FRAGMENTS

Vol. XXV–XXXIII Spring, 1995 No. 1

Cellini and Rumbold: Footnotes of History

By JACK SCHWARTZMAN

"Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it."
—William Shakespeare, *Macbeth*

"Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest . . ."
—Thomas Gray, *Elegy*

WHAT IS THE PURPOSE of human existence? Is it to live merely to die? Is it to be part of a totality: the family, the community, the state, the world? Is it to be oneself: one alone? Is it to obtain wealth, honor, or power? Is it to experience pleasure, happiness, or joy? Is it to accept sadness, resignation, or suffering? Is it to achieve success, knowledge, or wisdom? Is it to worship God, Satan, Caesar, Nature, Oneself — or no one at all? Is it to live a *carpe diem* existence: to seize each day; to gather the "rosebuds" while one may? Is it to live and love in the *longer* sense of the word: to recognize, as Shakespeare did, that "Love's not Time's Fool," and that both life and love are immortal?

Or: Is the purpose of life self-fulfillment?

"The Child is Father of the Man," stated Wordsworth. Each person comes into the world a ready-made package, decided *a priori,* yet with a free will to pursue or to avoid the bent for self-realization. The individual is not formed by heredity, or by environment, or by predestination. Nor is the individual born a *tabula rasa,* a blank slate, upon which the chalk marks of life are recorded. (All experiences mold; they do not create.) Each person exists to bring about the culmination of his or her own plans, previously jotted down in the diary of the soul. If a person lives in accordance with Design, such Design is of his or her own making, not that of irreversible Fate or blind Determinism.

There is a purpose to life — and that purpose lies, self-planted, deep within each being.

* * *

Having read, many years ago, *The Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini,* I was much intrigued by the exciting adventures, amours, writings, and sculptures of this noted figure of the Renaissance. Yet, shortly after I had finished reading the classic, I came across an art manual which described Cellini (1500–1572), in one brief footnote, as "a goldsmith and a chaser of metal, and an adventurer and charlatan to boot, who rose to great heights in *Victorious Perseus.*" That was all.

A footnote!

On the one hand, pages and pages devoted to the description of the making of his masterpiece; on the other hand, one very "skimpy" footnote that summarized his entire life with an almost-disdainful dismissal! What a contrast! What a disillusionment!

However, long, long reflection brought forth the sobering realization that human life is, at best, a mere footnote.[1] The vast majority of people never have had, or never will have, the privilege of becoming *even* footnotes! Their lives, alas, have been, or will be, obliterated by Time.

* * *

One truly obscure footnote of history, who was literally born to die (in order to be remembered) was Richard Rumbold, who lived in England from 1622 to 1685. His claim to fame rests entirely on the one statement that he made on the scaffold, minutes before his execution.

Who was he? A soldier in Cromwell's army, he subsequently became one of the guards surrounding the scaffold where Charles I died. (They who live by the scaffold, die by the scaffold!) After the Restoration, Rumbold was accused of masterminding the aborted assassinations of the king and his brother, and fled to Holland.

In 1685, Rumbold was one of the two officers who led the invasion of Great Britain to overthrow James II. Rumbold was defeated, severely wounded, and tried for treason. In his courageous defense before the Court, he declared that no king had a right to violate the provisions of the Social Contract, entered into by a monarch and the people. Once a ruler breached the Contract, as James I I allegedly did, he had to be removed, by force if necessary. "If every hair of my head were a man," Rumbold cried out, "in this quarrel I would venture them all."

Sentenced to die immediately, he uttered, proudly and defiantly, the ringing words that survived the passing of centuries. His statement begs to be enshrined as a Creed of Individualism:

"I am sure that there was no man marked of God above another; for none comes into the world with a saddle on his back; neither does one come booted and spurred to ride him!"

***

What, therefore, is the purpose of human existence?

It is, for each person (as in the cases of Cellini and Rumbold), to fulfill (or desperately try to fulfill) one's self-appointed Design to become (or desperately try to become) a glorious footnote at the bottom of the Page of Life!

[1]The dictionary defines "footnote" as "a note or comment at the foot of the page." The reader will kindly note that, thanks to the whimsy of the author, this footnote is deliberately placed here.

Henry D.'s Influence

By HERBERT SHELLEY GOOD

I AM TAKING a privilege I seldom assume: that of departing from the editorial "we," and speaking rather to a group of Thoreauvian zealots, sort of man to men.

The word "individualism" comes immediately to the foreground when I hear the name Thoreau. An individual is required for individualism. I am an individual. Everything is individual.

If you feel you possess a mark of difference to which you can point, you are a step beyond being an individual: you are an "—ist."

I think I am one.

I believe that there is a prerequisite qualification for individualism: one must object, complain, beef, or rebel against something. If one is rebuffed by an attitude of "I couldn't care less," or "You can't fight City Hall," or "You may be right, but it isn't worth the effort," it may be frustrating, but it cannot discourage the conscientious individualist. In fact, a man is an individual whether he wants to be or not, and while his attempts to conform to a pattern of his choice may subdue his individualism, it can never be wholly overcome.

Being classified as a Presbyterian, an Arab, a Catholic, a Mormon, a Democrat, a Jew, or a Mason, places a man in a category which denies him the kind of individualism that Henry David exemplified, and for which I pay him homage. People everywhere ply you with personal questions, determine fragments of your thinking, and then, without further consultation, pack you and your thoughts into the category-can they have picked for you. I once wrote a bit which contained a sentence attractive to a feminine reader who coyly said, "You got that from Shakespeare," to which I could only reply, "Who's he?" You may classify me any way you wish: as young or old, smart or stupid, pretty or unattractive. It's your doing, and has nothing to do with me ! I am an individual, nothing more, nothing less; and because I know I am, I am an individualist.

And thank you for your influence, Henry David Thoreau.

As Little Children

By GEORGE B. BRINGMANN

Where goes the child?
Where goes the forthright honesty
To voice protest
Against what pleases him to think
Is wrong (however incorrect he is) —
To make protest
Against what he believes
Encroaches on his exercise of will?
Where goes this natural rebel,
This pure, unschooled, unwise,
This honest, fearless child of man?
Where goes the child ?

When does he learn
That silence over wrong done him
Or done upon another
Seems better than protest — for him?
When do his fears
Spawn meek adjustment
To the politics of life
And to conform
To keep still-born
The honest thoughts that flash
across his mind?
And thus become as you and I
And all of us: his teachers?
Where goes the child?
When does he learn?

Where did WE go,
This child which once we were?
When did we learn to suffer wrong,
To stand mute at injustice,
To drown our thoughts and honesty
For that scant measure of respect
Which others, quite like us –
No better or no worse,
Hold for themselves in vanity
No firmer founded than our own?
Where did WE go?
Where went this child WE were,
This honest, pure, unwise
But loving rebel wraith
Who held the Keys to Heaven?
Where, where did we go?

In the Shadow of Thoreau

By LEONARD F. KLEINFELD

I FIRST HEARD of Henry David Thoreau when I attended a private school in New York City. In the local branch of the public library, I came across Thoreau's book, *Cape Cod.*

To me, born on the East Side of New York City, the book opened undreamed-of vistas. The Cape was a far cry from the rough and dirty cobblestones, factory workers, sickening poverty, constant rush, and deafening noise.

