There are two different ways in which one may try to show that a particular form of social organization is superior to others: by attempting to demonstrate that it is better able to achieve some stipulated outcome(s), or by attempting to demonstrate that it is more just (or moral) than alternatives. Chartier argues that anarchy is a superior form of social organization using the latter approach. His statement is among the most sophisticated ethical defenses of anarchy I have encountered, and, if I believed that there was such a thing as a “just” form of social organization, I would be inclined to accept his conclusion that anarchy fits the bill. As a stubborn economist, I am highly skeptical that forms of social organization can be evaluated meaningfully in terms of “justice” or “morality,” preferring to evaluate them instead in (what seem to me) far more objective terms: their ability to produce given outcomes. Even stubborn economists, however, can learn much from this intriguing book.

—Peter T. Leeson


When life came in three dimensions, power was asserted in two. Not so very long ago, most people, even people who mattered, spent most of their time outside. Whether seen or unseen, death like life came through the air or water, as projectile but more likely as microbe. The sources of death were either visible in three dimensions or invisible, but never in two-dimensional images, as they are today, when we can see a tumor on a screen. Making war was a matter of getting human beings across and through natural and artificial barriers without too many of them dying first of disease. Maps of the places one wished to reach were useful, as was discovered relatively recently: the Ottomans on their marches to Vienna did not use them, choosing instead to ask for directions. Now that maps exist, it is no longer manly to do so. Maps reduce three dimensions to two, with the side effect that all of the actual problems of exerting and exercising power seem, if not soluble, then at least visible. Maps also reduce the five senses to one, namely sight. A forest is no longer the buzz of flies, the smell of leaves, the shape of an edible mushroom, and the aching of muscles, but a bit of ink that recalls a leaf. None of the other senses lend themselves to abstraction and compression in