

bian Gay Bisexual Programs Office. Located in the Michigan Union, LGBPO provides educational programming and events, information and referral services, support groups, a resource library, a speaker's bureau (one doubts, somehow, that speakers not openly homosexualist would be scheduled), mentorship for new students, faculty and staff, etc. The "resources" it furnishes include *OUTspoken*, a locally published gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transgender monthly newspaper. I picked up a copy of the November issue from a literature rack in the Division of Student Affairs front office. It denounces the "radical Christian right-wing" and "arch-homophobe Senator Jesse Helms" and deplores the banning of *Heather Has Two Mommies* in schools. A feature article purports to explode "the Christian nation fallacy." There are also lesbian comics, a calendar of events, and

so on. LGBPO's booklet of area resources for lesbians, gays, and bisexuals, available on the same rack as *OUTspoken*, mendaciously claims impartiality with a disclaimer on its back cover: "Publication of listings in this guide is done as a public service and does not imply endorsement or affiliation." Really?

The university's general funds budget for the Ann Arbor campus budgeted \$124,343 for LGBPO in fiscal year 1990-91, rising to \$133,008 in fiscal 1994-95. To put this in perspective, in fiscal 1990-91 Student Services had a general funds budget of only \$89,362 for the Office of Ethics and Religion. Meanwhile, the College of Literature, Science and the Arts budgeted \$1,118,897 for Classical Studies and \$59,591 for Judaic Studies. In fiscal 1994-95 the general funds figures for these programs are: Classical Studies, \$2,098,680; Judaic Studies, \$70,792, and the Office of Ethics and Religion, nothing—it disappeared from the general funds budget in 1993-94.

In 1990-91 state appropriations were 43.6 percent of the Ann Arbor campus's general funds budget, meaning taxpayers paid \$54,514 for the Lesbian Gay Bisexual Programs Office. For 1994-95, the state taxpayers' share was 37.3 percent, so their share in funding LGBPO was \$49,612. The figures are less important than the principle. Michigan taxpayers are being forced to finance a militant ideology of sexual perversion, which few of them endorse.

If how an institution spends its money reveals its priorities, and common sense says it does, the University of Michigan is more concerned with providing "support" for student perversity than with providing ethical and religious counsel, and legitimizing perversion is more important than studying the history and culture of the people who gave us Moses and monotheism.

Judging from the lack of outrage over all this, most Michigan taxpayers either have no idea this is happening or don't care. Nor, one suspects, do the alumni, thousands of whom send the university millions of dollars every year, and hundreds of whom make the pilgrimage to town every fall, with their fluttering Michigan car pennants, Michigan sweatshirts and block-letter M and "Go Blue!" buttons. Their awareness of what's going on at their alma mater seldom goes beyond their beloved Michigan football. One only hopes that some

of these happy strollers down memory lane swung also by the Grad Library on their way to or from the stadium.

*John Attarian is a freelance writer in Ann Arbor, Michigan.*

## Letter From Alabama by Jeffrey Tucker

### Crime and Moonshine



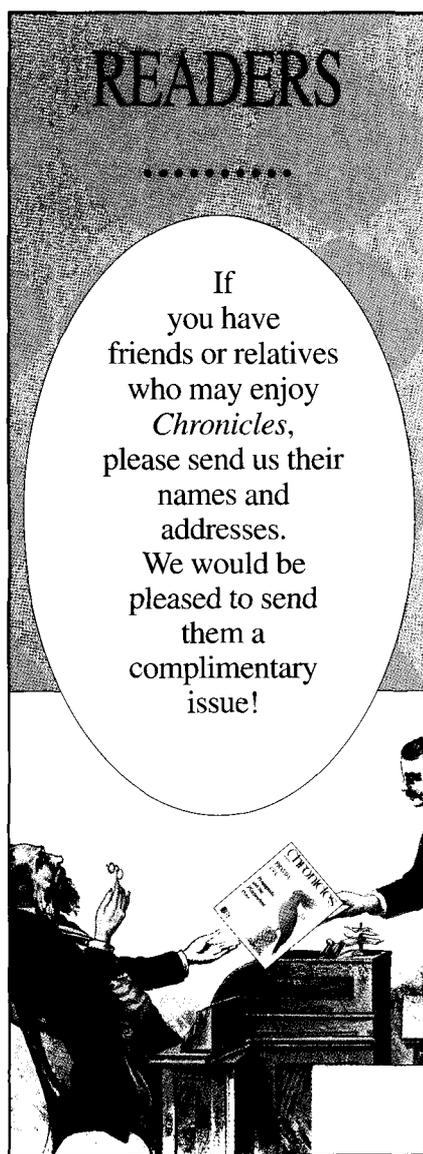
The jurors who tried the 14-year-old black boy who shot and killed three widows last year, one of them my own dear neighbor, found him guilty and gave him several life terms. By law, he got the maximum. He is too young for the death penalty. It is beyond me. If you are old enough to murder, you are old enough to pay the ultimate price.

