

stool." Much light was shed on the unfortunate condition of the Soviet working girl when *Sovietskaya Rossiya* reported that of the 3,500 prostitutes recently registered in Moscow's central district many had lost limbs to frostbite

and some were in their seventies—a sad commentary on working conditions in the Marxist paradise but proof of the kind-heartedness of at least some American Marines. In Oakland, California, Miss Z. Budapest confirmed

widely-circulated reports that she had been asked by Miss Rita Dixon, vice president of the progressive Emeryville School Board, to cast a hex on the local superintendent of schools. Finally the chairman of the Commission on Cali-

fornia State Government Organization and Economy has revealed that the University of California at Berkeley was "the No. 1 campus for crime in America" last year. Congratulations, idealists! —RET

CORRESPONDENCE

Hook, Russell, and Atomic War

In reporting his conversation with me in his "A Stroll with Sidney Hook" (*TAS*, May 1987), Tom Bethell gives an incomplete account of some references I made to Bertrand Russell. I was discussing Russell's view that if the Kremlin refused to accept the Baruch-Lilienthal proposals to establish an international authority and monopoly of atomic energy, the West should wage a preventive atomic war against the Soviet Union.

I have always considered Russell's position both rash and unnecessary, and have argued that his several calls for preventive atomic war against the Soviet Union made him morally unfit to sit in judgment on President Kennedy during the Cuban missile crisis. At that time, he denounced Kennedy as a criminal "worse than Hitler" while praising Khrushchev, who had precipitated the crisis by stealthily introducing nuclear weapons into Cuba, "for his continued forbearance" (see the chapter on "Bertrand Russell and Crimes Against Humanity" in my *Philosophy and Public Policy*, Carbon-dale, 1980).

My own view was that so long as the United States had the monopoly of atomic weapons, the Kremlin would never go to war to overcome resistance to its expansion. During the Berlin blockade General Clay told me that his contingency plans to run armored trains to supply West Berlin had been vetoed by the State Department. Stalin was much more cautious than Khrushchev, and made no effort to disrupt the airlift, well aware that it would have precipitated war. There is evidence that Stalin's break with Tito was largely motivated by fear that Tito would seize Trieste, thus provoking war with "the Anglo-American imperialists" at a time when the Soviet Union was too exhausted to engage in war. I am also convinced that had Eisenhower made a military gesture to come to the aid of Hungary, while Poland was still restive, the Kremlin would have retreated, as Mikoyan and others at the time urged, rather than engage in war. It was Khrushchev, the domestic reformer, to whom Gorbachev is being compared, who drowned the Hungarian Revolution in blood, threatened Red China

with nuclear weapons, took the measure of the fearful West, but backed off when the chips were down.

The Soviet Union will never venture into a war against the West unless it is sure to win it. So long as our defenses make their victory uncertain, we will have peace. For the detailed argument I take the liberty of referring readers to the chapter "In Defense of the Cold War: Neither Red nor Dead" in my *Marxism and Beyond* (Totowa, 1983).

—Sidney Hook
Stanford, California

Darwin Disembowled and Debunked

In the April issue, Mr. George Sim Johnston alleges that Frederick Crews's book *Skeptical Engagements* documents the "disembowelment" and debunking of the systems of Marx, Freud, and Darwin. Since any thinking and well-read person is aware that Marx and Freud produced little more than mindless drivel and that Darwinian evolutionary theory is the foundation of modern science, Crews's book would seem to be an unholy mixture of the supererogatory and the silly. I doubt if I will buy the book to see if it contains \$19.95 worth of entertainment.

The article by Tom Bethell in *Harper's* that Johnston alludes to in his review would only impress a scientific illiterate, as kindly pointed out by Stephen Jay Gould in a recent issue of *Discover* magazine.

Darwinian evolutionary theory, like atomic "theory," Einstein's "theory" of Relativity, the germ "theory" of disease, and the Big Bang "theory," is the accepted scientific interpretation of verifiable facts in a particular domain of science. In addition to overwhelming evidence for evolution, no credible scientific alternative theory exists. Contrary to the mindless blind faith of millions of superstitious cretins, an incomprehensible *something* called a "God" zapping the entire universe of time, matter, and space into existence, as is, complete with two magically produced humans, about six to twenty thousand years ago, for some unknown "purpose," is *not* a scientifically or logically defensible alternative theory.

