FRAGMENTS

Vol. 33 Fall, 1995

Thoreau's Attic

By GILBERT BYRON

THIS was Henry's last home;
he called it the "Yellow House"
and claimed the third-floor attic
for his room,
his refuge
from gossiping aunts
—the trivialities of Concord—
from the world
that knew him not.

We climbed the steep stairs,
found the attic empty,
clean and dustless,
without a single cobweb.
Had Sophia's ghost returned
to do the dusting
Henry refused to let her do?
He was afraid
she might disturb
the wren's nest
or a robin's egg
he brought home
from a woodland ramble.
When Henry occupied the attic,
his room was cluttered:
books everywhere
scattered clothing, his shoes,
stuffed birds, specimens
of rocks, Indian
arrowheads; his desk
with paper, pencils,
pens and ink;
his snowshoes in a corner
with his surveyor's chain;
ice skates, his bed;
telescope
and magnifying glass,
his music box, his flute—
no wonder he urged others
to simplify their lives.

This low-ceilinged attic room
was his laboratory
and his library.
For more than ten years,
after a day in the field
he wrote nightly
in his Journal:
that late March day
he captured a flying squirrel
and carried it home
that May
the peeping frogs
captured Henry's ear
and he carried the tiny
hylas home
to study them closely.

A skylight brings the sun
to this attic room
just as it did
in Henry's day.
Here he wrote
the published draft
of *Walden;*
he reported his walks
around Concord
and his longer journeys
to Maine, Cape Cod, and Canada;
here he wrote that lecture,
"In Defense of Captain John Brown."
Here he composed occasional poems;
he cut and rewrote
to leave his mark
on American literature.

In his last struggle
with tuberculosis
—he knew his days were few—
Henry refused to die
in this attic room
that long had nourished him;
he was carried down
to the parlor
where an aunt chided him,
"Henry, I hope you've made
your peace with God."
"I've never quarreled with Him,
Aunt,"
Thoreau replied.

Nowadays, when the ghosts
in the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery
have a birthday party
for their Henry,
if the moon is full,
playful Henry
will slide down a moon beam
through the skylight
to visit his attic room.

Promises! Promises!

Our constant (and patient) readers will recall that in the last issue of FRAGMENTS, we announced that this issue would be devoted to Ayn Rand. Alas, we should not have been quite so unequivocal. It happens that a few of our writers are somewhat tardy in delivering their handiworks, and we must await this material to fill our sparkling columns. We regret not keeping our promise, and assure you that Miss Rand and her philosophy will be the subject of our NEXT issue—so help us!

—The Editors

Privatize Money

By OSCAR B. JOHANNSEN

PRIVATIZATION today is probably the leading reform advocated to improve the economy and ameliorate—at least to some degree—the oppressive hand of government. That being the case, why not privatize one of the most important aspects of an economy, money?

This idea is not radical at all, although, to some, it may appear to be so. Most people are used to governments making money *their* monopoly. They never knew money originated with private individuals who were seeking an easier means to trade their goods for the articles they desired.

Merchants devised the coins that circulated, and imprinted their insignia on them, attesting to their weight and purity. Governments learned the convenience of paying their debts with debased coins, and manipulated money to suit their purposes. As a result, money became their monopoly.

The history of money and banking is primarily about the mess which governments made of monetary matters. If they had let money alone, it would have developed in a perfectly natural manner, as other goods did. Any exchange media, such as bank notes and demand deposits which later came into existence, would have played an efficient part in helping the commerce develop. It is doubtful that exchange media would be manipulated as it is today to accomplish dubious social and economic reforms.

If a nation wishes the finest possible system of money and banking, the entire monetary field should be under the aegis of private enterprise. To the reader, this may appear to be a startling statement. But that is because all of us are so used to money and banking being controlled by government. It is similar to a man wearing a ball and chain on his leg. If he had done it all his life, he probably would be shocked if someone suggested discarding it. Although it would be perfectly obvious that he should remove it, he would probably undergo a severe traumatic experience in developing the courage to free himself of the impediment. After the event, he would probably wonder why he ever submitted to wearing the ball and chain for so long.

Does this mean that any individual could issue coins if so desired? The answer is an emphatic yes! Just as any individual may issue I.O.U.s which people may circulate in effecting transfers of wealth, so should any individual be able to issue coins. During the gold rush days of 1849 in California, private individuals minted coins that circulated.

It is not likely that many people would issue coins. Rather, it probably would be done by banks, with goldsmiths hired to do the minting. Possibly through their banking association, the banks would agree on standard sizes of coins and ingots of various denominations. Each bank might imprint its name on the obverse side of the coin. Thus, the cost of minting might be charged to advertising.

Banks might even issue tokens, although this might be the province of merchants. In the 1960s, the shortage of subsidiary coins caused some department stores to issue tokens. However, the government, ever mindful of its monopoly, forced the cessation of such minting.

If the monetary system were privatized, the only new function of banks would be the issuance of actual money, that is, in a country such as the United States, coins and ingots of gold, as well as tokens. At the same time, they would have recaptured their ancient right to issue bank notes and demand deposits to whatever extent they felt the market would permit.

If money and the banking system were privatized with no governmental interference, the quantity of exchange media would be controlled by the people via the market place, with prices rising and falling as the media of exchange rose and fell. The fluctuations in the money supply would probably be so gradual as hardly to be noticed. A growing, dynamic country would find that not only its supply of money would keep pace with business conditions but also the supply of its money-aids, as bank notes and demand deposits. There is no set ratio between the supply of money of a society and the number or value of its transactions. Rather, whatever supply of money and money-aids are required would automatically be forthcoming.

If the privatization of money became universal, there would be little of the gigantic counterfeiting which nations indulge in by issuing bank notes or creating demand deposits through their central banks on the excuse that this is necessary to encourage business growth.

Privatization of money does not mean that economic justice would be instituted. This requires, at the very least, a just system of land tenure. Also, the freedom of the individuals to do as they please is qualified only by their non-interference with their neighbors' equal freedom. Money and its effects are analogous to the blood system. The fact that one has a sound system for distributing the blood throughout the body does not mean that one is necessarily healthy. Other factors are required, such as proper food, ventilation, and healthy organs. But just as it is difficult, if not impossible, to have a truly healthy body if the circulatory system is not a healthy one, so it is difficult, if not impossible, to have a just society in a highly developed civilization if the monetary system is not a sound one.

