

since there is no mention of him—but to Bush or Clinton, whom the LP is supposed to be against? Does the LP know or care that, by this sort of campaign, it is making a mockery of its claim to be a fearless third party, independent of the two major parties? Instead, when a *real* third choice comes along, for the first time in nearly a century, the LP naturally falls into the role of running dog—or in its case, running pet poodle—of the corrupt two-party system, trying to bring a genuine independent down. By its odious actions, the Libertarian Party reveals itself as only a sleazy little appendage of our two-party despotism. The LP's two cherished slogans over the years have been: The Major Third Party (or, sometimes, the Third Major Party), and The Party of Principle. The Libertarian Party is a corrupt little wart on the body politic; surely we can hope and expect that 1992, its twentieth year on the political scene, will be its last. ■

Roy Childs, Hail and Farewell!

by M.N.R.

The tragically early death of Roy A. Childs, Jr. at the age of 43, leaves a gaping hole in the libertarian movement that cannot be repaired. In a profound sense, Roy was not only Mr. Libertarian Movement, he himself was a living metaphor for that movement, in all its strengths and weaknesses. Brilliant, charming, articulate,

persuasive, and capable of great sweetness, Roy's cosmic and almost incredible lack of self-discipline finally laid him low. On hearing of Roy's death, our publisher, Burt Blumert, exclaimed: "What a waste!", and that best expresses the tragic squandering of a life of great potential.

One friend of Roy's best expressed the current plight of the libertarian movement:

"he was the glue that held the whole movement together." In more ways than one. For, lacking much else to do, Roy constituted a remarkable one-man telephone network. He was in constant touch with virtually everyone in the movement, conversing often and at length with numerous politicians, journalists, activists, and students. Secondly, Roy was the Last

of the Old Libertarians, the last person devoted to the Old Paradigm: neo-Randian, anti-war, in favor of reason and romantic music, as well as hedonistic life styles. He tried to hold together that Old Paradigm, as it was falling and splitting apart, in my view because of its inherent contradictions. As the paleonihilo split of the last couple of years polarized the old movement and drove it apart, Roy was indeed the last, by virtue of his devotion and the enormous

breadth of his network, to provide that glue. With Roy's death, the glue exists no longer, and in mourning his death we might note that along with Roy has passed the Old Movement, for good or for ill. That movement once performed the vital function of keeping the spirit and the ideas of liberty alive in the hostile Cold War world.

My fondest memory of Roy is from the summer of 1973, the

first of the modern week-long summer conferences in libertarian scholarship. The Institute for Humane Studies put on a week of economic history lectures at Cornell by Forrest McDonald and myself, to the best of the young libertarian scholars in these and related areas. Roy, who had been steeped in Randian philosophy and political theory, and in Austrian economic theory, had never been

exposed to history. He was ecstatic: "Murray," he exclaimed, "we're integrating all of reality!" Well not quite, Roychick, but we're getting there. ■

The Childs Memorial Service

by S.B.

The Roy Childs memorial service, held by Andrea Rich at

Roy "was the glue that held the whole movement together."

the Williams Club in New York City on Sunday June 28, was *the* event of the libertarian social season. In fact, it might be the *last* such event ever, because what else could bring together such very different and often bitterly clashing people as: George Smith, Tibor Machan, Thomas Szasz, Robert Nozick, the first R., the Cato contingent: David Boaz, Sheldon Richman, and Doug Bandow; Bill Beach and Tom Palmer of IHS; Father James Sadowsky, S.J.; and on and on? Indeed about 100 people showed up, and everyone was cordial, hatchets buried for the occasion. In fact, the libertarians all acted with surprising maturity. What's the matter with them? My God, they must all be getting *older!*

Indeed, almost everyone looked older, grayer, and fatter, or in some cases, more wizened. Long-time champion of drugs and decadence, Jeff Riggensbach, who flew in from LA for the service, actually looked like a wise elder statesman! The only tension, indeed, appeared at Andrea's open house the night before, when Tom Palmer and David Boaz, at one time very close buddies, and who are Not to be Invited to the Same Party, circled each other warily. Those who flew in specially from as far away as California deserve special mention: Riggensbach and Smith from L.A., Chris Weber and Jeff Hummel from San Francisco.

I was worried that this service would replicate the other atheist-libertarian memorial service of the last few years, that of Bea Hessen at Stanford. When my friends and I tiptoed out, they

were *three and a half hours* into the service, and still going strong. Everyone narcissistically talked about what Bea meant to *them*, using Bea Hessen as a convenient jumping-off point to express *their* own personality: (e.g., "Bea Hessen was my nextdoor neighbor, and she encouraged me to play the violin. I now play a few selections. . . .")

