

THE SPYING OF CIA operative Aldrich Hazen Ames and his wife Maria del Rosario Casas Ames—who have been accused by the FBI of working for the Soviets and later the Russians—is significant for reasons that have escaped the Establishment press. Republican Senator Dole and Democratic Senator DeConcini and many others should think twice before denouncing the manifest incompetence of a federal agency, the gross treachery of Mr. and Mrs. Ames against the nation, or the regressive deceptions practiced by a “new” Russia.

Never mind that the CIA let Ames sell his country down the river for nearly a decade, as he betrayed numerous Soviet “assets” to their death. During this same period, the CIA missed the breakup of the Soviet Union and the attempted coup against Yeltsin. Whatever the mission of the CIA is, providing intelligence is not it. For that, we have CNN, which was how the White House found out about Russia’s involvement in the Bosnia mess. Boris wouldn’t answer the phone.

Never mind that the SVRR (formerly the KGB) runs spy networks in our country, even penetrating our counterintelligence. Since our “assets” in Russia were paid to betray their country, what grounds do we have for complaint? We paid the Soviet double agents, paid Ames to control them, paid his salary while he betrayed them, and helped fund Russia as its government paid him some more—but this is not a new situation.

Since the American people have so often been told about the benignity of Boris Yeltsin and the Russian yearning for McDonald’s, Pepsi, and Michael Jackson, an unpleasant and inappropriate reaction would be extreme and irresponsible. President Clinton and Robert Strauss and others have already sagely called for a steady course, continuing to provide foreign governments with money that is then used to subvert the American people who provided the funds. The American government and the Russian government have the same policy, proving that they have more in common with each other than they do with the constituencies they affect to represent and serve. Don’t rock the boat.

America’s foreign policy is foreign in more than one sense; indeed, its domestic policy is foreign as well. It’s rather confusing to impute treachery to a man whose job it was to supervise the treacheries of others. Besides, what country did Ames betray? Since we have porous borders, it’s hard to say who is a citizen and who is not, and therefore hard to say that the United States is literally a nation. The GATT and NAFTA agreements indicate that the government regards foreign lobbyists and not the American people as its constituency. Why should we withhold from hostile nations what we grant to rootless and exploitative corporations?

The American government has long known better than the people upon whom it battens. Franklin D. Roosevelt, for instance, knew quite well that the “Man Called Intrepid,” William Stephenson, was spying on America Firsters before Pearl Harbor. That President had no problem with foreign agents—British ones, in this case—interfering in his country. Maybe that was because he knew he would later betray Britain.

One unfortunate by-product of the Ames case—as Wolf Blitzer has implied—has been to derail the ponderous movement to pardon Jonathan Jay Pollard, the Navy intelligence analyst who was sentenced to life in prison in 1987 for passing secrets to Israel, is most distressing. The Clinton administration had recently floated balloons about a pardon for Pollard, fulfilling a commitment made during the 1992 campaign. The Israeli head of state, furnishing a new definition of *chutzpah*, actually wrote to Clinton asking for such a pardon, and there have been well-publicized American petitions seeking such a pardon. After all, the country Pollard sold secrets to is our ally, so what’s the problem? Don’t we want Israel to know what it needs to know? Of course, the Israeli spy network in the United States is second only to Russia’s in size and seriousness, and that is not surprising, since both of them have been subvented by American money. One hand washes the other. Seymour Hersh convincingly argues that some of the material Pollard showed to Israel was then passed by Israel to the Soviets. You might say that

Ames, by dealing directly with Russia, only cut out the middleman. Since Ames is accused of doing something similar, and since calls for Pollard’s pardon have already been floated by the government that he betrayed as well as by the government that recruited him and lied about it, I don’t think it’s too early to call for a pardon of Ames—and his spouse. After all, no one wishes to hear nasty taunts like “Who does Russia think she is—Israel?” Actually, a Russian diplomat said something similar on CNN: If Israel could do it, why couldn’t Russia? Aren’t we all allies now?

