
FSP PORCUPINE FESTIVAL, 2006:

ROOKIE SEASON IN THE REAR VIEW MIRROR, THOUGHTS AND IMPRESSIONS OF PORC FEST III

by Brian Wright

This personal description will be briefer than the others, and I'm submitting it in the spirit of continuity and completeness. Many readers will recognize my name as author of *New Pilgrim Chronicles*, which is a series of weekly columns

In Free State Project (FSP) Year IV, all pledgers and liberty-lovers everywhere have been invited to northern New Hampshire for the second official annual FSP hootenanny in the hills. After this one, yours truly will finally become a freeboot on NH ground.

To refresh everyone's memory, the [Free State Project](#) was the brainchild of [Dr. Jason Sorens](#) in the summer of 2001. At the time he was a political science college student/lecturer studying the decentralization of power. He initiated a political *project* summarized as follows:

Liberty-minded people move to a low-populated, freedom-receptive state within one year after a threshold number of pledges to move is met.

That's the essence of the project (it isn't easy to describe succinctly)[~/1]—the statement on the website is quite elegant). The FSP was thus born. After a lot of meaningful conversation in cyberspace and realspace, the threshold number was set at 20,000 individual pledgers. The destination state was determined by voting of the first 5,000 pledgers to be the "Live Free or Die" state, New Hampshire.

It doesn't take a lot of imagination to guess what fulfilled FSP pledgers actually *do* when they get to the Free State. Hmmmm, maybe they work together for even more freedom! Yes! The obvious idea is make New Hampshire a model for the other jurisdictions of the world: *Live Free and Live!* Or as Russell Means used to say: "Freedom is for Everyone."

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Once again, I start out from my Michigan digs and point the Audi A4 eastward. The route through Canada is closer, but I don't have a warm-fuzzy feeling about customs' personnel these days (not that I ever did)... especially with a couple of choice libertarian bumper stickers adorning the car. Too much chance of routine government harassment.[~/2]

The trip to the Free State—many people increasingly substitute “the Free State” for “New Hampshire”—is uneventful. I do notice at turnpike service islands and rest areas that far too many Americans are technically in an obesely way: If a people’s moral character were measured by the pound, the US would certainly get the Nobel Prize!

Question: Is obesity a function directly related to fat government, or vice versa?

Whatever, I and my fellow patriots, whether porky or svelte, are on a pilgrimage to what we will fashion into a free country. Coming in, 400 plus, from all states and even a few other countries, we are gathering for a major pep rally and to move the cart forward in terms of actually living the dream. Moving here, breathing here, growing here as good neighbors.

What distinguishes the Free State from, say, being a member of the Libertarian Party or some other political organization is that the FSP obliges not simply involvement, but *commitment*. Consider the adage that Michael Ruppert, leader of [From the Wilderness](#), likes so much: “In your eggs and ham breakfast, the chicken is involved but the pig is *committed*.”

Talk about putting your footprint where your mouth is!

Day 1: New Hampshire Insertion

I come up from the Mass Pike along Mass 83, which turns to NH 10 at the border aiming toward Keene. The road sign welcoming me to the Free State looks like some local Rotarians one day in the '50s had too many beers for lunch and decided to plant the sign as a gesture of goodwill. It has the look of one of those old handpainted Burma Shave placards.

Most of us are used to state welcome billboards with grandiose artwork, suns rising over amber waves of grain, and professionally metered slogans telling us how absolutely wonderful it is for us to be crossing this threshold into God’s chosen land. Followed by multiple signs telling us all the things we *must* do or that we *certainly cannot* do.

[photo placemark: NH sign]

So thanks, New Hampshire, for a perfect sign... in more ways than one.

I drive along some terrific twisting roads—maintained adequately but not perfectly—that Audi lovers and other driving enthusiasts would actually pay good money to drive so routinely, at will. Thank you, Jesus, I just died and went to highway heaven. As for Free State road signage, well that’s another issue... to discuss later.

