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"The Poor Ye Have Always with You"

By Henry George

Though it may take the language of prayer, it is blasphemy that attributes to the inscrutable decrees of Providence the suffering and brutishness that come of poverty; that turns with folded hands to the All-Father and lays on Him the responsibility for the want and crime of our great cities. We degrade the Everlasting. We slander the Just One. A merciful man would have better ordered the world; a just man would crush with his foot such an ulcerous ant hill. It is not the Almighty, but we who are responsible for the vice and misery that fester amid our civilization. The Creator showers upon us his gifts — more than enough for all. But like swine scrambling for food, we tread them in the mire — tread them in the mire, while we tear and rend each other!

In the very centers of our civilization today are want and suffering enough to make sick at heart whoever does not close his eyes and steel his nerves. Dare we turn to the Creator and ask Him to relieve it? Supposing the prayer were heard, and at the behest with which the universe sprang into being there should glow in the sun a greater power; new virtue fill the air; fresh vigor the soil; that for every blade of grass that now grows two should spring up, and the seed that now increases fifty-fold should increase a hundredfold! Would poverty be abated or want relieved? Manifestly no! Whatever benefit would accrue would be but temporary. The new powers streaming through the material universe could be utilized only through land. And land, being private property, the classes that now monopolize the bounty of the Creator would monopolize all the new bounty. Landowners would alone be benefited. Rents would increase, but wages would still tend to the starvation point!

(*Progress and Poverty*, 1879)

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"The poor ye have always with you." If ever a scripture has been wrested to the devil's service, this is that scripture. How often have these words been distorted from their obvious meaning to

soothe conscience into acquiescence in human misery and degradation — to bolster that blasphemy, the very negation and denial of Christ's teachings, that the All-wise and Most Merciful, the Infinite Father, has decreed that so many of his creatures must be poor in order that others of his creatures to whom he wills the good things of life should enjoy the pleasure and virtue of doling out alms! "The poor ye have always with you," said Christ; but all his teachings supply the limitation, "until the coming of the Kingdom." In that kingdom of God on earth, that kingdom of justice and love for which he taught his followers to strive and pray, there will be no poor. But though the faith and the hope and the striving for this kingdom are of the very essence of Christ's teaching, the staunchest disbelievers and revilers of its possibility are found among those who call themselves Christians. Queer ideas of the Divinity have some of these Christians who hold themselves orthodox and contribute to the conversion of heathen. A very rich orthodox Christian said to a newspaper reporter, awhile ago, on the completion of a large work out of which he is said to have made millions: "We have been peculiarly favored by Divine Providence; iron never was so cheap before, and labor has been a drug on the market."

That in spite of all our great advances we have yet with us the poor, those who, without fault of their own, cannot get healthful and wholesome conditions of life, is *our* fault and *our* shame. Who that looks about him can fail to see that it is only the injustice that denies natural opportunities to labor, and robs the producer of the fruits of his toil, that prevents us all from being rich? Consider the enormous powers of production now going to waste; consider the great number of unproductive consumers maintained at the expense of producers — the rich men and dudes, the worse than useless government officials, the pickpockets, burglars, and confidence men; the highly respectable thieves who

carry on their operations inside the law; the great army of lawyers; the beggars and paupers, and inmates of prisons; the monopolists and cornerers and gamblers of every kind and grade. Consider how much brains and energy and capital are devoted, not to the production of wealth, but to the grabbing of wealth. Consider the waste caused by competition which does not increase wealth; by laws which restrict production and exchange. Consider how the ignorance bred of poverty lessens production, and how the vice bred of poverty causes destruction, and who can doubt that under conditions of social justice all might be rich?

The wealth-producing powers that would be evoked in a social state based on justice, where wealth went to the producers of wealth, and the banishment of poverty had banished the fear and greed and lusts that spring from it, we can now only faintly imagine. Wonderful as have been the discoveries and inventions of this century, it is evident that we have only begun to grasp that dominion which it is given to mind to obtain over matter. Discovery and invention are born of leisure, of material comfort, of freedom. These secured to all, and who shall say to what command over nature man may not attend?

It is not necessary that any one should be condemned to monotonous toil; it is not necessary that any one should lack the wealth and the leisure which permit the development of the faculties that raise man above the animal. Mind, not muscle, is the motor of progress, the force which compels nature and produces wealth. In turning men into machines we are wasting the highest powers. Already in our society there is a favored class who need take no thought for the morrow — what they shall eat, or what they shall drink, or wherewithal they shall be clothed. And may it not be that Christ was more than a dreamer when he told his disciples that in that kingdom of justice for which he taught them to work and pray this might be the condition of all?

(*Social Problems*, 1883)

Society vs. The State

BY OSCAR B. JOHANNSEN

As The State becomes more and more intrusive, questions are being raised as to what is this organization which occupies so much time of each individual? Is The State in actuality Society or a form of Society?

Webster's Third New International Dictionary (Unabridged) defines Society as "a voluntary association of individuals cooperating with one another for particular aims." A society may be as simple as a Chess Club in which the members voluntarily agree to cooperate with one another in playing chess, with specific rules which apply to all. The members join or leave the group, and no one prevents them from doing so, as it is a voluntary association. Society, in the broader sense, is an unorganized, voluntary association of all of us cooperating with one another to attain diverse ends.

The State is defined by the dictionary as "a body of people occupying a definite territory, and politically organized under a sovereign government almost entirely free from external control, and possessing coercive power to maintain order within the community." Essentially, then, The State is an organization which controls a certain area of land, large or small, with members who may have been born into it, or who voluntarily joined it, but who ordinarily cannot depart voluntarily unless under special dispensation. The State almost assumes the character of an individual and is often discussed in abstract terms as though it is a living and breathing creature. But it is nothing of the sort. It is primarily an organization in which the members, though they may or may not have established the rules, are forced to obey it, whether they like it or not. Though the members may think they control it, for all practical purposes it is controlled by a coterie of individuals, small or large, with or without the consent of the members. The coterie, whether elected, or in power by means of a *coup d'état*, is able to enforce its rules, as it has at its disposal

armed forces. It is the army which in the long run keeps the coterie in power. The smart dictator coddles the army with excellent pay and any emolument which will insure that the army will obey the dictator's commands.