For scientists today, imagining modern science (including astronomy

and physics) without recourse to the evolutionary paradigm is like imagining a person walking around without a skeleton.

If Mr. Crews, Mr. Johnston (or Mr. Bethell) are in need of a source of information written for the layman, I would recommend *Creation/Evolution Journal* published by the American Humanist Association. The "missing link," "inexplicable complexity of the eye," "contradiction to thermodynamics," "contradiction to laws of probability," and other bugaboos can be easily and correctly understood with effort, even by those with educational backgrounds weak or lacking in the hard sciences.

—James G. Lee
Jackson, Mississippi

George Sim Johnston replies:

I am glad that Mr. Lee was not using a controlled substance when he read my review; however, he did not read it very carefully. Frederick Crews does not discuss Darwin in his book, and I wrote nothing to imply that he does. What Crews writes about Marxism, however, could be said about the current embarrassed state of Darwinian theory; its adherents have immured themselves behind lavishly baroque mental constructs in the face of mounting empirical evidence that it is not true. Darwin's disciples have been reduced to defending their theory by asserting, in Mr. Lee's words, that "no creditable scientific alternative theory exists." But we are not obliged to believe in a theory in the teeth of contrary evidence simply because there is no other plausible "scientific" explanation. Mr. Lee does not divulge the "overwhelming evidence for evolution"; but I suggest that he read Norman Macbeth's *Darwin Retried* in which the leading Darwinists—Huxley, Simpson, Mayr, *et al.*—are made to look exceedingly foolish. And Mr. Lee should not have mentioned Einstein to bolster his argument, because Einstein was one of those "superstitious cretins" who believe in God.

Backing Barnes

In response to Fred Barnes's reply to Jane Mansbridge's letter (*Correspondence*, *TAS*, April 1987): I will vouch for the accuracy of Mr. Barnes's statement

that "feminists usually treat homemakers with disdain." As a woman who defied societal expectations and chose full-time homemaking and motherhood as a career, I realized long ago that I would have to learn not only to live with the unmitigated scorn of the feminist junta, but also not to let it bother me. In reality, any embarrassment I experience as a result of their intolerance is more than compensated for by the gratitude I feel for the fact that I recognized the fallacy of their peculiar brand of "liberation theology" before it was too late.

As for Ms. Mansbridge's insistence that "ERA would not have required sending women draftees into combat," it's worth noting that she did not deny that ERA would have required the draft to apply to both sexes equally. This might have some interesting consequences, though probably not the ones that ERA's sponsors had in mind. For example, if ERA were ratified (or if the Supreme Court were to reverse its earlier decision affirming the constitutionality of the male-only draft) and if a national emergency necessitated reinstatement of the draft, our nation would experience, almost overnight, a pregnancy epidemic of unprecedented proportions among young women of draft age—pregnancy being the surest and most readily available means of rendering oneself draft-proof. Historians would have a new phenomenon to study: a pre-war baby boom! Actually, it could be just the thing to boost our nation's sagging birthrate back up to the level needed to replace our aging, dying population. —Lucy Rudenborg
Menomonie, Wisconsin

Thanks to Lehrman

A quick note of appreciation for Lewis Lehrman's excellent article, "The Declaration of Independence and the Right to Life" (*TAS*, April 1987). Mr. Lehrman's argument was logical, historically accurate, and profoundly perceptive of the eventual import of the ongoing "slaughter of the innocents" which, of course, is abortion-on-demand. One feels somewhat callous to speak of "eventual import" when the current reality is 20,000,000 dismembered children-in-the-womb since *Roe* (continued on page 47)

EDITORIALS



THE SOLITARY HART

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

And so it has begun. On a cold damp rock in Red Rocks Park in the Colorado outback, Gary Hart has declared his candidacy for the Republic's highest office. And now it will get worse. The cruel and inexorable sacrifice of the Solitary Hart was written in the stars long before his vague Senate years, his days in the 1972 McGovern campaign, or that pregnant moment when he changed his name from rustic Hartpence to functional Hart. The same turn of history's wheel that required presidential candidate Jerry Brown in the 1970s requires candidate Gary Hart in the 1980s.