Looking at the roadside real estate, I sense you can still put up a trailer or a tarpaper shack on inexpensive land if you want to. The high rollers and the low rollers seem to live side by side without a fuss. But who knows what laws lurk beneath the calm surface?

I manage to thread the delicious spaghetti roads to find a Quality Inn in Bedford that used to be a Sheraton, but they forgot to drop the prices. To explore my surroundings, I drive to get some gas. As I also purchase an (indispensable) Delorme® road map from the Mobil attendant I learn Milly’s Brew Pub is just over the bridge on the Manchester waterfront.

Hallelujah, another sacred experience!

Day 2: Initial Homesteading Process

This is my own personal first move to the Free State. In the technical jargon of Free State, I'm an "early mover," moving before the 20,000 threshold number of pledges is reached. Through the [Free State forum](#) and www.roomates.com, I just earlier this week had a conversation with a young homeowner with a room to rent in New Boston.

We meet and go through the place. It's perfect for what I need right now: private room, private bathroom, high-speed Internet, even garage space for my A4. We make the deal and I move some stuff in, then haul it on down the road. Within about two miles, I receive a message on my cellphone from an employment agent I've contracted. I meet with him in Concord on the way to Porc Fest. Major progress on home and work issues in one morning!

"Somedays a diamond, somedays a stone."

Note: You can see it's much easier for a man alone to get his wheels down in a new place. Couples and families have to be a little more planned out. FSP has increased its support system esp. the Welcome Wagon and related groups. Contact [via site](#).

Getting around in the Free State is easy, and it's easy to find rural living within easy access of moderately sized cities. Around Keene yesterday, some rush hour traffic hit me, but nothing of the magnitude you get in Ratrace, USA. The key seems to be multiple distinct towns connected by winding, largely development-free rural roads.

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This is only *my* Day 2. The festival actually started on July 23, the previous Saturday.

July 23rd is significant as the 2001 publication date of Jason Sorens' [online essay in *The Libertarian Enterprise*](#), which first made the case for the Free State. So *this* July 23rd is the fourth anniversary of Free State concept publication. We're holding Porc Fest 05 at Roger's Campground in Lancaster, FS, same place as Porc Fest 04.

The main events before—Sunday thru Wednesday—are LP Presidential nominee Michael Badnarik's Constitution classes, a mock town hall meeting courtesy Free State pioneer and longtime NH resident, Mary Gere, as well as some hands-on 2nd-Amendment shooting training by Bill Walker.

All I do on this afternoon, Wednesday, 7/28, is drive to the Roger's site and shoot *the breeze* with people at the registration table: Dave Mincin (aka the Mad Hugger) of the New Hampshire Liberty Alliance (NHLA) and Lloyd Danforth, among others.

[photo placemark: Lancaster memorial]

Lloyd and I, both 50-somethings, find a lot of common early history. Lloyd was around during the early Foundation for Economic Education (FEE) days, rubbed elbows with Murray Rothbard and Ludwig von Mises. And we both know Morris and Linda Tannehill from Michigan! [~/3]

Nothing being on my agenda for the evening, I check into my motel in Lancaster; do a few errands for water, vittles, and such; and walk around town taking pictures. It's amazing to discover what has gone into a town this old and small. On the courthouse lawn, I find a memorial to the men who died in the four major wars of the 20th century. It astounds me that more than 100 men died in WW I alone! It seems that not that many people live here now, let alone could have lived here then—or else they lost everyone who signed up? Tragic.

Also, some of the buildings in this northern NH resort-area town have very interesting architecture; in particular a residence along the main street looks like it was converted from a stone-walled factory. Another observation as the week wears on is the visiting population and traffic of Lancaster are higher than the previous year, though we came last year in late June, not July.

Day 3: Golf on the Nearby Mountainside

The mock town hall is scheduled for this afternoon, but I elect to indulge my own personal golf package[~/4] to frontload some exercise and fun on the weekend. Nobody will miss me. I do have some regrets upon hearing later how instructive the mock town hall was, but figure I'll be doing town halls for real in the not-too-distant future.