With the passage of time, The State gains almost a godlike character so that its commands are almost divine. Its members will do things which, as individuals, they would never think of doing. They will drop bombs on people, killing men, women, and children. Though their consciences may trouble them, they feel they are obeying the commands of a Superior Being.

History teaches that The State began as an organized gang of individuals who by force of arms preyed on unorganized individuals, i.e., the organized gang robbed the unorganized individuals. With time's passage, all manner of rationales, consciously or unconsciously, arose to cover up the fact that what was nothing more than simple out-and-out robbery became "taxes," raised for the good of the people.

As The State grows, it acquires what are considered to be its duties, such as the protection of its members from anyone other than The State that is robbing them. The State is happy to perform these duties, as it makes its members more dependent on The State, thereby assuring the coterie will remain in power. All of the so-called beneficial duties of The State can be performed by Society, probably more effectively and efficiently, even armed protection, but few would believe this to be so. Thus, The State goes on its merry way, acquiring more and more power until it becomes so bloated that it implodes or is conquered by another less coercive State.

The beauty of parliaments and congresses is that the people believe they are running The State. The members of the coterie may change, but the results are still the same — taxes, taxes, and more taxes. Political campaigns are

primarily contests to determine who controls the people. And as The State acquires more power, the people become more demanding of the ever-increasing benefits, with the politicians who promise the most usually winning.

While there may be periods when there are no major wars, sooner or later wars erupt, often because of unemployment caused by our unjust system of land tenure. Hitler built up the German army to solve unemployment. In WW2, the German people thought they were fighting for the Fatherland, an abstraction which they could not define. Actually, they were fighting to keep Hitler in power. When they had won in the West, he had to turn to the East and fight Russia. To have disbanded the army would have meant huge unemployment. He, therefore, invaded Russia and hoped to conquer enough of it so he would have land for his soldiers, thereby solving unemployment in Germany.

The State, is, basically, corrupted Society. Will it be possible to eliminate The State? Probably not, for the fundamental law of human nature is that man seeks to satisfy his desires with the least effort. Robbery is probably the easiest way to acquire wealth, and when it is disguised as taxes, or welfare, or whatever other rationale is devised, it will continue to be practiced. Possibly, if people adopt the Ghandi-type of individual behavior in their relations with one another, it may be possible. Ethical and religious values would probably have to dominate, so that they become as natural as breathing. But that would take generations for them to be inculcated in the human psyche. Until that time comes, the best that can be done is probably to organize as many groups as possible with aims such as the reduction of taxes or the elimination of some of the monopolies which The State may have created.

It must never be forgotten that: The essence of The State is coercion, but the essence of Society is freedom.

Kaleidoscope Gems of the Past

BY SYDNEY A. MAYERS

A number of readers have requested a republication of some of the *Kaleidoscope* "gems" of the past — and I am happy to oblige. The following two pieces appeared in the early issues of *FRAGMENTS*.

* * *

Don't Feed the Hypocrite

Maybe I am philosophic as more and more doubts assail me; or perhaps I am beginning to view the shenanigans of the human species with amused ennui, rather than resentment. Howbeit, I find that, whereas men's deeds once filled me with disdain, nowadays I am more distressed by what people say than by what they do. I am not so sure "actions speak louder than words," and I am persuaded that verbal expression can be rather more revealing than physical acts.

Doing anything, by its very performance, creates a *fait accompli*, while words remain a continuous reminder of the underlying thought, whether that thought be aboveboard or treacherous. I do not say that deeds are unimportant; obviously their effects may be profound and far-reaching. I do submit that the interpretation of an act derives not from the act itself, but from the words that surround it. Who utters a word should be bound by it, for every word is a bond. And therein lies the crux of my point, for I opine that hypocrisy is rampant on this earth.

When someone proclaims that all persons are equal, regardless of color or creed, and then leaves a neighborhood because an African-American or a Jew has moved in, I do not decry the departure, which is a person's privilege — but I do despise the words, which are basely used. If one piously recites the Ten Commandments, and then blandly engages in commercial chicanery, I am not as much revolted by the business ethics, which one's conscience must determine, as I am by the sanctimonious dissembling.

As a proponent of individual freedom, much as I may deplore the evil human beings do, I insist upon the innate

rights of everyone to do as he or she wills. What to me is reprehensible is conscious incongruity between what one says and what one does, for I believe that whatever is done should be done forthrightly. To hide an evil deed in a coating of honeyed words is ignoble; it is hypocrisy, the mark of moral cowardice.

* * *

The Hand of a Friend

A hundred years ago, the Civil War came to an end, and almost simultaneously, so did the life of Abraham Lincoln. Since those climactic days of April, 1865, especially during the recent years which have marked the centennial of America's awesome internecine struggle, there has been a vast outpouring of pertinent books and other writings. It would seem the peak has been reached, and that the countless works published concerning that highly dramatic epoch must have covered its every conceivable aspect. Yet there can be no doubt that many more of the same are yet to appear.

I confess I have not troubled to ascertain the relevant statistics; still, I daresay no other four-year period since time began has prompted such a plethora of printed words. This is an understandable phenomenon, for I know no like span in history which has provided so great a wealth of literary material. When I was a lad, I too was "bitten by the bug," and for well over a decade immersed myself deeply in the lore of Sumter, Antietam, Gettysburg, and Appomattox; and in the complex personality of the Great Emancipator.

Fascinated by an interest which even now remains with me, I avidly consumed volume after volume: the good with the bad, the scholarly with the merely opportunistic. It has been an edifying experience, and I shall "long remember" the fact and the legend I encountered on my journeys through the 1860's. Nevertheless, as I contemplate the panorama of those stirring times, I find it is a rather obscure vignette that stands out in my mind. Though hardly more

than a footnote on the pages of history, to me it constitutes the most poignant event of all.

Curiously, this memorable occurrence took place when the War between the States was already over, on the night of April 14, 1865, while the President's life was slowly ebbing away. A few hours before, the assassin's bullet had struck its target; the madman Booth's derringer had performed its evil mission. Amid the pandemonium that followed, Lincoln's lean body had been carried to the Peterson home across the street from Ford's theatre, where it lay, the mind unconscious, surrounded by a group of heart-sick men without means or skill to save the dying martyr.

