The other tragedy of Watergate is that it gave the federal government's hometown newspaper (let's face it, the Washington Star-News has defaulted) a dangerous amount of influence. The memory of Richard Nixon should be hated by those of us who hate the memorabilia because they and their funnies, by their arrogant hooliganism, transformed the Washington Post virtually into a branch of the federal government. Frankly, I do not want any part of my life controlled by Mrs. Katherine Graham and Ben Bradlee. If it is difficult to dislodge a president, it is impossible to dislodge someone who answers only to a corporate board of directors. In 1972 and 1973 the Washington Post became "the Watergate newspaper," with virtually a franchise on the topic. For a long while its only competitor, the New York Times, seemed content to rewrite, a day late, the findings of the Post's reporters. By 1974, with Watergate becoming the only governmental topic under discussion in Washington and with all other issues waiting for whatever leftover attention Congress and the executive could spare, the Post's influence had taken on dangerous proportions: if it was not in the Post, it was considered of no importance. And since the Post was giving over much of its space to reporting Watergate, other vital stories were going unreported. The energy problem was given to dislodge someone who answers only to a corporate board of directors.

Whatever the ultimate outcome of the Watergate affair, the Post's neglect of the public interest in the energy problem was a scandal. The energy problem was given secondary status in the Post's news columns and, were it not for the pressure gone, in Congress as well.

Perhaps time will correct the imbalance of influence, but at the present moment—and for some time past—the unhappy fact is that because the Post was proved right on Watergate, it has too often been assumed "right" about the importance it has placed on other issues and right in its conclusions about them. To be sure, these assumptions are made only by our laziest politicians, but they are many.

I just want it understood at the outset that I read All the President's Men as several kinds of tragedy: the tragedy of a news corporation's willingness to dislodge a president of a political administration's defeat.

The most attractive feature of this book is Woodward and Bernstein's personal conduct (I like investigative reporters who do their plotting over melted milks and banana splits) and professional candor. They admit that they sometimes skirted close to the edge of the law (as when they interviewed members of the grand jury), that they sometimes violated good conduct (Continued on page 2)

BASIC PRINCIPLES OF FREE MARKET ECONOMICS

By Murray N. Rothbard

Contemporary economists are not as smart as they thought they were, but they do not know why. And they know it all went wrong, but they do not know where. Now, they are called upon to "do something," and they do not know what to do. That is, they do not know what to do and still maintain the full government apparatus of welfare programs, subsidies, and a variety of other public goods and services which they cherish.

As an example, Nobel laureate Paul A. Samuelson, who teaches at MIT and who is also the author of the most widely used college textbook on economics, recently said: "It is a terrible blight on the mixed economy, that a sad reflection on my generation of economists, that the Meritocratic solution to the problem. Inflation is deep in the nature of the welfare state. Even if there is a slack in the system, unemployment does not exert downward pressure on prices the way it did under 'crude' capitalism."

It is big of Mr. Samuelson, one of the staunchest advocates of the mixed economy, to admit that the mixed economy has major flaws, and even admit that it lacks the admirable attributes inherent in capitalism. But what else can be said and his pals, who have similarly taken to bouts of blood letting lately, say. They have been telling us for decades that their wonderful schemes for social and monetary equality could easily be had (provided there was enough government regulation and intervention), while at the same time keeping the economy moving swiftly forward between inflation on the one hand, and depression on the other. Of course, they are embarrassed that these paths have now merged, not only because they have maintained that it could never happen, but because they have no remedy now that it has happened.

They would have been positively red-faced if they had attended a series of 16 lectures, given by Murray Rothbard in New York City last winter, which discussed basic economic laws and principles within the framework of the free market economy. Few contemporary economists think in these terms, and what they would have learned, not only because they have failed to recognize that it is indeed the "dismal" science it has been called, these cassette tapes, which were recorded on-the-spot, will educate and delight you—and probably change your mind.

The taped lectures, along with about three dozen charts and graphs that illustrate the relationships of supply and demand, cost and revenue, etcetera, constitute the most comprehensive treatment of basic economics do so is recognized by M Ref. 1. All the President's Men / Cassette Recordings (with binders and printed outline and charts) / Tapes 301-316, 16 hrs. / BFL Price $137.50, or $150 in three installments of $50 each.

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Bernstein & Woodward—(Continued from page 1)
taste, that they fraternized journalistic ethics (as when they divulged one of their sources); but I do not recall their ever defending these actions with the argument that the end justified such means.

However, the most fascinating thing that comes across is that the management of this great newspaper, the Post, is motivated all too often by such human impulses as hate, envy, and personal embarrassment. It is healthy to have the notion of objectivity squelched. Charles Colson made a speech in Boston in which he said:

If Bradlee ever left the Georgetown cocktail circuit, where he and his pals dine on third-hand information and gossip and rumor, he might discover out here the real America. And he might learn that all truth and all knowledge and all superior wisdom just doesn’t emanate exclusively from that small little clique in Georgetown and that the rest of the country isn’t just sitting out here waiting to be told what they’re supposed to think.

W&B write that after Bradlee had read a copy of Colson’s speech in his office he “walked over to Woodward’s desk. ‘They’re really kicking it at me,’ he said. ‘That’s some pretty personal shit.’” Bradlee goaded Woodward to start digging deeper. “Later, Bradlee told an interviewer, the he’d been ‘ready to hold both Woodward’s and Bernstein’s heads in a pail of water until they came up with another story. That dry spell was anguish. Anguish.

This time the product of Bradlee’s pique turned out to be for the good of the country. But is pique a reliable guide for the long haul? I would feel better if the editor of one of the two most important newspapers in the country were not so devoted to the punishment of persons who criticize Georgetown cocktail parties.