But the Childs service, thank God, was tastefully done, and generally kept in bounds. It lasted only a hour and a half, and the focus was kept on Roy, with only a few self-indulgent outbreaks. The centerpiece was a superb tribute by Ralph Raico, funny and moving. George Smith's opening salvo was both too self-indulgent and too pompous; also, for one of the most outspoken atheists of our time to offer prayers to a "hypothetical god" was a bit curious; but perhaps it is true that there are no atheists at memorial services. Joan Kennedy Taylor, libertarian feminist writer, said that she and Roy "fell into friendship" as soon as they met, and that she was "Roy's creation." Good—that's my kind of feminist! Allan Blumenthal, former Randian shrink and would-be concert pianist, played two of Roy's favorite selections from Liszt and Chopin; fortunately, Liszt's was melodic rather than his usual bombast. It was generally agreed that while the piano playing was pleasant, Blumenthal's choice of psychiatry over concert piano was no great loss to the musical world. Neo-Randian novelist and actress Kay Nolte Smith read selec-

tions from just about the only two writers approved of by Rand: Victor Hugo and Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Those could well have been cut; but fortunately, Kay Smith (no relation to George) ended with a sonnet from Shakespeare, (who has long been under general Randian interdict).

After the formal tributes, the floor was thrown open to "additional remarks" from anyone who wanted to talk, and the quality dropped sharply. Fortunately, however, this session was short. Tastelessness began to creep in. Tom Palmer said that Roy was the only one "he could talk to about his sexuality" (gay). And young economist Danny Klein composed a "poem" for the occasion, the high (or low) point being that when Klein, as a young student, asked Roy for his set of volumes of the great economist Bohm-Bawerk, Childs replied that he would give him Bohm-Bawerk if "he would strip to his shorts." Whether Klein accepted the offer was left to the imagination of those of us who cared to contemplate the transaction. (Shudder!)

After the formal remarks, messages were read from absent friends: Bob Kephart, Nathaniel Branden, Barbara Branden, Milton Friedman, and Ed Crane were prominent. What: no Edith Efron? *No Charles Koch?* Ed Crane was supposed to come up from Washington with the rest of the Cato crew, but he put feelers out in advance to see if the two Rs were coming, and when he heard they were, he made himself scarce. Crane's message was OK, but it ended

on a curious note, hailing Childs for his "lifelong fight against statism and bigotry." Huh? Bigotry?? This drew raised eyebrows from many in attendance.

Looking at the people in attendance, and seeing that the last few issues of *LP News* have been preoccupied with the death of old comrades, it is getting all too clear that, with each passing year, the average libertarian is getting another year older. And that means that there are very few young people coming into the ranks. Hey guys, where are the youth? Don't you know that an aging movement is very bad for gossip columnists? ■

P.C. Watch

by Llewellyn H. Rockwell, Jr.

White Men Can't Jump

Amidst the looting, murder, and arson of the Chicago race riots (root cause: the Bulls' victory), my favorite incident was car crushing. The youths turned over taxi cabs and police cars and jumped up and down on them until they were flattened. When jumpers wanted a rest, reported the *New York Times*, they would "dive head first into the growing crowd."

Or Any Grammar Lessons

The "Style Section" of the *Washington Post* recently featured a photo of an angry young black woman. The caption read: "Radical by Design: A woman

on the streets of Washington makes a political—and fashion—statement." And another sort of statement as well. Her t-shirt read: "RODNEY KING did'nt [sic] get any JUSTICE."

The Continuum

The 25th anniversary of the Supreme Court's Loving decision, which outlawed state anti-miscegenation laws, was marked by *The Washington Post*. "She was black and he was white," wrote Lynne Duke, "the year was 1958 and the state of Virginia had prohibited mixed marriages for 200 years. So when

Richard and Mildred Loving returned home to rural Carolina County" after getting married in D.C., someone called the police. "The county attorney referred to the 17-year-old bride as a 'Negress.' The judge invoked 'racial integrity' and God's will." The Lovings were convicted and banished from the state for 25 years. But in 1968, the Supreme Court blessed their union, and many others like it.

Dominic Licavoli, 38, who is white, said his parents reacted with "racism" when he announced his impending marriage: "What else could it be? I mean, when you tell your mom you're marrying a black woman and she says, 'Oh, my God, No!' is that someone who's not

racist?"

His black wife, Pamela, 36, says she's "always been kind of anti-white." When she saw her newborn baby, "she cried: 'He's so whiiiiite!' 'To be perfectly honest, I

wanted him to darken up.'"

According to the Census Bureau, there were 231,000 black-white marriages in 1991, 154,000 of which involve black men and white women. Interracial marriage is most common in California, and rarest in the South.

To those who oppose such unions, Mildred Loving, now 52, says, in what the

Post calls a "singsong cadence": "Even if they don't like it, it's nothing they can do about it. If they don't like it, tough luck."

Super Nonsense

The Super Soaker, a squirt gun that can shoot 50 ft. and is the hit of the summer toy season should be outlawed says Boston's liberal mayor Raymond Flynn and a group of Michigan legislators. Why? Because one black youth was killed, and two others wounded, when they squirted other blacks who then responded with real guns.

Bishops, Be Submissive to Your Feminists

For the first time, writes Jeanne Gaetano in *Fidelity*, the

When jumpers wanted a rest, they would "dive head first into the growing crowd."