I was determined to know more about a man who could write about the wonders of such an unbelievable dream world. I read the very fine biography of Thoreau by Salt. I read Thoreau's immortal *Walden.* It became my bedside bible, I learned that understanding comes through education, not fear; that one of man's noblest assets is his integrity. Thus, I never lived a life of quiet desperation.

In 1919, I first visited Walden Pond. I have been there, since then, many, many times but that first impression lingers on. It was an early morning, and I was entranced by the green shimmering of the surface of the pond. Nature's early morning oratorio was enhanced by a variety of bird calls and whispering wind that re-echoed Nature's sounds. I reverently strolled around a trail that might have been blazed by Indians on hallowed ground that held so much enchantment for Thoreau. As the morning mist ascended, I envisioned the vapor gradually taking the shape of an ethereal apparition in the design of a small child who bore a resemblance to the infant, Henry David Thoreau. As I took leave of Nature's cathedral, I lingered at the cairn site.

Since then, I traveled as Thoreau's "representative" all over the world, always wondering why people were in such desperate haste to succeed in such desperate enterprises. If I have not kept pace with my companions, perhaps it is because I have heard a different drummer and stepped to the music that I have heard.

My greatest thrill came when I was elected President of the Henry David Thoreau Society of America. I shall never forget the feeling.

Let us teach more, learn more, read more, talk more, and live more in the tradition of Thoreau, and pay homage to the glory of the individual.

Man of Culture

By EDMUND A. OPITZ

ALBERT JAY NOCK's book of essays entitled *On Doing the Right Thing* appeared in 1928. "They bear on various aspects of the same subject," said Nock in the Preface to this volume, "namely, the quality of civilization in the United States."

The opening essay had been written as an Introduction to the writings of Artemus Ward published in 1924, the final year of the old *Freeman*. Wherein is American civilization defective ? asks Nock. In its one-sidedness, he replies. "Ward represents the ideal of this civilization as falling in with one only of the several instincts that urge men onward in the quest of perfection, the instinct of expansion. The claim of expansion is abundantly satisfied by Ward's America; the civilization about him is cordial to the instinct of expansion, fosters it, and makes little of the obligation to scrupulousness or delicacy in its exercise." Pressing home the charge, Nock continues: "For the claim of instincts other than the instinct of expansion, Ward's America does nothing. It does nothing for the claim of intellect and knowledge (aside from purely instrumental knowledge), nothing for that claim of beauty and poetry, the claim of morals and religion, the claim of social life and manners."

Nock makes frequent references to Matthew Arnold in his various writings, but even if Arnold had never been mentioned by name, a reading of such a passage as this would send the student of English Literature back to the author of *Culture and Anarchy*.

Both Arnold and Nock were fastidious and cultivated men, living in an age given over to Barbarians and Philistines. Arnold's contemporaries, as he viewed them, embraced "the ideal of a life so unlovely, so unattractive, so incomplete, so narrow, so far removed from a true and satisfying ideal of human perfection," that his books might be regarded as acts of purgation, and this is especially true of *Culture and Anarchy*. Arnold defines culture as "a pursuit of our total perfection by means of getting to know, on all the matters which concern us, the best which has been thought and said in the world; and through this knowledge, turning a stream of fresh and free thought upon our stock notions and habits." The end Arnold has in mind, he writes, "is simply the enabling ourselves, whether by reading, observing, or thinking, to come as near as we can to the firm intelligible law of things."

Social machinery and legislative gadgetry were on the altar before which Arnold's England and Nock's America worshipped. Public opinion swarmed from one panacea to another: universal literacy, extension of the franchise, birth control, socialism, public power, trade unionism, the War on Poverty — the list is endless. Arnold got his degree from Oxford in 1843; Albert Jay Nock died a little more than a century later. This hundred year period exceeds any other in human history in the number and variety of schemes designed to usher in the millennium by altering man's outward circumstances. These panaceas were borne on a tide of Jacobinism, whose earmarks, Arnold observed, were "violent indignation of the past, abstract systems of renovation applied wholesale, a new doctrine drawn up in black and white for elaborating down to the very smallest details a rational society for the future." Culture, he continued, "is the eternal opponent of the two things which are the signal marks of Jacobinism — its fierceness, and its addiction to an abstract system."

In a Jacobin society, the apostle of culture is bound to be a superfluous man for, as a representative of the private and the personal, he is an affront to an ideology committed to the public and the mechanical. Culture can begin only from within. It "is a study of perfection, and of harmonious perfection, general perfection, and perfection which consists in *becoming* something rather than in *having* something, in an inward condition of the mind and spirit, not in an outward set of circumstances." Unless a society is leavened by men and women pursuing this ideal it cannot flourish; but no society tolerates such people gladly.

Where should we look for such exemplars to appear? The answer is that such persons might emerge anywhere; they constitute a portion of The Remnant, and The Remnant is not limited to any profession or class or nation. Arnold himself was an inspector of schools, and as one of his editors remarked: "The life of an inspector under the revised code must have been well-nigh unendurable, and Arnold endured it for twenty-four years." His public life has come to nothing, but his private life is an underground stream which is still being tapped.

And so it is with Albert Jay Nock. Nock did not stride across the world stage, after the manner of the social, political and literary lions of his time. But who now hears their roars ? Nock did not kick up a breeze, nor ignite a blaze, nor have his hand in earth-shaking events. These things pass and are forgotten; but a still, small voice persists — and its accents are those of A.J.N.

ROBERT CLANCY
R. I. P.

As we belatedly go to press, we are saddened by news of the death of Robert Clancy, former director of the Henry George School, founder and president of the Henry George Institute, and a dear personal friend and colleague. With deep sorrow, we dedicate this edition of FRAGMENTS to his memory, and plan a retrospect of his busy and fruitful life in a future issue.

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

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Authors of this Issue

All six of the founding editors of FRAGMENTS are represented in this reprint issue. Jack Schwartzman and Sydney A. Mayers are the only two survivors. The other four, who died a number of years ago, were Frank Chodorov, Leonard F. Kleinfeld, George B. Bringmann, and Herbert Shelley Good. Oscar B. Johannsen, who joined FRAGMENTS shortly after its inception, is the third editor of the current editorial board.

Jack Schwartzman is professor emeritus, attorney (retired), a director of the Henry George Institute, a director of the University Professors for Academic Order, and writer and public speaker.

Sydney A. Mayers is treasurer and trustee of the Henry George School, New York, president of the Henry George Institute, attorney (retired), and writer and public speaker.

Oscar B. Johannsen is vice-president and trustee of the Henry George School, New York, executive director and secretary of the Robert Schalkenbach Foundation, and writer and public speaker.

Frank Chodorov, "granddaddy" of many libertarian, conservative, and Georgist organizations, was director of the Henry George School, editor of several prominent magazines, author of noted books, and public speaker.

Leonard F. Kleinfeld, one-time president of the Thoreau Society, was also a writer, public speaker, and world traveler.

George B. Bringmann was a Henry George School teacher, as well as writer/poet, and public speaker.