Of course we are. That’s why my forthright and preemptive call for a pardon of the Amesces will be supported nationally. It wouldn’t do to single out the Amesces for punishment while pardoning Pollard. Pardoning the Amesces would establish a sure basis for pardoning Pollard, which is obviously a national as well as international priority, though not one that President Clinton is in a position to act on—yet. Anyway, why withhold aid from Russia for spying on us with our own money, when we’ve opened the national coffers to Israel for doing the same? The only fair thing—fair to Russia, fair to Israel, fair to Pollard, and fair to Mr. and Mrs. Ames—is to pardon everybody and then to pretend that nothing ever happened. That way there will be no embarrassment, and the money to finance more extractions of intelligence from our country will continue to flow to Russia and Israel. That way we can give up the exhausting pretense that the United States has a national interest or that, if we do, the government knows what it is. And that way Russia and Israel will have as much money and even more intelligence than we do (as if that were not already demonstrated), thus relaxing international tensions.

A pardon for Ms. Ames will even rob the horde of feminist commentators of their fodder, since Lorena Bobbitt has already proved that a Latin woman can’t be convicted of anything if she cries on the witness stand. A pardon for both she and her husband will also show that if greed justifies the betrayal of the nation by corporate lobbyists, then the franchise can be extended. Finally, a pardon for Ames will assure at least one person that Rick Ames is not lonely.

Doesn't every traitor need and deserve an organized constituency trying to get him out of jail?

—J.O. Tate

CLINTON-BASHING is a tempting sport, as indicated by the phenomenal popularity of Rush Limbaugh. But like everything that is too easy, it has its pitfalls. It will be a fruitless enterprise if it merely succeeds in tearing down Clinton to make way for a lackluster Republican administration only marginally better on the critical issues.

Clinton's band of lowlifes does provide a good target—his awful wife, his zoo of appointees (Trachtenberg, Shalala, Elders, Bentsen, Christopher, *ad infinitum*). Yet these indicate not so much the evil of Clinton or of the Democratic Party as what American society and the American political system have become. The Republican Party, after all, gave us Justices Brennan, Blackmun, Thomas, and Souter; "Condom" Koop; Packwood; Frohnmeyer; proscription of serious Christians from policy-making; double prosecution of the L.A. cops; NAFTA; Somalia; and "no new taxes." The distinction is nothing to get excited about.

Despite his public and private shortcomings, it is not apparent to me that Clinton is of a quality significantly below the general level of American leadership. He is more intelligent than any Republican of recent history except Nixon. There is no reason to believe he is less sincere or competent or more prone to lust and greed than many other politicians.

My friend Murray Rothbard has complained that Clinton is "an Arkansas peckerwood in the White House." Would that it were so. That would be cause for rejoicing. But he is not: he is a typical Southern liberal—i.e., a horrible opportunist but also generally less dangerous than a real liberal. It is a peculiar feature of the mainstream American public consciousness that an evil and bumbling Southerner seems even more evil and bumbling than his mainstream counterpart. Thus Clinton, like Carter, makes an easy target for demagoguery. Even more peculiarly, reflecting the ambiguity and love-hate with which the South has always been regarded, a Southerner also seems more decent, which made it possible for Carter and Clinton to be elected when a real liberal could not.

I have never been able to get exercised about the harm Clinton could do. More opportunist than George Bush? Dumber than Jack Kemp? Meaner than Bill Bennett? Clinton seems to have a core of authenticity, measured by the fact that he has made no effort to change his native accent (unlike Albert Gore, Jr., who is a museum-quality specimen of the Southern rich boy who went away to prep school in the East and came back sounding and acting like a complete phony).

I have always thought that given Clinton's naturally cautious and compromising style, and his election as a minority candidate (something he owes entirely to Pat Buchanan and Ross Perot and not to the Republican Party), he would not be able to accomplish anything very significant—despite his execrable company and symbolism—and would therefore be less dangerous than an effective George Bush.