I play a few miles away at [Waumbek GC](#) again, shoot a legitimate 84 on the first 18-hole golf course built in the Granite State. The adage, "If you're breaking 80 (completing 18 holes in fewer than 80 strokes) at golf, you're not paying enough attention to your real job," comes to mind. The weather has turned from hot to beautiful, which bodes well for the Porc Fest weekend. Nothing else for me of earthshaking importance today. A final settling-in day.

(My) Day 4 (Friday): Taking Some Part in the Program

Today, Friday, begins the regular presentations in the Main Hall at Roger's Campground. I start with the Education Funding Forum. Mr. Charles Arlinghaus, president of the Josiah Bartlett Center for Public Policy, addresses us with information on how education is funded in New Hampshire. He also suggests some legislative remedies to allow more options.

The questioning period is lively. I'm overwhelmed. Hearing all these Byzantine laws and silly bureaucratic conflicts and supreme court rulings/ambiguities, I think, "What a friggin' mess." The only alternative a sane man would consider is *divestiture*: education is obviously not an area the state can even come close to running as well as your average village idiot.

I believe I suggested words to that effect in a question.

Virgil Swearingen, Pop of Varrin (the Porc Fest Czar), came up to me in break and said he fully agreed that the separation of education and state is the only way to go. It's wonderful to make these connections. You wind up learning so much by listening. Virtually everyone here has an absolutely wonderful voyage of self-discovery to communicate. Welcome to the Freedom Train.

[photo placemark: breaking the chains]

Next, at 2:30, people like myself are featured—early movers. The topic is "Moving to the Free State." FS VP Evan Kappen is our enthusiastic moderator. He's purchased two rolls of chain, thick and not-so-thick, and two boltcutters, one large version and one giant super wombat thunderpig version (for the heavier chain).

As each new mover comes to the front, he or she cuts off a length of chain. This symbolizes breaking the chains that have bound us to our former statist states. Naturally, we manly guys pick the heavier chain and try to make the Paul Bunyan cut. I manage, but at 5'10" and 175, it takes some luck; Evan's there to help in case someone falters. (The photo shows a big guy early mover who cut the chain in a microsecond.)

After cutting the chains, we each get to say a few words: "Hi, Mom, way back there in Michigan, don't worry about the next payment on your iron lung machine. The check is in the mail." But seriously, even for a single between-jobs guy, it's a big step to leave friends and family to start over. I shed a lion-sized tear in my beer every time I think about it.

It goes back to the issue of commitment; nobody comes to the Free State for light and transient reasons. We come to make a difference, make history, kick some major statist buttski. Someone during the weekend came up with, "Come Home to New Hampshire."

We think the move is a challenge, and it is. But consider what the early American settlers had to endure to achieve a freer existence: crossing an ocean, no unlimited long distance, no 7-11s. Ha ha, but as tough as it is psychologically for some, we really do have it pretty easy.

We all take a bow with a handful of chain. When I come to the podium, I show some bumper stickers which with the help of a lady friend I've created. They say "Freedom: It's the Law!" Instead of the colon we place a scroll entitled Bill of Rights, upon which a the shadow of a colonial militia man is superimposed. Strikingly effective message.

Note: We rushed to get the first ones ready for Porc Fest, and the quality wasn't good. We're planning to eventually resurrect the stickers as first-class quality items; please contact me at brian@borep.org if you're interested in large quantities.

Following the love fest for us FS newbies, smiling Welcome-Wagon supermodel goddess, or at least highly cute mother of four, Margot Keyes addresses the assembly. FSP continues to improve the welcoming process, with meet and greets, more connections with jobs/real estate/social services, and help with moving. One guy says that if you hire professional movers, our Free State Beer and Pizza Moving Company will be majorly offended.

A directory of the Porcs who have moved to FS is also continually updated. It will be available on the website, but the latest hardcopy is on the registration table for only \$3. The directory, I feel, will be helpful for initial hookups in my town of New Boston.

