

of Roanoke. Randolph, whom Russell Kirk in his great book called a "libertarian aristocrat," said: "I love liberty; I hate equality."

The Randolph Club will have about 100 members—scholars, journalists, and businessmen—by invitation only. The presidency will alternate between a conservative and a libertarian, and its first meeting—in Dallas next October—will produce a paleo-alliance book.

The officers are Fleming, president; Rothbard, vice president (and next year's president); Burton S. Blumert of CLS, treasurer; and Michael Warder of Rockford, secretary. The other two board members are Allan Carlson of Rockford and myself.

Another gathering took place this month at the Philadelphia Society's annual meeting in Chicago, with a standing-room-only dialogue on the future of the Right featuring Rothbard, Anthony Harrigan, and Donald Devine, sponsored by the Rockford Institute.

At a time when neocons—like all statist— are intellectually bankrupt, conservatives are preoccupied with getting jobs in the state apparatus, and libertarians are still zoning in the Age of Aquarius, the paleo alliance is the only exciting

development on the Right. I expect to see the people associated with the John Randolph Club set the agenda for the 1990s and beyond. (An earlier, shorter version of this article appeared in *The New American*.)

- L.H.R., Jr.

Arts and Movies

Driving Miss Daisy, directed by Bruce Beresford, with Jessica Tandy, Morgan Freeman, and Dan Aykroyd.

Driving Miss Daisy is a wonderful picture, and it should have won all the Academy Awards. A gentle, richly-detailed tapestry of a movie, it lovingly, warmly, and perceptively evokes life in the Old South from the late 1940s until the early 1970s. Here are race relations as they were, can be, and should be.

Bruce Beresford is the superb Australian director who brought us *Breaker Morant*, and he orchestrates truly stunning acting per-

formances, especially from the three principals: Messrs. Freeman and Aykroyd and Miss Tandy. The film is based on the semi-autobiographical play by Alfred Uhry; a wealthy Jewish widow in Atlanta, becoming too old to drive herself, employs a Negro driver, only ten years younger

than herself. Morgan Freeman, the driver, is benign, courteous, deferential and dignified, and the originally imperious Tandy eventually comes to regard Hoke, the driver, as her best friend.

As many of the reviews pointed out, neither Aykroyd nor Tandy looks Jewish, Tandy being far closer to a prototypical WASP-Grant Wood type. To hear Yiddish spoken by Miss Tandy comes as a bit of a culture shock. But the acting is so superior that this really makes no difference. There are some wonderfully tart bits, as Miss Tandy denounces her daughter-in-law: "with her nose, she shouldn't have all those reindeers and Santa Clauses on her lawn." (Oddly enough, the daughter-in-law, Patti Lupone, is the only one of the major actors who looks Jewish, even though she isn't.)

Although the major film critics grudgingly admire *Driving Miss Daisy*, they obviously don't like it very much—precisely because it presents a loving and favorable view of race relations in the Old South. In fact, they mainly protested because their own favorite film of 1989—the raucous black power-oriented *Do the Right Thing* from Spike Lee—was frozen out of Academy Award contention. Well, tough, guys.

All this illustrates an important cultural point: that while Academy Award tastes too often welcome the sentimental and the pretentious, they are leagues ahead of the professional critics, who generally go for the morally and esthetically corrupt visions and pronouncements of the avant-garde. All the more reason to cherish a gem like *Driving Miss Daisy*.

- Mr. First Nighter

Driving Miss Daisy presents a loving and favorable view of race relations in the Old South.