

Where Did America Go?

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SOME writers have so confounded society with government, as to leave little or no distinction between them; whereas, they are not only different, but have different origins. Society is produced by our wants, and government by our wickedness; the former promotes our happiness *positively* by uniting our affections, the latter *negatively* by restraining our vices. The one encourages intercourse, the other creates distinctions. The first is a patron, the last a punisher.

— Thomas Paine, *Common Sense*, 3rd ed., (Philadelphia: W. & T. Bradford, 14 February 1776)

I love America, perhaps more than you know—perhaps more than you can. One may enjoy it for what one has; but if that be the case, he or she can only ever have a love/hate relationship with it.

I adore America because of its *potential*, and for what it symbolises. America stands as a beacon that freedom *can* exist in the world, and although such freedom does not exist currently in America, its history is here. As such, I aim to defend America against the criminals who treat themselves as our sovereigns, who treat us as their dupes and slaves. One may reject my undying passion for Justice, disregarding it as

“theory,” but it is no mere theory that these petty tyrants are foisting their illegal controls over people every day. This is reality, and I opt to call the spade a spade. I do not bury my head under the sand and pretend nothing (or not much) is wrong—I will leave that to the petty nationalists. I am a patriot, and as such I want my countrymen to be freed from their chains.

No matter what happens in the world, the fact is that a people freed themselves from tyrants; and if it can happen here, it can happen anywhere. Humanity does not have to be victims of fate, and American history proves that fact so eloquently, so simply.

I love the statue of Liberty, and what she symbolises, too. I love the poem “The New Colossus” by Emma Lazarus.

I love that we have struggled against tyranny time and time again, against taxation, against slavery, against racism, against various other evils.

I love our cities, the buildings symbolising the greatness of human potential.

I love our music, from the blues to jazz to rock and roll.

I love the people.

I do *not* love the parasites and petty tyrants, of course, telling people they must surrender their property to the state, what they can and cannot own, what they can and cannot buy, what they can and cannot do with their own bodies, as though they are slaves!; but I love nearly everything else about America. It is truly great.