

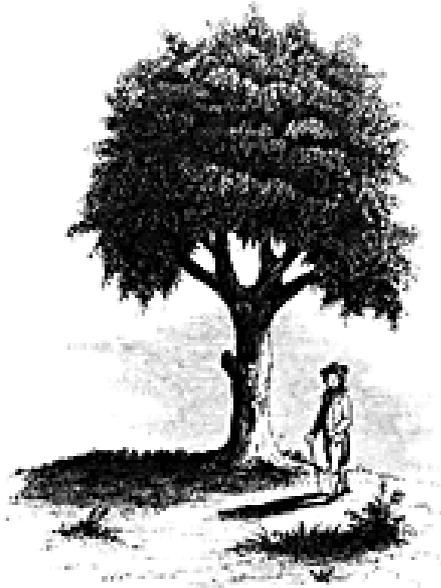
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# NEW PILGRIM CHRONICLES

TWELVE SMALL STEPS... FOR A MAN  
TOWARD PERSONAL LIBERTY  
VIA THE FREE STATE

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BRIAN WRIGHT



Second Edition (Rewrite)  
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*Liberty Tree artwork courtesy  
Clipart ETC*

*To the young marrieds and their baby  
across the street in New Boston:  
early movers in their own right,  
building a new life in a free country:  
shock troops of The Revolution.*

*“More technique than muscle, son,  
more technique than muscle.  
Never force things.”*

*Truman Stanley Wright*

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## Making the Commitment

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The decision to take part in the Free State Project (FSP) and to migrate to New Hampshire was more of a process than a point in time. When Yale political-science lecturer Jason Sorens first brought up the migration concept back in the early 2000s, I was still pinning faint hopes on more conventional libertarian activity... e.g. the Libertarian Party (LP).

I remained only vaguely aware of the FSP until one day Mary Jo, a techwriter friend, mentioned it: “B, I figured you’d be on top of this like chipped beef on toast. What gives?”

I finally get the opportunity to check it out at the 2004 LP presidential nominating convention in Atlanta. Looking over the proceedings, I say to myself, “Geez, what are they thinking, nominating Michael Badnarik for top of ticket? He’s unknown (even in the party), has no money or organization, and his political experience—in between parachuting out of airplanes and license-free automobile driving—consists of leading a Boy Scout troop and delivering lectures on the Constitution.”

I mean, he’s a wonderful guy, and I’m down with his ideas and even his lifestyle, but anyone who thinks he makes a good Presidential

candidate—even thru the bizarre logic of multiple ballots—can't be the brightest bulb in the tanning booth.

So with the nomination of MB, I feel we have just witnessed the Libertarian Party commit yet another act of ritual suicide on the national stage. (No one will be watching anyway.)

While still at the '04 convention, I thrash about for the next Big Idea in the freedom toolbox, and Maryjo's urging comes to mind: Free State Project. Yeah, that's cool. Plus, I'm having these Dagny Taggart<sup>1</sup> fantasies toward a leading FSP evangelist-lady here this weekend. After closing ceremonies, I pledge to the FSP. Then, a month later, I attend the *very first* Free State Project Porcupine Festival in the White Mountains of New Hampshire.<sup>2</sup>

The basic idea of the FSP is that you pledge to move to the Free State—New Hampshire was picked by a 2003 vote of the members—when a <large number> of such pledges comes about. The original large number = 20,000. But a lot of pledgers come to NH and, liking what they see, decide to move early. Hence, Early Movers.

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<sup>1</sup> DT is the heroine in Ayn Rand's novel, *Atlas Shrugged*.

<sup>2</sup> For a good writeup of the 2004 FSP Porc Fest, check out the article posted by staff at [ReasonToFreedom.com](http://ReasonToFreedom.com).

Accordingly, after the 2d Porcupine Festival the following summer in 2005 (which I describe in the prologue), I decide to make the Free State my home. It then occurs to me to write a diary of sorts for the benefit of other FSP pledgers, particularly those who might be inspired to come early. Perhaps with some roadside information, they can arrive here and avoid a few of the pitfalls, as well as more readily appreciate the benefits. These journals were initially posted on the FSP Web site, becoming an even dozen altogether... generally spaced at weekly or biweekly intervals.

The timing for *New Pilgrim Chronicles* seems about right, running from late summer of 2005 into the spring of 2006. In April of 2006, Free State Early Movers and friends of liberty already located in New Hampshire won a significant legislative victory: we defeated a smoking ban against enormous odds.

Many more victories (e.g. Real ID) and a couple of temporary setbacks, including a renewed legislative smoking ban, were to follow.

So to those who are coming to the Free State to be part of this epic journey, I hope you'll learn something from my markers on the trail to a new free country. For everyone else—people who simply want to live free and flourish anywhere

and everywhere—I hope you’ll find some liberty-saving, *planet*-saving notions herein.

*Freedom is for everyone. – Russell Means*

## **Note to the Second Edition**

I aim to avoid rhetorical excess this time around; plus, I want to produce a more readable and usable book companion for those who make the trip. It occurs to me that with each of the defined 12 periods of time required for my own acclimation to new freedom, one may see parallels to the standard 12 steps toward living free of addiction to alcohol or other things. (After all, the power of the modern corporate state has an addictive quality: pretending to give you something for nothing, giving you the prospect of immense “power,” luring you into a false sense of success, security, and so on.) I draw such a “12-step” parallel at the end of each week’s journal.

Finally, this 2d edition comes out slightly more than two years after the 1st edition, and a lot of water has gone under the bridge. Everyone’s story is unique, and sometimes in order to make an advance it’s necessary to undergo a tactical geographic retreat. Even some of the FSP leadership have not yet been able to move to New Hampshire permanently. The point is we *will*.

Prologue:

## The 2005 Free State Porcupine Festival

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*The Free State claims your intrepid pilgrim as an official resident.*

In Free State Project (FSP) Year IV, pledgers and liberty-lovers everywhere come to northern New Hampshire for the second annual FSP hootenanny in the hills. Afterward, yours truly finally becomes a freeboot on the ground—putting my freedom where my feet are.

The initial threshold number of pledgers was set at 20,000. In October 2003, the first 5,000 pledgers voted New Hampshire as the destination state. It doesn't take a lot of imagination to guess what fulfilled FSP pledgers actually *do* when they get to the Free State. Duh. They pitch in to create even more freedom! Then New Hampshire becomes a beacon for other jurisdictions of the world: Live free *and flourish!*

I start from my Michigan digs and point the wheels eastward. The route through Canada is closer, but in these days of Homeland Stupidity there's way too much chance of OGH (ordinary government harassment) at the border crossings.<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>3</sup> Major Idea in Transit: I have this thought to create a voluntary, market alternative to government "identity" papers. Individual citizens would vouch for others that they

*Negative thought warning:* I can't help but notice at the rest stops and service islands "Geez, a lot of Americans are sure *spreading*."

Coming to the Porc Fest, 400-plus, from all states and even other countries, we're gathering for a major pep rally and to move the cart forward in terms of living the dream.

What distinguishes the Free State from, say, being a member of the Libertarian Party or some other political organization is that the FSP obliges not simple involvement, but *commitment*. (Recall the role of pig and chicken in your ham and eggs: the chicken is involved, the pig is *committed*.)

### **Day 1: New Hampshire Insertion**

I come up from the Mass Pike along Mass 83, which turns to NH 10 at the border aiming toward Keene.

The road sign welcoming me to the Free State looks like some local Rotarians one day in the 1950s had too many beers for lunch and decided to plant it as a gesture of good will to newcomers. Remember the old Burma Shave signs?

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represent no threat to violate the Sacred Nonaggression Principle (SNaP).

***Thanks, New Hampshire, for the perfect sign***



I drive along some terrific twisting roads, well-maintained, that most enthusiasts would pay good money to drive so routinely at will. I just died and went to highway heaven.

Checking out the roadside real estate, it appears you can still put up a trailer or a tarpaper shack on inexpensive land next to a pricey trophy home. High rollers and low rollers living side by side in peace.

I manage to thread these delicious spaghetti roads to eventually wind up at a Quality Inn in Bedford that used to be a Sheraton, but they forgot to drop the prices. To explore my surroundings, I drive to the Mobil for gas and a Delorme® road map; I learn that Milly's Tavern is just over the bridge on the Manchester waterfront.

Hallelujah, sacred ground!

## **Day 2: Initial Homesteading**

This week I'm making my move, in the technical jargon of the FSP, becoming an "early mover." I've located a room to rent in New Boston. Looks good, I make the deal.

Somedays a diamond...

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*As a single—though hardly young—guy, it's much easier to come here, than as a family or a couple. My only real issues are money and missing people back in the origin state.*

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Getting around in the Free State is easy, and you find rural living within ready access of moderately sized cities. Near Keene yesterday, some rush hour traffic hit me, but nothing of the

magnitude of Rat Race, USA. The key seems to be multiple distinct towns set into the high hills and connected by winding, largely development-free rural roads. How do they do that?

Today, 7/23, is the fourth anniversary of the Free State concept. On this day in 2001, Jason Sorens came up with the idea (which lead to his online essay in *The Libertarian Enterprise*), which first made the case for the migration. Again, we're holding Porc Fest '05 at Roger's Campground in Lancaster, FS.

Several events precede the main weekend festivities, but *my* only activity, Wednesday afternoon, is driving to the Roger's site and shooting the breeze with people at the registration tables: Dave Mincin (aka the Mad Hugger) of the New Hampshire Liberty Alliance (NHLA) and Lloyd Danforth, among others.

Lloyd and I, both 50-somethings, share some common early libertarian history. Lloyd was around during the early Foundation for Economic Education (FEE) days, rubbed elbows with (i.e. read books by/talked with) Murray Rothbard and Ludwig von Mises, et al. Remarkably, we both

know Morris and Linda Tannehill from Michigan back in the day.<sup>4</sup>

Nothing being on my agenda for the evening, I check in to the motel—I’ve decided to forgo the tent experience this year—and perform a few errands. Walking the main drag in Lancaster taking pictures, I discover some of the old life of this small town. On the courthouse lawn lies a memorial to the men who died in the four major wars of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. (It astounds me how more than 100 men died in WW I from this tiny little New England berg! And why?)

### **Day 3: Golf on a Nearby Hillside**

A mock town hall meeting is scheduled for this afternoon, but I elect to indulge my own personal golf package to frontload some exercise and fun for the weekend.

On a tip, I play Waumbek GC a few miles down the road, shooting a legitimate 84 on the first 18-hole golf course built in the Granite State. The weather is *bodacious*.

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<sup>4</sup> Authors of *The Market for Liberty*, an early humanistic “anarchocapitalist” tract.

***Waumbek: The loneliness of the long-distance golfer***



**Day 4: The Talks Begin**

Friday begins the regular presentations in the Main Hall at Roger’s Campground. I start with the Education Funding Forum. Mr. Charles Arlinghaus, president of the Josiah Bartlett Center for Public Policy, addresses us with information on how education is funded in New Hampshire. He also suggests some legislative remedies to allow more options... i.e. choice.

I’m overwhelmed at what a basket case the state has made of K-12. He tells us of the Byzantine laws, silly bureaucratic conflicts, supreme court rulings and ambiguities—and this is the *Free State*! The only sane answer to this crap is divestiture. Cut the Gordian Knot. Get the

state out of the school business entirely! Why should we trust government with our children's minds!? Freedom of choice über alles.

I offer words to that effect in a question. Virgil Swearingen, father of Varrin Swearingen, this year's Porc Fest "czar," approaches me at the break with a big thumbs up. These are my people.

Now it's time to celebrate early movers like me. Evan Nappen, the moderator, has purchased two rolls of chain, thick and not-so-thick, and two large boltcutters. New movers come up and cut off a length of chain, symbolizing breaking our ties to the VAW (Vast Authoritarian Wasteland).

My thoughts: It's a giant step for anyone to leave friends and family to start over. I shed a tear in my beer every time I consider who I'm leaving behind. But I also feel I'm "coming home" to New Hampshire. I've come to make a difference, help make history, help kick some major statist buttski.

Think for a minute what the early American immigrants had to endure to achieve a freer life. First they had to scrape together everything they owned, negotiate passage across the ocean, fight disease and bad weather, and eke out a meager existence often looking starvation in the face until they accumulated enough to take a breather.

Many pushed west into unprotected wilderness. No unemployment insurance, no healthcare benefits, no takeout Chinese. The common man in those days had to be uncommonly independent of mind and iron-like in claiming rights of property and person... *primally* connected to freedom. Though we can be proud for putting our freedom where our feet are, our ancestors make us look like tourists.

Following this love fest for newbies, Hospitality Lady Margot Keyes takes the mike. She says we continue to improve the welcoming process with Meet and Greets, connections with jobs, real estate, social services, and help with moving. Russell Kanning has organized the (*Free*) Free-State Beer and Pizza Moving Company. Give him a call.

This year the Porcupine Family Dinner is held around the Main Hall on Friday evening as opposed to Saturday evening. Last year, as you may recall, the pickings were slim: "...like wandering onto the set of a POW movie."

This year they get it right. Plenty of food, plenty of meat dishes, plenty of wine, and everything is first-class, AOK-terrific. I sit next to a couple I don't yet know; she's Mary Gere, who today organized the town hall "tutorial" that I skipped. Her husband Paul fears an insidious

“Massification” process particularly in southern FS: too many people from Massachusetts come in wanting amenities like street lights and free soccer programs... insisting everyone else pay for them. Paul knows we can be successful if only a thousand *active* Porcs move here to straighten out these Mass. statist.

### **Day 5: The Main Session**

The several vendor tables display their wares—we have the FSP, NHLA, Gun Owners of NH, Bureaucrash, Coalition of NH Taxpayers, Republican Liberty Caucus (RLC), Liberty Scholarship Fund, Hemp Industries Association, and so on.

FSP founder Jason Sorens and the executive director, Amanda Phillips, give opening talks: From Amanda: “Someone in the future said that 20,000 libertarians moved here and no one considered the ramifications of having 20,000 libertarians being within arguing distance of one another.”

- Alan Weiss of Austin, CEO of Synchronesh Computing<sup>5</sup>, talks of taking the FSP to the next level with professional management.

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<sup>5</sup> <http://www.synchroneshcomputing.com/>

- ❑ Per Jason, the number 20,000 by end of 2006 isn't carved in stone, more like a "biggest practicable number."
- ❑ There was a protest on July 17 regarding an eminent domain "stunt" taking of Supreme Court Judge Souter's home in Weare.
- ❑ NPR does a segment on us. Per Mary Gere, don't come to the Free State with the idea that we're here to save people. Instead, be coworkers for freedom.

Heather Talley of Bureaucrash speaks in the afternoon. Bureaucrash is front and center in the libertarian youth movement, with t-shirts like "Capitalism Heals." They travel to big events worldwide, selling liberty (with a definite corporate flavor) as *avant-garde*.

***Bureaucrash: Styling the liberty youth movement***



A particularly notable speaker is James Bovard, the legendary civil liberties author.<sup>6</sup> But time for me to motor over to the Liberty Dinner. The drive to Plymouth State University's Prospect Hall takes 55 minutes, filled with scintillating repartee with my passengers: Brian, investment guru from Ithaca, NY; Neil, software engineer already here; and Keith, member of the Army Reserve up from the South.

Not going into all the conversations; there are too many. You talk to people all weekend, discuss ideas from dawn to dusk and into the wee hours with brewskis by the bonfires. For intellectual stimulation, accept no substitute.

Increasingly I've felt the freedom movement must go to the core principles of the country. L. Neil Smith and others have it right: announce the Zero Aggression Principle, and enforce the Bill of Rights on government officials. Ignorance of *The Law* is no excuse.

Consistent with the movement to enforce the BOR, I'm beginning to see we need to establish the nonaggression principle as something of a *sanctified* tenet for all humankind. The germs of

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<sup>6</sup> *Lost Rights: The Destruction of American Liberty* (1995), *Freedom in Chains: The Rise of the State and the Demise of the Citizen* (2000), *Terrorism and Tyranny: Trampling Freedom, Justice, and Peace to Rid the World of Evil* (2003), *The Bush Betrayal* (2004), etc.

this idea of a “*Sacred* Nonaggression Principle” are taking root in my mind this weekend.

We are on the verge of prying our country back, and the Free State provides the ideal lever.

