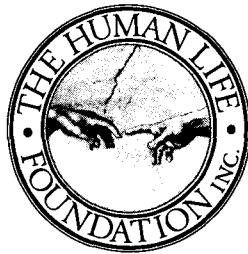


the HUMAN LIFE REVIEW



WINTER 1990

Featured in this issue:

Joseph Sobran onThe *Style* Section
Faith Abbott onThoughts of Sun Tzu
Brian Robertson onIntolerance, Anyone?
James Bowman onThe Lie of 'Pro-Choice'
Maggie Gallagher onThe Children of Choice
Mary Meehan onRape and Abortion
Paul Belien onWill the King Abdicate?
Charlotte Low Allen on'Mysteries' of RU-486

Also in this issue:

Fred Barnes • Archbishop Roger Mahony • Dianne Klein • Bill Stout
John Leo • Greg Keath • Ambrose Evans-Pritchard • Nat Hentoff
Nicholas Eberstadt • Gertrude Himmelfarb • Alison Bernhoft
James Dubinsky • Wm. F. Buckley Jr. • Priscilla L. Buckley

Published by:

The Human Life Foundation, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

Vol. XVI, No. 1

\$5.00 a copy

. . . FROM THE PUBLISHER

The big news is not that we herewith begin our sixteenth year of publication, but rather that, after all these years of holding the line, we must finally raise our modest price by a mere one dollar per issue. So this year, single copies will cost \$5, and a full-year subscription \$20. You will find all the details on the inside back cover.

This issue continues our trademark mix of original and borrowed pieces—an idea that is *not* the usual thing for most journals—but we think the formula has served our readers well. It provides a good balance of material, which we try to fit together into a coherent whole. As you will see, this is without doubt our most daring balancing act to date: we've put together a full 25 articles, reviews, and columns, which is about *twice* the usual number. Plus the introduction, which is an article in itself, and serves as a preview of all that follows.

We also note that half the writers we feature here have never graced our pages previously, so that you also get a very different mix this time.

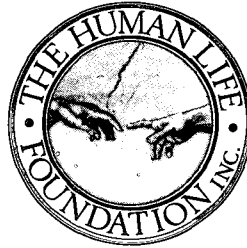
And you may note a few typographical changes: we will now date the pages, for easier reference; and in fact there are more words per page, accomplished by some fancy footwork by our trusty computer—it's so subtle you may not even notice the difference (but you *are* getting more).

The article by Maggie Gallagher (my former colleague at *National Review*) is a chapter from her new book *Enemies of Eros*, which we recommend highly. As does that eminent authority on feminism *et al.*, Mr. George Gilder, who calls it the "Best book ever written on marriage and divorce"—quite a plug, that. If it is not in your bookstore, you can order from the publisher (Bonus Books, 160 East Illinois St., Chicago IL 60611; hardcover, \$18.95).

Also as usual, you will find information about back issues, bound volumes, etc., on the inside back cover.

EDWARD A. CAPANO
Publisher

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Published by THE HUMAN LIFE FOUNDATION, INC. Editorial Office, Room 840, 150 E. 35th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10016. The editors will consider all manuscripts submitted, but assume no responsibility for unsolicited material. Editorial and subscription inquiries, and requests for reprint permission, should be sent directly to the editorial office. Subscription price: \$20 per year; Canada and foreign \$25 (U.S. currency).

Vol. XVI, No. 1. ©1990 by THE HUMAN LIFE FOUNDATION, INC., New York, N.Y.
Printed in the U.S.A.

INTRODUCTION

THIS ISSUE BEGINS our sixteenth year of publication, so it is our fifteenth anniversary. But we decided to celebrate modestly (we'll save the fireworks for a gala 20th Anniversary—should we survive that long), in our own style. Meaning that we've crammed this one with more pieces than ever before, all of it, we think, good stuff. We hope you will agree.

It is altogether fitting and proper that our lead article is once again by our old friend Joe Sobran, who has contributed one of his rippling essays to almost every one of our previous three-score issues, beginning with the first one. Sobran is in rare form here—which is saying a lot (he *never* fails to dazzle us). Readers spared the trauma of living inside Washington's ballyhooed "Beltway" probably can't imagine the influence pedaled by the local *Post's* famous Style section but, as insiders know, it's in Style that you find out who and what is *in* or out, politically speaking. As Sobran says, Style defines the etiquette of accepted opinion—violators beware—although some brave souls have managed to prosper as outsiders. Says Joe: "The great villain of liberal opinion in recent years, of course, was Ronald Reagan, who owed much of his popularity to his easy-going disregard for liberal taboos." (Quite true, as Mr. Reagan—Bless him!—proved to *us* by actually contributing the piece "Abortion and the Conscience of the Nation" to this journal in 1983.)

Sobran's great trick is to make you laugh loudly while he explains just how bad things really are. Nobody does it better.

Faith Abbott should also make you guffaw: imagine this Goodwife (and mother of five) deciding that she had to study Sun Tzu, the renowned Chinese sage of warfare, to figure out what the "Pro-choicers" are up to now! And right off, she decided that old Sun knew his noodles, e.g., that all war "is based on deception." There's no more deceptive word in our current vocabulary than "choice," surely? We think you'll find it all very interesting, and instructive as well. It's a handy guide to "the mind of the enemy" which, as Sun said, is the *object* of war: dominate that mind, and you'll win. And you can learn about all this in your kitchen, as Faith did.

Our colleague Brian Robertson then weighs in with a modest proposal: What

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we need is a good old-fashioned dose of *intolerance*—because an all-tolerant “Pluralism” is destroying the things we hold dear, and once held *in common*. Here again, you’ll get a laugh as you conjure up the picture of the redoubtable Sen. Jesse Helms asking all ladies and the young to leave the Senate floor so he can show Fellow Members the kind of obscene “art” they’ve been subsidizing. But Robertson makes some very serious points, read him well.

So does James Bowman, who argues that “Pro-choice” is, put simply, a lie. Bowman has recently become the London *Spectator*’s man in Washington, and sees our Abortion War from a refreshingly different viewpoint—he certainly isn’t hobbled by Style section taboos. And he has a sharp eye for the politics of it all as well—you’ll enjoy this one.

We think you’ll also enjoy the following treat, which is a chapter from a new book by Maggie Gallagher (*Enemies of Eros*). She too concentrates on the elusive matter of “choice,” specifically the myth that being able to choose abortion somehow “sets parents and children free” whereas in fact abortion is “an escape hatch for men and a lie for women.”

So far, you might say that all of our writers are sounding the same themes, but from very different perspectives—indeed they are. So is our friend Miss Mary Meehan, who tackles the vexed “problem” of rape and abortion. For many, the pregnant-by-rape woman is the very worst “hard case” imaginable, so much so that the choiceless innocent involved gets no consideration at all (the baby is an “aggressor,” worthy of execution)—there’s no talk about the “tragic choice” as in ordinary abortions-for-convenience.

But what about those who escape the executioner? Whose mothers decide that, however conceived, the baby is still *theirs*? Meehan has some good stories to tell, in her accustomed style. She is first of all a good *reporter*, giving the facts before the opinions, although she has plenty of those too, as you’ll see.

What is the Royal view of abortion? The few remaining “ruling” monarchs seem to have kept their views to themselves, with one notable exception: Belgium’s King Baudouin, who is openly against abortion. And his kingdom is now the only West European nation (save old Ireland) that has *not* legalized the “procedure.” But its parliament may be about to do just that, meaning that the King would have to sign the law—or provoke a constitutional crisis. Mr. Paul Belien reports the story here in detail, and speculates on whether—*mirabile dictu*—Baudouin might actually *abdicate* rather than sign away the lives of his unborn subjects. It’s a fascinating story.

So is the “mystery” of RU-486, the so-called French Abortion Pill, which many imagine as the final solution to the abortion controversy because it (or something like it) will make possible “do it yourself” terminations of the “products of conception” that no laws could prevent. But as our friend Charlotte Low Allen explains, it is by no means that simple. Indeed, there seems to be a startling amount of *disinformation* on RU-486 that serves to conceal a grim

INTRODUCTION

reality: population-control fanatics are far less interested in “safe” methods than in the *body count*—women are expendable. As we say, it’s a grim story.

* * * * *

As usual, we have added interesting appendices—but this time you get a veritable feast of them (17 in all)—beginning with (*Appendix A*) an impressive piece of reportage by Mr. Fred Barnes, a well-known Washington journalist who holds the distinction of being anti-abortion even though he is an editor of *The New Republic*, the strongly pro-abortion political magazine. And it’s the politics of abortion that Barnes addresses here, arguing that “pro-life” candidates who are now running away from “The Issue” will regret doing so. All they need to stand firm, he says, is “the courage of the anti-abortion convictions they’ve been professing all these years.” *Amen*.

As everybody knows, the nation’s Roman Catholic bishops called for just that kind of courage at their annual meeting last November. But Archbishop Roger Mahony of Los Angeles had already issued a strong statement in June—strong enough for the local *Times* to brand it as “an unwise and unwelcome clerical intrusion” into politics. We assume you’ll want to read it yourself, and so have printed the full text in *Appendix B*.

As it happens, *Appendix C* is also reprinted from the same Los Angeles *Times*, in which Columnist Dianne Klein had written about women “preparing themselves” for do-it-yourself abortion in case it is “severely restricted or outlawed.” Ms. Klein got an unexpected response; a call from a woman who had a personal story to tell. So good-reporter Klein went out and got it. It *is* quite a story, which incidentally describes some incredible behavior by doctors involved that is a devastating indictment of the *un*professionalism that the ideology of abortion can, well, induce. (We’re reminded of Hilaire Belloc’s famous couplet on physicians who “answered, as they took their fees, ‘There is no cure for this disease’”!) Be sure to read this one.

Appendix D is yet another tale from Los Angeles—an old one, told by veteran broadcaster Bill Stout, who wrote it back in 1976. He let us reprint it then (in our Summer, 1976 issue) and, when last December we heard the sad news that Bill had died suddenly, we decided that it would be fitting to run it again. By the way, Bill’s obituary ended “He is survived by his wife, Margaret, and eight children.” But there was another child he never forgot.

But we’re not through with California: *Appendix E* is also a piece that deserves reprinting (we have already run it three times—a record); it’s the text of an editorial first published in *California Medicine* in 1970, almost three years before *Roe v. Wade*. Read it, and you will have no difficulty understanding *why* we think it remains all too relevant. It’s hard to imagine a *better* description of what the abortion issue really means to our society.

Two decades later, the agonizing over that meaning continues to increase, not least among “liberals” who, as we know, generally support “choice,”

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however inconsistent the choice of *abortion* may be with their “otherwise consistent opinions,” as columnist John Leo puts it in *Appendix F*. Mr. Leo writes about his fellow liberals gently—in sharp contrast to the cold-blooded prose of the California Medicine editorial—which may indicate that he should read the editorial himself (we hope he will). In any case, we’re glad he’s worrying out loud—may his tribe increase.

Appendix G concerns another paradox: Why is it that black Americans abort at a rate some *four times* greater than others, while every poll seems to show that blacks are much more strongly anti-abortion than whites? Mr. Greg Keath suggests some chilling answers—and pulls no punches, concluding that *genocide* is the right word to use. He is not the first to use it: the Rev. Jesse Jackson used to say the same thing back before the presidential bug bit him, didn’t he?

We said this is a feast of good stuff, so you won’t be surprised to get (in *Appendix H*) more from friend Joe Sobran, who wrote a column recently that follows perfectly on Mr. Keath’s argument, and Mr. Leo’s as well. You might say it’s the kind of thing that everybody knows, but few *say*—on this as on many other issue, Sobran is an exception. But somebody ought to point out, as Joe does, that “some unwanted children are more unwanted than others.”

As we write, Operation Rescue is not much in the news—it may be a casualty of the *Webster* decision, which has generated a whole new phase of the Abortion War—but regular readers know what an impact it has had on the national scene. So we think you’ll be as interested as we were to read a “foreign” view (*Appendix I*) by Mr. Ambrose Evans-Pritchard, until recently the Washington correspondent for the London *Spectator*, who was intrepid enough to actually join a rescue himself last summer. He wondered why “the biggest protest movement in the last 20 years has been blacked out” by the media—a good question. Another good question: Do the rescuers lose their civil rights because they engage in anti-abortion protests? Or is there some other reason why they have been so badly—brutally—handled by police in many cities? Nobody has taken up their cause with more gusto than our friend Nat Hentoff; *Appendix J* is just one of many columns he has written on the “Op-R” saga, but it’s a particularly good one—with more to come, we trust.

Next we switch to some short pieces on several “social problems” which impressed us. For instance, in Italy there is an effort, by politicians and others, to introduce the French Pill that Mrs. Allen describes above. As you might imagine, the Pope is not pleased, and no doubt approved of the stiletto-style rebuke published in *L’Osservatore Romano*, which you may enjoy in *Appendix K*. Then Mr. Nicholas Eberstadt (*Appendix L*) describes the “serious health threat” to children “born out of wedlock”—it seems that what we once called “illegitimacy” produces deadly consequences, regardless of “the race or age of the mother”—and it now afflicts more than a million newborn children yearly (half again as many as in 1980, *five times more than in 1960*).

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Appendix M brings you the noted author and critic Gertrude Himmelfarb, who spies a bizarre phenomenon: a “back-to-the-kitchen mentality” produced by *feminism* itself, which has thus become “self-defeating.” And Columnist Alison Bernhoft writes (*Appendix N*) that the feminist claim that women can and *deserve* to “have it all” collapses when “along comes a handicapped baby, demanding extra time, extra care and even (horrors!) extra self-sacrifice on the part of—who else? The mother.”

But fathers have a role as well; in *Appendix O*, Major James Dubinsky, currently teaching at West Point, bristles at the notion that Dad won’t shoulder his responsibilities, and gets even more angry when “New Generation” voices chime (in the *New York Times*) that getting pregnant converts an adolescent daughter into a “liberated” woman. The Major means to remain in command of his family, darn the cost (good man!).

We conclude with two items special to us. No anniversary issue would be complete without something by our friend and mentor Bill Buckley—the problem is to choose just one of the many pieces he has written on our “single issue” of abortion—perhaps only Sobran has written more. In *Appendix P* we think you will find a particularly memorable example. There’s another one in the Dec. 22, 1989 issue of Bill’s *National Review*, which remains not only the nation’s leading conservative journal but also the only one that is unabashedly against abortion on demand. That issue featured a cover photo of Mother Teresa, headlined “Another Pro-Life Extremist.” Inside, Buckley outlined “Where We Stand” with his usual eloquence, concluding that while “comity” is necessary, we must “acknowledge, also, that the fight for life for the unborn is as pure as the lady who graces our cover.” *Amen* again.

Finally, we treat you to something that has nothing whatever to do with this journal’s usual concerns, by Miss Priscilla Buckley, who is (yes) Bill’s sainted sister. She is also the prototype of friendship, so generous that she has smilingly suffered being on the board of our Foundation all these years. *Our* treat is that she recounts (*Appendix Q*) how it all was when she began as a pioneer “girl reporter” in the early ’40s; it’s first-rate copy, by a pro. It’s also an accurate description, give or take a few circumstances, of your servant’s initiation as a boy reporter a bit later. There is no other school quite like it, which may explain why graduates remain “vendors of words” (as good old Malcolm Muggeridge put it—we wouldn’t dare end without praising him too for all he’s done for us) ever after. That’s why we trust that there will be, in due course, another issue of this journal—but don’t wait, read *this* one right now.

J.P. McFADDEN
EDITOR

P.S.: oh yes, you will find *another cartoon* in this issue—on the last page.

Death Comes to the Style Section

Joseph Sobran

THE LONGER I LIVE, the more convinced I become that “The Emperor’s Clothes” is the great fable of our time. Like the Emperor’s subjects, modern man seems to live under a taboo against saying the thing that appears most evident to common sense.

Confronted with absurd new paintings or ugly modern architecture, for example, you show extremely bad form if you call it absurd and ugly. This is not to deny that great art may run ahead of its audience, baffle our conventional expectations, and disclose its essence only to the patient eye and the open mind. But by now this is a lesson we have learned a little too well. We have developed a positive phobia of being philistine. It should be obvious that most art in any age is mediocre, and that this is likely to be true of avant-garde art as of any other. Most experiments in the practical sciences fail; why be shy of assuming that this applies to the arts too? There is no need to approach every new work of art with presumptive reverence which it has not yet earned.

But we are so haunted by the stereotype of the boorish bourgeoisie who rejected and persecuted the great early moderns that we have forgotten how to assert ourselves at all in the presence of the fraudulent. “In this shop,” as C.S. Lewis says, “the customer is always wrong.” It may be time for patrons of the arts to organize their own consumers’ rights movement. And we might also bear in mind that most great creative artists have been immediately successful and popular. What is more, for every famished genius there have always been dozens of prosperous charlatans.

The myth of the neglected artist has coalesced in a new social reality: a clamorous “artistic community,” demanding federal subsidies at a time when Americans are spending more money in the artistic marketplace than any populace in history. In 1989 a series of controversies about putatively obscene art illuminated the situation. Come to think of it, we can drop the “putatively.” If anything qualifies as obscene, some of the photographs of Robert Mapplethorpe surely do. There is no need to rehearse the controversies here; I presume

Joseph Sobran, our longtime Contributing Editor, is also a Senior Editor of *National Review*, a syndicated columnist, and so on.

the reader will recall them vividly enough. The “artistic community” was outraged, however, that any champions of the taxpayer should have the gall to say that nobody should be compelled by the state to support such works. The denial of compulsory funding was assailed as a violation of artistic freedom, not only by *soi-disant* artists, but by their sympathizers in the press, who portrayed Senator Jesse Helms as the heavy for taking the part of those who might object to paying for an exhibit of art they found offensive. The most remarkable aspect of the dispute was that even the publications that defended the subsidies carefully avoided reproducing the works in question—or even describing them in plain language. Instead, they made their arguments at a level of abstraction that naive readers must have found baffling. All that was really clear, to hear magazines like *Time* tell it, was that Helms was a terrible boor and demagogue.

The great villain of liberal opinion in recent years, of course, was Ronald Reagan, who owed much of his popularity to his easy-going disregard for liberal taboos. His sins in this department were sometimes called “gaffes,” a giveaway word that reminds us that liberalism owes much of its power to its success in turning its ideology into an etiquette. An ideology can be argued with; rules of etiquette cannot. They can only be observed, under penalty of rebuke and scorn.

In nothing was Reagan more at odds with liberal sensibilities than in his frank—liberals said “strident”—anti-Communism. And his rhetorical peak occurred in a 1984 speech in which he called the Soviet Union an “evil empire.” The phrase became a half-humorous, half-bitter catchword for liberals, who repeated it obsessively. For months, New York *Times* editorials used it mockingly in their titles, as if it went without saying that the term exposed Reagan’s “simplistic” mentality. The *Times* never deigned to explain why this should be so; many liberals never use explanation where insinuation will do.

In late 1989, months after Reagan had left the White House, mammoth demonstrations in the streets of the capitals of Eastern Europe made it clear even to liberals that the subject peoples of the Soviet bloc felt almost unanimously that Reagan’s choice of words was about as apt as apt could be. It had never occurred to the great organs of liberal opinion to consult these people on the matter; but the moment they felt free to express their opinions in their own way, they proved as indifferent to liberal proprieties as Reagan himself. They asserted the obvious thunderously.

At this point, liberal opinion did some strange contortions. It managed to suggest simultaneously that anti-Communism had been proved ridiculous (rather than nearly universal) and that it had itself been opposed to Communism all along. No liberal offered apologies to Reagan, or even suggested that maybe he hadn't been so ludicrous after all. He may have been right, but he had still been right too soon. Anticipating the party line is no substitute for following it. In the discipline of liberal taste, all that matters is being *au courant*: striking the prescribed attitude at the right time.

Advertised as the party of reason and individualism, contemporary liberalism actually propagates itself by means of many subtle sanctions. It lays down and enforces Talmudic rules of speech and conduct that extend to a whole lexicon of approved and disapproved words, including pronouns: where the antecedent is of indeterminate sex, "he" has been replaced by "he or she" or "she." And this is to say nothing of ethnic terms, in which, for example, "Negro" has yielded to "black," which in turn is now yielding to "African-American." Bums, winos, and derelicts have become "the homeless." Sexual perversion has become a thing of the past: "gays" have become a quasi-ethnic group. Those who were once lecherous or promiscuous are now "sexually active." And so on. By word and gesture, it is now necessary to display the prescribed attitudes. To fail or refuse to do so is to have identified oneself as bigoted and reactionary.

Those who live in our nation's capital are privy to a special oracle of the prescribed attitudes: the Style section of the *Washington Post*. The Style section is one of the splendors of American journalism. It covers films, TV, books, the plastic and lively arts, manners, and personalities. Its writers are smart, witty, sophisticated, alert, aware: stylish. To read it daily is to keep abreast of who and what is In or Out. In a large sense, it discloses the contours of what C.S. Lewis calls "the Inner Ring"—the people who *really* count, as opposed to the nominal structure of power.

Above all, the Style section functions as a running catechism of fashionable liberal attitudes. Not that it is giddily trendy, or that it stands on the leftward verge of opinion. Several of its best writers, such as Jonathan Yardley, Henry Allen, and Henry Mitchell, tend to brake the sillier extremes of liberal posturing. But these are the exceptions. The section's most typical writers are those whose names are hard to remember and who set the overall tone precisely by

JOSEPH SOBRAN

being indistinguishable from one another. It is these nameless people who represent the attitudes of the upwardly mobile.

I suspect that we overestimate the influence of the pundits we refer to as "opinion makers." Men like George Will and Anthony Lewis are widely read and respected, and they do change some people's minds. But their views are too individualized to be very contagious. They are willing to reach impolite, and even cranky, conclusions, as opposed to one-size-fits-all attitudes. The real unacknowledged legislators of the world of opinion are more likely to be those whose very anonymity seems to suggest universality: the clichésmiths of public opinion, understood as what everyone thinks everyone else thinks.

In this world, and especially in Washington, those whose views are formed by the desire for internal coherence are badly outnumbered by those whose views are adopted out of the fear of social disgrace. (Washington, someone has quipped, is the only place where you see more bumper stickers the day after the election than the day before.) And when it comes to inflicting disgrace, liberal opinion holds the trump cards. Think of all the people who have suffered obloquy, and even the loss of their jobs, for expressing, sometimes inadvertently or off the cuff, attitudes that run counter to those mandated by the liberal etiquette: Reagan, Edwin Meese, Jesse Jackson, James Watt, Al Campanis, Jimmy the Greek Snyder, Jackie Mason.

These may seem mostly trivial cases, and in a way they are. But they are also indices of the fiercely intense attitude monitoring we have quietly grown used to. Until fairly recently, circulating information was a fairly laborious process. Before the telegraph, all facts had to travel by horse or boat. But in the electronic age, a casual remark, thought to be off the record, can have worldwide currency within hours. A prosperous career can be suddenly doomed by sundown.

Never before has etiquette carried such severe sanctions, and it is coincidence that the electronic revolution has dovetailed with liberal ascendancy. But the coincidence has given liberal opinion a leverage out of all proportion to its actual persuasiveness.

As I write, the Style section has just devoted several stories to the publication of H.L. Mencken's newly published diaries, which contain rude remarks about Jews and blacks. Nobody who knew Mencken's work should have been surprised by these passing cracks. Their equivalents are embedded in Mencken's previously published

writings; but these were overlooked, because Mencken has enjoyed liberal approval for his far more violent and voluminous attacks on Christianity, and especially on fundamentalists (though he did not neglect heaping ridicule on Catholicism, including its most sacred object, the Eucharist). This time, though, Mencken's mild animadversions against two component groups of liberal politics and symbolism were given a new salience, pulled from their context, and cited with the short-term obsessiveness so typical of the media age to inflict posthumous damage to his reputation. Diary entries were treated as if they had been public manifestoes. A dash of private snobbery was equated with a mania for persecution. At least a few writers (Yardley and Allen among them) were willing to make such distinctions.

The Mencken flap illustrates something else about the prescribed liberal attitudes. Verbal attacks on Christianity are not only excused but praised as "irreverent." Verbal attacks on the pet minorities of liberalism, however, are condemned as "insensitive." Mencken's omnidirectional iconoclasm had finally caught up with him. He had chipped two of the wrong icons.

"Any man of education," Samuel Johnson once remarked, "would rather be called a scoundrel than accused of deficiency in *the graces*." And the nightmare of any Washington yuppie is being singled out as dowdy—i.e., Helmslike—in the Style section.

