

## Guns and money . . .

I AM AMAZED AT YOUR ARTICLE "Why Gun Control Can't Work" [Feb. 28]. When figures comparing 1979 figures for handgun deaths in various countries show five or six countries with deaths in each of less than 100, compared to U.S. deaths for the same period of over 10,000, surely any thinking American should be concerned.

The advocates of handgun control are not asking for the banning of handguns but control through licensure and proper purchasing procedures. It is amazing that the fee to be a licensed gun dealer is a mere \$10, and that the required application form to purchase a handgun is never thoroughly checked or verified. Advocates of handgun control are not opposed to their use for legitimate purposes such as target shooting but are concerned about the proliferation of deaths and injuries by "Saturday night specials" and other easily concealed weapons. It is time we took measures to control the senseless loss of life.

AARON M. LAUTER  
Claymont, Del.

## . . . guns and liquor . . .

YOUR ARTICLE "WHY GUN Control Can't Work" is highly persuasive in arguing that any attempt at gun "control" is a waste of time and money, like prohibition under the Eighteenth Amendment. This leads me to think about the difference between "prohibition" and "control." Prohibition didn't work because a large proportion of Americans were going to have booze, period.

Presently, we have booze control: heavy taxation, state and local control, or even dry cities, towns, and counties. Does it stop drunk driving? No. Shall we repeal the laws against drunk driving because they are evaded, avoided, flouted? Automobile licensing, drivers' licensing: have they stopped (or slowed down?) death and maiming on the highways, or car theft? Why not abandon car and driver's licensing? All any law or any enforcement thereof can do is to slow crime down, and help the general public operate in peace and quiet. Gun

control is a step in that direction.

SAM M. TAYLOR  
Taylorville, Ill.

## . . . guns and the Holocaust.

TO MAKE A POINT-BY-POINT refutation of David Hardy's article "Why Gun Control Can't Work" would be a bit too consuming of my time. However, typical of Hardy's research and *INQUIRY* oversight is the Orlando anecdote about "6000 blood-crazed women" who learned handgun self-defense and turned crime around in that city. Great story; too bad it never happened.

In 1967 (when Hardy in other writings tells us that this self-defense program occurred) the Orlando rape rate was 8.1 per 100,000 according to the FBI Uniform Crime Reports. In the following four years rape made a direct and continuous increase to 29.7 per 100,000! In fact, murder, robbery, aggravated assault, and burglary all increased anywhere from 10 to 100 percent. Now I recognize that *INQUIRY* and its foundation have had some trouble with historical facts, particularly with the Jews and World War II, but see if you can get this straight: "The Orlando story never happened and the Jewish Holocaust did." Take notes, there may be a pop quiz!!

SAMUEL S. FIELDS  
National Coalition to Ban Handguns  
Washington, D.C.

## THE EDITORS reply:

Mr. Lauter's statistics are hardly persuasive; although there are certainly gun-controlled countries where murder rates are lower than that of the United States, there are also some where the rates are much higher (Mexico and Jamaica, to name two of the most egregious examples). Likewise, there are countries where gun ownership is much more widespread than it is in the United States, but crime rates are lower (Israel, Norway, and Switzerland are three such cases). Comparing crime rates in different countries is virtually meaningless, because social and cultural conditions vary so widely. And Mr. Lauter's belief that if guns can just be priced out of

the reach of poor people, crime will decline, is not worthy of argument.

Mr. Taylor points out that no law ever completely eliminates crime. But he misses the point; gun-control law have no demonstrable effect on crime and they *do* injure the innocent.

As for Mr. Fields, it isn't the least bit surprising that he can't find time to mount a serious attack on the article. In three years of public debates with its author, David Hardy, Mr. Field has never been able to rebut the three comprehensive studies that show gun control does not affect crime. Nor can he come up with an example of a gun law that has cut crime.

Nor is it surprising that he misdate the Orlando program in order to juggle statistics. The gun-education program there began in 1966, when the rape rate was 17.1 per 100,000. The following year, as Mr. Fields admits, the rate had fallen to 8.1. But trouble with numbers is quite typical of Mr. Fields and the National Coalition to Ban Handguns. In 1979, according to a report they filed in New York, the group raised \$438,000—not bad for a organization with only three employees. Unfortunately, they plowed some \$301,000—nearly three-quarters—back into their fundraising operation and ran a \$1000 deficit.

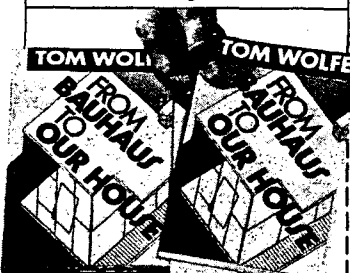
What is surprising is Mr. Fields' contention that "*INQUIRY* and its foundation have had some trouble with historical fact, particularly with the Jews and World War II." Neither *INQUIRY* nor the Libertarian Review Foundation have ever said, or implied that the Holocaust didn't occur. We have no doubt that it *did* occur. Such an utter, total distortion of fact by Mr. Fields is too overwhelming to be considered merely an error: he is quite simply, a liar.