The NHLA dinner features Texas Congressman Ron Paul. He’s a rambler, but his message is direct: Constitutional Liberty. I wonder why the good doctor won’t introduce articles of impeachment against the current Bush-Cheney junta. Paul is a Republican, but the Neocon fascists who have taken over his party hate him. No need to get on their good side.

Back at the campground, the Circle of Liberty campfire is underway. Lots of people, all the mainstays: Amanda, Jason and his wife, Tim Condon, the Swearingens, Evan, Alan, etc., etc. Matt Simon and Sid, dudes I met from Kentucky, slip me a homebrew. Herbal refreshment is also available, laid back and righteous.

It’s spontaneous, you take the walking stick and you get the floor (ground), say your piece. I especially remember Tony, formerly of the People’s Republic of Poland. It’s inspiring to get the skinny from a victim of real (vs. incipient) tyranny.

Several other people around the fire have also been royally dicked by the state. A man from Michigan brings up the killings at Rainbow

Farm.<sup>7</sup> I ponder all the recent US-government massacres of innocent civilians, from Waco to 9/11 and imperial wars, from the War on Drugs to extraordinary renditions and torture policy. Serious crimes all. Time to nourish the Liberty Tree, as Jefferson said, “by refreshing it with the blood of patriots and tyrants.” Preferably tyrants.

### **Day 6: Sunday “So-Longs”**

Sunday is Getaway Day. Some stay for the religious services, or in my case the atheist campfire. ☺ (I prefer “reasonist” to atheist.) Jack Shimek holds his seekers<sup>8</sup> gathering.

*Twilight in the northern hills: Jefferson, NH*



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<sup>7</sup> <http://rainbowfarmcamp.com/>

<sup>8</sup> [seekersociety.org](http://seekersociety.org)

The photograph above shows the incredible natural beauty of the twilight here (on the town of Jefferson near the Waumbek golf course).

Festival's over. Sad to say goodbye. A week ago I crossed the landmass between Detroit and Manchester, left friends, family, and formers behind. Now with these new friends returning to various places, I'm alone again, and have all this work to do to get settled and find work.

People in the Free State are almost universally approachable and kindhearted. It's going to be easy for me to make new friends. And when I do get my wheels down, I'll be giving Welcome-Wagon Margot a call, and scouting for local Porcs around the greater New Boston area.

As a service to others, I'm going to post a regular journal of my experiences as I get hooked up: how things work along with any gotchas. It helps to know what to do and what *not* to do. Tentative title: *New Pilgrim Chronicles*. Sign people up. Get 'em here. By next year, who knows, Porc Fest may need to rent campgrounds of the entire Northern Tier.



## Week 1: Getting the Wheels Down

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*Welcome, license plates, and doggone PC problems*

This is it! Moving to the Free State.

Immediately after Porcfest, I put my steed in gear and turn south. I take my time on the road, even playing another round of golf that Sunday afternoon.

Then I drive through some White Mountain resort towns. Along US 302, I catch a spectacular view of the infamous Bretton Woods resort—where world leaders met at the end of WWII and curbed freedom everywhere for the betterment of battered international bankers.

***Bretton Woods: Still nice digs for the looter elites***



The driving is spirited along Highway 112 westbound through the White Mountain National Forest, but too many construction zones.

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*NH construction zones fine you \$250-\$500 if you do bad. Michigan sends you up the river if you give a construction worker a dirty look!*

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There seems to be a French-Canadian quality to the natives staffing the stores and service places. Beckoning me with “Full-Brewed and Half-Baked,” a coffee shop in Lincoln, New Hampshire, draws me to the roadside. (I optimistically interpret “brewed” as a reference to beer... wouldn’t you?)

The French Roast has a unique taste, strong. The waitress is definitely a looker, and I think I’ll stay for the blueberry muffin special. The proprietor and her speak French to each other. Is Quebec around here someplace?

I know it’s time to get on track; I’ve been festivating long enough. Main priority, of course, is to settle and find a job. In other words, the royal we is just like any other commoner, we have to make money the old-fashioned way, earn it. (Reminds me of a t-shirt I picked up at an LP convention: “IRS: We make money the old-fashioned way, we *steal* it.”)

On Tuesday, my new landlord, a corporate pilot, is in town to show me the ropes down at the New Boston town offices. With a birth certificate and a driver’s license, I sign up to vote; later I’ll come down with a check to initiate the automobile

registration. Here in the towns, you actually get to banter with the local clerical help.

“So,” I say, “Kim, y’all make the big bucks here, huh?” They snicker. Heck, state legislators only haul in \$100 a year. (!) Talk about citizen government. In Michigan, \$100 won’t cover a legislator’s bar tab... for Tuesday.

***Thriving metropolis of New Boston, New Hampshire***



As a citizen here, you *really are* the boss. Clerks are pleasant, competent, and caring—no surly insolence as I remember from Detroit City-County Building workers when I recently went looking for lost ancestors.

Sky Captain helps me out with picking up furnishings from the Nashua Target (Tar-szhay) store. A nice young clerk helps me with furniture

purchases. Such as a futon bed on special for \$100. Believe it or not, you can furnish a room with halfway decent stuff for less than \$500 just by shopping Target, Kmart, and a hardware store or two.

We've worked hard. Southern Free State is uncharacteristically hot and humid. It's Miller Time. Jack and I stop off at New Boston Tavern, to consult with Bonnie, a mixologist from Manchester—only 20 minutes away along scenic roadways. She suggests politics in old New Boston can be treacherous: "...folks have, like, *disappeared.*"

"Yikes. No kidding. Well, heck, I'm attending the town halls, anyway. It's my right as a citizen of the Free State!"

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*Later I learn New Boston has departed from the traditional meeting format, and is what they call an SB 2 (Senate Bill 2, "official-ballot law") community. There is still a meeting... it is a deliberative session and then people vote via ballot on a "warrant" about a month later.*

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I won't disappear; someone who cares about me will certainly come looking... right?<sup>9</sup>

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<sup>9</sup> Like Cary Grant in the classic film, *North by Northwest*, "Now you listen to me, I'm an advertising man.... I've got a job, a secretary, a mother, two ex-wives and several bartenders that depend upon me, and I don't intend to disappoint them all by getting myself killed."

Next day I get a local bank account and do some more furnishings. One of the things I do for legal tender is freelance journalism, so at the bank I write down the names of the magazines lying in the anteroom: *Northern New England Journey* and *Business New Hampshire*. Good query targets for articles.

Other questions lining up in my mind for the next couple weeks ahead: Supermarket? Recycling? Car dealership? A place to work out? Convenience stores? Petrol? Brew pubs? Hard liquor outlets? Topless bars? ☺

Toward the end of week one, I make my move toward vehicular legitimacy. A hassle for the incoming citizen to any state, isn't it? How do you negotiate the maze set up by the state car-and-highway poobahs? Motor vehicle rules in New Hampshire aren't nearly so burdensome as most states—for example, the state doesn't compel you to buy insurance—but some improvements are clearly in order.

Registration isn't too painful: ~\$250 (based on the value of the car) to the town, \$95 to the state. But I recommend the following changes:

- ❑ New Hampshire requires a plate on the front as well as the back. Even most states in the VAW have abandoned the front plate, what

gives? (It costs me \$102.54 for the Audi designer-bracket for the front plate!)

- ❑ Annual car inspections normally cost you \$20 to \$50; how many newer cars truly need a test? And how many folks driving an old \$500 beater can afford a \$500 fix?

I finish up the week getting my computer hooked up with the high-speed service from Verizon. The network connection occurs fairly quickly. Not so lucky with my computer operating system. Mainly I have problems with Windows Millennium Edition (ME), which is now ancient in computer years. It never was much good; I get the “Blue Screen of Death” regularly.

Reconfiguring your computer is a pain. It’s my tool for making a living, and the machinery is needlessly overcomplicated. I get some online help. The tech says Windows ME is like a Model T Ford. I say, “No, the Model T didn’t crash every hour.”

Two final observations for week 1:

- ❑ If you like to ride motorcycles, FS is Hog Heaven. If I had a dollar for every cycle riding past my window along HW 77, I wouldn’t need work.

- ❑ New Hampshire has more Dunkin' Donuts per square mile than Carter's got pills. But only two Starbucks statewide, and *no* Caribou franchises. (DD coffee: mediocre.)

The people of New Hampshire are a lot like our Porcupine fellowship. A general happiness reflects in people's faces.

Are freer people happier people?

## **AA<sup>10</sup> Freedom Step # 1**

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*Recognize you are powerless against your addiction.*

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Admit your addiction to the various trappings of state power and mind domination, and that you lack control over these cravings and clingings. Let go. Move on. Commit to change. Do not look back. The freedom seeker accepts his past, all the hanging on to things that have kept him from his creative purpose. He<sup>11</sup> makes the commitment to leave these dependencies where they are: *behind* him. And he knows, as lonely as it seems, he'll get by in the new place with a little help from new and old friends... and family.

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<sup>10</sup> Aggressoholics Anonymous ☺

<sup>11</sup> Please forgive my traditional usage of the masculine pronoun for the universal; not being sexist, simply avoiding the other approaches... which seem *overwrought*.

## Week 2: Checking into the Neighborhood

*Educational freedom, corporate inadequacy, navigating the roads, packing heat, taking out the trash, Meet and Greets, RINOs, and job prospects*

First Sunday following end of festival, I'm looking for a breakfast nook, to get some honest-to-goodness bacon and eggs, greasy-spoon American fare. Goffstown is my closest major metropolis. At the Exxon station, the clerk points down the street.

It's later in the a.m.; the place looks unoccupied. I try the door. Sure enough, it opens to a large dimly lit, heavy smoke-scented room with pool tables and a small bar in the back. Up near the entrance they've set up some Formica tables and some plastic kitchen chairs: Presumably I'm standing in the dining area, and there's even a small patio dining-annex outdoors.

A couple of patrons at the bar.

"Can I get breakfast?"

"Sure thing," says Friendly Young Blond Chick, handing me a menu.

The fare is heavy on butter, with ham in the middle and eggs on the side. Not a place you'd expect to find fresh fruit on the menu... ever. Going out for breakfast doesn't seem to be a local custom. Maybe people just stay home and polish their hunting rifles and moose trophies.

After wolfing down the food, I peruse the *Union-Leader* want ads. A cherubic lady in her late 60s enters and sits at an adjacent table, facing me. She seems agitated, and I don't really want to connect with that vibe so early in the morning.

But in a spirit of newbie neighborliness, while waiting for my bill, I strike up a conversation. She's here from Mass. visiting a nephew. After some pleasantries and data sharing, I learn she's been single all her life, no kids. Since I'm a childfree single fellow, myself, talk leads naturally to the school system.

I've tended to be pretty open with New England natives about my hookup with the FSP. So I tell the lady about the presentation we heard at the festival by Charles Arlinghaus of the Josiah Bartlett Center for Public Policy. Recall I questioned him then to the effect "with all these convoluted laws and the absolute *mess* the state has made of schools, why not just cut the Gordian Knot, divest the whole enchilada and tell people 'Send your kids to school. Write a check.'"

Janice is 100% thumbs up for free choice. We simply have old-fashioned moral scruples about forcibly removing money from some people and handing it others for an alleged public good. Slay the sacred cow. Do it for the children!

We have a long, liberty-infused, invigorating conversation, leaving some contact info. Also some good karma: Janice resembles a woman I know, wife of a good friend, who has just died of breast cancer. I don't believe in reincarnation, but the spirits of good people sometimes they say live on in others.

Cellular service isn't very good here in the mountains around New Boston. I'm with Verizon, and supposedly it's putting up a new tower nearby. I call to inquire about the plan: "To whom do I speak to get better reception in southern New Hampshire?" The customer service rep must be inexperienced: she helps me write up a trouble ticket. In about a week, a different rep calls to tell me they can't do anything.

"Whom do I sue?"

This guy gives me a snail mail address, no name. Isn't that the way of things nowadays? Nameless, faceless corporate poobahs shielded from any real people with a complaint. The company obviously dumps the beefs into an electronic bit bucket. Anyway, here's the address:

The Wizard behind the Curtain  
Verizon Wireless Networks  
4642 Jonestown Road, Ste. 200  
Harrisburg, PA 17109

*“Do you hear me NOW?!”*

*Corporations<sup>12</sup> have neither bodies to kick,  
nor souls to damn. – Andrew Jackson*

I’ve set up automobile inspection for Tuesday, and Bob at the Gulf station has all the equipment. The process is slick. Later model cars have a common connector, usually somewhere under the dashboard. You start the car, then the mechanic simply plugs in the diagnostic computer and reads the output from a small monitor. Takes about ten minutes.

Then Bob attaches my new front license plate bracket. But he insists on installing the cardboard temporary plate (rather than leaving on my valid Michigan plate) before putting the approval sticker on the windshield. He worries about large fines for violating the rules. “Yes, Virginia, we still have some big-government issues in the Free State.” So don’t hang back in the VAW because you think the good guys are winning all the battles here.

This is a good place to describe the driving experience in the Free State. It’s WONDERFUL!

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<sup>12</sup> For an excellent modern analysis and prescription for “rationalizing” (i.e. eliminating) corporate privilege, please read Thom Hartmann’s *Unequal Protection: The rise of corporate dominance and the theft of human rights* (2002).

***Route 13: A ride to work anyone can love***



In the greater part of the state and in areas 10-20 miles outside the “big city” zones—Manchester is the largest city with slightly more than 100,000 people—your mode of transport is automotive via winding roads through the mountains. (Mountains by Northern Michigan standards, hills by Rocky Mountain standards.)

One rapidly becomes accustomed to driving five to ten miles along a winding road with virtually no traffic and no traffic signals. In the

town centers, speed limits are typically 30 mph, and you're okay if you keep it five plus.

Between town centers, the state roads are commonly posted at 40 mph, and 45-50 is a decent speed that won't cause tickets. I make the following observation, too: fellow motorists warn you of speed traps here, much more than any other state I've been in. (The universal sign for "speed trap ahead" is flashing your headlights to oncoming traffic.)

Even during rush hour near the cities, traffic is light by USA-urban standards. Around the big city zones along the country roads, you have multiple residential dwellings with driveways to the road, but few of what I call subdevelopments. At least far fewer. The residence density is low, spread out in lot sizes that I'd guess average 3-10 acres.

Just how the rural towns discourage high-density dwellspace, I dunno. But, heaven help me, I do love it so. It makes the act of driving something to truly look forward to. In New Hampshire, a town resembles a the Midwest's township concept: it covers the whole region of land that is contiguous with adjacent town regions, not just the central area where the town offices and most businesses are located. (I believe the central area is the "village" part of the town.)

*Regarding Popos and Guns*

New Boston, a town of approximately 4500 people, has four cops. My feeling is this is two or three too many. You undoubtedly have some juvie pranks, busted mailboxes, vandalism, as in most places, but there really isn't any *crime*.

I'm convinced part of the reason is every adult citizen has the right to carry a pistol openly in public places, not to mention keeping one in his home. As they say, "An armed society is a polite society." Even the major newspaper here, the *Union Leader*, has editorialized in favor of open carry and against cops who remain ignorant of the law.

Personal protection in New Hampshire has a long, successful tradition of being one's own responsibility. You don't run into many people who would seriously consider ripping you off or hurting you. For real criminals it's a hostile environment, and *not* because uniformed government employees drive around carrying guns and wearing badges.

I should mention though, unlike back in the VAW, police in the Free State are likely as not to live next door to you—same with city officials, state reps, and state senators, even judges. They have that basic equality with you as citizens, and generally police officers are proud to be public

*servants.* Plus, the fact that you may be packing heat, too, tends to make cops more courteous. (Though in the “big cities” of Manchester, Merrimack, and Nashua I hear of several bad-cop horror stories.)

*“Armed people are free. No state can control those who have the machinery and the will to resist, no mob can take their liberty and property. And no 220-pound thug can threaten the well-being or the dignity of a 110-pound woman who has two pounds of iron to even things out.*

*“...civilized people go armed to say, ‘I am self-sufficient. I’ll never burden others. They’re also saying, ‘If you need my help, here I am, ready...!’”*

*– L. Neil Smith, The Probability Broach*

Some observations on road signage: Even with a DeLorme<sup>®</sup> map, you have to do some improvising and adapting to successfully navigate the asphalt maze here. Common sight: motorist parked by the side of the road studying a map. By good fortune, near most major intersections in the countryside, special landings exist on the shoulder. They should post signs: “Official NH Turnout to Learn Where You Are.”

