

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

the Libertarian Party. Your life, in their eyes, is theirs and it is your obligation to be ever at their disposal.

And so Sunday morning, Dick Boddie lost the veep nomination on the third ballot. As soon as he lost, Dick went over to the piano, and started to play the blues.

Dick, no one in that rotten party understood your playing the blues or would care about it if they had known. They wouldn't recognize the blues anyway. Dick, don't run for the senate from California as you mentioned. These people are flakes and sharks; they don't deserve any part of you. Leave the party, Dick: it's a standing shame and disgrace to the name of libertarianism. And do you really think it is a coincidence that you and your family are the only blacks in the Libertarian Party? ●

Love and Unity at Chicago

by Joe Melton

I'll give you just one guess: which is the only political party in American history to roundly boo its own presidential candidate only one hour after joyfully giving him its nomination—and to do so, not once but twice? Need you ask? It's the Looneytarian Party. Who else?

The first time was 1975, in New York City, the LP's first real presidential convention. After Roger Lea MacBride, clearly the best candidate, was nominated, albeit by a small margin, on the first ballot, poor Roger, thinking he was dealing with real people and a real party, announced that he was selecting California attorney Manual Klausner as his running

mate. A chorus of boos promptly arose from the massed ranks of the party faithful, and from that moment on Mannie Klausner was unelectable, finally losing the nomination. Murray Rothbard had been selected to make Klausner's nominating speech, and was stunned at the hatred welling up against Roger: "Dictator!" "Conservative!" "Both MacBride and Klausner wear suits and ties!" It was at that point, Rothbard recalls, when he realized what a bunch of crazies the LPers are, and he registers his regret for being a slow learner and remaining in the LP for another umpteen years.

For old hands, it was, in Yogi Berra's immortal words, *deja vu* all over again. Here, at Chicago in 1991, is Andre Marrou, elected by a wide margin on the first ballot over hapless Dick Boddie. Given five minutes to register if he wished, a preference for veep, he made the first big blunder of his infant campaign. Instead of following the shrewd path of previous nominees, and throwing the veep nomination open to the fractious delegates, Marrou arrogantly laid down the law: the nominee had to be Dr. Mary Ruwart, because he wanted a professional woman to run on his ticket, and Mary fit the bill. Marrou said the same thing a couple of nights before, at the Candidates Debate, but he didn't seem to realize that conditions had changed sharply. It was as if

today some conservative got up in the U.S. Senate and fulminated about the imminent threat posed by the International Communist Conspiracy. You see, things had changed by Saturday afternoon: for one thing, another professional woman, Dr. Nancy Lord, had plunged into the veep race. And for another, there was Dick Boddie, the loser for president, who now decided to run for vice-president. Unexpected, perhaps, but after all, it's a successful politician's function to adapt quickly to changing conditions, to be ahead of, and not behind the curve. But by repeat-

ing his old shibboleths, and totally ignoring the new races of Lord and Boddie, Marrou angered the very masses who had just given him the nomination.

Adding to the problem was Andre's tone. If not a genial backslapper, a politician should at least show that he is sincerely trying to achieve that exalted status. But not Andre; many observers at

Chicago remarked that there is always a nasty, sharklike attitude about Andre; and, as one shrewd observer pointed out, when Andre smiles, only the lower part of his face is affected; his eyes are still set in a cold and grumpy frown. Andre's nasty barking of orders to vote for Mary Ruwart sat badly with the Party faithful, and hence the chorus of boos. Any rational party delegates would automatically grant the president's selec-

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