



Correspondence



To the Editor:

Do try, please, to think kindly of Patrick Bosold (Correspondence—May), in spite of his outburst. You are no doubt aware that California's children are under par in education (what they lack in brain, they make up for in brawn—expelled six the other day for proving that with two teachers.) So don't hold him accountable if he fails to understand that you're the Alternative to him. After all, one gets so busy "self fulfilling" that one forgets there is no ~~ism~~ after Birch, only an occasional ~~er~~.

But if you ever feel like "going out on the land for a time" to "know the feelings of the Earth better" your best bet is California. Any number of Federal agencies, i.e., O.E.O., E.O.E., A.C.L.U., H.U.D., H.E.W., Justice Dept., etc., will be only too glad to subsidize your stay at Walden's lacuna.

William F. Buckley, Jr. has no peer—in or out of context. He has contributed a great deal to our language. I know this, because I watch "Firing Line" and when I hear him use an unfamiliar word, I can always depend on some alert (?) journalist to use it in an article a day or two later. Then Kissinger uses it in his next press release, then the President, then our representatives, then newscasters, and so on down to the common people. So thank God for Buckley, because without him the Oxford English Dictionary would have passed on, here, unnoticed. And so would have beautiful words.

Mrs. John T. Pruitt, Jr.
El Sobrante, California

To the Editor:

You guys are a bunch of - - - - -. I bet you make Richard Nixon happy. I hope you all go to hell. Your ethical systems are in the - - - - -. What kind of Americans are you. Stick with the 18th century.

Rosiland Steiner
Chicago, Illinois

To the Editor:

Concerning Mr. Leslie Lenkowsky's essay on "The Significance of FAP" in the June-Sept. issue of your stellar journal, I notice that he is listed as follows: "Leslie Lenkowsky . . . is completing his doctoral thesis on welfare at Harvard University." I have long suspected that most of Harvard's graduate students are on welfare, but I had hoped that *The Alternative's* contributors might be of a more productive sort. You should really try to pay your contributors more handsomely, so as to avoid this embarrassment.

Perhaps I misread your introductory note. Perhaps you only mean that his dissertation concerns "welfare at Harvard University." Anyway, give my best to Mr. Lenkowsky.

Gary North
Irvington, New York

To the Editor:

Your June issue was very good, but I take exception to Leslie Lenkowsky's discussion of welfare. It seems to me that the problem of welfare can best be solved by a government that says "being poor is going to hurt." If Mr. Nixon had not encouraged policies that made poverty profitable, a lot fewer people would choose poverty. Call it a shameless statement if you will, but in a society where the proportion of people living on poverty has steadily declined and where there are pages and pages of jobs available in want ads, I find it very hard to accept the idea that people are "locked into poverty." More likely people are persuaded to remain in it both by wrongheaded policies like FAP and by the present intellectual and spiritual environment that always alibis for the under-achiever and socks it to the guy who works for his daily bread—not the rich guy, mind you, but the hard working average man.

Barbara Mathews
Hartford, Connecticut

To the Editor:

I have enjoyed *The Alternative* from the start, but the last two issues on the origins of the Cold War, revisionist history, and Truman's foreign policy have been superb and reflect high standards of quality. Keep up the good work.

William R. Van Cleave
Associate Professor
Politics and International Relations
University of Southern California

To the Editor:

Let me extend my congratulations to you, though a bit belatedly, for publishing the two articles by Robert Ferrell on the revisionist historians. I have recently read Robert Maddox's *New Left and the Origins of the Cold War*, which spears the revisionist historians in their most vulnerable spot—their veracity—and which has luckily aroused a good deal of controversy and done much to destroy the credibility of the revisionists. This sorely needed doing, and Maddox's approach is probably the best as a semi-publicistic tactic. But I find Ferrell's approach intellectually more substantial, and probably in the long run more important. You are to be complimented for having given space to such an excellent analysis.

Charles A. Moser
Associate Professor of Russian
The George Washington University
Washington, D.C.

ERRATUM

Due to confusion in this office, a statement in John Lulves' June-Sept. review of Robert F. Turner's monograph, *Myths of the Vietnam War*, was erroneously distorted. The United States of course did not "sign" the 1954 Geneva Conference Cease-Fire, but gave only hedged verbal support to the agreement.

Brudnoy's Film Index

■ **Cleopatra Jones:** No. 96 in the Blaxploitation Follies; the 96th lousy entry in the parade. But she is tall (6' 2") and dynamite, if you like that sort of thing.

■ **The Devil In Miss Jones:** More clever than *Deep Throat*; same genre.

■ **The Friends of Eddie Coyle:** Boston looks great; so do some of the corpses. Robert Mitchum shines; but ho hum, another *Godfather* spin-off.

■ **Forty Carats:** Can you endure another May-December romance? I can't. Liv Ullmann, how *could* you? With that twit, Edward Albert, yet.