New Hampshire natives are rarely aware of the formal numbering schemes that accompany modern highway systems, like, you know, the

numbers you actually see on a road map. Instead, they're familiar with a name given by inhabitants in the 18<sup>th</sup> or 19<sup>th</sup> century, e.g. Mast Road, Daniel Webster Highway, or Stark Turnpike.

One night I'm going out to pick up a movie from Blockbuster in Milford. Mapquest says the store is just off US 101 or 101A, but it's not clear. I call, the kid doesn't recognize the highway numbers. (!) In fact, the numbers baffle him. These are US highways constructed decades ago!

Oh, and in New England generally, road designers seldom bother to provide a street sign identifying the street you are *actually on*. So if you don't know, you have to continue driving until you come to a REALLY BIG STREET (like a US highway). Then turn onto the highway, proceed a while, make a U-turn, and as you come back, look for a sign identifying the road you just turned from. Yikes!

Finally, I can't count the times I've been traveling along a street that I've firmly and confidently identified, then—*making no turns and not even coming to an intersection*—the name of the street *changes!* It's awfully annoying, especially if you happen to be in a hurry.

Bar life seems to be minor-league around here. Maybe that's good for me after so many

seasons of major-league excess. Still, I'd love to find some brew pubs within crawling distance.

Milly's in downtown Manchester is a spacious brew pub and has a fairly young and active crowd, but it's 18 miles down the road. New Boston Tavern will have to do. Beer selection is limited—tho like every bar in NE it has Sam Adams—as well as elbow room at the bar, but the food and company are pleasant.

NB has a video store that lies at the other end of the pizza delivery store. At first, I thought I walked into a time machine with all the videotapes everywhere. But they do have some DVDs. It's the same price, \$3.25, for old or new; the new ones have to be back in 24 hours. Seems high. But I'm somewhat of a movie freak so until Netflix kicks in again, New Boston Video will have to do.

This week's viewing:

- ❑ *P.S.* Character study w/ Laura Linney and Topher Grace of 70s Show fame.
- ❑ *Meet the Fockers* Hilarious, life-affirming performances of Barbara Streisand and Dustin Hoffman.
- ❑ *Anything Else* Woody Allen recreates himself in the person of

- Jason Biggs, fresh treatment of starting over and love gone bad.
- *Tremors 4* Stinker. Prequel to the successful *faux*-horror flick *Tremors*, which starred Kevin Bacon and Fred Ward.

I do some work toward getting into the job market again, but spend the first half of week two finishing settling in and taking care of computer issues. Based on a conversation with the manager of the Transfer Station (recycling center; traditionalists still call it the dump), Gerry Cornett, I'm successful in getting an interview for the purpose of writing a freelance article on the recycling practices in our town.

I throw the recyclables into the Audi and drive down. After sorting the items into the appropriate bins, I interview Cornett for an hour. He has implemented some changes that make him controversial among some of the locals.

***Recycle New Boston: Impressionistic innards***



The changes lie mainly in making the process more efficient, more user-friendly, and more profitable for the town. Formerly, from what he tells me, the process was too idealistic and not focused on “return on investment.” The state in 1993 made recycling mandatory.

Many New Englanders tend to resist change. Not to give Gerry an uninformed plug, but what he seems to be doing is working within legal constraints to provide an efficient recycling process with an objective of greater revenue in

recyclable markets. Revenue for recycled products last year was \$65,000, and the station came in \$50,000 under its budget of \$384,000.

From my newbie perspective, the New Boston Transfer Station is more a business operation than a government one, and it makes the haphazard slipshod program in my former Michigan city look, well, pathetic. I wonder if the apparent success is simply the luck of finding a particular individual with an entrepreneurial bent.

I feel the species is proceeding toward self-government, wresting from central government and illegitimate corporations the power to control our own lives. Again, to hasten that day we may need a widely adopted “principle”—probably in the nature of a simple quasi-religious sentiment, a mantra that sums up the moral foundation of everything humanity aspires to.

I’ve come up with the Sacred Nonaggression Principle (SNaP): Supercharge the ordinary nonaggression principle we libertarians advocate to the level of an ultimate sacrosanct tenet of society. Like how we all adore children, or being a good neighbor, or helping old ladies across the street. Consider:

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*Statement: “We need government schooling of children of all the people, but especially for the poor people who can’t afford it.”*

*Response: “Nope, can’t do that because it violates the SNaP in two ways: a) you’re effectively imprisoning children and b) you can’t steal money from people, period.”*

*Statement: “We need to take this property through eminent domain, because it will be good for everyone.”*

*Response: “No, we can’t do that because it’s stealing nonetheless, and it violates the SNaP. Plus the taking certainly isn’t good for everyone, it’s not good for the tak-ees.”*

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On Sunday, I make it to my first local FS libertarian experience, a Meet and Greet for early movers and prospects in Keene, arranged by Kat Dillon. We meet at the Cheshire Pizza Parlor, 25 of us if you count the kids.

Participants include Russell Kanning, Varrin and Edi Swearingen, Dave Mincin, author James Maynard, Jon Bender, Don and Cathleen Converse, Eric—an electrical engineer and his family visiting from Alaska—, and another young family I didn’t get a chance to meet directly.

I learn a new term: RINO, meaning “Republican in name only.”

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*I find naïve the notion that Republicans are somehow naturally politically virtuous. The Republican Party has from the time of Abe Lincoln—the federales tried to institute a draft and an income tax during the Civil War—always had a corporatist (technically fascist) agenda. Republicans, based on **actual spending**, are **the big-government party**.*

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I talk with Russell and Caleb about my idea of a Bill of Rights enforcement project, which stems from the Rational Review political program<sup>13</sup> of L. Neil Smith and others. Another idea is to uphold the New Hampshire Constitution, which provides more consistent identification of rights, and even includes the right of revolution.

With Don and Cathleen I discuss the job situation. It's taken a full year for him to locate a reasonable job in the computer field, and he has to commute across the border into Taxachusetts for his 9-to-5. We commiserate on this score.

Everyone is suffering from the economic drain imposed on us from the organized political class and its Wall Street cronies. And the likelihood of being able to deploy huge wealth-generating natural systems, such as hemp cultivation,<sup>14</sup> failsafe nukes<sup>15</sup>, or whatever else, seems remote as of this five minutes.

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<sup>13</sup> <http://www.rationalreview.com/program/>

<sup>14</sup> <http://www.thehia.org/>

For all of us though, New Hampshire is still better for finding honest work *right now* than anywhere back in the VAW.

## **Freedom Step # 2**

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*Recognize God can make us whole.*

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Freedom seekers embrace the higher power within them and without them. I came up with the Sacred Nonaggression Principle as a sublime human purpose. Perhaps the higher power that makes us whole is a spiritual human community united through self-government and the SNaP.

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<sup>15</sup> <http://www.wired.com/wired/archive/12.09/china.html?pg=1>

Week 3:

## Jobs and the Antiwar-Sympathy Vigil

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*Looking for work, discovering the hard truths of 911, and joining the local movement to end the current war(s) of aggression and associated occupation(s)*

Into the third week, I realize that my commitment to the Free State is strengthening: I'm going to settle here and become a good neighbor. These chronicles are being posted to the "We Moved" page of the Free State Project Website.

On the work front, response to the first big weekend resume mailing is slim, but a firm named RL Stevens calls and we set up an interview. It's the kind of employment agency I have heard of before, but never actually used: "They make money the old-fashioned way, they get it from you *up front*"... i.e. before they do anything for you. (Most employment agencies are paid by the employer at the time of employment.)

Interview Guy is a nice fellow who appreciates my Audi wheels and the liberty-oriented stickers. I grasp from verbal cues the fee is on the order of five Gs! I use the interview time effectively by articulating my ultimate career goals. But I have to tell him no-way-José will I pony up \$5,000.

I suggest that if I give them such a substantial stash, what's their incentive for doing anything for me? They already got paid. Good will? There's no assurance of a job in the contract. Geez, I may be dumb, but I'm slow.

Later in the week, I get a call from a recruiter who sees my resume on Dice.com. A position in Waltham, Mass. is posted. Also, a fellow Free Stater with a software firm in Austin needs a sales guy here. I could train. Several options exist before having to deliver pizzas.

I use the Dice lead to upgrade the resume. The corporate job market today rewards mastery of minutiae above core fundamentals. Creative, smart people coming to the Free State looking for work face the challenge of flying under the radar of political-class conformity in order to find rewarding employment... as everywhere.

In the Free State you can work every kind of business right out of your home: health and beauty, massage therapy, lawyering, accounting, lumber, videos, guns, pizza, you name it. Back in the VAW, zoning and various municipal codes tend to squash such home entrepreneurs.

I'm looking for a decent workout place within a 10-mile radius. The Manchester YMCA in Goffstown seems most convenient for aerobic exercise. My routine is treadmill, stationary

bicycle, and weight machines—nothing too intense. I'm also thinking to enroll in a Pilates class, or yoga, which may help core strength... and be good for meeting women.

Later I do join Laurie's yoga class at the New Boston Wellness Center. For the first three months of '06, I undertake my personal-system cleanup operation: eliminating alcohol, tobacco, coffee, and starchy fillers. Puts me back at a healthful weight close to 180#.

I'm still geeked by the social potential. The FSP site has a calendar, but most seem to consult the New Hampshire Underground calendar through nhfree.com. My main group so far is the Merrimack Valley Porcupines (MVPs), a social club for FS libertarians that meets at Milly's.

This week, I decide to spread my wings outside the customary FSP activity umbrella. Some peace organizations are holding a nationwide candlelight vigil for Cindy Sheehan. There's a group gathering in Milford, 10 miles south of New Boston.

For those not familiar with this particular pebble in President Bushovik's shoe, Cindy is a mother of a soldier killed in Iraq. She has been requesting a one-on-one with The Decider to get an explanation of why we went to war, thus, why her son had to die. Since Bush refused to meet,

she's holding candlelight vigils near his Texas ranch, where he's been vacationing *for five weeks*.

Since approximately a year after the 9/11 attacks (when I considered evidence that the attacks were perpetrated as a "psy op" by the CIA and US government/ military leaders<sup>16</sup>) I've become 110% antiwar. The evidence shows that the 9/11 inside job was intended to create a bogus terrorist threat for purposes of furthering American empire. The end objective of 9/11 is to destroy human liberty at home and throughout the world.

No one has to agree with the various peace organization agendas to see that ending the war is something we can cooperate on. I've never protested a war! I apologize for that, for now I see the light. Based on a lot of reading, much yet to come, I gain the realization that virtually every war is a "bright, shining lie" serving only to enrich the war machinery and its "banksters."

I make up a sign, "Freedom, Yes! Empire, No!! Bring them home now!!!" Though not very artistic, it turns out to draw more attention than most; a local *Milford Cabinet* newspaperman takes my picture and may include it in the morning edition. Does the NSA read papers from small New Hampshire towns?

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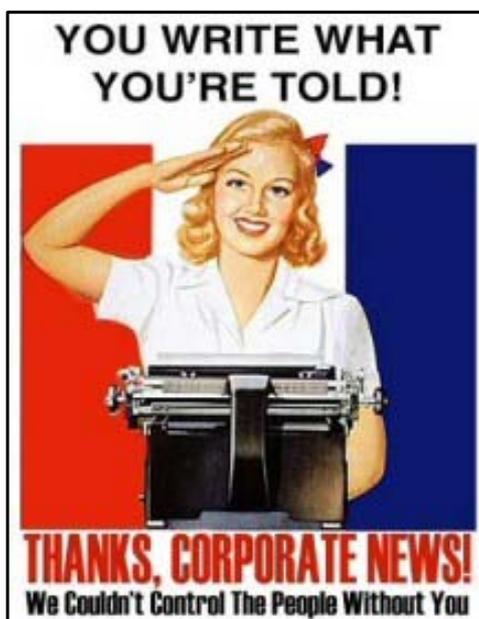
<sup>16</sup> 911truth.org

Like most caring, liberty-minded people, I've come to regard conventional news sources—even most neighborhood papers, which have been absorbed by Gannett, FOX, or other wasteland conglomerates—as callous links in the corporate-government propaganda ministry. It's been that way for... well, a long time. I lifted the cartoon on the right from the independent *Keene Free Press*, which expresses so well how the thinking public sees the major media.

The crowd of about 60 consists mainly of older white women, having a hard time

keeping the candle wax from dripping onto their fingers. The people on this sidewalk pose little threat to the New World Order. Riot police and attack dogs are nowhere to be found. In fact, a local Milford cop drives by, honks his horn in support, gives us a thumbs-up and a peace sign.

It's touching to strike up conversations and hear my fellow protesters'—or is it *vigilantes*'?—life stories. Many are from peace-advocacy



backgrounds, some going back to the 60s and 70s; what you see is ordinary citizens protesting the government's outrageous crimes.

I chat up Michelle and Elaine, who are younger, both married (darn) but refreshingly cause-oriented and aware of the manifest treason of top federal officials. Donna and Keith, a 35-ish couple living nearby, confess they, too, have never protested a war. Keith, a hospital worker, has never taken part in a protest of *any kind*.

The lady who appears to be coordinating the shindig leads us in walking around the square, the Milford Oval, a few times, then we all stand by the road holding our candles and waving at slow-moving motorists. We're received well. Most honk horns in approval. At the end we say a poem and sing a song.

I've decided to hang with these people, bring an explicit pro-freedom perspective to the Free State anti-war "coalition of regular people." Along those lines, an upcoming meeting features a DVD film, *Poison Dust*. The film documents the US military's policy of using depleted uranium (DU) as a weapon of mass destruction for the past 25 years, with particularly high concentrations deployed in Iraq and Afghanistan.

I've heard about DU, but haven't wanted to look into it... frankly, because I'm in outrage

overload. Still I'm going to the film in Wilton on Sunday. Maybe I can contribute with my writing toward drawing in more youth and dynamism, tho technically I'm not young, myself, anymore. Who knows, maybe Michelle and Elaine will drop by.

The rest of the week is fairly routine, continuing with my improvised home-DVD entertainment package:

- ❑ *Off the Map (9/10, quirky)*
- ❑ *Sin City (10/10, Mike Hammer on steroids)*
- ❑ *Motorcycle Diaries (8/10, Che Guevara Lite)*
- ❑ *The Upside of Anger (6/10, Enjoyable)*

Cap'n Jack and I play golf at a local nine-hole course, the Ponemah Green Family Golf Center. It's not designed well. The par 4s are all reachable by bogey golfers like me, and it begins with two par 3s. (When you have a reachable par 4, instead of teeing off after the group in front of you has taken its second shot, you have to wait while the group in front of you clears the green.) We wait on every hole. Golf doesn't appear to be a good game for Jack; basically he goes ballistic on every bad stroke, which is most of them.

As for New Hampshire history, check it out! This footnoted almanac article<sup>17</sup> is a start. At the Porc Fest, a man told me that NH was mainly

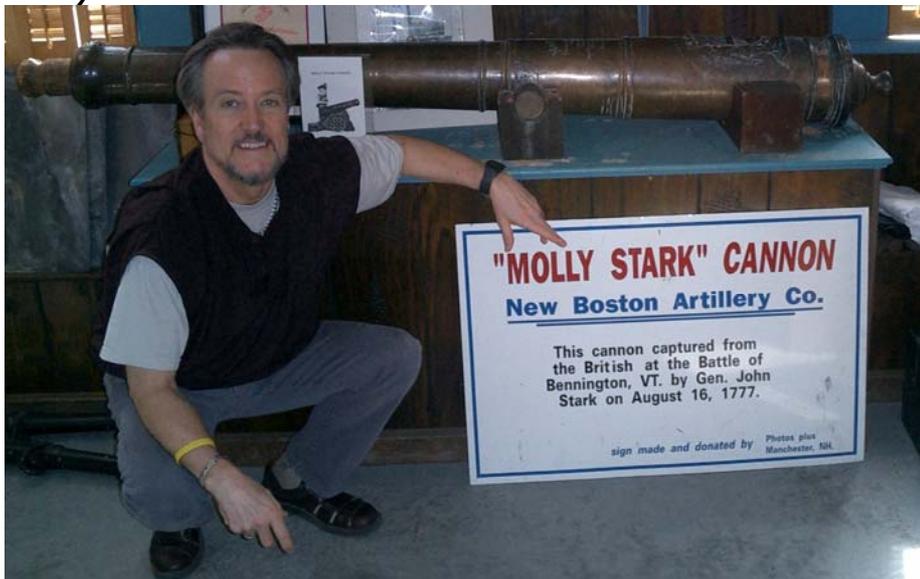
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<sup>17</sup> <http://www.nh.gov/nhinfo/history.html>

settled by Scottish-Irish from a certain region in England (ref. the book, *Albion's Seed*). New Hampshire was the first to sign the Declaration of Independence, and most of the soldiers fighting at Bunker Hill were from New Hampshire.