Herbert Shelley Good was a Henry George School teacher, as well as writer and public speaker.

Irving Starer, associate editor of FRAGMENTS, is trustee of the Henry George School, New York, civil engineer (retired), and teacher and writer.

Donna Schwartz Bratstein, associate editor of FRAGMENTS, was a business executive and a poet of promise. Young and beautiful, she died in 1994. The entire FRAGMENTS family laments its loss.

William F. Buckley, Jr., well-known editor of *The National Review,* is one of the outstanding conservative thinkers of America.

Robert Clancy, former director of the Henry George School, New York, was president of the Henry George Institute, as well as artist, editor, writer, and public speaker. He died in February, 1995, while this issue was being readied for publication.

Walter Harding, the "living Henry David Thoreau," is distinguished professor emeritus, author of innumerable books on Thoreau, and (for many decades) executive secretary of the Thoreau Society.

Edmund A. Opitz, for years a key figure at the Foundation for Economic Education, is also an associate editor of *The Freeman,* clergyman, author, public speaker, and co-founder of the Albert Jay Nock Society (*the Remnant*).

Robert LeFevre, famous libertarian, was president of Rampart College and the Freedom School, and, in addition, editor, author, and public speaker. He died in 1986.

Murray N. Rothbard, distinguished professor, eminent libertarian, economist, historian, student of Ludwig von Mises, was also editor of *The Free Market,* author, and public speaker. He died in January, 1995.

The Great Leader

By FRANK CHODOROV

Now that the birth of the Great Society has been announced with joyous fanfare, the time has come to study the mental processes of its arch-priest, the Great Leader.

Why do people seek a "leader"? Simply because they lack confidence in themselves. They repose their trust, instead, in the one person whose pursuits are non-productive.

Take President Johnson for example. Here is a man who has no interest in economics, and knows no economic laws except those which affect his political prestige. Whatever he says — whether it be in regard to Viet Nam or the "war on poverty" or land conservation — must be considered from the strictly political point of view. If an economic proposal is "good" politics, it is good economics. This is as far as his economic wisdom can go.

There are two methods of making a living. The first is the *economic* method. The vast mass of the people make their living in this fashion. They utilize the laws of nature to create values. They are the producers. The second is the *political* method. This is the method of criminals and politicians who live either by stealing or by taxing. They produce nothing. They give nothing. They only take. For their talents, they are either put behind bars, or get the adulation of the public. The more promises the politician gives (and this is the *only* thing he may be said to "give"), the more gratitude does he get.

After being elevated to his pinnacle, the Great Leader begins to take himself seriously. He resents criticism. He recognizes that he has been chosen by Destiny to lead his people out of the wilderness. His pronouncements are wildly acclaimed. He becomes the Savior of Mankind. The people begin to regard him as their Benefactor and Guardian Angel.

Some day, perhaps, this nation may again become a nation of people — not bureaucrats — and the Great Leader may have to scrounge around for an honest living. When that day comes, this essay will become obsolete.

Men Against the State

By OSCAR B. JOHANNSEN

As the American State gains greater power over the individual, and as the invasion of personal rights grows ever more irritating, people are becoming increasingly restive over this cancerous growth. Too much of the tradition of freedom still motivates Americans for them not to react to the oppressive hand of Big Government as it invades business, and social and personal life. If nothing else, the alphabetical agencies which have been spawned have become so obnoxious that it was inevitable that a reaction would ensue. The youthful libertarian movement is but one manifestation of this reaction, and the growing resistance by business to the red tape of regulatory agencies is another.

Seeking means to combat this menace of monolithic government, the literati among the populace are apt to turn to America's 19th Century literary giant, Henry Thoreau, inasmuch as his "Civil Disobedience" was and is today a clarion call for the individual to stand up to the State.

But an important segment of the people, particularly among the young, whether they are aware of it or not, have greater empathy with other 19th Century American anti-statists who were more outspoken than Thoreau. Possibly without realizing it, many of the young antistatists are echoing the thinking of such American radicals of the 19th Century as Josiah Warren, Lysander Spooner, Benjamin R. Tucker, and others not quite so well known. The people of this group, who have been characterized as individualist anarchists, come to life in Dr. James J. Martin's scholarly monograph, *Men Against the State.* This work should be read by all anti-statists, for it points up not only the fallacies but the wisdom of much of the thinking of these radicals.

These 19th Century anarchists were not the bomb-throwing crackpots usually associated in the minds of people when anarchism is mentioned. On the contrary, they were highly intelligent and socially motivated individuals who abhorred violence, just as the typical young libertarian of today does.

The philosophy which they espoused was a belief in the ability of men to establish a non-coercive, voluntary cooperative society. Possibly Benjamin R. Tucker summed up the abstract details of this philosophy in his anti-statist remedy: "Free access to the world of matter, abolishing land monopoly: free access to the world of mind, abolishing idea monopoly; free access to an untaxed and unprivileged market, abolishing tariff monopoly and money monopoly,—secure these, and all the rest shall be added unto you. For liberty is the remedy of every social evil, and to Anarchy the world must look at last for any enduring guarantee of social order."

Much of this is essentially the thinking implicit in present-day thought of young libertarians. So, if this is anarchism, these young people are anarchists at heart, but probably would recoil from being so labeled, for the word "anarchist," as everyone knows, has attained an unenviable, pejorative connotation.

For the most part, the 19th Century anti-statists had no definitive picture of the type of society or the social organizations which would evolve in a stateless society. Their efforts were primarily devoted to exposing the fallacies of governmental interventions then existing and attempting to influence the masses by showing the superiority of a non-coercive society. In essence, their argument was that most of the social problems which existed were caused by the State, and that its reduction or elimination would mean the elimination or at least the reduction of these problems. They fought the growing Institutionalism of their day, and championed individual initiative.

A similarity which is quite striking appears in the writings and activities of the anti-statists of this generation, for they are primarily devoted to attacking Big Government. The assumption is that the elimination of such interference would result in a society in which the individual would be best able to attain his maximum potential, if he so desired. What type of society might ensue is not too often alluded to, although David Friedman, son of the Nobel prize-winning economist, Milton Friedman, in *The Machinery of Freedom,* does give some indication of what he believes would evolve.

If today's libertarian thinkers are finding themselves, in effect, redoing the work of their 19th Century forbears, a question naturally arises: Why were these older radicals so unsuccessful; for the State is now greater and more obnoxious than in their day?

No doubt, any number of apologies might be offered. But to this writer, the principal reason is the faulty economic underpinning of most of their work. Many of them evolved unsound economic and monetary theories, such as Lysander Spooner's mortgage-backed currency. As with most of today's libertarian thinkers, they were most adept in criticizing the invasion of privacy and in decrying the loss of freedom. But practical economic policies seem to elude them.

In particular, while they recognized the necessity of land being freely accessible, even so astute a student of the land problem as Joshua K. Ingalls did not come up with a workable solution. Instead of seeing in Henry George's work an answer to this problem, they attacked George, for they feared that his solution would increase rather than decrease the power of the State.