On the other hand, it is hardly likely that a healthy circulatory system will exist if other parts of the body are seriously diseased. Similarly, it is hardly likely that a sound monetary system will prevail if other aspects of the economy are unhealthy. One could almost measure the degree of health of an economy by the monetary system. If the economy is a just one, the monetary system will be a sound one; if the economy is not a just one, then the monetary system will be an unhealthy one. This points up the fact that while people are groping toward creating a sound currency, they must also strive to create a sound economy, for one goes with the other.

The only true monetary system is one in the field of private enterprise, with the people in control through the marketplace.

Kaleidoscope XII

By SYDNEY A. MAYERS

Where Credit Is Due

It occurs to me that, although Patrick Henry is quite properly honored as a patriot and orator, he should be acclaimed as well for his individualism. This quality he clearly evidences with a few words in his most famous speech—and not the phrase most quoted! We are all familiar with and applaud the oft repeated "Give me liberty or give me death," but I find equally impressive and deeply revealing the preceding comment: "I know not what course others may take, but as for me. . ." In expressing this sentiment, Henry shows himself to be a person with confident self-esteem, firm in his convictions, and utterly indifferent to what "others" may do or say. Such a stance establishes Patrick Henry as a quintessential individualist, which I believe adds a bit more, and something important, to the accolades history has bestowed upon him.

* * *

One Man's Gripe

Call me curmudgeon, if you will. Impress upon my brow a scarlet letter S for Scrooge! Notwithstanding such invective, inspired by Brandeis's book, *Other People's Money,* I propose to write a tome called *Other People's Children.* The critical thesis of this work being self-evident, I shall not here detail it. Later, following the anticipated success of my opus, I have in mind a sequel to be entitled *Other People's Dogs,* then perhaps *Other People's Cats.* Et cetera. Et cetera.

* * *

Divisive Multiculturalism

In the performance of my errant scrivening, I have heretofore expressed my intense antipathy for multilingualism as a public policy, somewhat vehemently pointing out the obvious tendency of such a practice to separate people, and at times create hostility among them. Despite my warning, not only does this malpractice continue to flourish, but it has developed into an even worse blight: multiculturalism. It seems insufficient nowadays merely to speak another tongue; various diverse "communities" deem it incumbent upon them to maintain blatantly distinctive cultures, customs, and characteristics. The inevitable result is to dig a wide chasm, distancing all others and making them outsiders, different and alien. In no way do I mean to disparage pride in one's heritage, which is understandable and commendable. Pride, however, should not prompt isolation. What I urge is that circles be drawn not to keep others out, but to bring them in. Let us assimilate, not disperse. Our goal must be to all join hands and gather around that great old Melting Pot. It makes a wonderful melange!

* * *

The Wages of Some

I am not among those who lugubriously decry as almost obscene the multi-million dollar salaries received by base-, foot-, and basketball players, and other brawny individuals engaged in the commercial entertainment we laughingly call "Sports." Since these huge stipends actually are voluntarily paid by the myriad fanatics who gladly fill arenas and stadia, I can justifiably utter no complaint. Yet, if one compares the income of, say, a contender-class prize-fighter with that of even a top-notch teacher, artist, writer, musician, or scientist, the disparity between the two earning areas must at least arch one's eyebrows. Evidently cash flows more readily toward the physical than the mental. Maybe I should have spent more time in the gymnasium, and less in the library!

* * *

A Presumptuous Presumption

Some years ago I posited a question which, in the light of the sensational trials which have recently been so widely publicized, I feel justified in repeating. Fully recognizing my chutzpah in debating the validity of one of Western Civilization's most cherished tenets, I dare ask once more: when a defendant, having been properly arraigned or indicted, is tried in a court of law, why should there be a presumption of innocence, any more than a presumption of guilt? Why any presumption at all? Is not guilt or innocence the very issue of the trial? By what logic do we presume a conclusion that is yet to be determined? It may be the ages-old bulwark of our social structure, but does it make sense? Again, I take no side. I merely present the query and hope I may one day receive a cogent, unemotional, intellectually persuasive answer.

* * *

Rights and Wrongs

Few phenomena are currently more prevalent than the widespread assertion of and demand for "rights" of various kinds. Countless claimants insistently demand the "right" to specific privileges, designed to be of particular benefit or advantage to them. Many of the so-called "rights" thus sought are far beyond the purview of the proverbial First Ten Amendments, to which there appears to have been tacitly added the right to seek a right, however unwarranted. But what about the rest of us, those who must pay for these rights, or are inconvenienced or interfered with by them, or suffer because of them? Have we no rights? I too assume the right to ask certain rights, each quite negative, to wit: the right not to be annoyed, nor bothered, nor inconvenienced, nor harassed, nor taxed, in order to satisfy cries for prerogatives that favor a few at the expense of the most.

* * *

How Sad, How Sad

Perhaps I should be more philosophical, but it distresses me to witness a continuing decline in what for ages had been considered virtues. I have long been resigned to the general lack of regard for the "major" virtues, such as morality, decency, and honesty, which lack seemed inevitable in the light of society's increasing cynicism. Now I am troubled anew as I observe even "minor" virtues, like courtesy, politeness, and consideration, receiving scant attention, and fast becoming dying amenities. What can I do about it? Well, maybe the next time a door is slammed in my face I'll retaliate; I'll step on someone's toe and refuse to say "Excuse me"!

Remember Robespierre

By FRANK CHODOROV
(Reprinted from FRAGMENTS, 1964)

It is agreed that you have The Perfect Plan—the final blueprint for the Good Society. It is all there: Truth and Justice perfectly balanced, and both supported by Fundamental Economics. All the parts are reinforced with Natural Rights. The beacon light of Freedom is nicely placed at the pinnacle.

Your only job, then, is to familiarize folks with The Perfect Plan; its adoption must follow from a recognition of its merits. But, in this educational project you find yourself where you are in complete control and must deal with people. They are either unwilling to consider the goodness you offer them, free, gratis, or incapable of comprehending it, and you find progress exceedingly slow. You are also confronted with opposition from vested thought. What to do now? Perhaps it would be wise to give up on the hope of participating in the millenium; the very perfection of The Perfect Plan is an assurance that it will keep, that in the fulness of time it will come into its own. On the other hand, you might attempt to shortcut the difficulties of education by the political method. On the theory that the end justifies the means, you might seek power to impose The Perfect Plan.