Manchester has a long history as a mill town. Locally, New Boston is home to the Molly Stark Cannon. This is an important piece of artillery named for the wife of General John Stark, who captured the piece from the British at the Battle of Bennington (Vermont) in August 1777.

***Molly Stark Cannon in New Boston***



### **Freedom Step # 3**

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*Decide to turn your life over to God.*

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Similar to the previous step, we turn our lives over to a higher power, the inner peace of Ultimate Being. We seek to provide for our own lives through productive work and cleanse ourselves of the toxins of war by sharing compassionate knowledge. The spirit of liberty vibrates in harmony with the higher power, and through it we become one with God.

Week 4:

## DU, the Droop, and the SNaP

*The upcoming depleted-uranium health crisis and reemphasis of the Sacred Nonaggression Principle*

On Sunday 8/21, I show at the Wilton Town Building for the DVD film, *Poison DUst*. Attendance here is maybe in the 40-50 people range. Somewhat like the victims of DU poisoning, many of these antiwar folks are running on fumes of their former youth and vigor. The passion for truth and justice still burns brightly, but age is beginning to take its toll.

Even though the FSP doesn't take stands on specific issues, I believe most Free Staters are with me in opposing the current war(s) and their associated occupation(s). We grasp Randolph Bourne's dictum that war is the health of the state.

For 25 years, the US military has used depleted uranium (DU) in several munitions, particularly in shell casings for large bombs and projectiles intended to pierce armor and bunkers. According to various sources:

- ❑ The amount of DU used in Iraq I was 320 tons and the additional amount used during Iraq II is approximately 1900 tons.
- ❑ Much of the exploded DU remains in Iraqi equipment and bunkers hit by DU weapons.
- ❑ DU's radioactive half-life = 4.5 billion years.

So what's the problem?

DU is the waste product from manufacture of nuclear bombs. It is a very dense, hard material 60% as radioactive as weapons-grade uranium. It emits alpha, beta, and gamma rays. Because DU is 1.7 times as dense as lead and ignites with intense heat upon impact, DU shells penetrate objects and disperse nanoscopic ceramic radioactive particles into the surrounding air, land, and water. These particulates are contacted, inhaled, or ingested by living subjects within the blast radius.

The size of this radius of contamination has not been formally determined; many particles are borne into the earth's atmosphere. Within the range of a few miles from the dispersion point and for several years, contamination of people is likely.

Thus, a lot of American servicepeople, Iraqi civilians, and others in the region have been delivered an unhealthful—ultimately fatal—dose of radiation. So-called Gulf War Syndrome is frequently a result of radiation poisoning by DU, a gift that keeps on giving for eons.

Few of the suffering have any idea of the longer-term effects of the radiological damage, with increased incidence of cancers and birth defects. Very few were advised of such risks. The ratio of service people on permanent

disability to all service people from Iraq I and II is greater than 50% and climbing. The average for servicepeople in 20<sup>th</sup> century wars is 5%.

Since I really don't want to turn my chronicles into a soapbox for the peace effort, let me simply state that I am writing an anti-DU letter and sending it to *all* my legislators—even the legislators in Concord. (Though DU is an *international* disaster, two states, Connecticut and Louisiana, have enacted laws to test returning veterans for DU poisoning.) I'm writing a dozen such letters this very Sunday evening.

My own little army of one didn't come to the Free State to sit on my hands while massive injustices are being perpetrated. The peace movement motivates me. Why aren't the peace people and the freedom people naturally hooked up? I feel guilty for having been prowar immediately following 9/11...

I wish to redeem myself.

Will my legislators respond? Of the missives I send to Washington and to the state capital, only a couple of legislators do. In the old days, 20-30 years ago, every representative and senator made a point of responding to a citizen's letter within a week or two max. Fat, debt-ridden, aggressor government is *unresponsive* government.

Midweek I drive back to Michigan. Though in transit and cleaning things up for my return, I still have several observations pertinent to the general Freedom Portal<sup>18</sup> pilgrim.

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*I think of New Hampshire as Free State One, on the premise that we're going to be rolling out freedom pretty quickly to the other US political subdivisions after we achieve it here. Michigan will be something like Free State 39.*

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I note surrounding “Statist” State conditions. My route out of the Free State is directly south along US 13, then west on the Mass. Pike. As I cross into Mass., about 30 miles south, by the side of the road appears what seems to be an extraordinarily high number of dead businesses. Welcome to Taxachusetts—ironically, the cradle of American liberty.

Stopping for coffee in one of the smaller northern Mass. cities, I notice something else: it occurs to me to name this condition “the statist droop factor.” I mentioned this earlier; people in more government-dominated states are discernibly *droopier*, as if carrying more weight on their shoulders. Buncha gloomy Gusses.

This trip to Michigan I do in one day, a long 800 miles. Stream of consciousness naturally

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<sup>18</sup> My own special term for the Free State phenomenon.

works on the angles of that significant concept we broached in Week 2:

“As we proceed to self-government by the people, it will be necessary to have a widespread feeling of almost a quasi-religious nature on the nonaggression principle. This principle will need to be raised in consciousness to a “sacred” essence of what makes America America, and ultimately what is seen to make humanity humanity.”

After all, if initiating force is the basest immoral, inhumane behavior, shouldn't the *nonaggression* principle become sacrosanct? A good share of my thoughts during the long day turn to this concept and how to move it forward.

My final FS-related observation for the week has to do with the pace of life in the Free State vs. other more populated areas. I don't think the slower pace is exclusive to New Hampshire. I recall feeling the same thing in Montana, in Idaho, and other remote western regions. You really notice the relaxed pace when you go back to crowded civilization.

On the way to Michigan, and the next few days, too many drivers are on my tail. Worrying and hurrying. Like being two inches off my rear

bumper is going to get them where they want to go *faster*.

## **Freedom Step # 4**

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### *Take a moral inventory.*

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The successful freedom seeker is constantly taking full measure of his strengths and weaknesses, assessing whether he'll have the integrity to live up to his identity. Don't be harsh, but look yourself in the mirror from time to time: become someone your fellow patriots can depend on. Keep your biology and ecology relatively clean, and kindly eject toxic people from your life. Take pride in every good quality and for every time you take action toward liberty.

## Week 5: Gorillas in the Parlor

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*Population; health, education and welfare; race relations; transhumanism; reason vs. faith; and the White Mountain High*

Back to the former home state now for a week, I want to take some time to reflect on the main differences between here and there. Especially, regarding pace of life, population density, and population composition.

Recall I mentioned that the pace of the Free State and the pace of, say, the West, are similar. People don't hurry as much, and in terms of driving, virtually no one climbs up your rear end as a matter of course. Is pace of life—a healthy rhythm or lack thereof—a function of population density, population composition, both, or something else entirely?

If you go by state population density, New Hampshire ranks 20<sup>th</sup> (~20 people per square mile) from the top while Montana ranks 48<sup>th</sup> (~1 person per square mile). Obviously, the much larger area of Montana, a lot of it uninhabited, skews the comparison.

You don't sense being hemmed in by people everywhere. A lot more elbow room. Driving through suburban Detroit areas this week, geez they got people *everywhere*. Dense-packed. It *feels* crowded. I'm pretty sure the sociologists tell

us that high population density detracts from quality of life. When it comes to population density, what's healthy? And what kind of population?

Here, individuals become more special by virtue of the amount of space surrounding them. Our freedom portal has the magic quality of open space. How long can it last? Good question. This is the classic conundrum we'll be facing. To the extent freedom from congestion is desirable, more people will want to immigrate here for that reason alone. Thus, at some point, causing congestion.

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*A caveat regarding city living: In the tradition of Ayn Rand or Jane Jacobs, many of us are fans of what cities can be. A proper city is a creative oasis of "virtual spacing" for the individual in community.*

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Look at any white-flight suburb surrounding big cities and you see how *not* to solve a crowding problem. Asphalt Nation simply spreads out the systems that give rise to congestion/crime. The congestion/crime catches up with you again soon enough. Then often you're stuck with an ultra-mortgaged home and astronomical taxes.

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*White flight and the suburban/urban white/black schism is a big issue. Neither whites nor blacks are enriched by corporate-model living. We have racial conflict that nobody will honestly discuss. I feel the Free State will lead the way, through liberty, to racial harmony in the US.*

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Even with the subsidies—federal tax policy, eminent domain and state-highway funding, to mention a few—the typical family man moving to the suburbs and exurbs winds up on an expensive treadmill. After plant-or-office overtime, drive time, and late dinnertime, you have maybe 15 minutes to mix quality family time with brushing-your-teeth time.

Ironically, reliance on automotive travel around big cities increases crowding and destroys neighborhoods.<sup>19</sup> And the automobile, by virtue of state power *is* our *de facto* transportation system. Open-space market alternatives to one-man one-car are impeded by law. Again, auto congestion is not an issue at the Portal... yet.

Down here on Practical Street, I do what I can to preserve the open spaces. I wonder if I'll fall into the heresy of supporting restrictive land-use

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<sup>19</sup> For imaginative analysis of the roots of urban decay, check out the classic work by social anthropologist Jane Jacobs, *The Death and Life of Great American Cities* (1961).

policies implemented by the towns. I'll just have to cross that infrastructure when I come to it.

## **Health, Education, and Welfare**

In New Hampshire with its minimal, relatively homogenous population, we have the chance to demonstrate an essential idea: liberation of all health, education, and welfare (HEW) systems from the state, and returning them to the people.

Thus, the obvious solution, though one that may be complicated to put into effect, is we turn social welfare over to voluntary agencies: the Red Cross, the Salvation Army, Girl Scouts, Boy Scouts, and the myriad other charity functions that together amount to hundreds of billions of dollars, annually.<sup>20</sup>

When you short-circuit charity by using government coercion, violate the SNaP, and transfer wealth from some to others at the point of a gun, everyone loses. Consider the productive potential that will be unleashed in our nation, and then around the world, when people take part in a commitment to become self-supporting through mutual aid of one another in their communities!

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<sup>20</sup> According to Giving USA (American Association of Fundraising Counsel), Americans gave \$250 billion in charitable, philanthropic funds in 2004.

And New Hampshire, now, especially *qua* Freedom Portal, stands poised to show the way. We can take the moral high ground and are in a very good position to dislodge any entrenched special interests who cling to coercive models. By eliminating systems of force, opportunities also exist for remediating education and health care at the Portal.

### **Reason and Transhumanism**

Everyone reading this book, or at least everyone who sympathizes with the Free State idea, shares the fundamental premise of what I've been calling the Sacred Nonaggression Principle (SNaP).

To me the SNaP presupposes a rational philosophical framework. Superstition or supernatural sentiments have nothing to do with freedom. When we persuade others that liberty is our manifest destiny, we offer *reasons*—liberty *makes sense*. Faith (when it means the absence of reason) characterizes suicide bombers and presidents who launch illegal wars based on emotion. We certainly have to leave people free to practice any belief system they want—however silly it may appear to reason—so long as it “neither picks our pockets nor breaks our legs,” but we also have the right not to like it. I concede

that any *reasonable* religion is fine and dandy... but how many religions even tolerate reason?

So it's pretty obvious I use the word sacred in the humanistic sense of "the best within us." I also have a "we can make him better" approach to human biology, where living indefinitely long, youthfully, and vigorously is a *good* thing. I see the Free State and the 'silly idea' of transhumanism as complementary.

## **Freedom Step # 5**

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*Admit your addiction to God, to yourself, and to another person exactly.*

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So who's addicted to God? ☺

Another tough analogy to the real AA's 12 Steps. The freedom seeker is presumed to have been addicted to aggression, even if that addiction was a child's emotional method of dealing with the world... the nonaggression principle must be *learned* after all. The process of leaving addiction behind entails acknowledging to all that your addiction does exist and that you have harmed others because of it. Then let your emerging consciousness redeem you: Ultimately, health, education, and welfare will be removed from the superstitious realm of state coercion... and returned to a free, generous people.

## Week 6: Back in the Saddle

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*Taking time to chill out, seatbelt atrocities in the VAW, and high time for a massive federal-tax strike*

Reasons for coming to New Hampshire and entering the Freedom Portal can be completely divorced from political or philosophical causes. Below find only a few noncause-oriented quality-of-life reasons for making the journey:

- ❑ Sit on the beach, soak up the rays
- ❑ Ride the roads on your Harley
- ❑ Drive the roads in your sports car
- ❑ Drink quality microbrew at fine brew pubs
- ❑ Ski, hike, camp, enjoy the outdoor life
- ❑ Enjoy lake country of unsurpassed beauty
- ❑ Develop a livelihood, fall in love
- ❑ Raise children, teach, learn
- ❑ Find yourself in the fresh air and solitude
- ❑ Embrace New England history/community
- ❑ Watch minor-league baseball<sup>21</sup>
- ❑ Play golf

Anyone coming to the Free State just to improve his quality of life is as welcome as the firebrands railing against state power. It goes without saying, but certainly bears repeating.

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<sup>21</sup> The fearsome Fisher Cats. A fisher cat (actually, “fisher”) is a carnivorous member of the weasel family. It is known for being one of the few predators that will attack a porcupine.

While back in Michigan and traveling on an errand, I notice three Oakland County (SE Michigan) police cars and maybe a couple of local-yokel batmobiles at a busy intersection. A passel of rotund, smirking men in uniform. “What are these officers of the law doing today?”

It’s a mandatory seatbelt sting. Damn!

The corner is perfect for a major fleecing. It’s a southeast corner parking lot for a restaurant that’s gone out of business. Northbound drivers come around a bend and don’t see these highwaymen until it’s too late.

They’re pulling over what looks like some uncomprehending oriental exchange student driving a beater, an elderly woman, a teenager, and a whole bunch of redneck hillbillies from way back when. How many of these people watch the tube for the Michigan State Cops’ “Click it or Ticket” ad campaigns? How can they afford the outrageous fines? What civil-liberties message does this ticketing process show to the victims? What message are we sending *to the children*?

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*This latest assault on driver freedom is heavily funded by tax money from the federales. Since the national program began, hundreds of thousands of motorists have been assaulted. Michigan victims number in the 80,000-person range, and at \$100 a ticket, this is high tribute for official thieftom.*

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As Freedom Portalists, we know how absolutely destructive of liberty these public-safety scams are. Virtually all the states have mandatory seatbelt laws, and virtually all the states now have laws enabling strutting pigs to stop and ticket you *solely* for not wearing one. New Hampshire is a heroic exception. This is a VERY BIG DEAL, my friends. For me it's the straw that breaks the camel's back, puts the icing on the cake, and several other clichés.

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*Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. Radio ads in the Free State admonish me to wear my belt... obviously paid for by state funds. "No man's life, liberty, or property are safe while the legislature is in session." — Mark Twain*

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Think of these Michigan pseudocops performing this sleaze duty today. Believe me, their faces show anything but wanting to keep us from harm. They smirk and swagger, reminding you who's boss. As the state's laws become legal aggression, **cops function as aggressors.**

Let me make an appeal to good police, now... all *three* of you. A good cop is one who takes seriously his mission of defending the life, *liberty*, and property of the citizens. Take a cue from libertarian Sheriff Bill Masters, author of *Drug War Addiction*: Just say NO! Henceforth, refuse to enforce any unconstitutional laws. Become a

human being, uphold the SNaP, and *do not* initiate force. I hereby make the same appeal to soldiers of the United States federal corporation.

As non-police citizens we have a responsibility as well. We the people are in charge of the government of this country—though some claim it's the other way around.

How about we just quit *paying* for it?

What would happen, as a consequence of the federal government's treasonous actions if the citizens went on strike? An *income-tax* strike?

The more I think of it—in conjunction with a growing coalition of libertarians, greens, small businessmen, communitarians, and peace people—a general federal tax strike may be the most direct, hardass, immediate solution to the many problems that ail us. It would certainly end the Iraqi Occupation.