■ **Hail to the Chief:** Came out last year as *Hail!* to malign Our President Which Art in Washington. Outrageous then, only a tad less so now. If the Right did it to President Kennedy (the once or the future President Kennedy), we would never hear the end of it.

■ **The Harrad Experiment:** Boys and girls shacking up at Har(vard)-rad(cliff) with official blessing. So what else is new?

■ **Hitler: the Last Ten Days:** Seems like a fortnight, but Alec Guinness is magnificent. Hannah

Arendt's "banality of evil" theme comes alive.

■ **Jesus Christ Superstar:** A familiar story, some excellent God-pop rock, a majestic set (Israel's deserts), a wee bit of camp ("Herod's Song": "So you're Jesus Christ: Prove to me that you're no fool; Walk upon my swimming pool"); I loved it, but few other critics did. They're wrong.

■ **The Last of Sheila:** Devilishly clever, eh wot—for game freaks. Also for those (like your servant) who thought Richard Benjamin would never be anything but an utterly repulsive actor. Here he acts fine, only his character is utterly repulsive. James Mason, as always, showing up his inferiors. Raquel Welch with her two great attributes.

■ **Last Tango in Paris:** Catch it before the Burger Court drives it underground. But don't blame me if you feel ripped off. Five bucks for Brando's backside, inane dialogue (mostly mumbled), and Paris looking unusually ugly?

■ **Live and Let Die:** Agent 007 returns, via Roger Moore, who frowns nicely, and should do some sit-ups. Lots of evil Negroes butchering good

guys. Would that the blaxploitation flickers had such style. Also, some hungry crocodiles, sharks, and a gaggle of rednecks straight from the Dodge ad.

■ **Money, Money, Money:** Funny, funny, etc.

■ **O Lucky Man:** O not so lucky filmgoer, and oh my aching rump—it runs for days, or nearly.

■ **Paper Moon:** Ryan O'Neal, daughter Tatum, the Depression, and anyhow, nostalgia is in this month.

■ **State of Siege:** For professional Amerika-haters with no limits in endurance. Trashy and boring, propaganda to the last drop.

■ **Tom Sawyer:** For those who've never read Mark Twain, never intend to, hate literature, but love junky "family" movies; the Nixon Court approves.

■ **A Touch of Class:** Breathes there a man with soul so dead who hasn't stirred *somewhere* to the charms of Glenda Jackson? If so, this one won't convert him. A touch of class? Not even that. Doris Day and Rock Hudson did it better long ago, as did everyone else from 1930 on.

RUSTHOVEN

(continued from page 4)

hereditary intelligence linked to race? Here the evidence is spotty. Nobel-prize winning physicist William Shockley of Stanford has vociferously argued that such differences do exist, and it is certainly established that blacks score an average of 15 points lower on I.Q. tests than whites. Shockley also cites studies which indicate that certain genes distinctive to whites seem to affect performance on intelligence tests in proportion to their appearance in the genetic make-up of racially mixed populations. For each 1 percent of such genes which appear in blacks, says Shockley, I.Q. performance increases 1 point. Obviously, this is the most sensitive aspect of the entire I.Q. controversy, and much more definitive research is needed before one could hazard a conclusion. But one should at least face the possibility that in the process of evolution, some differences may have developed among races in the make-up of the most complicated organ in the human body. Indeed, it seems quite unlikely that evolution magically yielded precisely equal results in this area.

Regardless of the question of racial linkage, however, the implications of Herrnstein's conclusions for public policy are immense. If heredity is the most important factor, then we will not be able to eliminate social and economic distinctions merely by changing environments and equalizing opportunity (which are difficult propositions in themselves). Indeed, whatever steps are taken in that direction will merely increase the role of heredity in determining what distinctions do exist. In a pure meritocracy, with discrimination eliminated and all social and physical environmental factors somehow "equal," it is difficult to see how the genetic stratification predicted by Herrnstein can be avoided.

It is clear, however, that Herrnstein's predictions cannot be wished away. The real explanation for the violent reaction to "I.Q." lies in its refutation of two of the dearest tenets of western liberal philosophy: the belief that men are equal not only before God and the law, but also substantively; and the faith in man's ability to control any facet of a stubbornly complex universe.

But there is little to support these beliefs, and much evidence to the contrary. Our options are more limited and less pleasant than many would like to believe. If human differences reflect nature more than nurture, then the elimination of those differences is unlikely, and any attempt to do so must necessarily involve public policies and controls totally at conflict with a heritage rooted in individualism and personal freedom. Some, no doubt, would welcome that attempt anyway; most of us, I think, would not.

