

***Libertarian Verse:***  
on paper and on-line

**Second printing**

**The first printing of this pamphlet was published in  
September 1992 with a captain card cover.**

**To date, distribution has been virtually non-existent.**

**T.D. Man,  
London.  
November 5th, 1992.**

# *To the Reader*

Although it may not look very special, this small collection of poems is unique. It is the first time an anthology has been released simultaneously in book form and on-line. (Having said that I've no doubt that someone will ring me up next week and say: I did it first!) My purpose in compiling this slim work (slim if you bought the booklet but not if you downloaded the file) is not to get my name into the *Guinness Book of Records* but to pioneer the development of a new art form, and since art and pioneering both flourish best under freedom, what better subject for a first hard copy/on-line anthology than Libertarianism?

This small collection contains a mere six poems, some longer than others. The reason for this is that the menu I designed for my first on-line anthology (*Poems In QuickBASIC 4.5*) allows the user to make one of seven choices (the seventh being EXIT to DOS).

I am currently - when time permits - developing a set of templates written in BASIC which will allow non-programmers to present their own poems and other text in on-line form. One can do this anyway of course with WP or ASCII files, but the end product is so much more attractive when presented with a proper front end.

Other on-line literary projects currently underway are Byteland in the USA and LenPress, 15 Goodacre Road, Aintree, Liverpool, L9 0HG. The personal computer is undoubtedly one of the greatest social innovations of the Twentieth Century. In an age when we have been subjected to periodic bouts of inflation, computer hardware and software prices continue to fall. I personally have also found a great deal of idealism in the field of personal computers, and I believe the reason for this is that they are such a fascinating subject that people who work in the industry really enjoy what they are doing. There's no man quite so fortunate as he whose job is also his hobby.

My own contribution to idealism may not be on a par with that of the PC Independent User Group et al, but I decided a while ago to write only for the public domain. All the programs I write are *freeware*. This means that if this publication comes to you via a bulletin board or on disk you may copy it and distribute it provided that a) you do not alter or add to the source code and b) you do not sell it. I reserve the copyright of the hard copy.

Please report any bugs to me, Alexander Baron at:

InfoText Manuscripts,  
c/o 93c Venner Road,  
Sydenham,  
London SE26 5HU.  
+ 44 (0)81-659 7713.

You will also find me on various non-commercial bulletin boards, specifically the UK QuickBASIC ECHO, PC Independent, Jolly Roger, Moon Moth and several others including CIX commercial board @ ABaron

Both *Anarchist Poem* and *The Hunter and the Bear* were originally included in an ill-fated anthology *We're Coming For Your Telecom Shares: Poems That Bite Back*, compiled and edited by Anna Pest, published by Barber Publications, (1987). They are reprinted here with corrections, (this time, I did the typesetting!) The latter is rather dated in view of subsequent events in the Soviet Union; the former has never been more relevant. Eternal Vigilance is the price of Freedom.

# *Nanny Knows Best*

In the beginning, Nanny said:

Thou shalt not kill, rape, pillage, covert thy neighbour's ox  
Or bear false witness.

So did Moses,

Buddha,

The great JC,

The prophet Muhammad,

And every philosopher worthy of the name.

Nanny got it right - for once.

A few millennia later, Nanny said:

Thou shalt not hold thy brother in bondage.

Not everyone agreed with that, but eventually

Everyone but the fat, capitalist pigs

And the white supremacist bigots saw the light.

Then Nanny said:

Let all men be equal.

Again, not everyone agreed,

Until they realised that if they were more equal than others,

Then others still would be more equal than them.

None of them cared much if they trod-on the heads of

People lower down the ladder,

But they did object strenuously to people higher up

Treading on theirs.

So once again they acquiesced, and once again

Nanny was vindicated.

So too was Nanny vindicated when she said votes for women -

They can't be more stupid than men -

And when she banned machine guns to stop her children

Blowing each other's heads off,

And when she banned heroin to stop them

Blowing their own heads off.