I began to realize that the abortion debate had moved into an ominous new phase when it moved into the Style section last April. The pro-abortion forces had just held a huge march in Washington, thanks in part to diligent promotion by the media (including the *Post* itself). The march was led by such Hollywood stars as Glenn Close, Jane Fonda, and Cybill Shepherd. The next day the Style section's lead article was a long interview with women at the march about their own abortions. The tone, of course, was sympathetic and, as they say, nonjudgmental. Abortion, now known as "choice," had *arrived*.

More recently Style has done a long and (need I add) positive profile of a crusading abortionist, whose special cause is making abortion available to minors without their parents' knowledge, much less consent. Not once (need I add) was the word "abortionist" used. In the liberal universe, abortions abound, but abortionists exist only in "back alleys." In this universe, abortionists don't kill babies: physicians terminate pregnancies.

What is pre-eminently true of the Style section is true in varying

degrees of the media in general. The liberal etiquette is inseparable from a liberal aesthetic. Its refinement dictates that a decorous aesthetic distance be maintained in the discussion of abortion. In contrast to the general media tendency toward blunt, graphic, and ever more sensational coverage of sex, violence, and formerly private life, abortion coverage has moved steadily in the direction of euphemism and circumlocution.

The word “choice” itself is a good example. It was adopted by the pro-abortion forces for propaganda purposes. It has urbane and professional connotations; it is positive without meaning anything too specific; it has the advantage of not evoking images of mangled fetuses in the hearer’s mind. It is also arbitrarily abstract.

The media, by and large, have compliantly adopted this partisan slogan for purposes of reporting. Yet many of the same reporters who have done so object to the term “pro-life” as a propaganda phrase and refuse to use it. Above all, the major media, as far as I know, *never* show pictures of dead fetuses, though the number of them—the central reality of the abortion battle—must by now have exceeded 20 million since *Roe v. Wade*. There are limits to sensationalism after all.

Even the word “kill” is nearly taboo in discussing what abortion actually does. There is no factual dispute here at all. The whole point of an abortion is killing. Lethal instruments and chemicals are used for the purpose. If it is objected that the human fetus is still not “fully” human, the plain answer is that we speak freely and naturally of killing all sorts of subhuman things, including things that have no separate organic life: seeds, bacteria, cockroaches, even individual cells. But used in conjunction with “fetus,” the word “kill” becomes explosive. Liberal politesse forbids it.

In a “debate” obfuscated by bogus nuance and the evasion of the most basic differences, anyone who prefers plain speaking is at a disadvantage. If “choice” is chic, “life” becomes frumpishly moralistic. And the rhetorical strategy of the pro-abortion forces is to shift attention from the focal point, the unborn child, to the personal traits of the disputants. So *Time* lavishes on Faye Wattleton of Planned Parenthood (who is described as “stunning”) a breathless profile more appropriate to a fashion model. (Or is that what she really is, after all?) Anti-abortionists, on the other hand, are shown as fanatics, marked above all by their *bad taste*: they use shocking expressions like “baby-killing” (the verbal equivalent of firebombing)

and push obscene pictures in people's faces. It is all so vulgar, simplistic, proletarian. The cues for the upwardly mobile are hard to miss: you don't want to be associated with *those* people.

We may pause to note the observation of a friend of mine, Philip Collier, that if the media were really pro-*choice* rather than pro-*abortion*, they would presumably show both options fully. They would be willing to display both live babies and dead fetuses impartially, leaving it to readers and viewers to choose for themselves. There would be no need for systematic slanting to make abortion appear innocuous or to pretend that reservations about it are purely "theological."

One important pro-abortion theme is that anti-abortion people are constitutional boors who fail to grasp the subtle imperatives of "a pluralistic society." When Bishop Leo Maher of San Diego denied Communion to a pro-abortion Catholic political candidate, the *New York Times* took the occasion to lecture Catholics on how to be good Americans.

"Outsiders have no business challenging Bishop Leo Maher's religious authority to take such action," the long editorial began. "Yet there is profound reason to lament it." Why? Because "by imposing a test of religious loyalty now, Bishop Maher threatens the truce of tolerance by which Americans maintain civility and enlarge religious liberty"—things a Catholic bishop wouldn't understand, it seems. Note the implication that Bishop Maher "threatens" religious freedom by his very act of exercising it. This is liberalism at its most labyrinthine.

"A church's right to discipline its flock is part of American liberty," the editorial continued, and the wary reader suspected that this generous concession would be immediately followed by yet another "yet." Sure enough: "Yet Catholic officeholders like Governor Mario Cuomo of New York justifiably urge caution."

If other bishops followed Bishop Maher's baneful example, the editorial concluded, with the pompous anonymity so typical of the *Times*, "many non-Catholic Americans may once again be moved to withhold their trust from Catholic candidates who could no longer credibly promise to follow the Kennedy and Cuomo examples. Forced obedience to a religious political agenda could thus prove costly to all. . . .

"Above all, to force religious discipline on public officials risks destroying the fragile accommodations that Americans of all faiths and no faith have built with the bricks of the Constitution and the mortar of tolerance."

Catholics read the editorial with astonishment. Was this the same *Times*, some asked, that in 1962 had praised Archbishop Joseph Rummel of New Orleans for excommunicating a leading segregationist politician? That incessantly reminds its readers of the “silence” of Pius XII during the Holocaust (forgetting, incidentally, its own 1942 encomium to him for being the only voice in Europe raised against Nazi racial persecution)? That sees nothing amiss in the pro-Israel activism of thousands of American rabbis? That reveres Martin Luther King precisely for applying the Gospel to mundane politics?

It was certainly the oddest civics lesson of the season, threatening as it did to revive anti-Catholic sentiment if Catholics refused to behave properly. Its reiteration of “forced” and “imposing” implied that the Bishop was improperly coercing “public officials,” rather than setting rather minimal terms for membership in good standing within his Church. Its dark talk of forfeited “trust” implied that deviousness was to be attributed to a Church that took an unwavering public position, rather than to politicians who claim the designation “Catholic” while being pointedly equivocal about their commitment to Catholic morality.

The nationwide media took a similar line. The censured candidate enjoyed enormous sympathetic publicity and the bishop was portrayed as a tyrannical meddler in secular politics, with the result that the candidate won an upset victory over her anti-abortion opponent. The bishop’s action, the Baltimore *Sun* gloated, had “backfired”—a message widely echoed, and in fact implicit in most news stories about the episode.

But how had it backfired? This description assumes that Bishop Maher’s purpose was to influence the election rather than to maintain the integrity of the Church against self-advertised “Catholic” flouters of fundamental Catholic morality. What, one wondered, was Bishop Maher supposed to reserve his “religious authority” *for*?

His purpose, in fact, had been to punish the candidate not at the polls, but at the Communion rail itself. She may not have considered this much of a punishment at all, to judge by her demeanor. But at least she could no longer have it both ways: claiming to be a Catholic in good standing while ardently advocating legal abortion.

It was an odd feature of this affair that Bishop Maher was attacked for using the sacraments as a sanction almost exclusively by people who deny the efficacy of those sacraments. Not only is the Catholic Church expected to butt out of secular affairs; it is expected to observe,

in its internal discipline, secular standards of freedom. (Yet even the *Times* lays down conflict-of-interest rules for its own reporters.) Liberalism has advanced from the separation of church and state to the separation of church and religion. And there are churches that do seem to adopt this principle.

“In the view of the *Times*,” wrote Richard John Neuhaus in *National Review*, “the only good Catholic is a bad Catholic.” The paper’s “anti-Catholic campaign,” he went on, “is really a campaign against the role of religion in public life.”

It was certainly odd for the *Times* to threaten a revival of bigotry in the name of tolerance. But the *Times* sinned against tolerance in a deeper sense too. It had made no serious attempt to understand the nature and internal logic of the Catholic Church, but instead, in the fashion of nativism, treated the Church only as a menacing interloper. In effect, it was demanding that Catholics reach its conclusions from their premises: somehow it was all right to believe that abortion is murder, but not all right to speak and act as if this were so. Acting on this belief, even to the extent of denying sacraments to a public advocate of murder, is bad manners.

So the *Times* modestly undertook to civilize Catholic bishops a bit by lecturing them on the proper and improper methods of dealing with their own flock. The substance of its editorial mattered less than the gesture of the thing: talking *down* to Catholic prelates on what it means to be a good American. Don’t you see, darlings, excommunication is so . . . rude!

In his own way, then, Bishop Maher had transgressed against the liberal etiquette of indirection and obliquity, thereby reinforcing the stereotype of “pro-lifers” as people who lack civilized restraints. He gave the *Times* an opening to engage in a ludicrously precious essay in refinement—precious, vicious, and muddled.

But once the discussion had reached this plane of behavioral detail, the real subject was left far in the background. And it clearly suits liberals better to discuss the minutiae of proper episcopal conduct than whether it is evil to tear human fetuses to pieces. As long as the issue can be safely assimilated to the Style section, they win. When the subject returns to the basic and obvious, then, in this as in so many controversies, they lose.

The influence of liberalism is largely due to its success in guiding and policing attitudes. It controls politics at the all-important level

of manners. This may sound superficial, but we live much of our lives at a very superficial level, at which the implied threat of a small but stinging disgrace can be more efficacious than open threats of more serious penalties, which may arouse courage and defiance precisely because they are *recognized* as threats.

Liberalism decrees which groups may, and which may not, be stereotyped. Negative stereotypes usually do have some truth, but liberalism permits them only when they target disfavored social types, such as fundamentalists and “rednecks.” When applied to types protected and exempted from criticism by liberals, they constitute “bigotry.”

But the reason stereotypes have as much plausibility as they do is that social types are real. The reason they are real is not that people are genetically programmed to behave this way or that, but that they imitate each other. French people speak English with French accents because they are still in the habit of imitating the sounds they learned from their parents. Imitation can be so ingrained as not to be at all conscious or intentional. For the most part we do it without realizing it.

Liberals themselves can be typed for the same reason. Liberalism is not a biological category, but a community of attitude, “not propagated by reason,” in Samuel Johnson’s phrase, “but caught by contagion.” Attitudes formed this way, rather than by individual experience and reflection, tend to be compulsive and inflexible.

Liberalism’s rhetorical mode is idealistic, removed from earthy realities. It typically assumes a heroic posture of defending freedom from some allegedly immediate threat, turning debate into attitudinal melodrama. Liberals love to sign petitions and write letters to editors, all striking a familiar note of sober panic on behalf of freedom of speech, artistic freedom, sexual freedom, the right to “choose.”

A few advocates of legal abortion have asked earnestly why their fellow liberals can’t acknowledge that though abortion should be a legal right, it remains, in most circumstances, a moral evil. The answer is that most liberals never get beyond striking an attitude. Having established himself (or herself, as he or she would say) as on the side of the angels, the liberal is typically uninterested in the details. What is actually *done* with the right to choose—or with the freedom of speech or artistic freedom or sexual freedom—must not be allowed to color the purely abstract attitude in favor of the freedom itself. Any admitted ambivalence would vitiate the posture.

One of the functions of ritual attitudes is precisely to funnel our

attention into narrow channels and to put complications out of our minds. When we salute the flag, we are not supposed to be thinking of the darker side of our country's history. When we discuss minority groups as victims, we are not supposed to be meditating on the normal social frictions that make intergroup relations a two-way street. When we identify abortion with "choice," we are not supposed to be thinking of the waste of life and the possible suffering that may be involved in violent dismemberment. Such considerations are to be banished for the sake of social unity. In this way attitudes stylize our perceptions.

This is why style is not merely frivolous, at least not in its consequences. A writer's style may rule out certain possibilities, as Hemingway's plain style implicitly forbids him to indulge the elaborate introspection of Henry James. The style of a *genre* may rule out the presentation of gross realities, as Greek tragedy proscribes the direct depiction of death. A style of polite speech may rule out the very mention of painful or embarrassing facts.

A style may be assumed self-consciously, but just as often it is adopted by an intuition of the proprieties of the immediate situation. We avoid the word "death" at funerals as well as parties. And this is all to the good where the avoidance of giving pain is our chief motive. But in the public discussion of serious matters, it is something else again. Unfortunately, the purpose of the liberal etiquette is to counteract the very freedom of speech liberalism is professedly devoted to. Its tacit rules contradict its official rules.

In the Style section we learn these tacit rules by example and indirection, as we learn so many unwritten rules. In a way, an unwritten rule can be subverted by the very act of being written: it is a rule that prefers not to be known as a rule. And the reason liberalism's unwritten code remains unwritten is, as I say, that its suppression of disagreement and its attitude control are so sharply at odds with its advertised tolerance and its constantly proclaimed desire for untrammelled discussion. It holds sway by a kind of petty, almost subconscious fear—the kind of fear Peguy referred to when he said, "We will never know how many acts of cowardice have been motivated by the fear of appearing not sufficiently progressive."

Thoughts of Sun Tzu

Faith Abbott

WHEN my husband (a military buff) found me reading *The Art of War*, he teased me: “Do you have a book on sewing for *me*?” He has often mentioned Sun Tzu’s classic in connection with the importance of knowing the mind of the enemy. Having become aware of the new militancy and changing strategy of the pro-abortion groups, I thought it was time to learn something about the principles of war, which is what Sun Tzu wrote about some 2,300 years ago.

Sun Tzu said that “war is based on deception.” That is one “key principle.” Another is *surprise*.

Last summer, the editors of *Ms.* magazine were determined not to be taken by surprise. No matter how the Supreme Court would decide the *Webster* case, *Ms.* would be prepared: the battle cry was sounded on the cover of its July/August issue, which screamed **IT’S WAR!** in big, blood-red letters.

Surprise is what a lot of readers must have felt (*I did*) to discover that *Ms.* had gone to press before the July 3rd decision; many buyers must have been *deceived* by the cover.

But what happened was the “surprise” element backfired; *Ms.* was indeed taken by surprise—not by the Court’s decision, but by the magazine’s advertisers. Many of them, on account of the declaration-of-war cover, decided to pull their ads. You might say they made the tactical decision to withdraw, allies no longer; thus *Ms.* faced worse financial straits than it was already in and it was predicted that the November issue of the feminist flagship magazine would become a collector’s item. (More about that issue of *Ms.* later.)

Another glossy magazine, *New York Woman*, appears to be going strong. Its October issue ran an article by the well-known and oft-quoted feminist writer Barbara Ehrenreich. I wondered if *she* was familiar with Sun Tzu when I read in *The Art of War* that one of the most important tasks of command is “to effect timely and proper change of tactics according to the condition of the units and of the terrain, both on the enemy’s side and on our own.” *That* wisdom actually comes from Mao-Tse Tung, who in his writings often

Faith Abbott, our Managing Editor, read the late *Ms.* magazine for professional reasons only.

paraphrased Sun Tzu. Mao also wrote that “a hothead who does not know how to change his plan, or is unwilling to change it but acts blindly, will inevitably run his head against a brick wall.” Barbara has no intention of doing *that*. In this new post-*Webster* era, she evaluates past victories and defeats, explains her “slightly different perspective,” and details the future strategy.

Her article is titled “In the Name of All Women.” Obviously she *isn't* writing for all women, but rather using a psychological-warfare tactic (the “key element of deception”?) to seduce readers into thinking she’s speaking for them—that all women *ought* to agree with her. (Sun Tzu: “He whose ranks are united in purpose will be victorious” and “Know the enemy and know yourself; in a hundred battles you will never be in peril.”)

So Barbara acknowledges that the “anti-choice” forces have had, for more than a decade, the strategically useful advantage of being the “outsiders.” They protested what they saw as “an immoral and unjust status quo”—got themselves arrested, voted people in or out of office on the basis of the single issue of abortion, rallied every year in Washington on the anniversary of *Roe v. Wade*, etc. “They have shouted, sobbed, prayed and marched until their voices were hoarse and their feet were sore. . . . They have gone up against the law of the land and pushed with all their might, until the law bent. . . . Now it’s our turn.”

Barbara tells about her participation in the first abortion demonstration after *Webster*, in New York City. The demonstrators were “milling around Union Square trying to catch the apocalyptic voices coming from the speakers’ platform. A few yards away, about fifty young people of both genders had decided to sit down and take a rest in the middle of 14th Street. Somewhere, someone was burning a flag—not a very tactful action, but at least it was legal.” And then Barbara saw a face from the “relevant past”—a lawyer who had introduced her, some twenty years ago, to the concept of abortion as a political issue. The lawyer, a woman, said what “all women of a certain age” say: “I can’t believe we’re doing this *again*.”

Barbara was impressed with the zeal and the successes of the new troops. “Many of us,” she says, “did a lot in the late Sixties and early Seventies to pave the way for *Roe v. Wade*. But we never did exactly ‘this.’ We never . . . achieved anything on the scale of NOW’s April megamarch on Washington, D.C., for abortion rights. We never

dominated the evening news, night after night, with our arguments and actions. And we didn't, as far as I know, ever sit down in the middle of rush hour traffic to make the simple point that reproductive rights are also *human* rights."

Although Barbara and her feminist sisters did a lot seventeen years ago when *Roe* first came along, they were just "warming up" and they failed to build "a powerful, mass prochoice movement on the local level." When the Supreme Court decriminalized abortion they were thrilled but weren't entirely sure they were *deserving*: she compares it to winning the lottery with someone else's ticket. One friend had said to her: "*That* was just a little bit too easy." Then, she goes on, "the other side swung into action" and by the early Eighties it had accomplished what feminism had stopped well short of doing, which was "building a militant grass-roots movement around the single issue of abortion."

Some of the old ways have lost effectiveness: preserving "the right to choose" will take more than waving some coat hangers in the air. In order to build the "long overdue grass-roots movement for choice" they'll have to confront a world that's already shaped by the last two decades' "skirmishes" over abortion rights. First, they must acknowledge the fact that the "antichoice" forces have gained a moral edge over the years: "I'm sorry, but a coat hanger is just not as potent a symbol as a fetus (especially the rather elderly ones featured in antichoice poster art)."

Barbara credits the opposition with having done a better job of "reaching out" to the beneficiaries of legal abortion: she is disturbed by the vulnerability of these women who have had abortions. What with all the picket lines around clinics, many such women are left with an uneasy residue of guilt, and "in what must be the most painful irony of the entire business" the anti-abortion movement has gone on to *recruit* these "victims of abortion." (Meaning, of course, the women, not the never-born children.) She remembers that, on the day after *Webster*, the local newscasts featured a young woman who prefaced her remarks "with the chilling confession: 'I killed my children,'" and she doesn't like the "currently fashionable prochoice response" to this—that (paraphrasing some feminist leaders) "abortion is a very difficult, agonizing choice. . . . We just ask to be able to make the difficult, agonizing choice by ourselves." This strikes Barbara as "wimpy and defensive." Sure, she agrees ("let's be honest"), it *can* be an agonizing choice "especially if you're not

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entirely sure you want to have a baby at this particular point in your life” but it can also be a very *easy* choice, even for “deeply moral, caring people.”

Ehrenreich then gives a brief biology lesson. One reason why abortion should be an easy choice is that

although fetuses are alive (so are zygotes, so are eggs and sperm), and although they are potential persons, they are not actual persons. They are a part of our bodies. In the prochoice view—at least the view that motivated us in the early Seventies—we women are the only persons in question, and this is why the choice of whether or not to continue with a pregnancy belongs to us, and us alone.

(Previously, Barbara had written in the *New York Times* that “a woman may think of her fetus as a person or as just cells depending on whether the pregnancy is wanted or not. This does not reflect moral confusion, but choice in action.”)

Barbara hopes that her brief biology lesson, stressing the “fact” that “we women are the only persons in question,” will begin the guilt-dissolving process; and then “Once we regain our moral confidence, it should be easier to mobilize our natural constituency.” She explains what that natural consistency *is*: it’s the estimated 25 million women who have had safe, legal abortions since *Roe v. Wade*, the “beneficiaries of legal abortion.” Lest any reader should *think* about that and have another guilt-attack, Barbara quickly supplies an antidote—a different, *positive* sort of guilt: “The beneficiaries of legal abortion *should* feel guilty—if they haven’t paid their dues by contributing to the prochoice movement.”

Barbara Ehrenreich, who is nothing if not clever and manipulative, wants the reader to envision this 25-million-strong “constituency” marching along, victorious, on a new “high moral ground” before the reader can say: “Hey, wait a minute, what are you saying?” For each of these 25 million women, there had to be *at least* 25 million babies who never lived to be beneficiaries of anything. A rather huge “constituency,” that.

About the anti-abortionist’s demand, in many states, that women seeking abortions be subjected to a lecture on fetal development, Barbara argues that “We should counter with proposals requiring that all clinics offer information on women’s rights, the history of the prochoice struggle and how to get involved.” (The *why* is more important than the *who* of what the women is throwing away?) Barbara

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may have felt, though, that this was a bit too complicated for the ordinary woman to implement, so she hurried on to say that there is One Simple Thing “we can all do” and that is:

. . . reach out to friends and relatives who have had abortions and urge them to come out—if necessary, into the streets—and say publicly that they have done this. If more of us stand up . . . it will be harder for the other side to portray us as addled “victims” or confused teenagers. We are intelligent, responsible women, and there are more than enough of us to turn the tide.

(You’ll remember that Sun Tzu said “He whose ranks are united in purpose will be victorious.” But he also said: “Numbers alone confer no advantage.”)

Barbara leaves her readers with a vision and a challenge. She predicts that

The prochoice movement of the Nineties will not be a rerun of the Seventies. It will be far bigger, its numbers swelled by the millions of women who have grown up with the idea that abortion is one of the rights that defines the word *democracy*. It will be far bolder—or at least will have to be if we’re going to show that we care as much about women’s lives as the other side cares about the lives of the unborn. And this time when we win, let’s be sure that it’s a win that lasts.

Another first-wave feminist writer and spokesperson, Gloria Steinem, also has ideas about strategy. Her photograph was not on the cover of *Ms.* magazine’s IT’S WAR! issue, but her *words* were:

From slavery to voting rights, the Supreme Court sometimes gets on the wrong side of history. This could be one of those times. No matter what the justices decided, reproductive freedom is a fundamental human right. If Patrick Henry, Frederick Douglas, and Thomas Jefferson had ever been pregnant against their will, they would have been right there rebelling—and so will we.

The words are in white except for *Supreme Court*, *reproductive freedom*, and *pregnant*, which are in red, as is the “credit”: *Gloria Steinem on the battle ahead.*

Now this kind of thing may scare *Ms.*’s advertisers, but it doesn’t worry New York’s Governor Mario Cuomo. In a letter published in *Catholic New York* (October 12) Mario wishes to make perfectly clear that he has not changed his stand on abortion. Apparently, remarks he’d made last September in Tucson had received wide coverage in the press, thus creating an “erroneous” impression about his position, which was “most fully articulated in a speech I delivered five years ago at the University of Notre Dame.” He is well aware, from thousands of letters he’s received since he spoke at Notre Dame, that some Catholics do not find his position an acceptable one: it

is nonetheless his position now, as it was then. He did, however, in response to a question, express

my growing uncomfortableness with having to make decisions about abortion. I do think there is an element of the absurd or incongruous in men making laws about something they can never experience—pregnancy. I think every male should feel uncomfortable making such judgments.

So he's just *grown*, not changed.

Nevertheless he *will* make other decisions “that effect the lives of people whose situations I have no direct experience of—the mentally disabled, people dying of cancer, young people addicted to drugs.” He didn't mention capital punishment—he knows where the majority of New Yorkers stand on *that* issue. In his Notre Dame speech, he had said he was “personally opposed to abortion” but would not “impose” his beliefs on others. But Mario is also “personally opposed” to capital punishment and every year uses his veto power to impose *that* personal belief. Over the years, New Yorkers have been vocal about their governor's inconsistency, and readers of *Catholic New York* were quick to write letters-to-the-editor about Mario's “No Change” column: Mario hadn't fooled them one bit.

Whether or not Governor Cuomo has read Sun Tzu, he is certainly skilled in the Art of Deception; in November he involved himself in a skirmish wherein he *did* deem it appropriate to bring up the death penalty. When San Diego's Bishop Leo Maher made headlines because he barred from Communion a Catholic politician for her “pro-choice” position, the governor was “troubled,” and restated his belief that abortion is a question of conscience; he found the bishop's decision “curious” because his action could also be applied to those Catholics who disagree with “the Church's teaching on the death penalty.”

With all respect for this bishop of my Church, I wonder if now he will deny Communion to everybody in his diocese who is for the death penalty, because the Catholic Church teaches that the death penalty is the wrongful taking of life.

Auxiliary Bishop Austin B. Vaughan, vicar of Orange County, New York, responded: “There has never been a notion of putting the death penalty on the same level as killing babies. . . . It is not a matter of faith that the death penalty is wrong.”

