

methods are fast and efficient. So Third World countries can be given First World means of production.

And since it is profitable to do this, the situation operates under a version of Murphy's Law: If anyone can produce at lower prices, someone will. And if someone does, everyone must—that's competition. People won't buy more expensive goods when the same thing is available cheaper. And, since businesses have to compete, they simply have no choice but to offshore—not from malice or because they hate their workers, but to be competitive. Unions demonize the capitalist bosses for the practice, but that's just normal union bias and demagoguery; economic forces are at work, not capitalist exploitation.

The net result is an imbalance: Manufacturers want to produce solely in the Third World, to sell in the First. The producers profit, and we all get cheaper goods, but at a cost of the loss of capital investment and jobs. That kind of "free trade" does not promote the wealth of this nation.

We've also heard enough chortling about how "They're selling us stuff dirt cheap, cheaper than we can produce it, haw, haw, haw." This amounts to a prescription for a new form of mercantilism; it concentrates on one factor of the economy to the exclusion of all others. "Minimize the price of consumer goods" is as mistaken a policy as the mercantilist theory of "maximize gold reserves." An economy is an organic whole, composed of many elements, and all of them must be healthy in order for the economy to be whole. We have to have jobs; we have to make things as well as consume them.

Moreover, a country is more than just an economy. National security must also be taken into consideration. Consider China, for example. We're building China's economy at the expense of our own—shipping our manufacturing infrastructure to the Chinese as fast as we reasonably can. (And they already have virtually unlimited manpower.) This means we are effectively grooming them to take over the role of economic powerhouse of the world.

We're also giving them all of our advanced technology and educating their college students in our universities—so much so that an American student in an upper-level computer-science or nuclear-physics course nowadays feels like a stranger in a strange land. (And it's a hostile one: Chinese students in American universities are openly disdainful and

hostile to white Americans.)

The United States won World War II because of her incredible manufacturing capacity—the capacity we're now so eager to give to China (and to other cheap-wage countries). In any major future war, we'll have to go to the Chinese and ask them to make us some airplane wings, because Boeing is now giving them all the means to design and produce wings. As the *Seattle Times* opines,

The steady transfer of airplane manufacturing from Seattle to countries like China shows little sign of slowing. Lower labor costs are only part of the reason. In China, the heated competition between Boeing and Airbus for nearly \$200 billion in sales over the next two decades hinges not just on prices and politics. The more willing Boeing and Airbus are to share technology and provide local jobs, the more likely they are to win Chinese orders.

That is, Boeing and Airbus must bribe China with technological information in order to get her to accept our economy. As Boeing itself proudly attests,

Boeing supports Chinese efforts to ensure a safe, efficient, and profitable Chinese aviation system to keep pace with the country's rapid economic growth. Commercial aviation is crucial to China's economic growth, and Boeing provides the world's best airplanes to China.

Boeing helps Chinese companies develop skills, achieve certification, and join the world aviation and supplier networks. China has an increasingly sophisticated and expanding role in the commercial aviation industry. China has a role on all of Boeing [*sic*] airplanes—the 737, 747, 767, 777, and 787. China has an important, highly visible role on the 737—building horizontal stabilizers, vertical fins, portions of the aft tail section, doors, wing-panels, and other parts. China builds all the trailing-edge wing ribs for every 747. China has an important role on the new 787 Dreamliner airplane, building the rudder, wing-to-body fairing panels, and leading edge of the vertical fin. China is the first location

for conversions for the new 747-400 Boeing Converted Freighter—with many parts and assemblies built in China and conversion, test, certification in China and delivery from China.

Boeing's fatuously proud statement, praising itself for selling out our national security and economy, raises a question: Do we want to resist the Chinese, or would we rather build their economy by sacrificing our own? In light of that question, "protectionism" sounds better than "sacrificialism."

Larry Eubank is the author of The Case Against Capital.

THE SERVILE STATE

On the Lam From the Census Bureau

by Doug Bandow

I'm hiding out—from the Census Bureau. True, they usually don't send out U.S. marshals with guns and handcuffs. But I'm playing it safe anyway, because the Bureau has been after me since I failed to fill out its treasured questionnaire, "The American Community Survey."

I've been through this before. I don't mind if the government learns how many people live here. That's necessary for drawing electoral districts, which is a legitimate government function. So, on the traditional census form, I routinely fill in the number of people living in my house and leave the rest of the questions blank. That has led the Bureau to call and even send busybodies to my door to pry into my affairs. They are as determined as those kids recruited to sell magazine subscriptions at inflated prices, only much worse. A few years ago, I received a special small-business survey. It was even longer than the decennial long form, so I tossed it in the trash. The Census Bureau thoughtfully sent a second one, followed by a threatening letter. The government eventually gave up on me; maybe they found a substitute victim.

