

vertising; special interest advocacy groups; foreign aid; subsidies and tax concessions to business; Crown corporations (to be sold); and universal social programs such as daycare.

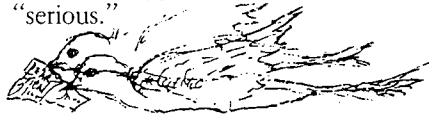
Tax reform would be undertaken with the principal objective of raising funds to pay for government programs the people approve. The party opposes the use of tax concessions in attempts to manipulate investment behavior and industrial structure. All consumption taxes should be visible, and a flat tax is desirable.

Social reform encompasses the welfare state, language and culture, and immigration. The Reform Party believes that although the truly indigent must be cared for, the legitimate role of government is to do for people "what-ever they need to have done, but cannot do at all—or do as well—for themselves individually or through non-governmental organizations." It supports a recognition of French in Quebec and English elsewhere as the languages of work and society, upholds the right of individuals or groups to preserve cultural heritages, but opposes government intervention in cultural matters and would abolish the federal department of multiculturalism. It would orient immigration policy toward Canada's economic needs, but here again would submit all proposed changes to referendum.

How do these proposals sit with the Canadian public? The 1988 federal election came too soon after the party's founding to judge. Nevertheless, it ran candidates in 72 of the 282 ridings, got 2.1 percent of the popular vote, and although it failed to win a seat it took votes away from the winning Progressive Conservatives in a dozen or more close-run ridings. Manning ran against former prime minister Joe Clark (PC) in Alberta and came an easy second to him with 11,152 votes against his 17,847. In another Alberta riding, however, the PC winner died five days later, and when the obligatory by-election was called in April 1989, Reform candidate Deborah Grey—who had come a close fourth in the general election—won handily with 11,154 votes, as many as the other three candidates combined. Six months later, the Alberta government held an unprecedented election for one of its Senate seats that had fallen

vacant, and Reform's Stanley Waters won it with almost twice as many votes as the runner-up.

In the January 6, 1992, issue of *Maclean's*, its Decima poll rated support for the party at 59 percent in Manning's native Alberta and an average of 46 percent in the nine English-speaking provinces. Richard Johnston, a University of British Columbia political scientist, was quoted as saying that this did not necessarily mean that 46 percent of English Canadians would vote for Reform in the next election, but that support for the party was "serious."



Perhaps the best gauge of Reform's success is the reaction to it. The three older parties attack it openly. The prevailing left-liberal print and electronic press, and the New Class it panders to, focus on the immigration, language, and multicultural policies that are their natural targets. But these, polls show, are prime irritants to a majority of Canadians—the ignored majority that Manning appeals to.

The fact is that Reform's proposals are not new; they have bubbled for years in the newsletters of voluntary groups—such as the 40,000 member National Citizens' Coalition—that advocate more freedom through less government. But so long as the ideas were rejected by the three old-line parties, there could be no representative voice in Parliament; the groups could offer no prospect of tangible results. Now, their supporters have somewhere to turn.

Thus does Preston Manning stand to reap where many others sowed. He had not only the political wit to see a suppressed majority yearning for reform, but the organizing ability and even more the personal guts and integrity to stake out ground on which he is now being attacked. In the next federal election (1992 or 1993), his party will win seats. Whether they are enough to give it a balance of power is less important than the fact that it will be voicing opinions in national debates that have not been heard for a generation.

*Kenneth McDonald is a freelance writer living in Toronto.*

## Letter From the Lower Right

by John Shelton Reed

### Seeing the Wizard Off



A historical sense can be a wonderful thing to have. Not long ago, for instance, someone reminded me that when Christianity was as old as Islam is now, the Inquisition was going full tilt. When Islam gets to be two thousand years old, he suggested, maybe it'll be as guilt-ridden and effete as Christianity has become. I find that comforting, don't you?

Last November I called on history to console a friend who'd recently moved to Baton Rouge and found himself dismayed by the gubernatorial contest between Edwin Edwards and David Duke. Having to choose between a candidate known as the "Silver Zipper" and another billed as a "Nazi for the 90's" made him—well, uncomfortable. I pointed out that whoever won wouldn't be the worst governor Louisiana ever had; in fact, he probably wouldn't even be the worst governor in living memory. For some reason, that didn't cheer him up.

Boy, was I wrong when I complained a couple of years ago in this magazine that Southern politics have become boring. I was wrong that they've become boring, and I was wrong to complain. I will stay after class and write 500 times: "Boring is not necessarily bad."