Week 6 is briefer because I'm away from the Portal for a couple of weeks of transition. I'm also moving some stuff from a storage area to the basement of a friend of mine.

Any move—even from one storage area to another—is a lot of effort, much more as you get older. Fortunately, my nephew, Josh the Good, travels all the way from Atlanta dodging the

detritus of Katrina to be in SE Michigan on time to help out.

More advice: every move, throw half of what you own in the trash and give half of what remains to the Salvation Army or Good Will, certainly all the big things you don't really need (and take a generous tax deduction). It can be an opportunity to introduce more efficiency into your life, and even to help your fellow man.

## **Freedom Step # 6**

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*Be ready to have God remove shortcomings.*

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This is my quality-of-life chapter, also stressing the importance of eliminating even smaller incursions on our liberties—such as the seat belt laws. Turn to the higher power to help you break the chains to your most minute aggressoholic shortcomings, entirely. And if all you want to do is sit on the porch and watch the world go by, this will be gainful employment in a state of freedom.

## Week 7: Back to the Future

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*The leading edge of the freedom train, celebrity backlash, how many people, weird state laws, and a stylish front license plate*

So many uncertainties when you walk out to the leading edge of the freedom train. This week I've finished my business in Michigan, cleaned up some loose ends, learned some valuable lessons, and I'm prepping myself for an extended residence in the southern Granite State.

“Come home to New Hampshire.”

Because of the uncertainties, movers to the Freedom Portal realize the hard reality of the choice they're making. It's a life-altering commitment, especially if you're accompanied by family. For anyone, though, being part of this ambitious project to move humanity forward toward freedom rises above immediate practical benefit.

Was talking to Steve Cobb and others regarding leading libertarians' varying perspectives on the FSP. With some exceptions, many 'celebrities' of the freedom movement, several in the Libertarian Party, have seemed at best cool to founder Jason Soren's concept... or to the Portal as it's actually developing. The same seems true of the LP national leadership.

At a lamely attended Libertarian Week banquet in Michigan, one of the locals was vocally negative about the FSP because apparently someone promoting the FSP in Michigan denied him a literature table once. Is hostility toward the FSP a combination of petty annoyance and NIH (not invented here)? Fear of becoming a smaller fish in a bigger pond? Well, it takes a big pond to make a sea change.

Also, freedom at the Portal occurs naturally, without a lot of repeat fundraising. Several existing libertarian causes continually tap the main well of primary contributors for sustenance, rather than self-financing through a constant influx of new blood. People get tapped out.

I'm confident the Portal solves the new blood problem. Already, in New Hampshire you can fall out your back door any given morning, then get up and join a meeting of libertarians on the lawn. Let me tell you, this sort of raw energy and enthusiasm comes along rarely.

It stands to reason the Free State is the best soil for the growth of pro-liberty efforts, because there are relatively *so many* of us! As Paul Gere mentioned to me at the festival, if we get 1,000 *active* people moving here, New Hampshire is done like a dinner.

According to the site, we have 426, as of September 2006. The good-old-boy political establishment in New Hampshire has its hands full suppressing all the libertarian brushfires being set. The FSP stokes the flames with people and with competent, neighborly leadership. Several candidates for state representative have connections or sympathies with the Portalists (Free Staters).

As you may recall, a few weeks ago, I sent letters to my new senators and representatives concerning the depleted uranium (DU) issue, which is potentially a massive public health problem. Well actually, it already *is* a massive public health problem. In the coming years, it will become a *catastrophic* public health problem. And none, not one, of my elected officials has responded! Scary.

My point right now isn't to revisit the horrific DU poisoning epidemic. Rather, it is simply to share my observation that virtually no federal legislator cares a whit about liberty. They especially don't care enough to investigate blatant, massive government crimes. (Part of the reason, I'm convinced, is they don't want to be painted with a 'controversy' brush.)

What does it take to make the political class pay attention? Let's run some illustrative

numbers at the state level: New Hampshire has a land area of 8969 square miles with 1,235,786 people, per the 2000 census. This works out to approximately 140 people per square mile, of whom  $426/8969 = 0.047$  are Portalist. What state legislator is going to give a hoot about a measly  $1/20^{\text{th}}$  of a freedom person per square mile?

But if the original FSP-projected number of 20,000 libertarian immigrants were to arrive—equating to more than two freedom people per square mile—we’d be walking in high cotton. That’s a loud voice by any community standard.

I speak with Joel<sup>22</sup>, who runs the Merrimack Valley Porcupines (MVPs), he’s a construction worker in his 20s, been here more than a year, married, and they’re expecting. He shares some thoughts with me that the early people tend to be overloaded with more groups than they can properly support.

He says it’s impossible to help every group effectively. Just pick some according to your own priorities, and dig in. Hundreds of people are coming behind you to fill in the groups you pass on. In Michigan and the other states, you have a *tenth* of the activity, make that a *hundredth*.

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<sup>22</sup> Joel has spearheaded an organization to keep our private lives private. Please check out <http://www.nhcaspian.org/> at your earliest convenience.

Revel in the activism, but don't burn out by trying to do everything at once.

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*My trip across Highway 90 is uneventful. A peculiar New York road sign informs me it's a STATE LAW to turn on my headlamps when I turn on my windshield wipers.(!) In Pennsylvania, by STATE LAW, I must turn on my headlamps in construction zones.(!) Way!*

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Speaking of odd laws, a sign at the Goffstown YMCA tells me it's a STATE LAW to shower before entering the swimming pool. *Way!*

Other important issues: Even though I'm opposed on principle to mandatory front license plates, esthetically "Live Free or Die" looks great on the nose of my automobile. And I dress it up with designer lettering BWRIGHT.

***Hi, Mom: Me and my wheels w/custom front plate***



Which you can say in a couple of clever ways, but I use it as my own personal statement: “I’m proud to tell everyone it’s me who’s here and that I came here by choice.”

Turns out I have to spend some quality time seeking special screws to mount this front plate to a solid plastic bracket. I locate some likely candidates on a rack at Autozone, not necessarily intended for this use. I ask the young clerk at the counter, “Why front license plates?”

“Every law enforcement officer knows you have to have a front license plate to quickly identify a perp as he’s driving away from you.”

## **Freedom Step # 7**

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### *Humility to ask Him for help.*

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As you can see the AA 12-Step Program is heavy on the God concept, which I’ve pointed out in Chapter 5 makes several of us nervous. But if you substitute higher power for God, I’m down with you. In a spiritual sense, opening up to the life-energy Source is the same as asking the higher power for help; this week has been about the Free State Project proper. Let’s humble ourselves and admit we can use more people *sharing* our energy field of liberty as it settles calmly over New England once again.

## Week 8: Job One is Job One

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*More about on the job front, wealth-depleting government, and the need for a defelonization amendment*

For those readers not familiar with automotive-world phrases, Job 1 refers to the first car to be produced of the model being designed. Ford has a motto, “Quality is Job 1,” which is supposed to mean the first car off the line will be a quality product. In the parlance over time, the phrase “Job 1” has come to mean top priority.

So when I say, “Job 1 is Job 1,” I mean my top priority—before getting too strung out for *La Causa*—is to land that first regular-income-producing fish. I’ve been conventionally unemployed for a large part of two years and the freelance jobs aren’t pulling in enough bread to keep me in decent accommodations and green fees. Where have the jobs gone? I have some theories:

Mainly, I feel the political class is supplanting the creative class in a largely artificial government-corporate mixed economy. Decisions regarding personnel, even project-level decisions, have become the province of human-resources drones—HR bureaucracies trace their ancestry to excesses of state-granted corporate privilege—

who have no idea how to produce anything. HR-ocracy creates two conditions:

- 1) Genuinely productive, creative people who exercise initiative and reveal a broad base of conceptual intelligence are less likely to be hired than more conforming minions, who typically display superficial know-how through facility with the snake-oil *du jour*.
- 2) As production declines (because the creative resources are squelched), real wealth erodes, leading to fewer dollars available to grow businesses and hire creative people. Thus the system becomes victim to a feedback loop leading to failure: the fewer creative people are hired, the fewer can be *afforded*.

In the medical profession, an excellent illustration of the politicization of work lies in that thick layer of government aggression added by the Health Insurance Portability and Accountability Act (HIPAA) of 1996, also known as the Kennedy-Kassenbaum Act. The alleged purpose of HIPAA (HIPPO) ☺ was to simplify electronic recordkeeping and guarantee patient privacy. Of course, it has become a pointless, hyperexpensive, government-mandated rathole.

The mandates of HIPPO have led to exorbitant payments for consultants to interpret

requirements and assure compliance. I read gross cost of HIPPO's initial compliance was \$40 billion, with roughly \$10 billion per year following that.

In the information technology (IT) profession another boondoggle like HIPPO works to elevate the political class and diminish productive-class manhours: the Sarbanes-Oxley (SOX) Act of 2002. Senator Paul Sarbanes and Congressman Michael Oxley spearheaded this travesty... to bring alleged accountability to public corporations after the Enron scandal.

Just as HIPPO guarantees wealth-depleting employment for lawyers, SOX (SUX) ☺ guarantees wealth-depleting employment for accountants and computer programmers. From my experience, these two laws are notable instances of job destruction by the state, just like the current oil wars and the national debt.

Let's just say the ideal situation for someone coming to the Free State in these highly politicized employment times is a) to already have a job and be transferred or b) to find a new one and have it in hand when you arrive.

I do a lot of detective work through the electronic job boards, chiefly Dice.com, especially for techwriting inquiries. Also, I've discovered Peterborough is known as a literary center of the

state, and used to have a number of book, magazine, and publishing outlets. Next week is the full court press over there with resume and telephone.

Job seekers, be sure to check out the NH Info page on the FSP site. Also partake of the old-fashioned black market, that is, *the* market. Voluntary communities are springing up everywhere complete with gold and silver coins, private teaching, untaxed goods and services of every kind. These will eventually replace the corrupted, state-centric systems.

Use your telephone and networking skills. People in New Hampshire are friendly and approachable; they naturally like you and want to help you. Remember my new motto, something I've learned the hard way: Don't try to do everything at once, and don't try to do it all by yourself.

Another potential obstacle in finding work is having a victimless-crime felony in your background. Felonies aren't what they used to be. I hear it's a felony in some states to not move over for a parked policeman! We have millions of drug-law felons, i.e. men and women bruised or crushed by the system for transgressing, *sinning*, against the blatantly unconstitutional drug prohibition laws.

Although having a nonaggressive felony is a badge of honor in most libertarian circles, employers of the safe and ordinary stripe take a dim view. Many human resources' bureaucracies automatically kick your papers if they find such a political sin-crime in your background.

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*Idea: A “defelonization” amendment.  
Remove felony status from consensual crimes  
and expunge the records of those so convicted.  
As Gatewood Galbraith says, “Our fathers  
didn’t die on the beaches of Normandy so  
we’d have to piss in a cup to get a job.”*

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I finally take my coach down to the department of motor vehicles to get my driver's license. I choose Milford, which only handles drivers' licenses on Thursdays and Fridays. There's hardly any line. I fill out the paperwork, including my SS#; bring my driver's license from Michigan, an official imprinted birth certificate, and one other piece of ID evidence.

The state cops doing the processing aren't even packing heat. Back when I was in Houston, the DMV—they call it the department of public safety down there—was like an armed camp.

A pretty young woman queued beside me has a Catch-22 situation: she needs an official release from Concord that her license suspension is over, but she can't get that release until Concord

approves her temporary license. The guys here can't give her the temporary license until she gets the release. But the two officers here do manage to give her a workaround, not just shuffle paper.

Barney Fife the elder, tries to come off gruff. "That'll be \$50." I wonder what the \$94 I paid back in the Town Hall was for. But it's done now. Whoohoo! I'm officially a Free State citizen! A red-letter day for a red-letter week.

Locally, in New Boston, I find a walking trail down by the Piscataquog (pronounced piss-cat-a-kwog) River. It's not too remote, and on the other side of the river I can still hear traffic and the ubiquitous Harleys. I also finish signing up at the Goffstown Y, so I can work out. On Sunday, hardly anyone is in the wellness center. Wonder what it's like in the winter.

## **Freedom Step # 8**

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*Make list of all the people we've harmed.*

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Here I'd suggest, instead, to make a list of all the people you're going to be *helping* by contributing to the cause of freedom in a big way. Hold this list in your mind constantly. Further, and more important, help others in your immediate environment by becoming a good neighbor.

## Week 9: Fall Colors Approach

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*More road navigation issues, the sensation of freedom, fully informed juries, Granite State Ambassadors, defying eminent domain, and power to the people*

Getting a few nibbles on the joblines.

I get a warm welcome from a town administrator in Peterborough, a town that seems to have multiple publishing firms where I can at least land part-time work in the creative-journalistic literature industry. “We sure hope you want to come and live here.” Excuse me?

I send cover letters/resumes to all the publishing-related firms around Peterborough. And I’m going to drive down there for a walkaround next Wednesday. Give it the personal look-see.

Early in the week I run into Karla the new neighbor lady from across the street; she’s having some estimates made on paving by a few contractors. She and a contractor are walking over so he can take measurements on our side of the street, too.

We get to talking and I don’t think it fazes her when I say I’m here primarily for more freedom. As a reason for moving, it’s just not what she hears too often. All the time now, I find myself telling people straight up that I’m here because of “the Portal.” It’s a good conversation starter and

although the natives may think you're a little different, they still respect you for it.

Also early in the week, on public television, I see an interview with the former governors of New Hampshire. I feel an affinity for them and for 80% of what each has to say. John Sununu, Sr. (father of the NH Senator who won't answer my letter on depleted uranium) makes a terrific point: The *amount* of general centralized-state taxes—New Hampshire has neither a general sales tax nor an income tax—is not so important as loss of citizen control represented by such centralized revenuing.

In a formula I haven't deciphered yet, the townspeople through their property taxes do send some mandated funds to Concord, but the overwhelming majority of what they pay is decided locally by their annual vote. We own the government here, not the other way around.

On Thursday Cap'n Jack and I motivate down to the New Boston Tavern for a beer or three. Tonight the Red Sox clinch a 2005 playoff spot by beating the widely disdained Yankees, while the Indians lose to the White Sox in the American League Central Division. The bar is hoppin'.

We strike up a conversation with John, a NH native. John gives Jack some grief for Jack not knowing off the top of his head the six states in

New England. The natives are a blunt lot, they look you in the eye and tell you exactly what they think. Jack, who's a Type-A from Colorado, says he finds NH people "slow" as in slow-moving. My more laidback perspective validates what he says: they're more tortoise than hare. They tend to get the job done and don't get all stressed, and are generally cheerful.

The deliberate quality may explain some of their "what me worry?" attitude toward directing immigrants from point A to point B. Not to beat a dead horse, I swear, even the latest DeLorme road atlas is no defense against the misnaming and non-naming of streets in these parts.

### **Random Thoughts**

At the tavern I pick up a local paper for Goffstown, New Boston, and Weare. Glancing thru the stories, I see a rash of thefts has occurred in Goffstown. According to the story, "...most of the stolen items have been easily accessible belongings, such as wallets, purses, credit cards, and change. Most of the cars have been parked in driveways or on the street and none of them was broken into. (The local officer) says the vehicles have been left unlocked in nearly every case. 'Unfortunately, a lot of people leave their cars unlocked at night.'"

With valuables in sight!

Guess the odds of even *finding* a parked, unlocked car of any value within a 50-mile radius of Detroit, much less one with valuables left in sight.

On my way to the MVPs meeting on Saturday, I'm thanking whatever gods may be for my unconquerable Audi 1.8-liter A4. For 70,000+ miles now it has not let me down with a single major repair need.

I'm also glad to be here in the Free State away from menacing police-state traffic signs, such as "You Drink, You Drive, You Lose," or "Click It or Ticket." The most oppressive traffic sign I've seen in the Free State is "Fine for Littering up to \$250."

I sense no massive police presence here, at least not in the towns. That adrenaline-drenched fear of being accosted, cuffed, manhandled, and jailed by agents of the criminal injustice system is virtually nonexistent. Indeed, outside of the states and the Merrimack Valley city popos, the cops are almost universally polite, conversational, and neighborly—they truly serve and protect.<sup>23</sup>

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<sup>23</sup> We do have a problem with those nasty federales. One of our own, Russell Kanning, has been arrested by a goon squad and incarcerated for attempting to distribute freedom literature at the federal bldg. in Keene.