At least the Democrats, unlike the Republicans, actually try to represent their constituency, which is what they are supposed to do in a democracy. This seems to me a moral advantage over the Republican Party, which has been repeatedly elected to represent the middle class, limited government, and traditional values, to none of which it has any honest commitment. It has basically perpetrated a fraud, thus promoting a cynicism and despair among decent Americans that is much more destructive than any watered-down socialist schemes Clinton may be able to get through.

The Republican Party is not and never has been able to meet a challenge such as our times present. The best it can do is call out Dan Quayle to defend the family and promote semisocialist schemes of "empowerment." Conceived in greed, hypocrisy, and fanaticism, the Republican Party has never performed any positive role, except tacitly. It serves two functions in the American body politic: defending the interests of American business, which it does incompetently (in regard to legitimate small business, though competently with respect to the illegitimate demands of big business), and ratifying and consolidating previous Democratic programs (thus, the Kemp-Bennett empowerment program provides a final prop and validation for Lyndon Johnson's failed Great Society). There are a number of good young Republicans in Congress. But, witness

my point, it has been the young New Democrats who have taken the effective lead on budget reduction, anti-NAFTA, and immigration control—a lead that Republicans by their nature are incapable of taking.

If we care for the fate of our dispirited and decaying Republic, if we want to mobilize the good qualities of the American character and not just reap temporary benefit from the natural public revulsion to Clintonism, then our first order of business must be to find a vehicle other than the Grand Old Party.

—Clyde Wilson

RIVERBOAT CASINOS are giant money-sucking machines. A \$30 million riverboat casino operated by Harrah's can suck in \$200,000 a day from bettors, assuming a typical daily loss of \$50 per customer. This kind of high-stakes betting used to be called gambling. But liberals have come up with a new name—"gaming." It was formerly recognized as a vice. But it is now classed as "recreation" and "entertainment."

The difference is that state and local governments have taken over the gambling rackets, now known as the "gaming industry." The St. Louis Port Authority estimates that the new "gaming industry" on its riverfront when fully operational with four casinos will bring in "revenues" of \$240 million a year and provide the city with \$33 million in new tax dollars.

The truth is that state and local governments are hooked on the myth that they can gamble their way to prosperity—a notion every bit as ludicrous as Washington's belief that it can tax-and-spend the nation to boom times. Riverboat casinos are the ultimate expression of the fantasy—expressed in state-paid TV ads—that the way to become a millionaire is not through hard work and saving but to bet the grocery money against the long odds of lotteries and casinos.

Armed with these odds, gambling pros on the riverboats reel in clumps by the thousands and systematically strip them of their cash before dumping them ashore. It all takes place in an atmosphere of great fun and frivolity while local and state governments cheer them on in anticipation of sharing the loot. The people who own and run these boats are essentially fast-buck artists who

jump in quick when there is a new gambling—excuse me, gaming—opportunity and jump out fast when their “business” slows down. Witness how three of the five riverboat casinos in Iowa hoisted anchor after only two years when juicier “markets” opened up in other states.

The riverboat gambling law passed by the Missouri Legislature and approved by Governor Carnahan calls for a \$50,000 licensing fee (to keep the mom-and-pop casino operators out) and provides for the state to collect 20 percent of the “adjusted gross income” of these boats. But it is a safe bet that the social costs of teaching so many citizens to become habitual gamblers will largely nullify the gains that Governor Carnahan and the Democratic majority in the state legislature are gambling on. In virtually every case, increased gambling is accompanied by higher welfare costs, much greater costs for treating compulsive gamblers, and increased crime.