Among those at the death-bed was a young Army surgeon, Dr. Charles A. Leale. (He had been the first physician at the wounded President's side, and himself had sadly diagnosed the wound as mortal.) Dr. Leale sat there quietly, his eyes fixed on Lincoln's face, holding Lincoln's hand firmly in his own. He did not loosen his clasp until death had entered the room; only then did he tenderly let go. As he rose, the others watched him quizzically, and afterward one of them asked him why for hours he had held Abe Lincoln's hand, knowing that the President was at the point of death, unconscious and unfeeling. The doctor gave a simple reply. "I have observed," he said, "that often in such cases, just before the end, recognition and reason momentarily return to those who have been unconscious. I held his hand within my grasp so that, should this occur, he might in his blindness know that he was in touch with humanity and had a friend."

The great battles of the Civil War and the political maneuvering of Abraham Lincoln, as exciting as they were, seem somewhat distant and insignificant today, a century later, but when I recall that scene in the tiny house on Tenth Street, of a young man patiently and compassionately holding the hand of a loved one in the warm grip of a friend, I cannot but feel that this little story, like Lincoln himself, "belongs to the ages."

Ramblings About Misunderstanding

By JACK SCHWARTZMAN

What causes misunderstanding in this world? Why do people fail to comprehend each other? Do you and I really see the "same thing" as we look out through the grates of life?

No, replied three different poets.

William Blake (1757-1827), in *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, remarked, "A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees."

John Godfrey Saxe (1816-1887), in "The Blind Men and the Elephant: A Hindoo Fable," narrated:

It was six men of Indostan
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the Elephant
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The *First* approached the Elephant,
And happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"God bless me! but the Elephant
Is very like a wall!"

The *Second*, feeling of the tusk,
Cried, "Ho! what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me 'tis mighty clear
This wonder of an Elephant
Is very like a spear!"

The *Third* approached the animal,
And happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a snake!"

The *Fourth* reached out an eager hand,
And felt about the knee.
"What most this wondrous beast is like
Is mighty plain," quoth he;
"'Tis clear enough the Elephant
Is very like a tree!"

The *Fifth*, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an Elephant
Is very like a fan!"

The *Sixth* no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong!

MORAL

So oft in theologic wars,
The disputants, I ween,
Rail on in utter ignorance
Of what each other mean,
And prate about an Elephant
Not one of them has seen!

(Saxe might have introduced a Seventh blind man, who — because he could not even find the Elephant — would angrily cry out, "There is no Elephant!")

Morris Abel Beer also wrote about six people who looked at the same object but "saw" different things:

Six poets gazed upon the moon,
And each one saw a different thing;
One saw a monarch's wrinkled face,
And one a perfect silver ring.

And one beheld a castled land,
Where everything was Arctic white,
And one a tattered beggar man,
Who wandered by a lantern's light.

Another limned a laughing girl,
Who danced on whirling clouds of snow;
Another traced a jeweled ship,
Drifting where tropic waters flow.

Six poets gazed upon the moon,
And each one saw a different thing;
Six poets made six different songs,
And each one soared on magic wing.

Now what I want to know is this,
When six good poets disagree,
How can we common mortals tell
If things are what they seem to be?

Or is it best that each one sees
As poets, things are not the same,
For if the moon were just a moon,
Then life would be a songless flame!

* * *

Here are some examples of misunderstanding:

The Japanese medieval classic, *Rashomon*, deals with murder and rape. Four people who witnessed the crime gave different accounts of what each one "saw." No witness agreed with the others.

The Trojan princess, Cassandra, was punished by the god Apollo because she spurned him. He decreed that even though she always prophesied "truthfully" in the past, and would continue to do so in the future, no one would ever believe her again — and no one did.

A most hilarious statement concerning misunderstanding is attributed to George W. Romney (1907-1995), who allegedly uttered: "I didn't say that I didn't say it. I said that I didn't say that I said it. I want to make that very clear." (*National Review*, December 12, 1967)

Yes, indeed, Mr. Romney. It is very clear. Thank you for the elucidation!

In *The Life of Samuel Johnson*, by James Boswell (1740-1795), Johnson (1709-1784) once angrily chastised a listener: "Sir, I have found you an argument; but I am not obliged to find you an understanding."

Why do human beings so often fail to find such understanding? Why can't they reach what lawyers call a "meeting of the minds"?

The philosopher Gottfried Wilhelm Leibniz (1646-1716) attempted to explain why there are differences in individual perception. There exist, he declared, a multiplicity of individual substances, which he called "monads." Each of us is an insular monad — a simple, indivisible, indestructible unit, containing the whole infinity within itself.

If that is so, can there ever be any verifiable understanding among us (since no monad can know what the other monads perceive or understand)? Is there no "bridge" that connects our isolated visions?

Alas, no! We are all "locked in" within ourselves.

To illustrate that each of us "sees" differently, a famous modern quotation states: "You see things and say, 'Why?' But I dream things that never were; and I say: 'Why not?'"

But even this quotation is subject to dispute and confusion. Who said it?

According to *Nice Guys Finish Seventh*, by Ralph Keyes (New York: HarperCollins, 1992, page 92), John F. Kennedy (1917-1963), in a 1963 speech, correctly attributed these words to George Bernard Shaw (1856-1950). "His brother, Robert Kennedy (1925-1968), subsequently used them as the theme for his 1968 presidential campaign. Shaw's authorship was soon forgotten." W. P. Kinsella, using a revised version of the quotation in his 1982 novel, *Shoeless Joe*, gave credit for the statement to Robert Kennedy.

Nigel Rees, in his *Brewer's Quotations* (London: 1994/1995, page 306), came to Shaw's defense. Rees declared that the saying "has often been wrongly ascribed to both John and Robert Kennedy (because they both used it in numerous political speeches)... [It] is, in fact, . . . from George Bernard Shaw. It is spoken by The Serpent, in an attempt to seduce Eve, in the play *Back to Methuselah* (1921). President Kennedy quoted it correctly (and acknowledged Shaw) in his address to the Irish Parliament in Dublin in June 1963. Robert's version tended to be: 'Some men see things as they are and say "Why?" I dream things that never were and say, "Why not?"' In this form it was attributed to Robert (Shaw going unmentioned), in the address delivered by Edward Kennedy [b. 1932] at his brother's funeral in 1968."