The yearning to govern, the desire for power over others, is a most perplexing human trait. Only when it is spurred by an economic purpose does it make sense. When a man seeks political position for the betterment of his circumstances, he is acting sanely, if sanity is defined as normal behavior. We call a politician corrupt when he uses his power for self-aggrandizement, but that is because we clothe politics with a fanciful myth of supernaturalness. We have but to remember man's natural tendency to satisfy his desires with the minimum of effort to realize how political power will be utilized. It would be more correct to say that we are all corrupt, and that the politician is merely successful.

However, the craving for power cannot always be explained in the rational terms of profit. Few men are so rich but that a little more power over their fellow-men does not flatter their egos, and no man who can command subservience considers himself poor. It would seem so much more sensible to let people alone; the exercise of power in and for itself is a thoroughly useless expenditure of effort. And most irrational of all is the desire to govern others, "for their own good"—the excuse of reformers and, as history shows, the cause of great harm to reformers, reformees, and the reform.

The case of Maximilien Robespierre is most illustrative.

* * *

Jean Jacques Rousseau sparked the desire to govern in many a young man of his revolutionary day. One of these was Robespierre, whose first love was literature, and who gave promise of doing something in that line. The desire to do good turned into the desire for power to do good, and so he did no good at all.

The career of Robespierre is highlighted by two uncommon political experiences. First, though he rose to dictatorial power, he never used his position for his material advantage, and lived frugally all his life. Largely because of his scrupulousness in that regard, he was called Incorruptible. Many of his bitter fights with other leaders of the Revolution centered around the fact that they acted as rational politicians, even to the point of accepting bribes from the nation's enemies. The second Robespierrist oddity is that though he protested loyalty to the ideals of Rousseau throughout his political life, he, nevertheless, deliberately, and with qualms of conscience, compromised these ideals when practical politics made it necessary.

A cardinal tenet of the Rousseau creed is the inviolable right to life; therefore capital punishment is untenable. Yet, when Louis was brought to trial, Robespierre voted for the death penalty, and was impelled by his conscience publicly to proclaim the reason for this about-face. Freedom of speech and freedom of the press were sacred to Robespierre, because they were sacred to Rousseau; though he would brook no laws of suppression, he found the guillotine equally effective. When the "higher law" of the Revolution made it necessary, he suspended his democratic faith long enough to have the National Assembly arrested and some elected representatives of the people decapitated. He opposed war, and waged it. And so, though Robespierre has been called "Rousseau in power," the fact is that whenever Robespierre found Rousseau an encumbrance, as he often did, he found reason enough to put him aside.

The contradiction between political promise and performance is quite understandable when we dig into the nature of the business, breaking through the moral crust with which political institutions have surrounded themselves. When we look to beginnings, we see clearly what it is all about, for then the purpose of political power was unencumbered with persiflage; the ruler and his henchman looted without ritual.

The first lesson the crusader in office must learn is that the crusade can wait; it always does.

And so, Robespierre in power was not sinful in betraying Rousseau. He was in error in assuming that a different course was possible.

* * *

To return to The Perfect Plan. If it is as perfect as you say it is, there is nothing you need do about it, for anything that is so sound will get around on its own power. Euclidian mathematics never had the benefit of a "movement," and entirely without legal blessing it made headway. The only way in which the law can affect the course of thought is to restrict, ban, and burn; the law can only be negative, never positive, in matters of the mind. If you look over the record of "the best that has been thought and said in the world," you will find that politics was helpful only when it got out of the way. So, if you would protect The Perfect Plan from pollution, your course is clearly indicated; keep it out of politics.

But if you insist on taking The Perfect Plan into politics, though it will do no good, I offer the following admonition:

Remember Robespierre.

Our Mission (and Other Expositions)

By BRIAN L. BEX

"Your Republic will be fearfully plundered and laid waste by barbarians in the 20th Century as the Roman Empire was in the 5th—with this difference—the Huns and Vandals who ravaged the Roman Empire came from without, while your Huns and Vandals will have been engendered within your own country by your own institutions."

—Thomas Babington Macaulay

"In the shadow of college, and library, and museum, are gathering the more hideous Huns and fiercer Vandals of whom Macaulay prophesied.... Whence shall come the new barbarians? Go through the squalid quarters of great cities, and you may see, even now, their gathering hordes! How shall learning perish? Men will cease to read, and books will kindle fires and be turned into cartridges."

—Henry George

OUR mission, yours and mine, is to relearn and reteach the proper functions of government. Not what government is doing, but what government is supposed to do. For more than six decades the principal threats to our free society came from without. Today, the major threat to American liberty comes from within: the message of control is the same; the messenger has changed.

Our federal government was never intended to be one great nanny to us all—to tie down our little mittens, wipe our noses, and tuck us in. We are in the process of mortgaging our children's and grandchildren's labor to pay for obligations we have made. That's wrong, that's immoral, that must stop!

Our mission is to utilize all means of communication to offer proper diagnosis as to what government has become, followed by the proper prescription for returning it to what it's supposed to do: provide initiative, create tools, infect Americans with the courage to "take the cure," and thus again be the American government envisioned by the Constitution.

* * *

In passing by the side of Mount Thai, Confucius came upon a woman who was weeping bitterly by a grave. The Master pressed forward and drove quickly to her; then he sent Tze-lu to question her. "Your wailing," said he, "is that of one who has suffered sorrow on sorrow."

She replied: "That is so. Once my husband's father was killed here by a tiger. My husband was also thus killed; and now my son has died in the same way."

The Master said: "Why do you not leave the place?"

She replied: "There is no oppressive government here."

The Master then said: "Remember this, my children. Oppressive government is more terrible than tigers."

* * *

Welfare reform in Washington is curiously narrow. After all, "ending welfare as we know it" means cutting off, not only the proverbial unwed mothers, but also those indolent others that have grown fat feeding at the public trough.

This year, taxpayers will spend over $51 billion in direct subsidies to business and lose another $53.3 billion in tax breaks for corporations, according to the Office of Management and Budget and the Joint Committee on Taxation. Those who want welfare recipients to work as a condition of public assistance should expand their efforts to cover corporations dependent on federal largesse.

