

*Telegraph* put a picture of the battered Kennedy vehicle on page one. The National Centers for Disease Control announced that at least 95 people were electrocuted in U.S. bathtubs between 1979 and 1982, more than half of whom died while using electric hair dryers. Victims ranged in age from 5 months to 52 years among males and 1 to 76 years among females, suggesting

that men learn to use these advanced instruments earlier in life—a finding that will not go down well amongst feminists desirous of seeing more women employed in heavy industry. •Signs of political reaction continue to proliferate. In St. Paul, Minnesota, U.S. Magistrate Brian Short rebuffed yet another idealistic thrust at the infamous McDonald's hamburger chain

when he dismissed as "clearly frivolous" a \$5 million suit. The absurd suit charged McDonald's with false advertising for claiming to have sold approximately 40 billion scrumptious patties of protein. Finally, a New York State appeals court rejected a nightclub operator's claim that "recreational dancing is a form of expression" protected by the First

Amendment—a benighted finding when one recalls that years ago the Warren Court held that dancing buck naked is a sacred First Amendment right. Moreover, remember that all the Founding Fathers were avid dancers, particularly Daniel of St. Thomas Jenifer who brought the rumba to the United States in a small earthen jar. —RET

## C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

### Gold Watch

"The Price of Gold" by Gregory A. Fossedal (*TAS*, July 1984) was a rather astonishing recital of how the gold standard works—or how Mr. Fossedal thinks it works.

The idea that "the gold standard is simply a rule that tells the Fed when to lower the interest rates and when to raise them" is truly astounding, since the actual effects of actual gold standards historically have been to limit the amount of currency and spending through the outflow of gold from the public reserves.

A true gold standard does not require the "right price" for gold. A given measure of gold (ounce, gram, or whatever) is the reality of the monetary standard, and any paper receipts issued for it must be related clearly to the corresponding amount of gold. The question Mr. Fossedal appeared to be answering is "What is the proper price of the paper we want to issue?" Lousy question, since we shouldn't be issuing government paper that looks like money, anyway. The free market historically did a far better job—let the free market do it again.

Finally, changes in the price of gold don't cause inflation or deflation, nor do such changes cause recessions—unless, of course, you believe that thermometers cause fever. . . .

—Lannon Stafford  
Phoenix, Arizona

### From the Summit

Is this 1984 or 1884?

This is the question that one must ask upon reading William Tucker's "Black Family Agonistes" in the July issue of *The American Spectator*.

That a magazine would publish in this day and age such a blatantly racist diatribe against a segment of American citizenry—replete with similarly disgusting illustrations—is a good reminder that racism is not only alive and flourishing in America, but it is also on the rise and showing its ugly self as boldly as it once did in earlier periods of our history.

The article is indicative of the type of sick mentality which continues to hold the victims of oppression responsible for their unfortunate condition of poverty. . . . —Denton L. Watson

Director, Public Relations  
NAACP  
Brooklyn, New York

cc: Benjamin L. Hooks  
NAACP Executive Director

Althea T.L. Simmons  
NAACP Washington Bureau Director

NAACP National Board of Directors

John Jacob  
National Urban League President

Mildred Love  
National Urban League Vice President

James Williams  
National Director of Public Relations

While the damage has been done and nothing will ever set matters right, I must raise serious objections to the lack of accuracy in the article, "Black Family Agonistes," that appeared in the July issue of your magazine. It was a distorted, biased, and racist view of the Black Family Summit that was further inflamed by the odious and demeaning illustrations accompanying it.

Since I was the director of the press room for the Black Family Summit, I am in a position to report that William Tucker came to the Summit as a stranger to the black experience in America, and left the same way. His attitude toward my staff and the participants was condescending and patronizing. His every action seemed to bespeak a feeling that because we were black, we were his inferiors. . . .

But let's move past these personal observations and reach the point of real concern—the odious manner in which the meaning and intent of the Summit were distorted.

To set the Summit in its correct perspective, it is first necessary to

know what it was all about. This was a meeting of representatives of national black membership organizations who answered a call from the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the National Urban League to devise strategies and programs which the black community itself could implement to address the problems facing a large number of black families.