There are three primary reasons the riverboat casino craze will likely end with a whimper. First, fierce competition is emerging as paddleboat owners from every state with a major waterway scramble to join the riverboat “gold rush.” Illinois has already launched eight riverboat casinos, Missouri is scrambling to put a raft of new riverboats in the water, and Indiana has just approved 12 more. The *President-Casino Mississippi*, which opened in Biloxi in August 1992, has already seen its competition increase from zero to at least six riverboats in the area. High-stakes land-based casino operators also have big plans for launching riverboat operations. As this frenzy heats up, winnings are bound to fall and many of these “dreamboats” will sink in a river of red ink.

Second, the flood of new gambling money being anticipated is not going to arrive. A study by the St. Louis Port Authority found that 5.7 million of the 7.2 million gamblers expected to patronize the new floating gambling joints will be from the St. Louis area. “This means that 80 percent of the money spent on gambling here would have otherwise been spent on other forms of entertainment—or remained in accounts in St. Louis banks,” the *St. Louis Business Journal* reported. After the initial wave of “gulls” and compulsive gamblers has been fleeced, the public enthusiasm for this organized robbery almost certainly will wane. The supply of pigeons is not infinite.

Third, the Democrats who have ruled the Missouri Legislature for decades, along with tax king Mel Carnahan, will probably be thrown out by Missourians when they grow tired of the high taxes, rabid promotion of gambling, and new \$300 million school tax law that makes puppets of local school districts.

St. Louisans would do well to consider the experience of Alton, as told recently by John J. Dunphy, owner of a bookstore in that city. Dunphy reports that the arrival of the original *Alton Belle* casino at this city in 1991 brought more than \$3 million in proceeds to the city government but that the effect on Alton business has been negligible. Dunphy says he has yet to have a blackjack player fresh off the *Belle* dash into his bookshop to purchase the works of Ibsen or Camus. And even the local bars failed to get new business from *Belle* patrons. Other retailers have confirmed that those who come to try their luck on the *Alton Belle* just gamble and go home.

St. Louisans should ask themselves if they really want wall-to-wall riverboat casinos on their riverfront. That is what they are liable to get if the city fills four available berths with floating casinos. That noted philanthropist Donald Trump has indicated an interest in establishing a *world-class* casino in St. Louis and has said that he might toss in a convention center/hotel to sweeten the deal. But should St. Louisans aspire to see their city turn into Las Vegas East? They should also ponder the prospect of having their city government influenced by multimillionaire casino-boat owners. Pittsburgh mogul John Connelly, chairman and chief executive of President Riverboat Casinos, Inc., is sitting on a \$390 million pile of stock in that company. As I was writing this, he was also about to become nearly \$80 million richer by issuing two million shares of stock in his company (which will reduce his share to 32.4 percent) in anticipation of opening the *Admiral* casino on the St. Louis riverfront.

Connelly’s influence in St. Louis is already attested to by the fact that for \$20,580 a year his companies control six premium lease slots on the St. Louis riverfront, including three that could be used for gambling boats. The six include the permanently moored Robert E. Lee restaurant, the *Becky Thatcher*, *Huck Finn*, and *Tom Sawyer* cruise ships, and, in between these, the *Admiral* and vacant *President* and *Belle* of St. Louis, as

well as an office barge. Connelly was also able to wangle state legislative approval, via Representative Jet Banks (D-St. Louis), to have his *Admiral* casino remain permanently moored on the St. Louis riverfront while other riverboat casinos have to cruise the Mississippi.

Iowa’s riverboat gambling director, Chuck Patton, admits that casinos have brought an increase in crime to his state. When high-rollers turn the St. Louis riverfront into a gambling mecca, more police will be needed on the riverfront. But where will the city get the added police when it is already far short of the number of officers needed to fight St. Louis’s escalating crime?

As we go to press, the Missouri Supreme Court has just ruled that the statute authorizing riverboat casinos in the state is unconstitutional because it excludes certain types of gambling. Missouri’s legislature has hence authorized a statewide vote—perhaps as early as April—for a constitutional amendment approving riverboat casinos.

