

en with the most profound homesickness.

Part of the arrangement with our competitors was that the athletes trade “warm-ups” — uniform clothing worn while preparing for competition. I was given the Russian warm-up as a gift, and I gave one of the Russian competitors my USA warm-ups. I decided to put his on and, accompanied by my translator, walk around town to blend in. In Red Square, a military officer approached us. I don’t speak or understand Russian, but it sounded to me like he said “American.”

**T**HE TRANSLATOR informed me that the soldier wanted to know if I’m an American, which surprised me. I thought I was incognito. The translator relayed my confusion and turned back to me: “Americans are often told this. He said he could tell you’re an American because you walk like you’re free.”

Americans walk like they’re free. I never forgot it.

Since then, I’ve never wavered in loving my country. In fact, I think that one freedom experience in my youth inoculated me from the many attempts at brainwashing at the University of California, Berkeley, where I attended school.

At a young age, I was fortunate enough to be shown the real meaning of the phrase: Land of the Free. Ronald Reagan captured it in his January 11, 1989, Farewell Address:

I’ve been reflecting on what the past eight years have meant and mean. And the image that comes to mind like a refrain is a nautical one — a small story about a big ship, and a refugee and a sailor ... the sailor, like most American servicemen, was young, smart, and fiercely observant. The crew spied on the horizon a leaky little boat. And crammed inside were refugees from Indochina hoping to get to America. The Midway sent a small launch to bring them to the ship and safety. As the refugees made their way through the choppy seas, one spied the sailor on deck and stood up and called out to him. He yelled, “Hello, American sailor. Hello, freedom man.”

A small moment with a big meaning, a moment the sailor, who wrote it in a letter, couldn’t get out of his mind. And when I saw it, neither could I. Because that’s what it was to be an American in the 1980s. We stood, again, for freedom. I know we always have, but in the past few years the world again, and in a way, we ourselves rediscovered it.

Imagine what it would be like to be told you walk like you’re free, or to be called Freedom Man by one who has never experienced freedom. We do not

## *Kerry’s Horse*

From out the presidential bickering  
Comes word: America’s light is flickering  
And things look mighty grim. All this we know  
Because John Edwards tells us that it’s so.  
When John was growing up America’s light  
Across the world was shining very bright  
Forget John Kerry’s war in Vietnam  
Forget the cold war, the Watergate scam,  
Forget the Bay of Pigs, the Berlin Wall,  
John Kennedy’s assassination. All  
These events to Edwards grow pale today  
Beside the failures of George Bush’s stay.  
The light in Reagan’s city on a hill,  
Freedom’s symbol to many nation’s still,  
That shone so brightly, now in Edward’s view  
Grows dim. Alas! Alack! What’s there to do?  
Edwards’ advice: “We must not stay the course.  
Our only hope is switch to Kerry’s horse.”  
Still, one must wonder at the message Kerry sends  
When voters see he lights his candles at both ends.

— by Joy Skilmer\*

usually *experience* freedom *per se*; rather, we learn about it. We are taught what it means to be an American, taught the ideals of the Founding Fathers manifested in the constitutional principles of freedom and liberty. Even then, it seems Americans learn this only as young children. When they grow old enough actually to be able to develop a political philosophy, nothing of the sort is taught. On most college campuses, young Americans are taught by some that the Land of the Free is some distant or delusional utopia that was never realized; we’re the land of the oppressed, greedy, and imperialistic. We essentially learn that there is no powerful virtue but mostly vice in American ideals. The American Dream is a nightmare.

\* *The political verse of Joy Skilmer, né Lyn Nofziger, is available at both Barnes and Noble.com and Amazon.com and from MND Publishing, 573 Marina Rd., Deatsville, AL 36022. Keep up with Lyn’s “musings” at: [www.lynnofziger.com](http://www.lynnofziger.com)*

Besides the curriculum and the overall intellectual and social milieu on most college campuses, there is the perversion of the ideal of “free speech” into its opposite: a safe harbor of and for liberal conformity, a strikingly homogeneous “diversity.” For example, the University of California, Berkeley, is holding a rally to commemorate the 40th anniversary of the Free Speech Movement. The event will feature a dissection of the Patriot Act with Howard Dean and a discussion of “reproductive rights” with Planned Parenthood. That sort of setting exclusively embraces leftist ideas of collectivism, affirmative action, negotiating with terrorists, world courts, Palestinian bias, unionization, Communism, pacifism, moral relativism — all the while breathing fire and brimstone at any divergence from the party line ... and that’s what they call free speech.

So the generation now in college, the next American generation, not only won’t experience freedom directly, it won’t even learn about it conceptually. Thus this generation, to the extent the campus left succeeds, will enter into an American society they neither value nor appreciate. They will look at it cynically and bitterly. They’ll either be numb to any uniquely American goodness, or, at the least, they’ll doubt any taste of freedom that may fortunately come their way. Were academia to have its way, we wouldn’t even have those “small moments with big meaning” Reagan described. We would be too shadowed with

doubt about America to experience them. Ironically, UC Berkeley’s motto is *fiat lux* — “let there be light.” A phrase from Genesis implying, rightly, that college is supposed to be enlightening and to lead us to bright futures. Berkeley reality is more like “let’s smother light.” But the problem is not unique to Berkeley.

**I** REMEMBER a College Republican who told me that it took until her senior year for her to see the light. She was lucky. She remembers, while in college, doubting everything she believed growing up. College undermined her belief in God and turned her pride in country to disgust. (Granted, we all should challenge our beliefs with reasoned and balanced discourse. But these campuses offer neither reason nor balance.) That student didn’t realize how led astray she was until she experienced freedom in a simple, but nonetheless profound way — at a College Republican meeting. A free citizen of a free country, she was startled to find herself able to speak her mind aloud without fear of retribution, losing friends, or receiving a failing grade. College Republicans helped her make her way back to the light.

When Alexander the Great visited the philosopher Diogenes, he asked if he could do anything for him. Diogenes replied: “Yes, stand a little less between me and the sun” — just what we College Republicans say to the cold, bitter souls who would block from us the warm, light rays of freedom. CFR

## THE WORKING PRESS

# Playing dumb about liberal bias

*CBS’s Blue Ribbon panel to investigate Rathergate consists of a domesticated Republican and a veteran of media bias whitewash operations.*

G E O R G E N E U M A Y R

**D**O BLUE-RIBBON PANELS ON journalistic fraud stop fraud or perpetuate it under the guise of respectability? Usually the latter, since they don’t challenge the central fraud of the dominant media: the corrupting liberal bias it routinely smuggles into “straight” news coverage and newsroom practices.

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CBS decided under public pressure in September that its viewers deserved to know whether or not CBS’s chief news reader was a crook. It rapidly convened a blue-ribbon panel of two people to investigate Rathergate. CBS selected a domesticated Republican, Dick Thornburgh, and an establishment liberal, Louis D. Boccardi (also a friend of Dan Rather).

Boccardi used to run the Associated Press. He is also a veteran of the bias-denying panel the *New York*