

The move to Chile was carefully planned for March 15, 1996, with residency visas in hand. My press coverage began before I arrived, with *La Estrella* of Valparaíso publishing a brief 1995 article stating that a “crazy Gringo” wanted to move down with his family lock, stock, and barrel. Marta Ramírez read it and decided to help Joanne and me by renting us her country home in Lo Hidalgo, about forty-five minutes to an hour inland by city bus from Viña del Mar. The kids loved the farm animals and learned Spanish from Marta and her daughters, who also took Joanne to the hospital to deliver Rachel. Joanne wasn’t happy with the downgrade in living arrangements compared to the United States. At first, she coped well with everything, despite not understanding the language and tolerating vaccination crews coming around to force her and the children to be jabbed. The pickup truck with a blaring megaphone selling fruits and vegetables was initially scary, but eventually proved quite convenient. I scrambled for work, taking the bus to Santiago via the new Lo Orozco Road, which was still a two-hour commute each way, to teach English to executives. I applied for jobs unsuccessfully until I got part-time contracts from three universities: Universidad Adolfo Ibáñez in Valparaíso, Universidad Marítima in Viña del Mar, and Universidad Finis Terrae in Providencia (Santiago), which allowed me to teach one economics-related class in each, in English. I was busy as ever and decided to upgrade the family’s living situation by moving to a lovely older home overlooking the ocean in Reñaca. Despite the long staircase, it was a great, furnished home available for a low price only during the off-season, from March through December. The university in Santiago, where my students were often from right-wing families, was mainly comprised of Libertarian-leaning faculty members and Chicago boys working in various universities or other posts. The administrators, except for Adelio Pipino, were so pleased with me that they offered me a full-time job starting in January 1997. The promise I made to Joanne about suffering to obtain my Ph.D. and essentially living in a travel trailer for three years was finally paying off. Before moving to a new rented home in the nice Los Dominicos sector of Las Condes (Santiago), I took the family, along with Bill Primbs, 1,100 kilometers south to Ensenada for a month, renting a small house on the shore of beautiful Lago Llanquihue and next to the snowcapped Osorno volcano. Aside from the *távano* armored flies, everyone had a great time exploring another part of Chile. We drove around some to see different sights. Once back in Santiago, with a bilingual housemaid to assist her, Joanne could purchase anything she wanted for the big home. Nonetheless, she was disgruntled that I was becoming successful when she had been certain I wouldn’t, forcing us to return home to the United States. Her bitterness began to set in, although she did start to learn the local language. We bought a new Peugeot 505 station wagon. We settled into an upper-middle-class life, with excellent shopping malls and stores, such as Jumbo, Falabella, and Líder, which were often superior to what we were accustomed to in the United States. Joanne couldn’t deny the upgrade in our standard of living.

I also studied Spanish daily and attempted to teach in Spanish, with limited success. Fortunately, I was assigned bilingual teaching assistants to aid the students in my economics classes. My routine included taking a formal advanced Spanish class and studying independently, with my assistants correcting my class notes. Unfortunately, I struggled to understand the Chileans for two years, and it wasn’t until three years after my arrival that I could converse effectively with them. The biggest irony was returning briefly to George Mason University and retaking the CLEP Spanish exam, scoring a “perfect” 800, even though I was only minimally fluent. I had taken the same test in 1995 and scored high enough to place me in the second semester of the freshman year in Spanish. Now, I was supposedly “perfect!” Upon leaving the test center, a graduate student in sociology stopped me to say she had studied Spanish for four years during high school, had a minor in it in college, and wanted to converse with me in Spanish. However, she blushed when she couldn’t even grasp the simplest things in Spanish that I asked her. Americans often hold a mistaken understanding of fluency in Spanish, where marginal speakers are considered “perfectly fluent.” In general, I enjoyed my years at Finis Terrae. Still, I eventually decided to leave due to its limited research support, low academic standards, poor student quality, and lack of research production and backing, which did not align with my interests. I did enjoy being asked to conduct a special seminar series, open to the public, to showcase the university’s new economics “star,” highlighting Austrian economics and public choice. It

was successful and led to my publishing a teaching text for non-English readers to access those themes, *Ensayos Sobre Temas Modernos de la Economía de Mercado* (1999), published simultaneously in English by a “vanity” press, Universal Publishers, under *A Primer on Modern Themes in Free Market Economics and Policy* (1999, revised edition published in 2009). After returning to Chile in 2008 and working at Universidad Andrés Bello, I revised the textbook, which Hermógenes Pérez de Arce had once again translated. The university then published it under a new title in Spanish, *Políticas Públicas: Tópicos Modernos de Economía de Mercado para el Bienestar Social* (2009). My incredible story as a bold individual who moved my family to an unknown country, with few resources and little knowledge of the language, was captivating. No one could imagine having the courage and determination to accomplish such a feat. Even though I knew no one in the country, I made friends and started anew. My family appeared twice on the cover of the main national daily, *El Mercurio*, because we homeschooled and had no television. There were also articles written about my strong emphasis on free markets. My fame as a *hiperliberal* economist began to spread. Yet, Joanne remained dissatisfied.