This year the Porcupine Family Dinner is held around the Main Hall on Friday evening as opposed to Saturday evening. Last year itinerate journalist Logan Brandt from [the Reason to Freedom site](#) wrote the following about the meal:

The "banquet" is on the skimpy side:

- ❑ one piece of chicken (if you're early you can get a breast)
- ❑ half a cup of a macaroni doodah
- ❑ one handful of potato chips
- ❑ one tablespoon of chip dip

No bread, no beverage. Did I wander onto the set of a POW training film? A server, perhaps to allay her feelings of remorse, says "We can't do much for \$6.50." Well, yes, I see the truth of your statement. The chicken, I think, gives me some nausea. Should have grabbed a wing instead. Reminds me of that joke from the Catskills popularized by Woody Allen (Annie Hall?):

"The food here is terrible!"

"I know, and such small portions!"

This year they get it right. Plenty of food, plenty of main meat dishes, plenty of wine—not sure if the wine was catered or a volunteer effort, perhaps the forum can enlighten us—and everything is first-class, AOK-terrific. I sit down next to a couple I don't yet know; the woman is the animated Mary Gere, who organized the town hall in Unity. Her husband is Paul as I recall, and is here mainly because he's family.

Paul said some interesting things. He's not a true signed-up Porc (Porc is a nickname for "FSP person" or even more generically a friend/member of the FSP, sometimes simply a resident of the Free State—in NH when you say someone has Porced up, it's a compliment).

No, Paul sees an insidious "Mass"ification process occurring particularly in Southern FS, meaning too many people from Massachusetts come in and want all the amenities they've been used to, only they want "everyone" to pay for these. And he's doubtful it can be stopped unless FSP is successful. He always votes pro-gun. He believes if only a thousand *active* Porcs move here every year, we'll handily control state politics in 10 years.

True. I would also say, we get a lot of leverage from people like Paul who have been here for years and want to keep what makes New Hampshire special.

[Speaking of being pro-gun, Evan Kappen formerly of New Jersey tells us a new law enables NJ statistis to take your home if you get caught with an illegal gun... even if it doesn't fire. And even if it isn't yours. The New Jersey thugs in suits must think no one in the state reads... the Constitution.](#)

The evening for me is uneventful, as I return to the motel and write up some notes.

Friday is also the day of the Mt. Liberty Hike. Last year it was purported to be a bit of a gruel, a true climb, rather than a simple walk up the trail. This year, I find out later, it's the same, an ordeal (younger couple at the campfire tomorrow evening would confirm). Nonetheless, next year I hope to go, but not miss any good presentations.

Day 4: Saturday, the Main Event

Saturday the 20th is the big presentation schedule.

The several vendor tables display their wares—we have the FSP, NHLA, Gun Owners of NH, Bureaucrash, Coalition of NH Taxpayers, Republican Liberty Caucus (RLC), Liberty Scholarship Fund, and a few others I'm sorry I forgot (Where were the hemp-legalization people this year?).

Jason and Amanda offer opening remarks, then other principal speakers go through the afternoon. In the evening, many of us are attending the New Hampshire Liberty Alliance (NHLA) dinner featuring Texas Congressman Ron Paul about 55 minutes down the road in Plymouth. Finally, for those who remain awake, Tim Condon hosts the Circle of Liberty again around the big campfire, where, into the wee hours of the morning, you can pass the stick and say your piece.

Amanda utters a gem: "Someone said that in the future 20,000 libertarians moved here and no one considered the ramifications of having 20,000 libertarians being within arguing distance."

Jason's talk this year is on two main political virtues: courage and humility. He gives some interesting illustrations of courage from English and European History. Look up the [Immortal Seven](#) and [The White Rose](#), people who stood up to tyranny of one kind or another

in favor of natural rights. He concluded with comments on the goals, objectives, and status of the FSP. Already, we are the most successful liberty-minded migration movement in modern history, and the Porc Fest is the biggest libertarian event of 2005.

Some Q&A:

Alan Weiss of Austin speaks of the need for taking the organization to the next level of professionally managed operation, to accelerate the recruitment of pledges. 20,000 by end of 2006 isn't written in stone, more like a "biggest practicable number" in the shortest conceivable timeframe. Success is not inextricably tied to these integers. Jason mentions an upcoming press conference that will outline new FSP strategy.