Speaking of inconsistencies, here is an interesting comparison: you'll remember what Barbara Ehrenreich said about zygotes, etc., being alive but not persons—that “they are a part of our bodies.”

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Here is what Gloria Steinem wrote, in that IT'S WAR! issue of *Ms.* magazine:

. . . no matter *what* those nine justices do, we must remember that we as citizens hold the ultimate power to change the laws and even the Constitution they interpret, to disobey any law we consider unjust if we're willing to bear the consequences; and that, as women *we live and breathe in the bodies they are trying to control.* [Emphasis added.]

Couldn't the more than 25 million "fetuses" say the same thing, if they had a voice?

Gloria Steinem's strategy (like Barbara Ehrenreich's) includes the guilt factor, but Gloria's antidote is *anger*: "We can't be returned by the Court to guilt and isolation. We will be sick with anger at the length and unfairness of this battle, but anger is a step forward from self-blame and depression. . . . There is a lot of free-floating anger out there, and it should be channeled into political action."

Barbara had said that "abortion is one of the rights that defines the word *democracy*" (more deception?) and *New York Woman* thought that was important enough to place in a special quotation box. Where "democracy" is concerned, Gloria says the most crucial question is not *what* gets decided, but *who* decides. Her own abortion "took place in a time of isolation, illegality and fear." It was a decade later when "a new wave of feminism was encouraging women to share 'secrets'" that she began to think about her own experience as a microcosm "of what the millions of women had gone through." So, belatedly, she questioned why the female half of the human race was allowed so few of its decisions; also belatedly she realized that (here's the moral) seeking out an abortion was the first time she had stopped "passively accepting whatever happened and took responsibility for my own life . . . it was an ethical act." (The new Positive Offensive: we are morally responsible women making morally responsible choices.)

Who might be expected to spearhead this new offensive in the political arena? Faye Wattleton, of course. She was on the cover of the October *Ms.*, as REPRO WOMAN: *Faye Wattleton Talks Tough*. In the magazine, this caption runs alongside the stunning picture of Faye (Faye *always* looks stunning):

Calling for nothing less than a reproductive rights amendment to the Constitution, the woman who heads Planned Parenthood cedes nothing to those who would obstruct our right to free reproductive choice.

The article inside ("Faye Wattleton Maps Strategy With Marcia

Ann Gillespie”) is in question-and-answer form. Faye is asked if, after the *Webster* ruling, anti-abortion groups claiming both God and the Court on their side have actually gained strength, as they’d predicted? No, Faye doesn’t agree that the Supreme Court’s decision has given momentum to the other side, but yes—it has given the opposition the opportunity to play in a different arena; one that will be more difficult, but clearly “they are emboldened and excited about the possibilities.” Don’t worry, though: Faye sees “them” as a “fringe element” that has been given far more attention than they deserve.

Has Faye Wattleton read *The Art of War* too? The playing field, she says, has largely been set by the opposition and “our reaction to them has been on their turf.” Which was a reasonable posture, given that they had been the defenders of the status quo; now the status quo has been challenged, and “We will certainly fail on the course that we’re following unless we are willing to take it to a higher ground.” How to do that? Why, by calling for a Reproductive Rights Amendment. (Hence the “Repro Woman” designation on the cover.) The stakes are high, yes, but they’re *going* to be, “regardless of whether we’re playing on their field or ours.” The Supreme Court, Faye says, has given the “pro-choicers” an incredible opportunity “to bring people of all ethnicities together regardless of class lines.”

She doesn’t mention guilt, but she does invoke the wonderful power of anger: “There is sufficient resentment and anger that we have an unprecedented opportunity to mobilize by building a tremendously powerful, politically active grass-roots movement.” What Faye and Gloria and Barbara’s troops do now is going to be crucial: they must maximize this opportunity. Q: “What’s it going to take?” A: “Raw political power. Block by block, we have to actively educate friends and neighbors to the issues.”

Ms. had “an avalanche of mail” about the Supreme Court ruling, exulted editor Anne Summers in her Editor’s Essay in the October issue. What many of these letters had in common was a vow to activism: “Some of you say you feel guilty for assuming that, with the law on our side, it was okay to drop out of politics.” Others (especially readers in their early twenties) were “discovering activism” for the first time and “in doing so they are joining a time-honored tradition.” If *Ms.* had been able to continue in *its* tradition, would it have run an article about the Frozen Embryos case? Hardly. Sun Tzu said: “The wise general is circumspect; he prefers to succeed

by strategy.” *Ms.*’s strategy would be to avoid eloquent and convincing people like Dr. Jerome Lejeune. It was this distinguished doctor’s testimony about when life begins that turned the tide in the case of *Davis v. Davis*. From the official Court Decision, filed on September 21, 1989, by Circuit Judge W. Dale Young, in Tennessee:

The Court finds and concludes that by whatever name one chooses to call the seven frozen entities . . . those entities are human beings; they are not property The answer then, to the question: When does human life begin? from the record in this case, the Court finds and concludes that human life begins at the moment of conception; that Mr. and Mrs. Davis have accomplished their original intent to produce a human being to be known as their child.

Of course the *Davis* case won’t settle the when-life-begins question once and for all. It *was* of vital importance for the divorced parents of the frozen embryos, but in the updated strategy of the “pro-choicers” it is irrelevant, since freedom of Choice now includes the freedom to ignore scientific fact. It’s mind-over-matter: a “fetus” is a *person* or a *thing* depending on whether or not a pregnancy is *wanted*. It would seem reasonable to assume, though, that both sides were surprised by the *Davis* decision: pro-abortionists because they are used to winning court battles and anti-abortionists because such victories are rare. And the feminists may have decided it would be counter-productive to say *anything* about the case, since—after all—the ruling was in favor of Mrs. *Davis*’ *choice*.

Before Judge Young concluded that human life begins at conception, he had patiently listened to many hours of testimony by genetic experts, all of whom know a lot more about biology than does, say, Barbara Ehrenreich (remember her brief biology lesson). The star of the case, Dr. Jerome Lejeune, testified that when the 23 chromosomes carried by a sperm encounter the 23 chromosomes carried by the ovum, all information necessary and sufficient to spell out all the characteristics of a new human being is then gathered into one place: upon fertilization of the ovum by the sperm, “a unique personal constitution is spelled out for the specific human being then created, which personal constitution has never occurred before and will never occur again.”

Two others, Dr. Charles Alex Shivers and Professor John A. Robertson, had cited undifferentiated cells as one basis for their opinions that human embryos are *not* human beings. The judge said that both “hedged” on the point: “Dr. Shivers says ‘as far as he

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knows' there is no way to distinguish the cells, that they are undifferentiated; and Professor Robertson says 'it is not clear that a unique individual' then exists." But, said the judge:

The testimony of Dr. Lejeune stands un rebutted in the record; the Court accepts his testimony that DNA manipulation of molecules of human chromosomes reliably proves cell differentiation. The Court is persuaded that this relatively new technique opens a tiny window to the world to see and be aware of the most intimate and intricate details of man from his very beginning.

Mrs. Davis' husband had strenuously objected to donating the embryos *even for their survival*. It is apparently undisputed that allowing embryos to remain frozen is equivalent to killing them; the maximum life of cryopreserved human embryos is about two years. Professor Robertson's offered solution for disposition of the embryos was that they should be allowed to die a "passive death." Mrs. Davis responded that if the embryos can suffer "passive death, then they must constitute life."

And the judge even used the word *children*:

Mrs. Davis wants to bring these children to term; the human embryos were not caused to come into being by Mr. and Mrs. Davis for any other purpose than the production of their family. Therefore the Court finds and concludes that it is to the manifest best interest of the children, in vitro, that they be made available for implantation to assure their opportunity for live birth; implantation is their sole and only hope for survival. The Court respectfully finds and concludes that it further serves the best interest of these children for Mrs. Davis to be permitted the opportunity to bring these children to term through implantation.

There was another article in the Gloria Steinem/IT's WAR *Ms.*, which is interesting to read especially if you've leafed through *The Art of War*. Under one subtitle, "In Defense of Women," we read that there are at least two critical responses to the assertion that states should be permitted to prefer fetal life over against the woman. The first has to do with the argument that valuing life from conception as actual human life is a "matter of faith" and the second has to do with "the autonomy and equality of women." The article states unequivocally that the question of the value of fetal life in a particular pregnancy must be left to the woman, that she may think of the fetus as a person and still find it necessary and morally responsible to have an abortion, etc. "For the state to superimpose its judgment on this question burdens the pregnant woman with a duty to save fetal life at such enormous personal risk and cost that we ask it of no other person—even a parent of a child." (What does *that*

mean?) Then comes this surprising statement, which one would think very un-tactical:

When pregnancy is finally viewed as a voluntary gift of life to another and not a woman's duty, the abortion debate will not turn on the question of when life begins.

Pregnancy—a gift of life? What self-respecting woman would refuse to give a gift like that? And the authors did not say “if,” they said “when” pregnancy is viewed as a voluntary gift of life: so they must believe it *is*.

Who would refuse a gift that is, quoting Dr. Lejeune again, “the most specialized cell under the sun”—no other cell will ever again have the same instructions. All of life's messages are written in the very first cell, and at the three-cell stage a “tiny human being” exists. It is now an experimentally-demonstrated fact that, at this stage, every individual is uniquely different from any other individual; the probability of the genetic information found in one cell being identical to another person is less than one in one billion.

Think of all the unique individuals who once belonged to the 25 million “liberated” women who refused them.

I don't know how *I* got on *Modern Maturity's* mailing list, but in the June/July issue there was an instructional article about DNA, and I read this:

Scientists also recognize the central role of genes in an embryo's development from a single-celled fertilized egg to the miraculous complexity of a newborn baby. . . . If the genetic code for making a human being were typed on paper, it would fill a thousand thick volumes, the equivalent of a small library.

Some gift!

But of course the authors who mentioned pregnancy as a voluntary gift of life meant (somehow) to stress the *voluntary*: then they use the word “duty” in a negative sense (women don't have a *duty* to give this gift of life) and then, perceiving that this is not altogether likely to erase guilt, either, they rush on to another pitch for the Moral High-ground theme: “When women who refuse childbearing are understood to be responsible, there will be no incentive to place viability or other restrictions on our decision-making.”

Note that they said “women who refuse childbearing” rather than “women who choose abortion,” which is what they *mean* (deception stratagem again?): women who, for whatever reason, choose not to get pregnant don't figure in this; they are barren of any gift to

give. On the other hand, when women are accorded “a right to be sexual . . . the sanctification of fetal innocence and the urge to punish with unwanted pregnancy or illegal abortion will abate.” (But I thought we *had* that “right” to be sexual? The authors must mean “rights” without responsibility.)

About the subtitle of that article’s next section, “Voices Not Heard,” Sun Tzu might have said: “Avoid language that sends the wrong message.” But of course this refers to the “right” voices that weren’t heard in the preliminary discussion about *Webster*, not to the silent unborn. Lest there be any confusion, though, after “silent” come “angry” voices:

As we contemplate the outcome of *Webster* . . . it is the angry voices of women that will set the stage for the next phase in the courts and in the legislatures.

Sun Tzu: “Determine [the enemy’s] dispositions and so ascertain the field of battle.” The authors suspected there might be an “erosion” of *Roe v. Wade* and

. . . any erosion is an invitation to anti-choice forces. . . . We must be prepared to counter with an uncompromising, decisive, powerful mobilization that will determine the future of reproductive rights.

And in the months since *Webster*, they have been doing just that.

“There can’t be any guilt anymore . . . there can’t be any consequences.” No, this did not come from the pages of *Ms.* or *Mother Jones* or *New York Woman*. These words came from New York’s Cardinal John O’Connor. In his homily at a “Red Mass” (for members of the legal profession last October) he told the lawyers and judges that abortion will continue even if people become convinced that human life begins at conception as long as the right to privacy, and not the right to life, is the absolute.

If Barbara Ehrenreich surprised her troops with her no-more-coat hangers statement, so Cardinal O’Connor may have surprised *his* troops when he said that “. . . it is no longer a question of showing pictures of the unborn aborted, of showing gruesome, horrifying pictures of torn limbs and heads and hands and hearts fully developed. . . . We must be very honest. . . . The right to privacy has come to mean that the woman, the mother of the baby, has a prior right to life. That’s really what it means, that no one can debate that point. That has become the absolute. Life is not absolute any more.”

These are strong words. The Cardinal was not being kind and gentle.

FAITH ABBOTT

“How do you answer the Catholic Church, which insists it’s fighting for the holiness and sanctity of the embryo?” Katherine Hepburn was asked this question in “a rare interview” just before her 80th birthday last fall. Kate replied; “I’m sick and tired of all this sentimentality about the ‘little person’ on his way to becoming a real baby . . . I think that people who are alive and feeling hunger, misery, terror—those are the people to be protected, *before the holy sperm and the egg*. Men are so goddamned concerned about holiness. I think *life* is holy.” [Emphasis hers.]

No one ever accused Kate of not being outspoken. Some lives are more important than others, period, and it’s *choice* that’s holy.

So one can see the Cardinal’s point? His watch is telling the right time. In every battle, timing is vital. Which reminds me how silly it is to chant “You can’t turn back the clock”—meaning that all “progress” is, by definition, irreversible—which is exactly what the “Choicers” keep saying about legalized abortion on demand. We *cannot*, they say, go back to the “bad old days” (when we *weren’t* killing more than a million and a half would-be future citizens every year). But of course we *can* turn our clocks back, and we do, if they’re telling the wrong time.

There is another famous movie star who would *like* to turn the clock back. Patricia Neal, who aborted the baby she conceived with Gary Cooper, writes in her autobiography that “If I had only one thing to do over in my life, I would have that baby.” Pat knew the *who* of the *what* of the gift she refused to give. And it was a long time before Gary Cooper’s daughter Maria forgave Pat for having destroyed her half-brother.

If we could turn the clock back to the year 1941, we would see the publication of C. S. Lewis’ classic *The Screwtape Letters*. If Screwtape, the Senior Devil, were still writing to his nephew Wormwood today, he might write something like this:

My Dear Wormwood: It is essential that your patient be distracted from reflecting on the Who of the What she carries inside. A Who is of course a Person but a What is a Thing. Even if she has some knowledge of biology and suspects that the What is a Who, you must manage to deflect her thoughts: she must *not* “personalize” the What. Our job has of course been made far

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more difficult because of that Dr. Jerome Lejeune's testimony in the "frozen embryos" case: it is to be hoped that his scientific findings will never become generally known.

The Sisters (have you noticed?) are quite clever these days. In their Reproductive Morality strategy, it is permissible to accept the fact that the fetus is human life, so long as it is a *What* rather than a *Who*. The last thing they would want your patient to know is that she is carrying (to quote Dr. Lejeune) "a unique, personalized individual" that may even *sound* like her, *look* like her, have the same mannerisms and even the same talents. Women tend to be sentimental about these things: they must be made to believe that their own "autonomy" has the greater value.

I trust *you* do know what Dr. Lejeune said, about the life codes for each individual that are "resident at conception and animate the new person very soon after fertilization occurs?" Dangerous stuff, that. Unfortunately, his testimony stands unrebutted in the Court Record, and is not likely to *be* rebutted. As I say, women tend to become emotional when they feel "personal" about something—when they are "personally involved."

You will have a real problem if your patient happens to read what Dr. Lejeune said about the genetic information and the molecular structure of the egg, which he calls "the spirit and the matter," at the very beginning of life . . . the (and I quote) "soul and the body must be that tightly intricately because it is a beginning of the new marvel that we call a human."

Is your patient perhaps a bit "old-fashioned"? If so, she has probably been conditioned to view *life* as the absolute: you must work to erase any such notion, and convince her that the Absolute these days is not the right to life but her right to privacy, which of course means her right of choice. She must understand that nothing, absolutely *nothing* in heaven or on earth, should be allowed to interfere with a woman's sacred right to *choose*.

Intolerance, Anyone?

Brian Robertson

“IM GOING TO ASK that all the pages, all the ladies and maybe all the staff leave the chamber so that Senators can see exactly what they’re voting on,” said Sen. Jesse Helms last September. He then distributed copies of photographs that had been included in an exhibition funded by federal taxpayers.

The exhibition opened in July at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington; the pictures were samples of “homo-erotic” photography by the late Robert Mapplethorpe, an AIDS casualty. The National Endowment for the Arts had seen fit to fund the show. So in effect, it had funded the latest controversy in the Great Cultural War over the limits—if any—on “freedom of expression.” Perhaps it was money well spent. While the Senate did not pass Sen. Helms’ proposal to prohibit funds for anything “obscene or indecent,” it did accept “a milder rule defining obscenity” (as the *New York Times* described it).

The Endowment was created by Congress in 1965 as a rather modest attempt to support American artists. Typically, its yearly budget has ballooned—to over \$170 million—and it grants subsidies aplenty, acting through “peer review boards” which recommend recipients. NEA money had often sponsored such questionable shows before, albeit in less prominent galleries. This time, however, the public sat up and took notice, as sometimes happens when bloated bureaucracies get a little too cavalier in their use of tax dollars.

The NEA had tried to steer clear of political criticism, and the Congress had usually been more than happy to leave matters of artistic taste to those claiming aesthetic sensibilities. But the Mapplethorpe show produced a fire-storm of criticism that Congress could not ignore. The storm was intensified by the revelation of another taxpayer-funded masterpiece entitled “Piss Christ” (by one Andres Serrano) consisting of a plastic Crucifix submerged in a vial of the artist’s urine.

Predictably, many people were outraged. Congressmen encountered widespread disgust at this use of public money, and they rushed to pass legislation to reassure constituents that a closer watch would be kept on NEA funds in the future. Senator Helms spoke for many

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in saying: "If someone wants to write ugly nasty things on the men's room wall, the taxpayers do not provide the crayons." Considering the nature of the "art" involved, it was a surprisingly moderate response.

At this point, the taste setters of the Media and Artistic Establishments chimed in with warnings of impending McCarthyism, and threats to First Amendment Rights. "It looked like another Parade of Yahoos: Led by Senator Jesse Helms," inveighed the *New York Times*. "The Senate's most persistent Yahoo" echoed *Times* columnist Tom Wicker. "What they have done is shocking; it makes me fearful for the country," said Anne Murphy, the executive director of the American Arts Alliance. Clearly, Helms had challenged one of the most sacred tenets of the reigning orthodoxy: that the individual's "right to expression" is an absolute, and as such takes precedence over any collective right of the community to preserve moral standards by proscribing certain forms of "speech."

It is not coincidental that the brewing controversy over culture and free speech reached a boiling point over a work of art that made many taxpayers livid. Offending *bourgeois* taste and conventions has been the stock in trade of the art community for quite a while now. Success in the elite circles of modern art is often defined by the extent to which you tread on middle class sensibilities. To cultivate the self-image of a long-suffering, persecuted, and misunderstood class of geniuses, artists today produce works designed to be either provocative in the extreme, or unintelligible, usually with the explicit intention of "challenging peoples' perspectives." While it is true that much good art in previous times was considered scandalous, it usually had something to communicate over and above mere effrontery. Scandal is now sufficient in itself. Yet when these "artists" elicit the reaction they have sought to provoke, they whine about persecution.

The idea that in order to ensure freedom there must be no limits on expression (a very loosely-defined word in the Individualist lexicon, meaning anything from child-porn to flag burning) is self-contradictory. Any freedom worth exercising must include the right of a free people to set standards, of behavior *and* of expression. The purpose of law is to distinguish what society deems intolerable from what it deems tolerable. The only form of expression the Individualists wish to suppress is that which calls for limits.

Far from demonstrating self-confidence, this distaste for limitation

is really the ultimate in self-doubting impotence. The notion that we can't arrive at a satisfactory definition of obscenity; that we can't define the boundary between political speech and mere acts of defiance and contempt; that we can hold no one accountable for the content of books, movies, radio, or television without raising the spectre of "censorship"; that "community standards" must always be intolerably oppressive, regardless of what those standards may be—it all suggests a society suffering from moral paralysis.

It is now commonplace to say that the absence of limits on expression is the mark of a *healthy* society. Of course, the mark of *civilized* society has always been the maintenance of standards by the setting of limits. Limits express the democratic notion that free people can collectively choose ideals, and in doing so reject certain others that fall outside the limits of civilized behavior. They reflect the very sane idea that in order to move toward any social goal whatsoever, some options must be eliminated. But for the Individualist, progress is defined by doing away with norms, not moving toward them. And a norm he is much concerned with abolishing at the present time is the traditional (and still prevalent) distaste for abortion.

Still, this hostility to norms is entirely consistent with *one* strain of America's political heritage: we have a habit of focusing on the liberty of the individual as *the* measure of morality in any policy dispute. But in the controversy over abortion there can be no compromise that balances the rights of two conflicting parties in the classic American political tradition: a woman's right to choose an abortion necessarily precludes the right to life of the unborn child, and *vice versa*. Any coherent conception of these conflicting "rights" must, in effect, endorse one and abolish the other. We must eliminate some options.

At the root of this conflict of "rights" is an equally-irresolvable conflict of terminology. Both pro- and anti-abortion activists have appropriated the rhetoric of individual rights ("right to choose" and "right to life" respectively) to make their case. But it has become increasingly plain that they are talking about different conceptions arising from different beliefs. There are now two distinct cultures in America. And they cannot engage in fruitful debate because they don't comprehend the other's symbols, values, and principles. The debate over abortion is actually two separate debates carried on internally by two cultures with different points of reference, separate goals for their society, and opposing philosophies of life. This is only obscured because *both* cultures have laid claim to the same

vocabulary of rights, freedoms, and liberties, without admitting that the words mean entirely different things to each side.

What I have termed the Individualist view holds that rights are necessary to protect the individual from society's tendency to impose norms of behavior on those who don't share the values of the majority. The Individualist sees non-conformism as the essential ingredient to the health of democracy, and rights are his guarantee that he may hold any views, pursue any pleasures, or promote any cause he chooses, so long as he leaves his fellow citizens free to do likewise (unless, of course, *their* cause includes curtailing *his* activities). For him, civilization has value only to the extent that it removes obstacles to his personal pursuit of "happiness." When it interferes by restricting his options, or giving preference to someone else's, it is "society" that must be reformed.

But in practice, this philosophy of rights does not mean that government stops encouraging some values at the expense of others, as the Individualist would have us believe. Rather, it leads to compelling some citizens to support practices they find repugnant and immoral. If rights have no objective criteria beyond individual preference, then in order for government to ensure that all "rights" are observed, it must prevent a very large number of people—often the majority—from acting on their beliefs, if those beliefs would proscribe any practices that might be claimed as rights. In this view, the federal government (especially the courts) should act as the guarantor of the individual's right to pursue his own ideal of happiness, actively intervening to protect his way of life from the intervention by others.

It should come as no surprise that wherever this ideology has been implemented, the results are disastrous for individual freedom. In attempting to eliminate state or local laws that are seen as repressive, Individualists have chosen to limit self-government by ceding local prerogatives to the federal bureaucracy. But in setting up big government as the court of appeal for the individual, they undermine the only institution which stands between the individual and tyranny—the family.

The evolution of family law and the accompanying social trends are perhaps the most dramatic illustration of what happens when the buffer between the state and the individual is removed. The 1972 Supreme Court's decision in *Eisenstadt v. Baird* (which set the stage for the nullification of all state abortion laws by discovering

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a “right to privacy” in the Constitution) explicitly enunciated the Individualist creed with regard to privacy:

. . . if the right to privacy means anything, it is the right of the *individual*, married or single, to be free from unwarranted governmental intrusion into matters so fundamentally affecting a person as the decision whether to bear or beget a child.

So the Court struck down the Massachusetts law on the logic that the community has no right to legislate on matters so “private” as sexual relations. But in placing the emphasis on the individual’s right to privacy, the Court implicitly rejected the fundamental principle of all family law: that society has a legitimate interest in encouraging the unity of the family by punishing practices which are destructive of its cohesiveness.

We are now experiencing some results of this ideology: divorce, abortion, illegitimacy, and AIDS. In the face of this terrifying testament to the Individualist creed, instead of reinforcing, e.g., “family values,” most current initiatives propose more of the same. We are offered more Sex-Ed, more condoms, and more child-care. Cowed by Court decisions that have held much pro-family legislation unconstitutional, we now see city and state legislation used to promote “alternative” lifestyles as it once was used to protect the family. In Madison, Wisconsin, last summer, the city government fined two women \$1,500 and forced them to attend “re-education classes” provided by a “Gay Rights” organization because they declined to accept an avowed lesbian as a roommate. New York City and San Francisco have passed ordinances that require homosexuals to be given tax-breaks and employment benefits given to married couples. It proved a short step from *Eisenstadt* to the notion that the law should in no way distinguish between marriage and cohabitation, or even homosexual relations.