* * *

Another reason given for the inability of people to understand one another comes from the Bible (Genesis, 11.9). The passage reads:

"And the whole earth was of one language, and of one speech.

"And it came to pass, as they journeyed from the east, that they found a plain in the land of Shinar; and they dwelt there.

"And they said one to another, Go to, let us make brick, and burn them thoroughly. And they had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar.

"And they said, Go to, let us build us a city, and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth.

"And the Lord came down to see the city and the tower, which the children of men builded.

"And the Lord said, Behold, the people is one, and they have all one language; and this they begin to do; and now nothing will be restrained from them, which they have imagined to do.

"Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech.

"So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth: and they left off building the city.

"Therefore is the name of it called Babel; because the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth; and from thence did the Lord scatter them abroad upon the face of all the earth."

What is one to make of this story of the Tower of Babel? As in the tale of Prometheus, where the god Zeus revenged himself on Prometheus for daring to bring fire to the people of the earth, so the jealous and vindictive "Lord" of Babel punished the people of Shinar for their presumptuous attempt to reach the heavenly heights — and thus encroach upon the Lord's own domain.

God protect us from God — and from God's fear of any individual who dares to step outside his prescribed limits!

The angels who rebelled against their tribal God — led by the great angel later known as Satan — were defeated by the powerful forces of the vengeful God, who drove them — and, subsequently, Adam and Eve as well — from their home in Paradise. Satan, in *Paradise Lost*, by John Milton (1608-1674), proudly and defiantly proclaimed: "Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven."

* * *

Dear friends, do we now know — after all these ramblings and distractions — why there is misunderstanding in the world? Does my presentation clear up the confusion? Or is it just another bumbling attempt to define the Elephant?

The King and the Elephant: Another Version of the Hindu Fable

By LEO TOLSTOY

An Indian king commanded ten blind men to appear before him. When they arrived, he ordered them to the stable to "see" his Elephant. He further commanded them to tell him what they "saw."

The first blind man felt the leg of the Elephant.

The second felt the tail.

The third felt the rump.

The fourth felt the belly.

The fifth felt the side.

The sixth felt the back.

The seventh felt the ears.

The eighth felt the head.

The ninth felt the tusks.

The tenth felt the trunk.

Then the king called the blind men to him, and asked them: "What is my Elephant like?"

The first blind man said: "Your Elephant is like a pillar." (He felt the leg.)

The second said: "Your Elephant is like a broom." (He felt the tail.)

The third said: "Your Elephant is like wood." (He felt the rump.)

The fourth said: "Your Elephant is like a lump of earth." (He felt the belly.)

The fifth said: "Your Elephant is like a wall." (He felt the side.)

The sixth said: "Your Elephant is like a hill." (He felt the back.)

The seventh said: "Your Elephant is like a handkerchief." (He felt the ears.)

The eighth said: "Your Elephant is like mortar." (He felt the head.)

The ninth said: "Your Elephant is like horns." (He felt the tusks.)

The tenth said: "Your Elephant is like a stout rope." (He felt the trunk.)

And all the blind men began to dispute and quarrel among themselves. Each one described the Elephant differently.

How would you describe the Elephant?

What is the Elephant like?

James Madison: Father of the Constitution

BY ROBERT M. THORNTON

Until recent years, James Madison has not been given his proper due. Oh, he has been acknowledged as the "Father of the Constitution," but many of us have trouble explaining in detail just what that means. Madison and his neighbor, Thomas Jefferson, were friends and coworkers in the cause of liberty for fifty years, and some of us — myself included — have thought of the former merely as Jefferson's right-hand man: his faithful lieutenant. He was that, of course, but much, much more. While his interests were not as varied as Jefferson's — whose are? — he was a political thinker of the first chop and Jefferson's intellectual equal. Happily, this has been recognized in the last dozen years or so, and the fourth president has come into his own. Several books recognize that as a "man of formidable, mental equipment," Madison was, from 1776 on, "an intellectual leader, sometimes the leader." Years ago, Clinton Rossiter wrote that "Madison was a combination of learning, experience, purpose, and imagination — that not even Adams or Jefferson could have equalled." Robert A. Rutland calls Madison *The Founding Father*.

James Madison (1751-1836), one of the youngest of the "Founding Fathers," was 5 feet, 6 inches tall, and weighed 125 pounds. He must have looked like a boy, standing next to Washington and Jefferson. Unlike most Virginians, he was not a rider, and preferred to travel in a carriage, with someone else holding the reins. As a young man, he was "diffident, frail and obviously a grind, often allowing himself only three hours sleep."

Madison was a student all of his life. He kept a candle burning by his bedside all night, and his wife said that he "slept very little, going to bed late and getting up frequently during the night to write or read." He read very little fiction; mostly, his reading was in the fields of politics, history, comparative institutions, jurisprudence, international law, and, particularly, accounts of ancient and modern confederacies.

"I am dull and infirm," Madison declared, "and do not expect a long or healthy life." But his frail little body carried him along for eighty-five years, and however much his body suffered the ravages of age, his mind never failed him. In his old age, besides reading, he carried on a voluminous correspondence with many prominent contemporaries. Visiting Madison in 1830, Jared Sparks declared that "the intellect and memory of Mr. Madison appear to retain all their pristine vigor." Only a few days before his death, a visitor observed a wasted body that encased a mind "still as bright and sunlike as ever." Never," he declared, "have I seen *so much mind in so little matter*."

But while Madison was studious, he was far from being a recluse. While detesting crowds, he was fond of companionship, and was at his best in small groups, where his eloquence, learning, and powerful mind could be used for the best results. He had a great simplicity of manners; and he was an inveterate enemy of form and ceremony.

At Presidential receptions, Madison "circulated freely among the people and was polite to all. When he spoke, no ponderous words of wisdom fell from his lips, but he talked and encouraged others to talk of lighter things, and occasionally he made remarks which caused the men to laugh and the women to blush; for, by a strange contradiction, this man who was more deeply read than any other of our presidents, and who knew more about the science and philosophy of government, was a frivolous humorist in the relaxations of private life, and, when the mood was on him, could send the guests about his table into roars of laughter." "Few men possessed so rich a flow of language, or so great a fund of amusing anecdotes, which were made the more interesting from being well-timed and well-told." When he was eighty, Madison quipped to Jared Sparks that "having outlived so many of my contemporaries, I ought not to forget that I may be thought to have outlived myself." When a foreign potentate requested concubines for his

entourage, Madison charged the cost to "appropriations to foreign intercourse."