If the latter is our choice, then, we must also learn that the continued veneration of vague, universal egalitarianism is an indulgence we cannot afford. No sensitive man wants to perpetuate discrimination; no fair man believes in unequal opportunity. But all sensitive,

fair, and reflective men should recognize that the elimination of these evils will not yield a society of equally intelligent people doing equally fulfilling tasks for equally high rewards. The editors of *The Atlantic* spoke precisely to this point in their introduction to "I.Q.": "The subject of intelligence is an [important, albeit painful, social] issue—important because social legislation must come to terms with actual human potentialities, painful because the actualities are sometimes not what we vainly wish." □

SIMONDS

(continued from page 26)

pancake-eating youth) is hidden beneath the dust jacket from *The Story of O*. Mr. Capano down the hall tells me repulsive jokes about Italians. Dare I tell him a repulsive joke about Italians? Or shall I make them Poles? But then will Mr. Capano relay the story unaltered to Mr. Pilsudski, with attribution? The black waiter has spilled bearnaise sauce on my spats; shall I undertip him? Overtip him? Please, what is fifteen percent of four-hundred-years-of-slavery-and-oppression? Chicanos are exploited; do I dare to eat a peach?

Do not mistake me: I am a thorough believer in minority rights. I pine for a golden future in which Americans of every race, creed, and nationality, standing together as brothers, will be free to berate and revile one another without fear or favor. As a national pastime, mutual antagonism is certainly preferable to the mass calisthenics and folk-dancing beloved of totalitarian regimes.

But *which* minorities? And how many? And is there any end to rights? Certainly, we are afflicted with bogus minorities—for instance, women, a species so numerous and so unfettered as to come near constituting a public nuisance. Some years ago a Miss Valerie Solanas struck a blow for the fancied rights of her sex by shooting and seriously wounding Mr. Andy Warhol. Had she acted yesterday, a new bogus minority, Czechoslovak-American underground film-makers, would be filling the streets today, demanding counter-liberation from armed Sapphoids.

Then there is the problem of minorities overreacting. A group of blacks led by a latter-day Joan of Arc, Miss Joanne Chesimard, struggled lately for the rights of blacks by gut-shooting white policemen. Those policemen, though not yet certified as an aggrieved minority, retaliated by stifling Miss Chesimard and her companions in jail, pending what promises to be a most interesting trial in the course of which the defense will remind us that while shooting policemen is perhaps unwise, nevertheless *et cetera*.

With this morning's milk come the tidings that gay liberation has been carried to its logical extreme by the late Mr. Dean Corll of Houston, Texas, who spiced his deviant activities with a refreshingly direct approach to the important question of population control. The neighbors all agree that Mr. Corll was

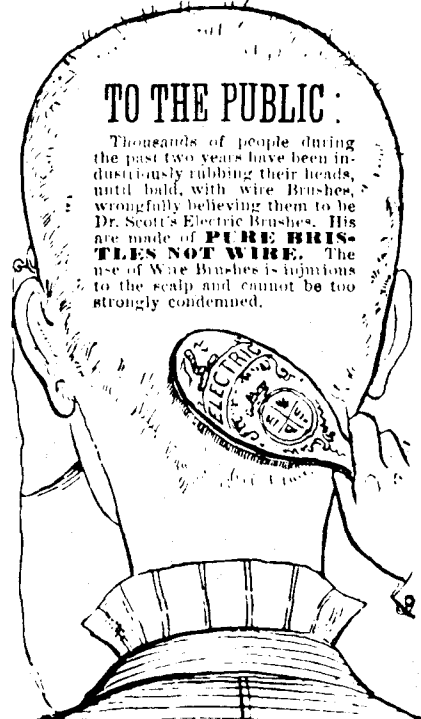
a "nice, quiet man"; America's nice, quiet men are up in arms over the slur.

The list is endless: American aborigines, who have elevated themselves from the savagery of setting fire to white farmers to the sophistication of setting fire to other aborigines' house trailers; Italian-Americans, who had a good thing going in the media until a black man, resentful of competition in the limited indignation market, gunned down their Moses; urnings of every inclination; hyphenate Americans who trace themselves to every backwater in your stamp album; young people; old people; the list grows daily, and the 1976 Democratic National Convention will have to be held at Watkins Glen, New York.

If we are to survive as a nation, steps must be taken now. Any person wishing to speak or act in behalf of an aggrieved minority must be required to obtain a license and to remove all of his, her, or its clothing (to prevent the concealment of lethal weapons). Each such spokesperson must be transported, at government expense, to India, the Rub Al-Khali, or Greenwich Village—all places where naked fanatics uttering strange cries are treated with respect, even reverence. Only then will the rest of us—white, black, brown, yellow, red, lavender, Catholic, Jew, Separate Baptist, Muslim (all flavors), straight, crooked, gay, solemn—be able to go about our lawful business. □

TO THE PUBLIC:

Thousands of people during the past two years have been industriously rubbing their heads, until bald, with wire brushes, wrongfully believing them to be Dr. Scott's Electric Brushes. His are made of **PURE BRISTLES NOT WIRE**. The use of Wire Brushes is injurious to the scalp and cannot be too strongly condemned.



Domestic Sewing-machine Co., N. Y.
Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brush has absolutely cured my wife of neuralgia, from which she was a great sufferer for years.
HENRY BARTLETT.

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