

While curbing the welfare state was often threatened, it was rarely accomplished. Just as the Heath Government's efforts yielded almost invisible results, so too, one would predict, will the much-heralded "austerity" plan of the current administration. Indeed, most of the proposed reductions amount to postponing projects still on the drawing board or not filling positions in the civil service as they become vacant. In case even these measures prove too restrictive, the Labour Government is committed to modify them "as the general course of the economy and the most important needs of the community require." Until more factory hands are seen to be at least as necessary as having extra playleaders, group workers, and program coordinators, no real trimming of the welfare state will occur.

One doubts this will happen soon. Understandably, hard times make retrenchment difficult; the memory of the inadequacy of social services during the Depression is still strong. In addition, no substantial political force appears ready to take on the task. The

social reforms of Disraeli give British Conservatives as good a claim to the patrimony of the welfare state as Labour has; indeed, the postwar history has largely been one of Socialists expanding programs while in office, and Tories preserving or improving them. (Lest it be thought change is in the offing, it is worth recalling that one of Margaret Thatcher's major acts as Minister of Education was to call for a massive increase in public nursery school enrollment.) With a firm hand in the Treasury, North Sea oil, and good luck, Britain's economy may pick up again, thereby making social spending nearly as manageable as it was even a decade ago. If the services themselves become more productive, further improvement might follow. But the basic problem is one of choice. Precisely because the British attached great value to welfare programs, the nation has been a world leader in social policy. Because it continues to do so, Britain will remain less prosperous as well. □

Stephen R. Maloney

The Lavender Menace

Though many homosexuals are harmless and even goodly, the "gay liberation" movement is tawdry, libertine, and barbaric. What is more, its ambience is not especially gay.

In the happy days before the turn of the twentieth century, Americans called their decade "Gay." If our times deserve that epithet, however, it is a sign not of our social mirth, but rather of our swelling preoccupation with homosexuality. The vulgar Marxism of our public discourse, with its chatter about collective identity, class struggle, and "liberation," has granted homosexuals new status as an embattled minority with as righteous a grievance against the hetero majority as that of downtrodden blacks in the Jim Crow South. And the homosexual life, once kept shadowy and furtive for fear of discovery, is now so much in the open that it has become for some an avocation: the "gay activist" of the '70s has replaced the civil rights leader of the '60s as a fixture on the trendy cocktails-and-talk-show circuit.

As a conservative—and indeed a closet libertarian—I am not one to begrudge homosexuals their civil liberties or their privacy. The Supreme Court's recent ruling upholding Virginia's sodomy laws, and permitting the enforcement of such laws by raids on private residences, left me with mixed feelings. I sympathize with the discreet homosexuals who must endure governmental incursion into their most intimate affairs. The strongest enforcers of laws regulating consensual, adult sexual activity, it seems to me, are the same legal pecksniffs that recently tried to proscribe mother-daughter and father-son school functions; the types that found an all-male elementary school choir *in flagrante delicto*, that is, singing without female accompaniment.

If an aging eccentric solicits the services of a consenting adult, ties him (or her) up naked, and then rolls hard-boiled eggs at the hireling, all the while shouting "Bombs Away!" we do not need to call out the SWAT squad and the National Guard lest these United States go the way of Heliogabalus' Rome. The Constitution surely

allows us to make, as the homosexuals might say, perfect asses of ourselves.

We do need to distinguish, however, between behavior that should be prohibited and behavior that should be disapproved. As Charles Socarrides, perhaps the greatest living expert on homosexual behavior, has said, we must recognize, if we "hope to survive," that mating with a member of the opposite sex is not only natural but also necessary. Libertinism undermines libertarianism by ignoring the rights of others; the shared judgment among thoughtful people in all vital and humane civilizations has been that sexuality finds its highest fulfillment in the connubial union of man and woman and that society builds its achievements on the foundation of the family.