Candidate Hart's ordeal will be gruesome. The Rape of the Sabines was horrible, but brief. The victimization of Mr. Hart could last for months. Megalomania has heavily insulated him; he may never notice the blows raining down, or the snickers. Yet shrewd observers in both parties saw it all coming long ago. Their only question is when will Mr. Hart's handlers carry him off.

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post column syndicated by King Features.

When they do an aggrieved Mr. Hart will condemn the press, for in the end it is the press that will finish him off. His recriminations will be understandable but wholly unjustified. He has used the ingenuities of the press corps brazenly, and when they catch on they will take offense. It is in the nature of their art.

Along with modern communications' evolution into that instantaneous production line of information and disinformation that we call the media has come a crowd of mountebank presidential candidates. Their constituency is not regional or sociological. It is primarily the isolated population that labors at the media's production line, filling it with the output of their cameras, their recorders, their word processors. To the media the mountebanks come, representing no fixed groups or principles or even a body of coherent ideas. Instead the mountebanks produce a sensation, designed for the media's special needs: sound bites, visuals, an original persona—the goofier the better, at least for a while.

All presidential candidates cooperate somewhat with the media's needs. Certainly Ronald Reagan did. But the

media's mountebanks cooperate totally, and just as the media's first need is an unconventional candidate with a meteoric rise, another of their needs is Dunkirk—the candidate collapses! Even more desirable is the candidate's collapse into a cloud of weird vapor. This is a particularly cruel twist, for many a media mountebank's irregularities were encouraged by the press. In the end, however, candidate Brown was sent off as Governor Moonbeam. How will they send off the Solitary Hart?

Consider his recent heroics. He did not declare his candidacy in his home town or 'midst a sea of passionate followers. There were no herds of leaping fanatics pledged to die for him. On the great day of national salvation the Solitary Hart bundled 450 journalists—cameras and microphones in hand—into a bus for a fifteen-mile ride to one of nature's telegenic marvels. No other voters were present aside from an occasional park ranger, one of whom notified the arriving press, "We call this the lower South parking lot." Hart drove up to the media event in his own white, mud-splattered jeep; and with a curiously sad-looking family braved the chill wind, hatless and without a topcoat—the media mountebank never

appears before the cameras fully clothed.

Then with the cameras clicking and whirring he enunciated in this soaring and thoroughly preposterous setting an eight-minute dithyramb, its ideas brief and incoherent but proffering slogans for every taste, media bites for all mankind. Still he is a goner. For many weeks now the press has been chipping away at the gimcrack monument that he presented them in place of a personality, to say nothing of a character or a set of principles. The Solitary Hart claimed that ideas would be his theme. Actually, he snagged the press with this monstrosity of a monument and now the press pursues the monstrosity into stage two of a mountebank's media life, the collapse. The questions are personal and now grow treacherous. The Solitary Hart in Campaign '84 was a veritable gasbag. Now he is ominously reticent. His replies are laconic, framed in resentment. The unusually numerous opponents who have appeared from the Democratic ranks bespeak the low hopes held for candidate Hart. But all are so bland and alike that it is doubtful one will enter the 1988 convention a clear winner. The party of progress may be forced to revert to a smoke-filled room. It could be worse. □



SAFE SEX IN MOSCOW

The moral and intellectual dismantlement of America, always procured so zealously by Americans of a progressive cast of mind, has now advanced sufficiently that the Marine guards at our Moscow embassy are making love not war. The Secretary of State, oblivious to the humiliation visited upon his government by Soviet penetration of the inner reaches of our embassy, contemplated flying off to Moscow trailed by a mobile home for his private meetings. No insult, no matter how public, registers on the brains of Americans accustomed to working in their underwear.

Ever since the late 1970s the Soviets

have been eavesdropping brazenly on our diplomats and infiltrating our embassy staff, but enlightened opinion remained nonchalant. Until recently, two hundred of the embassy employees have been Soviet citizens, as though they were the citizens of just another democratic society. When it was reported that fifty of these were double dipperers, drawing salaries from the United States Treasury and the mysterious KGB, former Ambassador Arthur Hartman, according to a *Washington Post* source, took the position that "I don't have any secrets here." He also had but one string on the low E of his grand piano.