We get some difference of opinion on the celebrated attempt to designate Supreme Court Justice David Souter's home in Weare, NH as an eminent domain taking. There was in fact a [protest, July 17, in Weare](#) with more FSPers opposed to the taking than were for it. Undeniably the publicity of pursuing Mr. Souter's home is good stuff. Certainly, no true libertarian would actually carry out an expropriation, even if authorized.

Someone suggested that we advocate "liberty-minded people" come to New Hampshire, as opposed to "libertarians." It's unfortunate the generic word libertarian carries specific connotations that some find offputting. Personally, I don't have a problem understanding lower-case libertarian vs. initial-cap Libertarian. Both are complimentary words.

We get some media coverage and signup rate is directly related to that. NPR did a piece. Per Mary Gere, don't come to the FS with the idea "I'm coming here to rescue you." More like "I'm here because I want to be free, and I want to fight for freedom for everyone."

[photo placemark: bureaucrash]

In the afternoon, Heather Talley of [Bureaucrash](#) spoke. I recall her from the National LP convention in Atlanta, at which they staffed a booth. These are the movement's international Liberty Youth of style and substance. Into very clever designer t-shirts—at the convention I bought "Capitalism Heals"—they arrange to travel to big media events worldwide and make liberty seem *avant-garde*.

Often, the antiglobalist leftists protest these events. She said once at an international conference in Cancun(?), the leftists were protesting free trade in favor of "fair trade." It was a hot day, so the Crashers set up two soda pop stands for people to quench their thirst. One sold cold pop at the free trade price of 50 cents and the other sold pop at the fair trade price of \$2.00. She said only two people actually paid the fair trade price.

You get the point. Bureaucrash. What can you say about a group that actually has a t-shirt with a bust image of the professorial capitalist FA Hayek under which big capital letters announce BAD ASS! She says they're successful in getting local chapters to support protests, the network gets the word out, and young people show up. Good stuff, check it out; I now have my Christmas list filled for my nephews and nieces.

I skipped most of Ed Naile from the CNHT, but caught some of his later statements. They really engage the opposition and, through constant vigilance, make the Free State much less susceptible to tax aggression. They stop tax bills that the Concord statisticians try to sneak thru in the dead of night. I also missed most of Katherine Albrecht, privacy advocate, Michael Badnarik, and legendary civil liberties author James Bovard.

Really wanted to catch James, but had to skedaddle to get dressed for the drive to the NHLA's Liberty Dinner. The drive to Plymouth State University's Prospect Hall took about 55 minutes, and I had interesting conversation with my passengers: Brian Sullivan, investment guy from Ithaca, NY; Neil Alexander, software engineer already here; and a young man named Keith, a member of the National Guard. Very excited to be part of this unique freedom-fighting intellectual activity he was; he met up w/girlfriend there.

I can't go into all the conversations, because you wind up talking to people all weekend and discussing ideas from dusk to dawn and dawn to dusk... or at least discussing the various ways in which the state diminishes our lives, and freedom enhances us. If I described all these encounters, this article would be a book. The intellectual excitement rocks.

I want to say a word about the "ordinary" Porc. He or she is just like an normal citizen of New Hampshire only moreso. Unpretentious, down to earth, willing to live free or die, and the most kindhearted person you'll ever meet. Give you the shirt off their backs. I.e. "Don't tread on me, and I'll be nice."

Increasingly, I've personally felt our direction should be much more fundamental, take the [Rational Review Political Program](#), launch a culture-wide movement to enforce the Bill of Rights. L. Neil Smith has it right, we do this with formal announcement of employing the Zero Aggression Principle to accomplish our end: Constitutional government.

Just say no to the state. It never had the power.