The historical picture, in particular, must be brought back in focus. Just as revisionist historians have claimed to discover that Harry Truman started the Cold War in order to make the world safe for Smith and Wesson, so "Gay" revisionists would have us believe that history is a veritable procession of fuchsia chariots, emperors in drag, poets pining for the lad next door, and the boys in the band composing unforgettable symphonies. But as anthropologist Marvin K. Opler shows, that just isn't so. Very few lands have openly tolerated homosexuality. Opler lists the ancient Greeks, the beraches (search me?), Nata slaves, "one category of Chukchee shamans"—and "the top echelons of Nazi Germany." Not exactly, as Archie Bunker might observe, "your mainstream of Western civ."

Gordon Rattray-Taylor subtracts ancient Greece from the list of worthies: the common notion of the Athenian statesman, orating by day, fellating by night, is a myth; the adult male-young boy relationship so often confused with modern pederasty was

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anathema to the Greeks. (Indeed, the word *paidierastia*, meaning literally "love of boys," was a part of the Platonic vocabulary and had by that time a generally pejorative sense.) The rare consummation of such affairs was designated "vile behavior" and was punishable by death. Plato identifies the true nature of the adult-youth relationship as, well, Platonic: "the one love [pederasty] is made for pleasure; the other love, beauty. The one is an *involuntary sickness* [my emphasis], the other a sought enthusiasm....[Non-coital] love tends to the good of the beloved, the other to the ruin of both....The one is virile, the other effeminate." An Assyrian tablet from the twelfth century B.C. reveals more about that cruel land's justice than the lawmakers might have known; the penalty there for homosexuality was to be sodomized by the righteously indignant jury and then castrated.

In our modern Babylons, one of the most striking features of Gay propaganda is its similarity to the ostensibly macho, "if it feels good, do it" Playboyism marketed by Hefner, Guccione, and other journalistic flesh-merchants. Viktor Frankl, survivor of Auschwitz, psychiatrist, and originator of logotherapy, sees a direct link between the "Bunny" girl—being old-fashioned, he calls her the "chorus girl"—and homosexuality. In *The Doctor and the Soul* Frankl says sex with the chorus girls is characterized by impersonality; infidelity is also of the essence of the relationship; further, "where the quality of love [suggesting an enduring relationship] is lacking, the lack must be compensated by quantity of sexual pleasure." Thus, the *idée fixe* of *Playboy* on the frequency of orgasm, a concern it shares with the *Gay Advocate*. Dr. Karl Stern, another psychiatrist, says in *The Flight From Woman* that the philosophical direction of our times is homosexual in its denigration of the traditional qualities associated with *das ewig erlösende Frauenzimmer*—the ever-redeeming female, symbolic of intuition, receptivity, and compassion.

In his remarks on Don Juanism, Stern metaphorically puts the *Playboy* philosopher and the Gay theoreticians in the same intellectual bed: Don Juan is "the man who is fascinated by conquest but unable to love." Stern goes on to say, "In such men the ambivalence towards the mother is so deep *and the homosexual tie is so strong* that they cannot commit themselves to a woman other than by an ambivalent and sadistic relationship. And they are mysteriously compelled to go through this act of conquest and flight in an eternally repetitive experience." Stern refuses to call these men "lovers," because they lack "the lasting commitment" necessary to love. In fact, promiscuity is the norm in homosexuality.

A good description of this is to be found in William Aaron's *Straight*, the autobiography of a homosexual who shook his habit to become husband and father: "In the gay world, promiscuity, voyeurism, incest, 'water sports' [urination games], and even coprophilia are, alas, far from rare." It is not uncommon, Aaron points out, for a frequenter of the "baths," fetid with urine, sweat, and other effluvia, to "make love" [sic] with a dozen men in one night—and never, in the gloom, to see their faces. In choosing a lifestyle so at variance with the mores and the laws of society, most homosexuals equate sexual gratification with danger the way a junkie associates happiness with a "fix." As quoted by Tom Burke in *Esquire*, one of the New Homosexuals—the generation that turns on with acid and the Rolling Stones in lieu of pink gin and Judy Garland—suggests that a volatile mixture of promiscuity and thrill-seeking may be bubbling ever more vigorously: "...gay kids in their twenties don't have the hang-ups that old queens had..., so that they start making out much earlier, and get bored sooner with sex in pairs....Danger is groovy. It's always new." Psychiatrist Evelyn Hooker supports the view that "the most standardized and characteristic pattern...in the 'gay' world is the 'one-night stand.'"