Nanny was right too when she banned little girls from brothels,

And ordered the newsagent to keep the girlie mags on

The top shelf and the hard core stuff under the counter,

Everybody but perverts agreed

That little girls should be protected,

And nobody wanted to make the vicar blush.

Over the years, Nanny kept laying down the law in moderation,  
With foresight and uncommon common sense  
To protect the weak,  
Restrain the strong  
And discourage the perverted.  
She made the odd *faux pas*,  
But by and large, she got it right.  
Until one day,  
Nanny looked around and noticed that  
Some of her children hated one another.

Nanny was distressed:  
You must not hate but love one another, she said.

Nobody paid any attention to her,  
So she passed a law making hate illegal.  
But the bigots didn't go away,  
Instead of *niggers* and *yids*, they talked about  
Tourists from the Empire,  
Pigmented voters and *Rootless Cosmopolitans*.  
Others grew paranoid reading protocols of secret meetings  
That never were  
And the ravings of non-existent rabbis.  
Still others went underground, got organised and  
Started throwing bombs.

The more Nanny legislated against hate,  
The more her children hated each other.

Later, Nanny looked around and saw that  
Some of her children were gluttons  
While others were malnourished,  
So she starved the fat to make the thin grow fatter.

Seeing that some were rich and others were poor,  
She took from the rich, and from the not-so-rich.  
And occasionally she gave some of what she had confiscated  
To the poor,  
After she had paid the tax collectors, the economists,  
The social workers and the team of researchers she employed  
To find out why the poor had so little money.

Later, Nanny looked around and saw that some of her children  
Drank to excess, some smoked like chimneys, and many did both.  
Alarmed at the wife beating, child abuse and Monday morning  
Hangovers that resulted from too much booze, and even more  
Alarmed at the increase of lung cancer and heart attacks in the  
Over fifties,  
She banned the booze and slapped a hefty tax on Raleigh's Revenge.

Busying herself with anti-tobacco legislation and commissioning  
Books on low fat diets,  
She failed to notice Al Capone sneak in the back door,  
Mr Smith brewing hooch in a bucket under the stairs,  
Or the death toll rising as people went blind drinking moonshine  
Or threw themselves out of fifth storey windows  
For want of a fag.

When she did notice all this and more, the damage had been done.  
Alarmed at the glue sniffers, pill poppers and men who enacted  
Porno mag fantasies on women walking across Wimbledon Common,  
Nanny rode roughshod over everybody's civil liberties to promote  
The common good.

Convinced that the wind was caused by  
The trees waving their branches,  
She suppressed anything and everything that might have caused  
Loss of life, limb, property or face,  
Everything that might have incited unrest or offence,  
And everything she knew her children didn't ought to do.  
The more she eroded civil liberties,  
The more she played Robin Hood,  
The more she interfered, meddled and legislated,  
The more resentment grew,  
The more her children's livelihoods were eroded,  
The deeper into the quagmire of dictatorship, stagnation and  
Social unrest the world was plunged.

Undeterred by her spectacular lack of success,  
Her incessantly refuted predictions,  
And her worthless panaceas,  
She plunged blindly ahead,  
Administering the poison in ever-increasing doses.

Over the years, then the decades,  
Voices of protest grew,  
But Nanny wasn't having any of that,  
And she didn't need to.  
For every liberal or Libertarian warning of the dangers  
Of cotton wool totalitarianism,  
There were three, six or a dozen  
Who sided with Nanny.  
Even when some only partially sided with her,  
By adroit shuffling,  
Appeals to vested interests,  
And plain, old-fashioned lying,  
She always managed to rustle up sufficient support  
To crush all dissent,  
Playing off the workers against the bosses,  
The *racist* bigots against the *anti-racist* bigots,  
The police against the Customs & Excise,  
(Both of whom were enthusiastically building vast bureaucracies)  
And the true believers against the secular humanists.

Eventually, she passed a law against verbal or written dissent,  
And relied on the police, the courts  
And the state-appointed psychiatrists to keep  
Everyone who demanded freedom in their place.  
The latter agreeing unanimously that everyone  
Who demanded the freedoms  
Nanny forbade them, had to  
Be mentally ill.