There is nothing here that even slightly tarnishes the glories of W&B’s persistent, dogged, ruthless, manic curiosity. When Woodward phoned one of Segretti’s contacts and asks for a personal interview, the man replied, “I’ll shoot you if you come out here.” They were inundated with insults. Doors were literally slammed in their faces. On one occasion, when Bernstein confronted ex-Attorney General Mitchell on the telephone with some of the latest findings, Mitchell’s response, W&B write, “was so filled with hate and loathing that Bernstein had felt threatened... Once the election was over they could do almost anything they damn well pleased. And get away with it.”

The drama of that confrontation is so intense that, oddly, it peaks on an unconsciously humorous note:

BERNSTEIN: “Sir, I’m sorry to bother you at this hour, but we are running a story in tomorrow’s paper that, in effect, says that you controlled secret funds at the committee [to re-elect the President] while you were Attorney General.”

MITCHELL: “EEEEEEEEE USS. You said that? What does it say?”

BERNSTEIN: “I’ll read you the first few paragraphs. [He got as far as the third sentence.]”

MITCHELL: “All that crap, you’re putting it in the paper? It’s all been denied. Katie Graham’s gonna get her tit caught in a big fat wringer if that’s published. Good Christ! That’s the most sickening thing I ever heard.”

BERNSTEIN: “Sir, I’d like to ask you a few questions about—”

MITCHELL: “Eleven thirty. I’m sorry to call so late.”

MITCHELL: “Eleven thirty. Eleven thirty when?”

BERNSTEIN: “Eleven thirty at night.”

MITCHELL: “Oh.”

Is it really true that our attorney general did not know whether it was 11:30 A.M. or P.M. if so, it explains a lot about the Nixon administration.

One of the most popular spectator games of the Watergate era has been to guess the identity of “Deep Throat,” W&B’s main source of inside information. Richard Whalen writes that “an informal poll of leading Nixonologists turns up two nominees: Robert Finch and Harry Dent. Neither man ‘fits’ precisely, but both had the necessary position and motivation.” Neither Finch nor Dent has the kind of courage it takes to be a good squealer. Others have guessed that Deep Throat was a high official in the FBI, maybe Mark Felt, because Woodward regularly referred to him as “my friend.” There is one passage in the book that contains a phrase I think points in the direction of the FBI. Deep Throat is talking to Woodward:

If you shoot too high and miss, then everybody feels more secure. Lawyers work this way. I’m sure smart reporters must, too. You’ve put the investigation back months. It puts everyone on the defensive—editors, FBI agents. everybody has to go into a crouch after this.

The business about shooting too high and missing could be in anybody’s language. But that last phrase—“everybody has to go into a crouch after this”—sounds like somebody who has often been on the FBI’s firing range with a handgun, crouched in a defensive posture. If you do not like my guess, help yourself to the rest of the bureaucracy and the presidential executive office.

In any event, the cloak and dagger atmosphere that creeps into the book, without being forced at all, is beautifully established when Woodward and Deep Throat devise the method for meeting: Deep Throat suggests that when Woodward wants to see him, he open the drapes in his apartment. But Woodward does not like that idea, because he always leaves his drapes open. So Woodward suggests another way: He has an old red flag of the sort truckers tie on the end of something that sticks over the tailgate. On his apartment balcony he has a flower pot resting on the flag. In the future, if he wants to see Deep Throat, he will move the flag off the flag. Then, after walking and taking at least two taxis en route, Woodward will meet Deep Throat at 2 A.M. in an underground garage.

When you stop to think about it, this is really a rather simple procedure compared to the normal channels of communication in the federal government. And that is a point worth remembering, for after all the intrigue of these two young reporters is boiled and rendered, the story they tell in All the President’s Men is refreshingly simple compared to much that just normally goes on in Washington. Reviewed by Robert Sherrill / 349 pages / BFI Price $8.95

ON POWER: ITS NATURE AND THE HISTORY OF ITS GROWTH

By Bertrand de Jouvenel

Anyone concerned with individual liberty must begin to feel a deep sense of melancholy when he undertakes even a cursory examination of the history of the State apparatus. And it is sobering indeed to spend a good indication of the scope of the State’s power, and trace the history of the State’s us forcibly: that with each one there has been a steady rise in the coefficient of the growth of psychology of expansion of power, with such topics as “the social consequences of the warlike spirit,” “police authority and parental authority,” “formation of the nation in the person of the king,” and “from parasitism to symbiosis.” These are but random examples of themes.

To set the examination in perspective, consider a few facts culled from early portions of On Power. If we take the phenomenon of war to be a good indication of the scope of the State’s power, and trace the history of the State apparatus from about the eleventh or twelfth century, when the first modern States began to take shape, what at once strikes us is that, in these, which have always been depicted as much given to war, the armies were very small and the campaigns very short. The king could count on the troops mustered for him by his vassals, but their only obligation to serve him was for no more than forty days. He had on the spot some local militia, but these were troops of poor quality and could hardly be relied on for more than two or three days campaigning...
INTRODUCTION TO MUSICAL LISTENING: A GUIDE TO RECORDED CLASSICAL MUSIC
By John Hospers

PART IV: ORCHESTRAL MUSIC FROM BACH THROUGH MOZART

(Each month Professor Hospers continues his discussion of Bach.) You might also be interested in the record, "Switched-on Bach," Columbia MS-7194, an "electronic music" version of some of Bach's work done on the Moog synthesizer. It contains, among other things, the Brandenburg Concerto no. 3, and you will find it interesting to listen to the concerto in its original form first and then the electronic version. In most cases I do not approve of transcriptions—for example, transcriptions of Bach's organ works for orchestra—because the "silken strings" effect is entirely unsuited to this music and a great many of the architectonic details are lost. But when the case of the "Switched-on Bach" the medium is different, and every note of the original is preserved and stands out distinctly in the recording. Bach would have approved, or at least found interesting, the electronic transcription, but I daresay he would have been utterly repelled by the orchestral transcriptions of his organ works.