The gay bar is the center of activist homosexual life; the eye-beams go from face to face; occasionally a couple drops outside for a quickie, to return a few moments later, looking for "fresh meat."

The rhythms of the bars reflect constant movement in a parody of normal sexual tension and release. As the night wears on, those uglies who have not made a connection become agitated with sexual energy. Aaron suggests the grim realities of the gay bar as closing time approaches: "As the hour grows late, there is a steady stream of men swaggering, sneaking, stalking, and sidling in and out of the toilet." Gay sexuality in fact is almost wedded to lavatories; the sexual relations often appear more fecal than genital, reminiscent of the "sexuality" of an incontinent two-year-old.

One doesn't have to be a Freudian to note the childishness of most homosexual behavior; the criteria for sexual worth betray the same kind of immaturity one finds in the girlie magazines. Dr. Cornelia Wilbur points out the somatophilia of lesbians, the obsession with "beautiful faces or beautiful bodies...[the] pre-occupation with breast development." Among their gay brothers, the size of one's sexual organ is the key to happiness. Of all American groups homophiles are the most egregious youth-worshippers; senility, most of them seem to believe, sets in at age 30. The be-wigged, rouged denizens of "wrinklesville" find the land of the gay is no country for an old man.

There is a kind of Wilhelm Reichianism gone mad at the heart of homosexuality. Auden's "Lay Your Sleeping Head, My Love" is the only homosexual poem in this century to convey with artistic grace a romantic feeling toward a person of the same sex. Mostly homosexuality begets violence and mutual abasement. John Rechy, appropriately named, in *City of Night* and Hubert Selby in *Last Exit to Brooklyn*, are recommended only to aspiring misanthropes; they detail the "hustlers" (the British call them "rent boys") and the "rough trade" (married and unmarried sadists) who often provide beatings and mutilations as part of their "service."

Like other outlaw bands, the so-called "gays" have developed their own jargon and are expropriating some of the best words in our language. Just as we know that a "liberation" group is invariably composed of a collection of tyrants connected with liberty only in that they shun it, so the word "gay" inevitably refers to the human equivalent of a chamber of horrors, a person

whose self-hatred is only matched by his loathing for the "straight" world that provides him with an excuse for his own failures. "I have visited gay bars in many of the world's great cities," says William Aaron, "but I have never seen one which was truly gay in the best sense of the word." "Gay" replaced "homophile" which replaced "homosexual"—in much the same manner that the "dole" begat "welfare" which begat "public assistance," both examples reflecting our never-ending struggle to neutralize the odious. "Gay boy" comes from Australia, c. 1925; it was preceded by "gay girl," a nineteenth-century term with connotations of commonness, even of prostitution. In William Butler Yeats' beautiful "Lapis Lazuli," we read the words, "for Hamlet and Lear are gay." Students snicker when they read the lines—so that's why Hamlet didn't kill the King! And now we must snicker when we hear "switch-hitter" (bisexual) or "pitch and catch," for homosexuals, though they mostly prefer frisbee to baseball, have even stolen from our national pastime.

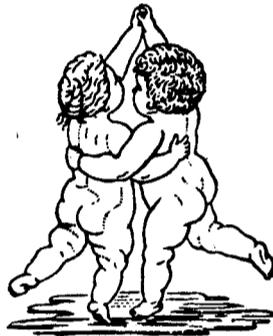
In much of its jargon, gay polemics has wed itself to lunatic economic mysticism. Consider what one Lesbian identifies as the "material basis for power in Amerika [sic]." Are you ready, ladies and gentlemen: It is "the penis." And if we want to establish a new basis for that order we know what will be the fate of the organ, don't we? Or if you don't accept the penis envy-castration theory of history, try out Nick Benton's thesis that "Sex between persons of the same sex is the cultural antithesis to the most fundamental presupposition of the whole Western capitalistic mentality, which is derived from one fundamental act—'missionary position' sexual intercourse."