As it stands, this sentence did not settle matters. Three Christian women are dead, and nobody really believes his punishment will deter a future case. Death, quickly and publicly inflicted, might have. But not a lifetime of living at taxpayer expense in the prison community.

A year after the ghastly incident, the local newspaper finally printed the full story. The boy walked into the indoor flea market, demanded money from the owner behind the register, then shot her. He did the same to a shopper, and another shopper ran out the front. My neighbor, the only other person in the store still alive, turned toward the boy and said: "You're doing the Devil's work; stop in the name of Jesus!" He shot her in the head. She stumbled to the back of the store where she lay until the ambulance came. She died on the way to the hospital.

The boy had excuses. He lost his cool. He needed some money. When his friends asked if he had ever killed anyone, he was embarrassed to say no. No, a life in prison is not justice.

Tragedy has been central to Southern history for 135 years, so people have learned how to face it squarely while containing its repercussions. Downtown Opelika, for example, where the old railroad station still stands, was the scene



of this massacre. It might have driven down property values and led to dilapidation. But last year it was the location of the most impressive Christmas celebration in many decades.

The ladies who organized the seasonal events—including the Victorian Christmas porch tour, the luminaries on Collinwood Drive, and tours of homes and shops—have successfully fought evil with acts of courage and goodness. Several new shops have even opened, Haney's Drug Store (established 1890) was renovated to reflect a 1940's style, and property values are now rising.

Still, visitors sometimes say that downtown Opelika looks lonely and deserted. It is not really true, but I think I have figured out why people say this. Not a single franchise operates here. No yellow M, Baskin Robbins, or any chain. Even the grocery and hardware stores are locally owned and run. It is strange. How sad that we become so used to commercial homogeneity that anything else appears either unsettled or obsolete.

But some things are never obsolete. Like moonshine. Grady McWhiney wrote that Southerners used to make as much liquor as they bought. It may still be true. Last fiscal year, the state government confiscated more than 634 gallons of unapproved homemade liquor. The state government says that is more than six times the amount captured in 1994. Forty-three stills were found and destroyed. A candidate for the Montgomery City Council, Mutt Herring, had to drop out after being arrested for possessing homemade hooch.

This trend has seriously alarmed the New South elites, who are always trying to supplant indigenous culture with an outside "culture" that has no room for bootlegging. But with the highest liquor taxes in the country, the Alabama market for the stuff is irrepressible. Mountain dew is one-fourth the price of official, high-tax whiskey, so "them that refuse it are few."

But it is not just the price that makes "ruckus juice" so appealing; it is also the fun that comes with disobeying the government. Making and drinking white lightning is the ultimate in political incorrectness. It is a private declaration of independence and a micro-secession. With every swig, you are thumbing your nose at the modern world and all its corruptions and failures. If the boom keeps up, Janet Reno and David Kessler will

have their next excuse for invading us with tanks.

The Establishment, of course, warns that the stuff leads to blindness, poisoning, and death. But that only becomes a problem when the government cracks down on informal distilleries. Mainstream distillers are squeezed out, and only the marginal producers (who are much less careful, and, due to the speed under which they operate, will even use an old shoe for flavor) remain. The way to reduce risk, then, is either to eliminate taxes on the official stuff or let 1,000 stills bubble.

The lack of competition is also the key to understanding the chronic biscuit shortage at the Loachapoka Syrup Soppin' Festival here in Lee County. In the old days, bakers from all over would try their hand at biscuits—at a handsome profit. Last year someone had the bright idea of establishing an exclusive Official Biscuit Making Team, which paid the Loachapoka government for the privilege. The team could not keep up, and was at least 5,000 biscuits short.

The problem was "solved" last year by

allowing the unthinkable. A fast-food chain, Hardees, touting its industrial ovens and extensive experience, was given the exclusive right to bake and sell biscuits at the festival. The chain set up shop right next to the horse-pulled syrup press. What an outrage. People were rightly shocked by the hideous sight. Then injury was added to insult: Hardees could not keep up, and was at least 5,000 biscuits short.

The solution for the festival, it seems to me, is to free the market for biscuit making and impose strict rules against all commercial providers. And if the market for informal-sector liquor keeps growing at the current level, Lee County may need another festival, this one to give micro-distillers a place to market their unique products. As for the poison made with radiators and old shoes, it can be used for crime control in lieu of the death penalty.