Among Bach's enormous musical output, both tuneful and profound, I want to call attention to one especially noteworthy series of works: his harpsichord concertos—concertos for one harpsichord, for two, for three, and for four. We have discussed harpsichord music before, but never did a harpsichord sound better than when set off against an orchestra, especially in playing the music of Bach. I will say without hesitation that Bach's harpsichord concertos are the greatest music ever written for the harpsichord; if you get nothing else for harpsichord, get this. It is well performed on the five-record set, "Bach: Complete Concerti for Harpsichord and Orchestra." But the most brilliant in performance and perfection in sound is the five-record set, Telefunken SCA-25.

Music in Review

BACH: COMPLETE CONCERTI FOR HARPSICHORD AND ORCHESTRA (5 records) / BFL Price $17.95 (List $19.90)

HANDEL: 12 CONCERTI GROSSI, OP. 6 (4 records) / BFL Price $17.95 (List $20.95)

HAYDN: THREE HARPSCICHORD CONCERTOS / BFL Price $3.50 (List $3.96)

MOZART: THE COMPLETE WIND CONCERTI (4 records) / BFL Price $12.95 (List $15.92)

The endless outpouring of instrumental works by Telemann (1681-1767) lack the verve and fire of Vivaldi and the profound genius of Bach; but for Bach it is (I think) his most joyous symphony. Among the best of Mozart's earlier symphonies, of which the last three are the most famous, and constantly performed. For the lyrical no. 39 (K. 543), get Colin Davis' excellent performance of the no. 35 (K. 385, "Haffner"), which is his most joyous symphony. Among the best of Mozart's earlier symphonies is the no. 29 (K. 201), done by Davis on Philips 835262 (coupled with the nos. 25 and 32).

To my mind, however, Mozart's greatest orchestral delights are to be found in other genres: the "Sinfonia Concertantes," especially the highly romantic one in E-flat, K. 364 (Menuhin on Angel S-36190); the "Divertimenti," especially the nos. 10 (K. 247) and 11 (K. 251), best done for chamber orchestra on RCA VICS-1335 and for larger orchestra on Decca 60086; the four rollicking concertos for horn, and only to a slightly lesser extent the four for flute, for flute and harp, and for bassoon. You get all of these delightful items together—the four horn concertos, the clarinet concerto, the two flute-bassoon concertos, and an early "Sinfonia"—on the four-record set, "Mozart: The Complete Wind Concerti," which I strongly recommend.

Also worthy of mention is Mozart's Adagio and Rondo for Glass Harmonica (K. 617). The glass harmonica, a charming instrument which was...
Hospers — (Continued from page 3)

once popular and is now entirely neglected, is combined with an equally charming Mozartean glass harmonica score on Turnabout 34452, which almost contains enough music for another opera. The orchestra is directed by Ashkenazy on London 6501. Having heard these, you have reached the culmination of orchestral music of the eighteenth century. (Next month: Orchestral Music from Beethoven to Tchaikovsky.)

A GUIDE TO RATIONAL LIVING
By Albert Ellis and Robert A. Harper

HUMANISTIC PSYCHOTHERAPY
By Albert Ellis

The essence of Albert Ellis’ psycho-philosophical system, Rational Emotive Therapy (RET), is that we all have the potential to learn to control our psychological selves in ways heretofore not thought possible. For example, patients of Ellis’ learn that it is completely under their control whether or not they become angry or the same instrument. There are five Mozart violin concertos. All are early works, fine works but minor Mozart, though you might enjoy nos. 4 and 5 (Turnabout 34186). The really tremendous orchestral works by Mozart are the concertos for piano. I suggest that you first listen to the dizzily happy concerto for two pianos and orchestra (K. 365) on Nonesuch 71028, which has the same quality, less notable, composition for the same instrument (K. 242) on the other side. Now turn to the concertos for solo piano and orchestra; there are 27 of them, Mozart’s single greatest achievement except for his operas. Where shall we begin? The slow movement of one of the greatest ones, no. 21 (K. 467), has become famous through the film, Elvira Madigan, and the entire concerto is a marvel. Since the extraordinary performance of Gieseking playing and Cantelli conducting is no longer available (when will they stop cutting out a first-rate performance on a second-rate one on stereo?), get the Casadesus recording conducted by Szell on Columbia M-31814—especially since you get on the other side the Concerto no. 24 (K. 491), which is another of the Mozart greats. Casadesus and Szell join forces again for another combination of fine ones, no. 23 (K. 482) and no. 24 (K. 488) on Columbia MS-6194, and no. 26 (K. 537) and no. 27 (K. 595) on Columbia MS-6403. The last one is especially recommended by Ashkenazy on London 6001. Having heard these, you have reached the culmination of orchestral music of the eighteenth century. (Next month: Orchestral Music from Beethoven to Tchaikovsky.)

BLACK EDUCATION: MYTHS AND TRAGEDIES
By Thomas Sowell

As an economist Thomas Sowell is perhaps best known for his textbook, which succeeds in presenting the essentials of economics clearly, briefly, and with an absence of interventionist fallacies. When Sowell was offered a position by Swarthmore on the basis, not of his qualifications, but of his race, the UCLA economist replied: “Your approach tends to make the job unattractive to anyone who regards himself as a scholar or a man and that I have no desire to oppose.” That Thomas Sowell is no opportunist is well documented in his latest book, Black Education: Myths and Tragedies. Sowell begins by relating his own experiences as a student and teacher and then proceeds to discuss in more general terms the educational system that a black individual is likely to encounter in America today. He concludes by refuting some of the prevalent myths about black education and by making some concrete proposals on how the education of blacks might be improved.