But regardless of how this plays out, Missourians should remember that government is supposed to protect the interests of citizens and that encouraging Missourians to try their luck against the long odds of riverboat games—at an average loss of \$50 per customer—is a disservice to the people the government is sworn to protect. Claiming these money-grabbing water palaces will produce jobs and prosperity is a stunt worthy of Barnum.

—Oliver Starr, Jr.

VANCOUVER was a stately if inelegant place when I last visited it 26 years ago. The harbor was a breathtaking sight, although the downtown area was run-down and the architecture undistinguished. Still, Vancouver was memorable because it was a city framed by mountains, with extraordinary vistas and a congenial climate. It had a rare calm and charm, the kind of charm that lures you into returning.

Obviously the mountains, the vistas, and the congenial climate haven’t disappeared. Moreover, Vancouver has developed its inner city. Gastown, the old city, now has precious shops and bistros that rival any in San Francisco, and Pacific Center Mall is reputedly the largest underground mall on the continent. All the chic stores can be found here, from Laura Ashley to Ralph Lauren. The area

surrounding Stanley Park has high-rise apartments with high-rise rental fees. Granville and Maritime, once pristine islands at the gateway of the harbor, are now built-up middle-class neighborhoods with museums and playgrounds and are the site of a world-famous bathtub race—bathtubs outfitted with outboard engines racing across the harbor. By any measure Vancouver has entered the ranks of the world's greatest cities. Yet this is only part of the story, perhaps the least important part.

When Vancouver was discovered by the cognoscenti in the 60's, it became a melting pot for every nationality and every "lifestyle." Its local government, as well as its atmosphere, promoted liberal ideas, manifest in permissiveness. While the surrounding residents of British Columbia are notably conservative, Vancouver is latitudinarian. Robson Street—one of the main shopping streets—has a gravitational pull for thrill-seekers, not unlike Greenwich Village in New York. When San Francisco started to lose its allure in the 70's, due in part to the enormous immigration there, many of its residents headed north to Seattle and Vancouver.

In Vancouver one is minutes from skiing and seconds from the beach. Kayaking and sledding are easily possible in the same day. But these assets, along with the city's permissiveness, have created a dark underbelly apparent even to the weekend tourist. Vancouver is inundated with freaks. They can be found on every corner, in every alcove; the drugged-out detritus of the 60's has its counterpart in the street beggars of the present. Most are a peaceful, if annoying, presence, but some are cloying and persistent. The once peaceful streets of Vancouver are noisy with street sounds, and violence has raised its ugly head in a city once devoid of it. From stately past to decadent present, Vancouver has caught the urban disease.

Motorcyclists pierce the air with the throttle at full blast. Teenagers from the Far East who barely speak English punctuate every sentence with the "f-word," as if this is a sign of their newly discovered manhood. Homosexuals sit shirtless in second-floor windows, eyeing the parade of visitors on Robson Street. The thumping, pulsating sound of rock music flows from the many clubs at street level. Like many cities, this one is a phantasmagoria of sights, sounds, and smells.

In some ways Vancouver is surprising.

Not only is this not the city of two decades ago, it is a city trying desperately to catch up with the excesses of urban life on the rest of the continent. Long hair on males once vogueish elsewhere is clearly in vogue here. Earrings in the nose and lips are almost a calling card among the young. Street musicians make it hard to walk on the sidewalks. And beggars, mostly young, say with an air of experience, "Can you spare some change?"

Like many cities, Vancouver is a mixed bag. A walk through Stanley Park offers staggeringly beautiful harbor scenes, and the Douglas fir trees rise to the sky like centurions guarding the city. There is something jejune, almost childlike, in this city where play is a preoccupation and narcissism an obsession. Vancouver does indeed retain some of its distinctive character.