For surely only a madman would demand the freedom to  
Smoke and contract lung cancer,  
Drink alcohol and contract cirrhosis of the liver,  
Drive without a seat belt,  
Ride without wearing a crash helmet,  
Risk permanent brain damage in a boxing ring,  
Or a broken neck on a rugby field,



While only an anti-social or a bigot would  
Spit in the street, swear in public,  
Call other people hurtful names  
Or leer at women's tits.

Nanny barred all these things and more,  
Nanny protected all her children  
From physical injury, mental anguish,  
Drunkenness, lung cancer,  
Cirrhosis of the liver, coronary heart disease,  
Bigotry and moral turpitude.  
She protected them from every evil, peril and  
Temptation under the sun.  
Protected them from everything in fact

*EXCEPT NANNY.*

# *Revolution*

The more it changes  
The more it stays the same,  
And the hand just rearranges  
The players in the game.

Al Stewart - *Nostradamus*

Meet the new boss  
Same as the old boss.

Pete Townsend - *Won't Get Fooled Again*

Cast back into the depths of history  
And try to fathom how it all began;  
The cause of unrest is no mystery,  
It knows no borders, follows no set plan  
Except Man's inhumanity to Man.  
And so often, the demagogues who claim  
To free us from our tyrants, share their aim.

Retrace the weft spun, by its torturous thread  
To antiquity where this tangled skein  
Baptised the tribes in rivers deepest red,  
And slew the innocents from Rome to Spain,  
The cry went up then as it does again  
That such base deeds are done for liberty,  
Equality, and aye, fraternity.

In envy of the privilege of kings  
The self-appointed champions of the poor  
Spread insurrection in the palace wings,  
And disaffection to the common law.  
To him who owns little, be given more,  
Whilst he who usurps all shall feel the hate  
And face the "justice" of the Third Estate!

The Bastille stormed, the mob assumes control,  
The King wears the tricolour in his hat,  
Yet how soon they forget their professed goal:  
How vacuous this New Age Democrat!  
Slowly, surely, the Terror is begat,  
In four years the King, nine months more the Queen  
Are offered up to Madame Guillotine.

Yet still the scum of Paris screams for blood,  
The hydra-headed snake that's never pleased  
Chews up accused men like a cow its cud,  
Spits out their torsos, then, although diseased,  
Continues gorging when, still unappeased  
It stumbles away bloated to its shelf  
And rabidly starts to devour itself.

The Phoenix from the ashes of this fire  
(Branded by some the Corsican upstart)  
Resolves to take the wretched nation higher,  
If not in body, then at least in heart;  
Sing out loud and long: *Viva Bonaparte!*  
But does plunging a nation into war  
Ever ease the oppression of the poor?

The cry: "*A là lantern!*" rings out again,  
But to the East and in a different tongue,  
These terrorists, even more inhumane  
Seize power through the barrel of the gun;  
Another grandiloquent lie is spun:  
'Twas not gangsters who'd been exiled afar,  
But the common man who brought down the Tsar.

The revolution here is far, far worse,  
But few escape to tell the world its tale,  
As clever propagandists veil the curse:  
Torture, mass murder, crimes beyond the pale,  
Famine on an unprecedented scale  
Are censored or rewritten to the shame  
Of every child born with a Russian name.

Sixty years on: look to the Middle East,  
The might of Islam overthrows the Shah,  
A different poison, but the self-same beast  
As that which killed the King and then the Tsar,  
Whatever name they go by now, they are  
Strange liberators of their countrymen  
Who practice by the sword, preach by the pen.

How many languish in Iranian gaols?  
How many died by some imam's decree?  
How many hope and pray the regime fails  
After these ten years of theocracy?  
Those who remember him ask how would he  
Have governed us this past decade instead:  
Would quite so many of our sons be dead?