Roe v. Wade expanded on the *Eisenstadt* principle of “reproductive rights” to cover not only decisions regarding the conception of children, but also their fate *after* conception. The whole concept of “abortion rights” is the ultimate product of denying society its due interest in defending and encouraging values conducive to the health of families.

Outside the context of family and community, rights become relative. Indeed, for the Individualist, some people are due more rights than others. The controversy surrounding the “Operation Rescue” protesters who have been arrested *en masse* at abortion clinics is especially interesting when seen in this light. Since the Democratic Convention in Atlanta in July, 1988, there have been quite a few well-documented

cases of alleged police brutality in the arrest of demonstrators. In Los Angeles, Atlanta, Pittsburgh and (most notably) in West Hartford, Connecticut, police have evidently gone beyond the use of so-called "pain compliance" techniques to handle the rescuers, sometimes brutally assaulting protesters and bystanders alike (in West Hartford, the bystanders included several members of the press, only present to cover the story). And yet in the extensive story the New York *Times* devoted to the arrests, not one mention was made of misconduct on the part of the police (or, for that matter, even the *allegations* of misconduct).

Such silence seems strange when looked at from the perspective of the *Times'* First Amendment Absolutism, which reflexively supports all those whose right of free expression (in this case, protesters *and* press) is being violated. For the Individualist, however, the protesters represent the enemy. While the rescuers assert that unborn children are *individuals* deserving of the most fundamental right the law can provide, they emphatically do *not* maintain that we must defend them because of their unorthodox lifestyles or their unpopular views (the only defense of rights the Individualist can understand). They defend unborn individuals simply because they believe that human life is a *good*, and that their right to protest at abortion clinics is not based on the sacredness of all expression, but because what they express is the *truth*. They think that any ethical society should hold that belief in common.

But for the Individualist, rights serve only to defend personal predilections, without reference to their moral content. My right to engage in my personal vices is a good because they are *my* vices, and the more "tolerant" society is of *all* vice the more likely mine will be indulged. That is what he means when he engages in political protest, as is evident when you consider the prominent part the "Gay community" plays in pro-abortion demonstrations. They also make alliances of convenience with other special-interest groups, but with no *common* interest other than making society more generally tolerant of vice. They can't fathom why some people find a commonality of interest with *fetuses*. The fact that the rescuers and the fetuses are both human beings is evidently too abstract for the Individualist to translate into a reason for solidarity. After all, fetuses don't *claim* to be victims, which is the mark of the true victim.

It's also difficult for the Individualist to admit that the abortion protesters aren't engaged in these "rescues" for some personal benefit.

He feels from his own experience that there must be some responsibility they seek to avoid or some vice they wish tolerated. The best explanation he can come up with seems to be the accusation that the rescuers are “just doing this because of their religion” as if acting on religious principles somehow makes personal sacrifice suspect.

For the Individualist, it *is* very suspicious indeed. Obedience to the tenets of a belief based on an authority other than your own inclinations *must* be rooted in ignorance. Why else would you do something that’s not clearly for your *own* good and in your *own* interest unless you are blindly following irrational beliefs? Taking a personal stand against abortion leaves you with *fewer* options in the event that you might find one convenient (for yourself or a girlfriend). You have staked out a position in principle that might be difficult in practice. You have *intentionally* put a limitation on your freedom.

And there is the rub. Freedom for the Individualist means the freedom to maneuver, freedom to enjoy his pursuit of happiness while avoiding, if possible, all accompanying hardships. He finds it ridiculous that someone might use freedom as a means of self-limitation, which is, for him, clearly a contradiction in terms.

But lasting freedom requires self-limitation, for the sake of family, friends, neighbors, and society as well. In order to pursue *any* positive vision of the common good, you must advocate certain universal rules of conduct, entering into a tacit agreement with your fellow citizens that they may apply those rules to you, even when they prove inconvenient. Without that liberty to limit yourself and others, freedom becomes a meaningless search for exceptions to rules, which ends in personal weakness and social chaos.

If we are to avoid this outcome in any political resolution of the abortion issue, Americans will have to renew their traditional commitment to a freedom that is self-limiting. They will have to resist the temptation to leave all avenues open in the event that they might have to flee some uncomfortable situation. It comes down to a matter of confidence in our capacity for self-governance. Tolerance of all opinions is a meager ideal of freedom indeed. It paralyzes society, because it allows no *other* ideals to be seriously pursued. Any healthy society has a recognizable identity: some institutions and beliefs it holds dear and works to preserve, others it holds in scorn and works to abolish. The mania for an all-tolerant “Pluralism” must destroy any common identity.

The Lie of 'Pro-Choice'

James Bowman

THE POLITICS OF ABORTION is shot through with emotionally-charged key words which those on both sides may use without any very careful analysis of what they mean. One of these is "choice," as in "pro-choice," which is a shorthand term for those who believe in preserving the freedom to abort. It has itself been chosen for its political resonance: like "freedom," "equality," "democracy" and a few other such words, it has the power to stir up associations with the totems of our nation's past, things that we have cherished, things that we have (or might have) died for. Nothing wrong with that. The Democratic and Republican parties were named in the same way as the Pro-Choice and, for that matter, the Pro-Life parties.

Only "pro-choice" is a lie.

Does anyone want to deny "a woman's right to choose"? Of course not! But the label begs the question. That's a term in logic which points out that an argument is invalid if it assumes its conclusions in its premises. It is a form of circular argument. Thus, if I say that Black Bart robbed the stagecoach because Black Bart is a frightful villain and I know that Black Bart is a frightful villain because he robbed the stage, I am arguing in a circle, assuming my conclusion in my premises—I am begging the question.

But that's what the "pro-choicers" do all the time. No one wants to interfere with a woman's right to choose *anything*, so long as it doesn't interfere with anybody else's rights. That's what freedom is about. You are free to speak your mind but you are not free to slander another; you are free to use your property for what you see fit, but you are not free to create a public nuisance; you are free to go where you like, but you are not free to kidnap or otherwise coerce someone else to go there. In the same way a woman has the right to do whatever she likes with her own body *so long as it does not affect anyone else's rights*.

And this is where the rhetoric of "pro-choice" begs the question: it *assumes* that no one else's rights are involved when that is precisely the point at issue. Anti-abortionists base their case on the argument that a woman's right to choose must be modified by consideration

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of someone else's rights: the baby's. Yet the "pro-choice" side totally ignores that consideration by assuming that the only matter in question is "a woman's rights over her own body" or "a woman's right to control her reproductive life." Nothing whatever is said about the rights of the baby.

When it *is*, the other side pretends that it hasn't heard, as if someone has uttered an obscenity in church. If they listen at all, however, they have to say: "But there is no baby." And at that point they have been brought back to the real subject of debate, which is much more difficult for them. Trying to answer the question of when there ceases to be a "fetus" and begins to be a baby is like puzzling over Zeno's paradoxes: it can drive intelligent people crazy. They would much rather stick with the comfort of bogus and dishonest talk of "a woman's right to choose" as if it were an absolute, independent of what is chosen or who else is affected by the choice.

A good example of how the "pro-choice" side took the offensive in the recent elections was to be found in the campaign of Douglas Wilder for governor of Virginia. In addition to the usual slogans about "a woman's right to choose," the Democrat Wilder very cleverly broadened the scope of that argument by co-opting the libertarian position more usually associated with Republicans: "Doug Wilder doesn't think that the government should interfere in people's private lives." What, never? If a husband is beating his wife, if a father is abusing his children, should the "government" (in the form of the law) refuse to intervene in *their* private lives? Of course not. And if you accept that there is occasionally a need for government to intervene in people's private lives, shouldn't one of those occasions be when a mother-to-be is killing her baby?

Here we come to the most highly charged and dangerous word in the pro-life vocabulary. In fact, it may be said that the real origin of last year's "pro-choice" offensive is not the *Webster* decision but the 1988 presidential debates in which the Democratic tactic was to invite Mr. Bush to characterize abortion as murder—and thus any woman who had had an abortion as a murderess. They knew that this would be politically suicidal, and it is difficult to condemn George Bush for ducking that invitation. But his retreat emboldened the enemy to go further, and to attack pro-life politicians by charging them with being moral totalitarians, jack-booted storm troopers who are gratuitously interfering with a woman's most intimate and private decisions because of their own prejudices.

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The same tactic has been in evidence lately as a response to Mr. Bush's assertion that the Republican Party is broad enough to include people who hold opposite views on abortion. You cannot really believe that abortion is murder, scoffed one pro-abortion congressman, if in the next breath you brag that your party can include a faction of such killers. There is a good point here, but it is not so good as it may seem: it depends on the fact that the pro-life politician is frightened out of his wits by the language of "killing" or even "murder" as a description of what goes on in abortion.

Is there then no hope? The pro-life politician is forced either to use emotive language, which is widely regarded as politically suicidal, or he must concede the rhetorical field to the enemy, and his canting talk of "a woman's right to choose" and government interference in our "personal lives." This, in fact, seemed to be what happened in the November elections. Candidates felt themselves forced either to stonewall and lose, like Marshall Coleman in Virginia, or else to modify their position so as to accommodate the other side—and lose anyway, like Jim Courter in New Jersey.

But it is possible to take a more aggressive tack when the other side invites a pro-life politician to place the stigma of murder upon women who abort. It is to reply: "No, not murder but manslaughter. Maybe even, in some cases, justifiable homicide." The baby *does* threaten the mother, albeit innocently. It is, without willing to be, an extortionist, a blackmailer, someone who demands, with menaces, nine months of discomfort, inconvenience, pain and expense and, if it is kept, anything up to 25 years of monetary support, to say nothing of a lifetime's demands upon one's love and attention. Moreover, depending on the circumstances of its conception, it may also be the occasion of hostility and danger to the mother, from her parents, her husband, her boyfriend, her other children, or her friends. Who could be so heartless as to call a murderess the woman who kills, in such circumstances, even the innocent cause of her distress?

"But," the argument might go, "that does not mean that it is right for her to kill her baby any more than it is right for a victim of blackmail or extortion to kill the blackmailer or extortionist. If the law protects even such criminals against the understandable urge of their victims to protect themselves by violence, how much more should it protect the innocent child who had no criminal intent? Let us above all be clear that abortion *is* killing, not an exercise

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in feminine hygiene, and that it must always be the object of the law to do all in its power to protect the innocent even from the most well-intentioned attempt to kill them.”

And if Mr. Bush is again to condemn those in the Republican party who take a different view of the law—as the instrument of the powerful to oppress the weak for their own convenience—then let it be clear that the difference is fundamental, even as we point out that a political party is not a vehicle for evangelizing, and has not the power of excommunication. If “pro-choice” Republicans want to go on calling themselves Republicans, there can be no objection. But other Republicans should not cease from trying to convince them that the protection of the weak, the disenfranchized, and those who are despised as sub-human, is an aim more compatible with the party of Lincoln.

Abortion and the Children of Choice

Maggie Gallagher

WHEN I was in high school and much of college, I believed in all the cliches of my generation. I believed in reproductive freedom. I believed that abortion "cured" the problem of unwanted children, and that every child has a right to be loved and wanted. I believed that no one had a right to tell me what to do with my body. I believed that sex was an expression of affection between two people who respected each other. I believed that abortion was a positive good: in time it would make all children one of the Chosen People.

Over time, as I began looking at the choices open to me, I learned that for adults, choice is an overrated virtue; applied to children, it is a disaster. What propagandists for choice ignore is the power of Eros. It is those erotic ties, not our flimsy choices, that tie families together. Ties that are powerful enough to last never feel like a choice at all. We fall in love with our children soon or not at all, in which case our careful planning will be very cold comfort indeed in the long years to come.

If parents choose children expecting pleasure, and they get a great deal of frustration and anxiety (as all parents do), they are likely to feel cheated. This isn't what they signed on for. They chose to have children because they thought it would improve their quality of life. To a generation drunk on choice, parenting can come as a surprise and a trap. For once our children are born, we are stuck with them whether we like it or not.

Children of choice are a new phenomenon, but not, as many people say, because of recent advances in contraceptive technology. Long before the Pill, married couples had exercised control over their fertility. Urban middle-class families in America have been limiting births for more than a hundred years. But only in this generation have we created the dangerous fantasy that planned parents are better parents and that "accidental" children are less valuable, less happy, less *wanted* than children who have been made to order.

Choice is the opiate of the liberal. It blinds his eyes and hardens his heart. It makes him dull and stupid and complacent. Where choice

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is, the sexual liberal believes, justice flourishes and happiness will reign. Children of choice will of course be the happiest children of all. You can see the beginning of this hallucination in adoption literature of the fifties which downgrades mere "biological" ties in order to reassure adoptive parents. It picks up steam in the political controversies over contraceptives in the sixties. But it did not become the ruling ideology until 1973, when the Supreme Court of the United States made abortion on demand the law of the land.

Roe v. Wade did the unthinkable. It re-established as a Constitutional principle an idea we thought died on the blood-drenched battlefields of the Civil War: that there can be human beings who are not persons.

The humanity of the unborn is not and cannot be an issue. Peering into the womb, scientific technology has settled a question our ancestors could only ponder: human life begins at the moment of conception. The fetus is alive and (being a human fetus) is human; it is a human being.

But what we have come to believe in the long years since seven Supreme Court justices took it upon themselves to inflict an abortion crisis on this country, is something else; something dark, dangerous, arrogant, and ominous: we have come to doubt that being a human being is enough.

The debate over abortion has come to turn over the *personhood* of the fetus, just as feminism, as Betty Friedan wrote in 1981, is about "the personhood of women." A person is someone who cannot be sold into slavery. To kill a person is murder. What *Roe v. Wade* did is destroy the idea that all human beings are people. Since *Roe*, being a human being no longer gives you any human rights. Since *Roe*, you must meet some other vague and undefined criteria—the ability to reason, the ability to make choices, the ability to live on your own, the ability to make adults go ooooooh and aaaah while they tickle their toes. Some ability, it's not clear what, earns for you the right to life.

There is no rational distinction between a fetus and a baby. At some barely-suppressed level of consciousness many women know this. "Most women when they have an abortion don't really know what they are doing—they're either so young, so ignorant, or so frightened," one social worker at Abortion Hotline, a crisis counseling and referral center in Portland, Oregon, told me. "Down the line, five, six, or seven years when they have children, some kind of trauma

almost always comes up . . . and down the line, most women do think of the aborted fetus as a living being, as a baby.”

To sexual liberals even babies are beginning to seem less than fully people. “Children,” as one academic writes, “it seems, are not on a par with adults after all; they are not to be accorded exactly the rights adults enjoy because they lack ‘experience,’ ‘rationality,’ ‘the capacity for choice,’ or some other ‘adult’ faculty or attribute. It would appear then, that we think children are persons—but not quite persons.”¹ Our current confusion stems from the fact we think morality flows from choice, so that it seems absurd to say that children are people—moral agents—and yet incapable of making decisions for themselves. A lot of people, in their guts, feel one achieves personhood at about the same age at which one can intelligently discuss Ayn Rand’s epistemology (an age which continues to elude many of us).

This is a misplaced faith in a misidentified quality. The trouble with making the ability to choose, or the ability to reason, the criterion for personhood is that every one of us is sporadically subject to temporary incapacity in this regard. A man who is asleep, for example, or dead drunk, or in a temporary coma, is still a person, though he may not be able to walk, or talk, or make it to the bathroom unassisted. A dog makes many choices and an incapacitated human being cannot. Does that make Lassie more of a person than John Tower on a binge?

The key to the humanity of babies (besides how much fun they are) is continuity of identity. The baby my mother held in her arms, was me. It was me that grew in her womb. Infancy, like a drug-induced stupor, is a temporary condition from which people normally recover.

I am the human being I was and I am the human being I will be, though in ordinary speech we might say the *person* that I am can easily change. This is why the new idea of “personhood” is so dangerous. Our “personhood,” defined as the sum total of the choices we make, shifts and dies and is reborn constantly. Our self-consciousness alters beyond recognition, we abandon the companions, the ideals, the tastes of our youth, remodel our selves and our futures, and constantly rewrite our own histories. But nonetheless through all this shifting and changing and transformation, we each remain the same human being that we were, from conception through birth, teething, childhood, puberty, adolescence, adulthood, and senescence until death do we part from our humanity.²

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If it is reason that makes us human, then most of us, judging from our behavior, could be considered fair game. The sacredness of human beings, if it does not come from God, must come from our human possibilities not from our actual accomplishments. Most of the great achievements of reason, or of reason combined with great moral courage, remain out of the average person's reach. This is what we and the fetus have in common: For most of us, most of the time, being a potential person is about the best we can do.

Many people today have a very difficult time accepting the idea that a developing child is just as valuable as a fully grown adult. Generally, these people do not care to reason or dispute about the matter. They just point to an unborn child and say, "You don't mean to suggest that eensy weensy little amphibian is as important as *I*, an actual tenured professor of biopsychology at a very well-regarded institution of higher learning with a very large endowment, am? Surely, madam, you jest."

Clifford Grobstein, professor emeritus of Biology and Public Policy, expresses a very common sentiment in his book *Science and the Unborn*. "Can a single cell be a human being, a person, an entity endowed with unalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness? . . . it seems ludicrous to suggest that concepts appropriate to that realm should be extended to an individual cell at the bare limit of visibility."³ So, to many people, it does.

But that emotion should make us suspicious. If we find it so hard to take a tiny little unborn embryo who has never done anything gauche in its life seriously as a human being, how can we expect to handle the idea that there is something self-evidently sacred about PeeWee Herman, or Al Sharpton, or that great slob of a next door neighbor of yours whose dirty T-shirts don't quite cover his enormous beer belly?

Self-consciousness does not always seem so awe inspiring if you look at the uses people put it to. Put aside even the cases of great and awful evil, the Adolf Hitlers and Joseph Stalins, and look at your ordinary run of the mill made-for-TV-Movie news story. Oh, we can be a pathetic enough species when we put our minds to it. If Jimmy Swaggart is a person, what's so exalted about being one?

Once we trust ourselves to start deciding who is sufficiently personable to live and who is sufficiently alien to be killed, it is rather hard to find any principled stopping place. Through the barbarism of

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abortion, we've begun separating the humans from the persons. And once you accept the idea that simply being a human being isn't enough, you have (by definition) made it no longer self-evident that all men are created equal and endowed with inalienable rights.

This is the problem with "sensible" liberals like Charles Krauthammer, who argues in the pages of the *New Republic* that only those persuaded by faith could believe that personhood begins at conception ("life obviously does, but then again even a sperm is living").⁴ Krauthammer is appalled by the brave new world unfolding before us, in which women will be paid to turn their wombs into fetus farms, out of which doctors will harvest the heart, the liver, the pancreas, the brain cells of the unborn. But Krauthammer denounces those "hard-liners" at the Vatican who insist that all human life deserves protection. Like the sensible liberal that he is, he suggests we draw a bright line at fourteen days, after which experimentation on the unborn will be considered disrespectful of human life. Before that time, embryos may be created, implanted, discarded, and experimented on as much as prospective parents' and doctors' little hearts desire.

A fourteen day limit, says Krauthammer, preserves the human dignity of the fetus. But what kind of dignity can a human being have if it may be disposed of at will? Conversely if the unborn is not a person, but only an undignified mass of cells, why shouldn't we use its death to save real, actual humans? And why shouldn't we grow more blobs of cells to save more real people? The fourteen day line allows us to do what we want—explore artificial birth technologies—and prevents us from doing what Krauthammer says we do not want—turning unborn children into spare parts. The only trouble is that Krauthammer cannot explain why we do not want it.

Krauthammer's fears in this regard are hardly exaggerated. Fetal transplants offer promising cures for a number of diseases from diabetes to Parkinson's disease. Several companies already do a brisk business in fetal parts. And already at least one woman has offered to become pregnant and then abort the unborn baby and use the tissues to help cure her father's illness.

Scientists pant to experiment on children in the earliest stages of development, both in and outside of the womb. One scientific philosopher goes so far as to say it is "disrespectful" to human life not to make use of the bodies of very young unborn humans for such scientific purposes: "If the pre-embryo cannot realize its highest potential as

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a person—the preferred option—pre-embryos have other very substantial values. They may provide essential cells and tissues to others. Or they may be the subject of research studies yielding important benefits to all of humanity. In contrast to such possibilities, casual or even ceremonial discard of pre-embryos amounts to disrespect, in that it fails to appreciate them . . .”⁵

The value of unborn human beings in this sense is use-value. We “appreciate” them for what we can get out of them, in the same way an African cannibal might “appreciate” the human tissue he consumes. In the brave new world unfolding, we shall eat our young and gain thereby eternal youth for ourselves and our loved ones.

Krauthammer finds fetus farms instinctively repulsive, but he does not (and apparently cannot) explain why. I admire his instincts more than the pseudosophistication which leads him to call the Vatican’s principled position “biological Luddism” and yet replace it with little else but a quick “Yecch!” and a lengthy consultation of public opinion. (“If drawing lines against fetal abuse is the object, drawing them at a place where they will not be accepted is not prudent.”)

On July 3, 1989, the Supreme Court took the first step in the long process of overturning *Roe v. Wade*. The debate unleashed by *Missouri v. Webster* already has engulfed the country. As the battle shifts to state legislatures, the debate over abortion threatens to preoccupy and divide the country like no other issue since the great civil rights struggles of the 1950s and 1960s. It is a debate over what it means to be a person.

Abortion devalues some human beings in defense of a frail and limited concept of personhood: the right to choose, and right to be one of the Chosen People. Abortion is both the necessary tool and the cultural embodiment of those who believe that families are formed by choice, that choice nurtures and sustains them.

Academics and activists who make choice the source of family obligation are struggling with the problem: how can woman be morally and legally held responsible for the great burden of caring for a child? This is the current answer: because she *chose* to have children.

A woman sufficiently alienated from her body might be made to believe it. As her belly swells with life and her breasts swell with milk, she might just be deluded into believing that it is her disembodied mind which connects her to her child. Then, like me, she will be in for a surprise. I was twenty-two and unmarried when my son was born, just a few months after I had graduated from Yale University.

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I remember sitting in the hospital bed, holding my tiny naked son. It came as such a shock to me, more powerful and yet akin to the shock of falling in love, this sense of absolute and unbreakable connection. At that moment, he was the most important thing in my life, and though I have endured, as other mothers do, the usual quota of baby messes, emotional aggravation, missed deadlines, and deferred gratifications, I have never doubted it since.

Why hadn't anyone told me it was like this? They were too busy telling me (and I believed them) about my right to self-determination, bodily and otherwise. I have always been intensely ambitious. Before Patrick was born, I believed I did not want to have children. Once he came into my life, I found to my profound surprise that I wasn't going to let any ambitions of mine get in the way of caring for his needs.

I have since talked to many women of my generation to whom motherhood came in the same way: as an intense gratification, and an unutterable shock. I made the choice, as every woman must today in a society in which abortion is easily available and widely promoted, to give birth. But I never succumbed to the delusion that my measly little act of choice had anything at all to do with what I felt for my son.

The horror of abortion is not just that a woman destroys a child, but that a woman destroys *her own* child. We have a duty not to kill any human being, but we owe our children much more: care, protection, the effort of daily love. Abortion is the refusal to acknowledge the unconditional claim children have on our lives. In an aborted society, parental love is hedged in with conditions. I will care for you only if: it seems like it would be gratifying; if it doesn't interrupt my education; if it doesn't interrupt my marriage; if I have the time, and it doesn't interfere with my career; if you love me enough to make it worth my while.

Every woman who has a child she loves knows the lie of abortion. Through the long months of pregnancy, the being that grows in the womb is not a blob of cells. The grief a woman who miscarries feels is not for a potential human being, it is for her baby. The careful euphemisms used in abortion clinics are evidence of the bad faith of the abortion culture. Women are never told (and orthodox feminists fiercely oppose laws requiring doctors to inform us) that the blob of cells may have tiny fingers, toes, a beating heart, and brain waves. Clinic personnel do not even refer to this developing human being

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as a "fetus"; nor is the word "abortion" used. It might be too painful for women to face what we are doing. So we are reassured. The nurse tells us "the procedure" will eliminate "the blob of cells" from the uterus. Then the "product of conception" (my personal favorite euphemism) will be disposed of. A day off, a few aspirin, and, presto, good as new.⁶

The abortion culture devalues born children as well as unborn children by turning them into objects of choice. But it is not just children that are affected. I was a teenager in the mid-seventies when I first heard the argument that abortion could lead to infanticide and the killing off of the elderly. I dismissed it as absurd. Daniel Callahan did the same at more scholarly length in his influential 1970 book, *Abortion: Law, Choice and Morality*. But we were both wrong. It took less than fifteen years, but now retarded babies with birth defects may be legally starved to death. Old people, if they are unconscious or have other cognitive defects, may already be ordered killed by their relatives with the approval of a judge.⁷

Dr. Grobstein acknowledges the link between the disposing of unborn children and killing off elderly, retarded, or comatose people. "[Embryos] are not yet persons but they clearly are on the way to becoming such; they are semi- or quasi-persons . . . This transition of the embryo roughly and reciprocally parallels the course of elderly people who are suffering from senile dementia . . . The two situations are not, of course, identical. But each represents a transitional state to, or from, typical personhood. Elderly people with severe cognitive defects might not be admitted to personhood if their status were to be reconsidered on strictly definitional grounds. But by general consensus and for complicated reasons, their status is continued as an entitlement."⁸ Lucky for them. Once that consensus is disrupted, say by close relatives overburdened with medical bills or distant ones hungry for an inheritance, so is their entitlement.