(Continued on page 5)
Sowell — (Continued from page 4)

Suffice it to say that the third of the book devoted to Sowell’s account of his personal experiences is the most valuable portion. (One reviewer, perhaps a relative of Mrs. Bloom, criticized this account for its “arrogance.”)

The fundamental theme of these essays, however, is “the tendency of democratic republics to depart from... their original, animating principles, and as a consequence, to precipitate grave crises in the moral and political order.” And at the heart of this process is the collapse of contemporary institutions. Kristol is concerned with the implications of this collapse liberalism and its unquestioned dogmas. Such men as Edward Banfield, Daniel Moynihan, James Q. Wilson, Robert Nisbet, and Nathan Glazer began, in the pages of Commentary, Dissent, Encounter, and The Public Interest, to explore the collapse of liberal expectations. It was as Thomas Kuhn might have predicted: the development of anomalies and the violation of expectations was leading to a collapse of liberal institutions.

Perhaps the most influential member of this school has been Irving Kristol, professor of urban values at New York University and co-editor of The Public Interest. For many years now, Kristol has been dealing with some of the most fundamental issues in American life, and from a perspective and depth which rivals that of the classical political philosophers. On the Democratic Idea in America is a collection of eight of Kristol’s major essays published during the last seven years. Every one of them, without exception, is brilliant, probing, and profound. The specific topics include urban civilization, pornography and censorship, American intellectuals and foreign policy, utopianism in American politics, and the crisis in the foundations of capitalism and Western civilization.

The fundamental theme of these essays, however, is “the tendency of democratic republics to depart from... their original, animating principles, and as a consequence, to precipitate grave crises in the moral and political order.” And at the heart of this process is the collapse of contemporary institutions. Kristol is concerned with the implications of a principle which he may have learned, in part, from his study of the works of F. A. Hayek, who has “as powerful a mind as is to be found anywhere,” namely, that “the unanticipated consequences of social actions are always more important, and usually less agreeable, than the intended consequences.”

On another level, Kristol’s main concern might be said to be the social and political efficacy of values, and the disastrous effects in American life of utopian political thinking, which divorces thought from reality. In the last 20 or 30 years, observes Kristol, American culture has changed radically; our past seems like an alien universe to us now. America is becoming an urban civilization, and classical political thought—particularly that of America’s founding fathers—suggests that the habits of mind and of character which urban society promotes might be destructive of the preconditions of a republic: qualities of rationality, purpose, self-discipline, respect for certain traditions, and a commitment to principled values. There has been a shift from “a producer’s ethic... to a consumer’s ethic,” and the American people, more and more, are acting like “a collection of mobs.” Moreover, there has arisen an “adversary culture,” to borrow Lionel Trilling’s phrase, which has seized control of the means of education, has begun “to shape the popular culture of our urbanized masses,” and projects hatred and hostility toward bourgeois society. And many young radicals have begun to reject the ideals and the promise of Western civilization itself. For these radicals “it is not the average American who is disgusting, it is the ideal American.”

In short, we are witnessing a widespread collapse of values, and of the institutions whose legitimacy is derived from these values. These problems and trends, “taken together... constitute a condition, and are creating habits of mind that threaten the civic-bourgeois culture bequeathed to us by Western civilization,” including the capitalistic system, which is part and parcel of bourgeois society.

I have found in the main on Kristol’s statement of the problems we face, and it is, in very complex analyses, that Kristol is strongest. But in its broad outlines he has a more profound understanding of the problems, and “the tendencies” for which one must clearly define a problem before any attempt to solve it can be fruitful. One should not be misled into thinking that the problems are all self-evident: Values have causal efficacy, suggests Kristol, and work in indirect and obscure ways; the consequences of their undermining work in the same way. Moreover, the rebuilding of any system of values requires the creation of an alternative value system, which means taking something that can be taken lightly. Many of us are against religion, and cheer on its diminution. But what are the consequences of this, particularly for the mass of people who cannot construct an ethic or way of life on their own, and who find it hard enough to live as it is? Does pornography and obscenity have a detrimental effect on culture? What has happened to the ideal of a democratic republic in recent years? What are the effects of increasingly demagogic political rhetoric and of a kind of political utopianism which refuses to take real contexts and complex problems seriously? These are the sorts of questions that Irving Kristol addresses in On the Democratic Idea in America.

While I do not agree with all of his analysis—that of pornography and censorship is particularly inadequate—most of it is so refreshing and so profound that I found the book an experience at once exciting and disturbing. It set my mind racing with new ideas. The level on which most political radicals—including libertarians—address cultural, social, and political problems is so distressingly simplistic that this book is more than welcome. When all is said and done, Irving Kristol and the neo-conservatives take reason, liberty, and civilization seriously. More interesting yet, to me, at least, is the fact that they take values seriously, in a time when all we see is manipulation of narrow interests and pre-set prejudices. Kristol suggests that we think about values. And on the road to moral, intellectual, and political progress, that must count as a heroic leap forward indeed. REVIEWED BY R. A. CHILDS, JR. / Political Philosophy (149 pages) / BFL Price $5
Each of us probably has its own mental picture of the decadence that marked the closing days of the Roman Empire. My own picture is no doubt unrealistically exalted, because it comes from Sienkiewicz’s novel Quo Vadis. I think of a great city turned into an ocean of flame and smoke, and of the noble Petronius opening his veins so that with him might perish all the poison that he loved in his work. But if our own civilization should be destroyed, I would choose a more realistic picture of its terminal symptom and symbolic epitaph. I would visualize a corrupt, leering old man dragging a screaming girl-child from the blasted body of her dead mother and carrying her off to his incestuous lair—and I would imagine this picture accepted as high art by a respectful public and admiring critics. In a word, I would picture director Roman Polanski’s latest movie, Chinatown, a hymn to his stated conviction that life is a sewer. If my choice is valid, our civilization will end, not with a clap of thunder, but with a belch.