It is to be hoped that today's Men Against the State will not make the mistake of their anarchistic ancestors. Instead, if they will acquire that fundamental knowledge of man's relationship to the land and the practical answer required in modern society to enhance that relationship, the possibility exists that success, rather than failure, will crown the efforts of this generation of antistatists.

HELLO AGAIN!

Once again FRAGMENTS awakens from a period of hibernation, ready to take up where we paused about nine years ago. Much has occurred during that brief span. Yet, happily, one thing has not changed: the quest for truth, for justice, for liberty. FRAGMENTS remains devoted to that enterprise. So, heartened by the continued loyalty of our readers, we don the gauntlets we had dropped. To reintroduce ourselves to our old friends, and to say hello to new ones, we are presenting herewith an all-reprint edition containing many gems from the past. We hope you will like them; we hope that you will be glad to see us anew. As Victor Laszlo said to Rick Blaine, "Welcome back to the fight!"

—The Editors

Frank Chodorov: Teacher

By ROBERT LEFEVRE

THE STOCKY figure with the pipe sat at the desk tamping tobacco into his ever-present briar. Crumbs of tobacco cascaded down his ample foyer and cluttered the otherwise clear space before him.

"The trouble with you conservatives," he observed with twinkling eye and protruding lip, "is that you keep asking for the government to do your job for you. We need some people around who are anti-statists. You conservatives don't really like the state, but you act as if you couldn't get along without it."

A class at the Freedom School was in progress at Rampart College, in Colorado, and Frank Chodorov was presiding. There was never a question as to where Frank stood. He was opposed to socialism in all its forms. There was never a question as to Frank's antecedents, either. Born a Jew, and with the map of Israel stamped on his prominent features, he offered an unforgettable picture of kindness and intellect working as a team.

He had neither political ambition nor political illusions. Freedom was his dream and the key to his thinking.

Frank was not an economist. He had studied economics as a student of the Henry George School, through which he had risen to become one of its more distinguished teachers.

It was here at Rampart that he obtained what was, perhaps, the deepest wish of his life: to have serious-minded students in a class with him, where he had the time to take up the study of all types of socialism and to reveal and expound upon their logical and economic weaknesses.

While Frank was giving a talk to a graduating class in the summer of 1961, when he was a resident instructor, fate, in the form of a cerebral hemorrhage, struck him down. He was never able after that date to resume a productive schedule.

Those who sat at the feet of Frank Chodorov received an indelible impression. Here was a knowledgeable man and a gifted exponent of liberty. His eyes twinkled with good humor almost constantly. I do not recall ever seeing him resentful or angry, even in the face of exasperating density. He reserved his scorn for government lackeys and those who continually rushed to the state for money or other favors.

One day in class, two very fine ladies of divergent religious faiths began a heated discussion of theology. One lady was a Catholic; the other, a Christian Scientist. Each defended her position with fervor while making unsubtle comments concerning the beliefs of the other.

Finally, as both contestants paused for breath, Frank's voice boomed clear. "The trouble with you Christians," he said kindly, "is that you sound just like Jews."

And there was the evening when a particularly determined young man repeatedly objected to the presumed state of the world if we could not have social security, and other tax-supported benefits.

"What would happen," he cried, "if the government stopped providing these things and the market place didn't step in to help?"

Frank paused before answering.

"You'd suffer," was his brief dismissal.

Possibly the apex of these Chodorovisms was provided one day when someone insisted that the cure for all ills was to elect Republicans to office. Elect Republicans.

Frank smiled and took his time relighting his pipe. Then he rumbled, "The trouble with you Republicans is that you are proposing to clean up the whore house but you expect to leave the business intact."

Frank and I had only one major point of difference. He had been trained as a Georgist, and whenever the discussion of land arose, he was prone to revert to Georgist solutions. We never had a falling out over this matter. But our views were distinct and divergent. In private, Frank would admit that the Georgist offering was not practical. But, because of his long support of the doctrines of *Progress and Poverty,* it was difficult for him to see any other way of dealing with the scarce factor of land.

Once, following a long discussion on the subject, he struck his colors. "You are right, Bob," he conceded. "The Georgist solution is only a panacea." Nonetheless, to the best of my knowledge, he continued to support the Georgist doctrine.

With the passing of the years, Frank became increasingly pessimistic concerning the chances of regaining freedom of enterprise in America. "It's hopeless," he would say. "Too many people approve of the goodies the government gives them. We'll all be good little socialists by and by." But his efforts never slackened.

What was to be his last lecture was on the subject of bureaucracy. He had given the talk once before, and it had so impressed me that unbeknownst to myself I had it virtually committed to memory.

On that tragic evening, with a graduating student body and many of their parents and friends in attendance, Frank's marvelous strength and magnificent intellectual presence failed him. I introduced him, and he took his place at the lectern, but it was at once apparent that something was wrong.

There was a pasty-white circle centered on his face, and his voice was a mere whisper, and his mind wandered. In vain, I tried to signal him to go back to his seat, and we'd improvise something else. He stood doggedly on his feet, swaying and trying to summon the articulate assurance that until that moment had never deserted him.

The audience knew. Tears and sobs filled the room when we finally prevailed upon him to desist. And I have always thought that the most difficult thing Frank ever did was in that crowning effort — actually to quit. He went down fighting.

So, to a heartbroken group of students, I delivered the speech he had planned on making. It was probably the worst situation in which I had ever found myself. No one could be a substitute for Frank Chodorov.

And so, one of the great spirits of our century has left the scene. I have learned many things from many men, but among the foremost who have left a lasting impression was this giant of a man; a brilliant writer whose voice and whose pen were never still so long as he was granted strength to use them.

Fortunately for those of us who remain, Frank put many of his ideas into books and articles that can be preserved and read and reread as long as paper and printing presses continue to serve. I miss him. He was both teacher and friend.

Kaleidoscopic Gems

By SYDNEY A. MAYERS

From time to time I am chided by a friend or neighbor because of a thought or comment I may utter, on the ground that the words I have spoken, being critical, abusive, or perhaps merely indiscreet, were better left unsaid. My reaction to that kind of rebuke is frankly quite negative. My belief is that what I say, or how I say it, or why I say it, is not an objective issue. The meaningful consideration, to my mind, is whether my statement is true.

* * *

It is intriguing to recollect the reading matter that was considered risqué when I was a youth, and to recapture in retrospect the piquant enjoyment one then experienced whilst perusing the naughty works of Rabelais, Boccaccio, or Queen Marguerite of Navarre. Even more daring was the shamefaced thrill of poring over the shockingly salacious books by such modern writers as D. H. Lawrence, Henry Miller, or James Joyce. Obviously, these "thrills" no longer exist. I wonder what literary fare could possibly titillate young people nowadays, when "literature" abounds with expressions once seen mostly on the walls of public toilets, and encompasses activities that by comparison put *Fanny Hill* in the class of a first-grade primer. Let me hasten to aver I am no prude, and I thoroughly favor calling a spade a spade. I just do not think it invariably necessary to call it a dirty, lousy, stinking, son-of-a-bitch of a spade.