The link between abortion, infanticide, and the legal murder of the elderly and the handicapped is the new concept of personhood which is rapidly superseding our old faith in human rights. The thin line that now separates murder from medical practice is that we do not actively kill off these unwanted patients. Instead, a judge orders that it is in the patient's "best interest" that food and water be withheld. The victims die a terrible, slow death from dehydration and we claim that we merely eliminated "heroic" means to sustain life. But giving food and water to those unable to feed themselves is not a heroic

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measure. The thin line, which is a lie, will not hold. Soon "quality of death" will replace "quality of life" as a slogan, and rather than watch our chosen victims suffer, we will kill them off directly. It is doctors who will do this and it will be called a medical procedure, though, like abortion, it has nothing to do with healing.

"Abortion is a service of sorts, and it is now performed by doctors, but it is no more a *medical* service than is a haircut," as John Wauck put it in the *Human Life Review*. In the Middle Ages, barbers gave haircuts and performed surgery because the same scarce tools were needed for each. In the new dark ages, doctors will heal the sick and kill the unwanted and because scalpels and shots are used for each procedure, we will be fooled, for a while, into believing that killing and healing are just different branches of the same thing: medicine.

The continuity of human life in the face of radical transformations of "consciousness" is what makes many women who are feminists and pro-choicers uneasy and ambivalent about abortion. Two pro-choice feminists, Linda Bird Francke (*The Ambivalence of Abortion*) and Kathleen McDonnell (*Not an Easy Choice*) wrote books about this uneasiness. In the April 11, 1989, issue of the *Village Voice*, Lynn Chancer argues for Abortion Without Apology. No, counters a friend of hers, "Destroying a fetus simply cannot be equated with going to the dentist and having a tooth removed; it has to be 'weird,' . . . for one is always conscious of the potentiality the fetus represents."

Potentiality is a potent word. It hints at, without fully capturing, the continuity that exists from womb to grave. The "person" who will be comes from the human being that now is in its mother's womb. A wordless baby, a babbling child, a vigorous mother, a dying old woman, and a tiny thirty-two-cell embryo are all stages of the life of the same thing: a single human being.

Tormented by widespread ambivalence about abortion, the inner compromise Americans have settled on is that women may have abortions so long as we feel *bad* about them afterwards. The psychic pain of women is the anesthetic which dulls our social conscience. Women are told we may extract the frightening pound of flesh as long as it hurts us. If having an abortion is a painful and troubling decision for a woman, then she is good, not callous. The gods are satisfied; values have not been abandoned. Women admit they are vulnerable and the social order remains intact. It is sadism as a substitute for morality.

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The abortion ethic is the denial of tragedy. The interests of mothers and children never diverge, it tells us. Unwanted children are better off dead anyway, so we might as well kill them off before they can claim due process rights. This denial of tragedy, a staple of the cheerful, death-denying American character, also pops up among many pro-lifers. I have sat across the dinner table and heard two anti-abortion men (both now active in Republican politics) describe the act of giving birth to a child and giving it up for adoption as a mere "inconvenience" to a woman.

Tragedy is real because other human beings are real, and therefore it is possible for human interests really to clash. The tragedy of that clash is real and unavoidable and also at the same time testimony to the value of what is at stake. Denying the tragedy of abortion is averting one's eyes to the suffering and the limitations of being alive and human, out of fear that if we saw the pain, *really* saw it, we would no longer believe that life was worth living. At the heart of abortion is a lack of courage.

Abortion is the death of tragedy and the birth of nihilism. The abortion ethic places avoiding pain at the center of existence—the pain of childbirth, the pain of illegitimacy, the pain of being connected to a child you may not be able to support, the pain of being an unwanted child and an unwanted mother and worse, the pain of being unloving. The abortion ethic makes us believe it is an act of healing for doctors to kill and an act of love for a mother to refuse her children life. It says explicitly of children and implicitly of mothers: some human lives are not worth living. Abortion is nihilism with the abyss.

Or is it a cheerful nihilism proclaiming an absolute right to pleasure? Getting pregnant interferes with a woman's sex life and so abortion must be legal. The right to orgasm, in this view, supersedes our children's right to live. Pleasure is good. Sex is magnificent. But can we remain persons ourselves while maintaining that sex is more important than the life of a human being?

The force which drives our bodies together in lust and the force which binds us to our children are one and the same. Maternal love is an intensely sexual experience, more sexually-satisfying than any feeling produced by the manipulation of body parts. Far from freeing women's sexuality, abortion is an antisexual act. "To say that in order to be equal with men it must be possible for a pregnant woman to become unpregnant at will is to say that being a woman precludes her from being a fully functioning person . . . Of all the things which

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are done to women to fit them into a society dominated by men, abortion is the most violent invasion of their physical and psychic integrity," writes New Zealand feminist Daphne DeJong, "It is a deeper and more destructive assault than rape, the culminating act of womb-envy and woman-hatred. . ."⁹

Many women who have had abortions know this only too well. Sexual relationships almost never survive an abortion, and a woman in love with her child's father who receives any encouragement from him seldom has an abortion. In turn, many women who have abortions report suddenly feeling sexually cold. Their bodies are not sources of pleasure or abundance, but of sexual rejection. Their lovers reject the fruits of their bodies, or they themselves do. It makes little difference, the result is the same. The femaleness of their body, their sexuality, has proven a tremendous liability. In their womb is death and the vagina is a pathway to it. How much better to be a man and permanently barren and therefore impregnable.

The myth of abortion is that choice sets parents and children free. Today, women alone choose to have children and increasingly, women alone bear the responsibility for raising them. Choice is an escape hatch for men and a lie for women: a lie because giving life is a leap into the future for which nothing in the past can prepare one; no one ever knows in advance what raising children will be like.

But the obsession with carefully-planned parenthood does serve one important social function; it keeps us from noticing some perfectly obvious causes of the current epidemic of battered children and broken lives.

NOTES

1. Lyla H. O'Driscoll, "Toward a New Theory of the Family," *The American Family and the State*, edited by Joseph R. Peden and Fred R. Glahe, (San Francisco: Pacific Research Institute for Public Policy, 1986), p. 81.

2. Continuity of human identity is also the reason why using brain waves as the criteria for personhood falls short. We accept the cessation of brain waves as evidence of death in adult human beings only because we conclude (after repeated observation) that once the brain stops waving it never starts up again. If brains generally shut down and started up again, then the stopping of the brain would no longer signal death. Today, brain waves in the fetus are being discovered at earlier and earlier stages in the womb, from at least 8 weeks, as our technology for sensing them becomes more sophisticated. But that is beside the point; even with brain waves neither a fetus, nor a baby, nor your average 3-year old, is capable of much rational thought. You can probably communicate more effectively with your German shepherd than you can with a 2-month old baby, and the dog will certainly be more responsive than your average 2-year old. The absence of brain waves in an unborn child (unlike a grown person) is not irreversible.

3. Clifford Grobstein, *Science and the Unborn: Choosing Human Futures* (New York: Basic Books, 1988), pp. 5-6.

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4. Charles Krauthammer, "The Ethics of Human Manufacture," *The New Republic*, May 4, 1987, p. 17ff.
5. Grobstein, *op. cit.*, p. 138.
6. The euphemisms of abortionists are matched only by those of scientists experimenting on the unborn. "Fetus ex utero" (rather than premature infant) is the term of choice when an abortion produces a live baby rather than a dead one. Another creative research team labelled the not-yet-dead children surgically removed from their mother's womb "intact feto-placental units." Perhaps they are also from Regulac and consume mass quantities.
7. For a roundup of some recent cases, see David N. O'Steen, "Climbing Up the Slippery Slope," *Window on the Future: The Pro-Life Year in Review*, edited by Dave Andrusko (Washington, DC: National Right to Life Committee, 1987), pp. 73-87.
8. Grobstein, *op. cit.*, p. 141.
9. Daphne de Jong, "Legal Abortion Exploits Women," *Abortion: Opposing Viewpoints*, edited by Bonnie Szumski (St. Paul, Minnesota: Greenhaven Press, 1986), p. 164.

Rape and Abortion: Don't Forget Robin

Mary Meehan

WHEN Kay Zibolsky was an innocent 16-year-old, she was raped by a knife-wielding stranger. He attacked her when she was walking home on a cold Milwaukee night in January, 1957. Before he left, the man warned her: "Don't move. And keep yer mouth shut. Tell anybody—er call the cops—and yer dead."

The terrified teenager obeyed, not even telling her mother about the rape, even when it resulted in pregnancy. Her mother, abandoned by her husband many years earlier and struggling to raise her daughter alone, stood by Kay. But the girl's friends shunned her, and she soon dropped out of high school.

"Abortion wasn't legal at the time," Kay wrote later, "and I thank God it wasn't." Kay and her mother loved the little girl, Robin Lynn, who was born nine months after the rape. Working opposite shifts at a factory, they did their best to care for the baby. But when Kay's mother was hospitalized with a nervous breakdown, the teenager could not cope alone. She placed her baby in foster care, and later released her for adoption by a childless couple.

Kay later married and had two more children. Eventually she had a religious conversion and felt called to speak out against both abortion and "sexual abuse, in whatever form it takes." She started the Life After Assault League, and spent much time in counseling other rape survivors. She was even able to forgive the man who had assaulted her many years before and to pray for his repentance. She also spoke publicly about her own story, feeling that she "must tell it wherever it could help."

Possibly her most important audience was Robin, with whom she had a reunion some 25 years after the adoption. Robin was a preschool teacher. Her response to her birth mother's story was simple and understandable: "Boy, am I glad you didn't have an abortion!"¹

Abortion advocates in Congress should have talked with Robin last fall before they debated Medicaid funding of abortion in cases of rape and incest. They did not, by and large, cover themselves with glory in that debate. A low point was reached in the House

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on October 11, when Rep. George Miller (D, Cal.) suggested that members who voted against abortion funding would themselves be committing a kind of rape. "Let us not," Miller declared, "turn the disgusting, violent, solitary act of rape into a gang rape by the Congress of the United States."² If someone establishes a Demagogue of the Year award, Mr. Miller should be a front-runner for the honor.

Rep. Steny Hoyer (D, Md.) could give him a run for the money, given Hoyer's use of Willie Horton in a later debate. Democrats had assailed George Bush's 1988 campaign managers for using Horton against Gov. Michael Dukakis. Horton, a convicted murderer who happens to be black, had been furloughed from a Massachusetts prison and had raped a Maryland woman who happens to be white. Democrats charged that the Bush people were pandering to racism in order to gain votes.

Interracial rape is, indeed, an explosive topic. It is also a major reason why many whites support abortion in cases of rape. Rep. Hoyer must have known this when he said:

. . . it was in Maryland that Willie Horton raped that innocent woman. God was gracious. And Willie Horton did not impregnate that woman he raped in Maryland.

But if he had, colleagues, if he had, which one of us would have stood before her and said, "Carry Willie Horton's baby to term"?³

While both the House and Senate voted for abortion funding in the rape and incest cases, President Bush held firm and vetoed the bill. While the outcome was still in doubt, Sen. Alan Cranston (D, Cal.) said: "I strongly urge the President not to yield to this bullying from fanatics on the right." He called the President's threatened veto "cruel and inhumane."⁴ This was interesting in view of Cranston's 1972 dissent from a presidential commission's endorsement of abortion on request. Although concerned about the argument that affluent women could obtain legal abortions while poor women could not, Cranston said he hesitated "to endorse governmental sanction of the destruction of what many people consider to be human life." He added:

Ours has become an incredibly violent time. . . . Has life ever been held more cheaply? Has there ever been greater indifference to the taking of life? Are we really aware of just how hardened we have become?⁵

The 1989 debates were not the finest hour for abortion opponents, either, although there were moments of eloquence by Rep. Henry Hyde (R, Ill.) and a few others. Too many of their anti-abortion

colleagues, however, were thrown off guard by the ferocity of the opposition's attack. Some changed their position on the rape-incest question. Others stayed with their old position, but took no part in floor debates.

Abortion opponents should remember that they are not alone in facing hard cases. Those of us who oppose the death penalty, after all, have to hold firm despite Charles Manson and Theodore Bundy. We opponents of euthanasia and suicide must stand firm in the face of agonizing cancer deaths; we insist that even great pain cannot justify the taking of human life. As one ethicist said recently, suffering must sometimes be accepted "because the moral price of failing to accept it . . . is too high."⁶

The rape-incest issue cannot be evaded by saying, as some House members did, that "prompt treatment" after rape prevents pregnancy. "Prompt treatment" usually involves an abortifacient, and it may be one harmful to the woman's health.⁷ Besides, many rape survivors do not seek prompt treatment because of fear, embarrassment, lack of money, or—in the case of youngsters subjected to incestuous rape—sheer innocence.

Since the congressional debate was over whether *government* should finance abortions resulting from rape and incest, it was appropriate to stress that such funding would violate the consciences of many citizens. But it was not especially helpful to suggest, as a few House members did, that abortions not financed by public money can be covered by private funds. This is true, but no one who opposes abortion can take comfort from that fact.

Rather, we should rejoice that the tight-fistedness of pro-abortion groups may save some lives. Such groups are far more eager to use taxpayers' money to fund abortions than to use their own. They remind me of Amos Force, a miserly character in *The Last Hurrah* who once belonged to the Ku Klux Klan. His old enemy, Frank Skeffington, said he didn't know why Amos quit the Klan, but "I always suspected it was because he found out he was expected to buy his own sheet."⁸

The 1989 debate was really about far more than rape and incest. Ten years earlier, when the federal government *did* fund Medicaid abortions for poor women, in one year it financed only 72 that resulted from rape or incest.⁹ Since the 1960s, however, abortion supporters have used the rape-incest combination as a battering ram to knock

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down the door to abortion on demand or, in the Medicaid program, abortion *funding* on demand. Rep. Robert Walker (R, Pa) was correct when he called this “the real agenda” in 1989.¹⁰

Still, the issue of rape and incest must be faced squarely. Public funds should be denied for abortion in these cases because abortion is a great evil, and one that cannot be remedied. There is no second chance for an unborn child who has been dismembered. It is important to remember that a child of rape has not wronged its mother or anyone else. As Rep. Barbara Vucanovich (R, Nev.) urged: “Scorn the act, but not the child.”¹¹

It *is* unjust that a woman must carry to term a child conceived through rape. Yet it is a greater injustice to kill the child. Rape is a terrible act for many reasons, including brutality, humiliation, and the risk of venereal disease and unwanted pregnancy for the woman. It is also terrible because it risks placing the woman in great temptation to kill.

Abortion supporters, unfortunately, often speak as though killing is the only reasonable response in rape cases. Denyse Handler, a Canadian anti-abortion activist, once made an interesting point about this attitude. Since she had repelled three assaults in 10 years, she had plenty of time to think about the issue, and this is what she said:

“Abortion in the case of rape” has always had a particular interest for me because, like “castrate rapists,” it belongs to that class of attitudes to rape which make it difficult to get anything done about the problem. People feel righteous about reacting to rape in an obnoxious way. They think it shows they care, and that they are not guilty. . . .¹²

The House members who demanded abortion funding did not even suggest that the woman consider carrying the child to term. Some simply ignored the unborn child; others sought to depersonalize the child or associate it with the rapist only (“the seed of the rapist” or “Willie Horton’s baby”).¹³

The same attitude on the part of family and friends undoubtedly affects rape survivors who become pregnant. Left to themselves, however, women may have a very different outlook. Kay Zibolsky, for example, said that well into her post-rape pregnancy, “I started looking forward to the baby coming; I really did.” She believes that the “baby itself is a healing to the victim.” If she had not conceived, she remarked, she would have *only* the rape to remember.¹⁴

Another woman, about 20, became pregnant after being raped

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in a parking lot in 1981. Her parents urged her to have an abortion. She refused, but her course was not an easy one. "That horrible experience gave me nightmares for months," she wrote later, "but I kept saying to myself, 'It is your baby, too.'" Her reward was great: "My little girl is the joy of my life."¹⁵

Lee Ezell was only 18 when she was raped by an acquaintance in 1963. Soon she realized she was pregnant. Her parents were alcoholics, and her father had told her she was an unwanted child as far as he was concerned. (He had wanted a boy.) Ezell later said: "So I felt that I was a loser in life, and here I was an unwanted child with an unwanted child. It seemed very unfair to me." Her mother was no help, either; she "asked me to leave and take care of this thing and come back as if nothing had happened." Fortunately, an elderly couple took Lee in. She gave birth to a little girl and released her for adoption.

About 20 years later, the girl was a married woman, Julie Makimaa, with a child of her own. Julie sought and found her birth mother, who was married and had two more children. Lee initially was startled by the contact, but soon developed a warm relationship with her first child. Julie, for her part, was able to accept the fact that she was a child of rape. Recently she commented: "I think half the population was probably not exactly planned; they just sort of showed up . . . I think what you do with it once you're here is the issue, not how you got here."¹⁶

Maura Murphy is another adoptee who learned that she was a child of rape. She received that information at age 19, after writing her birth mother's adoption agency with specific questions. She was quite shocked and upset at first, but recently said that she "just got used to the idea. Now it doesn't really bother me at all." Maura, now a third-year law student at Harvard, has a close relationship with her adoptive parents. But she would like to meet her birth mother and wants her to know "that I had a really happy life and I'm healthy and happy now, and that she did the right thing."¹⁷

Patrick DeZeeuw was 18 when he learned that he had been conceived through rape. (The rapist had been released from prison shortly before assaulting Patrick's mother.) The young man was shocked by his origin, and he "burned with bitterness" toward the rapist. After a religious conversion, however, Patrick found that he could forgive the man.¹⁸

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Most members of Congress would find it difficult to say to such people: "You should have been aborted." As Rep. Jim Lightfoot (R, Iowa) reminded his colleagues, "Absolutely no one in this chamber, no one in this gallery, had any control over why they were brought into this world. It would be my hope that it was out of love between two people, but quite possibly there are a number of us here because of other reasons." Earlier Lightfoot, an adoptee himself, said he had "no idea why I was conceived or what happened," but expressed gratitude "to the mothers of this world who possibly suffered a lot of indignity," adding "your children who live say, 'God bless you. Thank you. We love you.'"¹⁹

Certainly his thanks are well deserved by women like those described above. But certainly, too, their lives would have been easier with more support from family or friends. The situation of women who are pregnant by rape is like that of the physically handicapped. The reaction of others to the condition is often much harder to bear than the condition itself. Yet relatives and friends need not respond with selfish concern about "what the neighbors will think" or by abandoning a woman or girl precisely when she most needs their help. Kay Zibolsky's mother and the elderly couple who cared for Lee Ezell proved that there is a better way.

There is a better way for Congress and state legislatures, too. Instead of financing abortions in these cases, they should set up funds to give the women money for prenatal care, obstetrical costs, and psychological counseling if needed. Confidentiality should be guaranteed, and the money should not be restricted to poor women. It should be available to any woman or girl who is pregnant from rape (including, of course, incestuous rape). The high cost of prenatal and obstetrical care is a great burden for women who "fall between the cracks" because they are not quite poor enough to qualify for Medicaid. It is also a great burden for middle-class women who face high living costs for themselves and possibly for other children. Adoption referrals should also be provided, although some women may prefer to rear the children on their own.

Based on all the stories I have read, there is no reason for the mothers to worry that children of rape will somehow inherit their fathers' aggressiveness or criminality. And, of course, not all rapists are career criminals: for some, rape may be a one-time event that they bitterly regret. With love and help from their birth mothers, or from adoptive parents, the children can become happy and productive

citizens. As Julie Makimaa said, what they do with life once they are here is the issue—not *how* they got here.

On the question of rape and abortion, two truths should always be kept in mind: a) unborn children have a right to life and to freedom from assault; b) women have the same rights. Yet the FBI reported that there were at least 92,486 rapes and attempted rapes in 1988.²⁰ This figure may be extremely conservative, since many rapes are not reported. Some judges, unfortunately, do not take the crime of rape very seriously. In 1986 a Maryland judge gave no jail time at all to a physician convicted of rape. The judge thought a five-year suspended sentence and 1,000 hours of community service would be adequate. Last year another Maryland judge gave a 21-year-old college student only *three days* in jail, plus probation and community service, for the statutory rape of an 11-year-old girl.²¹ To get the rapists off the streets, it may be necessary to get some judges off the benches.

Yet the problem of rape goes far beyond failures of law enforcement. It involves many cultural forces that encourage violence in general and sexual violence in particular. The forces range from rock music, to the multi-billion-dollar pornography industry, to television programming so debased that *TV Guide* recently published an essay that urged soap operas to “Stop Turning Rapists into Heroes.”²² There are no quick or easy answers to our deep cultural problems, although much greater pressures against the purveyors of sexual violence might help. (TV advertisers are obvious targets: they have shown a “willingness” to pull ads from several “controversial” programs in recent months.)

Not content to wait for the millennium, however, some women are learning techniques of self-defense. Denyse Handler suggested that self-defense is not the total answer, although it “teaches you to think during an attack.” Her own response, however, was largely instinctive:

I do not remember being very brave or clever when I was attacked. But I have an instinctive tendency to become savagely aggressive when threatened (shades of prehistory?). This is not courage, it is lunacy. I suppose my assailants may have thought I was mad. I screamed horribly and attacked them and they ran away. I chased one to the foot of an alley into which he disappeared, along with my winter coat. Only a sudden surge of common sense prevented me from chasing after him to get it back. . . . But I learned a valuable lesson: assailants are bullies at heart, which means that, aside from anything else, it is no fun for them if the intended victim doesn't act the part.²³

As another anti-abortion woman said some years ago: “The answer

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to rape is not abortion, it's stopping rape."²⁴ Let's hope that Reps. Miller and Hoyer, and even Sen. Cranston, will take the time to ponder this truth.

NOTES

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14. Interview with Kay Zibolsky, Sept. 10, 1986.
15. "Texas," letter in "Ann Landers," *Washington Post*, Nov. 21, 1983, p. B-10.
16. Transcript of "Geraldo" (Geraldo Rivera) program on "Victims and Children of Rape," July 31, 1989, pp. 2-6.
17. *Ibid.*, pp. 9-10 & 12.
18. Patrick DeZeeuw, in brochure titled "Raped & Pregnant: Three Women Tell Their Stories" (Lindale, Tex.: Americans Against Abortion, 1986), p. 4. For other stories about the children of rape, see: Ethel Waters and Charles Samuels, *His Eye Is On the Sparrow* (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday & Company, 1951); Jerry Hulse, *Jody* (New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company, 1976); Gary Delsohn, "'Dead' Daughter Finds Her Mom," *Denver Post*, Oct. 10, 1981, p. 1-B; Juli Loesch, "Josie's Incomparable Gift," *National Catholic Register*, July 1, 1984, p. 5; and Peter Carlson, "Raising a Child of Rape," *People*, March 25, 1985, pp. 30-35.
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Will the King Abdicate?

Paul Belien

AS THE EAST AWAKENS from the nightmare of Communism, another spectre haunts Western Europe: depopulation. Between 1960 and 1985, population in the twelve European Community countries grew 15.5 percent, from 279 million to 322 million, an increase of 43 million over 25 years. Belgium, with nine percent, and Great Britain, with eight percent, had the most modest growth percentages. But in the next few years growth will stagnate, and some countries—West Germany, Denmark and Belgium—will enter a period of negative growth. The population growth in the other countries will become almost insignificant, with the exception of Ireland, and to a lesser degree Portugal.

The EC authorities predict that by the year 2010 the twelve member states will have a population of 330 million, an increase of only 8 million—2.5 percent—over 25 years. The economic implications will be huge. Not only will a diminished working population have to provide for an ever-expanding group of elderly people, but fewer people also means fewer consumers and lower economic vitality.