We can laugh at "gay economics," but not at the movement's effect on other kinds of scholarship. Citing various studies that



established the psychopathology of homosexuality, Irving Bieber said they "leave us with no doubt that homosexuality is not normal. The contrary notion is a myth promulgated largely by the militant homosexuals." Alas, the "myth" is now promulgated also by Bieber's colleagues in the American Psychiatric Association, which proved itself all profile and no courage in the face of gay demonstrations and disruptions. For the first time in history, perhaps, a disease was cured by political means—a reversal of the Khrushchevian pattern of "curing" political dissent by psychiatric methods.

Literary critics have fared even worse than the psychiatrists when faced with homosexuality. Truman Capote's new novel, *Answered Prayers*, a structureless potpourri of gossip and perversions, coupled with such tasteless wisecracks as, "Women are like rattlesnakes—the last thing that dies is their tail," is succeeding mainly because it feeds jaded literary tastes. The late Arnold Gingrich, generally a superb editor, provides an exemplum of how far artistic tastes have declined when he gushes about *Answered Prayers*, "you walked in the wide-open door to wallow in the delicious dirt dished up by almost anybody about nearly everybody you've ever heard of." A new movement in literary criticism is to make the disgusting seem profound by inoculating it with existentialist gobbledegook. George Dennison took on the culture-hero of the 1960s, the obese pederast-thief Jean Genet, and came up with such profundities as this one about Genet's "circuitous patterns of fetishism in the sense that for certain homosexuals the human male is a fetish standing for the human male." (Not very imaginative in their fetishes, I would say.) After this profundity, Dennison becomes almost diathyrabic, as he becomes the critical version of the one-man band: "What is the effect of our long confrontation with an 'I' that is perpetually becoming? More pointedly, that is becoming *the other* of the 'you' it addresses? I would like to suggest that if the 'I' is the becoming of an identity which is a legend, the 'you' must be conceived of in a similar way: 'ordinary morality' as a legend and a becoming. For one's tendency, reading Genet, is not simply to accept the 'you' as oneself, but to move in and out of it pursuing one's own response to the otherness of the 'I.'" The moral: masturbation may not make you insane, but studying Genet produces glossolalia. If Dennison is right (whatever he means), than homosexuality is much worse than we have thought.



Gay liberation is a strange mixture of the pathetic and the dangerous; it is utterly humorless, like any pink-blooded American "liberation" movement, and it presents us with two major dangers. First, it attempts to marshal the widespread libertarian instincts of the American people in the service of barbaric principles. By a process of syllogistic leapfrogging, it tries to convert the widely accepted principle that consenting adults should be allowed to engage in sexual imbecilities into a broader acceptance of *any* sexual practice, consensual or otherwise. In the November 1970 *Harper's* Paul Goodman—*littérateur*, pedagogue, pederast—indignantly denied that "any" sexual practice could be harmful to a child. When William Aaron in his gay days confronted a particularly libidinous pederast who hired seven- and eight-year-old slum dwellers to assuage his lusts, the man tossed aside Aaron's criticisms with the comment, "Let's face it; these kids know the score." Another gay theoretician rallies to the cause of both the leather set and lover-starved farm boys contemplating their father's sheep herd when he calls for a reconsideration of "so-called [sic] perverted sex—sado-masochism, sex with animals ... we shouldn't be apologetic to straights about gay people whose lives we don't understand or share." A perfect illustration of a peculiarly sloppy mental trait of our times: the willingness to grant value to almost any kind of behavior while denying (at least implicitly) the shared values that make communities possible. The homosexuals' stress on self-gratification indicates very little of the

concern for the rights of others, very little interest in "consent."