* * *

In the course of several decades at various bars of justice, including some years as a quasi-prosecutor, I have been seeking a logical justification for the prevalent legal principle known as the "presumption of innocence." I realize this time-honored concept is a bulwark of western civilization, and to question its purpose is tantamount to casting aspersions on mother love, apple pie, or the World Series. I assure you I esteem all these lofty mores. Nevertheless, I dare to posit a sincere query: when an accusative finger is pointed at the brow of one alleged to have committed a felonious no-no, why is there not raised the simple objective issue of innocence or guilt, without prejudgment one way or t'other? Why should there be a presumption of innocence any more than a presumption of guilt? I merely ask the question, which I concede may be rhetorical. If there is an answer, other than an outpouring of emotional oratory expounding the glories of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence, I would be delighted to receive it.

Each morning, whilst scraping away the crop of manly bristles that have developed since last I took Bic shaver in hand, I gaze politely (if quizzically) at the strange character staring back at me, and wonder who he is. I know his name is the same as the one I am called, but surely this is pure coincidence; we are not at all alike. Short in stature, a bit obese at the waist, and not exactly hirsute on top, the fellow my mirror reflects seems a simple, unprepossessing soul. I, however, tall, handsome, and debonair, stand god-like and stalwart, defiantly ready to take on the world, if need be (I think). What a puzzlement! Maybe the man in the mirror is the real "me," and I a mere poseur. Or perhaps the outer façade obscures the true person within. It's fun trying to determine which is which. In any case, like Messrs. Mitty and Quixote before me, I can dream, can't I?

* * *

Most often a pejorative connotation exists when someone is referred to as being "lazy," a strong implication of good-for-nothing shiftlessness. "Lazy bones" proverbially never gets the day's work done. Small towns show off the local loafer, along with the town drunk, the town schnorrer, and the town atheist. I consider this kind of thinking rank injustice, and I rise to defend the indolent. I protest the maligning of a type I look upon as one of the most important elements in a productive society. The world owes much to lazy people, whose very allergy to exertion prompts them to devise more efficient means of accomplishing burdensome tasks. Surely it was a sluggard who first discovered that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. Labor-saving devices, the cornerstone of modern civilization, are invented not by the diligent (who do not mind work), but by the slothful (who abhor it). To find a better way, to produce more with less labor, these are the aims of the confirmed idler, he realizing that the less one must work, the more time there is for repose. All hail the inspired drone, whose cleverness reveals how to relieve us all from drudgery. Henry George pointed out that man seeks to satisfy his desires with the least effort. He might have added that the lazier the man, the more assiduously he seeks to lessen the effort involved.

On occasion I reminisce pleasantly, recalling the salad days when I devoured the printed page as if it were ambrosia. I refer not to classic literature, such as was my fare in school or college, but rather to personal reading matter, chosen perhaps as much for entertainment as for enlightenment. As I think back, I try to conjecture what fills this need among the young today. Who has taken the place of O. Henry, of Richard Harding Davis, of Saki, of Conan Doyle? What current novel offers joy comparable to a first reading of *Zuleika Dobson*? Where is the counterpart of Sinclair Lewis's *Arrowsmith* or Richard Llewellyn's *How Green Was My Valley*? I wonder: were the good old days truly better, or am I approaching the fuddy-duddy stage?

* * *

There reposes on a shelf at my abode a small *Limoges* plate, which I count as one of my few mundane treasures. I so consider it not because of its intrinsic value (which is slight) or its decorative beauty (though it is quite charming). What impresses me is the sentiment inscribed upon this little *objet d'art:* "Le bonheur est la seule chose que l'on puisse donner même quand on en a pas."

The smattering of French I acquired at Stuyvesant High School luckily enables me, in behalf of those unfamiliar with *la belle langue française,* to Anglicize this brief legend thus: "Happiness is the only thing you can give even when you yourself have none." I do no more than translate. I make no comment. The thought speaks for itself.

* * *

There is extant a widespread alegation that the well-being of human associations depends upon the establishing of a "fifty-fifty" relationship between those involved. Each participant in any mutual undertaking, be it marriage, friendship or business, must (we are told) "go half-way" toward the other. I am not in accord with such advice, well meant though it may be. The intransigent limitation it proposes clearly must fail in its purpose, for the line arbitrarily drawn inevitably constitutes a point of challenge, not one of harmony. I do not believe that life is a "fifty-fifty proposition," meriting but a half-measure of ourselves. True sentiments cannot be governed by mathematical computation. If a relationship has meaning and value, you do not stubbornly say "I'll go so far and no further." You gladly go all the way.

Albert Jay Nock, Radical

By MURRAY N. ROTHBARD

IT HAS HAPPENED with every great radical in history: the moment he dies and is safely interred, interpreters and commentators leap in to dilute and bowdlerize his thought and his stature, and often succeed in transforming his public image into that of a safe and sound member of the conservative Establishment. The process almost succeeded with Thoreau: that fiery individualist, anarchist, and John Brown abolitionist, has been transmuted into a gentle and eccentric lover of nature. Only recently has Thoreau's essential radicalism been rediscovered.

This bowdlerizing process has also been at work with the remains of Albert Jay Nock: that individualist, anarchist, and "isolationist" has been rapidly transformed into a sober, conservative thinker, his shade virtually made to rest cozily on conservative mastheads. Nock, like his spiritual ancestor Thoreau, deserves better of history. Frank Chodorov once wrote that anyone who calls him a "conservative" deserves a punch in the nose, and the same fate might well be meted out to those who are trying to pin that label on Albert Jay Nock.

Nock, the author of "An Anarchist's Progress," defined the State as that institution which "claims and exercises the monopoly of crime" over its assumed territorial area. "It forbids private murder, but itself organizes murder on a colossal scale. It punishes private theft, but itself lays unscrupulous hands on anything it wants, whether the property of citizen or of alien."

Hence he favorably quoted Mencken's charge that the State is "the common enemy of all well-disposed, industrious and decent men." Is this conservatism, with its theocracy, its witch-hunts and censorship, its cry of "support your local police" ?

Conservatives worship at the hallowed shrine of the American Constitution. Contrast Nock's realistic and blistering critique of that document in *Our Enemy the State:*

"American economic interests had fallen into two grand divisions, the special interests in each having made common cause with a view to capturing control of the political means. One division comprised the speculating, industrial-commercial and creditor interests, with their natural allies of the bar and bench, the pulpit and the press. The other comprised the farmers and artisans and the debtor class generally . . .

"The national scheme (as put forth in the Constitution) was by far the more congenial to those interests (of the first division) because it enabled an ever-closer centralization of control over the political means. For instance . . . many an industrialist could see the great primary advantage of being able to extend his exploiting operations over a nation-wide free-trade area walled-in by a general tariff; the closer the centralization, the larger the exploitable area. Any speculator in rental-values would be quick to see the advantage of bringing this form of opportunity under unified control. Any speculator in depreciated public securities would be strongly for a system that could offer him the use of the political means to bring back their face-value. Any shipowner or foreign trader would be quick to see that his bread was buttered on the side of a national State which, if properly approached, might lend him the use of the political means by way of a subsidy, or would be able to back up some profitable but dubious freebooting enterprise with 'diplomatic representations' or with reprisals.

