

We city slickers also have imported from the city by air, in the form of gasoline for a generator, electricity—enough to keep a refrigerator/freezer cold and to operate a washing machine for our clothes. The dryer, however, is semiautomatic and consists of lines between two posts.

So, since resupply happens at most once a week, we must know how to make bread, chop wood for the stove, find our way around in the dark, and walk. All of the locals—women, men, and boys—make bread, and they all ride horses. We don't have a horse.

Life is hard, but life is fun. Big bets are placed on the horse races held on our airstrip; neighbors gather together for an *asado* (roast lamb or goat) with boiled potatoes, boxed wine, and *chiche*, and if anyone has been to town, *ensalada Chilena*.

The firefighters have left, but the fires are still burning, one furiously. The houses are safe, at least for a while. Perhaps after the high pressure is gone in three or four more days, it might rain. We have asked our friends in the States to pray for rain for us; one deacon even announced it during the service.

Will it be good to have a road? That depends on what we and our neighbors believe is good. Is freedom from most oversight good? Sometimes. Sometimes it is bad, when the fires start and no one in the city cares. But once the road comes, life here will never be the same, just as it is not the same in the American Midwest as it was in times past. Perhaps that is why we come here.

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Letter From Texas

by Wayne Allensworth

The Next Sound You Hear



We've crammed the Suburban with about as many people as it can carry, driving the fenceline on a section of land not far from Meridian, Texas, on a cool Sunday afternoon during deer season. My brother left a message even before we

made it home from church, asking us to come with his family to check out this piece of property. I didn't bother to change, as we are to meet the seller in a couple of hours, and I look a little incongruous in my Sunday best next to my brother, who is wearing a black Stetson and boots, and the seller, wearing a cap dressed up as the Lone Star flag of my native state and a plaid, pearl-buttoned shirt.

All I can hear is the kids' breathing in my ear and the soft murmuring of the Suburban's motor. We are waiting for the flock of turkeys to crest the rise in front of us. My brother pushes back the Stetson from his forehead, quietly making a count of the flock.

He counts 25 before something alarms them and they take off into the brush, bordered by a stand of live oaks and pecan trees, near the driver's side of the lumbering SUV. We never heard the sound that spooked them—or maybe it was movement.

My brother shifts the Suburban into four-wheel drive, and we crest the steep rise and head for the big tank in the center of the property. I roll the window down and try to block out the voices and the sound of the motor's humming, listening to the stillness.

That's what I remember most. The stillness. And the silence. And the pitch-blackness of my grandparent's place, so far off the blacktop between Bryan and Waco. And the stars that decorated the sky like a coat of shimmering silver dust. We carried flashlights on our morning and evening hunts, as the deep well of country darkness made it so difficult to traverse the trails, even when the moon was up.

My grandfather kept a heavy flashlight near the screen door in case anybody had to brave the winter chill and inky blackness to answer nature's call at the out-house.

Sometimes, I would take the flashlight and go off—keeping to the trail to avoid bull nettle—and turn the light off, just to disappear into the darkness and watch the sky. Sound carried so far out there that I could still hear muffled noises echoing from the cabin, which stood on cinder blocks so that it shook when you walked across the floor in your boots.

When Pawps—my grandfather—and Daddy first built that cabin, there was no running water, no electricity, no TV—and no noise. Even then, the city was encroaching on our home in greater

Houston. The roads were paved, and the traffic was growing steadily heavier. And the sounds we didn't notice—the lawn mowers and cars and trucks and TVs—had already dulled our senses, robbing us of the pleasure of pure, unfiltered, natural sensation.

When my grandparents had to sell that place, it was like a death in the family.

It was almost intoxicating to feel that heightened sensational awareness in the country, so I try to recreate those singular moments we all experience at one time or another, to capture that sense of life again. But I can't. Everybody is talking again, and the damn motor makes too much noise. Roll the window up, it's cold in here!

When did I hunt last? It has been several years, around Christmastime. I am home, so my younger brother and I set out for the country. We only have time for an evening and morning hunt, and then we will have to go.

That evening, I take the stand in the oat patch, while my brother heads for the big tank. I don't see anything other than a mess of black hogs passing through the clearing and a cardinal perching on my stand, so I sit back and enjoy the still, cold air, looking for movement in the creeping shadows.

But there is nothing there.

It's almost dark when I meet my brother at the fenceline, and we begin the hike back to the cabin. Then, up ahead on the trail, something moves. Slowly, with a liquid viscosity of barely perceptible movement, a shape emerges from the woods and halts, eyeing us carefully. Then the shape takes form as a large bobcat, squatting down on its hind legs, pointy ears reaching for the darkening sky. Neither of us heard a sound.