The most costly form of corporate welfare this year was subsidies for agribusiness, costing over $29 billion. By contrast, the federal government spent $25 billion on food stamps and $15 billion for Aid to Families with Dependent Children (AFDC), two of the programs most criticized in the welfare reform debate. Ignoring the cost of corporate entitlements distorts the welfare debate and leaves Americans with the false impression that poor people, rather than corporations or middle and upper income individuals, are straining the national budget.

The problem is that corporate welfare has created a culture of dependency that has encouraged certain industries to live off the taxpayers. Year after year, these companies receive subsidies or handouts from the federal government and never learn to fend for themselves. And, unlike the vast majority of poor people who receive public assistance, most corporate welfare recipients are not particularly needy.

Another federal handout to corporations is the Department of Agriculture's Market Promotion Program. This year, the program will give American companies $100 million to advertise their goods and services abroad. The corporate citizens with outstretched palms include some of the biggest names in American business. In 1991 and 1992, Sunkist Growers, Inc. received $17.8 million to promote citrus products, according to the Agriculture Department figures. The Department gave the American Soybean Association $10.4 million in 1992 to promote soybeans. In 1991, Gallo Wines received $5.1 million to promote wine; M&M/Mars received $1.1 million to promote candy bars; the Campbell's Soup Company received $450,000 to promote V-8 Juice; and McDonald's took $465,000 to promote Chicken McNuggets.

The government, according to Gallo Wine spokesperson, Dan Solomon, is merely addressing a neglected national problem: the fact that Americans drink more imported than domestic wine. "Export markets are difficult," explains Solomon. "The [market promotion] program has significantly cut the wine deficit in California."

Given that corporate welfare represents only a tiny fraction of the overall net worth of corporate America, shouldn't its societal benefit be scrutinized at least as closely and widely as AFDC? The "two years and out" proposal should be linked with a similar time limit on corporate welfare payments.

We need to expand and understand what we mean by welfare reform. The President, who recently appointed the members of an "Entitlements [wrong word: should be perks, privileges, and pork—B.L.B.] Commission" to deliberate how best to reduce the cost of "entitlements," should broaden the definition of the panel's work to cover business entitlements, too.

Moral: When one individual gets something without earning it, another must earn something without getting it—unless of course you believe that something can be created out of nothing.

Castles of Retreat

By JACK SCHWARTZMAN

"If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them."
—Henry David Thoreau, *Walden*

"I... builded, with roofs of gold,
My beautiful castles in Spain."
—James Russell Lowell, "Aladdin"

On May 5, 1990, the 100th anniversary of the birth of Christopher Morley (1890-1957), I was privileged to be one of the three speakers chosen to honor his memory. The event took place at the Christopher Morley Park (obviously named for him), in Long Island, New York. More than one hundred guests gathered at the site of the famed Knothole, a pine-wood cabin built by Morley as his "sanctuary."

In my presentation, I deviated from my originally planned address, and spoke, instead, not only of Morley but a few other celebrated writers as well, every one of whom felt the need to "escape" to a cabin, hut, cottage, studio (all of them "castles of retreat") where each of these writers could think, dream, write, create, compose, or otherwise fulfill the need to commune with Nature or the Muse. Is this not, indeed, the essence of Individualism?

I would like to share with the readers my "off the cuff" talk of 1990, which I now present in an expanded form, as an essay. The first person to be discussed is the abovementioned Christopher Morley.

* * *

Morley, the noted author of *Parnassus on Wheels* and *Kitty Foyle,* was also a poet, a "judge" of the Book-of-the-Month Club, a Rhodes scholar, a journalist, and an editor of *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations.* He urgently felt the need to construct his "Knothole," and wrote:

"I built myself a pine-wood cabin, as aloofly jungled as a Long Island suburb would permit... And my mind goes back to a bitter wintry day when an unexpected visitor joined me.... It was an owl, a handsome fellow with tall ears and speckled breast. He must have come down the chimney. Flattened warily in the triangle of the rafters he watched me steadily. I whistled at him, tried to frighten him through the open door; but he only coasted from side to side—coming too near my head for comfort. I had no mind to sit there with him perched above me, so I gathered papers and left him in charge, with the door open for exit.... At any rate it was suggestive to be visited by the bird of wisdom in person." (From the "Preface to the Eleventh Edition of *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations,*" 1937)

The Knothole was built in 1934, and it was there that Morley wrote some of his important works; and it was there that he relaxed, and dreamed, and met kindred spirits; and it was there that he truly "lived." It remains today as a monument to Christopher Morley, who once stated: "There is only one success... to be able to spend your life in your own way, and not to give others absurd maddening claims upon it." (*Where the Blue Begins,* 1922)

* * *

Near the end of March, 1845, young Henry David Thoreau (1817–1862) went into the woods to build himself a cabin (a "house" he called it) at Walden Pond, Massachusetts. He lived in that cabin from July 4, 1845, to September 6, 1847. Seven years later, Thoreau's book, *Walden,* appeared. It was destined to become one of the most famous writings in the world. The individualistic philosophy of *Walden* and *Civil Disobedience* influenced tens of thousands of eager "disciples," among them Leo Tolstoy, Mahatma Gandhi, and Martin Luther King. Thoreau wrote:

"I lived alone in the woods, a mile from any neighbor, in a house which I had built myself, on the shore of Walden Pond,... and earned my living by the labor of my hands only." (*Walden,* 1854)

"If one designs to construct a dwelling house, it behooves him to... consider first how slight a shelter is absolutely necessary.... The very simplicity and nakedness of man's life in the primitive ages imply this advantage at least, that they left him but a sojourner in nature.... But lo! men have become the tools of their tools... We now no longer camp as for a night, but have settled down on earth and forgotten heaven." (*Walden*)

Why did Thoreau seek *his* "castle of retreat"?

"I went to the woods," he remarked, "because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear; nor did I wish to practice resignation, unless it was quite necessary. I wanted to live deep, and suck out all the marrow of life." (*Walden*)

* * *

In the Spring of 1968, *Nassau Review* published my article, "Yes, Ladies, There Is an Innisfree," which described in detail Thoreau's influence on the noted Irish poet, William Butler Yeats (1865–1939). Writing to two young girls, Yeats declared that Innisfree was "a real island," and that when he was *their* age, he longed to build himself "a cottage on this island and live there forever." In his autobiography, he stated: "My father had read to me some passage out of *Walden,* and I planned to live some day in a cottage on a little island called Innisfree... I thought that having conquered bodily desire and the inclination of my mind toward women and love, I should live, as Thoreau lived, seeking wisdom."