Madison married late but very well. A widow, Dolley Payne Todd, was "one of the most vivacious belles in the capital, a character she seems to have maintained to the end of her eighty-five years." She was described as being pert, vivacious, and buxom. In Philadelphia, she heard often of Madison's fame and his complimentary remarks about her charm. "Aaron Burr said," she told a friend, that "the great little Madison has asked to be brought to see me." He came, and she conquered — and capitulated, too. He was forty-four, and Dolley was twenty-six when they married, and she became his constant and unrivaled love for forty-one years. She was a "charming, dainty, darling, delightful, gracious, furbellowed, turbaned, heroine whom everyone admired and loved and made much of, but no more than her great little husband." "She made friends with everyone . . . and probably made them the President's friends, too, and to that extent, proved an invaluable social aide."

Saul Padover described Madison as a "striking historic figure, deserving to rank among the greatest Americans who created this republic. He was a man of almost classic virtues — a statesman, a selfless patriot, and a political philosopher who was in the fortunate position of being able to translate his thought into a living institution."

"A mental giant if no physical colossus," wrote Paul Wiltach, Madison was "perhaps the greatest single figure in the framing and adoption of the Constitution." Clinton Rossiter agreed that Madison was the leading spirit and the most efficient member of the Constitutional Convention.

His foresight in drafting the Virginia Plan and making it the agenda of the convention, his willingness to debate great issues and small with courteous and learned intensity, his dozens of suggestion of ways for his colleagues to extricate themselves from thickets,

his membership on three or four essential committees, even perhaps his doggedness in the major struggle for power — these are the solid credentials of the one Framer who stands, modestly and eternally, first among his splendid peers.

John Jay, co-author of *The Federalist*, together with Alexander Hamilton and James Madison, declared that any system of government which does not take account of men as *they are* will soon prove abortive. Madison held the same belief and never devised any form of government based on the false idea that men are angels. What is government itself, he asked, but the greatest reflection on human nature? If men were angels, neither external nor internal controls would be necessary. But in framing a government which is to be administered by men over men, one must first enable the government to control the governed and also oblige it to control itself. That is, government must never be too strong or too weak but have just enough power to carry out its main task, the protection of liberty and property. It is, Madison said, a “melancholy reflection that should be equally exposed to danger whether government has too much or too little power.”

Madison agreed with John Adams that “the accumulation of all powers, legislative, executive, and judiciary in the same hands, whether of one, a few, or many, and whether hereditary, self-appointed, or elective, may be justly pronounced the very definition of tyranny.”

Madison warned that a democracy controlled by a majority could pose a threat to individual rights, “not from acts of government contrary to the sense of its constituents, but from acts in which the government is the mere instrument of the major number of constituents.” Albert Jay Nock observed in several places that this was what James Madison called “the old trick of turning every contingency into a resource for accumulating force in government.”

Madison knew that when forming a new government, the most important question to be answered is: What is man? He was not an optimist concerning human nature. The human record was full of evil, viciousness, cruelty, and

folly, and wherever there is an interest and power to do wrong, wrong will generally be done. Enough a child of the 18th century enlightenment, he balanced his gloom with a streak of hopefulness. While not sharing Jefferson’s optimistic faith about progress and human perfectibility, he rejected the Hamiltonian concept of total depravity.

Madison shared with Jefferson a lifelong passion for religious freedom and distrust of any kind of clericalism. History taught him that established churches, relying on the power of the state, created ignorance and corruption. The exercise of religion, he insisted, should be completely separated from government, so that every person would be free to worship, or not to worship, where, how, and what he pleased. Man, he said, is accountable to his God alone, and not to any priest or hierarchy.

Fisher Ames was a political opponent of Madison, but wrote eloquently about his fine qualities as a statesman:

He is possessed of a sound judgment, which perceives truth with great clearness, and can trace it through the images of debate, without losing it . . . As a reasoner, he is remarkably perspicacious and methodical. He is a studious man, devoted to public business, and a thorough master of almost every public question that can arise, or he will spare no pains to become so, if he happens to be in want of information. What a man understands clearly, . . . he will explain to the admiration of others, who have not thought of it at all, or but little, and who will pay in praise for the pains he saves them.

In his *James Madison: The Founding Father*, Robert A. Rutland puts it well when he reminds our generation that “Madison was a man of character, an American who was committed to the ancient idea of ‘virtue’ in a public man. He placed his country ahead of his own personal requirements,” and shared with his peers this sense of “disinterestedness.” Rutland believes that the poet Robert Frost “may have been closer to the truth than anybody had ever come in assessing Madison’s career.” Frost read *The Federalist* late in life, and it “had a

great impact on his thinking about America, its goals, and its leadership.” Frost interpreted the dream of the Founding Fathers as a “vision to occupy the land with character.” Frost wrote: I think I know . . . what Madison’s dream was. It was just a dream of a new land to fulfill with people in self-control.”

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“I prefer the
folly of
enthusiasm
to the
indifference
of
wisdom.”

— Anatole France
(1844-1924)

Carpe Diem: The Philosophy of Seizing the Day

By JACK SCHWARTZMAN

This essay deals with the individualistic concept of *carpe diem* ("seize the day"), which originated with the Latin poet, Horace. In his *Odes*, he advised his readers to live for "today," ("tomorrow" being meaningless), and to make the most of life. The theory states that all human existence is short; that all people will die; and that the only ethical approach which makes sense is for each person to "eat, drink, and be merry." There being no proof of afterlife, the belief in immortality is ridiculous. There is only "today" — which should be enjoyed to the fullest.

Carpe diem could be considered a theory of pleasure, since it advises each person to live for the moment. It could be regarded as a desperate and pessimistic ethic of life, since it assumes the mortality of all human beings and the certainty of death. It could be termed a selfish creed of existence since the knowledge that there is "no tomorrow" gives birth to the slogan, "Enjoy yourself; it's later than you think."