More recently, I received a new, equally obnoxious demand for information. And it was a demand. Although Bureau Director Charles Louis Kincannon's cov-



er letter requested me “to help us with this very important survey by completing it and mailing it back,” it also observed that I “am required by U.S. law to respond to this survey.” Indeed, the little pamphlet of “Frequently Asked Questions” was tougher: “Title 13, as changed by Title 18, imposes a penalty for not responding.”

When I didn’t respond, the Bureau sent its telemarketers after me, repeatedly attempting to reach me by phone. Then, a field representative dropped by my house when I wasn’t home; she left her business card along with Form 11-38A, entitled REQUEST FOR APPOINTMENT. The flyer urged me to call: “I am required to make contact with an adult member of this household and I am obligated to return until contact has been made.”

Then came a letter from the program supervisor, sadly noting that the field representative “has been unable to reach you.” Imagine that. I was a little offended, though, that the letter was simply addressed to Current Resident. Obviously, they’re more interested in my house than they are in me. Interestingly, the Bureau dropped its confrontational tone: “We hope we can count on your cooperation in this important survey and are enclosing some information about the survey.” Then came a couple more visits from the field representative, highlighted by her waiting business card when I returned from a trip.

It’s typical of government today. Government cares not one whit about the value of my time or my preference for privacy. “The Census Bureau is required by U.S. law to keep your answer confidential,” Mr. Kincannon assured me. (The program supervisor also tried to reassure

me about this point: “Names and addresses are never reported in our findings.”) Even if I believe that such a provision offers any real guarantee of confidentiality, however, why should I want to let the Feds ransack my personal life?

Alas, the last census is out of date, the Bureau informs me: “the characteristics of your household may have changed since Census 2000.” Well, no, actually. In any case, Director Kincannon contended that the information is important, since it will “help decide where new schools, hospitals, and fire stations are needed.”

Aren’t those local functions? In my case, isn’t the Fairfax County school board likely to track enrollment numbers in planning classroom construction? Isn’t the county board of supervisors likely to look at the construction of new neighborhoods in deciding on the number and location of firefighters? Why not leave the questioning up to Fairfax County? (In fact, they recently sent me a school survey. Apparently, they don’t trust, or need, the Census Bureau.)

As for hospitals, that’s largely a private function. Kaiser Permanente doesn’t need to know my income, education level, or ancestry to decide if it wants to add to its facilities nearby. Bed occupancy rates will tell potential investors more than my answer on whether I have trouble bathing.

Moreover, explained the Bureau, the data is used “to show a large corporation that a town has the workforce the company needs.” But shouldn’t gaining such information be the firm’s problem? Big business wants subsidies. Big business wants information. Big business wants aid, assistance, and help at every turn. So what else is new? That’s no reason to give big business what it wants.

Director Kincannon won’t give up. He claims that “the information also is used to develop programs to reduce traffic congestion, provide job training, and plan for the healthcare needs of the elderly.” The program supervisor went further, contending that the data would help “evaluate programs such as welfare and workforce diversification.”

What, pray tell, does Washington have to do with solving traffic congestion? The most basic traffic issue in Northern Virginia has to do with cooperation between the state government in Richmond and the local authorities, not with the time I leave for work. It doesn’t take a genius to observe more traffic on the road ev-

er earlier.

Job training should be a private function and shouldn’t be affected whether or not I have a second mortgage. As for the elderly, has anyone missed where older Americans tend to retire and when assisted-living facilities tend to fill? Anyway, my answer to “What languages do you speak at home?” doesn’t seem likely to improve planning for America’s aging population.

We’d all like more accountability for government initiatives, but, over the years, little good has come from scores of welfare programs. We didn’t need the American Community Survey to recognize that the entire welfare system had indeed failed when Congress reformed it in 1996. And, in the future, we should be able to figure out whether the programs are working without the survey.

Most of the questions seek to elicit information that appears interesting rather than useful. In some cases, the answers will be put to ill effect—supporting America’s race-based spoils system, for instance.

The survey begins by asking the name, age, and relationship of anyone living in my house. Then it gets into the important stuff. Is anyone Hispanic, and, if so, what kind of Hispanic? There’s room to list about five people. If you have more folks at home, then go ahead and put down their names: “We may call you for more information about them,” explains the Census Bureau. Apparently, the agency’s curiosity is insatiable.