An Elmer Wayne Henley (the Houston pederast-murderer) may be as rare among homosexuals as a Richard Speck is among heteros, but there is a sadistic tone to much Gay Lib propaganda that is disturbing. William Aaron rightfully points out that "Freedom means options," and that there is a submission to obsessions in homosexuality that denies freedom. Yeats once said that "civilization is a great struggle to achieve self-control." There is little self-control (or self-knowledge) in most homosexual literature and activity and a corresponding unconcern for the survival of civilization.

The second (and corollary) danger is the damage "Gay Liberation" is inflicting on the central institution of Western civilization: the family. Andrew Lytle has suggested that dictatorships cannot grow or thrive in a society where there is a strong family system. Thomas Mann's brilliant *novella*, *Disorder and Early Sorrow*, written during the days of the Weimar Republic, shows the parallel disintegration of the family and of morality that prepared the way for Hitler. And the ascendancy of homosexuals is helping us on the way to such disintegration in our time—not by the nasty acts they perpetrate on one another in the restrooms of the local bus station but by the way their self-justifications fuel what St. Augustine called the "burning cauldron of unholy lusts." Their excessive concentration on self-gratification reinforces the onanistic tendencies found in such journals of supposedly heterosexual chic as *Playboy*.

Much of the Gay Lib propaganda intensifies the hatred for the opposite sex found, for example, in *Ms.* Consider the following remarks addressed to potential contributors by *Amazon Quarterly*: "We accept no work from men, nor any work with a heterosexual theme." Or this from *The Second Wave* (another lesbian publication): "We do not want work glorifying men, marriage, traditional women's roles, etc." There is an unreality in this, a refusal to confront what John Crowe Ransom called "the world's body." In Jill Johnston's *Lesbian Nation* there are to be no "Jacks." But Jill can't play on Craig Schoonmaker's side of the street either: "We should create men's neighborhoods and women's neighborhoods,....the opposite sex is at

best irrelevant and at worst a grievous annoyance to homosexuals. In a homosexual world, there is absolutely no reason why women *have* to be a part of a man's life. One need not have friends of the opposite sex...." There is really a kind of blasphemy about all this, a hatred of the created universe, a detestation of diversity among these supposed devotees of individual preference.

One preference the gays disdain is the choice of fidelity within the framework of traditional marriage. The Dutch expert on homosexuality, Hendrik M. Ruitenbeek, says of childhood in our time that "the possibility for normal development has diminished." Homosexuals want to take this pathological aspect of our time and make it into a platform for a gay, new world. Ruitenbeek goes on, "For the growing boy...the contemporary family provides neither refuge nor models. All through history man and woman have played sharply defined roles in their societies." Many people are thus, like William Aaron, drawn in two directions, and Gay Lib rhetoric functions like a siren song, asking young people to smash their lives on the rocks of perversion and despair.

I think it is more important that we revivify the family than that we expend our energy seeing that "homosexual rights" are strictly observed. There does come a time in certain social issues when tolerance becomes spiritual laziness. That time has not yet come with Gay Lib, I believe, but it may. The Constitution, as Justice Goldberg said, is "not a suicide pact."

Over against the hatred of the normal, what one observer has called "contempt for ordinary life, contempt for ordinary people... contempt for those who find some gratification in family life," we can offer models that manifest a true gaiety of act and vision. In a

brilliant *Harper's* review of (bisexual) Kate Millett's feminist screed, *Sexual Politics*, Irving Howe talks about his own family:

I recall my mother and father sharing their years in trouble and affection, meeting together the bitterness of sudden poverty during the Depression, both of them working for wretched wages in the stinking garment center, helping one another, in the shop, on the subways, at home, through dreadful years. And I believe, indeed know, that they weren't unique, there were thousands of other such families in the neighborhoods in which we lived. Was my mother a drudge in subordination to the "master group"? No more a drudge than my father who used to come home with hands and feet blistered from his job as a presser. Was she a "sexual object"? I never would have thought to ask, but now, in the shadow of

decades, I should like to think that at least sometimes she was.