"The farmers and the debtor class in general ... [were not agreeable to] setting up a national replica of the British merchant-State, which they perceived was precisely what the classes grouped in the opposing grand division wished to do. These classes aimed at bringing in the British system of economics, politics and judicial control, on a nation-wide scale; and the interests grouped in the second division saw that what this would really come to was a shifting of the incidence of economic exploitation upon themselves...

"The [Constitutional] convention was made up wholly of men representing the economic interests of the first division. The great majority of them, possibly as many as four-fifths, were public creditors; one-third were land-speculators; some were money-lenders; one-fifth were industrialists, traders, shippers; and many of them were lawyers. They planned and executed a coup d'état, *simply tossing the Articles of Confederation into the wastebasket, and drafting a constitution* de novo . . ."

Nock despised plutocratic Conservatism, and rightly saw Herbert Hoover as the embodiment of this point of view. Understanding the big business origins of statism in modern America, Nock heaped scorn upon the conservatives who joined him in opposing the New Deal which they themselves had prefigured.

Above all, Albert Jay Nock hated militarism and intervention into foreign wars, and he opposed staunchly not only World Wars I and II but also, and with particular vehemence, America's aggressive invasion of Soviet Russia after the Bolshevik Revolution.

There is no space here to discuss Albert Nock's great contributions to political thought and analysis: his use of Franz Oppenheimer's distinction between the "economic means" and the "political means," and his analysis of the State as the organization of the latter; his view of history as essentially a race between State power and social power; his opposition to compulsory mass education. Suffice it to conclude that Nock was an authentic American radical, in the great tradition stemming from Henry Thoreau. His only error was his deep-seated pessimism about any real improvement in the modern world; although considering what many of his present day epigones have made of him, his pessimism might well be justified.

New England Transcendentalism

By WALTER HARDING

THOREAU was so much a part of New England Transcendentalism that an understanding of that movement is vital to a clear understanding of Thoreau himself. In early 18th century England, John Locke propounded a new theory of knowledge in his widely influential *Essay on Human Understanding*. It averred that the infant is born without knowledge; his mind is a *tabula rasa*. All knowledge is gained directly through the senses — through touch, sight, hearing, taste and smell. Therefore, only that knowledge which can be proved to the senses is valid. The modern "scientific method" is based entirely on this theory of knowledge, as is witnessed by the laboratories in which we test our chemistry, physics, biological and earth sciences. And 18th century rationalism and deism both developed out of Locke's theories.

Locke had a profound influence on the theological leaders of New England shortly after the American Revolution, and many began to abandon trinitarian Christianity (an avowed belief in the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost) for a "more rationalistic" Unitarianism. Indeed Unitarianism, under the leadership of Rev. William Ellery Channing (uncle of Thoreau's friend of exactly the same name) became the predominant sect in the area centering around Boston.

But meanwhile a reaction to Locke's theories had set in. In late 18th century Germany, Kant and Hegel began advocating a theory that while Locke's ideas were valid as far as they went, there was a body of knowledge innate within man and that this knowledge transcended the senses — thus the name "Transcendentalism." This knowledge was the voice of God within man — his conscience, his moral sense, his inner light, his oversoul — all of these terms and others besides were used by the various Transcendentalists at one time or another. But it was central to their belief that the child was born with this innate ability to distinguish between right and wrong. Unfortunately however, as he grew older he tended to listen to the world about him rather than the voice within him, and his moral sense became calloused. Thus did evil come into the world. And therefore it was the duty, the obligation of the good citizen to return to a childish innocence and heed once more the voice of God within him.

Kant's and Hegel's theories were brought to England by Samuel Taylor Coleridge (particularly in his volume, *Aid to Reflection*) and Thomas Carlyle, and gradually spread their way over to New England by the mid 1830's. In 1836, at the celebration of the Harvard College bicentennial in Cambridge, a group of young members of the alumni, most of them Unitarian ministers (for Harvard Divinity School was the chief seminary for the Unitarian church), found that they shared many of these Transcendental ideas in common in reaction to the "cold rationalism" of the earlier Unitarianism. Enjoying their own discussion more than the formal bicentennial celebrations, they adjourned to a Boston hotel parlor for further talk. So stimulating did they find their talk there that they agreed to meet again whenever the opportunity arose. Included among the members (there was never any formal roster and the make-up of the group changed from time to time) were Rev. Ralph Waldo Emerson, Rev. Frederick Henry Hedge, Rev. George Ripley, Rev. Orestes Brownson, Rev. Jones Very, Margaret Fuller, Elizabeth Peabody, Bronson Alcott, Rev. Theodore Parker, Christopher Pearce Cranch, Rev. John Sullivan Dwight, and Henry David Thoreau. They chose Emerson's home in Concord as their most frequent meeting place. And since most of their meetings were scheduled to coincide with Hedge's visits from his church in Bangor, Maine, among themselves they called the group the "Hedge Club." The meetings of such a group of influential young men and women soon attracted the attention of the general public, and the newspapers of the day, seizing upon one of their favorite words, began to call them "Transcendentalists."

Finding most of the periodicals of the day closed to their ideas and writings, they decided to sponsor a magazine of their own, to which Bronson Alcott gave the name of *The Dial*. *The Dial* appeared quarterly and it lasted for only sixteen issues — from 1840 to 1844. Its circulation never went over the thousand mark and at its highest point it had only three hundred regular subscribers. But despite its small size it served an important purpose in getting many of the younger Transcendentalists — most particularly Henry David Thoreau himself — into print, encouraging them in their writing careers and calling them to the attention of a small but influential public.

The Transcendentalists never had any more formal organization than the highly informal Hedge Club and even that petered out by the mid 1840's. But by bringing together a group of like-minded people it acted as a catalyst in bringing about what Van Wyck Brooks has so aptly called "the flowering of New England."

TO OUR MENTORS

The editors take advantage of this all too insufficient space to utter "a word for our sponsors." We have room just to name them, though there surely is no need to describe them. It is enough to identify the lot as those whose intellectual stature and noble character not only inspire us spiritually, but stimulate us mentally, and actually galvanize us (even if it takes nine years) to the point of prompting such productivity as we may be capable of. Thus, we pay homage (in no special order) to Henry George, Henry David Thoreau, A. J. Nock, Leo Tolstoy, Ralph W. Emerson, Herbert Spencer, Tom Paine, and Frederic Bastiat (with a tip of the fedora to Ayn Rand and H. L. Mencken).

The Economics of H.L.M.

By IRVING STARER

That sardonic gadfly, H. L. Mencken, was not only a great social critic but was also the expositor of what were unorthodox views of economics.

To Mencken, the New Deal of the 1930's was one vast make-work spending scheme "planned by professional politicians bent upon building up an irresistible (political) machine."

He regarded taxation as tantamount to robbery. It was the means by which a predatory group of rascals, calling itself "government," attempted to share in the earnings of their fellowmen, with the excuse that the people were being provided "services."

Marx and Engels had preached that the workers' woes stemmed from capitalism, under which the workers were deprived of the ownership of their tools by the oppressive capitalists. Ironically, however, the Bolsheviks (the early Communists) belatedly recognized that the communist system, and hence, their own power, would collapse if capital were not accumulated.