Some people are concerned about the demographic implosion in the West. One of them is Baudouin von Saksen-Coburg-Gotha, the King of Belgium. The fact that the Belgians are having fewer and fewer children has been worrying him for many years, not so much because of the economic implications but because of the social and moral implications—children are the heart of the family and the family is the nucleus of society—and also for personal reasons.

King Baudouin and his wife, Queen Fabiola, have no children. As the king said some years ago: “You know that we are childless. For many years we struggled to fathom the meaning of this sorrow. But gradually we came to understand that, having no children ourselves, we have more room in our hearts for loving all, truly all children.” Baudouin is head of state in one of the last countries in Europe where abortion is still illegal. Belgium is presently heading toward what might become the most serious constitutional crisis in its history. The issue dividing the Belgians is a proposal to legalize abortion—which might both bring the monarchy down and tear the country apart.

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Belgium, a small kingdom about the size of Maryland, comprises two nations: Flanders, in the North, has six million Dutch-speaking people who are mostly Catholic and free-market oriented. Wallonia, in the South, has four million Francophones and is effectively atheist and Socialist.

Historically Belgium has been ruled by the Francophones, but the onset of Flemish emancipation early in this century lurched the country toward disintegration. Two pillars, however, have kept Belgium together so far: the unwritten rule that every major political decision needs a majority in both Flanders and Wallonia, and the monarchy. King Baudouin is a Francophone and a Catholic—but neither Flemish nor Walloon—and stands above politics.

Boudouin, now 59 years old, became king in 1951 after the abdication of his father, Leopold III, who became controversial during the Second World War. After the war, the government was divided on whether Leopold should return as head of state. The Christian Democrat Party backed the king but the Socialists and the Liberals opposed him. In 1950 a referendum was held to decide the “royal issue.” It showed the majority of the Flemish overwhelmingly in favor of the king’s return and the majority of the Walloons against it. This led to a crisis because, although 57 percent of the Belgian population had voted in favor of Leopold, the Walloons refused to accept a national vote which did not correspond with their regional vote. When serious violence erupted in Wallonia and people were killed, Leopold abdicated and his 20-year-old eldest son, Baudouin, succeeded him.

No political decision can ever be taken in Belgium without winning the support by majorities in both parts of the country—even if a majority is attained on the national level. The issue in the abortion debate at the moment is whether the Walloons will stick to a law which is backed by a majority on the national and the Walloon levels, but is considered unacceptable in Flanders. If they do, this will be the end of the unwritten rule that every major political decision in Belgium needs majority support in both parts of the country: One major pillar under Belgium’s constituent structure will have been toppled.

But the abortion dispute might also lead to a new “royal issue.” The king has told friends that he would rather abdicate than sign the abortion law which is being drafted in the Belgian parliament. If the king abdicates, the second pillar supporting the Belgian construction

will also come down and the country's existence will come into question.

Except for Ireland, Belgium is the only Western country in which abortion is illegal. This does not mean, however, that Belgian women cannot get an abortion if they want one. Although a law dating from 1867 forbids it, and doctors performing abortions as well as women undergoing them theoretically risk up to ten years in jail, they are hardly ever prosecuted. It is estimated that in Belgium 15,000 to 20,000 abortions are performed each year, compared to 100,000 births. In Wallonia there are some 30 institutions specializing in abortions, but in Flanders there are only five. Numerous other hospitals—including that of the Catholic University of Louvain—also perform them. The national health service even pays for abortions. Doctors need only register the abortion as an operation on the womb.

The Belgian situation is considered paradoxical both by opponents of abortion, who are demanding enforcement of the law, and by proponents, who want the law changed. Feminists, doctors making a living on abortions, and Socialist, Liberal and Green politicians have been campaigning for legalization of abortion since 1973. But the Christian Democrats, who have participated in every Belgian government since 1958, have always opposed this. However, when the Christian Democrat-Socialist government was formed in 1988 the Christian Democrats gave in to Socialist pressure: they agreed to leave the abortion issue entirely to the Parliament without any interference from the government.

Two senators, Mr. Roger Lallemand from the governing Socialists, and Mrs. Lucienne Herman-Michielsens from the Liberal opposition, consequently proposed a bill in the Senate to "liberalize" abortion. In fact, their bill would give Belgium one of the most liberal abortion laws in the world. Abortions could be legally performed up to 12 weeks for almost any reason, and even up to nine months if two doctors state that the child will suffer from ailments that are considered incurable at the time of the diagnosis.

On October 31, 1989, the highest judicial authority of the country, the Council of State, warned that the Lallemand-Herman bill was judicially incorrect and would leave the decision to abort before 12 weeks entirely to the woman, with no possibility for doctors to oppose it, or for courts to control it.

There was also much commotion among handicapped people. They

vehemently opposed the clause allowing abortion after 12 weeks if the child were handicapped. Organizations representing the handicapped argued that if an unborn handicapped child may be aborted up till the time of birth, there will soon be no care for the handicapped at all. The possibility arises that no more handicapped people will be born. It is said that even today, with abortion still illegal, the hospital of the Catholic University of Louvain has hardly any births of children with Down's syndrome.

Notwithstanding the objections of the Council of State and the handicapped, the bill passed the senate last November with 55 percent of the votes. The legalization of abortion was backed by the Socialists (the largest party in Wallonia), the Liberals, the Greens and the Francophone Front. It was opposed by the Christian Democrats (the largest party in Flanders), the Flemish Federalists, and the Flemish Separatists. Of the 105 Flemish senators only 49 voted in favor of the legalization of abortion. However, the bill was backed by 53 of the 79 French-speaking senators. Taken together, 102 out of 184 senators voted for the Lallemand-Herman bill.

In order to become a law, a bill in Belgium also needs to pass the Chamber of Representatives, the Belgian lower house, and has to be signed by the king. To prevent a repetition of the defeat of their party in the Senate, some leading Christian Democrats in the center-left circles around Prime Minister Wilfried Martens and Vice Prime Minister Jean-Luc Dehaene have been lobbying for a compromise on abortion. The Christian Democrat Party seems prepared to give up its outright opposition to abortion and consider proposing its own abortion bill.

During the debate in the Senate, Mr. Herman Van Rompuy, the president of the Christian Democrats, hinted that abortion might be acceptable in certain limited cases when he stated that for his party "the right to life is holy but not absolute." The Christian Democrats would, in this hypothesis, accept abortion in cases of incest and rape and if the life of the mother is in danger. If their Socialist coalition partner accepted this compromise, abortion could be legalized under these restrictions. If, however, the Socialists stick to the Lallemand-Herman bill when it is discussed in the Chamber, the Christian-Democrats threaten that they might bring the government down on the abortion issue.

But the party is divided. Certain center-left Christian Democrats want to keep the promise they made to the Socialists when the

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government was formed, that abortion is a matter for Parliament to decide without interference by the government. In the circles around Mr. Martens and Mr. Dehaene it is said the party is not prepared to make abortion into an election issue. In a book published five years ago Mr. Martens describes himself as a Catholic but asserts that political behavior should not be subordinate to faith.

There is at least one Belgian who does not share this view: King Baudouin. He takes his Catholicism very seriously. It is said that in the 1950s he even contemplated giving up his throne to become a priest. The highest authorities within the Belgian Church had to dissuade the young king from doing so. So soon after the traumatic abdication of King Leopold III, the Belgian monarchy would probably not have survived yet another abdication.

In 1960 King Baudouin married a Spanish princess, Dona Fabiola de Mora y Aragon, as deeply religious as he. In the 1970s the Flemish Cardinal Leo Suenens introduced the king to charismatic Catholic renewal movements. Boudouin has frequently attended the sessions for the Catholic lay movement "Emmanuel" in the French city of Pary-le-Monial, a center of devotion to the Sacred Heart. It is also known that the king disagrees with the Flemish-Dutch theologian Edward Schillebeeckx. It is said that he once refused to attend an occasion where Schillebeeckx was awarded an important prize.

The king and queen are childless but the king's brother, Prince Albert, is also an orthodox Catholic and so are his children, who have also been frequent visitors to sessions of Emmanuel.

Baudouin is king of all the Belgians: the Flemish and the Walloons, the Catholics, the non-Catholics and the atheists. His speeches never explicitly mention Catholicism but his message is always a Christian one.

In a 1979 speech he said: "You know that man possesses terrible weapons. But do you know that you, too, possess a weapon, stronger by far than the atom bomb. That weapon is Love. But Love must be expressed in gestures, in deeds, by friendliness, respect, small tokens of attention which give joy to others. This may sound easy, but is very difficult to keep up. It requires practice, and a readiness to start again every time, day by day."

The central theme in most of the royal speeches is the family. "The family circle must again become that special and irreplaceable community where children and young people can find understanding

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and develop their talents. Then they, too, will be able to set up harmonious, warm and friendly families, where they in turn can pass on the best of what they have received," he said in December, 1984. And a year later he said: "The queen and I are convinced that the family is the cornerstone of our society. Family values are all too often discredited in our tumultuous and impersonal world, under the pretext of the so-called liberation of the individual."

In July, 1986, he commented on the demographic situation: "It is noteworthy that certain European demographs explain the disastrous decline in the birthrate within Europe—including Belgium—chiefly as a result of a lack of hope, and fear for the future."

In December, 1987, commenting on the treaty banning intermediate nuclear missiles (INF) he said: "We are pleased about the disarmament treaty signed by President Reagan and Secretary-General Gorbachev in Washington on 8 December. But disarmament is not the same as peace. Bringing peace is something which one learns day by day in the family circle, which is where one prepares for life in a larger community."

If the Lallemand-Herman bill passes the Chamber, which may happen before Easter, 1990, the bill will go to the king for his signature. The Belgian king is merely a ceremonial head of state who has no real political power and who (although one can never force a man to give his signature) has the obligation to sign laws approved by both houses of Parliament. Specialists on the Belgian constitution say that the king, by refusing to sign a law voted by Parliament, would commit an undemocratic act and would discredit the monarchy, bringing Belgium into a very serious constitutional crisis.

It would, moreover, be virtually unprecedented. Only twice has a Belgian king refused to sign a law—King Leopold I did so in 1842 and King Leopold II in 1884—but in both cases there had been elections and the king's refusal was triggered by new parliamentary majorities against a bill voted in the preceding Parliament.

The king knows all this. In private conversations he has nevertheless said that he would rather abdicate than sign an abortion law. When the king said some years ago that he and Queen Fabiola, being childless, have more room in their hearts for "loving all, truly all children," he meant what he said. The king loves all children, the healthy as well as the ill and handicapped, the born as well as the unborn.

Signing a law which permits the killing of unborn children, even those conceived by incest or rape, is something which Baudouin

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von Saksen-Coburg-Gotha, King of the Belgians, feels he cannot do, even if it will cost him his kingdom.

There is, however, more at stake than the monarchy. Baudouin's refusal could jeopardize the country's unity. The Flemish would undoubtedly support the king, but the Walloons would not, and the cohabitation of both peoples in one state might become impossible.

New elections over the abortion issue could save the king some time, but would not change the overwhelming vote in favor of abortion in Wallonia. Leading government members of the Christian Democrats, moreover, do not want to make abortion into an election theme and will certainly prevent the government from falling over the issue. In the latter case they would be forced to speak out on abortion, which is something some of the leading Christian Democrat ministers do not wish to do. They fear having to defend the unborn, who do not have a vote, against women wanting an abortion, who do have a vote.

There is, however, a way out: The Christian Democrats could bring the government down over another issue before the abortion bill is put to the vote in the Chamber of Representatives. In doing so they could avoid a constitutional crisis caused by the king's refusal to sign. In the elections that would follow the fall of the government, the Christian Democrats could present themselves to the Flemish voters as having blocked legalization of abortion, while at the same time they would not need to offend liberal and feminist voters by actually bringing the government down over the Lallemand-Herman proposal.

So it seems that either the Belgian government will fall on a matter having nothing to do with abortion, or the country is in for a crisis. Unless the king silences his conscience and signs, surrendering the right to life of the unborn for the survival of his country.

Some will argue that the king should sign, as it does not make any difference anyway for the 20,000 children who are already aborted in Belgium every year. They are right. The issue is a matter of principle: Should a man follow his conscience when in practice it does not change a thing, and in addition creates a lot of problems?

Four hundred years ago, Thomas More wrestled with the same question.

The Mysteries of RU-486

Charlotte Low Allen

NOW THAT THE Supreme Court has decided to allow states to restrict abortion substantially at hospitals and medical clinics, interest among members of the women's movement has rekindled in do-it-yourself abortion, a fad of the early 1970s bra-burning days that fell into disuse. The home remedies range from cocaine (it can induce uterine contractions) to something called "menstrual extraction," which involves a syringe, plastic fishtank tubing, and a Mason jar. These methods, although touted by feminist health clinics, are generally considered dangerous, certainly for the mother, but also for any baby who survives them to birth. "Sadly, many home remedies could damage a fetus instead of kill it," was *Newsweek* magazine's rather odd comment on the subject.

Invariably into this discussion of ways of completely privatizing abortion—thus removing it from the purview of the law and the right-to-life movement—comes the abortion pill, RU-486. That pill, as this article will explain, is far from a do-it-yourself abortion fix, but there are many optimistic souls who would like to think it is.

RU-486 is an anti-progesterone steroid that destroys the uterine lining, at least in most cases, starving out the already attached fetus, which dies and is expelled. In the year since the pill, whose trade name is Mifepristone, went on the French market, the National Organization for Women and its offshoot, former NOW president Eleanor Smeal's Fund for a Feminist Majority (FFM), have been leading a campaign to find a U.S. pharmaceutical company willing to take on the U.S. marketing of the pill.

The NOW/FFM coalition is one wheel of a strange troika whose other wheels are the Population Council and the Planned Parenthood Federation of America. They seem determined to push RU-486 through, with the goal of speeding FDA review to four years (by using European tests in lieu of American ones), limiting damage exposure for any private company that decides to make the drug, and even using federal funds to pay the research and marketing costs.

RU-486 is currently the sole property of its French developer,

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Roussel-Uclaf, a joint subsidiary of the German pharmaceutical company Hoechst and the French government. Invented in 1982, the pill has been on the market in France since September 1988; 12,000 French women are said to have used it so far. China also had a brief licensing arrangement with Roussel to use RU-486 as part of its one-child-per-couple population-halving program but has reportedly terminated the arrangement. Because China does not recognize international copyright or patent conventions, it is difficult to say with certainty whether some black-market version of the pill is currently circulating in that country and perhaps outside its borders.

Meanwhile, no U.S. pharmaceutical company to date has shown the slightest interest in manufacturing or marketing it. Part of the reason for the drug industry's cold feet is probably fear of a massive boycott by the right-to-life movement of all the drug company's other products. In 1985, the National Right to Life Committee was instrumental in Upjohn Co.'s decision to stop making its labor-inducing prostaglandin (another extremely painful abortifacient) and to disband its entire fertility research division.

But the main reason for the hesitancy on RU-486 is undoubtedly fear of liability exposure. No company wants to see its product go the lawsuit-dotted way of the first generation of birth control pills (millions of dollars in damage awards, including \$2.75 million in punitive damages against the Ortho Pharmaceutical Corp. alone) or, even worse, the Dalkon Shield, whose \$2.5 billion in punitive assessments, with another \$12 billion possibly to come, forced the manufacturer, A. H. Robins Co., into bankruptcy court (a payout plan was recently approved).

From a reading of the somewhat scant English-language medical literature on RU-486—articles in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, *Lancet*, and the *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology*—the abortion pill emerges as one of the creepiest human concoctions around. And not only because it kills the unborn, a job at which it is actually not outstandingly efficient, zapping only about 50 to 85 percent of them depending on which study you read (prostaglandin, taken in conjunction with the pill, boosts the rate to 95 percent). By contrast, surgical abortion is 99 percent effective.

Abortion via the pill is an ordeal for the women involved, far more of an ordeal than conventional surgical abortion. It is time-consuming (the abortion part alone lasts three days, and the clinical part comprises a week's worth of visits), bloody (one woman in

a Swedish trial required a transfusion, although for most it resembles an exceedingly heavy menstrual period, with bleeding lasting on average from six to sixteen days, occasionally up to thirty), and painful (many women require analgesic shots to ease them through). Nausea and vomiting are other common side effects: so, in some women, for reasons no one can figure out, are itching and burning sensations around the vagina.

In the seven years since Dr. Etienne-Emile Baulieu, the French physician who developed the RU-486 molecule for Roussel, announced his invention, the drug has gone through several violent transmigrations of description, leading one to wonder just how much anyone really knows about it. At first, it was supposed to be the long-desired “morning-after” pill, preventing the fertilized egg from implanting itself on to the uterine wall as normally happens a week after conception. Then the Roussel researchers discovered the drug did not work immediately after conception. So it was next touted as a kind of menstrual regulator, a drug a woman could take every month and not even know if she was aborting, presumably easing her conscience. Then they found that it quickly causes a phenomenon called “dysynchrony,” in which a woman’s ovulatory and menstrual cycles become unlinked, reducing the drug’s effectiveness in terminating any pregnancy.

In 1987 Baulieu bragged that RU-486 would completely replace surgical abortions up through the first ten weeks of pregnancy, which is when 80 percent of abortions take place. It turns out that the drug does not work very well after the seventh week. Indeed, timing is of the essence with RU-486. It is most effective taken about a week after a woman misses her menstrual period up through that seventh week, when it is markedly less effective. That is typically about a three-week window. So far, all the studies have concluded that RU-486 is “safe.” But “safe,” in the definition of Marie Bass of the Reproductive Health Technologies Project, means “there’s been no evidence so far of mortality.” That is, no woman has yet died from taking the pill.

No one has researched the long-term effects of RU-486 on a woman’s health or fertility. The drug seems to suppress ovulation for three to seven months after it is taken. Some women clearly have no trouble eventually conceiving again: the studies have reported repeaters in their programs. But there are no scientific data on this question. Rather ominously, rabbit studies reveal that RU-486 can cause birth

defects, *Lancet* reported in 1987. The drug's molecular structure resembles that of DES, the 1950s anti-miscarriage drug that, by altering the fetus's DNA, tended to cause cervical cancer in the daughters of the women who took it. All the published studies strictly warn that women on whom the drug proves ineffective cannot change their minds but must undergo a surgical abortion. Birth defects, a sure source of lawsuits, are one reason the U.S. pharmaceutical industry is steering clear of RU-486.

One might well ask: Why bother with this drug at all? Some abortion advocates have been asking themselves this very question. RU-486 "probably represents a technical advance in an area where none is needed, or at least not very much," said Dr. Phillip G. Stubblefield, president of the National Abortion Federation, at a reproductive health conference in 1986. Many physicians have expressed concern over the heavy bleeding, which occurs even if the drug fails to induce an abortion. It typically takes from eight to ten years to obtain the federal Food and Drug Administration's approval for a new drug (stages of animal and human studies plus layers of review), and the cost of testing and marketing a new drug can range from \$30 million to \$70 million. Some have suggested it may be prohibitive for a private company even to obtain the necessary insurance to perform the clinical tests.

The Health and Human Services Department currently forbids the National Institutes of Health from funding abortion research as part of its \$8 million contraceptive program. But the Population Council, a 37-year-old, \$20 million nonprofit organization that has the backing of the Rockefeller and Mellon foundations and currently subsidizes most U.S. research on contraceptives, has recently been paying for U.S. studies of RU-486 on a Roussel license, including a series at the the University of Southern California's medical school. NOW is trying to browbeat the pharmaceutical industry into getting involved. (Its scare-tactic prediction: the pill "will be available in the U.S., either legally or illegally, in no more than 2-5 years.") Planned Parenthood lobbied heavily last year in hopes of defeating an amendment that would have exempted abortifacients from a products-liability reform bill in Congress.

Following the feminist and population-control lead has been a generally bovine press. News stories about RU-486 continue to call it a "morning-after" pill, although many mornings must pass before

it is effective. A June 1988 article in *Mother Jones* magazine is typical of the general level of media ignorance. "For a woman whose period is late, using RU-486 means no waiting, no walking past picket lines at abortion clinics, and no feet up in stirrups for surgery," burbles health writer Laura Fraser. "It also means she will never have to know whether she had actually been pregnant." Wrong on all counts, Miss Fraser. Although Baulieu, with typical hyperbole, has boasted that the pill will soon be available over the counter in drugstores for home dosing, it is being administered in France only under strict hospital-like supervision in the presence of a doctor. (Roussel reportedly has every pill marked and accounted for to make sure that none slips into the black market.)

Thus, a woman who used RU-486 to have an abortion would have to make three trips to the clinic past those picket lines: an initial visit for medical screening (anemics and those with previous pregnancy problems are eliminated) and to take the pill, a second trip forty-eight hours later for the prostaglandin, administered either via injection or vaginal suppository, and a third trip a week later to make sure she has completely aborted. Furthermore, because timing is so critical with RU-486, she will learn, via a pelvic examination (feet in stirrups) and ultrasound, not only that she is pregnant, but just how pregnant she is. No doctor who fears malpractice liability would likely expose a non-pregnant patient to the risk of hemorrhaging. Many women may even see the dead fetus they have expelled, a sight the surgical-abortion industry typically spares them. At seven weeks, a fetus is about three-fourths of an inch long and recognizably human.

Some members of the health profession have expressed reservations about the abortion pill, most notably Sue Halpern, a researcher at the Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons, in an April 1987 article in *Ms.* magazine. But anyone outside scholarly circles who dares dissent from the RU-486 brouhaha can expect perfunctory dismissal as a right-to-life hysteric.

Much of NOW/FFM literature repeats claims for RU-486 that the medical profession has already dropped. For example, one press release still calls it a "menses inducer." Another NOW assertion is that "chemical abortion entails even less risk than a vacuum aspiration abortion," the suction procedure that is the most common form of surgical abortion in the United States. How's that again? Pro-choice advocates have always insisted that surgical abortion itself is virtually

risk-free, even safer than childbirth, and it certainly takes less time than the pill, and without the side effects. Is surgical abortion actually riskier than anyone has let on?

It turns out that NOW is comparing apples and oranges: the risks of *legal*, rigidly supervised administration of RU-486 in the West to the risks of *illegal*, putatively unsupervised surgical abortions in Third World countries where sanitation standards are not high. But what if RU-486 started to circulate illegally—or even legally—in those Third World countries, where there are not enough doctors to supervise every dose and patients may not be sophisticated enough to return for the crucial follow-up visits? “The woman does need to have access to a health clinic,” admits Bass of the Reproductive Health Technologies Project.

The heavy NOW/FFM drum-beating for RU-486 has created a double bind for the 10,000-member National Women’s Health Network, which does not want to be seen as anti-abortion or aligned with the right-to-lifers but has serious qualms about introducing reproductive products onto the market without adequate testing. Just by way of contrast to RU-486, another Population Council product, the new Norplant contraceptive—a set of hormone-releasing capsules to be injected into a woman’s arm and designed to last five years—has been in the works for twenty years and still does not have final FDA approval. “Women know the contraceptive revolution has been influenced more by the pursuit of population control and profit than by the need for safe birth control,” wrote Sybil Shainwald, a past president of the Network, in a recent issue of *USA Today*. The Network is taking a schizophrenic line on the abortion pill. “It’s a complicated issue,” says executive director Victoria Leonard. “Certainly the Network would think it appropriate that there’s more extensive testing and that it be followed closely to watch for abuses in medically underserved communities.”

The search for “better” contraceptives and “better” abortifacients is at bottom an effort to neutralize via technology the blind, brute hand of Mother Nature, who drives male and female inexorably together to couple and to reproduce the species. It is the force that through the green fuse drives the flower: trying to stop the process is like trying to stop a tulip bulb from sprouting. Stopping the reproductive process (or “controlling fertility,” to borrow the phrase *du jour* of the women’s movement) is unimaginably hard, yet we

want to believe that science will someday, somehow make it easy, like waving a fairy godmother's wand. The egg and sperm will never meet: the pregnant woman will magically become un-pregnant by swallowing a pill.

All chemical methods of fertility control are designed to interfere in some fashion with the complex hormonal process of the female reproductive system, producing the estrogen that releases the egg for fertilization and the progesterone that stimulates the building of the uterine lining and the nourishment of the fetus for its first eight weeks. The early birth control pills were heavy serial mixes of synthetic estrogen and progesterone designed to mimic pregnancy, fooling the pituitary gland into stopping egg production. The newer generation of pills contain little synthetic estrogen and low levels of progestin, blocking implantation but not ovulation. IUDs are also likely implantation-blockers (although there is some evidence they simply "dissuade" the sperm from swimming up the fallopian tube to meet the egg), and the newer IUDs release progestin as well.