Howe's vision is clear. It is a view that the meaning of life has little to do with loveless couplings in decaying restrooms but that it has much—everything—to do with giving, sympathizing, and controlling, with the mystical complementariness of male and female. The tawdriness of "homosexual liberation"—and of its brothers under the skin on the magazine rack—can blind us to the true gaiety of the nuptial relationship of man and woman which has endured throughout so many millennia of poverty and sorrow, of affluence and joy. □

George W. Hilton

Highway Despotism: A Libertarian Look at Traffic Cops

The enforcement of American traffic regulations is in some ways as despotic as life in the Soviet Union.

In the unlikely event that the reader seeks a sample of life in a Communist society, let him consider his relations with the traffic cop. It will be the thesis of this short polemic that traffic law enforcement produces most of what is most repellent in Soviet society because of a common bond—the absence of property rights.

Most of what we use as consumers belongs to us as a consequence of some market transaction, but not roads. Rather, roads are owned communally, and though the government charges us for using them, it is a flat excise on gasoline so small relative to the total cost of running an automobile that we act essentially as if roads were free. We don't lay out a fee for the use of any given thoroughfare. Far from it: roads are allocated on a first-come first-served basis like foul balls in a ball park. Spectators dash for a foul ball, jumping over seats or diving down aisles until somebody takes a firm grasp on the ball, after which the other participants in the chase usually, though not invariably, observe his property right to it. So too, we spot a space in a flow of moving vehicles and try to beat other drivers to it.

In general, everybody else observes our rights to the position in traffic we have established, and no one bashes into us intentionally. This method of allocation, however, entails split-second decision-making which must inevitably be erroneous on many occasions. Because of the risks involved, the process of allocation is circumscribed by a vast number of rules for dealing with the resource. Because the system involves queuing, as most forms of nonprice allocation do, many of the rules are directives for queuing behavior: observance of red lights, stop signs, and the like. The rest are mainly restrictions on one's use of the space in the flow of vehicles: speed limits, requirements for use of turn signals, permitted characteristics of the vehicle, and so on.

The rules are so numerous that inevitably they are violated continually. In the 1960s, the District of Columbia traffic authorities undertook a study of driver behavior and concluded that a typical driver violated a traffic rule every 30 seconds. Under the circumstances, there is inevitably a considerable random element in law

enforcement: the typical driver gets arrested for what he does all the time and what he sees his fellow drivers doing continually. This creates a chronic anxiety as to when the police are about to descend, a fear they'll do so when one hasn't committed any offense, and an ethic of simply doing whatever one thinks he can get away with on the basis of his best guess as to what the police are likely to find out.

When the police do descend, there is none of Adam Smith's invisible hand. The traffic cop makes no presumption that one was using the road in the public interest. Rather, he presumes that one was using the road for some illicit purpose, and he looks for evidence of a stolen car, violation of liquor or narcotics statutes, flight from prosecution, or other crimes. Traffic courts have a nominal presumption of innocence, but the justice is mainly on a level of if-you-were-arrested-you-did-it. Most drivers face this, and make no effort to fight conviction.

All of the foregoing squares with the Soviet citizen's evaluation of the legal framework facing him. His property rights are limited to a bare set of personal possessions. He must queue up for housing and many other goods and services that are provided on conditions of disequilibrium pricing. His behavior is circumscribed by rules which entail no presumption of an invisible hand. The random element in law enforcement threatens him with the Gulag Archipelago, however, rather than a trip to the traffic court.

The parallel doesn't end with that. In both cases the situation produces a feeling of powerlessness. The 55-mile-per-hour speed limit is widely looked upon as a foolish idea. Adding such a non-price restriction to the rise in the pump price of gasoline reduces the elasticity of demand for gasoline, and helps to stabilize the oil cartel. The policy was issued as an edict which most of us grudgingly accept as yet another aspect of the system over which we have no control. As in Soviet society, the authorities choose a goal and force us to accept it. But the stated goal of our traffic policy—which is usually to minimize deaths in traffic accidents—simply doesn't stand scrutiny. If the government were trying to minimize deaths, it would simply prohibit automotive transportation. It doesn't do so, obviously, because there are countervailing benefits. There is nothing in the framework of traffic policy which encourages anybody to seek an optimum between costs and bene-

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