

sentiment. But then, of course, there is the inevitable retort—the exact same retort that is made to pro-choicers such as myself who are also strongly opposed to government funding of abortions: what are poor women who want abortions going to do? But this argument from the poor has nothing to do with abortion; it is a way for leftists and egalitarians to sneak in a plea for total socialization of all consumption. After all, how can poor men or women afford *anything*, whether it be food, clothing or TV sets? The left-liberal plea for free abortion on demand is tantamount to a plea for the free supply of *everything* on demand—all to be supplied by the hapless and exploited taxpayer. ●

Who Dissed Whom? Or, Do Africans Hate Blacks?

by M.N. R.

One of the most amusing, because idiotic, examples of Political Correctness in action occurred at the once-distinguished University of Wisconsin. It seems that last year, the university imported a distinguished Nigerian professor, Umara Ahmed, with twenty years of teaching experience, to teach the assembled Wisconsinians his own language, Hausa. (The course was numbered Hausa 303, though it is not clear if there are any other numbered Hausa courses there.) It should be, but unfortunately is not, irrelevant to add that Professor Ahmed is a black African. Professor Ahmed's class con-

sisted of 31 whites and 17 blacks. He was obviously a tough grader: more than half the students received "failing or near-failing" grades.

Knowing students—or at least American students—it should already be clear that a lot of resentment was stirred among the assembled young scholars about their grades. But this time there was a new, typically modern, twist: the black students got themselves a lawyer, one Lee Cullen, who charged that Professor Ahmed had systematically engaged in—yes, you have it—anti-black discrimination! The students complained that Ahmed's anti-black discrimination took the form of expecting them to do better at the Hausa language than the whites. None of the complaining students could give any specific instances of this "pattern of different and adverse treatment," but they were very sure that the "discriminatory pattern" was there, "expressed repeatedly . . . in words and gestures." Well, hell, blacks now call themselves "African-Americans" and claim that they have a "black soul," a "black thing" that whites can't possibly understand; maybe Professor Ahmed expected some of that black soul to be translated into ability to learn Hausa. If so, he was clearly disappointed.

The University of Wisconsin, as might be expected, reacted in what is now a typically

whiny way to the student-aggressors. The spokeswoman for the black students, Renee Payne, charged that the university gave the students a runaround throughout the dispute, and, moreover, showed the students a "total lack of respect." Dean of Students Roger Howard countered that "the university tried to accommodate the students as much as possible." And how. In the meantime, Professor Ahmed, who has returned to Nigeria after completing his term, is understandably "very bitter"; Ahmed charged that the black students acted toward him in a "disrespectful" manner. Somehow,

Maybe Professor Ahmed expected some of that black soul to be translated into ability to learn Hausa.

the charge rings true. Maybe we need a massive federal investigation to figure out who, if anyone, was "dissing" whom?

What the black students really wanted, of course, when the smoke had cleared, was to raise their

grades. The ultimate decision in the case was made, *not* by Professor Ahmed or even by the University of Wisconsin, but by that university's ultimate ruler: the Office of Civil Rights of the Department of Education [OCR], which seems to have nationalized the country's educational system. In a latter-day version of a Solomonic decision, the OCR decided, yes, indeed, Professor Ahmed had "violated the civil rights" of his black students by holding them to higher academic standards than whites" but No,

the black students' grades would not be raised. What? You mean that the federal government is not assigning everyone's grades these days?

To the black students and their lawyer, Mr. Cullen, the victory at the OCR was gratifying but essentially empty. Where were the higher grades—the point of the whole exercise? Ms. Payne, for example, while hailing the OCR decision in the elaborate jargon often regarded these days as “good English” (“I feel the decision made by the investigators that he discriminated against us in the classroom brought substance to our allegations,”) added that “we are not happy about their decision on the grades. . . we will be appealing them.” Mr. Cullen, concluding that “treatment obviously has reflection on grades,” has already appealed to the university's Chancellor by the by denouncing the university: “If they were really concerned about minorities, they would have at least tried to show some effort to resolve this dispute.”

But don't worry: despite Mr. Cullen's charge, the University of Wisconsin has been all too active in the dispute; the university reached an agreement with the all-powerful OCR that from now on, all visiting professors from abroad would “be trained in Federal civil rights law,” and that the University of Wisconsin must show “proof of such training” to the Office of Civil Rights. “Sensitivity training” for black Africans to brainwash them in civil rights law? Sounds promising. One hopes that if foreign professors have any spunk left at all, they will tell the

University of Wisconsin where to put its “training.”

Does anyone at all remember that way back in the 1950s and 60s, when liberals were calling for federal aid to education, and conservatives opposed it (!), the liberals assured the skeptical conservatives that never, NEVER would federal aid to education imply federal control? It would be nice if *someone* remembered, now that the august Office of Civil Rights of the Department of Education is the dictator over America's educational system. ●

Requiem For Dick Boddie

by M.N.R.

This was the first LP convention I've missed since 1974, and the first LP presidential convention I've ever missed. How do I feel about it? Wonderful, magnificent, cleansed. Watching these jerks on C-Span, and listening to reports from friends, was enough to slake my interest in the goings-on. And not being among these people, or communing with them, was the most wonderful fact of all.

I had several friends who were at Chicago who were either experiencing their first LP convention, or who hadn't been to one in a long time. They began with a neutral, equal-opportunity hatred of all camps. They ended emotionally bound up with the Boddie campaign, and mourning his loss.

I can understand this reaction. We have detailed Dick Boddie's shortcomings in this publication, but he is, after all, a human being—a big plus in the

Party—a guy with a lovely family, who loyally attended this convention. He is a genuinely nice person, a guy with *mirabile dictu* among Libertarians, a good sense of humor, a guy trying to get along in a tough world—a world especially tough on libertarians who are black.

And so how was Dick Boddie treated, he and his family, a few blacks in a sea of white faces? He was, to put it bluntly, f—d over. He was a nice guy among sharks, and he paid the price. It started with a venomous attack by hatchetman Jim Peron, falsely accusing Dick of trading on his race. Dick didn't realize that he was playing in a rigged game. Beaten by Marrou for president, he ran afoul of El Jefe's wrath when he decided to run for vice-president. He defied the virtually direct orders of Marrou not to run. After he was leading on the first ballot for veep, the Convention, locked into a cheapo contract which forced it to vacate the room before 5 o'clock, adjourned till Sunday morning. At that point, Dick Boddie made his big mistake: he went to bed early, at 9 or 10 o'clock. You don't do this with Libertarians, Dick (and I say this as an ultra-night person); you can't expect Libertarians to behave like real or even decent people, or expect them to respect your privacy or your life as a day person. And so they dragged Dick out of bed at midnight and told him he had to attend an impromptu vice-presidential candidate's debate. Dick went downstairs, but he was grumpy, told the crowd he was sleepy, and left. Dick, you don't do that with your beloved comrades of