In his twenties, Yeats resided in London, but the dream of Innisfree pursued him. "I had still the ambition," he confessed in his autobiography, "...of living in imitation of Thoreau, on Innisfree..., and when walking through Fleet Street very homesick I heard a little tinkle of water and saw a fountain in a shop window which balanced a little ball upon its jet, and began to remember lake water. From the sudden remembrance came my poem *Innisfree."* "The Lake Isle of Innisfree" (1890) became one of Yeats' most celebrated poems. It follows on the next page:

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made:
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honeybee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always, night and day,
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray.
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

Alas! Yeats did *not* "arise and go" to his beloved Innisfree. He never saw it again.

* * *

Another writer whose fame today rests a great deal on being "homesick" (as Yeats was) was John Howard Payne (1791–1852). Actor, poet, playwright, translator, and diplomat, Payne spent his early childhood in a little cottage in East Hampton, Long Island, New York. As a young actor, he played opposite Elizabeth Arnold Poe, mother of Edgar Allan Poe.

Payne appeared on the stage in New York, London, and Paris, and then, in a desperate attempt to pay his debts, wrote the libretto for the opera, *Clari* (1823), composed by Sir Henry Bishop. One of the lyrics Payne wrote for the opera became an international sensation. It is still famous today. As in the case of Yeats, the "castle of retreat" for Payne lies in the past—and the song depicts the longing which he felt. The name of the lyric is "Home, Sweet Home!" The words of the first stanza follow:

'Mid pleasures and palaces though I may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! Home! Sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home,
There's no place like home.

Payne died in Tunis, far, far away from his Home Sweet Home. The melody of the song lingers on; and it will continue to enchant many yet-unborn generations. The original cottage, Home Sweet Home, is now a museum that attracts visitors from all over the world. And the ghost of John Howard Payne still roams the streets of East Hampton.

* * *

Edgar Allan Poe (1809–1849) is recognized in France as America's greatest poet and mystery writer, as well as a master of the short story. He was married to his teen-aged cousin, Virginia, and shortly before her death in 1847, his "child bride" and he moved to their new Bronx (New York) cottage in Fordham. Poe's biographer, Hervey Allen, in his book, *Israfel* (1926), vividly described it:

"It was a very pleasant, a humble, but a beautiful little place. It would have been an ideal setting for a pastoral. There was the rose-embowered, the blossom-showered cottage of a poet; chimes from a neighboring monastery sounding across the fields; cloudy woods and distant, sun-flashing waterways; the lulling sound of cowbells nearing home at twilight."

In this "cottage of a poet," Poe wrote some of his lyrical, haunting masterpieces, including the exquisite "Annabel Lee" (1849), which allegedly referred to his late wife. The last stanza reads:

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:
And so, all the night tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea—
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

After the death of his wife, Poe lived two years of complete dissoluteness—which finally destroyed him.

The great poet is gone. The Cottage still remains (as a museum), a silent testimonial to his memory.

* * *

If Poe is regarded by France as America's most celebrated poet, Russia considers Mark Twain (whose real name was Samuel Langhorne Clemens, 1835–1910) to be the greatest writer of the United States. He was the author of *Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn,* and other classics.

There are several Mark Twain "homes" that are preserved as his "shrines," but the one that is best suited to be known as his "escape" is his study in Quarry Farm in Elmira, New York. Writing to a friend, Twain said: "My study is a snug little octagonal den... On hot days I spread the study wide open, anchor my papers down with brickbats and write in the midst of the hurricanes... The study is nearly on the peak of the hill... It is remote from all noises.... Now isn't the whole thing pleasantly situated?"

It was there that he created his masterpiece, *Huckleberry Finn.*

Mark Twain loved this "castle of retreat." He wrote: "It is a cozy nest, and when storms sweep down the valley and the lightning flashes behind the hills beyond, and the rain beats over my head, imagine the luxury of it."

After Mark Twain's death, the study kept attracting thousands of visitors—including vandals. In 1952, it was removed to the Elmira College campus and restored (with some changes) to its original condition.

As for Twain, he was buried in a cemetery in Elmira—not too far from his much-loved "cozy nest." He had come home.

* * *

Only one thing more remains to be said. I close with a comment made by beautiful Hilda in the play called *The Master Builder* (1892), written by another great author of individualist themes, Henrik Ibsen (1828–1906):

"Castles in the air—they are so easy to take refuge in. And so easy to build, too."

FRAGMENTS
A Quarterly
P.O. Box 20038
Floral Park, New York 11002
718-776-5500
ISSN 0533-0068
Annual Subscription: $20.00

A Call for Papers

FRAGMENTS is seeking essays, stories, and poems that reflect the individualist philosophy of the magazine. All documents should be limited to 1,000 words. Please remember: No editors, associates, "staffers," or other writers receive any monetary compensation, only compensation of the spirit. Therefore, the submitted masterpieces will (obviously) be destined for immortality. Submit, submit, submit! Thank you in advance.

—The Editors

Authors of Current Issue (In Alphabetical Order)

Matthew Arnold (1822–1888) was one of the great poets and critics of England, a Victorian "super-star." Writing about him, Louis Untermeyer observed: "Matthew Arnold was destined to be a poet who preached wistfully to the world. His blend of skepticism and faith expressed the spirit of two generations."

Brian L. Bex, author of *The Vanishing Dinosaur* and numerous other works, is the president of the American Communications Network. He is an attorney, public speaker, and (according to a published description) "one who made a million dollars before his twenty-sixth birthday and spent it all—not on himself or his family—but on a cause."

Gilbert Byron, a poet, authored *Cove Dweller, The Sight of a Marsh Hawk,* and other reflective works. After a busy life, he retired to a cabin in Maryland.

Frank Chodorov, one of the six founders of FRAGMENTS, was a prominent public speaker, editor of *analysis, Human Events,* and *The Freeman,* author of *One Is a Crowd, Out of Step,* and many other books and tracts. He was also, at one time, the director of the Henry George School. Chodorov is credited with having "spawned" most of the current libertarian, conservative, and Georgist organizations. He died in 1966.