This thought to insist on the Bill of Rights is very hot I feel. Along with that movement, I did some more thinking this week toward the establishment of the Nonaggression Principle as something of a sacred mission of our deep love of humanity. (Think Mary Ruwart and [Healing our World](#).) I believe the time has come where the nonaggression principle, marketed as a gesture of love, is going to sell bigtime. The state is at the end of its rope. Freedom lovers have the only humane solution.

*It looks grim sometimes, but consider that Carla Howell and a handful of brave libertarians in that god-awful government catastrophe to our south, Massachusetts, got 45% of the population to vote to end the state's income tax and replace it *with nothing*. They were totally blockaded by the Boston Globe and other media.*

Folks, we are on the verge of taking our country back, and the Free State is the model for how we'll go about it. Sorry, putting down the soapbox now.

NHLA does terrific work. Local hero, former NH representative Don Gorman announced the 2005 Liberty Rating document that is just coming out, that rates individual representatives on the liberty scale based on their votes. Extremely useful for those of us coming to the Free State to get everyone on the right track.

The MC is Keith Murphy who has put together a good program.

The warmup act is a [Law Enforcement Against Prohibition](#) (LEAP) speaker, Mr. Fred Cole. He's a former narcotics cop, who's repented and joined the organization founded by [Sheriff Bill Masters](#) and others to argue as cops against the drug laws. He's certainly singing to the choir here. It's always good to get the statistics reinforced. I liked the stat when drugs are relegalized, 1.6 million fewer people will be arrested and additional millions of people will either be released from jail or, like me, have their pseudofelony records expunged.

Ron Paul is his normal amiable, rambling self. I've seen several Paul speeches over the years, and attended the LP Convention in Seattle as a delegate, where he was nominated as the LP presidential candidate. (I preferred Russell Means.) Still, Dr. Paul is the real deal, a man of absolute integrity in Congress. He speaks out and votes No a lot (126 times by himself from 2000-2004).

That being the case, him being unable to influence the Republican Party, I've wondered why he won't introduce articles of impeachment to get rid of the current administration. It is [clearly guilty of treason](#) in actively enabling and covering up its role in the 911 attacks, then lying to Congress about the premises for war in Iraq and Afghanistan. In fact, I have written out a question, to put it gracefully to the good doctor in Q&A.

But this is a long, dragged-on night. The room is hot, we've been sitting here for a couple of hours and it's a long drive home in the dark. Let it go. Sometimes I have the feeling attending dinners and banquets is the price one pays for political activity. In the future, I want someone to invent a robot or a clone, which can sub for me at these affairs while I'm playing golf, drinking quality brew, or otherwise creatively engaged.

The drive back is stimulating. As I said, the roads here are like Disneyland rides. The conversation typical libertarian fare. I drop everyone off around 11:30 p.m. at Roger's, then drive back to my motel to change into my mountain-man togs... or at least to get out of the suit. I wonder whether I should just crash.

Glad I decided to head back. The Circle is down by the road on my left just as I drive in from the highway. Lots of people here. All the principals: Amanda, Jason and his wife, Tim Condon, the Swearingens, Evan, Alan Weiss... Matt and Sid from Tennessee—these were some super dudes I met last night, Sid the Kid is a fellow homebrewist and shared w/me the other night when I was beerless; Matt is his philosophy instructor at the community college or something. It's rewarding to meet such gentlemen for whom ideas (and the freedom to make them happen) matter.

I'll be brief on the Circle, though some of us hard core were out there until 0300.

I'm sure I'm not remembering some key people, but Tim Condon seemed to run things. Not much to run actually, the idea is you take the walking stick and you get the floor. You can say whatever you want. Mostly positive vibes. I particularly remember hearing from Tony, formerly of the people's republic of Poland. It's always inspiring to get it straight from the heart what tyranny and freedom truly mean.

A lot of other people around the fire have also been victimized by the aggression of the state. I certainly have. Though nowhere near to the level of Tony and the people they destroyed back in the old country. That's why we're here. We are not going to let that happen to America—or at least not forever: a man from Michigan brings up the [killings at Rainbow Farm](#) (and of course there have been many government massacres).