The next section is on housing. What kind of a building do I live in? What were my agricultural sales? (I wonder, does that include marijuana and coca?) How many vehicles do I own? How much do I spend on utilities? How much is my mortgage? Why do people live here? (If I sent the form in, I’d probably fill in “Hell if I know” as an “other reason” in answering this one.) At least the Bureau doesn’t ask—this time!—how many bathrooms I have.

After they’re finished with my house, the Bureau has 42 questions for me—and for every other person who lives in my house. Where was I born? What level of school have I completed? (I thought they said they wanted the answers to plan new school construction, not figure out where facilities should have been built decades ago.) What’s my ancestry, and do I speak another language?

There are several questions on my mental and physical health. My favor-

ite: Do I have a long-term “physical, mental, or emotional condition” that makes it hard for me to shop? (Does inadequate income count, I wonder?)

The census busybodies certainly are eclectic. Do I care for any grandkids? Did I serve in the military? (If so, when and for how long?) Do I work? What time do I leave? You’ve just got to wonder what they do with this information. Does, say, the Census Bureau tally up departure times and send an e-mail to Virginia warning that the Washington suburbs face an increased risk of highway congestion at, say, 7:45 AM, because that’s when I head out? (I’d recommend that the state government instead send someone out to assess road-construction needs.)

Finally, the Census Bureau asks all sorts of questions about my work and how much I earn. Isn’t complying with the IRS enough? I pay my taxes. Shouldn’t that satisfy Uncle Sam?

In case I don’t find the questionnaire self-explanatory, the Bureau has included a 14-page guide. I should list bills even if I don’t pay them. I should do the same for taxes, but not if they are due for a previous year. Cell phones get counted only if I do pay my bills, however, since, if I don’t, service is discontinued. “Cars or

trucks permanently out of working order” shouldn’t be counted. If I don’t know the fuel used by my apartment, I can “obtain this information from the owner, manager, or janitor.” I shouldn’t report my religion as my ancestry.

Still, you just have to love the Feds. They ask the same 42 questions for persons two through five, assuming persons two through five reside with me. Pages 22 and 23 “are intentionally left blank.” (Trust me, I never complain when I find a blank page on a government form.) The Bureau estimates that, “for the average household, this form will take 38 minutes to complete.” But how many people live in the average household?

Finally—and very reassuringly—the Bureau concludes:

Respondents are not required to respond to any information collection unless it displays a valid approval number from the Office of Management and budget. This 8-digit number appears in the bottom right on the front cover of this form.

Yes, indeed, the number appears. OMB No. 0607-0810. Very reassuring.

Undoubtedly, some governments somewhere would find some of this information useful. Let’s be frank, however: Anyone who has watched local politics knows that officials rarely make objective decisions after sitting in ivory towers, sifting through abstract Census Bureau data. The advantage of local government is that lawmakers can drive around and talk to people. They don’t need federally collected data to decide on school placement or road construction.

Uncle Sam already does far too much and threatens far too many people. Once every ten years, let the Feds ask how many people live where. Beyond that, Washington and, most importantly, states and localities should contract out surveys to private firms, which effectively—and voluntarily—collect information upon which companies base billions in investment decisions. We don’t need a big Census Bureau—especially one that is so eager and determined to force its way into my living room.

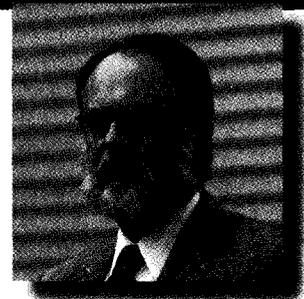
Doug Bandow is vice president for policy for Citizen Outreach and the author of Leviathan Unchained: Washington’s Bipartisan Big Government Consensus (forthcoming from Xulon Press).

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Henny Penny

Charles Ferguson is a man of parts. A former intelligence analyst, a highly successful internet entrepreneur, and a journalism professor, he decided last year to add another credit to his résumé and make a documentary on the Iraq war. The result is a film that pillories George W. Bush and his administration for impeachable malfeasance.

Since *No End in Sight* is Ferguson's first film, and since he made it largely with his own money, you would expect a certain extravagance in tone, a crowing over his subjects' demonstrable culpability, but there is nothing of the kind. Unlike Michael Moore, Ferguson is not one for pranks or sneering. His approach is measured, dispassionate, and thorough. He is content to let facts speak for themselves without resorting to mockery or invective. His film is all the more devastating for his restraint. Not that he's saying anything new. Those who have followed current events will be familiar with most of what he discloses. The power of his film resides in its gathering of the damning evidence onto 102 minutes' worth of celluloid. Ferguson has done his fellow citizens an invaluable service. If only they will watch his documentary, they will be disabused of the propaganda-induced notion embraced by more than half of America's people that Saddam Hussein was allied with Osama bin Laden and that Saddam bore personal responsibility for the attacks of September 11.

