

He could hardly restrain his joy when the merchant handed him the much sought-for ring. He ran happily to the palace. Solomon asked him, "Well, my friend, have you found the magic ring?"

"Here it is, your majesty," answered the minister.

As soon as Solomon read the inscription on the ring, the smile vanished from his face. For the inscription on the ring read: "This, too, shall pass" [alternatively worded as "This, too, shall pass away"].

Solomon understood immediately that all his wealth, wisdom, and power were but fleeting things, because one day he would be nothing but dust.

The king beckoned to his minister and said: "I have always known that you were a faithful person, Benaiah, but now I know that you are truly wise."[2]

* * *

Another story comes from Persia. It was written by the famed Sufi poet, Fariduddin Attar (c.1136-c.1230 A.D.).

A dervish who had traveled wearily through the desert came to the home of Shakir, the richest man of a certain village. The dervish asked for food and lodging, and Shakir and his family generously treated the dervish, and even supplied food and water for his journey back. As the dervish was leaving, he thanked Shakir for his kindness, and commented on his wealth. Shakir answered, "But, dervish, this, too, shall pass."

Five years later, the dervish came back to the same village and asked to see Shakir. He discovered that Shakir lost his entire fortune because of a flood, and was now working for the newly-rich man in the area. Nevertheless, Shakir shared with the dervish whatever his family and he could spare. They all treated the dervish with their usual kindness. Expressing his regrets to Shakir for what happened to him, the dervish was answered: "Remember, this, too, shall pass."

A few years later, the dervish came back to this village to find that Shakir's employer died, leaving his entire fortune to Shakir, who was now wealthy again. As the dervish left to go on his pilgrimage to Mecca, Shakir uttered his favorite saying, "This, too, shall pass."

Sure enough, when the dervish came back to the village several years later, he learned that Shakir was dead. His modest grave carried the inscription, "This, too, shall pass."

On a subsequent visit, the dervish learned that the grave was washed away by a flood. Looking up at the sky, he nodded understandingly and cried, "This, too, shall pass."

In his old age, the dervish became known as a very wise man. The king learned of his existence and sent a messenger to the dervish to ask that a ring be made for the king with an inscription that would cover the following condition: If the king were sad, he would look at this ring, and it would make him happy. If the king were happy, he would look at this ring, and it would make him sad. The dervish obeyed the order, and presented the startled king with a ring that contained the following inscription: "This, too, shall pass."[3]

* * *

Edward Fitzgerald, who, in 1852, was yet to write his world-famous *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*, edited a notebook where he scribbled the following: "The Sultan asked Solomon for a Signet motto, that should hold good for Adversity or Prosperity. Solomon gave him, 'This Also Shall Pass Away.' "[4]

* * *

Abraham Lincoln, one year before he was elected President, delivered the following address: "It is said an Eastern monarch once charged his wise men to invent him a sentence, to be ever in view, and which should be true and appropriate in all times and situations. They presented him the words: 'And this, too, shall pass away.' How much it expresses! How chastening in the hour of pride! — how consoling in the depths of affliction!"[5]

* * *

Less than a year later, in 1860, Nathaniel Hawthorne, in his novel, *The Marble Faun*, wrote: "[The] greatest mortal consolation, which we derive from the transitoriness of all things, [comes] from. . . . saying, in every conjecture, 'This, too, shall pass away.' "[6]

Scores of poems have been written which contain the famous saying. A single-stanza sampling of some of these poems follows:

"Once in Persia reigned a King,
Who upon his signet ring
Graved a maxim true and wise,
Which, if held before his eyes,
Gave him counsel, at a glance,
Fit for every change or chance:
Solemn words, and these are they:
'Even this shall pass away!' "[7]

*

"Art thou in misery, brother? Then I pray
Be comforted. Thy grief shall pass away.
Art thou elated? Ah, be not too gay;
Temper thy joy: this, too, shall pass away.
Art thou in danger? Still let reason sway,
And cling to hope: this, too, shall pass away.
Tempted art thou? In all thine anguish lay
One truth to heart: this, too, shall pass away!
Do rays of loftier glory round thee play?
Kinglike art thou? This, too, shall pass away!
Whatever thou art, wherever thy footsteps stray,
Heed these wise words: 'This, too, shall pass away.' "[8]