Then it is gone. My brother, who had raised his rifle when he sensed the movement ahead of us, slings the .30-06 onto his shoulder. Well, he says, it would have cost too much to mount. We both agree that we wouldn't want to have shot the bobcat anyhow.

That's not what we came for.

It's near full dark, and the stars are already beginning to show.

Wayne Allensworth, who resides in Keller, Texas, is trying to talk his brother into buying their grandfather's property.



by Srdja Trifkovic

Milosevic on Trial

There are contests in which a decent person prefers not to take sides, such as the bloody wars between Mafia families or Stalin's disputes with Trotsky and Tito. The war between Khomeini's Iran and Saddam's Iraq also comes to mind, or the family feud between Pol Pot and the Vietnamese communists. It is tempting to put Slobodan Milosevic's contest with the inquisitors at The Hague War Crimes Tribunal in the same category, but the temptation should be resisted. This trial is a travesty of justice that goes beyond the personal and political flaws of any one man. British writer and commentator John Laughland ("This is not justice," the *Guardian*, February 16) noted that the inquisitors at The Hague are falsely trying to present the Yugoslav tribunal as the heir to Nuremberg, in the hope that "a quick reference to Hitler" can settle the problem that "the Hague tribunal was created in 1993 by the UN security council, a body which has as little right to set up a court as it does to raise taxes":

The rigorous sovereignist logic of the Nuremberg tribunal was clearly spelled out in its charter. Indeed, the Nuremberg tribunal, unlike the Hague tribunal, was not really an international tribunal at all. The judges quite specifically stated that the act of promulgating the Nuremberg charter was "the exercise of the sovereign legislative power of the countries to which the German Reich unconditionally surrendered". There was no pretence that the "international community" was prosecuting the Germans. Indeed, when other countries asked to be allowed to participate in the Nuremberg trial, the allies told them to mind their own business.

The Nuremberg judges, Laughland continued, also had an overriding philosophical reason for insisting on state sovereignty as the principal legal foundation for peace, namely, that the Nazis themselves had contested it: Like today's globalists, the Nazis argued that circum-

stances had changed, granting great powers the right to interfere in the internal affairs of smaller nations within their sphere of influence. This spirit was faithfully reflected on June 13, 2000, when Carla Del Ponte, the chief prosecutor at The Hague, refused to open an investigation into NATO's war crimes in Yugoslavia on the grounds that the tribunal "does not have jurisdiction over crimes against peace":

Nato [*sic*] turned itself from an organisation committed to defending the national sovereignty and territorial integrity of its members into a worldwide police force with an effectively unlimited mandate. By refusing to prosecute Nato [*sic*], the Hague has given all this its tacit legal approval. . . . The world has therefore moved from an international system based on a multiplicity of sovereignties to one in which some states are more equal than others. And the Nuremberg jurisprudence of peace has been abandoned in favour of the Hague's decision to award—to the powerful western states at least—a licence to kill.

"Before the travesty is over," wrote Don Feder in *Jewish World Review* concerning Milosevic's trial a few weeks before it finally began ("West haunted by Balkans blunder," December 3, 2001), "[Milosevic] will doubtless be convicted of running the rail line to Auschwitz." The tone was dictated by Del Ponte, who spoke of the "medieval savagery" of the alleged crimes. However, as "Peter Simple" noted in the *Daily Telegraph* (February 15),

For those who work for that mysterious entity, the 'International Community', and gather at the Bar of World Opinion, the word 'medieval' is a common term of abuse. Is medieval savagery, perpetuated by identifiable people caught up in the bloodthirsty frenzy of civil war, worse than modern savagery, in which people are targeted by math-



ematical calculation and blown to bits by bombs dropped from a height of 50,000 feet by anonymous airmen?

These objections are no less valid when raised by Slobodan Milosevic. At least they are being heard, and the world is taking notice. In fact, by the fourth day of the trial, UPI grudgingly conceded (February 17) that "it has to be admitted by any objective observer that [Milosevic] has scored some telling points so far in his first unfettered presentation to the court":

His attacks on NATO and grim photographs showing the results of the air bombardment of Serbia were horrific. His repeated attacks on the legitimacy of the U.N. International Tribunal for the Former Yugoslavia have begun to shake public confidence in it. . . . [Del Ponte] is criticized by diplomats following the trial for a cavalier style that is suspected of papering over serious cracks in the prosecution's case.

Milosevic has refused to recognize Carla Del Ponte's "court," and his decision to represent himself turned out to be a stroke of genius. However, as Milosevic began to mount a credible defense, demolishing a series of false witnesses, the media coverage of the trial grew thinner. Stella Jatrass ("The Case of the Invisible Trial," www.antiwar.com/orig/jatras8.html, March 7) wondered why the trial, heralded as "the most important . . . since Nuremberg," was not carried by a single one of the 100 TV channels on her dial:

Curious, since for the past ten years the media and the major TV chan-