*Uhuru* is the cry in many a tongue,  
The Imperialist ruler retreats,  
Imposed customs shrugged off by old and young,  
The Union Jack is burned in the streets;  
Emerging everywhere are new elites  
Who are welcomed with open arms: Rejoice!  
For they are our brothers: one blood, one voice!

Throughout Africa where the British ruled,  
Once stable, prosperous nations are bled,  
The people never realise they've been fooled  
Until they see the sword above their head,  
Their neighbours disappear, they want for bread:  
Only then does it dawn that they helped speed  
Their country's ruin, and still they're not freed.

Could it be all rebellions are corrupt,  
That each is controlled by some hidden hand?  
That no uprising can or will erupt  
Without being meticulously planned  
By forces which desire to free the land  
Of one despot simply to fill his place  
With, for now, a more acceptable face?

But no, the truth is much simpler than that,  
There is no great, worldwide conspiracy,  
Every man is at heart an autocrat  
Who knows the way the world was meant to be;  
'Tis those who serve his ends are truly free.  
The high ideals the aspirant acquires  
Give way, with Power, to his true desires.

Few are the revolutions to succeed,  
For how can mass murder beget reform?  
The purge becomes a perennial need,  
Liquidating "class enemies" the norm,  
All who in the slightest way don't conform  
Are rooted out until the new regime  
Becomes, like the old one, a frightful dream.

Look now toward the Southern Cape where "change"  
Is in the wind, the writing on the wall,  
The Western media demand Estrange  
Apartheid that Pretoria will fall.  
History cries out: who will heed its call?  
That those who remove tyranny by force  
Become oppressors themselves in due course.

In which direction then does progress lie?  
Questions, questions! All so easy to ask.  
The only certain thing is that to cry  
Death to those who "oppress" our race and class...  
Solves nothing - wise men let this madness pass.  
Does spilling blood lead to fraternity?  
Or gaoling those we hate, bring liberty?

There are no easy answers, and the path  
To freedom is a long and winding one,  
Hunger, suffering, many a bloodbath  
Will be the lot of men before it's won,  
In fact, the journey has hardly begun,  
But revolution reaps no lasting gains:  
The vicious circle breaks no bondsman's chains.

# *Stand Up For Porn*

Stand up for porn  
And get the horn  
When people say it's lewd  
To leer at pics  
Of gorgeous chicks  
Who model in the nude.

Stand up for porn  
Lest come the dawn  
Of total thought control,  
Let neither state  
Nor press dictate  
What's poison to your soul.

No tabloid scum,  
No *Star*, no *Sun*,  
No right wing hypocrites,  
No anti-*sexist*,  
Anti-fascist,  
Communistic shits.

Stand up for porn!  
And treat with scorn  
The Fleet Street thespians  
Who pose and act,  
Deride the cracked  
And left wing lesbians.

Stand up for porn:  
Here now, this morn,  
And let Big Brother know  
Man was born free,  
Is still, must be,  
And ever more stay so.

Stand up and hark!  
The copper's nark  
Is on our trail again;  
Another purge  
(On Mary's urge),  
Another hate campaign.

Stand up and rail  
When men face jail  
For selling films and books  
Of sex and smut -  
All right: tut tut,  
But don't pretend they're crooks.

Stand up for porn:  
And heed my warn-  
ing, guard our sex mags well,  
For if we lose  
Our right to choose,  
Then rings free man's death knell.

Stand up, be moved!  
You don't approve?  
So, you're not oversexed;  
Today it's us,  
But soon you'll cuss,  
Because it's your turn next.

Do you think not?  
I'll tell you what,  
Look at the bard, Shakespeare,  
They censored him  
On someone's whim,  
And Lawrence, still you sneer?



You! Boxing fan,  
They've tried to ban  
Your sport many a time,  
Right now they're wrangling  
Over angling:  
Will that soon be a crime?

Stand up for porn  
And fight these spawn  
Of Satan tooth and claw,  
Let none deprive  
No man alive  
His rights in common law.

Stand up for porn  
And duly warn  
The enemy: take heed!  
Nobody ever  
Gonna censor  
What we write and read.