It is also rather surprising that he brings up the Holocaust in connection with gun control. Perhaps he should use some of his organization's money to finance a visit to the Holocaust Museum in West Galilee. There he could see the exhibit of weapons that Jews used in the Warsaw Ghetto uprising of 1943. They're all handguns—the same weapons that Mr. Fields and his group would like to ban.

# GOOD BOOKS, GOOD AUTHORS, GOOD PRICES—GOOD HEAVENS!— WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT?

658. Pinball. Jerzy Kosinski  
Hardcover: \$14.95 QPB: \$6.50
659. The Film Encyclopedia  
Ephraim Katz  
Hardcover: \$29.95 QPB: \$11.95
661. Washington Itself: An  
Informal Guide to the Capital of the  
United States. E. J. Applewhite  
Hardcover: \$15.50 QPB: \$7.95
120. First Family Paper Doll &  
Cut-Out Book. Jim Fitzgerald and  
John Boswell. Illustrations  
by Al Kilgore. QPB: \$3.95
160. Camera Lucida: Reflections  
on Photography. Roland Barthes  
Translated by Richard Howard  
Hardcover: \$10.95 QPB Ed: \$5.95
233. King of the Confessors  
Thomas Hoving  
Hardcover: \$16.95 QPB Ed: \$8.50
649. Maps of the Mind  
Charles Hampden-Turner  
Hardcover: \$14.95 QPB: \$7.50
652. The Oxford Book of Short  
Stories. Chosen by V.S. Pritchett  
Hardcover: \$15.95 QPB Ed: \$9.95
653. Watching TV: Four Decades  
of American Television. Harry  
Castleman and Walter J. Podrazik  
Hardcover: \$22.95 QPB: \$10.95

## Compare



Hardcover: \$10.95 QPB Softcover: \$5.95

QPB books are durably  
bound and printed on fine  
paper, but cost up to 65%  
less than their hardcover  
counterparts.

657. Who Killed Karen Silkwood?  
Howard Kohn  
Hardcover: \$16.95 QPB: \$7.95
573. The Country Gourmet  
Cookbook. Sherrill and Gil Roth  
Hardcover: \$14.95 QPB: \$7.95
642. Selected Letters of James  
Thurber. Edited by Helen Thurber  
and Edward Weeks  
Hardcover: \$15 QPB Ed: \$7.95
643. Dun & Bradstreet's Guide to  
Your Investments™ 1982 (27th  
Edition). C. Colburn Hardy  
Hardcover: \$15.95 QPB: \$7.95  
The title 'Your Investments' is a  
registered trademark of Harper &  
Row, Publishers, Inc.
644. Pills That Don't Work. Sidney  
M. Wolfe, M.D., Christopher M.  
Coley and the Health Research  
Group. Hardcover: \$15 QPB: \$5.95
645. Sauce for the Goose and  
Tunnel of Love (2 Vols.)  
Peter De Vries  
Hardcover: \$18.90 QPB Ed: \$9.50



532. From Bauhaus to Our House  
Tom Wolfe  
Hardcover: \$10.95 QPB Ed: \$5.95

512. The Gate of Heavenly Peace  
The Chinese and Their Revolution,  
1895-1980. Jonathan D. Spence  
Hardcover: \$19.95 QPB Ed: \$8.95



527. The Collected Poems  
Sylvia Plath. Edited by Ted Hughes  
Hardcover: \$17.50 QPB: \$6.50

646. Letters: A Novel. John Barth  
Hardcover: \$16.95 QPB: \$9.50

651. Mrs. Harris. Diana Trilling  
Hardcover: \$14.95 QPB: \$7.95

151. The Lord of the Rings  
(3 Vols., Boxed) J.R.R. Tolkien  
Hardcover: \$35.95 QPB: \$9.95
177. Let's Go: The Guide to Budget  
Travel in the USA 1982.  
Written by the Harvard Student  
Agencies, Inc. Edited by Peter S. P.  
Sanborn. QPB: \$5.95
186. The Minds of Billy Milligan  
Daniel Keyes  
Hardcover: \$15.50 QPB Ed: \$7.50
201. Waiting for the Barbarians  
J.M. Coetzee. QPB: \$3.95
234. Five Economic Challenges  
Robert L. Heilbroner and  
Lester C. Thurow  
Hardcover: \$10 QPB Ed: \$5.50
295. After the Fact: The Art of  
Historical Detection. (2 Vols.)  
James West Davidson and Mark  
Hamilton Lytle. QPB: \$12.50
381. The New York Times  
Book of Wine. Terry Robards  
Hardcover: \$14.95 QPB: \$5.95
389. Sex in History. Reay Tannahill  
Hardcover: \$17.95 QPB: \$7.95