*

"When skies are clear, expect the cloud,
In darkness wait the coming light;
Whatever be thy fate today,
Remember, 'This will pass away!' "[9]

*

"A mighty monarch in the days of old
Made offer of high honor, wealth, and gold
To one who should produce in form concise
A motto for his guidance, terse yet wise
A precept, soothing in his hour forlorn,
Yet one that in his prosperous days would warn.
Many the maxims sent the king, men say.
The one he chose: 'This, too, shall pass away.' "[10]

*

"Race follows upon race,
Forgetting and forgotten; in their place
Sink tower and temple; nothing long may stay.
We build on tombs, and live our day and die;
From out our dust new towers and temples start;
Our very name becomes a mystery."[11]

*

"It is not faithlessness that makes me see,
Sooner than you, the blight upon the flower —
And in that selfsame moment know the hour
When this our love shall surely cease to be.
Changeless and clear the future lies in view,
Could we but see it with unclouded gaze;
Today, my eyes have pierced the obscuring haze;
Tomorrow, all shall be as plain to you."[12]

*

"When earnest labor brings you fame and glory,
And all earth's noblest ones upon you smile,
Remember that life's longest, grandest story,
Fills but a moment in earth's little while:
"This, too, shall pass away."[13]

* * *

I close this essay with a poem that I have written for the occasion. It is a "minor" contribution, but it brings me solace.

The Tents of the Arabs
By Jack Schwartzman

I dwell here with my sorrow
That never goes away,
I can't conceive tomorrow;
I feel the pain today.

And yet, what said the poet?[14]
"The cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

So cares, perhaps, shall vanish
On some — still-distant — day,
And pain, that day, I'll banish. . .
"This, too, shall pass away."

NOTES

1 King Solomon, fl. 1000 B.C.

2 From *The Classic Tales: 4,000 Years of Jewish Lore*, selected by Ellen Frankel (London: Jason Aronson, 1989), pp. 257-60.

3 From "This, Too, Shall Pass," by Fariduddin Attar (c.1136-c.1230 A.D.), in *Tales from the Land of the Sufis*, by Mojdeh Bayat and Mohammad Ali Jamnia (Boston and London: Shambhala, 1994), pp. 67-71.

4 Edward Fitzgerald (1809-1883), ed., *Polonius: A Collection of Wise Saws and Modern Instances* (Evanston: William S. Lord, 1902), p. 16.

5 Abraham Lincoln (1809-1865), address before the Wisconsin State Agricultural Society, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, September 30, 1859.

6 Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864), *The Marble Faun* (1860), Chapter XVI.

7 Theodore Tilton (1835-1907), "The King's Ring" (1858).

8 Paul Hamilton Hayne (1830-1886), "This, Too, Shall Pass Away."

9 John Godfrey Saxe (1816-1887), "The Old Man's Motto."

10 Ella Wheeler Wilcox (1855-1919), "This, Too, Shall Pass Away" (1902).

11 Thomas Bailey Aldrich (1836-1907), "Even This Will Pass Away" (c. 1904).

12 Jamie Sexton Holme, "This Too Shall Pass Away" (1930).

13 Lanta Wilson Smith (b. 1856), "This, Too, Shall Pass Away."

14 Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882), "The Day Is Done," stanza 11 (1844).

A Review of Sebastiao Salgado's "Migrations"

By Pauline Juckes

Sebastiao Salgado uses the lens of his camera as a mouthpiece for the dispossessed. His subjects stand in front of his camera as if it were a microphone, their mute presence exemplifying their plight. Salgado's wife and partner, Leila Wanick Salgado, sets the tone of the exhibit, "Migrations":

"Humanity is on the move, urgently, chaotically. In recent decades, hundreds of millions of people have been uprooted from their homes by poverty, wars, and repression. Some flee to save their lives; others risk their lives to escape destitution. Most of them end up in refugee camps or in the slums of Third World cities; a lucky few find better lives in an affluent country far from their own.