Henry George (1839–1897) was a famous economist whose book, *Progress and Poverty* (1879), became one of the great best-sellers of all time, and was translated into most of the major languages in the world.

Oscar B. Johannsen, an editor of FRAGMENTS, is president of the Henry George School, executive director of the Robert Schalkenbach Foundation, teacher, and writer of innumerable essays.

Sydney A. Mayers, an editor (and one of the six founders) of FRAGMENTS, is an attorney, trustee of the Henry George School, president of the Henry George Institute, public speaker, teacher, and writer of numerous works.

Major *Wesley Allen Riddle* teaches history at the United States Military Academy in West Point, and is an essayist and poet of note.

Jack Schwartzman, editor-in-chief (and one of the six founders) of FRAGMENTS, is an attorney, professor emeritus, public speaker, member of the Board of Directors of the Henry George Institute, member of the Board of Directors of the Christopher Morley Knothole, and author of *Rebels of Individualism.*

H. D. Stream, a poet, writes: "My poem addresses the importance of self-reliance and converting unique thoughts to speech. I am a great admirer of Emerson and the Transcendentalists, and I believe that your impressive quarterly will continue to be an important bridge between the ideas of former individualists and current thinkers."

* * *

Dover Beach

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD

The sea is calm tonight,
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits;—on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!

Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanched land,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Aegean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

The Meaning of Life

By HENRY GEORGE
(From *Progress and Poverty*)

WHAT... is the meaning of life—of life absolutely and inevitably bounded by death? To me it seems intelligible only as the avenue and vestibule to another life. And its facts seem explainable only upon a theory which cannot be expressed but in myth and symbol, and which, everywhere and at all times, the myths and symbols in which men have tried to portray their deepest perceptions do in some form express.

The scriptures of the men who have been and gone—the Bibles, the Zend Avestas, the Vedas, the Dhammapadas, and the Korans; the esoteric doctrines of old philosophies, the inner meaning of grotesque religions, the dogmatic constitutions of Ecumenical Councils, the preachings of Foxes, and Wesleys, and Savonarolas, the traditions of red Indians, and beliefs of black savages, have a heart and core in which they agree—a something which seems like the variously distorted apprehensions of a primary truth. And out of the chain of thought we have been following there seems vaguely to rise a glimpse of what they vaguely saw—a shadowy gleam of ultimate relations, the endeavor to express which inevitably falls into type and allegory. A garden in which are set the trees of good and evil. A vineyard in which there is the Master's work to do. A passage—from life behind to life beyond. A trial and a struggle, of which we cannot see the end.

Look around today.

Lo! here, now, in our civilized society, the old allegories yet have a meaning, the old myths are still true. Into the Valley of the Shadow of Death yet often leads the path of duty, through the streets of Vanity Fair walk Christian and Faithful, and on Greatheart's armor ring the clanging blows. Ormuzd still fights with Ahriman—the Prince of Light with the Powers of Darkness. He who will hear, to him the clarions of the battle call.

How they call, and call, and call, till the heart swells that hears them! Strong soul and high endeavor, the world needs them now. Beauty still lies imprisoned, and iron wheels go over the good and true and beautiful that might spring from human lives.

And they who fight with Ormuzd, though they may not know each other—somewhere, sometime, will the muster roll be called.

Though Truth and Right seem often overborne, we may not see it all. How can we see it all? All that is passing, even here, we cannot tell. The vibrations of matter which give the sensations of light and color become to us indistinguishable when they pass a certain point. It is only within a like range that we have cognizance of sounds. Even animals have senses which we have not. And, here? Compared with the solar system our earth is but an indistinguishable speck; and the solar system itself shrivels into nothingness when gauged with the star depths. Shall we say that what passes from our sight passes into oblivion? No; not into oblivion. Far, far beyond our ken the eternal laws must hold their sway.

The hope that rises is the heart of all religions! The poets have sung it, the seers have told it, and in its deepest pulses the heart of man throbs responsive to its truth. This, that Plutarch said, is what in all times and in all tongues has been said by the pure hearted and strong sighted, who, standing as it were, on the mountain tops of thought and looking over the shadowy ocean, have beheld the loom of land:

"Men's souls, encompassed here with bodies and passions, have no communication with God, except what they can reach to in conception only, by means of philosophy, as by a kind of an obscure dream. But when they are loosed from the body, and removed into the unseen, invisible, impassable, and pure region, this God is then their leader and king; they were, as it were, hanging on him wholly, and belonging without weariness and passionately affecting that beauty which cannot be expressed or uttered by men."

ODE

We are the music-makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams.
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams:
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory:
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample an empire down.

We, in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Babel itself with our mirth;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the old of the new world's worth;
For each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth.

—Arthur O'Shaughnessy
(1844–1881)

20/30/40 Communist/Socialist Quotation: Who Said It?

By JACK SCHWARTZMAN

A few years ago, FRAGMENTS paid a well-deserved tribute/dinner to George L. Collins, the Director of the Henry George School. Toward the end of his gracious speech of appreciation, George stated: "As they say, if you are not a socialist at twenty, you have no heart; if you are still a socialist at thirty, you have no head." That remark started a heated discussion—which is *still* continuing. Who were (or was) "they"? Now, after prolonged research, I am prepared to present my report—and answer the question. (Or am I?)

Many of the numerous sources I examined chose Georges Clemenceau (1841–1929) as the originator of the saying. Bennett Cerf, in *Try and Stop Me* (1944), narrated: "An excited supporter burst into the private chambers of the old tiger Clemenceau one day and cried, 'Your son has just joined the Communist Party.' Clemenceau regarded his visitor calmly and remarked, 'Monsieur, my son is 22 years old. If he had not become a Communist at 22, I would have disowned him. If he is *still* a Communist at 30, I will do it then.'"

This story is repeated by Clifton Fadiman, in *The Little, Brown Book of Anecdotes* (1985). Actor James Cagney (1899–1986), in his *Cagney by Cagney* (1976), changed it a bit: "Maybe Clemenceau... was right when he... said, 'I wouldn't give a sou for any young man who hadn't been a Socialist by the time he was twenty—but I would be perfectly willing to kick his behind if he were still a Socialist by the time he was forty.'"