During the time of the English Renaissance, the theme of *carpe diem* was especially associated with the poet, Robert Herrick, who wrote a noted lyric, "To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time." This is what he declared:

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying;
And the same flower that smiles today
Tomorrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry,
For, having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.

["Tarry" could be defined as "wait," or — even more ominously — as "wait in vain" — because one may have

squandered the precious opportunity of "seizing the day." The expression, "to be in one's prime," is repeated by countless poets.]

In another poem by Herrick, "Corinna's Going a-Maying," the protagonist attempts, early on May Day, to awaken the sleeping Corinna (his love), so that the two of them would go "a-Maying" in the woods. He pleads with her to hurry, and in so doing, summarizes the entire philosophy of *carpe diem*.

Come, let us go while we are in our
prime,
And take the harmless folly of the
time.
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun;
And, as a vapor or a drop of rain
Once lost, can ne'er be found again;
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then while time serves, and we are
but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go
a-Maying.

The greatest of them all, William Shakespeare, likewise wrote a *carpe diem* poem. In a song called "Oh Mistress Mine," from *Twelfth Night*, he used the "ingredients" of the "seize the day" formula:

Oh mistress mine! where are you
roaming?
Oh! stay and hear; your true love's
coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? tis not hereafter,
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

In a noted poem, "My Sweetest Lesbia," written 400 years ago by Thomas Campion, he tells his beautiful mistress that they should make love — not war. "If all would lead their lives in love like me,/ Then bloody swords and armor shall not be/ . . . But fools do live and waste their little light,/ And seek with pain their ever-during night." ["Ever-during" means "everlasting."]

Another seventeenth century *carpe diem* poem is "To His Coy Mistress," by Andrew Marvell. "Coy," in the title, means "reluctant," and "mistress" should rather read: "his would-be mistress," for he urges the young lady to lose her virtue and be his paramour, but she answers that she needs time to think over his proposal. Sarcastically, he informs her that he would — if he could — give her all the time that she wanted, and even wait, if she desired, "till the conversion of the Jews." "But . . ." he sighs — and, in that "but," he expresses himself in lines considered among the finest in English literature:

But, at my back, I always hear
Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near:
And yonder, all before us, lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found;
Nor, in thy marble hall, shall sound
My echoing song. Then worms shall
try
That long preserved virginity:
And your quaint honor turn to dust:
And into ashes all my lust.
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.

He concludes his "scare tactic" by telling his lady, with great urgency, that since she is still young and beautiful, they should act immediately "like amorous birds of prey," and "tear" their "pleasures with rough strife/ Through the iron gates of life."

By this time, the reader may complain, as did so many lovely young female students in my classes, that the *carpe diem* proclamations are nothing more than the old familiar "line" of male persuasion, and that *carpe diem* does not deserve to be termed "philosophy."

However, a philosophy it certainly is. Language could be used for different purposes, but the ethic of living for now is genuine enough. This creed of taking time "to smell the flowers," to make the most of each minute, to seize the precious moments "as they fly" — certainly warrants to be considered a theory of life.

The rose, is often used by the *carpe diem* poets as a symbol of the brevity of life and love. A rose is beautiful; so is a young woman. A rose will blossom; so will a young woman. A rose will die; so will a young woman. In Edmund Waller's "Song," the protagonist asks the rose, which he sends to his reluctant maiden, kindly to drop dead so that she (the young woman) would appreciate the shortness of life — and the eventual death of every human being. "Then die!" he says to the rose, "that she/ The common fate of all things rare/ May read in thee/ How small a part of time they share/ That are so wondrous sweet and fair."

John Bennett's "In a Rose Garden," is another example of the *carpe diem* theme. Writing to his love, Bennett declares: "A hundred years from now, dear heart,/ We'll neither know nor care/ What came of all life's bitterness,/ Or followed love's despair./ Then fill the glasses up again,/ And kiss me through the rose-leaf rain;/ We'll build one castle more in Spain,/ And dream one more dream there."

It is impossible to quote from the hundreds and hundreds of *carpe diem* poems that exist. For my final selection, I shall present a mere handful of the great quatrains of Edward Fitzgerald's *The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*:

A Book of Verses underneath the
Bough,
A jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread — and
Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness,
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow.
Ah, make the most of what we yet may
spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
Dust unto Dust, and under Dust to lie
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer,
and sans End!

For some we loved, the loveliest and
the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time
hath pressed,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or
two before
And one by one crept silently to rest.

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain
pursuit
Of This and That endeavor and
dispute;
Better be jocund with the fruitful
Grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish
with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented
manuscript should close!
The Nightingale that in the branches
sang,
Ah whence, and whither flown again,
who knows!

Ah, Love! could you and I with Him
conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things
entire,
Would we not shatter it to bits —
and then
Remold it nearer to the Heart's Desire?

* * *

Dear Reader: Did you enjoy the *carpe diem* selections? If so, gather these poems while you may, in spite of Time a-flying; be jocund with the fruitful Grape, and you will cease your sighing. Skoal!

"What a man thinks
of himself,
that it is which
determines
or rather indicates
his fate."

— Henry David Thoreau
(1817-1862)

Albert Jay Nock: Selected Letters

To Mrs. Edmund C. Evans
[November or December, 1933]

My dear Friend. — I am ever so jubilant. The book on Henry George which we have so long wanted, is out at last, from a most unexpected quarter — North Dakota — and it is a *grand* book. *The Philosophy of Henry George*, by George B. Geiger That is a great joy and relief to me, and I know you will rejoice with me. At last H. G. is in his place.

But O, my dear friend, what on earth am I to say to this gentle idiot whose letter I enclose? I don't know. What queer destinies govern mankind! Marcus Aurelius had Commodus for a son: H. G. had this for a daughter! Is it the prenatal influence of poverty? Yet Marcus Aurelius was not poor. Who can tell? But what do you think one should say to the critter?

N. B. I hope this lady is not one of your domestic idols.

* * *

To Mrs. Edmund C. Evans
February 25, 1935

Thank you for your thoughtful suggestion about a life of Henry George. I can not say anything about that project until I get a little further along with what I have now on hand, but as soon as I can make a fair forecast, I shall tell you.