Those who do not care to see a movie if a reviewer reveals the ending should stop reading now. Or better still, don’t stop reading: I’d like to keep you away from it.

The story of Chinatown concerns a flaccidly well-meaning private detective (played by Jack Nicholson) who sets out to solve the mystery surrounding a beautiful woman (Faye Dunaway) whose husband has been murdered. After a series of events—mostly involving the exposure of the unspeakable corruption and depravity of businessmen and the ineffectuality and/or corruption of policemen—the beautiful woman is killed. She is not killed in spite of the actions of the detective, but as the direct, inevitable result of his efforts to protect her. At her side when she dies is her sister-daughter. (Yes, that’s right; the fifteen-year-old girl is the product of an incestuous relationship between the woman and her father.) The girl instantly falls into the lecherous hands of her father-grandfather (John Huston) from whom the woman was trying to save her. (The mind boggles at the possibility of a future offspring who will be daughter-aunt-sister and daughter-granddaughter—great-granddaughter.) The story’s climax and denouement has a black, sick, totally unintentional kind of humor; it is the reductio ad absurdum of the triumph of evil. It would be merely disgustingly silly if it were not for the movie’s reception by viewers and critics. Viewers are flocking to see it, and critics across the nation are hailing it as a major motion picture event, moving, profound, important. To denounce the philosophical content of a movie is not, of course, aesthetic criticism. A movie might be philosophically revolting, yet artistically brilliant. But with the exception of a remarkable performance by Jack Nicholson, this is not the case with Chinatown. Polanski’s international reputation as a director is not justified by his work on this movie. Great—even competent—directing is not simply a matter of occasional sensitive and provocative moments, which, admittedly, Chinatown has. It involves many other aspects, among them tempo, pace, and purposefulness. Chinatown crawls by at a snail’s pace; throughout the film, we find ourselves gazing uncomprehendingly at interminable shots of someone meaningfully lighting a cigarette, meaningfully looking into space, meaningfully frowning, meaningfully thinking, meaningfully wondering, meaningfully hoping, etc., etc., etc., etc.—all of which contributes nothing but boredom.

Nevertheless, Polanski does have one important directorial talent, if one can endure the purpose to which it is dedicated. Throughout the movie, he imposes a single and unwaveringly consistent viewpoint upon his material, so that the final climax is prepared and justified not only by the events, dialogue, and characterization, but by the movie’s overall sense of life: “the life is a sewer” sense of life.

Examples: Early in the story, the detective’s nose is slashed open by the knife of a menacingly sadistic hoodlum (played, in a triumph of logical casting, by Polanski); thereafter, for approximately half the movie, a large white ludicrous bandage is plastered over Nicholson’s nose and much of his face; our hero is effectively transformed, if he weren’t already, into our anti-hero, lest we should be in danger of respecting or admiring him, which we weren’t. Just before the love scene between Nicholson and Dunaway, the bandage is removed and Dunaway lovingly ministers to the oozing, bloody mess the bandage mercifully had hidden; the two then kiss: there is no risk that the audience will be swept up into their passion; it is not possible to feel anything except a cringing shudder at what the kiss must be doing to his nose. Finally, when Dunaway is shot to death, Polanski favors us with a final gilding of gratuitous lily; we have the privilege of watching her brains emerge through her eye, just in case we missed the point.

For the record, let me say that I understand there was considerable tampering—by Polanski—with Robert Towne’s original script, specifically including the imposition of the present ending. “Most of us,” announces the villain-father-grandfather-businessman (for whom rape and incest are only minor pecadillos in a life which, since he’s a businessman, naturally is devoted to the rape of a city and the plundering of its poor) “never have to face the fact that at the right time and in the right place, we’re capable of anything.” This category of thematic statement is never intended to be taken literally, and Chinatown does not take it literally. Chinatown does not tell us that its characters do not even mistakenly blunder into doing good. It tells us that mankind is composed of swinish brutes and helpless incompetents.

Now comes Timothy Crouse’s book The Boys on the Bus. This book is in no sense of the term a “bias study.” But what it does makes it an excellent supplement to bias studies. Timothy Crouse is an editor of Rolling Stone, and in 1972, he undertook a pioneering assignment: report on the process of reporting during the presidential campaign; cover the coverage of the campaign, rather than the campaign itself. The result is not a straight journalistic account, but a sort of memoir of the type produced every four years by Theodore H. White in his “Making of the President” series.

Crouse takes us inside the campaign coverage from the time of the early primaries until election night in November, inside the coverage of Muskie, McGovern, the Eagleton affair, and the Nixon-Agnew campaign. He shows us who the major journalists are, what they are like, and how the coverage turned out.

All of this is important because the media is our foremost source of information regarding social and political reality: selectivity is the core of every step of the journalistic process. Moreover, our knowledge of candidates and their views and actions comes from a relatively small body of men and women. Most newspapers—America has about 1,700 of them—publish on average about four to six stories a week about each of the presidential candidates. Is this enough news? No; it is an AP machine, a UPI machine, or both, and these machines give us information fed to AP and UPI by a couple of reporters covering each candidate. They are kept constantly on the move during a campaign; there is no time for much “digging,” and they are in a constant state of exhaus-
who, in their attempts to fight evil, only hasten its inevitable triumph. It tells us that, in the last analysis, we are capable only of evil.