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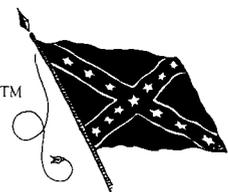
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## FOREIGN AFFAIRS

## Foreign Aid That Ain't So Foreign

by R. Cort Kirkwood

As 1995 drew to a close, Senate Democrats and Republicans were still debating Foreign Relations Committee Chairman Jesse Helms' legislation to restructure the State Department and its ancillary agencies. Helms wanted to jettison the United States Agency for International Development, the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, and the United States Information Agency, fold their functions into the State Department, and then chop 30 percent of foreign policy funds from the Clinton administration's fiscal 1996 budget request. USAID complained the loudest, unwittingly revealing that more than 80 percent of foreign aid from AID never crosses Atlantic or Pacific shores. It stays right here in the United States. AID is, to use the latest cliché, a corporate welfare agency.

AID bureaucrats are strangely proud of this fact and distributed an inch-thick paper documenting the billions of dollars it spends in each of the 50 states. Using individual headings with the verbiage, "Foreign Aid for [fill in your favorite state]," AID made a strong case to every pork barreler in Congress.

The big winners among the 50 states, as you'd expect, are those in proximity to River City and those boasting a large congressional delegation. The Old Dominion collected \$936.1 million in AID contracts. After New York, with contracts worth \$889.6 million, Maryland came in third with \$686.4 million. Thus does \$1.6 billion flow directly into the Potomac Basin. Most of these firms are the "Beltway bandits" whose only job seems to be securing new government contracts when the old ones expire. And with the exception of Booz Allen & Hamilton, which holds a \$29 million

contract for privatization efforts in the former Soviet Union, they are unknown to most Americans.

Across the country, however, the story is different. AID's list could well be mistaken for the Fortune 500. GM, Ford, and even individual dealerships receive money from AID. A dealer in New Jersey sold AID a four-wheel drive Chevy Suburban. In fiscal 1994, the Land O'Lakes company of Minnesota held \$24 million in AID contracts. Among other things, it was promoting "cooperation among agricultural and food producers and [enhancing] the governance of cooperatives in the free world," as well as providing "support for in-country training programs for artificial insemination of dairy cattle." In its survey of AID contracts, the Heritage Foundation uncovered a contract for Romanian architects to study American architecture; another one awarded \$1.3 million to supply street lamps to Moscow "at the same time the Russian government is planning to spend more than \$1 billion to make war on the people of Chechnya."

Naturally, AID's money doesn't always travel directly from the Treasury Department to corporate bank accounts. Sometimes, it even reaches the target country, which in most cases seems to be Egypt, Jordan, or another nation in the Middle East, which then uses the cash to buy American products. Beneficiaries of this "round-tripped" money include corporate titans such as Xerox, Clorox, Otis Elevator Corporation, IBM, Westinghouse, General Tire, Philco, and Dow Chemical. With this kind of money floating around, it is small wonder that AID has corporate support. As Brian Johnson of the Heritage Foundation said, "I laugh when I hear [AID director] Brian Atwood talking about starving babies. The only people that will be starving [if Congress cuts foreign aid] are the [American] contractors who benefit from it."

It has long been known that American aid to the Third World has done little more than subsidize oppressive governments. If you don't believe it, you might ask why, after 30 years of AID programs, television viewers are still treated to nightly scenes of starving, bloated children on the evening news. That truth begs the question of why American aca-

demics who study these matters don't call for an end to AID's charitable ministrations. The answer may lie in the millions of dollars AID packs off to American universities, money that pays for exotic and far-flung research projects and lines the pockets of professors at Yale, Rutgers, and Harvard, and at the universities of Alabama, Alaska, Arizona, Arkansas, California, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Rhode Island, and South Carolina. Indeed, if there's a university that isn't on AID's payroll, the board of trustees should fire the dean.

Oddly, speaking with corporate executives about the possibility of losing AID's largesse ruffled no feathers. They didn't believe they would get kicked off the gravy train, no matter what happened to AID. As the communications director of one huge firm told me, "Regardless of what [the agency is called] the U.S. government's aid to certain foreign countries will continue because it is of strategic importance." Referring to the proposal to roll AID into the State Department, she said, "[We] don't feel there will be a material impact because these kinds of programs are going to have to continue whether [AID] exists as a stand alone agency or not."

The truth is, democracy is only a side benefit of AID's foreign policy bureaucracy. The real purpose, as Representative Jim Moran explained, is commercial, or to use the impolite term again, corporate welfare. Moran, a Democrat representing Virginia's eighth district, a big beneficiary of AID's money, strongly opposes cutting AID's budget or handing its functions to the State Department. "AID creates markets for our products. That is its mission," he said. "What AID does, and it may be a well-kept secret, is promote business opportunities for American firms. They are in the business of selling expertise. That's why northern Virginia is such a major beneficiary. We are selling our expertise in terms of health reform and medical consulting, democracy building, good government expertise and then we help them create infrastructure." Moran concedes that AID's mission may have been philanthropic at the time when President Kennedy came up with the idea. But not anymore. AID's mission, he said, "is an economic mission, a well jus-