To accumulate capital, therefore, the Russian workers were forcibly organized into a huge army, and treated "like prisoners in a chain gang." They lived just above the bare subsistence level. By this means, the Bolsheviks, whom Mencken regarded as a gang of frauds and scoundrels, effected "a transfer of capital from private owners to professional politicians."

While Mencken lamented the inclination of most men to believe in the irrational, the idiotic, and the illogical, he too — alas! — was a victim of such thinking when he rejected the economic concepts of Henry George, in the mistaken belief that they were socialistic. Nothing could be further from the truth. George was a proponent of individual liberty, of abolition of all taxes on production, of capitalism, of the free market, and of an economic system based on justice. He was opposed to socialism and a planned economy. In fact, Karl Marx viewed George as the last hope of the capitalists.

What would Mencken say about our economy today?

The Key to George

By ROBERT CLANCY

On being asked to write about Henry George, I tried to consider what could be regarded as the most essential thing about his teaching.

Usually, an association test will yield "Henry George — single tax." And it is quite true that his writings, speeches, and activities hinged around the single tax — the taxation of land values, or the community collection of the rent of land.

But this is no casual proposal — it is not even essentially a fiscal reform — rather, it is the outcome of a lengthy economic analysis, the key to which is the law of rent, or George's correlation of the law of rent with the law of wages.

The social remedy that one can refer to most directly in speaking of George is land value taxation. Here is certainly a key point.

But we need to get even more basic in finding the key to George, and that is the whole analysis as an attempt to solve the problem of poverty. After all, he entitled his work, *Progress and Poverty.* Surely that's what George is all about.

The question of taxes and public revenue is becoming a more painful and pressing problem as time goes on, and if we select this as our focal point, we would certainly be hitting at one of the sorest problems of modern times. Yet we know that the single tax is primarily a way of solving poverty, and secondarily a way of raising revenue.

No less than the single tax, we may associate George with the land question. In many parts of the world today, the land question is coming more and more to the front, and George did point out that the tenure of land is the central fact of history.

In these days of more and more governmental involvement in the economy as a way of coping with economic problems, George's solution to the economic problem becomes more significant, since it involves more freedom, not less; less government, not more. George himself referred to Liberty as "the central truth" in one of the most inspiring passages in *Progress and Poverty.*

Yet, elsewhere, he referred to justice as still more basic than Liberty.

The concept of natural law may also be taken as the key to George. He begins his inquiry by referring to the law that man seeks to satisfy his desires with the least exertion; he goes on to the laws of distribution; and he concludes with the law of human progress.

Then, he equates all these concepts: "Liberty means Justice, and Justice is the natural law — the law of health and symmetry and strength, of fraternity and cooperation."

So, perhaps, that is the key to George, as revealed in another phrase: "The laws of the universe are harmonious." All these truths dovetail into one another, and it may be that George's central message is in showing us the way to a healthy economy; to the solution of the land question; and to the problem of depressions. It points the way to justice, liberty, and human progress, and equates the Good Society with the dignity of the individual human being.

Colors

By DONNA SCHWARTZ BRATSTEIN

The gentle spring breeze sweeps
through the air
And brushes away the lingering traces
of winter winds left behind.
The trees that stood bare are now
draped with leaves,
And the barren ground is now a carpet
of lush emerald green.
The water unclad of its ice now ripples
free and soft,
And the ducks swim about catching
bread crumbs you toss.
We sit on the park bench to relax
and to read the newspaper,
But my restless eyes swiftly move
about to photograph the view.
Like specks of colors splashed upon an
artist's canvas,
The landscape is a brilliant array
of bright, blossoming flowers.
Like a rainbow that colors the sky after
a storm,
The spring has sketched over
winter's white, and has painted
colors in the world.
I glance at you holding the rustling
pages of your newspaper,
And I smile,
For you too have painted colors
in my world.

Death of a Teacher

By WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

(Author's Note: This article — especially submitted for the FRAGMENTS memorial issue — is an abstract of a eulogy which I delivered at Frank Chodorov's funeral, December 31, 1966.)

He was born in New York, poor, the son of Russian immigrants, and he lived in the lower West Side. He enrolled at Columbia University, where he made the varsity football squad. He graduated, married, and went out to make his way in commerce, "having," as he wrote, "given up as hopeless for a Jew the ambition of becoming a professor of English." And then, in the Thirties, his two children grown, he began the career of teaching, quietly, studiously, passionately, which made him friends among so many people who never laid eyes on him.

Early in his post-graduate career, he had been drawn to Henry George, at first because of the literary style. "Here," he once recalled, "was something of the cameo clarity of Matthew Arnold, a little of the parallel structure of Macaulay, the periods of Edmund Burke." Having, for many years thereafter, cultivated what he grew to believe was the unique social vision of George, he became the director of the Henry George School. But in due course, there was a falling out, and he resigned. One cannot truly understand Henry George, he once remarked, without understanding his antipathy to socialism. But George's most modern exegetes, he feared, were disposed to traduce George, to put his social philosophy at the service of the state. And it was the centralized state that Frank Chodorov was born, and lived, to oppose.

He had a go at journalism. During those years, he had met Albert Jay Nock. Once again, in his admiration for Nock, he could unite his passion for prose and for a philosophy of the individual. The two of them had a go — unsuccessful — at reviving the ancient *Freeman.* He then founded a personal monthly four-page journal, *analysis.* I met him there. *analysis* was, for those who saw it, the testimony of a single man against the spirit of an age which had become infatuated with the possibilities of the central solution for the problems of society. In *analysis,* the old fires burned, or rather, were kept flickering.

The sparks were struck. He accepted a post with *Human Events.* From there, he went once again to the resurrected *Freeman,* which he served as editor, in association with Leonard Read. He left it to free lance, joining the staff of *National Review.*

And then, at the Fredom School in Colorado, he was struck down. His daughter Grace went to him, and he was barely able, after the stroke, to talk. But he did, in near-delirium, mention that his faith in Henry George was whole; that Henry George, above all others, understood. She brought him back to New York, and he recovered his powers of speech. But he could not write again; and, as he grew worse, he could not read; and not to write, not to read, were consignments to an insanity from which he was saved only by his devotion to Grace and her husband Herbert, and to his grandchildren Lisa, and Eric, and Francine. After a while, he needed professional nursing care in the country. I saw him there, and, puffing his fugitive pipe, he leaned over to me and said grumpily: "You know what this place is? It's a die-in." His eyes twinkled; but he was not amused. Forbidden cigarette-lighters were sneaked in to him: defiance of authority; individualism to the end! Finally, a crisis — and a merciful death.

* * *

He came to Yale to speak while I was an undergraduate. His manner was diffident, didactic, firm, gentle. Ed Opitz, in reviewing one of his books, remarked that he united a polemical passion with an apparent incapacity to utter any meanness towards any one, dead or alive. He spoke from a heart full of belief, enlightened by a mind keen and observant and understanding. He spoke in a style resolutely undemagogic. He thought it somehow profane, by the force of oratory, to seduce any listener towards positions with which he wasn't, somehow, organically oriented. "The purpose of teaching individualism," he wrote, "is not to make individualists but to *find* them. Rather, to help them find *themselves.*"

And so, at a relatively late age, he started the Intercollegiate Society of Individualists, whose goal it was to undo the damage done a half century ago by the Intercollegiate Socialist Society. I was the ISI's first president, but I was purely a figurehead, as I was soon reminded. In short order, I had a letter from him: "Am removing you as president. Making myself pres. Easier to raise money if a Jew is president. You can be V-P. Love, Frank."