No special state drug-law enforcement machinery or SWAT teams have been formed to fly black helicopters in search of marijuana in the woods. No packs of drug-sniffing dogs have been set loose in airport baggage claim areas. No gun-confiscation squads abound to disarm the people, who have the absolute right to pack heat in public.

“Badges, badges, we got no stinkin’ badges! We don’t need no stinkin’ badges!” You have no idea what a relief it is to live where it feels as if there are but three policemen in a 50-mile radius... and, correspondingly, virtually no *real* crime. The sense of personal freedom *and* security is exhilarating. And where I live in the countryside, the feeling of freedom is magnified.

Thinking happy freedom thoughts, I’m unprepared for the bumper sticker adorning the rear of a moving wreck in Goffstown, “Troopers are your best protection.” Chunky 40-ish woman with greasy hair at the wheel, cigarette butt dangling from her lips. Geez, lady, I’m saying to myself, that’s messed up. You must be an out-of-towner; that’s just not the way we think here. (Note I used the first-person plural *we*. After nine weeks, I’ve become a Free State/Freedom Portal “we” as opposed to a New Hampshire “they.”)

At the Merrimack Valley Porcupine (MVP) gathering I run into elemental force of nature, Evan Nappen, formerly of the New Jersey VAW. This is his “move day,” and after the meeting several of the attendees will be unloading boxes and partaking in a magnificent feast at his new digs in Bow.

Nappen for Governor!

I chitchat with him about a friend of mine’s nonaggressive felony, which abridges his gun rights as well as interfering with employment. Evan informs me Charles Rangel and a group of representatives in DC are introducing a bill to expunge such pseudofelonies from a citizen’s record. Rangel aims to fight the insidious racism of the drug laws, but everyone benefits.

Another idea from Evan: join the Outdoor Writers’ Association. Never been much of an outdoorsman, unless you include golf, but being in New Hampshire now, I feel I’m living in the country full time. Maybe I’ll take up fishing or birdwatching.

Speaking of the outdoors, on the drive home I notice a lot of homes, even the bigger ones, have tents pitched in the yard. People here really do like the outdoors, and it must start young. I assume the tents are mainly for kids, not the mother-in-laws. ☺

The local MVPs hold their meeting at Milly's in Manchester. Alas, it's better suited for sitting at the bar drinking brewskis than for holding meetings in the back room. Poor acoustics, poor lighting, poor seating. But location is good and the company is first class: with the exception perhaps of an undercover CIA agent or two, 30-some new freedom fighters fill the room. The weather's so nice, we've surely lost a couple to Mother Nature.

Some formalities, then two speakers:

- Dan McGuire—gives it up for the Granite State Ambassadors. The ambassadors are a welcome-wagon source of knowledge for New Hampshire. Several questions are posed with token prizes given for correct answers. For example:
  - What four catchphrases describe the state?
    - Answer: Granite State, White Mountain State, The Mother of Rivers, The Switzerland of America
  - What is the state insect? (State insect?!)
    - Answer: No, not the mosquito, it's the ladybug.
  - Who originated the state motto, "Live free or die!"?

- Answer: John Stark (Revolutionary War general responsible for acquiring the Molly Stark cannon, currently located in the New Boston museum.)
- There is more to the phrase; what were the remaining words of Stark’s sentence?
  - Answer: “...death is not the worst of evils.”
- What was the motto on NH license plates before “Live free or die”?
  - Answer: “Scenic New Hampshire.” It was changed in 1971.

Some other questions and answers, some upcoming events. Seems like a good way to make friends for liberty.

- Steve Vilee—advocates for the fully informed jury movement. Formally the name has changed to the American Jury Institute (AJI). Two states now have laws that compel judges to inform jurors of their rights:
  - Per AJI (and the US Constitution), as a juror you have the right to judge both fact and law, and to acquit defendants based on your own conscience. The free-jury movement is an uphill battle but we are gaining some little victories

Many interesting conversations; these get-togethers are vital for keeping up to date. I learn from Russell that a brave lady named Lauren Canario has been sent to jail for defying an order by a policeman to leave a public meeting area in New London, Connecticut. (She tried to attend a meeting of a development group using eminent domain to take property for its building project; this was the celebrated *Kelo vs. New London* eminent domain case that went to the Supreme Court, and in which the court upheld the taking.)

Several candidates tell us of their campaigns, particularly Norm Bernier running for school board in Concord, Karl Beisel running for Manchester school board, and Dave Mincin running for city council in Dover.

Remember the leftists of yore had a slogan, “Power to the People!”? Why not dust off that phrase and use it ourselves? That’s what we’re all about: give people control over their own lives and take it from impersonal central government and its Wall Street/Main Street socialists.

The meeting culminates with birthday cake. October 1, 2005, is the second anniversary of the selection of New Hampshire as the Free State. A beautiful day. I walk down near the Merrimack River. Fantastic. It screams for development of a river walk... but *not* by eminent domain!

## **Freedom Step # 9**

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*Make amends to others.*

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As freedom seekers the amends we make to others consist of performing focused work for the cause. Much of our past behavior lacked goal direction. Freedom needs to be integrated into our entire natural lives... with loyalty to those who have been there for us. Take a minute and reaffirm your love to those who love you, and that you will be there consistently for them as we accomplish freedom together.

## Week 10: Making Progress on All Fronts

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*Car insurance, culture, a walk through Peterborough, ruminations on "pure noncompliance" and voluntary community, identifying The Beast*

Well, most fronts.

The job search and social-life angles seem to be congruing. My Sam Cooke (*Another Saturday Night... and I Ain't Got Nobody*) days may be coming to an end with a young lady friend I've met. I'm even finding time for the FSP forums; my favorite is "Religion and Liberty," so I put in my two cents with Rocketman, Dreepa, and the others.

It's also time to get down to my auto insurance guy. Got to make arrangements for insuring the premium ride. Even though it isn't mandatory! The only thing New Hampshire requires is that if your car has a lien, you have to be covered with appropriate liability insurance. The police won't issue you a ticket for not having insurance. If you are uninsured, your car has a lien, and you incur liability from an accident, the lien holder can take you to court. But the state of New Hampshire doesn't want to interfere.

My monthly bill for the Audi drops from \$135 to \$85 per month. Thanks, Bob. Thanks, New Hampshire. So that's done.

I mention to Bob that I'm a freedom person... even use the l-word. He says a libertarian is going to like the system here a lot better. I mention I'm looking for work as a writer. Soon, I'm heading over to Peterborough, because I've heard that's where the literary types hang out. I tell Bob that when I finally get established, I plan to buy a plot and put an earth-sheltered dwelling on it.

Guess what? Bob owns an earth-sheltered home and he'll let me borrow the plans, he even invites me over to check it out. He prefers living on an unpaved road—Class 6—since it legally limits development more than if you live on a paved road. I'll definitely keep that in mind. Odds and ends Monday and Tuesday:

- ❑ Get some calls for contract work, e.g. techwriting for an insurance co. in Portsmouth. I haven't seen the NH coast yet.
- ❑ Run into Karla at the Wellness Center of New Boston, a cleverly convenient, well-thought-out fitness facility. Hi, Tony and Kim.
- ❑ I'm working the book, doing a freelance piece, sending out resumes.
- ❑ I receive a reply to my letter about depleted uranium (DU). US Senator Judd Gregg says that if HR 202, which would gather minimal information about DU, reaches the Senate, he'll keep my thoughts in mind. Yeah, right.

On Wednesday, I travel 25 minutes and 17.5 miles to Peterborough. The purpose of my walkaround is to meet potential clients or employers, and to distribute my resume and business cards. I have a DeLorme city map, my Daytimer, 20 business cards, 20 resumes, a tape recorder, a digital camera, and a cell phone (on the chance I can get any good pockets of reception). “We have the technology!” ☺

Peterborough, at the intersection the Contoocook and Nubanusit Rivers, has a lively history. During the Civil War era, people from Peterborough aided abolitionists such as Frederick Douglas, the town serving as a destination on the Underground Railroad. In 1907, the MacDowell Writers’ Colony was founded. Cultural connections exist between Peterborough and Boston and New York. Thornton Wilder wrote *Our Town* during his stay at the MacDowell Colony. In 1938, an unusual weather event, the Great New England Hurricane, caused serious flood damage to the region. Several preventive dams and waterways have been built since.

During the walkaround, I find myself in the midst of charming little art galleries, boutiques, and bookstores. I take several illustrative photos within the same city block.

***Toadstool Bookshop: Someday, I'll sign my book here***



***Biodiesel pump: Not bad compared to \$2.73 gasoline!***



Speaking of biodiesel:

***Trying: Wearing his heart on his bumper***



Hemp not only provides diesel oil, one acre of hemp yields 1000 gallons of ethanol per year. I definitely want to meet Trying Guy. But no such luck; I'm sure I'll see him around again.

Through the decades, two newspapers have coexisted in the town: the *Peterborough Transcript* and the *Monadnock Ledger*. Wondering how such a small population can support two papers, I leave a resume and business card with each.

The day is warm. I've been working hard, easily pounding five or six miles of pavement. It's Miller Time; my respite zone takes the form of a quaint little pub named Harlow's.

***Harlow's Pub: A pause that refreshes***



The Smutty Nose India Pale Ale (IPA) on tap is uniquely cool and refreshing. I strike up a conversation with a gentleman on my left, name of Mike. Drives a Zamboni™, one of those ice-rink polishers. Loves it. Says he's also working on a historical novel on people from a region along the Canadian border. His brother, who goes with him on long bicycle trips, is chief of police in Temple.

Mike claims that New Hampshire has more police per capita than any other state. I check it out on the Web later. He has to be thinking about some other fact, like more *weed* per capita. (And maybe he's been toking some.) New Hampshire

has 1.6 police officers per 1,000 population vs. an average of 2.3 across the United States. It's like the lowest number of cops... and has the *least* crime. Fewer cops—and freedom to pack heat in public—equals less crime?

I do see two signs today that suggest some unnecessary intrusion of the police power: 1) one of the ubiquitous “Drug-Free Zone” signs near a school (How about we post a “Stupid-Free Zone” to encourage better grades?), and 2) the following obnoxious sign inside Harlow's:

“We confiscate all false identification and report all illegal activities to the authorities.”

Mike, an example of the individuality you find in Free State culture, moves on. A tall drink of water named Emily has parked her sweet self two seats down on my right... then, *unprompted*, she moves next to me. I'm on my third IPA, so I should really be going. Ah, what the heck.

It's getting second nature for me now to strike up conversations with practically anyone I meet and, if they ask, let them know I came here because of the freedom. Even though Emily's only in her 20s, she's a reader of books.<sup>24</sup> We

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<sup>24</sup> I can't resist plugging one of my favorite works here: *Building a Bridge to the 18<sup>th</sup> Century*, by Neil Postman. He argues

share some scintillating repartee and I leave before the fourth beer would come; no sense letting a high blood-alcohol level make me any more irresistible.

Comment on the social life: Cap'n Jack likes to entertain, so he's regularly inviting his pilot buddies and families over for food, drink, and conversation as well as the new neighbors. It's a cross-section of what you might call educated, professional, middle class New Englanders. They haven't heard of the Free State, but they definitely have a prideful feeling for "Live Free or Die."

For the average ambitious nonideological person, the feeling of freedom lives on here, sustained by a mixture of personal industry and positive thinking. Must be a pheromone secreted by people in New England to which other freedom types are naturally drawn. The air is rich with this substance, and the sense of it crystallizes on cool, clear, starlit nights in the mountains or simply moving about in the great outdoors at the Portal.

## **Simple and Noncompliant**

My own approach to the Big Universal Problem (BUP) of how to free up the system is to encourage people a) to use their independent

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so eloquently and simply for the virtues of reading books, especially those from the Age of the Enlightenment.

judgment, b) rethink some common premises, c) accept the Sacred Nonaggression Principle into their hearts, d) agitate and work through existing constitutional-republic frameworks, and e) change the laws so we can live our lives as we see fit.

Probably 90% of the Early Movers and New Hampshire liberty activists fall into this political approach, i.e. work within the system. But there are other options: I place these in the general category of “simple and noncompliant (S&N).” Most of us know S&N as civil disobedience, nonviolent resistance, noncooperation, declaring one’s independence, voluntary communities, alternative societies, and so forth. And the strategy of S&N has a long, glorious history: Thoreau, Ghandi, Martin Luther King, and many others. The best-known S&N figure at the Portal now is probably Russell Kanning of Keene.

Russell has directly refused to:

- ❑ comply with various taxes
- ❑ accept restrictions on boarding airplanes without ID
- ❑ abide by arbitrary local protest rules
- ❑ accept curbs on distributing literature to people inside a government building

Others exist out there with the same attitude, especially in Keene. For example, a gentleman, whose name escapes me at the moment, was arrested for publicly performing a manicure without a license. He notified the media and the authorities, and just did it.

Another notable S&N figure at the Portal is Lauren Canario, who was arrested for refusing to vacate a New London, Connecticut, stairwell. This was in connection with the celebrated *Kelo vs. New London* eminent domain case that went to the Supremes. She refused to move, then refused to cooperate, then refused to talk with police, then refused to talk in court, then was placed in solitary for several days, then was quietly let go. (The Oligarchy finds such intransigent people hard to digest and tends to spit them out as quickly and inconspicuously as possible.)

I've done some analysis on the whole field of S&N; innumerable variations exist—from literal law-based activism against the income tax or Social Insecurity, to developing neighborhoods apart from the statist hierarchy, to going off the grid entirely in the backwoods of Maine or Manitoba. Each of these noncoercive alternatives to the system is worth a look.

In general, I cannot argue against civil disobedience as an effective tactic. I have respect

for those who burn draft cards, stiff the IRS, fast to stop a war, or stand in front of tanks in Tiananmen Square. We all benefit when the public conscience in response to such defiance is aroused to restrain or end habitual state violence.

The risk-reward level of civil disobedience seems high. But personal risk hinges on the nature of the issue, when one jumps in, and how many people follow. For yours truly, moving to the Freedom Portal is a high enough risk-reward level. Nevertheless, I attend rallies for the Ghandians in our midst, send money, and write them letters when they're in jail.

On the grand cosmic scale, emulation of Ghandi for liberty represents a tipping point for our cause. Recall that in a historical heartbeat the largest corporate empire in the world at the time (Britain) relinquished its hold on India because an ordinary man defied the law by walking to the sea in his underwear to pick up a piece of salt. Now, that's what I call leverage!

The term "voluntary community" puts in a nutshell what every true freedom fighter holds as his fundamental ideal. As coercive society collapses, voluntary communities become our ticket out of chaos, blooming flowers of the specie's renaissance. Voluntary community is

basically what Ghandi was after; a lot of people want it now rather than later.

## **Who Are Those Guys?**

Before leaving the topic of ways to solve the BUP, let's briefly discuss the nature of the principal barnacle on the ass of human progress, i.e. who are these bad fellows who step up to take advantage of a people that lets go of its natural rights. I need to discuss the super bad guys, just as a master gardener takes pains to identify and eradicate the deadliest weeds first.

Remember in *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* where Redford and Newman are on the run in the Southwest? The posse, after miles of Butch and Sundance riding, with many misdirections, through mountains, valleys, and rivers, stays glued on their tails. Sundance turns to Butch and says, "Who *are* those guys?!"

I constantly get the question, "Who is this 'they' you're always talking about, the 'powers that be,' the people or institutions that wield tyranny and relentlessly suppress any flareup of human liberty?" The short answer to the question is expressed with another adage: Remember the Golden Rule: "He who has the gold makes the rules."

Prior to the Enlightenment, Western Civilization, as all the others, was based on force, i.e. domination within nation-states by one relatively small, relatively wealthy set of people—let's call them the Ollies (for oligarchs)—over the masses. The Ollies were the monarchists with their witch-doctor allies in the churches. With the achievement of the American Republic, the end of the Divine Right of Kings, and the unleashing of human energy and democratization of wealth via the industrial revolution, the Ollies worldwide had to scramble to keep their deal going.

They had a substantial head start:

The ruling classes in Europe retained centralized states and, accordingly, access to vast fields of legal plunder. Further, they continued to control mammoth state-franchised central banks, such as those run by N. M. Rothschild and Sons, and corporations, such as the East India Company in England. With the elimination of actual royalty, the Ollies migrated over to these other entities—massive finance-capitalist and banking interests. Their only competition was the working aristocracy in New England and other independent sources of genuine, widespread wealth in America.