* * *

To Ellen Winsor
August 31, 1935

When the Lord ordered Isaiah off on his preaching expedition, he told him that it would not amount to anything, nobody would pay any attention but would go his own way, and finally everything would go to pot. Then when Isaiah asked what was the use of preaching, the Lord said that there was a Remnant there whom nobody knew anything about, and that when the system had all gone to the devil and there had to be a new start made, they were the ones who would do it.

* * *

To Paul Palmer
July 28, 1943

You are certainly right about Rose Wilder Lane. It's a curious book. One can punch huge holes through it almost anywhere, but never on a fundamental point. Odd, isn't it? On anything basic she always shoots straight to centres, and hits dam' hard. Another odd thing is that while she has the philosophy of individualism down fine, she seems to have got it entirely out of her own head. There is no evidence that she has read the individualist writers, and considerable evidence that she has not — I believe she hasn't. I think all this is a remarkable achievement, and darned creditable. I'm all for Rose.

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**Some of the Writers
of this Issue**

(In Alphabetical Order)

Oscar B. Johannsen, an Editor of *FRAGMENTS*, is ex-President of the Henry George School, former Executive Director of the Robert Schalkenbach Foundation, teacher, and writer of numerous essays on the State and Society.

Sydney A. Mayers, an Editor of *FRAGMENTS* (and one of its six founders), is President of the Henry George School, President of the Henry George Institute, attorney, teacher, public speaker, and writer.

Albert Jay Nock (1870-1945), a noted writer of America, was the Editor of the *Freeman* (1920-1924), columnist for the *American Mercury* (in the 1930s), and author of various outstanding books.

Jack Schwartzman, Editor-in-Chief of *FRAGMENTS* (and one of its six founders), is a Trustee of the Henry George School, a Director of the Henry George Institute, attorney, professor emeritus, public speaker, and writer.

Robert M. Thornton, the "Honorable Secretary" and co-founder of The Nockian Society, is a prolific writer and our United States Correspondent from Kentucky.

Leo Tolstoy (1828-1910), one of the most famous writers of all time, is celebrated for his *War and Peace*, *Anna Karenina*, and *Resurrection*, in the last of which he espouses the philosophy of Henry George.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

**"Madly Rode Off":
Who Said It?**

On November 28, 2000, in what is probably the most unprecedented presidential election in United States history, the attorneys for the Republicans and the Democrats argued their respective cases against and for the recount of votes cast in several counties of Florida. They appeared before Circuit Court Judge N. Sanders Sauls, a competent, courteous, witty jurist, who, after hearing the heated arguments, observed that the lawyers reminded him of the "fellow who jumped on his horse and rode off madly in all directions." This comment was repeated the next day in the *New York Times* (page A26) in an article written by Richard Pérez-Peña, entitled "Jurist With a Keen Intellect Oversees Election Case."

Who was the first person to utter the "madly rode off" quotation?

The great Canadian humorist, economist, and professor, Stephen Leacock, in his *Nonsense Novels* (1911), seemingly was the first to write this sentence. It appears in one of the stories in the book, "Gertrude the Governess: Or, Simple Seventeen."

The exact quotation is: "Lord Ronald said nothing; he flung himself from the room, flung himself upon the horse, and rode madly off in all directions."

A number of years ago, at a Georgist conference in Vancouver, British Columbia, I read this passage to the assembled conferees. I still remember the roar of laughter that followed.

— Jack Schwartzman

Concerning George and Lazarus

In addition to the reviews of Jack Schwartzman's pamphlet on Henry George and Emma Lazarus, published in a previous issue of *FRAGMENTS*, the following are recent letters on the same subject.

I think that overpopulation is one of the biggest hoaxes ever. Malthus doesn't seem as if he were insincere, but these days there is just nothing whatsoever to support the overpopulation paradigm and oh, so much contrary evidence. I could go on and on about the anti-human cultural effects of the overpopulation theory. Here is Bill Maher, host of "Politically Incorrect," recently saying (and he was not joking): "I'm pro-death in every sense of the word. I'm pro-abortion, I'm for the death penalty, I'm for physician-assisted suicide, I'm for regular suicide. I'm for anything that gets rid of people." And this is a very popular TV show (and a popular attitude).

Adam Monroe
Mamaroneck, New York

* * *

Obviously Malthus was quite wrong, as Henry George amply demonstrated, and the earth can support an almost unlimited number of people. However, in recent years I have begun to wonder if such a highly populated world is really the kind of place we want to live in. During my lifetime, I have seen small towns grow into large congested and polluted cities. Those of us who enjoy close contact with nature find fewer opportunities for such contact now that our National Parks are often exceedingly crowded.

Even some of the more drastic measures taken to reduce pollution of many kinds have had little effect because of the rapidly increasing world population. I do not believe that it will be possible to solve our environmental problems without first taking steps

drastically to reduce the rate of population increase throughout the world. Having said that, I am still a firm believer in the free movement of people between countries. Also, I believe that some of the measures being taken in the name of environmental protection are restricting our individual freedoms even more so than any population increase restrictions might.

David Simmons
Tucson, Arizona

* * *

I very much appreciated the pamphlet on Emma Lazarus and Henry George. The question of immigration always triggers my sentiments towards the native Americans. After all, if anyone has a greater right to be here, would it be I, the descendant of the Mayflower passengers, or the descendants of those who were on this continent for ten — or twenty thousand years? Some of the people attempting to emigrate into the United States are likely to be the descendants of those who migrated south of the Mexican border to escape extermination. Of course, neither they nor I have a *greater* right to America or Europe, or any other country.

Speaking of migration, it reminds me of how proud of Jack Schwartzman I was when he gave his anti-Columbus speech in Santo Domingo a few years ago.

Mike Curtis
Arden, Delaware

* * *

I just finished re-reading Jack Schwartzman's essay on Henry George and Emma Lazarus. It stands up very well on subsequent reading.

Felice Gruskin
Rego Park, New York

Sam Venturella (1922-2000): A Tribute

By JACK SCHWARTZMAN

I have known and admired Sam Venturella for over fifty years. His death in Chicago, on June 4, 2000, was a personal loss to Fannie and to me. Whenever the four of us (Sam, Dot — his inseparable wife and companion — Fannie, and I) met, we had a wonderful time. Our last meeting took place at the Georgist conference in New Jersey a few short years ago, and it was great to discuss the many things we shared in common.