We are going to rid ourselves of these demons of aggression once and for all. Claim our birthright and spread the good word. Wonderful group of people. If FS proves to be a last stand of some sort, then I can't imagine a better place for it. But I think we need to consciously resist any Alamo/circle the wagons images.

Instead let's imagine we're embarked on a mission to once again plant the seed for the Liberty Tree. Here on special soil with the tender loving care of hundreds and thousands of kindred, freedom-loving souls. This one will flourish. And its seeds we will spread everywhere at lightning speed. That's a better.

Day 5: Sunday "So-Longs"

Sunday is the getaway day for many. Some stay for the religious services, or in my case Amanda's atheist revival meeting. ☺ We also again this year have a Seekers' group—not easily obtained on the Internet, so I'm not even sure a site exists—that can probably be located on the FSP site. And, of course, the Christians.

[photo placemark: atheist revival]

The distinction between the atheist grouping and the Seekers lies probably in the latter's arguable reluctance to jettison mysticism. Soul searching with people who eschew supernatural explanations is exhilarating to say the least. It is amazing how deep we are without throwing an incomprehensible, all-knowing, all-powerful deity into the mix.

Sorry for the editorializing again.

We really had a good time in our atheist conclave, though we are uncomfortable being defined as a negative. Perhaps next time, we'll just announce a meeting of all rational individuals with something to share of their own feelings and motivations. It's just easier to say atheist.

We left it with someone maybe going to post a category on the FSP forum. There is a Religion and Liberty category, so perhaps some activity can be generated there on a continuing basis.

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Naturally, it's sad to say goodbye. Doubly for me, because I'm making my move now. A week ago I crossed the ocean between Detroit and Manchester, left my friends, family, and ex(es) behind. Now with these new friends disappearing to various corners of the Free State, I'm alone again naturally. And I have all this work to do to get settled and find a job.

The nice thing is people in the Free State are almost universally approachable and kindhearted. It's going to be very easy for me to make new friends, even among the natives. And when I do get my wheels down, I'll be giving Welcome Wagon Margot a call, and scouting for local Porcs around the greater New Boston metropolitan area.

As a service to others, I plan to post a weekly chronicle of my experiences getting lined up in the Free State. How I'm finding things work. How I'm solving certain problems others may run into. Often, it helps to know what not to do. Tentative title: "New Pilgrim Chronicle." It will be fun to share. I can already tell you NH is vevy vevy different. And vevy vevy wonderful.

Sign people up. Get them here. By this time next year, perhaps the Porc Fest will need to rent the campgrounds of the entire northern tier of New Hampshire counties!

[~/1] The following summary from the [web page](#) is the most elegant I've seen:

The Free State Project is an agreement among 20,000 pro-liberty activists to move to New Hampshire, where they will exert the fullest practical effort toward the creation of a society in which the maximum role of government is the protection of life, liberty, and property. The success of the Project would likely entail reductions in taxation and regulation, reforms at all levels of government to expand individual rights and free markets, and a restoration of constitutional federalism, demonstrating the benefits of liberty to the rest of the nation and the world.

[~/2] Major Idea in Transit: Create a voluntary, quasi-commercial worldwide citizen identification and certification program. The (renewable, say, every five years following one's tenth birthday) certification requires that the citizen represent zero threat to violate the nonaggression principle. (Government officials and aggressive criminals would have initial probation status pending validation of no further intent to aggress.) "Forge-proof" ID cards would serve the identification part of driver's licenses, passports, visas, etc. worldwide. Thus, end the international government paperwork mandate, and save the average citizen untold hours' worth of complete bullshit.

[~/3] Authors of The Market for Liberty, an early humanistic anarchocapitalist tract.

[~/4] Another Crazy Idea While Driving: Libertarian Golfers' Association. There don't seem to be too many committed libertarian ideologues who also spend quality recreational time on the links. Perhaps for good reason. But if you open up the qualification process to golfers who have libertarian sentiments, I'll bet you could raise a fair number of stickwielders.

Note: By the way, any of these groovy ideas are—so far—out there for the taking. Just give me a nod of attribution when you make your first million.