And then, he started to write his wonderful books of essays, innocent — and that was their strength — of the entangling complexities of modern life. He dealt in personal and social truisms; he did not ever entertain the question that the world would conceivably presume to justify the subordination of the individual.

At first infatuated with atheism, he abandoned his faith in non-faith upon reading and rereading Henry George. He came to believe in "transcendence." "Even the ultra-materialistic socialists," he wrote, "in their doctrine of historical inevitability, are guilty of transcendentalism. Admittedly, this is a flight of the finite mind from its own limitations; it is a search for security in an invariable; it is mining for bedrock in the infinite." John Chamberlain called him a mystic, and said: "His mystical assumption is that men are born as individuals possessing inalienable rights."

"These rights of man," his daughter Grace wrote me, "stem from a source higher than man, and must not be violated. To him, this *was* religion."

As a Christian, I postulate that today he is happy and serene in the company of the angels and the saints and his Celia. We who have time left to serve on earth, rejoice in the memory of our friend and teacher, a benefactor to us all, living and unborn. May he rest eternally in peace.

Letters to the Editors

I was very impressed with the entire issue of FRAGMENTS devoted to Mencken, and I especially enjoyed Jack Schwartzman's witty comment on Mencken: "He was in his Heaven; all was wrong with the world."

In the same issue, Sydney Mayers' review of *Critics of Henry George* was simply heartwarming. I can't begin to tell you how much pleasure it gave me. In editing the book, I suffered much irritation — and even illness. Had I ever doubted that the effort was worth what I endured, Mr. Mayers' review would have removed that doubt.

In the subsequent issue, Oscar Johannsen's article on Thoreau's "Civil Disobedience" was beautifully done.

Dr. Robert V. Andelson
Professor, Auburn University
Auburn, Alabama

* * *

Your own Leonard F. Kleinfeld is known as a great Thoreauvian in Uruguay. I miss his visits. The human rights situation here is somewhat eased, so that I may write once again. I was glad to see, in FRAGMENTS, Professor James J. Martin's letter about E. Armand's masterpiece. I remember that I first encountered Dr. Jack Schwartzman's writings in the pages of Armand's *L'Unique.* Unfortunately, it no longer exists. As for me, I have been busy writing a book about Rafael Barrett (1876-1910), who lived in Paraguay, Uruguay, and Argentina, and who was a great individualist, a kindred spirit to Armand and Thoreau. Be the keepers of the flame!

Vladimir Munoz
Montevideo, Uruguay

* * *

I have thoroughly enjoyed the FRAGMENTS articles, especially those written by people I have known for so many years: Jack Schwartzman, Oscar B. Johannsen, Robert V. Andelson, Sydney A. Mayers, Leonard F. Kleinfeld, and Will Lissner. I was especially intrigued by Jack Schwartzman's latest effort because I was introduced to Richard Rumbold, whose name was not familiar to me. I have used the statement he made on the scaffold, but always attributed it to Thomas Jefferson, from Jefferson's letter to Roger Weightman of June 24, 1826. Jefferson was an old man at this time and had undoubtedly read Rumbold's statement years earlier and absorbed it into his tissues till it became his own. Whatever, it's a great statement.

The Rev. Edmund A. Opitz
The Foundation for Economic Education, Inc.
Irvington-on-Hudson, New York

I enjoyed reading the issue of FRAGMENTS devoted to the memory of my uncle. I am glad that you began the issue with a testimonial to George Jean Nathan. Sydney Mayers is absolutely right to praise Nathan. He wrote beautiful stuff. Not only that, but he wrote with a philosopher's contentment and a solid sense of the good life. Were we a more civilized people, we would know his work well by now. Incidentally, Nathan lived in the Royalton Hotel across the street from the Algonquin, not in the Algonquin. So far as I know, he only used the men's room in the Algonquin and the bar.

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.
Editor-in-Chief,
The American Spectator
New York, New York

* * *

I find the articles of Sydney A. Mayers delightful, stimulating, witty, and urbane. More please.

Alberto del Corral
Bogota, Colombia

* * *

Let me comment on your lead article, "Men against the State," by Oscar B. Johannsen. Big government is, of course, a drag on society. But the bigness did not just rise up like the Phoenix. Government units, like the Department of Defense, are expanded because some one wants to use a particular service. The synfuels program, for instance, will benefit the wealthy energy companies who lobbied for it. Public funds are used to support private monopoly.

Tristram Coffin, Editor
The Washington Spectator
Washington, D.C.

* * *

Delighted to read "The Great Leader," by Frank Chodorov. How is the old boy? Frank may call him "The Great Leader," but to me he is Elmer Gantry personified.

John V. K Helfrich
Catonsville, Maryland

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I am submitting for your consideration an article which shows that Paine, *not* Jefferson, was the real author of the original Declaration of Independence.

Carl Markle, Jr.
Roslyn, New York

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The reprint edition of FRAGMENTS proves humanity's immortality. Those voices speak to us over the years, bearing truth and feeling. I was particularly touched by George Bringmann's poem, "As Little Children."

Claire Meirowitz
Massapequa Park, New York

On behalf of President Reagan, I would like to thank you for the copies of the article by Dr. Lee Cohen on his relationship with King Hussein of Jordan, the letters of Mr. Netanyahu and members of the White House staff, and the article, "Lilacs," by Dr. Jack Schwartzman. The President truly appreciates your bringing the article by Dr. Cohen to his attention, as well as Dr. Schwartzman's moving account of his flight from Russia. The President extends to you his best wishes for continued success.

Sue Mathis, Acting Director
Office of Media Relations
The White House
Washington, D. C.

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Dr. Lee Cohen's account of his personal relationship with King Hussein is interesting. One would hope that Hussein summons the same resolution he showed against the PLO in the 1970's to negotiate peace with Israel in the 1980's. I wish you continued success with your magazine.

Benjamin Netanyahu
Ambassador from Israel
United Nations

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I have just read Jack Schwartzman's essay, "Piece of Paper," and he is to be congratulated, It is a little masterpiece, and should be reprinted in anthologies.

Herbert C. Roseman
Brooklyn, New York

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Jack Schwartzman's "War Jobs" is not only superb economics but probably the most powerful anti-war article that I've read in a long time. It deserves maximum circulation and publicity.

Geoff Forster, Secretary
Henry George League
Melbourne, Australia

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Why can't Herbert Shelley Good's piece be printed in a school text book? What a bunch of hypocrites we can be.

Elmer E. Smith
New York, New York

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The Nock issue is a good one; and I think Nock secretly would have enjoyed it, although publicly he would have maintained the pose of disdaining the notoriety.

Will Lissner, Editor, *American Journal of Economics and Sociology*
New York, New York