It was truly an honor to me that Sam Venturella was the very first person to purchase my book, *Rebels of Individualism*, when it was published in 1949. He and I were intellectual soul-mates; we adhered to the principles of Henry George; we possessed the same unique sense of humor; we championed the right of every individual in the world to be free and have equal opportunity to life and livelihood; and we fervently espoused the slogan of peace and good will to all human beings on earth.

As director of the Henry George School in Chicago, Sam made remarkable progress in teaching. He managed to obtain numerous students for the school; and his associates and he were very successful in sharing their knowledge and wisdom with most of these students.

I was privileged to be a featured speaker at the Chicago conference several years ago; Sam was (obviously) the presiding genius of that gathering. I was also gratified that he accepted for publication my reminiscences of Anna George de Mille and Agnes de Mille. It seemed only yesterday when I submitted my article to him, and yet, it was quite a while back.

Sam succeeded Bob Clancy (another dear friend and colleague) as president of the Council of Georgist Organizations. Sam's last (1999) manuscript, "Land and Justice," which he mailed to me for comment, was a presentation in St. Peter's Church in Chicago. In January, 2000, he began (but did not finish) an essay about toll roads.

When I heard the sorrowful news of Sam's death, I made the following motion to the Board of Trustees of the Henry George School in New York, which was unanimously adopted:

"We learned, with deep sadness and regret, the passing on June 4, 2000, of our dear colleague and friend, Sam Venturella. He died in Chicago, a city which he enriched with his presence and his contribution to the Georgist philosophy. As director and teacher of the Henry George School in Chicago, Sam caused thousands of students to become aware of Henry George and the impact that George made on this world. It was to Sam's imperishable credit that he made so many learn so much.

"We shall miss Sam, and we shall also miss his wisdom, his humor, and his deep compassion. His influence will always be felt.

"To his wonderful Dorothy and to the other members of Sam's family, we send our condolences. We won't forget Sam; we shall always remember him as he was; we salute his spirit, his dedication, his faith, and his dreams."

Letters to the Editors

Recently, I read a book by G. Edward Griffin that left a deep impression on me. It is called *The Creature from Jekyll Island: A Second Look at the Federal Reserve* (Westlake Village, California: American Media, 1994). Griffin declares that the Federal Reserve is a catalyst for war — and should be abolished. It is a cartel — and the supreme instrument for usury. Also, Griffin claims, it is an instrument of totalitarianism.

According to the author, banks create fiat money without backing. The so-called money is just paper. If too many people would want to withdraw their savings, the banks would be unable to return the deposits.

In this book, the charges are hurled at the reader like cannon shots, and the reader is overwhelmed. Can all this be true? If true, why is there no organized opposition?

The author gives the reader a lesson in banking. He explains how fractional reserves allow banks to lend nine times the total of the deposits. The banks do not want their debtors to pay off the debts; all they want is interest, to be paid forever. If the banks make mistakes, they have many ways to get the government to bail them out.

Even Lewis Carroll, the creator of much whimsy and unbelievability, would not believe that this system (The Federal Reserve) is “alive and well” and can do so much damage.

I recommend that you, the reader of my letter, should read this book as soon as possible — and be prepared to be shocked out of your wits!

Jerry Schleicher
Palm Harbor, Florida

* * *

David and I just received the latest issue of *FRAGMENTS*. It looks so good, we'd like some extra copies to give to friends. I am enclosing a check for six copies.

I am glad you are settling into your new location; a seaside town sounds pleasant to those of us who now live way inland.

Sandy Booth
Austin, Texas

Prof. Dr. Helmut Jenkis makes the all-too-common mistake of regarding Max Stirner's *The Ego and His Own* as an anarchist work. It is not. Certainly there are parallels between some of Stirner's views and those of the anarchists, but they do not really meet. Anarchism is a creed of *renunciation*: domination of man by man is an evil and must be eliminated if “true” relations between human beings are to exist. In a nutshell: Dominating people is wrong. Stirner, however, has nothing against my dominating others if this is in my interest and within my capacity. Indeed, he explicitly states that “I do not want the liberty of men, nor their equality; I only want my power over them.”

As for his famous “union of egoists,” this was much more a metaphor for the Stirnerian egoist's attitude to what is than a blueprint for a new society.

To properly understand *The Ego and His Own*, it needs to be read without the preconceptions that are provided by ideologies such as anarchism.

S. E. Parker
London, U. K.

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John Zube
Berrima, NSW, Australia

The following news item appeared in the *New York Post*, sometime in the spring or summer, 2000:

“When moderator Chris Matthews read a quote from a commentary written in 1964 by a Manhattan college student named Rudolph Giuliani [now mayor of New York City], who wrote of then-Senate candidate Robert F. Kennedy that the carpetbagger issue is a truly ridiculous reason for not voting for a man, the mayor-to-be Giuliani brought down the house with his response. Said the mayor: ‘It reminds me of the great quote of Winston Churchill: “Any person that isn’t a liberal at 20 has no heart, and any person that isn’t a conservative by 40 has no brain.”’

I am adding the above quotation to the great number of similar statements gathered by Jack Schwartzman for his entertaining article entitled, “20/30/40 Communist/Socialist Quotation: Who said It?” which appeared in the Fall, 1995, issue of *FRAGMENTS*.

Dr. Mark Cannon
New York, New York

(Jack Schwartzman's note: I thank Dr. Cannon for his comment and the news item. In the “20/30/40. . .” article, I mentioned the following people as the possible originators of the quotation, and reprinted the alleged words of Georges Clemenceau, Aristide Briand, George Bernard Shaw, David Lloyd George, Wendell L. Willkie, “an Angolan Guerrilla,” Benjamin Disraeli, Robert Louis Stevenson, Muhammed Ali, Winston Churchill, Otto von Bismarck, William Ralph Inge, Maurice Maeterlinck, Alphonse de Lamartine, and François Guizot. Subsequent issues featured comments by various readers concerning the abovementioned people — and other “quoters.” A most original letter came from my colleague, Sydney A. Mayers, who quoted a much, much earlier reference, namely, St. Paul's famous utterance: “When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.”)