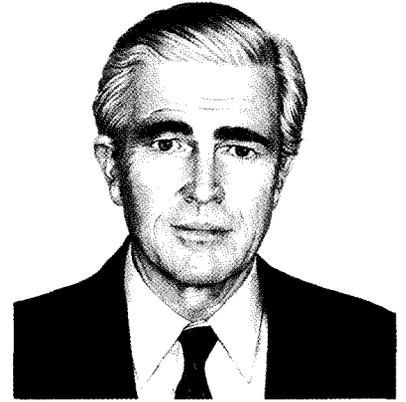
Using file footage interspersed with interviews with key figures involved in the invasion and subsequent occupation, Ferguson patiently reveals how a group of arrogant, ideological bullies led by Donald Rumsfeld, Paul Wolfowitz, Douglas Feith, and Richard Perle, among others, hijacked our Department of Defense to wage a preemptive and wholly unnecessary war. This bellicose cadre, only one of whom has military service, were beating the war drums since 1997, when the Project for a New American Century was created by reigning neoconservatives, including themselves, and began preaching the wisdom of establishing a "benevolent global hegemony" under American auspices. When the September 11 attacks shook America, the first thing on

these men's minds was not the loss and suffering of our citizens but the opportunity to wage the war they had long desired. Ferguson interviews National Intelligence Council Chairman Robert Hutchings, who tells him that, within hours of the disaster, the word went out from Rumsfeld's office: Find a connection to Iraq.

The film revisits key moments following our invasion of Iraq. As we watch Baghdad fall, the camera cuts to Rumsfeld giving his "henny-penny" press briefing. "I picked up a newspaper today and I couldn't believe it," he says archly with one of those knowing executive smiles. "I read eight headlines that talked about chaos, violence, unrest. And it just was Henny Penny—'The sky is falling.' I've never seen anything like it! And here is a country that's being liberated." Sickening, isn't it?

The camera follows Iraqi looters in March 2003 carrying off whatever wasn't nailed down. Rumsfeld appears again, commenting blithely on the rampage: "Stuff happens." Then, Ferguson cuts to his interview with Col. Paul Hughes, director of the Strategic Policy Office in the Office of Reconstruction and Humanitarian Assistance. Hughes comments dryly on the stuff that happened. At one point, he witnessed men pull up with a crane and carry off the dismantled parts of a power plant. So it's not surprising that, to this day, electric power is critically scarce.

Hughes goes on to comment on the inexperience of the men running things from Washington, D.C. Few had military experience; none spoke Arabic. Yet they insisted they knew better than the generals and Arabists. When Paul Bremer was sent to Iraq to replace Gen. Jay Garner as head of the reconstruction effort, Hughes was appalled by his deBa'athification policy. Bremer dismissed Hussein's entire bureaucracy overnight. Hughes points out that most of these people didn't pose a threat; they only supported Hussein to hold their jobs. Throwing them out contributed to the chaos that has since engulfed the country. Bremer's decision to disband the army was even worse. Instantly, more than a half-million men were unemployed, most of them armed, all of them trained in



No End in Sight

*Produced by Representational Pictures
Directed and written
by Charles Ferguson
Distributed by Magnolia Pictures*

The Bourne Ultimatum

*Produced and distributed
by Universal Pictures
Directed by Paul Greengrass
Screenplay by Tony Gilroy
and Scott Z. Burns*

The Simpsons Movie

*Produced and distributed by Twentieth
Century Fox Film Corporation
Directed by David Silverman
Screenplay by James L. Brooks
and Matt Groening*

the use of lethal force. Hughes tells of several Iraqi generals offering their troops to help American forces quell the insurgency. Bremer rejected these offers. Where do you think these Iraqis went? Hughes asks rhetorically. Some of them undoubtedly visited the unguarded ammunition dumps and helped themselves. This is why the insurgency has been able to escalate so rapidly and murderously. Only a man blinded by his own arrogance could have acted as stupidly as Bremer.

Almost as an afterthought, Ferguson's narrator, Campbell Scott, mentions that, at the time of the filming, there had been over 3,000 American soldiers killed, 20,000 more maimed, and perhaps as many as 600,000 Iraqis slain. Then the film's last words are left to Seth Moulton, leader of the Second Platoon of Alpha Company, 1st Battalion, Fourth Marines. Looking at Ferguson's camera, he asks, "Is this the best America can do?"