Psychologists know that an individual who is poisoned by self-hatred cannot indefinitely exist in that state; he develops self-esteem or he destroys himself. The same is true of a culture. We are living in an age of self-hatred, both as individuals and as a nation. We bow our heads weekly at art, religion, and philosophy tell us that we are hopeless morally and spiritually. We agree to a national "Day of Humiliation"; we search our conscience as atonement for the sins committed by Richard Nixon: we lift to our moral shoulders the faults of our ancestors, accepting guilt because they sanctioned slavery even if we abhor it. Chinatown is only a particularly ugly addition to the endless parade of demands that we despise ourselves. It is the dead end of that view of ourselves which, if not replaced by self-esteem, may yet destroy civilization.

Death Wish is, in essence, a New York City Western—bringing to the city and modern man the Wild West. Sans horses, cowboys, and Indians, it shows us a decent and sensitive man of the city in a life-and-death confrontation with the savages of our modern world. It is a fascinating movie, suspenseful, taut, exciting. Its theme is the direct antithesis of Chinatown.

Death Wish is the story of a New York design engineer whose wife and daughter are brutally assaulted by three vicious, mindless thugs. As a result of the attack, the wife dies and the daughter retreats into hopeless psychosis. The man—played by Charles Bronson—turns to the police for help. But they tell him that they cannot help him; there is little chance that they ever will find the thugs; there is nothing they can do. There is, however, something that he can do. He cannot simply tell the police about his business and forget what happened. He cannot survive, emotionally and morally, if he passively accepts the evil that destroyed the two people he loved.

In a particularly memorable scene, he asks his son-in-law—who is regretting the fact that he and his wife did not long ago escape the city—what one would call a man who, faced with a destructive and frightening evil, runs away from it. "Civilized?" says the young man.

Bronson is not that "civilized." Nor does he accept passivity and retreat as the hallmark of civilization. During the Korean War, he had been a conscientious objector. But now he deliberately sets himself up as a target for New York's muggers. He begins walking the city's parks at night, riding the midnight subways, sauntering along dark and deserted streets—like a Western sheriff enticing thugs: there is nothing they can do. There is, however, something that he can do. He cannot simply tell the police about his business and forget what happened. He cannot survive, emotionally and morally, if he passively accepts the evil that destroyed the two people he loved.

Similarly, just a tiny handful of people are the major political reporters for Time, Newsweek, the New York Times, the Washington Post, CBS, NBC, ABC, ad infinitum.

Crouse tells us a great deal about this journalistic establishment, about Cassie Mackin of NBC, David Broder of the Washington Post, Johnny Apple of the New York Times, about Walter Mears and Carl Leubsdorf of UPI, and all the rest. He tells us about "pack journalism": "A group of reporters were assigned to follow a single candidate for weeks or months at a time, like a pack of hounds sicken on a fox. Trapped on the same bus or plane, they ate, drank, gambled, and compared notes with the same bunch of colleagues week after week." Of the "pack," those who pursue touchy areas too doggedly are reprimanded or shunned; self-censorship is the result. Candidates themselves retaliate against hostile reporters, and reward friendly ones.

More significant still is the range of political opinion: from moderate Republican to McGovernite and beyond. Crouse tells us of the journalists' hatred for Nixon, of how they cover up for Muskie and, later, for McGovern, of how they become "shills" for the Kennedys, and how they do not even comprehend what is meant when an opponent of McGovern sees McGovern as wanting to "redistribute wealth." It is not that they are, for the most part, ideological liberals; liberalism is as much a part of them as are their hands or feet, not something that they have thought about or actively "adopted." And the selectivity which grows from this is obvious. As Edith Efron pointed out in a recent "Newswatch" column for TV Guide, the problem is not so much the uncovering of Nixon's guilt, but the evasion of the guilt of other, more liberal, political figures. The investigative journalism we saw in the case of Watergate was entirely absent during the Johnson administration and on the heels of the Chappaquiddick affair, which involved dubious actions of the heir apparent to the throne.

The Boys on the Bus is essential to grasping the significance and scope of this sort of double-standard distortion. We learn the extent to which journalists keep information from us, and the extent to which their own superficiality helps keep politics on a superficial level. One reason the supply of political ideas is so low is because the journalistic demand for it in the questions of reporters is almost nonexistent; follow-up questions act as a bulwark against research in the realm of programs and policies are all but nonexistent as well.

But I will not pretend that Timothy Crouse's book is any major breakthrough, conceptually or otherwise. What it is, is eminently interesting reading which takes you inside a world upon which all of us depend for the information upon which decisions of life-and-death importance are based. When we see such vital information being supplied by people who are actively partisan, cynical, bored, superficial, thoughtless, and ex-

(Continued on page 8)
Crous— (Continued from page 7)
husted, then I think we can only conclude that epistemological reform is in order. It is indeed sadly ironic: journalists whose personal values include the looting of such things as mass production and assembly lines have given us assembly lines where we need them least: in the realm of knowledge. We can only respond: Reformers, reform thyselfs!
The Boys on the Bus is food for thought, and it is entertaining to boot. I hope Mr. Hospers follows up on Crouse's work. And I hope that they have the courage to see what their own profession has become. Reviewed by R. A. Childs, Jr. / 402 pages / BFL Price $1.75

de Jouvenel— (Continued from page 2)
from feudal times to our own day. There are five broad sections: "The Metaphysics of Power," "Origins of Power," "The Nature of Power, The State as Permanent Revolution," "The Face of Power Changes, But Not Its Nature," and "Limited Power or Unlimited Power?" And within these broad categories the author discusses such divergent topics as theories of sovereignty, the nature of revolutions, the growth of democracy, the breakdown of the feudal aristocracy, the development of absolute monarchy, the expansionist character of power, and power "as assaulter of the social order."