Yet, this said, I don't really care whether I see this place again. The hardness already evident on the streets will most likely grow worse. The permissiveness (read: tolerance) will breed a new generation of immigrants far more interested in bringing their old ways to Canada than in assimilating to the ways of their host country. This, too, will be accepted by a city caught in the grip of urban pseudo-sophistication. The Vancouver of my memory has faded, replaced by a Vancouver shorn of its romance and stateliness. It is merely a big city located in a beautiful spot. Perhaps it should simply be appreciated for what it is, since it will not recapture what it once was.

—Herbert London

"**ALL ARTISTS,**" my old friend Ed Abbey was fond of saying, "should have their lips sewn shut." Certainly, to judge by current trends in the art world, many ought to have their fingers broken, their easels burned, their chisels hammered into plowshares.

Witness, to name but one instance, last summer's Kulturfest in sunny San Ysidro, California, where a group of so-called performance artists dispensed ten-dollar bills to illegal aliens—beg pardon, undocumented workers—to demonstrate the metaphysical resonance of cash. Whether the bewildered Mexicans and Central Americans whose photographs graced national newspapers got the point is a matter of speculation, but they seemed pleased by the donors'

largess. That generosity was, of course, federally funded until an embarrassed national arts program pulled its grant.

Just as silly is a recent excursion into mobile art that had as its setting the normally sane state of Wyoming. For reasons that have yet to emerge, a thirtysomething painter named Pip Brant decided that a herd of 111 cows on a Pinedale ranch was incomplete without the application of her gifts. Bravely taking brush in hand, she and two assistants set about painting the poor bovines with one-word messages to some alien god: "EVERY." "BIRDS." "PARTS." For this Ms. Brant received a grant of \$4,000 from a federally supported foundation in nearby Montana, a place artistically sober until folks like Jane Fonda and Robin Williams began buying up ranches and Californicating the Big Sky State.



Ms. Brant had lofty goals. "This is art," she bleated, "that can be interpreted on many levels. . . . It's a reflection of the fragmentation that's happening in the West and on another level it's about spontaneous poetry since the cows are going to randomly reorder the words for us and make new meanings." Hmmm. Piling gibberish on gibberish, another local artist remarked. "It's people who don't understand how important cows are that think they're stupid. In ancient times there were cow goddesses. We need to look at how cows are linked to nourishment, nurturing, and motherhood. Our idea is to propose an alternative to the masculine winning of the West, to show women's role in creating regional culture here." Someone bring us a needle and thread now, please.

This is a Weimar-like time when a female performance artist can earn ample federal grants by inserting certain vegetables into certain places you would not have thought imaginable, when an Italian painter can become a millionaire by vending cans of his own excrement. Painting foot-high block letters on cows and tossing out dollars to visiting Latinos are innocuous by comparison, to be sure. For all that, the time is ripe to question, once again, whether the government's business is to provide daily bread to this asinine corps.

—Gregory McNamee

by Samuel Francis

Forty Years After

Americans have grown fond of celebrating anniversaries of one kind or another. I first noticed this new habit during the national thrombosis over the Statue of Liberty back in 1986, but more recently the habit has swollen into something like an epidemic. In the late 1980's and early 1990's, we have endured the anniversaries of the U.S. Constitution, the Bill of Rights, the birth of Thomas Jefferson, the Bolshevik Revolution, the Munich Accord of 1938, the attack on Pearl Harbor, the emancipation of Negro slaves, the assassination of John Kennedy, the liberation of Dachau, and every stage, factual or fictitious, in the life and career of Martin Luther King, Jr., not to mention a number of other events of equally galactic significance that just happen to elude my memory. The reason for the rigorous observance of these commemorative occasions ought to be clear to those Americans who have even the dimmest glimmer of what is going on in their country today. Anniversaries, like national holidays, provide excellent opportunities to subvert the meanings of historic events as understood by a particular culture and to substitute other meanings of those same events as understood and preferred by the exponents of a rival culture.