The early histories of the two biggest fertility-control disasters, the first-generation birth control pills and the Dalkon Shield, bear a striking resemblance to the story so far of RU-486. Indeed, someone who wishes to predict a possible scenario for the abortion pill might do well to read such books as Paul Vaughan's *The Pill on Trial*, Morton Mintz's *At Any Cost: Corporate Greed, Women and the Dalkon Shield*, and *Nightmare: Women and the Dalkon Shield* by Susan Perry and Jim Dawson. As with RU-486, the Population Council was a major player, heavily promoting both the birth control pill (Planned Parenthood funded the research) and the IUD. It convened the First International Conference on Intra-uterine Contraception in 1962.

The intense promotion of the Pill and IUD by the population-control industry came in the face of overwhelming evidence of unpleasant side effects for both. All tests of the Pill uncovered a laundry list of them: weight gain, depression, anemia, thrombosis, jaundice, nausea, skin disorders, and migraine headaches were only a few. Experimental IUDs tested from the 1920s to the '50s engendered persistent reports of pain, bleeding, infection, and sterility (all had silk tails that tended to "wick" bacteria into the womb, a failing of the multi-filamented Dalkon Shield tail).

Enthusiasts for both contraceptives pooh-poohed the reported side effects as female hysteria. With the Pill, it was predicted that unpleasant

symptoms would taper off as women's bodies got used to being perpetually synthetically pregnant. The FDA approved the first pill, Enovid, in 1960, after only about four years of testing, mostly on Puerto Rican slum women.

Under the law as it then existed, IUDs as medical "devices," not "drugs," did not require any testing before marketing. At the Population Council's IUD conference in 1962, the individual complaints of women played second fiddle to the general goal of defusing what was viewed as the incipient worldwide population explosion (it was the decade of Paul Ehrlich's book *The Population Bomb*). "Perhaps the individual patient is expendable in the general scheme of things, particularly if the infection she acquires is sterilizing but not lethal," one expert declared. "You have to realize that the population movement has an ideological bent, and that, as far as science is concerned, it's not just concerned with finding out the truth," says Mintz, a former *Washington Post* health reporter. Poor women—Baltimore blacks who visited inventor Hugh Davis's clinic at Johns Hopkins University medical school—were the Shield's test subjects.

Accompanying the release of both kinds of products was a Sexual Revolution-fueled euphoria that created intense public demand. Each kind of contraceptive seemed to hold itself out as the fairy godmother's touch that would painlessly sever the pesky link between sexual delight and procreation. Pill fever was the hallmark of my own college years during the 1960s. In my dormitory, girls ostentatiously flashed their plastic Pill packets and condescendingly touted its virtues to *naives* still using the diaphragm. Even girls who did not have boyfriends got Pill prescriptions. One friend of mine was a virgin for four of the seven years she was on the Pill. The IUD engendered a similar fad a few years later, although most women I knew had their IUDs removed after a short time because of the pain and heavy menstrual bleeding they seemed to cause. From 1960 through 1970, 20 million women took the Pill. By 1980, 60 million women worldwide had tried IUDs.

The first-generation Pills got pulled from the market amid a flood of lawsuits linking it with thrombo-embolisms: blood clots in the veins that are fatal if they reach the heart. A 1969 study by the FDA showed that women were 4.4 times as likely to have the embolisms if they used the Pill. Other studies linked the early oral contraceptives with cancer. About 13 million women currently use second-generation

Pills, although smokers and women over thirty-five are not supposed to take them. At last report, those Pills, too, have been linked to breast cancer, but the FDA has decided no extra warnings are necessary.

About 4.5 million Dalkon Shields were distributed in eighty countries during the 1970s, about 2.9 million of them in the United States, before thousands of women started reporting pregnancies and miscarriages, uterine wall perforations, and infection-induced sterility. As many as 90,000 wearers may have been injured. In 1976, Congress amended the Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act to require pre-market testing of medical devices such as contraceptives. Currently there are only two IUDs in distribution, both manufactured by small, low-exposure companies and recommended for women in monogamous relationships whose risk of pelvic inflammatory disease is low.

What all of this bodes for RU-486 is uncertain. At the behest of pro-choice members of Congress, a four-year reauthorization bill for Title X federal family-planning assistance now contains a \$10 million grant for “development, evaluation and bringing to the marketplace of new and improved contraceptive devices, drugs and methods.” If this passes—a Senate version has already been cleared for a floor vote—it would put the federal government into the contraceptive marketing business for the first time. It also could put the government into the RU-486 business, which would please feminists dismayed at what they view as pusillanimity in the private-sector drug industry. On July 23, Congresswomen Patricia Schroeder and Olympia Snowe introduced a \$77 million “birth-control research” bill that is drafted broadly enough to include abortifacient research.

We do not know whether RU-486 will be as disastrous as some of the earlier fertility control methods released to unblinking, uncritical cheers from educated people who should have known better. We will not know until the first generation of female guinea pigs—all of whom will be more than happy to volunteer for the job—has put the abortion pill through the clinical test of time.

One of the fascinating aspects of the RU-486 controversy, and also of the recent abortion-rights protests centered on the Supreme Court’s recent ruling in *Webster v. Reproductive Health Services Inc.*, is how the women’s movement has lately turned into strictly an abortion movement. The much-touted April 9 march in Washington was originally supposed to consolidate support for a variety of issues that are considered to be of central importance to women, including parental leave, government funding for child care, equal pay for

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work of “comparable” worth so that single mothers can earn family wages, and forcing errant fathers to support their offspring. All these issues (perhaps paradoxically, revolving around women’s role as mothers, not as trailblazers of sexual liberation) fell by the wayside as the march became focused on abortion alone.

The National Organization of Women is now almost entirely an abortion-rights organization: its non-profit litigation arm devotes itself to eliminating abortion restrictions and neutralizing abortion protesters. In late July, at the organization’s annual convention in Cincinnati, NOW delegates voted to demand that the U.S. government test and distribute RU-486 and even to consider forming a new abortion-oriented political party. The ideological eggs of the feminists are going in one basket. In the long run, the women’s rights advocates may discover they have been used simply to serve the goal of the population control enthusiasts—cutting the birth rate by any means possible. It is a goal in which, as that Population Council expert declared twenty-seven years ago, the scientific truth is subservient to ideology and the individual female patient is expendable.

APPENDIX A

[*The following article appeared in The American Spectator (January, 1990) and is reprinted here with permission (©1990 by The American Spectator).*]

Republicans Miscarry Abortion

Fred Barnes

Shortly after the Mobilize for Women's Lives rally in Washington on November 11—the one where Pete Seeger performed “This Land Is Your Land” as a pro-abortion song—I boarded a plane at Dulles Airport for San Francisco. A woman caught my eye as I waited for takeoff. She was exactly what the pro-life movement needs, a totally unappealing enemy. She wasn't ugly, but she looked mean, arrogant, selfish, and utterly unfeeling, a Me Decade lefty. I knew she'd been to the pro-choice rally. A sign was pasted on her sweater: “Abortion on demand and no apology for it.” If this woman could be cast on TV and in the press as the symbol of “abortion rights,” the battle would be over. Everyone would hate her. Abortion would be drastically curtailed or banned. America would be a better place.

It won't be that easy. Yes, I've seen polls that show there really isn't a pro-choice advantage in elections. Lance Tarrance's poll in the Virginia governor's race found that only 11.8 percent of voters decided solely on abortion. Of these, slightly more voted for the pro-life Republican, Marshall Coleman, than for the pro-choice Democrat, Doug Wilder. The CBS/New York *Times* survey on Election day discovered that pro-life and pro-choice voters roughly cancelled each other out. The Mason-Dixon exit poll in Virginia got a different result—Wilder won 62-38 percent among voters for whom the abortion issue is “very important”—but that poll is dubious. It had Wilder winning the election by 55-45 percent (he actually got a tad over 50 percent, Coleman a tad under). My suspicion is that the people who lied about having voted for Wilder, who is black, then lied about what motivated their vote. “If you were a truck driver who didn't want to say you'd voted for the white guy, that's how you'd respond to a pollster,” says Republican consultant David Keene.

Polls aside, the pro-life movement is losing. You merely have to watch supposedly pro-life Republicans these days to know that. They're in agony, afraid the abortion issue will drag them to defeat. Many of them sense, correctly, that there's a pro-choice mood in the country. People are queasy about abortion, but most don't want a ban. I think Illinois Gov. Jim Thompson hit the nail on the head when at the Republican Governors' Conference on November 13 he said, “My belief is that most Americans would say we start with respect for a woman's right to choose, except in [certain circumstances], rather than saying we start with the notion that all abortions

ought to be illegal, except in cases of rape and incest or the mother's life."

That mindset is the big problem, and there are two smaller ones. One is the press. It's a wholly owned subsidiary of the pro-choicers. I can't think of an issue on which reporters have been more slanted or willing to let their personal feelings influence their reporting. Mark Shields, a semi-liberal columnist, had noted that "we have an unwritten American law that we basically call people what they want to be called. That's how we got, among others, Native American, Negro, black, African American and gay." The press has made an exception for pro-lifers. They're "anti-abortion." Shields asked, "If you're going to call the pro-choice people what they ask to be called, then don't the pro-life people deserve the same?" The answer from the media is no.

The other problem is rape and incest. There aren't but a few hundred abortions in these cases annually, but the national debate has concentrated on them, at least since President Bush bravely vetoed a bill providing federal funding for such abortions for poor women. Opposing abortion in instances of rape or incest—Bush would allow the abortions but opposes taxpayer funding of them—is not a way to make yourself popular. Polls show that upwards of 90 percent of Americans believe abortions in cases of rape or incest should be permitted. In Virginia, Wilder hammered Coleman relentlessly for a pro-life position that makes abortion legal only to save the mother's life. Coleman's response was pathetic. He said he wouldn't propose a ban on these abortions, which of course he couldn't do anyway under *Roe v. Wade*.

To be blunt, the deck is stacked against the pro-life position. Yet the game is winnable. Pro-life Republicans don't need to wring their hands. If they make a vigorous effort, they can change public opinion, win (or stay in) office, and curb abortion. I've got five pieces of advice on how to achieve these goals:

1. *Don't switch or duck or obfuscate.* This has become standard advice by now. Even Lee Atwater, the Republican national chairman, endorses it. The trouble is, Republicans aren't following it. They continue to switch, duck, and obfuscate. At the GOP governors' conference, Carroll Campbell of South Carolina said it's a "mistake" for pro-life Republicans not to state their position "clearly, succinctly." Then Campbell blathered on about abortion in unclear, unsuccinct fashion.

Republicans are lucky the *Webster* ruling came in 1989, an off year. Imagine if all pro-life GOP House and Senate candidates had responded to the abortion issue as did Coleman and Jim Courter, the GOP gubernatorial candidate in New Jersey this year. It would have been a wipeout. Both took strong pro-life positions in the primary. Then came the *Webster* decision, which awakened the pro-choice movement. In the general election, both said their position on abortion was personal and that they wouldn't act

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on it as governor. They talked about abortion as little as possible. “If a candidate ducks the issue, he creates a character problem rather than just an issue problem,” says Donald Devine, who runs Citizens for America. “People do not like chickens.”

Besides, it won’t work. Pro-choice Democrats are unwilling to vote for pro-choice Republicans over pro-life Democrats. But pro-life Republicans will jump ship in a hurry. Dropping the anti-abortion language from the Republican platform won’t help either. I don’t think a candidate has ever lost a race because of what was in his party’s platform. It’s his own position that matters, and he’ll still have to take one. Better to stick with the pro-life stand.

2. *Be compassionate.* Devine, a smart pol, spoke persuasively about this need in a speech to Western Republicans last October. “The most important point a pro-life candidate must make is that he is compassionate,” Devine said. “The fact is, women who have abortions are not criminals but decent people in a fix. There must be understanding. . . . The goal is not to send someone to jail, but to state the moral understanding of the community in the law that abortion is wrong in most circumstances. The idea is to convince women not to have abortions rather than to send the sheriff after her. A compassionate, concerned position will achieve this goal.”

The pro-life position is, by definition, the more caring one. But too often pro-lifers sound as if they care only about the unborn child, not the woman. They should always keep in mind what they’re asking a woman to do. She’ll suffer morning sickness, be uncomfortable for months, look bloated, and jeopardize her health (maybe her life, too), all for a child she thinks she doesn’t want. That’s a lot to ask. So sympathy is mandatory. Lack of it will be detected, and resented, by voters, especially women.

3. *Talk up weak spots in the pro-choice position.* This seems obvious, but pro-life Republicans haven’t done much of it. Pro-choicers are for allowing some pretty awful things—abortions in the second and third trimester, abortions if the child isn’t of the gender the parents want, abortions in clinics that aren’t as fully equipped and safe as hospitals, repeat abortions by the same woman, abortions for reasons of momentary inconvenience. Polls show the public is turned off by such selfish reasoning. It makes sense to force pro-choicers to answer for it—and for the excessive number (1.5 million) of abortions each year.

Then there are the restrictions on abortion, permitted under *Webster*, that pro-choicers are committed to blocking—parental consent for abortions on women under eighteen, notification of husbands, a waiting period between the time an abortion is requested and when it’s performed, “informed consent” (explaining what an abortion involves so the woman knows what she’s getting into). Pro-choicers should be made to explain why they’re

against these reasonable restrictions. If they waver and support some of them, they'll catch hell from pro-choice zealots and may switch back. Molly Yard called Wilder a wimp after he criticized abortion for birth control. Wilder dropped the subject, but Coleman failed to exploit the flip-flop. And guess what? Wilder pounded Coleman all the more on rape and incest.

4. *Frame the broad abortion debate in a new way.* For now, pro-choicers are setting the terms. Wilder did this brilliantly in his campaign. In a TV ad produced by Frank Greer, the best of the Democratic media consultants, Wilder said the choice is between a woman's right to decide something that affects her life and politicians' insistence on imposing a decision on her. Who, except pro-life diehards, is going to side with politicians? Not many average voters, I'll wager. As long as the argument is framed this way, the pro-life position is a loser.

Coming up with new terms for the debate is hard. I haven't got a perfect alternative. But what is it that pro-lifers are for? Saving unborn children—babies. The antagonists are those who'd allow the lives of babies to be snuffed out. They could be insensitive politicians, abortionists, Molly Yard, or the woman I saw on the plane to San Francisco. The choice should be presented as one between protecting the lives of babies and allowing crazed feminists to pursue a cruel whim or abortionists to make money or politicians to take the amoral way out.

5. *Make the pro-life argument on television.* This is mandatory. The pro-life movement and its allies will never triumph unless they go on the tube. Pro-life Republicans will be vulnerable unless they defend their position on TV. If an opponent airs attack ads on abortion, that's all the more reason to go with a counter-attack. "Rule 101 in this business is, if you don't answer, it's true," says Robert Goodman, Coleman's media consultant. Television is the only medium for reaching most voters. You'd be surprised how many haven't heard the pro-life side argued aggressively or the pro-choice side dissected critically. Until the 1984 Republican platform hearings, I'd never heard the argument against abortions in cases of rape and incest. Representative Henry Hyde made it persuasively.

Coleman came close to beating Wilder because, after hesitating for weeks, he finally attacked Wilder's abortion stand on TV. The National Right to Life Committee also ran ads zinging Wilder, but it didn't have the money to air at saturation levels. "Let's set the record straight," Coleman said in his spot. "I'm not going to restrict abortions for rape or incest. But should a teenager seeking an abortion get the permission of her parents? I say yes. Should abortions be performed because a parent wants a boy instead of a girl? I say no." This was too little, too late.

To prevail, pro-lifers must showcase the victims, babies. That's what Goodman wanted to do as early as September, when Wilder began roasting

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Coleman on abortion. Goodman crafted an ad with emotional wallop. It showed a happy young mother watching her baby's first step. "A child's first step is a remarkable thing," says the voice-over. "But it would never happen if those who hold an extreme view on abortion have their way. The extreme view that abortion for any reason is all right. The extreme view that permits a parent to abort a child because it happens to be a girl and not a boy. Doug Wilder holds this extreme position on abortion. Thank goodness Virginia asks for something a lot more reasonable." Well, Virginia may have asked, but Coleman never ran this ad. National Right to Life aired one showing babies playing, while an announcer rapped Wilder for favoring unfettered abortion—on demand, for birth control, and in the late stages of pregnancy. This was effective, but not as powerful as Goodman's.

The pro-life case must touch people's hearts. Pro-life activists are willing to try. National Right to Life has one TV spot in which an unborn child is seen supposedly talking. Then comes abortion day. At the end, the terror-stricken child is heard to say: "Mom?" This may be too hokey, but it's on the right track. Another National Right to Life commercial shows a woman watching her daughter in a ballet, a child she almost aborted. This ad is better. But think what Roger Ailes, Sig Rogich, Charlie Black, Elliot Curson, and other Republican media experts might come up with if they joined Goodman in producing anti-abortion ads. These won't be produced unless pro-life Republicans demand them. And that, in turn, requires only one thing of Republicans: the courage of the anti-abortion convictions they've been professing all these years.

APPENDIX B

[The following statement was issued by Archbishop Roger Mahony of Los Angeles on June 2, 1989; on June 6, a Los Angeles Times editorial described Mahony's "policy statement" as "an unwise and unwelcome clerical intrusion into the political process."]

Must Catholic Legislators Oppose Abortion?

Archbishop Roger Mahony

In a few weeks, the Supreme Court of the United States will hand down its decision in the case of *Webster v. Reproductive Health Services*.

While it is impossible to predict how the *Webster* decision will affect the abortion liberty as defined by the Court's 1973 decision in *Roe v. Wade*, the very fact of the Court's accepting responsibility in the *Webster* case means that the public policy debate over abortion is not settled. Indeed, it will intensify.

Even if the Court should drastically limit the abortion liberty as defined by *Roe*, the problem of securing the right to life of the unborn will not be solved, nor will the argument over abortion cease. In fact, it will multiply, since the various state legislatures may well be required after *Webster* to reconsider state abortion law. Instead of one great national abortion debate, there will likely be 50 such debates.

This new legal and political situation has re-opened important questions about the role of Catholic public officials—both elected and appointed—in the matter of abortion. These questions are likely to be with us at least through the balance of this century. As the Archbishop of Los Angeles, I believe it is my responsibility to clarify the Church's teaching on the responsibilities of Catholics who serve as elected or appointed public officials. In doing so, I hope I can make a contribution to the larger public debate on this pre-eminent moral and civil rights issue of our generation.

Let me begin by challenging several misconceptions which have marred the abortion debate since 1973, as follows:

(1) It is often said that the right-to-life movement seeks to impose "sectarian religious values" on the American public, and thus violates the Constitutionally-mandated separation of church and state.

The fact of the matter, though, is that *Roe v. Wade* *abolished*—not modified, but *abolished*—the abortion statutes of fifty states. It is historically inconceivable that those laws involved the "imposition" of "sectarian beliefs." Rather, they expressed the consensus of local communities on the right to life of the unborn. That consensus, in the main, remains clear: every available piece of reputable survey research indicates that the American people *reject* abortion as a means of contraception, *reject* abortion because an unplanned pregnancy would involve economic difficulties, and *reject* abortion when the procedure is undertaken to resolve problems of personal relationships between a man and a woman.

Approximately 75 percent of the American people oppose abortion when the reasons given for terminating a pregnancy are those under which 99 percent

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of abortions today are obtained. Public officials who work to eliminate the abortion liberty as defined by *Roe v. Wade* are working *with*, rather than against, a demonstrable public consensus—a consensus that cannot be reasonably described as “sectarian,” a consensus that has been written into Federal law for 13 years by the Hyde amendments.

(2) As for the alleged violation of the separation of church and state, the Constitution did *not* rule religiously-based values out of the public debate over issues of public policy.

To claim that the First Amendment did this is to disenfranchise that overwhelming majority of the American people whose commitments to democracy, justice, and democratic civility rest on Biblical understandings. Resistance to the abortion liberty defined by *Roe v. Wade* is not simply a “Catholic issue,” substantively or institutionally. There are Protestant and Jewish intellectuals, many religious leaders, and even avowed secularists, who have challenged the abortion liberty.

Nor should pro-abortion activists who welcome the support of the Catholic hierarchy on issues of nuclear weapons policy, Central American policy, or welfare reform policy deny that same hierarchy its legitimate and constitutionally protected voice on matters of abortion policy.

(3) In our democracy, religious people ought to make their arguments in ways that can be heard by fellow-citizens who do not share their religious convictions.

Thus, I would urge my fellow Californians to understand that the abortion liberty violates more than Catholic moral teaching: it violates the classic American tradition of hospitality to the stranger. *Roe v. Wade* was not a “liberal” decision. Rather, it broke a two-hundred-year-old pattern of *expanding* the community of those for whom we as a people assume a common responsibility of protection.

Americans fought a civil war, adopted a more inclusive right to vote, generously funded Social Security, and made our public buildings and streets accessible to the handicapped—all in the name of expanding the boundaries of the community of mutual responsibility. Then there was *Roe v. Wade*: the first decisive break with this pattern of enlarging the community of the commonly protected. Viewed through the lens of history, *Roe v. Wade* was not a “liberal” decision, but a profoundly reactionary one. The analogies to the U.S. Supreme Court *Dred Scott* case (which defined slaves of African descent not to be “persons” in the meaning of the Constitution) are not strained, and we would all do well to ponder what we have said about ourselves as a people when we radically constrain the protections we afford to the weakest in our midst.

This point was made vividly by Pope John Paul II to President George Bush during his recent visit in Rome: “The ultimate test of her [America’s] greatness [is] to respect every human person, especially the weakest and most defenseless ones, those as yet unborn.”

In light of these considerations, it seems clear to me that Catholic office-

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holders—Democrats and Republicans, liberals and conservatives—have a *positive moral obligation* to work for an America that is hospitable to the stranger, the alien, and the weak; to work for an America in which the abortion liberty has been repealed, in our culture and in our laws; to work for an America in which the community, with compassion and care, helps meet the needs of all those involved in an unplanned or unwanted pregnancy.

The Archdiocese of Los Angeles stands ready to back its convictions on the matter of the right-to-life of the unborn with effective social and health services. This is a solemn commitment which I proclaimed on January 22, 1986—my first year as Archbishop in Los Angeles—and a commitment which continues.

All our Catholic people, and I, expect our Catholic public officials (for whom it is no more possible to divide their consciences on this matter than on any other matter where grave moral issues touch public policy) to back their convictions in the arena of the legislature—both state and national. We expect them to speak clearly about the moral imperative to protect all human life from the moment of conception until natural death, and we expect them to support legislation which guarantees, supports, and safeguards that right to life.

The debate that is certain to ensue in the wake of the Supreme Court's decision in the *Webster* case is a fundamental and unavoidable test of our generation's adherence to the central proposition of the American experiment: that all people are created equal, and endowed with inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

It is one of the great graces of life in the United States that this proposition has been defended, in and out of season, by men and women of many religious faiths, or of no religious faith. I believe that the new abortion debate after *Roe v. Wade* can be the occasion for a new birth of freedom in these United States. And I pray that all Catholic public officials will be found in the forefront of the quest for a nation which promises, and delivers, liberty and justice for all, born and unborn.

APPENDIX C

[*The following article appeared in the Los Angeles Times on December 3, 1989, and is reprinted here with permission (©1989 by the Los Angeles Times).*]

One Woman's Choice: Pregnancy as Test of Faith

Dianne Klein

Two weeks ago, I wrote a column about women who were preparing themselves for the possibility that abortion will again be severely restricted or outlawed in the United States. Using a simple homemade device, they perform abortions on each other in small underground groups and without a physician.

This idea unnerved many readers, a reaction that I had anticipated. But I hadn't expected to hear from someone like Theresa. When she called after reading this particular column, she wasn't angry, nor did she offer any false piety.

She wanted to tell me a story, about herself, that only those very close to her know. Three of her four children are still too immature to understand it, so she will wait to tell them. But Theresa thought it was time to tell me.

When I arrived at Theresa's home in Huntington Beach, she had already assembled photographs, birth certificates and a few other mementos that would illustrate, and corroborate, her words. She was uneasy at first, nervous that her meaning might be mangled by someone who does not see the world through the same lens.

Her husband, she said, was even more apprehensive, so we agreed to use a pseudonym, one that she chose herself—Theresa of Avila is her favorite saint.

This is a story about abortion, but it is also, overwhelmingly, a story about faith. The strength of Theresa's faith, in God and in the Roman Catholic Church, has touched many lives. Now those lives include my own.

Theresa, now a 38-year-old interior designer, was a student at a girls' Catholic high school in San Pedro when she met her future husband at the Lucky supermarket where they both worked part time.

As Theresa tells it, it was almost love at first sight. They were both 16 years old; she, from a working-class family of eight children; he, much more wealthy, the younger of two sons.