Particularly interesting is de Jouvenel's discussion of the problem of sovereignty: he shows how every theory (such as divine right, or popular sovereignty) has its origins in a desire to limit or restrict the scope of power, but that "in the end every single such theory has, sooner or later, lost its original purpose, and come to act merely as a springboard to Power, by providing it with the powerful aid of an invisible sovereign with whom it could in time successfully identify itself." Divine right, for instance, was transformed into a rationalization for absolute monarchy, though initially it was to subordinate State power to "divine" or "natural" law and to provide a check on State power through the counter-vailing power of the Church. The theory of popular sovereignty—which led to unlimited democracy—was initially proposed to give the people a "process of review" over governmental policies and personnel.

The rest of On Power is just as insightful, illuminating, and challenging, particularly in the sections in which de Jouvenel traces the processes by which central authorities have wrested power away from any opposition. But I have my disagreements. De Jouvenel gives insufficient space to the Oppenheimer thesis concerning the origin of the State in conquest, and he is not nearly enough concerned with the role of economic interests in promoting State power. Moreover, he is concerned too much with power's "conflict with aristocracy and alliance with the common people"; this last is absurd in any but a superficial-rhetorical sense—the "common people" provide the loot and cannon fodder for the State and are its chief victims. But de Jouvenel's thesis is true in the sense that the State feeds off envy to marshall the support of the "common people."

Finally, de Jouvenel shares with most European classical liberals an anti-individualist bias. Rose Wilder Lane noted in The Lady and the Tyrcoon [Ed. note: available from BFL] that the average European classical liberal has "not grasped our basic individualist principle at all, that his basic assumption is communist. . . ." I think that this is true of de Jouvenel, who sees the contemporary State apparatus as one of the "fruits of individualist rationalism," and speaks of "liberty's aristocratic roots." The view of statism as the fruit of individualist rationalism, of course, is one which de Jouvenel shares with Russell Kirk and F. A. Hayek. It is particularly common among Europeans and European-oriented American conservatives. It is also false and stupid.

In any case, On Power is a most profound work which digs deep into the nature of State authority and its growth, showing how the central authority in communities has come to almost unlimited power over the course of eight or nine centuries. And, needless to add, the subject is particularly timely today, in the aftermath of the Johnson and Nixon regimes, which have gotten some people at least superficially concerned with particular growths and abuses or power. De Jouvenel may help them to see things somewhat more in context, and his arguments should be carefully considered. Whether you are trying to understand the problem of growing governmental power yourself or are trying to communicate it to others, On Power can be heartily recommended as a stimulating and profound tract. Reviewed by R. A. Childs, Jr. / Political Philosophy (421 pages) / BFL Price $2.95

A Question of Genius

I have read with great interest John Hoppers' essays in music appreciation. Two statements in the August edition of BFL by Mr. Hoppers merit attention, one for its accuracy, the other for its questionable musical judgment.

Mr. Hoppers writes of Mussorgsky: "The greatest genius of Russian music. . . ." Later, he tells us that "Almost everyone knows this ("Pictures at an Exhibition") in the orchestral transcription by Mussorgsky's disciple, Rimsky-Korsakov."

Firstly, Mussorgsky was not the greatest genius of Russian music, even in the period under consideration by Mr. Hoppers, and it is also doubtful that Rimsky-Korsakov, whose transcription of "Night on Bald Mountain" Hospers has evidently confused with Ravel's famous transcription of the "Pictures," was a "disciple" of Mussorgsky. One does not become an artistic disciple merely because of efforts directed at polishing up someone else's works. In fact, in trying to overcome the often primitive aspects of Mussorgsky's works, Rimsky-Korsakov was in fact explicitly defying the expressed wish of Mussorgsky!

It is the brilliant orchestration by Ravel that most concert goers and record enthusiasts know. It is, by any standard, a consistently magnificent performance. Although the Szell and Richter recordings come back-to-back and are therefore cheaper, the Reinier-Chicago Symphony RCA recording, re-released on Victrola at a reduced price, is well worth the extra money. Richter's performance is challenged only by the out-of-print Horowitz RCA recording, and since Horowitz takes many liberties for the sake of his virtuoso technique, the brilliant Richter recording is preferable. It is all the more impressive considering it is a live performance!

Although Mr. Hoppers tends to reach beyond his knowledge in fields other than his professed specialty, philosophy, I enjoy BFL quite a bit, and have been disappointed only in your early and unquestioning (except economic premises) support for the "new" Critical Realism. Reviewed by Robert Formaini

Professor Hoppers Replies

I will stand by my judgment that Mussorgsky is the greatest genius of Russian music—at least before Prokofieff, whose musical idiom owes much to Mussorgsky.

No, I was not confusing "Pictures at an Exhibition" with "Night on Bald Mountain." To the best of my knowledge there are four orchestral transcriptions of Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition": by Rimsky-Korsakov, by Caziliet, by Ravel, and more recently, by Stokowski. Of these, Ravel's is the most famous. Mr. Formaini is correct about Rimsky-Korsakov going against the expressed wishes of Mussorgsky in many respects. (This comes up in a later installment of my "Introduction to Musical Listening," in which I discuss Mussorgsky's opera "Boris Godunov." ) The Odysseys of the score contains the orchestral part of Mussorgsky's The Night on Bald Mountain. I should note that Mussorgsky's "original piano version" contains no march. Mr. Formaini has gotten some people at least superficially concerned with particular growths and abuses of power. De Jouvenel may help them to see things somewhat more in context, and his arguments should be carefully considered. Whether you are trying to understand the problem of growing governmental power yourself or are trying to communicate it to others, On Power can be heartily recommended as a stimulating and profound tract. Reviewed by R. A. Childs, Jr. / Political Philosophy (421 pages) / BFL Price $2.95

More on Music

Professor Hoppers' introductory reviews of classical music reveal a comprehensive and discriminating taste. However, in Part II (chapter music of the 19th and 20th centuries) I was mildly disappointed to see no mention of Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," which, of course, is the Concerto in D is remarkable for both its vigor and its unusual and attractive melodies. As one who had no original sympathy to chamber music, I can testify to the pleasure of being introduced to such a work. Reviewed by R. A. Childs, Jr. / Political Philosophy (421 pages) / BFL Price $2.95