The Oxford Book of Ages (1988), however, gives "top credit" to Aristide Briand (1862–1932), who allegedly declared: "The man who is not a Socialist at twenty has no heart, but if he is still a Socialist at forty he has no head."

The Columbia Dictionary of Quotations (1993) also supports Briand. Referring to the obituary of William Casey (1913–1987), who supposedly said, "A man who isn't a socialist at 20 has no heart, and a man who is a socialist at 40 has no head," the *Columbia Dictionary* commented: "The saying referred to by Casey was attributed to... Aristide Briand."

Briand himself (according to Valentine Thomson, in *Briand, Man of Peace,* 1930), approvingly mentioned a remark by Clemenceau: "I think nothing of those who before twenty are not revolutionists." [A similar Clemenceau utterance was repeated by James Joll, in *The Anarchists* (1964).]

Other people selected George Bernard Shaw (1856–1950) as their "candidate." In *Man and Superman* (1904), Shaw declared: "Any person under the age of thirty, who having any knowledge of the existing social order, is not a revolutionist, is an inferior," and "Every man over forty is a scoundrel." According to *Brewer's Quotations* (1994), Shaw urged, in 1933: "Steep yourself in revolutionary books. Go up to your neck in Communism, because if you are not a revolutionist at 20, you will be at 50 a most impossible fossil. If you are a red revolutionist at 20, you have some chance of being up-to-date at 40." (But—are not Shaw's inflammatory words in *complete opposition* to the implied meaning of *our* quotation?)

George Seldes, in *The Great Thoughts* (1985), contends that it was David Lloyd George (1863–1945) who remarked: "A young man who isn't a Socialist hasn't got [a] heart; an old man who is a Socialist hasn't got a head."

Richard Norton Smith, in *Thomas E. Dewey and His Times* (1982), claims that Wendell L. Willkie (1892–1944) repeatedly said: "Any man who is not something of a Socialist before he is forty has no heart; any man who is still a Socialist after he is forty has no head."

Gerald F. Lieberman, in *3,500 Quotes for Speakers* (1983), ascribes the following to an "Angolan Guerrilla": "If you are not a Marxist when you are twenty you are not too bright. If you are still a Marxist at forty you're still not too bright."

Was Benjamin Disraeli (1804–1881) the "quoter"? According to *Peter's Quotations* (1977), Disraeli stated: "A man who is not a Liberal at sixteen has no heart; a man who is not a Conservative at sixty has no head."

Did Robert Louis Stevenson quote the saying? "Having been," he reminisced (in *Virginibus Puerisque,* 1881), "a red-hot Socialist... I do not... pride myself on having outlived my belief in the fairy tales of Socialism.... [But] to hold the same views at forty we held at twenty is to have been stupefied for a score of years,... none the wiser."

Muhammed Ali (b. 1942) is credited by *Modern Maturity* (1991) with similarly stating: "The man who views the world at 50 the same as he did at 20 has wasted 30 years of his life."

Was it Winston Churchill (1874-1965) who made the comment? *The Macmillan Dictionary of Political Quotations* (1993) merely "attributes" to him: "If you're not a liberal at twenty, you have no heart, and if you're not a conservative at forty, you have no head."

Sandy Blansky informs us that, on September 3, 1995, she heard, on the Bob Grant radio show, that Otto von Bismarck (1815–1898) uttered the statement.

Brewer's Quotations adds two more names to the list of the possible sources of our quote:

(1) William Ralph Inge (1860–1954).

(2) Maurice Maeterlinck (1862–1949), for saying (according to *Pass the Port Again,* 1980): "If a man is not a Socialist at twenty, he has no heart. If he is a Socialist at thirty, he has no brain."

Finally, two early 19th Century precursors are introduced here.

Said Alphonse de Lamartine (1790–1869): "At twenty, every one is a republican." ["Republican," in 19th Century France, meant "radical."] (Tryan Edwards, *A Dictionary of Thoughts,* 1911)

Said François Guizot (1787–1874): "Not to be a republican at twenty is proof of want of heart; to be one at thirty is proof of want of head." *(Benham's Book of Quotations,* 1907)

I shall now address our audience:

What say you, ladies and gentlemen? Is Guizot the *earliest possible source* of our quotation? Would you like to submit any other "quoters" for our consideration? Please do. This is—indeed—a fascinating mystery! WHO said it?

The search goes on!

Poetry Page

DON QUIXOTE

Behind thy pasteboard, on thy battered hack,
Thy lean cheek striped with plaster to and fro,
Thy long spear leveled at the unseen foe,
And doubtful Sancho trudging at thy back,
Thou wert a figure strange enough, good lack!
To make Wiseacredom, both high and low,
Rub purblind eyes, and (having watched thee go),
Dispatch its Dogberrys upon thy track:
Alas! poor Knight! Alas! poor soul possessed!
Yet would today, when Courtesy grows chill,
And life's fine loyalties are turned to jest,
Some fire of thine might burn within us still!
Ah! would but one might lay his lance in rest,
And charge in earnest—were it but a mill.

—Austin Dobson (1840–1921)

AT THE AQUARIUM

Serene the silver fishes glide,
Stern-lipped, and pale, and wonder-eyed!
As through the aged deeps of ocean,
They glide with wan and wavy motion!
They have no pathway where they go,
They flow like water to and fro.
They watch with never-winking eyes,
They watch with staring, cold surprise,
The level people in the air,
The people peering, peering there,
Who wander also to and fro,
And know not why or where they go,
Yet have a wonder in their eyes,
Sometimes a pale and cold surprise.

—Max Eastman (1883–1969)

THE FULNESS OF TIME

On a rusty iron throne,
Past the furthest star of space,
I saw Satan sit alone,
Old and haggard was his face;
For his work was done, and he
Rested in eternity.

And to him from out the sun
Came his father and his friend,
Saying,—Now the work is done
Enmity is at end—
And He guided Satan to
Paradises that He knew.

Gabriel, without a frown;
Uriel, without a spear;
Raphael, came singing down,
Welcoming their ancient peer;
And they seated him beside
One who had been crucified!

—James Stephens (1882-1950)

FOR TWO WHO SANG

Two birds on a wire
Sing to Time defiantly,
Declaring their love.