This month we will observe yet another anniversary, that of the *Brown v. The Board of Education* decision that Earl Warren and a unanimous Supreme Court handed down to an unsuspecting nation exactly 40 years ago. The *Brown* decision, of course, marked the beginning of that extended political, cultural, and racial revolution that has come to be known to its adherents as the "civil rights movement," and for all the genuflections to Rosa Parks and "Dr." King that are popular and even obligatory today, the forces that really allowed the movement and the revolution to succeed were: the Warren Court, which issued the decision; the Eisenhower administration, which enforced it with federal troops in Little Rock; and a Southern white population that, when confronted with real soldiers in the streets, rather

quickly muted its braggadocio about "white supremacy" and the heritage of Lee and Jackson and did what it was instructed to do. Since the movement and its adherents have today everywhere triumphed, the meaning that will be imposed on the anniversary of the *Brown* decision will be the meaning of those victors, and it most definitely will not be the meaning of those Americans who dissented from the decision and the revolution that ensued from it but who preferred a comfortable and convenient silence to any serious resistance.

Obviously, in the course of observing its anniversary, *Brown* will be hailed as the ruling that struck down school segregation laws as unconstitutional and that paved the way for the racial integration that the nation so amicably enjoys today. The irony of this interpretation is that racial integration as the architects of the *Brown* decision claimed to understand it and to promote it is virtually nonexistent in the United States today. As Jared Taylor wrote in a survey of racial integration last year, "The attempt to integrate public elementary and high schools has been a fiasco. All across the country the attempt followed the same pattern: once the number of non-whites reached a certain level, standards collapsed and whites moved to the suburbs. During the past 25 years, most big-city public schools lost nearly all their white students. In Atlanta their percentage went from 41 percent to 7 percent, in New Orleans from 34 percent to 8 percent, in Detroit from 41 percent to 9 percent, in Los Angeles from 55 percent to 16 percent. . . . Today, two thirds of all black children go to schools that are predominantly non-white."

Of course, the United States today is a racially integrated society, but it has not been integrated by means publicly advocated by the architects of *Brown* (or indeed of the "civil rights movement")—the simple removal of racial segregation from public laws, to be followed by the voluntary and harmonious social mixture of the races. Racial integration has come about, quite simply, because of force—because of forced busing imposed by unelected judge and bureaucrat with federal troops at his back; be-

cause of affirmative action laws and policies that most Americans do not want and do not believe in; because of threats (not infrequently carried out) of prosecutions, law suits, boycotts, and other instruments of intimidation directed against restaurants, hotels, companies, and other private institutions that fail to meet the demands of integrationists; and because of a massive and continuous inundation of propaganda in every conceivable form and over every conceivable medium of communication to enforce racial right-think and punish and scorn racial wrong-think.

The *Brown* decision, then, cannot accurately be interpreted as the triumph of "freedom" over "force." At best, it can be seen as the triumph of one level of force (federal) for one purpose (racial integration) over a lesser level of force (state and local) for another purpose (racial segregation). But since the federal level of force has had to be applied strenuously and consistently to induce even minimal racial integration in places where no force at all prevented it, a more accurate interpretation of *Brown* and the "movement" for which it was the official signal and sanction would be that it actually achieved the opposite of increasing freedom, that it succeeded only in replacing what often was free and noncoercive (segregated) association with unfree and forced (integrated) association.

Defenders of *Brown* today generally do not shrink from just this interpretation of it, though it is directly contrary to the original intent, if you will, of the case and those who crafted it. But *Brown* itself, of course, largely rejected the whole concept of "original intent" jurisprudence, and that rejection should have been a warning to those who supported the Court's decision: those who thought it applied only to Southern Jim Crow statutes and not to such things as quotas that exclude their sons from law and medical schools. Since the Court rejected the rule of "original intent" in the one case, why should anyone have expected it or other courts to respect that rule in other cases where its application might offer inconvenient obstacles to the desired results?

The only feasible moral defense of the