This was an example of successful and highly motivated black people coming together at their own expense to mobilize their own communities for the common good of all. Why then would Mr. Tucker comment that they "spent a lot of time playing at being oppressed"?

Most certainly they did stress the need for blacks to keep their own identity while becoming part of the mainstream, and no apology needs to be made. However, Mr. Tucker seems to regard this as being un-American and somehow very wrong.

There are so many other things that are off-key in the article, that there really is no point in examining it any further. Obviously, this is the type of article that your publication wanted to receive and fairness is of no concern to you. But you might want to consider that out of the many articles written by the more than 50 journalists who attended the Summit, the Tucker piece was the only one that took this destructive approach. Why?

—James D. Williams  
Director, Communications  
National Urban League, Inc.  
New York, New York

cc: Denton Watson  
NAACP, Director, Public Relations

Mildred Love  
Vice President, National Urban League

Simpson-Mazzoli  
Tom Bethell's August "Capitol Ideas" column entitled "What Immigration Crisis?" is the best analysis of the

Simpson-Mazzoli bill that I have seen. I only wish that Bethell could have explained in more detail why Speaker O'Neill did not follow his own political judgment to kill the bill on first reading but allowed the dominant judgment of the congressional Democratic leadership to prevail. The role of the AFL-CIO would figure large in that judgment.

Bethell has made a clear and decisive contribution to understanding the political climate dominated by the "right-thinking" section of the public when he explains why they want to "gain control." So long as the immigrants are "out of control" (illegal) they are hardworking, tax-paying, well-behaved people—avoiding all entanglements with the law, positive or negative. They avoid union organizers, social and welfare workers, and all "the meddlers whose activities are guaranteed (and intended) to make the individual more dependent on the state."

As I write from Silicon Valley, the local head of the INS is about to be sent to some far assignment (as he should be) for telling employers "that approximately 20 percent of the people employed in the world's most productive and technologically advanced spot are illegally employed and should be sent back home immediately"! . . .

—Leonard P. Liggio  
President, Institute for  
Humane Studies  
Menlo Park, California

### Correction

I have discovered an unfortunate error in my review of Edward Banfield's book, *The Democratic Muse* (*TAS*, September 1984). Mr. Banfield's book deals with the policies of the National Endowment for the Arts, not with the National Endowment for the Humanities as I mistakenly said. I apologize to the author and to any readers who were misled.

—Thomas Main  
New York, New York

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# EDITORIALS

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## LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Has it been noted and analyzed by the learned anthropologists of the Republic that modern feminists do not fall in love? Or if they do, they are very demure about it: Never are they caught canoodling in public or even snuggling up to a would-be Romeo. True, I have seen some of the nation's chief strategists of feminism cuddling prized household pets, and occasionally you might hear one suggest that she is the possessor of amorous powers comparable to, say, those of Helen of Troy; but I can recall not one having ever boasted of her ardor for a particular American male.

Scholars generally acknowledge that love, romantic love, remains one of the country's lasting values. It has endured Puritanism, it has endured Hollywood, it has even endured the chill lectures of the sex educationists. In point of fact, through all the vicissitudes in our history love between boy and girl has been a staple of song and verse. Now, my research staff notifies me that romantic love is a more prevalent theme in popular song than ever before. In the past songsters might take a break from songs of love to compose ditties to the sidewalks of New York or a potentially white Christmas. Nowadays it is love, love, love. Yet the feminists remain impregnable. I know; I read all their intellectual tracts.

The feminist's relative celibacy was particularly evident to me as I watched Nancy and Ron at the Republican convention last month. Now there is a red hot romance for you. They hold hands, smile coyly at each other, and he holds doors for her without fear of controversy. Does the feminist's husband hold doors for his bride? Only if it has been stipulated in one of those marriage contracts that the feminists prescribe, those documents that are supposed to designate each party's rights and obligations before marriage vows are taken and hostilities official-

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

ly commence. I am sure that the happily married couple now inhabiting 1600 Pennsylvania has its stormy moments, but neither Ron nor Nancy seems to be anguished by the petty rivalries and calculations that the feminists tell us must be at the heart of the modern nuptial alliance.