"Population upheavals have occurred throughout history, but never before have they taken place simultaneously in different parts of the world for essentially the same reasons. With the end of the Cold War, nationalist, religious, and tribal conflicts have erupted in Africa, Asia, and Europe, spawning tidal waves of refugees. At the same time, with global economic change deepening rural poverty in much of the Third World, peasant migration is creating gargantuan, ungovernable cities. Today, almost everything that happens on earth is somehow connected. We are all affected by the widening gap between rich and poor, by population growth, by the mechanization of agriculture, by the destruction of the environment, by bigotry exploited for political ends. The people wrenched from their homes are simply the most visible victims of a global convulsion."

In talking to fellow-Georgists, I noticed that we (Georgists) tend to treasure the precise moment when we first grasped the full impact of Henry George's theory. A certain panic and depression accompanies the awakening. One is catapulted into a new and different world, all the more terrifying for its lack of Georgist principles. As I read the words of the two Salgados, and studied Sebastiao Salgado's arresting photographs, I felt as if I had been fast-forwarded into a futuristic nightmare, one not only lacking a Georgist foundation, but careening chaotically on the back of corruption, greed, and the sacrifice of many for the few. Millions of people experienced disruption and despair; and, as if war, drought, famine, and displacement were not enough, their miseries were compounded by two new and powerful forces: Globalization and AIDS. The ultimate victims of mismanagement and corruption stare back at us through Salgado's art, their stories etched into their faces.

The photographs in this exhibition capture tragic, dramatic, and heroic moments in individual lives. They tell a story of our times. They offer no answers. Instead, they leave us with the following haunting question: "As we move forward into the future, are we to abandon a segment of humanity?"

Salgado's attitude to his work is unique among photojournalists. In a sense, he "becomes" those whom he photographs. His approach, both intuitive and highly emotional, originates in respectful empathy, personal warmth, and an extraordinary reverence for his subjects' essential dignity. Able to converse in four languages (Portuguese, Spanish, French, and English), he can communicate, and hence identify, with those whom he photographs. His point of view, however, is motivated by a sentimental, populist Marxism. "You photograph with all your ideology" is the way Salgado has put it.

Ted Gwartney and I were returning from the conference, "Taxation Alternatives for the 21st Century," and I asked Ted what he thought motivated a Georgist. "Compassion," replied Ted without hesitation. There is no doubt that compassion is a strong motivational force. Compassion was perhaps the strongest emotion aroused in the large numbers of people visiting the exhibition as they gazed at the vivid and moving portraits lining the walls of the International Center for Photography in New York. There is concern on their faces; in the silence of their stunned incomprehension, they seem to be asking: "How could this have happened?"

The exhibit "Migrations" is drawn from Salgado's book of the same name. His theme is couched in the unavailability of "land." Yet, he is seemingly unaware of the role that this factor plays in economics. Under the heading, "Struggling for Land," Salgado writes poignantly, "I visited many cities of the world for the first time. When I returned to places I had previously known, however, it was painful to discover that things were generally worse."

In Ecuador, he finds villages of women (left behind in the mass exodus of men to the cities in search of work) left fighting for their survival with little or no land to farm, and with all the political and economic forces allied against them. "While cattle ranchers hold the best land, Ecuadorian Indians own only tiny hillside plots, insufficient for subsistence." The photos show a backdrop of crisscrossed hillsides, and in the foreground, a straggling line of mature women and young girls, go off to work in the pre-dawn light. Under the heading, "Abandoning the Land in Ecuador," he writes: "In the center of Ecuador, where Indian communities have survived for thousands of years, the delicate balance (between food, land, and population) has been disrupted by the growing use of land for cattle farming.... More than poverty, it is the skewed land tenure system that accounts for the exodus."

As his emphasis moves to the burgeoning mega cities, which sprawl for mile upon mile in a crude attempt to absorb millions of migrants arriving daily, he reflects sadly that at times he loses sight of which city he has landed in, whether Jakarta, Manila, Bombay, Mexico City, San Paolo, Shanghai, or Buenos Aires. In describing Jakarta, he could have been speaking for any one Third World megalopolis: "14 million Indonesians live in the capital, which is expanding chaotically in all directions: old buildings or entire shanty towns are swept away by modern buildings, while new satellite towns are added to the periphery. Many unskilled workers live off recycling garbage. Running water and drainage services are almost nonexistent. The wealth is in the hands of a privileged minority, but most people struggle to make ends meet, and the poor live in polluted slums — or squat under bridges."