Through the 19<sup>th</sup> century, the Ollies were successful in consolidating national banking,

direct central-government taxation, monopolistic corporate privilege, and compulsory state schooling<sup>25</sup>—the explicit purpose of which, a la Prussia, was to create cannon fodder and consumers for the ruling mercantile elites—into the New World. The energy and material power of United States’ productive and creative classes then became subverted by these oligarchic engines of legal plunder.

*Give me control of a nation's money and I care not who makes its laws. – Mayer Rothschild*

With this emergence of international finance capitalism, fueled by such giants as the Rothschild banking dynasty in Europe and JP Morgan in America, as well as massive fortunes of early industrial-state monopolists such as Rockefeller and Carnegie in the United States, a tightly guarded money-power elite reestablished the control that had been threatened by the Enlightenment’s spirit of individualism and democratic freedom. Indeed, it has integrated and extended this control beyond the wildest dreams of its ancestral royal families.

The heirs and carefully chosen associates of such families as noted above are the “they,” the

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<sup>25</sup> Ref. John Taylor Gatto’s *The Underground History of American Education*

new Ollies. They are the sworn enemy of every liberty-loving human being who proudly walks upright. The biggest weeds in the garden. *L'état, c'est eux.* (The state, it is they.)

They maintain their supremacy through an immense propaganda ministry reflected in the development of foundations, colleges and universities, think tanks, mainstream media (MSM), and other routine information systems. Thank heavens for the Internet (tho that's under attack, too). The propaganda is largely successful and unquestioned due to the mind-controlling government schools... the brainwashing effects of which I cannot help noting are typically catalyzed by supernaturalist Abrahamic religions.

Thus effective political and economic power remains concentrated with the High Ollies, while carefully and generously distributed to favored Low Ollies in the corporate boardrooms and government/academic/military institutions.<sup>26</sup>

The good news:

The Ollie monolith is disintegrating, both from within<sup>27</sup> and from without. Grassroots

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<sup>26</sup> As for who composes the Low Ollies in American politics, check out [www.theyrule.net](http://www.theyrule.net). Also ref. *The Occult Technology of Power*, Alpine Press.

<sup>27</sup> Internal power struggles occur, such as the recent Neocon crowd and its Bush-Cheney cabal.

liberty, peace, justice, and individualist resistance movements, not to mention the Internet, have revealed the nature of the beast and its fundamental weaknesses. Like the bacteria that bring down the imperial walkers in *War of the Worlds*, such elements of freethought infect the creature's lifeblood... which consists of equal parts powerlust and fear/hatred of anything creative. The light of truth is death to the Oligarchy.

### **Freedom Step # 10**

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*Continue to take personal inventory and admit wrongs.*

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List all the personal tools you have at your disposal to fight for liberty, then examine your strengths and weaknesses in regard to those tools. Be completely honest with yourself. For example, if you lack skill at public speaking, acknowledge the reality and make a decision whether your time is best spent developing that skill or concentrating on applying skills you do have—say Web design, writing, petitioning (I love to petition but a lot of people would rather experience a root canal). When you admit your limitations, you can put them in context and cease to feel any guilt over them. Then you act from strength.

Week 11:

## Lawn Maintenance and Other Matters

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*Lawnmower man, another legislator response to DU, peace in the freedom movement, people of the open spaces, and something to believe in*

On Sunday, Jesse of the young marrieds on the other side of the road blows a fuse, with his four-horsepower push-lawnmower stopping every ten seconds in the deep grass. They have a full acre or so of lawn over there. Jesse asks Jack to drive him to Home Depot in the pickemup. They return with a deluxe super-wombat thunderpig 20-hp John Deere rider mower with all the bells and whistles.

I give them a hand rolling the mower down some planks onto the driveway. Karla gazes down from the porch with a resigned expression; she's annoyed at hubby's rush to buy such exotic lawn equipment. Heck, it's only \$1659; he got a deal on last year's model! Tim Taylor rides!

She sighs, referring to the movie, *The Money Pit*, with Tom Hanks and Shelley Long, "You know, a new home is basically this big sinkhole." Jesse now becomes Lawnmower Man. He's never owned a riding mower, and seems initially unfamiliar with the controls, dropping the blade too close to their unpaved driveway surface and churning up a cloud of pebbles and dust. The

scene conjures up one of those early 1960s Rock Hudson-Doris Day movies. Jesse manages to finish before the rains come.

And they do come. Over the weekend, the western side of the state gets slammed. In Keene, by Tuesday, extensive flooding occurs; a few roads and bridges are washed out, many homes and cars are damaged, and four people are missing presumed dead. The governor calls out 500 National Guard troops. On this side of the state, knock on wood, we remain relatively high and dry, though the Piscataquog looks like the raging Colorado River.

Job picture is in high-perc mode: I send samples to that middleware company down the road, and I'm being submitted to the Waltham job. Both good, solid prospects with reason to expect offers. A communications company in Boston is hiring a systems writer, and a Portsmouth agency has presented me there.

Mundane matters on Tuesday:

Audi "engine malfunction light" has gone on without a clue. I read the manual and it could be anything from the catalytic converter to not putting the gas cap on right. Bob, the local mechanic, slaps the diagnostic tool on the connector under the dash, and says "camshaft

positioning sensor.” So I schedule an appointment with Audi-Nashua.

Riding down the Everett Turnpike (Highway 3), I enter an unattended toll booth and throw the required three tokens into the basket. No dice, light remains red. I throw in three more tokens. Nope. What’s going on? All right, then, here’s three US quarters, you bandit! Light remains red. Nobody’s around, and I’m holding up traffic, so I reluctantly drive on.

Remember the scene from *Blazing Saddles* where the bandits, on horseback, encounter a toll booth in the middle of a deserted wasteland? Even though they can ride around it, they obediently line up to pay the toll of a nickel. Exact change required. No one has change for a dime, so as I remember the Slim Pickens character sends a guy back to town to pick up a “whole shitload” of nickels.

By waiting so long, I feel guilty that I’m bucking for the Blind Obedience to Authority Award, just as in the movie. Recovering from this inexplicable lapse of defiance and driving on, I notice a camera mounted in front of the booth, apparently pointed at my front bumper.

Bingo!

Now I know who wants the front license plate: traffic-law enforcement, to deter tollbooth

scofflaws. Also, some states set up automated radar speed traps that photograph license plate and driver, then send out a ticket in the mail. The beleaguered state-power lobby in NH may have anticipated installing such equipment, though it's my understanding the US Supremes ruled you can't collect ticket revenue that way... for now. What's that quote from Kissinger:

*The illegal we do immediately. The unconstitutional takes a little longer.*

The Audi fix requires two visits. On Tuesday, they check out the sensor and the signal generator, replace a busted vent hose, take it for a spin, engine light stays off. I give them my deductible and saddle up; the engine labors to a start, then the light comes on, again! Damn.

So I bring it back Friday, and after several hours they replace the camshaft-positioning sensor. Probably would have been all right to do that on Tuesday. No problem, the dealership is equipped with WiFi, free coffee, and abundant eye candy. Ingenious bumper sticker, noted while getting lost in Nashua cul-de-sacs for 45 minutes:

**ENRON**  
**HALLIBURTON 2000-2008**

Get another letter back from my depleted uranium (DU) appeal (reference Week 4), from the Honorable Charles Bass of the 2<sup>nd</sup> district. I later learn ol' Charlie is a neocon Bush-Cheney drone. *Qua* imperialist RINO, he dismisses the objective evidence of DU-as-WMD and shows no sympathy for the hundreds of thousands of people suffering from it.

“Although every study thus far conducted failed to connect common exposure to DU munitions and increased illnesses, I recognize veterans of conflicts in which they were fielded have reported a heightened propensity for poor health, and would welcome further insight into the relationship between their service environment and later health conditions.”

Huh?!

Note the passive voice of the first clause, which is completely untrue. *Hundreds* of studies exist. All have clearly connected DU to radiation poisoning in veterans and other personnel exposed to it. Then witness Charlie's patronizing dismissal of the 56% of Iraq I and Iraq II war veterans who are on permanent disability, who will pass down birth defects to their children, and who will die young thanks to *his* government's malice and willful ignorance. Let's also not forget the innocent Iraqi and Afghani civilians

who have faced the same US-government-inflicted horrors, only more so.

I hereby declare the US government is no longer *mine*. And I'm not its. You hear me?! I'm only sending you "*deviated preverts*" money because I feel I need to stay out of jail for a while to best help the freedom cause. Over the course of the last five or six decades, you have turned from figurative criminals into literal criminals of the worst kind: *war* criminals, wanton killers.

As Texas Rangers Captain Gus McCrae and Captain Woodrow F. Call say to their friend Jake Spoon in *Lonesome Dove* (1989) as they loop the noose over his head, "You crossed the line." (They hang him for murder and horse stealing, but his main crime was he fell in with a crowd of homicidal psychopaths and just went along. You can say the same thing today for the Democrats.)

On October 12, Lyn Lombard and Hannah Proctor of the Piscataquog Watershed Association (PWA) make a local presentation, *Invasive Plant Species*. The sponsor of the event is a local citizens' group, New Boston Conservation Commission. Thanks to some earlier friendly banter and inquiries with Town-Clerk Lady, Kim, I'm put on email notification for such events.

As I drive the mile or so down to the center of town, I'm not sure what to expect attendance-

wise. Standing-room-only? Will a rock-concert-sized throng be pressing against the Community Church door, ticket scalpers hawking seats to the latecomers? This area must surely harbor a passionate cadre of naturalists and plant people.

You guessed it, the PWA folks and interested townspeople form a crowd the size of a bridge club. I'm plenty early. Aside from Lyn and Hannah, a grand total of ten women and one other guy, Lyn's husband, show up—average age ~58.2. Even though I'm no property owner, I'm interested to know whether Mother Nature has let loose some bad apples in the kingdom.

For a plant to be considered invasive, it basically has to be non-native and nasty. Nasty means it doesn't play well with the other plants, tries to horde light/nutrition, and in some cases actually eats its better-mannered neighbors. "You better watch out for the eggplant that ate Chicago, 'cuz he may eat your rose bush soon."

Purple loosestrife is an example, it tends to establish what they call a monoculture in wetlands and ponds. Fortunately, a natural predatory beetle exists that comes from the species' homeland. In fact, PWA has adopted programs using community resources such as public-spirited highschoolers to proliferate these beetles. And it works. It would be nice if there were natural

predators for all the bad-neighbor species. Lyn talks about the Big 14, which in addition to the loosestrife include:

- ❑ Oriental Bittersweet (*celastrus orbiculatus*)
- ❑ Autumn Olive (*elaegnus umbellata*)
- ❑ Black Swallowwort (*cynanchum louisea*)
- ❑ Common Buckthorn and Glossy Buckthorn (*rhamnus cathartica* and *rhamnus frangula*)
- ❑ Burning Bush (*euonymus alatus*)
- ❑ Garlic Mustard (*alliaria petiolata*)
- ❑ Giant Hogwood (*heracleum mantegazzianum*)
- ❑ European Barberry and Japanese Barberry (*berberis vulgaris* and *berberis thunbergii*)
- ❑ Morrow's Honeysuckle, Showy Bush Honeysuckle, and Tatarian Honeysuckle (*ionicera morrowii*, *ionicera x bella*, and *ionicera tatarica*)
- ❑ Japanese Knotweed (*polygonum cuspidatum*)
- ❑ Multiflora Rose (*rosa multiflora*)
- ❑ Norway Maple (*acer platanoides*)
- ❑ Purple Loosestrife (*lythrum salicaria*)
- ❑ Japanese Honeysuckle (*ionicera japonica*)

***Purple Loosetrife and Day of the Triffids***



Some of the above species are quite pretty to the untrained eye. It also occurs to me that some might consider our hostility toward rude, crude, and generally unattractive plant species a form of environmental racism. “How dare you launch a pogrom against the Norway Maple!? What’s next? Indiscriminate slaughter of saplings from Asia?!” So much for my public service event of the week.

I’m glad to give these folks a plug. Their focus is mainly on private-property owners. On state lands, it appears removal of pest plants is also a volunteer exercise. I wish more people would get into it on the local level, because it’s a

way of the citizenry keeping dominion over its own natural resources.

I speak a little with Hannah as I leave. She's a tiger, this one, and carries a shovel and plastic bag in the trunk of her car for routine eradication of invasive-specie offenders by the roadside.

I mention that in Michigan you have to be careful not to molest or kidnap a plant for floral arrangement, because the laws harshly prohibit such private action. Here in the Free State, pretty much *all you have* is private action. Hannah doesn't quite understand what I'm getting at; in New Hampshire there isn't any concept of standing back and letting someone in authority take over. *You* are the authority. You and your neighbors have the right to decide what to do and then you simply do what needs to be done.

While I'm at the dealership for the Friday fix, I decide to develop a relationship with a potential contact or employer in the journalism profession. I wind up in pleasant telephone conversation with the editor of *The Neighborhood News*, Ginger Kozlowski. I ask her what they pay for a feature article, such as the one I have on the back burner about the New Boston Recycling Station. \$20. Not \$20/hour, just \$20.

That's a little too much volunteerism for my blood. I'll need to pursue more remunerative

markets. But she's nice, aware, fascinated with the idea of the Free State Project, and interested in doing a story, possibly even interviewing me. Maybe I can get my foot in the door with these chronicle pieces. Good publicity.

Let me finish this penultimate chronicle with a comment on the neighbors, again, including the roommate and the young marrieds next-door, all just 30-something. These new friends of mine represent the shock troops of the (hopefully) bloodless revolution of ideas coalescing here. They're literate, curious, hardworking, honest, caring professionals who have come here to settle and raise families. The nonaggression principle is a natural winner for them. They brought themselves to New Hampshire, innocent of any knowledge of the FSP, because of the high degree of freedom already here.

### **Something to Believe In**

I became a teenager in the era of John F. Kennedy and Peter, Paul, and Mary. Even though I would later develop more along lines of Barry Goldwater conservatism, I recall being moved by the prevailing social sentiments of the time toward civil rights and justice, particularly for those who weren't so fortunate as I. The prophets of the time made it exceptionally cool to care about

others in the community, regardless of what side of the tracks they lay.

It's difficult to convey the youthful enthusiasm, the "love-energy," that Kennedy elicited during his run for the presidency in 1960. It's no exaggeration to refer to the White House of his day as Camelot, where the romantic ideals of truth, justice, and liberty (however tainted by fashionable statism) were coin of the realm. So much promise, so much hope. And young people *loved* it. The reason/freedom movement is now in a position to similarly step up.

## **Freedom Step # 11**

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*Prayer, meditation, conscious contact with God, knowledge of his will for us..*

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Above all be patient... and take the longer view. Changing the world for the better starts with changing ourselves for the better. Do not neglect the spiritual side, the part of you that is quiet at the core. Listen to that, let it become. Being here at the Freedom Portal provides a continuing source of natural inspiration.

## Week 12: Final Thoughts

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*The quality of New Hampshire, getting the job, road-warrior pensiveness, lessons of Zen, and what else you can do*

Time to wrap it up, my fellow Free Staters and running-dog lackeys. Long enough for one man to carry on, and I've said all I can think of to say. I mainly regret not including much in the way of New Hampshire history; I have the distinct impression there's much more a true native knows about the early days than is readily available on the Web. Check out the privately funded New Hampshire Historical Society<sup>28</sup> museum in Concord when you get here.

The local transfer-station manager had suggested that the history around here is incredibly deep and wide, some of it little known outside the communities. For example, Mast Road is actually so named because the King of England insisted on having masts built from the finest trees near Goffstown. They were cut and carted to Manchester and the Merrimack River along this route, currently Route 114.

Some other better-known distinctions (some I've already mentioned):

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<sup>28</sup> <http://www.nhhistory.org/>

- ❑ The name New Hampshire derives from Hampshire County in England, home of the generally recognized founder of New Hampshire, John Mason.
- ❑ New Hampshire was the first colony in America to draft a separate state constitution, and first to instruct its delegates attending the Continental Congress in Philadelphia to vote for independence.
- ❑ Nearly all the troops doing the actual fighting at Bunker Hill were from New Hampshire.
- ❑ New Hampshire cast the deciding 9<sup>th</sup> state vote to accept the US Constitution.
- ❑ New Hampshire is home to the first public library in the United States (Peterborough).