# *The Hunter And The Bear*

*(The Story Of A Compromise)*

A hunter went out on a hunt  
To try to kill a bear,  
He was a weedy little runt,  
But didn't seem to care.

He wasn't frightened, not at all,  
For he had quite a gun,  
It made him feel, oh, eight feet tall,  
(It wasn't just to stun).

He crept up on the wounded bear,  
And sighted down his gun.  
Then it turned, gave a frightened stare,  
But was too weak to run.

The hunter gripped the trigger, and,  
Was just about to blast  
The bear, when it cried:  
Hold it, man! Don't rush this thing too fast.

What have I ever done to you?  
I've never caused you harm.  
The hunter paused: I guess that's true,  
Then said with touching charm:

I'm sure you're quite a friendly bear,  
And I'm a peaceful bloke,  
I realise this must seem unfair,  
But trouble is, I'm broke.

And I must have a fur coat soon,  
For winter's on its way.  
A mink or suede would cost the Moon,  
So you, not me, must pay.

Don't be afraid my friend,  
Just hold your breath, and close your eyes.  
Hold on a sec', this ain't the end,  
The bear said: Compromise!

The hunter blinked, and said: Do what?  
A compromise indeed!  
I want a fur coat, (which you've got),  
But what have I you need?

The bear's eyes twinkled craftily  
As he went on: Why, food.  
I've none, while you've got plenty, see,  
If you don't think me rude.

The hunter gripped his skinny tum,  
A chill ran down his spine.  
The bear suppressed a giggly "Yum",  
And thought: You'll soon be mine.

The hunter said: I see the point  
You've delicately made,  
You've got a coat: I've got a joint,  
But we've no way to trade.

O yes we have: the bear said, we're  
Both reasonable men.  
Put down you gun and come sit here,  
It's not beyond all ken

That we can formulate a plan  
To satisfy both parties.  
A bear is clever, so's a man,  
So we're a coupla smarties.

The hunter thought that sounded fair,  
Poor fool, he didn't sus  
The simple fact the bear  
Had naught to trade, (nor to discuss).

So that was that, the hunter got  
His coat, the bear his meal,  
Because the former didn't twig just what  
Would be the deal.

Poor hunter, but don't pity him,  
Because it now transpires  
His father warned him time ag'in:  
Sam, don't trust bears, them's liars!

# *Anarchist Poem*

He is the Master Criminal,  
To all good men, inimical,  
Untrusting, sly and cynical,  
He never sleeps, nor rests.

He spies on everyone he meets,  
And double crossed those he greets  
With open arms, of all deceits,  
His is by far the best.

He's con man, shylock, thug and crook,  
Yet he goes ever by the book,  
You think not? Take another look,  
And...would you ever tell?

True, there are those who could reply:  
He stole this, did that, told a lie...  
They seldom do, for by and by  
He pays his lackeys well.

He robs the rich and robs the poor  
And each year steals a little more,  
But don't go running to the Law,  
They'll give you no protection.

Nor will the Army, for you see,  
They thrive on his chicanery,  
Their patriotic treachery's  
All part of his deception.

He kidnaps, murders people too,  
But there is nothing we can do:  
If he decides to pick on you  
Then that'll be your end,

You'll find no justice in the courts,  
For like the forces they've been bought  
Long time, there'll be no last resort  
On which you can depend.

Yes, to all good men he's a bane,  
But there's no sign he's on the wane,  
In fact, most like he'll yet again  
Increase and concentrate

His power, several hundredfold,  
Until he's got a stranglehold,  
And everything on Earth's controlled  
Most strictly: by the State.

## *A Paradox*

If there is one movement, one trend, one idea,  
Responsible more than any other  
For the disintegration of the fabric  
Of Western Civilization,  
That movement is the movement towards nihilism;  
That trend is the trend towards nihilism;  
That idea is, in essence, nihilism.

It must be stamped out!

published by InfoText Manuscripts,  
93c Venner Road,  
Sydenham,  
London SE26 5HU.  
England.

ISBN 1 871473 01 2