What went awry in the land of dreamy dreams? Four or five years ago, James Moffett, head of the Louisiana Council for Fiscal Reform, was telling the *Wall Street Journal* that "a modern era of politics is fixing to evolve" in his state. Yet here was a Baton Rouge Junior Leaguer saying in the *Washington Post* that she was going to vote for Duke because, unlike Edwards, he wouldn't last more than four years in office and maybe somebody would shoot him sooner than that. She wasn't the only Louisianan talking wistfully about the ".38 calibre recall" that took out Huey Long. How did matters get that out of hand?

The problem, of course, went back to the primary, when roughly two-thirds of the voters voted against each of the three major candidates. In each

case the majority was right. When Buddy Roemer, the Democrat-turned-Republican incumbent flake, proved to be as inept at campaigning as at governing and came in third, he set up the Edwards-Duke contest.

Now, not even National Public Radio tried to present *that* as a straight-up morality play. In bed with the oil and chemical companies, a gambler and womanizer, oft-indicted (though ne'er convicted), the former governor is an anachronism, a caricature of the sort of pol our nation's newly puritanical press corps eats for lunch. Edwards, whose sense of humor is the best thing about him, told reporters he wasn't going to talk about the Duke's past "because he might talk about mine," and there's a lot there to talk about. Many Louisianans had simply never dreamed of voting for Edwards under *any* circumstances, and it apparently took them a while to realize that voting for the Wiz because you couldn't abide the Cajun Prince would have been like taking a blowtorch to your case of athlete's foot.

In some ways the national attention made it worse. The networks and newsmagazines, like the horrified Louisiana business community, were almost daring Louisianans to vote for David Duke, and that was a mistake. You don't dare Southerners to do anything you don't really want us to do. For every Louisianan who was embarrassed by what the readers of the *New York Times* were thinking, I'm sure another was tempted to vote for Duke

just to show he wasn't chicken.

Besides, Duke wasn't exactly wrong on "the issues." Most Louisianans agreed with him on those—at least those issues he talked about. So did lots of folks outside Louisiana (40 percent of Duke's campaign funds came from out of state). For that matter, so did I. And so did many black Southerners, as the polls (and I) have been saying for some time, and as the Clarence Thomas hearings could have taught us, had we not been distracted by Anita Hill and the Atlanta Braves.

By the way, *how about those Braves?* They almost avenged the burning of Atlanta, didn't they? Let the spoilsports from the American Indian Movement take their whining to that sanctuary for guilt-ridden liberals with a football team called the Redskins: down in Atlanta, even Jimmy Carter was doing the tomahawk chop. So was Hanoi Jane, although she came up with a more sensitive version, sort of a tomahawk pat. The Reverend Joseph Lowery of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference told ESPN that he could see the Native Americans' point: after all, if the team was the Atlanta Negroes and all the fans waved little switchblades, he'd be annoyed. He undercut his argument, though, when he went on to say that folks wouldn't like it if the team was the Atlanta Rednecks and fans waved little nooses. Maybe somebody would find that offensive, but not *rednecks*: I know guys who could really get into that.

Anyway, back to Louisiana. As I was saying, lots of black Southerners are every bit as conservative as David Duke was talking, on the issues he was talking about. It isn't just whites who want welfare reform, and crime control, and lower taxes. But it's remarkable that even four percent of Louisiana's black voters could bring themselves to pull the lever for a former Grand Wizard, even one who says he now talks to Jesus every day.

A lot of white Louisianans weren't ready to do it either. Newspapers all over the country got a chuckle out of the bumper stickers that said "Vote for the Crook: It's Important," but three out of five voters did just that. True, Duke got 55 percent of the white vote and no doubt we'll be hearing that he lost because of black bloc-voting, but he would have had fewer white votes if

blacks hadn't turned out so strongly against him. Either (1) blacks vote their interests, or (2) white fear of black power is allayed. Whichever: Duke loses.

Basically, the numbers suggest that Edwards won because he picked up three-quarters of the Roemer voters, most of them conservative white Republicans, I'm sure—people who had to swallow hard to vote for Edwards, but did it, when the chips were down. Partly this was snobbery: country-club Republicans don't want to be governed by a low-life rabble-rouser with a cheap nose job, a political Jimmy Swaggart. (True, political life forms don't come much lower than Edwin Edwards, but at least he's amusing.) Partly, the polls showed, it was also economic concern. Corruption is expensive, but the Edwards campaign argued that a Duke victory would be even more costly, making it harder to recruit everything from factories and tourists to players for the LSU football team. At the end, Duke was reduced to saying, in effect, "Would *not*."

Surely even more important, though, was the recognition that some things are more important than "issues." Things like—oh, for instance, sin. The American people have always known that, even if political junkies tend to forget it.