**Join now. Pick any  
3 books or sets for  
\$1 each—with no  
obligation to buy  
another book.**

424. The Electronic Cottage  
Everyday Living with Your Personal  
Computers in the 1980s. Joseph Deken  
Hardcover: \$14.95 QPB Ed: \$7.50
439. Woody Allen Set: *Side Effects,  
Without Feathers, Getting Even*  
(3 Vols., Boxed) Woody Allen  
Hardcover: \$26.85 QPB Ed: \$10.95
396. The Brand-X Anthology  
of Poetry: A Parody Anthology  
(Burnt Norton Edition).  
Edited by William Zaranka  
Hardcover: \$17.95 QPB: \$9.50
520. Borges: A Reader. Edited by  
Emir Rodriguez Monegal and Alastair  
Reid. Hardcover: \$17.50 QPB: \$7.95
538. Brideshead Revisited  
Evelyn Waugh  
Hardcover: \$9.95 QPB: \$4.95
617. The Gift of Good Land  
Further Essays Cultural and  
Agricultural. Wendell Berry  
Hardcover: \$16.50 QPB: \$6.95
262. Solidarity: Poland in  
the Season of Its Passion.  
Lawrence Weschler  
Hardcover: \$16.50 QPB: \$6.95
454. Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase  
& Fable. Centenary Edition.  
Revised. Edited by Ivor H. Evans  
Hardcover: \$25.95 QPB Ed: \$12.95
648. Vladimir Nabokov  
Lectures on Literature  
Edited by Fredson Bowers  
Introduction by John Updike  
Hardcover: \$19.95 QPB: \$6.95

## Let's try each other for 6 months.

Quality Paperback Book Club, Inc., Middletown, Pa. 17057.  
Please enroll me in QPB and send the 3 choices I've listed below.  
Bill me \$3, plus shipping and handling charges. I understand that I  
am not required to buy another book. You will send me QPB  
Review (if my account is in good standing) for 6 months. If I have  
not bought and paid for at least 1 book in every six-month period,  
you may cancel my membership. A shipping and handling charge  
is added to each shipment. QB 751-4

Indicate by number the  
3 books or sets you want

Name \_\_\_\_\_ 2-16  
(Please print clearly)

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Apt \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

### How membership works.

1. You receive **QPB Review** 15 times each year (about every 3½ weeks). Each issue reviews a new **Main Selection**, plus scores of Alternates. QPB books are softcover editions in hardcover sizes, but they cost up to 65% less.
2. If you want the **Main Selection** do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more Alternate books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the Reply Form always enclosed and return it by the date specified.
3. **Bonus books for Bonus**

- Points.** For each QPB book or set you take (except for the books in this offer), you earn Bonus Points which entitle you to choose any of our softcover books. You pay only shipping and handling charges.
4. **Return privilege.** If QPB Review is delayed and you receive the **Main Selection** without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit at our expense.
5. **Cancellations.** You may cancel membership at any time by notifying QPB. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy and pay for at least one book in every six-month period.

Prices generally higher in Canada.



**The first  
book club  
for smart  
people  
who  
aren't rich.**

## THE THERAPEUTIC STATE

JOHN SACK

### This column is illegal

**G**OOD MORNING. IT'S eight o'clock, I've had eight hours sleep, but I've been told I can't sleep in the outhouse (by order of the authorities: *stamp*) in San Jose, California. I can't sleep in my trash-can in Lubbock, Texas, my dog kennel in Wallace, Idaho, my bathtub in Detroit, Michigan, my refrigerator in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, or in the Kentucky State House. A bed isn't dangerous, though, said a judge in St. Louis, Missouri, and I've slept in a bed, providentially. But I can't snore (according to more authorities: *blot*) in Dunn, North Carolina. At eight o'clock, I rise, shine, and go to the tile-walled bathroom to brush myself with Crest and wash myself with Zest.

The cap of my tube of Crest is approved by the food and drug commissioner if it doesn't melt at 320 degrees or dissolve in antioxidated xylene. The aquamarine of my Zest was approved after being fed (*fed!*) to 3000 rats, to 800 mice, to 100 rabbits, and to four dozen omnivorous dogs. Well, thank you, Mr. Commissioner! Now, I can eat my Zest without fear of cancer even though I just wash with it this morning, singing, "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning!" But I can't sing in the shower in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. I can't sing off-key in Charlotte, North Carolina, and I can't sing,

*It ain't gonna rain no mo', no mo'.*

*It ain't gonna rain no mo'.*

in Oneida, Tennessee. Jesus, do they enforce that?