One bird on a wire
Sadly sings so longingly,
In loving mem'ry.

No birds on a wire,
Nothing but the bridge in space
Remembering two,
. . . Who sang.

—Wesley Allen Riddle

AFRAID

Listen, child,
But do not say a word—
For what would they think if you did?

Too afraid to speak up,
Yet you know
What she says is so wrong.

Spending hours in that fuming room
Of mere prattle and gossip,
Hoping that someone else
Will utter the words
Upon your tongue.

But no one ever does
And no one ever will—
So forget your fears
And call a spade a spade,
Or the fool a fool.

—D. M. Stream

PIANO

Softly, in the dusk, a woman is singing to me;
Taking me back down the vista of years, till I see
A child sitting under the piano, in the boom of the tingling strings
And pressing the small, poised feet of a mother who smiles as she sings.

In spite of myself, the insidious mastery of song
Betrays me back, till the heart of me weeps to belong
To the old Sunday evenings at home, with winter outside
And hymns in the cozy parlor, the tinkling piano our guide.

So now it is vain for the singer to burst into clamor
With the great black piano appassionato. The glamour
Of childish days are upon me, my manhood is cast
Down in the flood of remembrance, I weep like a child for the past.

—D. H. Lawrence (1885–1930)

Letters to the Editors

I read through and enjoyed FRAGMENTS. You certainly publish a polished magazine. However, although I agree with some of the articles' content, I disagree with probably even more. Specifically, I take issue with the constant adulation of liberty and freedom. Yes, of course, this aspect of life is vital. But it is only one side of the coin of human existence. On the other side is written SOCIETY/GOVERNMENT, for practical purposes. One of these days, I shall write an article entitled: "Government Is *Not* the Enemy."

If you're thinking that the point of view expressed is hardly in keeping with my past views, I can only say I have modified my outlook; after all, I now teach sociology, and I have ceased to read Thoreau and Emerson.

Dr. Don Hurford
Phoenixville, Pennsylvania

* * *

I always find FRAGMENTS interesting, and am happy that you are "carrying on" and burning the little light in the darkness of our current political scene. My late husband, Burt, and I got to know Albert Jay Nock quite well, and I recall many interesting evenings with him. Those were great days (the late 1930s and the early 1940s) when there was time for dreams and philosophies.

Ann Levey
New York, New York

* * *

The last issue of FRAGMENTS was good, a testament to your vitality, intelligence, perseverance, and youth. (Some baby boomer!) Although I disagree with Dr. Johannsen's "Privatize Education" and S. E. Parker's "Sociolatry" (the latter too one-sided and inconsistent with evolutionary biology, which shows that species survive only when individual members sacrifice for the good of the species), I did enjoy Dr. Schwartzman's comparison of Thoreau, Tolstoy, and George, especially on the negative and positive factors of human experience.

Dr. Patrick R. Brostowin
Glendale, New York

* * *

Always grateful for your collection of inspiring and provocative sparks!

Walter Rybeck
Center for Public Dialogue
Kensington, Maryland

I was pleased to see that FRAGMENTS is back in circulation—and additionally pleased to see my piece on "Sociolatry" appear, even if a decade late. I stopped publishing EGO, but continue at reduced pressure to issue a little "viewsletter" called *En Marge*.

S. E. Parker
London, England

* * *

I enjoyed the last issue of FRAGMENTS, and am glad to know that Jack Schwartzman is still alive. He must be at least 90 by now! Enclosed is my check for $20.

Paul Nix
Summit, New Jersey

It has been so many years since I served as Director of the Henry George School in Washington, D. C., in the late 1950s, that I have often wondered if Jack Schwartzman was the man who corrected my papers when I was enrolled in the Correspondence Course. If it was he, he must be nearing 90. (I am 74!)—Be it as it may, enroll me again as a subscriber to FRAGMENTS. Seeing the letter from Rev. Archer Torrey, the Episcopal priest with whom I have had correspondence, I simply HAD to have FRAGMENTS in my office. Enclosed is my check for $25. Wish it could be more but I have my own mission.

Robert E. Allen, Jr.
Covington, Georgia

(Jack Schwartzman's note: In response to the comments by Paul Nix and Robert E. Allen, Jr., I have the following to say: I am typing this on March 22, 1996, *my birthday*—and I am only a young fellow of 84! As to the other question asked: No, I seldom taught correspondence courses. Like Al Jolson, I need faces, faces, faces! Correspondence courses "ain't my cup of tea.")

* * *

Congratulations on getting FRAGMENTS underway again. I look forward to the Ayn Rand issue. There are too many demands on my funds, and on my time, but I am enclosing $20, both for my own benefit and to encourage you in your renewed effort. You're a worthy heir to the tradition of Frank Chodorov!

Prof. Dwight Murphey
Wichita, Kansas

Schwartzman... continues to go right on as though he were immortal, and who knows, maybe he is. We started Wichita Collegiate School some 35 years ago; now my son opened another school in an old warehouse; old warehouses make fine schools for young people. This new school, of course, is dedicated to Classical Education.

Robert D. Love
Wichita, Kansas

(Editors' note: Mr. Love, with his usual generosity, donated $250 to FRAGMENTS. Who says there is no Love in this world?)

* * *

Ayn Rand deserves credit for her originality in presenting another idealistic concept to go along with all the others of the past centuries. An outstanding example of Ayn Rand's heroes was Tom L. Johnson, the beloved mayor of and congressman from Cleveland—and author of *My Story*. He made a fortune from operating inner city and intercity street cars, starting from before electric propulsion was introduced, and then going on ahead, looking for the time when street cars could be operated at three hundred miles an hour. He also made a fortune in the iron and steel industry, introducing many innovations. Then, when he read *Progress and Poverty,* by Henry George, he realized that he had exploited a number of unique situations which were essentially monopolistic. He thought he would improve the world—but soon encountered all the myriad problems connected with change. The world is complex, and we do not go it alone. It is fine to issue provocative material, but we must admit that all is limited. Have fun.

David Aronson
Upper Montclair, New Jersey

* * *

Let's see: The subscription for four copies of FRAGMENTS is $20, yet the last issue before 1995 was published in 1986. At that rate, my subscription (enclosed) will expire in 2031!

Stan Rubenstein
Cutchogue, New York