Also, due to my need to seek work, I didn't drive around enough exploring in my first few months. That's something you'll surely enjoy doing, especially if you like performance driving. The roads are fabulous, and some roads are *fabulouser* than others. And they're all within reasonable distance, too. Just observe less than 5-10 mph over posted speeds.

Each town has a character all its own. Leaving the car and walking around can pay major dividends in deciding where you want to be.

As I prepare for another weeklong transitioning trip to Michigan and back, and as I'm driving around locally, taking care of my day-to-day commerce, it occurs to me David Bergland in his classic introductory book, *Libertarianism in One Lesson*, puts our liberty situation perfectly when he declares "utopia is not an option."

Neither here in the vaunted Free State, nor for the general planetary libertarian society of our future. We're most likely going to have some crime, unfulfilling jobs, unhappy relationships, traffic jams, and bad breath. You know what I'm saying, nothing's perfect. This is reality after all.

The Free State also is not immune from collectivist-statist pressures. Let's just say it's holding out well. New Hampshire already had a head start with native libertarian activists. With the quality and quantity of early FSP movers—and shakers—coming in, the tide should turn here decisively and quickly; then propagate to surrounding geographies.

### **Another Back-and-Forth to the VAW**

We've been having those flooding rains at locations near Keene, so I try to keep my eyes open with caffeine for mudslides and whatnots. Good thing, just east of Keene, a four-point buck whatnot grazes on the asphalt in my lane. Brakes

work, the horn chases him languidly away. Though I'm still undercharged from only a few hours sleep, the curves along the route I've mentioned in NH and Vermont make for a terrific ride.

On the turnpike, New York smokeys are aggressively enforcing the 65 mph limit; I see at least seven ordinary obese, gray-haired motorists pulled over between Albany and Buffalo. Ticketing revenue has to be the state's biggest industry outside taxes and the lottery.

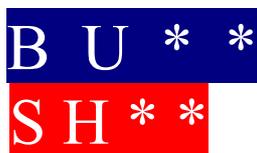
It occurs to me to wonder what kind of man, or woman, actually *likes* the crummy job of writing speeding tickets. Today, these traffic-system officials seem more surly than normal. Not heeding the words of the good doctor:

*If it falls your lot to be a street sweeper  
go out and sweep streets like Michelangelo painted  
pictures,  
sweep streets like Beethoven composed music,  
sweep streets like Shakespeare wrote poetry,  
sweep streets so well that all the hosts of heaven  
and earth will have to pause and say,  
"Here lived a great street sweeper who did his job  
well."*

*– Dr. Martin Luther King*

If it falls to your lot to be a toll booth operator...

In the midst of such reveries my radar detector goes spaz. A super trooper in the median has me dead in his sights; I'm exposed in the left lane: 71 mph. He turns from the median to follow. Adrenaline is pumping furiously. Wide awake, I consciously take slow deep breaths as I move into the center lane and set cruise control to exactly 65. I'm sure he sees my rad stickers:



BU \*\*  
SH \*\*



“If you ask me, I’d vote  
Libertarian.”  
— God

After an eternity, he stops pacing my car and passes me on the left to take up a new position down the road.

Okay, I *will* bore you with the driving-induced observation of what I’m calling “terminal independence of computer enhanced awareness.” Whew!

Consider my email package now: I’ve chosen to use Yahoo! Mail for ~\$20 per year. So the on-your-PC email packages like Eudora, Outlook,

Mulberry I can live without; both the email program and my email data are “up there” on the network, as opposed to being “down here” on my PC. (I can archive messages and contacts to my PC anytime.) So from any terminal connected to the Internet I can do email.

Eventually, it will be possible for the average schmuck to do the same thing with word processing applications, spreadsheets, database applications, graphics software, and so on. Our forward-thinking geekdom has certainly scoped out these developments. Putting my computer work “up there” means the days of expensive, bug-riddled, unsupported, behemoth, slothful desktop applications—and I’m not naming names—may be numbered.

If you think too much about the development of human consciousness in connection with the Internet’s processing possibilities, you can go nuts. Some worry about a *Terminator* scenario—where a supercomputer network takes a nanosecond to decide on human extermination. My personal preference is the *Pollyanna* scenario: a voluntary society of extremely happy, highly individualized and empowered (trans)humans.<sup>29</sup>

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<sup>29</sup>. Ref. the World Transhumanist Association

No doubt, the real world will fall somewhere in between. More reverie, punctuated by piano music of Wolfgang Amadeus:

- ❑ I've discovered an AM radio station in Manchester, WFEA, that plays Frank Sinatra, Doris Day, Pat Boone, Gale Storm (!), some of the big band tunes, a host of quaint, clean mostly old music. Even with poor mountain reception I love it; few ads, *noise* free.
- ❑ In New Hampshire, once you leave the road you're supposed to be on, you can be off that road for a long time before realizing the mistake. Miserly, miserable road signage.
- ❑ "Molly Stark" motels dot the Vermont landscape along HW 9. The history of New England tends to transcend state borders. Most towns in Vermont appear to be resort-oriented with hotels, bars, boutiques, golf courses, ski lodges, restaurants. Still looks like hard times for most.
- ❑ In the town of Troy, NY, a longwinded sign starts, "Dear Motorist, ..." then a string ending with "we really take [this rule] seriously." Almost everyone is traveling too fast to read what they're not supposed to do.

- ❑ Regarding the need to overthrow the national security state and other forms of tyranny, I sure would like to see a *bloodless* revolution. If federal police/soldiers *read*, they'll cross over from the Dark Side to uphold the Constitution. (But who *does* read anymore?)
- ❑ Recall the movie *Saved*, where Mandy Moore's character throws a Bible at Jena Malone's character, yelling, "I'm filled with Jesus' love." A few years ago, I'm literally *screaming* at my mother, "Why can't you understand the nonaggression principle?!" A lesson here.
- ❑ In the afternoon, I witness my first actual traffic airplane! It follows the E-way at a low altitude, maybe 300-500 feet, looking for li'l ol' ladies w/ lead feet in their Delta 88s. How many tickets to pay for the airplane?
- ❑ At the booth leading into the stretch of tollway west of Buffalo, a teenager loses her ticket to the wind. She can't open her door because it's blocked by the booth, so I get out, walk up, and pound on the window until the attendant notices the problem. My good deed for the day.

- ❑ More idle thoughts: Few problems cannot be resolved more readily with fewer people per square mile and smarter people per square mile. Are we cherry-picking in the Free State?
- ❑ Mileage notes. Arrive Motor City, 2110 hours (16 hrs with 2 hrs of break, 780 miles).

During the week I kick around, noting how awful the roads are in SE Michigan, what an irony. Way too many drivers, and way too many drivers who really haven't learned the skill, much less the art, of driving.

On Sunday, a reporter/writer for the Neighborhood News interviews me as a Free State Project immigrant (the article covers several early movers and appears in the November 9 issue).

My new friendly editor, Ginger, even writes a warm FSP-welcoming editorial in the same issue. What's more, she asks me to write an occasional human-interest column for NN. Sure. A couple my early pieces deviate toward fire-and-brimstone. Some NN employees bitch about it, so she brushes me back. I redirect my enthusiasm, and now I'll be just a normal New Hampshire guy who writes about freedom-related things my neighbors may want to read about.

In these final weeks of the chronicles, I've been rediscovering some ideas absorbed loosely during my youth. I'm rereading Robert Pirsig's culture-bearing work, *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* (1974). I'd forgotten the vitality of his concept, Quality. Quality for ZAMM is what the Greeks referred to as "excellence" (*aretê*).

Is not *aretê* in politics exactly what I've referred to previously as "sanctification of the nonaggression principle?" We know the FSP is only a vehicle. People friendly to political freedom make the pledge, then move to New Hampshire, then they individually decide what to do with their time.

So my deal now as a new immigrant is to develop a spiritual home for kindred souls of natural reason to go along with my new political home. After some fits and starts, I launch a Website: the Coffee Coaster.<sup>30</sup> (The idea is to put "wholistic libertarianism" in play; I welcome your feedback.)

The writing of these chronicles has been a joy. The Free State Project is a seminal moment in libertarian geologic time. Those who care will want to plug in to the Freedom Portal energy, if

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<sup>30</sup> <http://thecoffeecaster.com/>

not directly and physically, then remotely by awareness and moral—and let's not forget financial—support.

“Failure is not an option.”

—The Beginning—

*bw, September 2006*

## **Freedom Step # 12**

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*Spiritual awakening and carrying to others,  
practice these principles in our lives..*

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As an individual, emerge to Quality. Human consciousness lies at the threshold of a great understanding, not just about right and wrong but about who we are as rational creatures in the grand scheme of the cosmos. As Adam said to Eve, “Stand back, we don't know how big this thing is gonna get.” ☺ (Sorry, couldn't resist a little perhaps off-color humor there.) All I'm saying is the future belongs to those who throw off the blinders and the shackles of the Old World, in all its addictive qualities, then stride forward into full actualization of the vast creative human potential. The Free State is a fine place to start the process. *Carpe diem.*

## Epilogue:

### Breath of Fresh Air Felt 'round the World

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*Defeat of the smoking ban and defiance of Real ID.*

It's a big weekend in the Free State, starting with a gathering at Joel and Amy's abode—word-of-mouth invitation only, Joel announces the idea at the March MVP meeting—for a “Wachowski Brothers” combination film-viewing evening.

So on Friday night, St. Patty's Day, we first watch *The Matrix* on DVD, then drive down to Merrimack to watch *V for Vendetta* at the Cinemagic. We maybe have 20 of Our Gang in tow.

The next day most of the in crowd is joining Early Movers Margot and Bradley Keyes for a World Famous Meet and Greet at their home in Epsom. Margot makes a beeline for me (and others) with open arms and just the sense that *you* in particular are special. I wasn't sure she even remembered my name. She ain't the Free State Project Hospitality Lady for nothing. This is how it should be. How enchanting we have Ms. Margot, living proof a well-formed greeting is worth a hundred syllogisms.

Everyone is here tonight, too, easily 50-100 people—the official tally is 87. Now I'm to the point of knowing several of the early movers and shakers and fellow travelers. I tell Brad I'm

interested in drawing together a group of individuals who may enjoy discussing books and ideas from the perspective of wholistic Objectivism (that's the philosophy of Ayn Rand for all you "atavistic cave-dwellers.")

A few of the FSP poobahs are in the throng, along with three state representatives. Let me rattle off some names: Brad and Margot, Don Gorman—respectfully referred to by some as 'The Don'—, Calvin Pratt, Kat Dillon, Chris Lawless, Russell Kanning, the Swearingens, Joel and Amy, Dawn Lincoln, Sandy Pierre, Jon Bender, Dan and Carol McGuire, Dave "The Mad Hugger" Mincin, and many of the folks who came to Movie Night. The Freedom Elite.

What a high! Our group of revelers is distinct. Virtually everyone at the party is a solid activist, or a leader, depending on the cause. The fun and games of Movie Night and Meet and Greet are a prologue for the practical work to come.

### **Practical Work**

Our mundane real-world job as freedom people, should we choose to accept it, is to replace a budding American tyranny with something kinder and gentler... by using the tools of self-government we were all exposed to as children:

- ❑ Caring for the issues and who they affect
- ❑ Becoming informed about the issues
- ❑ Developing one's natural reason
- ❑ Getting to know one's neighbors
- ❑ Participating in local politics
- ❑ Writing letters to one's representatives
- ❑ Calling one's representatives
- ❑ Talking with one's representatives
- ❑ Writing letters to the editor
- ❑ Running for office, participating in campaigns
- ❑ Demonstrating, protesting, persuading
- ❑ Petitioning, lobbying, distributing literature
- ❑ Leading on some issues, following on others
- ❑ Always thinking for oneself
- ❑ Aftermathing at one's pub of choice

These are the tools we carry into battle. Unbeknownst to me, many of the people in the laughter-filled room tonight are going to the capital on Tuesday to lobby on an important vote.

### **Defeating the Smoking Ban**

Oddly enough, reckless endangerment of one's pub of choice is the issue we're tackling. House Bill 1177 is scheduled for a vote in the House on Tuesday, 3/21; HB 1177 would extend the state ban on smoking beyond certain businesses, specifically, to restaurants and bars.

No more raising a stein for freedom in one hand with a cigarette in the other... at least not at your local tavern.

Some anti-choice segments of the health and safety lobbies—aka the *Health Nazis*—smell the blood of lost freedom in the water. Groups such as the American Cancer Institute Action Committee and the CleanAirWorksNH lead the charge with misleading paraphernalia.

Every surrounding state has compelled restaurants and bars to prohibit lighting up inside their own property. Restaurateurs and smokers' rights organizations have either surrendered to the ban, or—in the case of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce—actively endorsed such abject surrender of their members' property rights.

It doesn't matter that two-thirds of the bars and restaurants in New Hampshire have gone smoke-free already. Or that the only restaurant/bar worker to testify opposes the ban on the principle of freedom of choice.

Advocates of the ban use a timeworn emotional appeal: they point to someone's personal misfortune, or their own, as a pretext for taking away everyone's freedom.

Here, they hope to tyrannize a hard-pressed minority, the dying breed (literally, I suppose) of smokers who like to light up at bars. I used to be

such a person, and, candidly, at the time I positively *relished* the whole experience, as arguably unhealthful as it might have been. I still want access to such civilized self-pollution as an option if I'm having a bad day. It's my body and my life.

*"America wasn't founded so we could all be better. America was founded so we could be what we damned well pleased." – PJ O'Rourke*

For all the glorious details please refer to TheCoffeeCoaster.com under articles.

In a nutshell: WE WIN! WE WIN!

That seals it for me. Now I see how the FSP works, or *should* work. It's a perfect setup. On the one hand you have Jason Soren's simple, elegant equation to bring people to a beautiful place that is already substantially freer than any other political subdivision on the planet. Once there, you're naturally going to let the other shoe drop. You'll probably embrace the political process, even though it's quite enough for many just to be part of the scene.

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*Comment from Cal Pratt: "The social community we're creating here needs to be emphasized, because I've always thought that's the biggest draw the FSP has. It's about the people and not just the activism."*

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Assuming you do come here to carry on the fight for freedom, you have innumerable groups on every issue to choose from. In my humble opinion, the most effective organization overall is the New Hampshire Liberty Alliance (NHLA). Keith Murphy and the NHLA are mainstays in our success over the ban. I'll tell you, winning is *wonderful*.

As (the first edition of) *New Pilgrim Chronicles* goes to publication, the NHLA and other organizations are fighting the Real ID act successfully. The whole idea of a “liberty alliance” working in such a down-to-earth yet sophisticated manner bears exporting. It can easily become the model whereby Free State 2 and Free State 3 and Free State  $n$  throw off the shackles and roll back the American state for good. Then on to the rest of the world... not with armies but with ideas of self-government. It's magical. The spirits of our colonial ancestors stir.

As if to underscore our profound hope for the future, on the way back to my car, I see the Peace Guy there, linchpin of what is known as the Concord Vigil.

***Peace Guy: Freedom from domination, lies, and war***



He was here two weeks ago, and he's here today. Don Booth is 89 years old, sort of a peace-and-love icon associated with an outfit called NH Peace Action. In my uninformed rightist-militarist past, I might have disparaged people like Don as pacifist-leftist anti-Americans. Today, with all that's happened with illegal wars for corporate welfare, where we've witnessed first hand the treachery and *inhumanity* of the political class, I see peace people and freedom people (and greens, too) coming together with a healing understanding—the best of left and right.

After all, “war is the health of the state.” I think we have a lot to learn from each other. Through peace find freedom, through freedom

find peace. Riding “the gentle energies of love,” we have a state, a country, a planet, and a galaxy to win. (The rest of the universe we’ll temporarily leave to its own devices.)

The Bard speaks across the centuries:

*There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.  
--William Shakespeare, Julius Caesar*

Seize the tide!

## About the Author

Brian Wright is a freelance writer and editor specializing in technical systems and marketing documentation. He acquired his bachelor of science in mechanical engineering (BSME) from Wayne State University, Detroit, Michigan.



In addition to *New Pilgrim Chronicles*, Brian has also authored a personal drug war story, *There Must Be Some Mistake*. He is currently working on *The Sacred Nonaggression Principle*, the final installment of his trilogy of political monographs, scheduled for completion in Summer 2009. He resides in Merrimack, New Hampshire.