Yes, Jesus consorted with sinners, and he may even consort with David Duke. We have to believe that no one is beyond redemption, and maybe there are Baptists willing to take Duke's word that he's found it. Those of us from less forgiving traditions, though, would like more evidence than just some testifying.

Duke talked about his "youthful indiscretions," and obviously he has learned discretion somewhere along the way, but that's not the point. Some "indiscretions" call for more than regret, they call for penance—lots of it. Some of us think a repentant Nazi ought to be off working with lepers or something, not running for governor.

It looks as if that view is shared by a good many Louisianans. Enough of them, anyway.

*John Shelton Reed, who writes from Chapel Hill, North Carolina, is an Episcopalian and a country-club Republican manqué.*

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Anna Mycek-Wodnicki

## The Politics of Rape

by Betsy Clarke

When an acquitted William Kennedy Smith emerged from the Florida courtroom last December declaring his faith in the system, a viewer could only query, "Why?" There stood a young man who was indicted for rape and forced to spend over one million dollars defending himself on the basis of the word of one person, the word being uncorroborated by either physical or direct evidence and in fact contradicted by both. An ordinary investigation of these accusations should have resulted in findings that the trial disclosed. Not only was there reasonable doubt that Smith committed a crime, there was not even probable cause that a crime had been committed.

At first, disappointed feminists interviewed after the trial blamed the reasonable doubt standard as the barrier to a criminal conviction. Then omitted evidence of Smith's earlier sexual activity became the scapegoat. But when ABC newsman Morton Dean asked a correspondent, "Do you think William Smith will file civil charges against the woman for making false accusations?" we knew the game was over.

Of special interest were the grave reactions to the verdict by counselors in rape crisis centers. Some network correspondents intoned of "dark days" for women and "rape victims" in particular as a result of the jury's failure to believe the accuser. None of them mentioned constitutional rights of the accused, the rules of evidence, or the state's burden of proof. Incredibly, even the prosecutor in her closing arguments indicated to the jury that Smith's attempt to discredit his accuser was somehow dirty pool. Clearly, politics and gender have destroyed the integrity of our judicial system in cases involving charges of rape.

Last year was the bicentennial of the Sixth Amendment, which identifies rights of criminal defendants. The Sixth Amendment entitles a defendant, among other things, "to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor." The Fourteenth Amendment, which came along in 1868, guarantees that any person, including a criminal defendant, shall not be "deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law." A criminal defendant, in short, gets to defend himself.

Over the past several decades, the dominant liberal elites have lectured us ad nauseam about the rights of criminal defendants. An October 1991 article in the *Indianapolis Star*, ominously entitled "Some fear court will change rights of women, minorities," reported that in the 1990-91 term, the Supreme Court "killed or damaged nine legal precedents [and] eight of those rulings were victims of the court's continuing trend of reducing the rights of criminal defendants while expanding the power of police and prosecutors." And so we are relentlessly lectured about the rights of the accused: how important they are in protecting the innocent as well as the culpable, how 'tis better that guilty men go free than that one innocent man be imprisoned unjustly, and how in any event crime is caused by socioeconomic factors for which society bears primary blame. Crime is

the price we must pay for creating an unjust society.

Then the liberal elites discovered rape, which led inexorably to rapists, which led in turn to arrests in ghetto neighborhoods and trailer courts, which automatically invoked all sorts of real and imagined presumptions as to the individual's innocence—which then headed down a collision course with modern feminism. Suddenly, feminists developed both an appetite for law and order and an increased penchant for hypocrisy. Here is the problem. If the power of the state over the individual sends chills down your spine, if you explain the causes of crime in terms of sociology rather than free will, and if you find crime not only an inevitable product of an unjust society but an understandable and even justified response, as a sensitive and sensitized individual, how are you to approach the sorry fact of victimized, violated women?

The tension between competing sensitivities in our liberal elites has resulted in contorted reasoning, corrupted language, and violation of principle on the subject of rape. Their challenge, of course, is to switch their sympathies from the quixotic struggle of the accused to that of the powerhouse state and all its agencies—the police, the prosecutor (the accusing witness now known as the prosecutrix), the attorney general, and ultimately the governor—without seeming to abandon their high-minded allegiance to the railroaded underdog.

Faced with all sorts of uncomfortable contradictions about their view of rape and rapists, feminists and their uneasy comrades began by establishing a hierarchy of victimization, making sure to place women at the very bottom, lower than any group whose unfortunate characteristics might be compatible with being male. Consequently, in any contest about who is most aggrieved, women must appear to be the sorriest of all specimens. Feminists effected this plan by in part dismantling and redesigning the definition of rape so as to universalize this violation of the female. A member