"Murray Rothbard and the Bitch-Goddess"

The main thing I've liked about BFL is that it has published incisive criticism of books rather than just the gushy blurbs you get from friend book clubs. My review of Murray Rothbard's Egalitarianism as a Revolt Against Nature, however, read more like the latter. In the title essay, Rothbard goes a few more rounds with his favorite straw man of egalitarianism: egalitarians deny any differences among people. I know of none who maintain that all people are the same color, or height, or weight, et cetera. (Though most have wishfully dreamed of being able to make this so, since it would simplify their lives considerably.) What they do say is that these differences don't "count" in any socially, politically, et cetera. Important sense. This is just as much nonsense as saying the differences don't exist, of course, but the difference between the two positions is important in understanding the appeal of
egalitarianism and formulating a coherent alternative. Looking into the question of what differences "count" in what senses, though, leads us deep into psychological questions like the role of the dominance hierarchy in human history and prehistory—questions whose answers are unsettling to conventional philosophic notions, and thus not likely to sell many books or recruit many members. It's ironic that you dredged up early Rothbard tracts on the need to be on guard against "utilitarian incrementalists." Exhibit A of this nefarious species is the early Rand, has asked me to thank you ... for the very fair and vindication.

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**Readers, Authors, Reviewers**

Jacques Ellul's The Technological Society.

Hitler's revolution, claimed to have done away with all the classical methods of finance; it wanted to be revolutionary in the management of nationalized enterprises, in the organization of commerce and monetary relations, and even in financial technique. Insofar as National Socialism was a party, it emphasized the struggle against capitalism. Feder's program provided for a complete transformation of economic and financial life; manipulation of money, prices, and wages would lead to the disappearance of capitalism, and to this end completely new financial forms were recommended. But, little by little, financial necessity in its most traditional form reasserted itself: to accomplish reforms, money was needed. In 1938 Schacht reaffirmed the old position that only the orthodox financial technique of capitalism was capable of furnishing the funds necessary to the Nazi state. Rejection of inflation, short-term financing, refusal to use currency for financing—all these were traditional principles of financial technique. The financial machinery of the Third Reich was nearly identical with that of the Empire of 1914.

In essence the Nazis turned from technically untenable inventions back to an efficient financial technique, a technique identical with the one that dominated in the capitalist countries....

**RUSS BOISVERT**

Rochester, N.Y.

And, In Closing....

BFL is a true delight to read each month. Wishing for something more appropriate, I might confer upon you Red Skelton's old phrase, "... and may God bless." Keep up the good work.

**WILLIAM D. BURT**

Cuba, N.Y.

**“Very Fair Review”**

Mr. Koestler, who is in the country working on a new book, has asked me to thank you for the very fair review of Beyond Reductionism [BFL, May 1974].

C. JEFFERELL

Secretary to Arthur Koestler

London, UK

**Nazism’s Invisible Hand**

I hope the following quote puts into perspective the interesting economic history of the Third Reich. [See "Afterword," BFL, August 1974.] The quote is from...
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A Word to Our Readers
Early in 1972, I began distributing a prospectus among prominent libertarians and other interested persons, describing plans for a periodical to be called Libertarian Review. It was to be a general review of the ideas prevailing in this culture as they are manifested in its literature and art and by the print and broadcast media. An impressive number of libertarians—scholars, businessmen, students, writers—responded favorably to the concept of a New York Review of Books written from a broadly libertarian perspective, and a great many of them lent their names as Contributing Reviewers. Their enthusiasm, however, was not shared by a sufficient number of subscribers, and the results of our advertising campaign showed conclusively that such a periodical could not be sustained by subscription revenues alone.

I therefore decided to continue with my plans to develop Libertarian Review but to let it evolve gradually, as interest in libertarian ideas spread and as the need for such a general review became more widely perceived. In the meantime, I decided to publish a “watered-down” version of LR, and to call it Books For Libertarians. It would be sustained partly by subscription revenues, partly by profits from the sale of books, records and tapes reviewed in its pages. Thus BFL was born in July, 1972, and has published continuously since that time.

Now, with the expansion of the size of BFL and with the addition of such features as essay reviews by scholars such as Hans J. Eysenck, Sidney Hook, Murray N. Rothbard, James J. Martin (and ones forthcoming by Thomas Szasz and others); with the series by John Hospers entitled “An Introduction to Musical Listening”; with the addition of a “letters” section, and with the initiation of occasional reviews of the arts beginning with Barbara Branden’s brilliant treatment of Death Wish and Chinatown in the present issue, we have moved much closer to our original goal.

So with this issue, the goddess Justicia stands next to our new logotype—Libertarian Review. We hope that the continuing improvements in LR over the next few months will please you. Let us have your opinion! RDK

Jeff Riggenbach
PO Box 75182
Los Angeles CA 90075

REVIEWERS FOR THIS ISSUE: Walter Block received his Ph.D. in economics from Columbia University and is currently on the staff of Business Week. Barbara Branden lives in Los Angeles and has just completed her first novel, Price No Object. R. A. Childs, Jr. is an associate editor of LR. Arthur M. Diamond, Jr. recently received his degree in philosophy from Wabash College. He is now continuing his work in philosophy at the University of Chicago on a Weaver fellowship. John Hospers is Professor of Philosophy at the University of Southern California, an aesthetician of note, a tireless exponent of the Libertarian Party, and an associate editor of LR. Robert Sherrill is Washington correspondent of the Nation and a prolific writer on American politics. Idia Walters, an economist and journalist, is a staff reporter for the Wall Street Journal.

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