Drying myself, I put on my pants of

American upland cotton as defined by another authority, the secretary of agriculture, in his section twenty-eight. To keep my pants up, I can't wear suspenders in Nogales, Arizona, and I can't tuck them into my cowboy boots in Madisonville, Texas, if I do not own cows. I ought to go to bed again but I can't in Minot, North Dakota, if I'm in my cowboy boots. In the seventeenth century in Paris, France, I couldn't wear pants if there weren't forty threads (or forty-four, or forty-eight: it fluctuated) in each square *pouce*—by order of Louis—and in that same century in Boston, Massachusetts, I couldn't wear pants with lace—by order of the General Court, "under penalty of the forfeiture of such clothes." In China I couldn't wear pants if they weren't white or black in the Sung dynasty, or white or yellow in the T'ang dynasty, or blue or green in the Han dynasty, on penalty of ten, twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty lashes on my bare bottom, though

*Sound old rulers, it is said,*

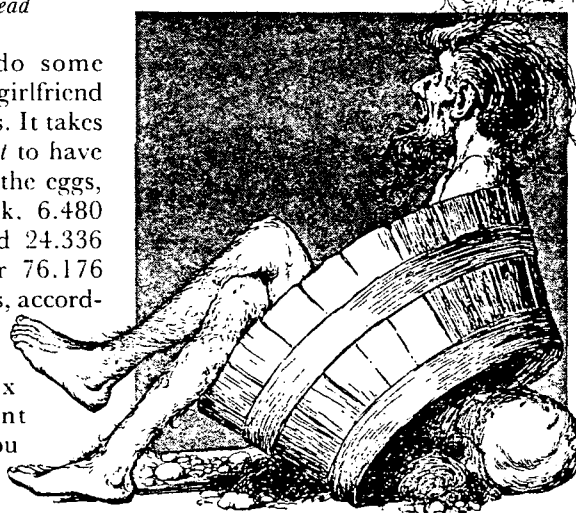
*Left people to themselves, instead according to Lao-tzu.*

At half past eight, I do some omelettes for me and my girlfriend here in the Rocky Mountains. It takes me, oh, ten minutes. It *ought* to have taken me 4.932 seconds for the eggs, 2.340 seconds for the milk, 6.480 seconds to beat them, and 24.336 seconds to cook them, or 76.176 seconds for our two omelettes, according to the secretary of agriculture in a \$40,000 report—\$40,000 of your tax money, though he spent \$300,000 more to caution you to "Avoid cholesterol." I can't have a rotten egg in Indianola, Iowa, and my chicken can't lay an egg before eight o'clock in Norfolk, Virginia. Why won't a chicken cross a road in Quitman, Georgia? Because, "It shall be unlawful to allow chickens to run on the streets." And I can't eat a sausage along with my omelette in Bnai Brak, Israel, or in Helena, Arkansas, in June, July, and August. "It shall not be lawful to sell in the city, sausage," the law said, but it was declared unconstitutional by

the Supreme Court of Arkansas. Once breakfast is finished, my girlfriend must do the dirty dishes—that, or be drowned in the twentieth century B.C. in Babylon.

We water the pothos. We can't have a marijuana plant, but we can have henbane, hellebore, and poison hemlock, and we can't have a dandelion, in Pueblo, Colorado. We feed the parakeets. We can't have a parakeet in Atlanta, Georgia, if we haven't a parakeet permit from the Poultry Association. We can't have a hippopotamus in Los Angeles, California, a wild lion in Alderson, West Virginia, a little brown bat in Stillwater, Missouri, a wild camel in Galveston, Texas, and we can't hitch a crocodile to a fire hydrant in Ann Arbor, Michigan. At nine o'clock, my girlfriend sits down to her loom and I write on my yellow pad, "I write on my yellow pad." All permissible. But there was an authority in *Phaedrus*, by Plato, who was opposed to the ABCs, stating, "It will produce forgetfulness." The man's name was deleted.

My friend's name is Maria. She can't sit on my lap (without a pillow on it) in Norman, Oklahoma. I can't tickle her in Norton, Virginia, or use a feather duster to tickle her in Portland, Maine. We can't do the turkey trot in



Iowa City, Iowa, or the angleworm wiggle in Belt, Montana, or go and play shuffleboard in the seventeenth century in Hartford, Connecticut—"Much precious time is spent unfruitfully," said the General Court. We can't play poker, hokey-pokey, or *rouge et noir*—no, not even penny ante, but we can play stocks and bonds for \$1 million, in San Francisco, California. We can't put a penny in our pretty cars in Honolulu, Hawaii—do they obey that

JOHN SACK is a writer in Los Angeles. This article has been adapted from his book, *Fingerprint*, which is scheduled to be published in the autumn of 1982.