In his foreword to *Migations*, Salgado noted sadly: "The dominant ideologies of the 20th Century — Communism and Capitalism — have largely failed us. Globalization is presented to us as a reality but not as a solution."

Would that he were aware of an alternative way, one that would bring the ideas of Henry George into his search for an improved future for those he wishes to help. Salgado's final words reach out to our compassion. "These photographs show part of the present. We cannot afford to look away."

But little is gained by compassion alone. When it is accompanied by appropriate action, then we all stand to gain.

Henry George and Cooperative Individualism

BY EDWARD J. DODSON

We are all born with an instinctive moral sense of right and wrong, nurtured from birth by those around us, and by society. Nature and nurture combine in some fashion to give each person a sense of self. Some accept the status quo. Some find refuge as "true believers" in hierarchical and rigid socio-religious-political collectives. Some are unable to cope and withdraw passively. Some, like me, are drawn to research, seeking universal first principles that perfect our moral sense of right and wrong. I found these principles in the philosophy of Henry George.

Henry George is often described as a "self-taught" political economist because he had no college training and did not attend classes with other students in pursuit of a degree. Instead, he embarked on a journey of skeptical research and discovery of his own design. What distances George from other economists is an "intangible' — he acquired a deeper (and to my satisfaction) a truer sense of right and wrong. Henry George saw more clearly than most others truths which he reasoned to be self-evident. His contribution to political economy (economics), important as it is, must be relegated to a subordinate position — second to his moral philosophy.

Political economy had always been a tool of the moral philosopher. However, by the time Henry George became a public figure, the modern era of specialization was already well under way. The military-industrial State, engaged in acquisitive adventures of an ever-expanding scale, required a cadre of technicians trained in the arts of planning and production. Success on the battlefield required that the State know what resources were available and how best to command their production and distribution. Modern economics serves this mission. The universities of today are funded to recruit and train people in economics to meet the needs of the State.

Although a Georgist global movement developed during his lifetime and after his death, involving tens of thousands of followers, such movement was irrelevant to the real struggle of the times — that between the industrial-landlord statists and the socialistic statists. Only a few of George's supporters grasped and accepted the essence of the moral principles espoused by George. Most of them (but not all) were captivated by George's revelation that the cause of poverty was monopolistic privilege which could be eradicated by practical, financial measures. Moral issues were seldom discussed.

Among those whose thinking was influenced by Henry George was Ernest B. Gaston, an Iowa newspaperman who pulled together a small group of idealistic reformers and headed south to establish the community of Fairhope on the Alabama coast of Mobile Bay.

Gaston believed that communities must be constructed on the basis of justice. He used the term "cooperative individualism" to describe the ideals upon which Fairhope was founded. Historian Paul Gaston (grandson of E. B. Gaston) wrote to me some years ago that E. B. Gaston wanted to organize a "Bellamy-like socialist colony," with the collection of ground rents on land parcels as one of the key principles of the colony. (By the way, Henry George was NOT a socialist.) However, later generations of the founding families exhibited less and less interest in the Georgist ideals of their ancestors, and new arrivals sought nothing more than a comfortable existence and steady employment.

Yet, this term — "cooperative individualism" — struck me as the very essence of the moral principles espoused by Henry George. I adopted the term as my own. My quest was fully to identify and refine the principles of cooperative individualism, an effort that took the form of a course ("The Search for the Just Society"), which I developed and taught at the Henry George School in Philadelphia.

Drafting, discussing, and refining the statement of the principles over the last seven or eight years has often caused me to think of Thomas Paine and his commitment to truth in the face of unrelenting opposition. These are the principles I believe Paine and George would accept and defend. I have, in fact, described Paine as the "architect of cooperative individualism," even though he never used these words to describe his moral principles.

Here is a list of these principles — which I fully endorse.