The squeamish dons of the press chastely characterize the relationship between the President and First Lady as "close." Bolder minds, unfrightened by public displays of affection, realize, of course, that these two are madly in love. I remember very vividly a dinner I had for them in New York before the 1980 campaign when the ex-governor of California expressed his desire to meet some of the liberal intellectuals of the East who were then moving right. The Reagans were the most senior guests at the table. However, their obvious affection for each other conferred a youthful charm on them that set them apart. It was enough to make even a sour fellow like me revise his theretofore low estimate of moonlight and roses, for the Reagans even then manifested their affection with the utmost dignity.

While on the subject of romantic Republicans—a subject that may not be raised again in 1,000 years—forget not George and Barbara Bush. They too seem hooked on each other. The vivacious Mrs. Bush is quite obviously a very sturdy and energetic sort, as is her husband whose biography reads: World War II bomber pilot, businessman, congressman, UN ambassador, emissary to China, CIA head, presidential candidate, and Vice President. Yet one spies little friction between the Bushes, and here again I see traces of what even a sociologist might identify as romance. What is it with these Republicans?

I confess I do not know. They do seem to be relatively free of the feminist fevers and can therefore face up to the wisdom of the birds and the bees much less gloomily. Moreover they do so at no cost to the women's

self-esteem whatsoever. The women that I saw at the Republican convention last month seemed manifestly happier than any feminist I know of, and their achievements are of a high order: Cabinet members, U.S. senators, congresswomen, a Supreme Court justice, plus a mob of happily married mothers.

In fact, according to my estimate, these much-maligned Republicans have climbed high in our society, doing so without benefit of affirmative action and without making their male friends miserable. But what about our feminist friends? Something must be done to put a smile on their faces and a gentleman at each elbow. □

## AMONG THE WOODSTOCK PEOPLE

Last month a modern communications giant, NBC, transported me down memory lane, using a mundane limousine. The great black monstrosity carried me and a pal into the wilds of upstate New York and deposited us in a common cornfield. There in the company of William Kunstler, the radical lawyer; Bobby Seale, the Black Panthers' co-founder; Wavy Gravey (profession unknown), and a couple of dozen other relics, I was supposed to summon up memories of the Woodstock rock festival of, lo, fifteen years ago and to blubber; or was I to fulminate or to solemnize on the nobility of those of my peers who disported *al fresco* and took dope in the sunshine while others were fighting Communists in Vietnam? Frankly, I still do not know what was expected of me.

From my fellow participants on this TV show, "Summer Sunday, USA," I got the impression that Woodstock was by their lights an epochal event. Many were deep in melancholia. "It is strange to see lines on faces that fifteen years ago looked so young," an illustrious activist confided to me. What was strange for me was to be in the company of so many who appeared so prematurely burned out. As a very modern fellow I try to be terribly sensitive, but those rosy-cheeked progressives whose adolescence began in the 1960s have sustained more epochal events than were chronicled by Gibbon in the entire *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. I grew dubious years ago.

Back in 1969 I emerged from Woodstock unscathed. The metaphysical rumble-bumble that was perceived in the popular music of the era passed me by. Possibly it was there, and possibly an old sock worn round the neck will cure the common cold, but I remain unconvinced. My Woodstock experience last month did convince me that many of the participants stopped reading newspapers around 1974. Over a decade ago it was fashionable to speak of young people as representing "the brightest generation" in our history; but if those who gathered to commemorate Woodstock with me last month are any indication, the generation turned out a lot of dolts.

When the camera came on, Bobby Seale, on my left, spoke of his Black Panthers, who once threatened the police and urged armed conflict, as though they had been in alliance with Martin Luther King, Jr. and Bobby Kennedy; and he seemed to believe that his organization had wrought wonders in the job-training area. William Kunstler, on my right, talked as though the war in Vietnam had had a very satisfactory conclusion; and a corpulent and contented chap next to me purred about how in the intervening years he had become quite wealthy and a living saint.

All this self-congratulation was attended by an intellectual slovenliness of colossal dimensions. It was assumed that anyone who liked the rock music