1) All persons need adequate food, clothing, shelter, nurturing, medical care, leisure, culture, and civic involvement for a decent human existence.
2) All persons must form a "society" to fulfill the satisfaction of such needs.
3) The source of the material goods necessary for human survival is the earth, equal access to which is the birthright of all persons, as is the full enjoyment of what individuals produce thereon.
4) Liberty is the basis for human moral behavior, provided that such liberty in no way infringes on the liberty of others.
5) When human behavior violates the liberty of others, such behavior falls within the realm of criminal license.
6) Orderly functioning of society requires the granting to individuals of licenses that distribute privileges not enjoyed by others. To the extent that such licenses come to have exchange value in the marketplace, this value is acknowledged to be societally-created. Justice requires, therefore, that society collect this value as a fund for equal distribution to all members of society and/or for societal expenditures democratically agreed upon.
7) A society is *just* to the extent to which liberty is fully realized, where equality of opportunity prevails, and where criminal acts are appropriately penalized. In a just society, the full exchange of economic licenses is collected for distribution and/or societal use, and the wealth produced by one's individual labor (directly, or indirectly, with the assistance of capital goods) is protected as one's naturally rightful property, and not subject to taxation or other forms of confiscation.

In 1997, I committed myself to teach these principles, and founded an internet-based educational project called The School of Cooperative Individualism. I invite the readers of *FRAGMENTS* to visit there often. I ask them the following question: Was Paine's torch of cooperative individualism lifted from the ground by Henry George — and its flame restored? Please reply.

The Poetry Page

Poems on Waiting

(Dedicated to those who have no time to smell the flowers)

Waiting

By John Burroughs (1837-1921)

Serene I fold my arms and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea:
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! My own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder height;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The floweret nodding in the wind
Is ready plighted to the bee;
And, maiden, why that look unkind?
For lo! Thy lover seeketh thee.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high
Can keep my own away from me.

From: **A Psalm of Life** (1838)

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882)

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real — life is earnest —
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way,
But to act, that each tomorrow
Find us farther than today . . . .

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act — act in the glorious Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time.

Footsteps, that, perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

From: **On His Blindness** (1655)

By John Milton (1608-1674)

God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.

Leisure

By W. H. Davies (1870-1940)

What is this life if, full of care.
We have no time to stand and stare.

No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep or cows.

No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.

No time to see in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like skies at night.

No time to turn at Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance.

No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began.

A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

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Some of the Writers of this Issue

(In Alphabetical Order)

James Allen, a British author, is renowned for his *As A Man Thinketh*, an inspirational classic published on or about 1910.

Edward J. Dodson, former president of the Henry George School, specializes in finance. He is the founder of the School of Cooperative Individualism, which emphasizes the ideas of Henry George, Thomas Paine, and other writers of a similar inclination.

Godfrey Dunkley, former president of the International Union for Land Value Taxation and Free Trade, is a Georgist who resides in the Republic of South Africa.

Oscar B. Johannsen, an editor of *FRAGMENTS*, is a former president of the Henry George School, former executive director of the Robert Schalkenbach Foundation, and a specialist in finance.

Pauline Juckes holds a master's degree in social work, and is an advocate of human and animal rights. She may truly be called a "free spirit."

Sydney A. Mayers, an editor of *FRAGMENTS* (and one of its six founders), is president of both the Henry George School and the Henry George Institute. He is also an attorney.

Herb Meyer, noted architect and editor, currently resides in Ireland, and writes an editorial column dealing with economic advice and predictions.

Betty Noble, a resident of New Zealand, is a Georgist of long standing, and a defender of freedom in all its forms.

Louis F. Post, a close friend of Henry George, was an editor, mystic, biographer, and member of President Woodrow Wilson's administration.

Andrea Rich, president of Laisser Faire Books, is a well-known libertarian of America.

Jack Schwartzman, editor-in-chief of *FRAGMENTS* (and one of its six founders), is a member of the Board of Trustees of the Henry George School, Board of Directors of the Henry George Institute, professor emeritus, and an attorney.

Letters to the Editors

Please accept my sincere apologies for this late response to your latest issue of *FRAGMENTS*, which I have read with some interest, especially your poetry page, a portion of which I have "lifted" in part (from Markham's "The Man with the Hoe") in my political propaganda work, a rather rash but responsible act that I know you will appreciate and approve. As Ralph Waldo Emerson said, "Besides the first man to proclaim a new truth, almost as important is the man who first repeats it." Or words to that effect.

"I know nothing about the Past. I was not there.

I know nothing about the Present. I was there."

Somewhat practically paraphrased, that paradoxical sentiment is a living lesson about our shared history and our poor perception of our days. It comes from my latest and greatest reading, the two volumes of Victor Klemperer's wartime diaries, *I Shall Bear Witness* (1933-41) and *To the Bitter End* (1942-45). You cannot be a serious scholar of our millennium if you do not know these volumes. I urge you to beg, borrow, or even buy a copy of each volume. What more incentive do you need?

As for Jack Schwartzman, if in the remaining rest of his long and distinguished life, he never again manages to edit even one more volume of *FRAGMENTS*, he will live in the light-cone of historical events, just because he wrote one, if only one, heartfelt, sincere, poetic, and truthful piece of witness. Through "Lilacs," his name is for ever entered on the golden roll of honor of those far-see-ers who lighted man's path to eternal glory. I often wonder why lilacs, besides being the eternal flowers of springtime and the immortal emblem of Russia, are, at the same time, the immemorial funereal symbol of the martyrdom of America's greatest President, Abraham Lincoln? Strange world-currents have these delicate perfumes made, "when lilacs last in the door-yard bloomed . . ."

(You witnessed truth in your "Lilacs," Jack, and have rightly claimed your place in world's history. Well done, my good and honest friend!)

I was born in the United States, and graduated from Avery Hall (Columbia University School of Architecture). I lived in England, and now reside in Ireland. As a Georgist, I attended the 150th anniversary of Henry George's birthday at the Philadelphia Conference. Among the highlights was my meeting Jack Schwartzman, and listening to his address on Benjamin Franklin and Henry George in the Benjamin Franklin Pavilion in Independence Hall.

I became a columnist and editorial writer for the architectural newspaper, *Building Design*, and interviewed Renzo Piano, the greatest living Italian architect — a great honor! Everything I foresaw has come to pass: a single European currency, a European gestapo, a European Army, and a European State. I DID bear witness! That is my badge, and I wear it proudly.

Herb Meyer
Galway, Ireland

* * *

This is a report concerning Zimbabwe from Godfrey Dunkley (Muizenberg, Republic of South Africa) and various other correspondents, from Harare, Zimbabwe.

The Supreme Court of Zimbabwe, in a firm stand against the dictator Robert Mugabe, declared that the government land redistribution program was unconstitutional. Mugabe issued the following declaration: "I urge the white farmers to drop the nonsense of fighting the land issue in the courts, as that will make us even more angry." The government had seized 1,700 white-owned farms — and given them to black "war veterans" loyal to the dictator. "This country is our country, and this land is our land," shouted Mugabe, addressing the leaders of the ruling party ZANU (PF). "Africa is for Africans," he proclaimed.

A delegation to Zimbabwe from South Africa, led by the leaders of the "Democratic Alliance" (DA), reported they had found first-hand evidence that the Zimbabwe government had declared war on its own people. They also found that the attacks on commercial farmers are anything but lawless anarchy driven by land hunger. They are part of a well-organized, state-directed campaign to suppress political opposition ahead of the presidential elections. President Mugabe and his ZANU (PF) hitmen have ridden roughshod over democracy, human rights, and the rule of law.

Mr. Leon of South Africa recommended the following steps be taken to bring justice to Zimbabwe:

1) Discuss the issue of the violent attacks and intimidation in Zimbabwe;
2) Consider an independent investigation into allegations of State orchestration of violence in Zimbabwe;
3) Consider targeted diplomatic and political sanctions against the Zimbabwe ruling party's elite (but not economic sanctions), if they do not take immediate action against the perpetrators of violence and the so-called "war veterans";
4) Draft a motion of censure against land invasions and violations of property rights throughout the Southern African region;
5) Oppose the re-election of President Mugabe;
6) Immediately commit election observers to be deployed at least three months before the Zimbabwe presidential elections.

Let us hope that these reforms will take place — as soon as possible.

* * *

I think *FRAGMENTS* is interesting — though I often have different views and I admire your persistence and your dedication to freedom. I'm only 84 and cannot imagine how you can rustle up the energy to do what you do.

Betty Noble
Wellington, New Zealand

(*Editors' Note*: We salute the noble Betty Noble, and wish her continued nobility and mobility! "A noble soul," said Goethe, in *Torquato Tasso*, "alone can noble souls attract."

* * *

I would not want to miss an issue of *FRAGMENTS*, no matter how late it arrives.

Andrea Rich
President, Laisser Faire Books
New York, New York