This boy, like Theresa, a Catholic, would become her first, and only, lover. Within two years, despite the objections of his family, the two were engaged to be married. He bought her an engagement ring at the Broadway, and later, he gave her a hope chest. In a year they had planned to become husband and wife.

But a few months after graduating from high school, when she was working as a phone company operator, Theresa became pregnant. She hadn't used birth control—it never came up—and to Theresa in particular, to do so would have represented premeditated sin.

"It always bothered me, having sex with him," Theresa tells me. "I knew it was offensive to God and that it was a disappointment to the expectations

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that my parents had of me . . . And we got caught. We were just being human.”

When Theresa told her fiance that she suspected that she was pregnant, he was overjoyed. He rented an apartment, furnished it, and scrapped plans for a large church wedding in favor of a quick oath at City Hall.

“But I felt like a frightened deer.” Theresa says. “I was paralyzed. He just took charge, and I went along.”

Her parents had no clue as to the real reason behind the rush—it would be almost five months before they would find out. By then, what seemed like another disaster had befallen Theresa.

When she was eight weeks along in her pregnancy—during a critical time for the baby’s development—she came down with German measles.

Although this was in early 1970, three years before the U.S. Supreme Court would legalize abortion nationwide, abortion was legally available in California to women who were believed to be carrying severely deformed fetuses.

But Theresa, who had waited until the fifth month of pregnancy before seeking prenatal care, really had no conception of what German measles might mean to her, to her child, or to her future.

“My brother’s girlfriend worked for” an obstetrician-gynecologist, Theresa says. “I went to see him. He was very kind, very nice . . . I remember he said, ‘Hop up, Rosebud. I want to see what’s in your stomach.’ I didn’t feel like a rosebud. All of this was so shameful. It was like a black cloud had come over my life.”

Then the doctor told Theresa what she could expect should she decide to have the baby, which he strongly advised against. “He told me that last year he had delivered a baby whose mother had come in contact with someone who had German measles.

“The baby was born deaf . . . retarded, with its intestines outside its body. And this woman hadn’t even had measles herself. . . . The doctor told me that my baby would be a vegetable, or worse. And he said that if, by some chance, this wasn’t apparent at birth, then by age 5, something devastating would show up.”

Theresa left the doctor’s office almost in a trance. But she did not waver in her decision to bear her child. Her faith, she says, was in God.

“I knew that baby had a soul,” Theresa tells me, looking straight into my eyes, “and I couldn’t destroy it.”

Theresa then made another crucial decision—not to marry the man she loved. She didn’t want to burden him with a marriage he might not have wanted, nor did she want to live with her own doubts.

When he showed up at her door, flowers in hand, to take her to City Hall to be wed, Theresa handed him her engagement ring and told him she just couldn’t go. He left, finally. Both of them were in tears.

“It killed me. It just killed me,” Theresa says. “But I saw what I was doing to him as a supreme act of love.”

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Within a matter of days, Theresa left for St. Anne's Maternity Home in Los Angeles, where she would spend the last months of her pregnancy.

Although her own parents, especially her father, were devastated by their daughter's pregnancy, they agreed that abortion was out of the question. Her father told the same thing to the parents of Theresa's former fiance when they had argued that an abortion must be performed.

During those months at St. Anne's—"the most peaceful time of my life"—Theresa says, she found an inner strength that came from turning her fate completely over to God.

Although her former fiance continued to visit her, begging her to marry him, Theresa stood firm. Near the end of her stay, he had stopped coming by.

On the day she went into labor, which was hard and long, Theresa was alone.

Then, moments after the birth, the delivering obstetrician said to her, in what was more of a scolding than a question, "Weren't you advised to get an abortion?"

Theresa said that she had been.

"Well, you should have," the man shot back.

Theresa's son was not breathing, and she had only had a moment to catch a glimpse of his curly dark hair before he was whisked out of the delivery room. His Apgar score, a measure of the vital signs of a newborn, was 4 out of a possible 10. A score greater than 7 signifies good health. Although there were no visible signs of a handicap, he tested positive for measles. Because his condition was highly contagious, he was taken by ambulance to an isolation ward at USC Medical Center.

By this time, Theresa had decided to give up her child for adoption and had signed the preliminary papers.

On the advice of a social worker, she specified only that the baby be raised in a Catholic home. She realized that her child, sure to be handicapped, would have a difficult time finding someone to love him.

A few days after the birth, Theresa's boyfriend came to St. Anne's to pick her up. She asked him if they could stop by USC, in hopes of seeing their son. They found him completely alone, wailing, behind a glass wall.

"I remember looking at him, watching him cry," Theresa says, "and I felt this maternal instinct, so strong. I remember thinking, 'I *have* to take care of this baby.' The whole ride home I was sobbing. And I remember that song by Diana Ross 'Ain't No Mountain High Enough' was playing on the radio. I listened to the words. . . . That's when all of it started coming together."

Within seven days of that ride home from the hospital, Theresa changed the course of her life and that of those around her. She asked her boyfriend to marry her—pleaded with him, really—and he did. He hurriedly rented an apartment in Long Beach, where he was attending college, and got a part-time job.

The newlyweds reclaimed their child from a foster mother, an older woman

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chosen to care for the baby because there was no danger that she would pass on the measles herself.

“Baby has shaking of arms and legs,” read a note that the foster mother handed Theresa on the day she went to pick up the boy. “Do not be alarmed. Just hold close and talk to him.”

Theresa kept her son in isolation for a year on her doctor’s advice—“As far as I’m concerned, you should take that child and lock him in a closet for a year,” is what he told her.

And today, that baby is a 19-year-old man.

His mother says that not only was he normal—“until he was 5, I just kept *waiting* for something to happen”—but also that his IQ tests show him in the range of 150. She describes him as the most spiritual person she has ever met.

This summer, the man that Theresa calls just one of God’s miracles entered the seminary to become a Catholic priest.

APPENDIX D

[Last Dec. 1, Bill Stout, a veteran broadcaster, died in Los Angeles at 62. He had been with the CBS network for some 36 years; once well known nationally, he was best known in recent years as "the angriest voice in Los Angeles television." The following article first appeared (both shortened and revised) in the Los Angeles Times on Feb. 16, 1976. We called Mr. Stout, and he sent us his original version, which we ran in our Summer, 1976, issue. We think it richly deserves to be reprinted again here, in memoriam.]

He (or She) Would Be 23 . . .

Bill Stout

Doctors and theologians are usually the only men who argue the abortion issue. Mostly, it's a women's debate. On one side: "We have the right to control our own bodies," and on the other: "It's a human life and killing it is wrong." That sort of thing.

But I had a jolt recently that set me thinking seriously, *personally*, about abortion for the first time in more than 20 years. I suspect it was a shock that has hit a great many men, although few ever talk about it.

It came late on a Friday afternoon, at the start of a long holiday weekend. The freeways were jammed, of course, and when I started out for a business meeting on the far side of Los Angeles, the radio was full of "signalerts." Since there was plenty of time, it seemed logical to skip the freeway mess and loaf across the city on the side streets. Easy enough, until even that oozing pace of traffic squeezed to a dead stop because of an accident at the corner of Beverly and Vermont. There my eye caught the window of a second floor office, and it hit me like a knee in the groin.

That office, in a building I hadn't even noticed in many years, was where I had taken my new bride for an abortion one blistering summer day in 1952. Suddenly I remembered . . . and I re-lived every detail.

We had been married two years and did not consider ourselves poor, but we were close. We had an old car, a few dollars in the bank, and I had a temporary job writing news stories for radio announcers. And she was pregnant.

We had argued for more than a week after her first cautious announcement. I had adopted her young son by a previous marriage, but this would be our first baby together, and I was delighted. Minutes later I was appalled, then infuriated, by her insistence she would not go through with it. Even more hurtful, I suppose, in the callowness of that encounter so long ago, was that she had talked with several women friends before telling me anything. She already had the name of the doctor and was ready to make an appointment when I would be off from work to drive her to and from.

There was a lot of shouting and pleading that week and a good deal of pumping up (by me) of my prospects at the radio station. She pointed out that those were prospects only. She noted the sickly condition of our bankbook, plus the fact that we had 12 payments to go on our first television set. She

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also made the point hammered home today by the women's pro-abortion groups: it was, after all, *her* body, and the *decision* should be hers and hers alone.

That was the most painful week of our marriage, until the final anguish (of divorce) many years later. Of course, she got her way. I dropped her at the curb outside the doctor's office, then pulled around the corner to park and wait. It would be forty-five minutes, she said, no more than an hour at most. She had \$200 in cash in her bag. No checks were accepted.

I spent the time multiplying and dividing. How much did this doctor *make* per hour? Per minute? How many of these jobs could he do in a day? Or in a year? Did he take just a two week vacation so he could hurry back to the women with so many different reasons for ending pregnancies?

I remember his name. I can see the sign in his office window as clearly as if it were there now, just a few feet away. Seven letters, four in the first name; below them, centered on a separate line, "M.D." I never saw the man but I hated him then, and do to this moment, even though he died long ago.

When I saw her come out of his office, pale and wincing with each step, I leaped out of the car and ran to her. A couple of days later she was moving around with her usual energy and she made it clear that it was all over, with nothing to talk about. A year and a half later, with everything going fine for me in my work, she gave birth to our first baby, a normal healthy boy, and not long after that there came a daughter.

Yet, again and again, I have found myself wondering what that first one would have been like. A boy or a girl? Blonde or brunette? A problem or a delight? Whatever kind of person the lost one might have been, I feel now that we had no right to take its life. Religion has nothing to do with that feeling. It was a "gut" response that overwhelmed me while stalled in the traffic that afternoon at Beverly and Vermont.

Now we were moving again. A few minutes later I was at my meeting in the Civic Center, in the office of an old friend, luckily, because by then I was in tears and they wouldn't stop. It wasn't easy but I finally told him how that glance at an office window had simply been too much for me, sweeping away a dam that had held for more than twenty years.

If I am still wondering about that first one that never was, what about other men? How many of them share my haunted feelings about children who might have been? Why are we, the fathers who never were, so reluctant to talk about such feelings? And if it can be so painful for the men, how much worse must it be for the women who nurture and then give up the very fact of life itself?

Clearly, as the saying goes about wars and generals, abortion is far too important to be left to a woman and her doctor.

APPENDIX E

[The following is the complete text of an editorial first published in California Medicine, the official journal of the California Medical Association (Sept., 1970; Vol. 113, No. 3). It was a seminal document in the abortion/euthanasia debate, and remains as relevant today as when first published. We reprint it here for the benefit of those readers who have not actually read the original, which we have previously reprinted three times, beginning with our Vol. I, No. 1 —Ed.]

“The Traditional Ethic . . .”

The traditional Western ethic has always placed great emphasis on the intrinsic worth and equal value of every human life regardless of its stage or condition. This ethic has had the blessing of the Judeo-Christian heritage and has been the basis for most of our laws and much of our social policy. The reverence for each and every human life has also been a keystone of Western medicine and is the ethic which has caused physicians to try to preserve, protect, repair, prolong, and enhance every human life which comes under their surveillance. This traditional ethic is still clearly dominant, but there is much to suggest that it is being eroded at its core and may eventually even be abandoned. This of course will produce profound changes in Western medicine and in Western society.

There are certain new facts and social realities which are becoming recognized, are widely discussed in Western society and seem certain to undermine and transform this traditional ethic. They have come into being and into focus as the social by-products of unprecedented technologic progress and achievement. Of particular importance are, first, the demographic data of human population expansion which tends to proceed uncontrolled and at a geometric rate of progression; second, an ever growing ecological disparity between the numbers of people and the resources available to support these numbers in the manner to which they are or would like to become accustomed; and third, and perhaps most important, a quite new social emphasis on something which is beginning to be called the quality of life, a something which becomes possible for the first time in human history because of scientific and technologic development. These are now being seen by a growing segment of the public as realities which are within the power of humans to control and there is quite evidently an increasing determination to do this.

What is not yet so clearly perceived is that in order to bring this about hard choices will have to be made with respect to what is to be preserved and strengthened and what is not, and that this will of necessity violate and ultimately destroy the traditional Western ethic with all that this portends. It will become necessary and acceptable to place relative rather than absolute values on such things as human lives, the use of scarce resources and the various elements which are to make up the quality of life or of living which is to be sought. This is quite distinctly at variance with the Judeo-Christian ethic and

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carries serious philosophical, social, economic, and political implications for Western society and perhaps for world society.

The process of eroding the old ethic and substituting the new has already begun. It may be seen most clearly in changing attitudes toward human abortion. In defiance of the long held Western ethic of intrinsic and equal value for every human life regardless of its stage, condition, or status, abortion is becoming accepted by society as moral, right and even necessary. It is worth noting that this shift in public attitude has affected the churches, the laws, and public policy rather than the reverse. Since the old ethic has not yet been fully displaced it has been necessary to separate the idea of abortion from the idea of killing, which continues to be socially abhorrent. The result has been a curious avoidance of the scientific fact, which everyone really knows, that human life begins at conception and is continuous whether intra- or extra-uterine until death. The very considerable semantic gymnastics which are required to rationalize abortion as anything but taking a human life would be ludicrous if they were not often put forth under socially impeccable auspices. It is suggested that this schizophrenic sort of subterfuge is necessary because while a new ethic is being accepted the old one has not yet been rejected.

It seems safe to predict that the new demographic, ecological, and social realities and aspirations are so powerful that the new ethic of relative rather than of absolute and equal values will ultimately prevail as man exercises ever more certain and effective control over his numbers, and uses his always comparatively scarce resources to provide the nutrition, housing, economic support, education, and health care in such ways as to achieve his desired quality of life and living. The criteria upon which these relative values are to be based will depend considerably upon whatever concept of the quality of life or living is developed. This may be expected to reflect the extent that quality of life is considered to be a function of personal fulfillment; of individual responsibility for the common welfare, the preservation of the environment, the betterment of the species; and of whether or not, or to what extent, these responsibilities are to be exercised on a compulsory or voluntary basis.

The part which medicine will play as all this develops is not yet entirely clear. That it will be deeply involved is certain. Medicine's role with respect to changing attitudes toward abortion may well be a prototype of what is to occur. Another precedent may be found in the part physicians have played in evaluating who is and who is not to be given costly long-term renal dialysis. Certainly this has required placing relative values on human lives and the impact of the physician to this decision process has been considerable. One may anticipate further development of these roles as the problems of birth control and birth selection are extended inevitably to death selection and death control whether by the individual or by society, and further public and professional determinations of when and when not to use scarce resources.

Since the problems which the new demographic, ecologic and social realities

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pose are fundamentally biological in nature and pertain to the survival and well-being of human beings, the participation of physicians and of the medical profession will be essential in planning and decision-making at many levels. No other discipline has the knowledge of human nature, human behavior, health and disease, and of what is involved in physical and mental well-being which will be needed. It is not too early for our profession to examine this new ethic, recognize it for what it is, and will mean for human society, and prepare to apply it in a rational development for the fulfillment and betterment of mankind in what is almost certain to be a biologically-oriented world society.

APPENDIX F

[The following column appeared in the Dec. 11, 1989 issue of U.S. News & World Report, and is reprinted here with the author's permission (©1989 by the U.S. News & World Report).]

The moral complexity of choice

John Leo

An old friend of mine, very prominent in his field, recently was the subject of some scandal here in Manhattan. At an otherwise fashionable dinner party, he ventured two objectionable opinions: (1) That there are too many abortions in America, and (2) that abortion is a serious moral issue that is too often treated in a frivolous way. As it happens, my friend is pro-choice, but this was not enough to save him from his reputation-wrecking gaffe. Tongues wagged and gossip flew along phone lines. His own wife didn't speak to him for three days.

What accounts for this astonishing and touchy orthodoxy? Two factors. First, any urban gathering is bound to have one or two guests who have had abortions. When a male brings up qualms about abortion, these women are apt to think their abortion decisions are being second-guessed by someone who will never face the dilemma. Because of the reckless way the issue is treated these days, they may even think they are about to be accused of murder. Or the buried anguish they may feel about their abortions may well up and spill over as bitter argument. Men like my friend think they can keep the discussion safely abstract, but it never works. Beneath the orthodoxy there is too much unfocused conflict.

A second factor, related to the first, figures into the sensitivity about abortion: The rise of feminism and the reticence it tends to impose. Take my profession, for example. Why, apart from those on the right, are there only a handful of nationally known journalists who have published any doubts or qualms about abortion? (Four come to mind: Colman McCarthy in the *Washington Post*, Nat Hentoff in the *Village Voice*, Christopher Hitchens in the *Nation* and Jason DeParle in the *Washington Monthly*.) The reason, I think, is respect for feminism, and reluctance to be seen as siding with its enemies. Because journalists tend to accept liberal values, and because they generally agree with feminists, as I do, that male-dominated society has distorted women's lives, they tend to go along with feminist arguments, even in the highly debatable area of abortion. They tend to dispense with their objections.

You can see this dynamic at work in one of our most thoughtful public men, New York Governor Mario Cuomo. Several years ago, Cuomo went to Notre Dame and gave a magisterial speech on abortion as a complex moral issue. Now, apparently, all the theological, philosophical and moral nuances seem to be beside the point. The Cuomo of late 1989 says he feels embarrassed, as a male, to say anything about abortion at all.

The result is that a great gap appears in the otherwise consistent opinions

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of the left about preserving life. These opinions are anti-nuclear war, anti-capital punishment, anti-environmental degradation. You can't kill murderers for their crimes, elephants for their tusks, minks for their fur, sequoias for lumber or snail darters in the course of building a dam. The only exception to this orgy of nonkilling is human fetuses. This is surely an odd departure from the evolving principle that we do not use killing to solve our problems. The Roman Catholic bishops are committed to a "seamless garment" of stances: No nuclear weapons, no death penalty, no abortion. The left has a garment with a big hole in the middle. For me, the problem is not feminists' pro-choice stance but that the stance has no moral context. All the emphasis is on rights. None is on the morality of using those rights. It is as if we were back in the 1850s: No one is talking about whether slavery is wrong; instead, the whole discussion revolves around the question of whether each slaveholder has a basic right to decide the issue for himself.

There is an obvious tactical reason why no moral discussion has taken place under feminist auspices: Any such debate could split the pro-choice constituency, a large portion of which thinks abortion is wrong. But it goes beyond that. For years, feminist leaders have treated moral discussion of abortion within the movement as a betrayal or, at best, a distraction. "To even raise the question of when it's immoral," argues Kate Michelman, head of the National Abortion Rights Action League, "is to say that women can't make moral decisions."

People who talk this way, in DeParle's phrase, are attempting "to wish away a very real collision" between female autonomy and our moral obligations toward developing life. Morally serious people may assess these competing claims differently under varying conditions, but they will not bury their heads by calling the fetus a bit of tissue and likening abortion to a tonsillectomy. One famous feminist compared abortion to removing a hangnail.

Fetuses may not be persons yet, and it is hard for me to believe that destroying them in the first trimester is murder, but they are alive and human, each with its own unique identity and genetic plan. What respect and attention are they due? Too many of us are dealing with this issue with a huge amount of denial. Sociologist Barbara Rothman, for instance, says that pregnancy "takes its meaning from the woman in whose body the pregnancy is unfolding." In other words, it's a baby if you want it, a clump of tissue if you don't. That is a bit of self-deception very common in feminist literature.

"There is no question about the emotional grief and mourning following an abortion," says Dr. Julius Fogel, an obstetrician-gynecologist who has performed 20,000 abortions. "There is no question in my mind that we are disturbing a life process." One researcher says that "only" 1 percent of women who abort, or about 16,000 women a year in America, are "so severely scarred by post-abortion trauma that they become unable to function normally." Findings such as these do not constitute an argument against abortion. But they certainly tell us we are not in the realm of tonsillectomies.

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[The Wall Street Journal ran an Op-Ed column (Sept. 27, 1989) by Greg Keath concerning American blacks and abortion. We called Mr. Keath to congratulate him; he told us that the column was excerpted from a longer article, which he kindly supplied us, and which we print here with his permission.]

Pro-life Blacks, Silent No More

Greg Keath

For years the battle around the abortion issue has been raging with the understanding that the major combatants involved were either white liberals, white evangelical Protestants or Catholics. There has been silence from one group that has perplexed feuding parties on either side. This group has been courted by both pro-life advocates and pro-abortionists and affected by the issue of abortion more profoundly than any other in our society. That group, of course, is black America.

With Americans everywhere passionately inflamed by the mere word "abortion," blacks on the whole have been silent. Black leaders and mainstream blacks, however, have been polled frequently on the subject, oftentimes with surprising results.

The general trend has been over the years that, while many black leaders have been overwhelmingly in favor of the unrestricted right to abortion, surveys have found mainstream blacks to be among those most strongly opposed to abortion on demand.

Where does black America really stand on the issue of abortion? The Department of Health and Human Services statistics clearly show that black women are more than twice as likely to abort their children as white women. But in a 1988 poll taken by the National Opinion Research Center in July, 62 percent of blacks polled said they did not think it should be possible for a pregnant woman to obtain a legal abortion if the woman wants it for any reason.

The truth is, as many as 43 percent of all abortions in the United States are performed on black women. For every three black babies born, two are aborted. This figure is staggering when we consider the fact that black people comprise only 11 percent of the total population in the United States.

In a research paper done by Dr. Richard D. Glasgow, National Right To Life Education Director, using figures supplied by the federal government and the Alan Guttmacher Institute, Planned Parenthood's research arm, he demonstrated that over 400,000 unborn black babies die each year through abortion. A conservative estimate would place this death toll at about six million killed in the last fifteen years.

One wonders then how blacks can be consistently polled as being against

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abortion while the facts state that we exercise that right proportionately more than any other group in America?

Blacks have learned to live with the reality of social service and private welfare agencies in their communities. These agencies often counsel black women to have abortions, as in an account told to me by a young black girl who went into a local Planned Parenthood clinic in Detroit. She sought the clinic's assistance for meeting the practical needs of carrying her baby to term and putting it up for adoption. But because the baby's father was white, a clinician advised her to abort the baby because "No one wants to adopt a zebra."

In a separate incident, a frustrated young black mother six months pregnant and the single parent of two small children, initially chose abortion because she believed the father of her unborn child to be unsupportive. She confessed that she believed abortion was murder, but felt there was no other way out. Enduring the embarrassment, financial as well as emotional strains of rearing three children alone, all from different fathers, for this woman and thousands like her, is deemed too great a burden to bear. However, after exploring several other options with a counselor and friend, she eventually chose foster parents for the child.

Given the current state of affairs, one would think black leaders would be sounding an alarm and rising up to contest the loss of our most precious resource, our children. The conspicuous lack of pro-life activity on the part of black leaders raises one fundamental question: What is the point in fighting for civil rights on behalf of blacks if the children that would inherit the benefits are being aborted?

Many of our national black leaders have ceased to look at abortion as a moral problem with moral consequences, but instead view it in the harsh light of political gains and losses. Jesse Jackson had once been a strong pro-life advocate as demonstrated in a speech given by him at the March For Life Rally in 1977. He stated that ". . . human life begins when the sperm and egg join . . . from that point, life may be described differently . . . but the essence is the same." He states further, "If one accepts the position that life is private and therefore you have the right to do with it as you please, one must also accept the conclusion of that logic. That was the premise of slavery. You could not protest the treatment of slaves on the plantation because that was private and therefore outside your right to be concerned . . . The solution to a [crisis pregnancy] is not to kill the innocent baby but to deal with [the mother's] values and her attitudes toward life."

After making a bid for the 1988 democratic nomination, Mr. Jackson abandoned his former position, taking the side of pro-abortionists, as evidenced by his joining the march on Washington in April to support pro-abortion groups demanding that abortion rights be preserved.

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When the perspective of black leaders is handed down to mainstream blacks, the issue is presented as a potential loss of civil rights rather than the loss of progeny. Through this reasoning, an erosion of so-called abortion rights becomes for black America the first step to the erosion of the hard-fought gains of the Sixties, when in fact it was not black America that sought after those rights at *Roe's* inception.

Many blacks, myself included, look with well-justified suspicion on the zeal with which white liberals promote abortion among us. We have historically been the target of social engineers such as Margaret Sanger, founder of the Planned Parenthood Federation of America. Sanger was convinced that blacks, Jews, eastern Europeans and other non-Aryan groups were taking away from the creative, intellectual, and social potential of America. She worked fervently toward the numerical decline of these groups. In a quote from her first book, *Pivot of Civilization*, she states, "[The philanthropists that give free maternity care] encourage the healthier and more normal sections of the world to shoulder the burden of the unthinking and indiscriminate fecundity of others; which brings with it as I think the reader must agree a dead weight of human waste. Instead of decreasing and aiming to eliminate the stocks that are most detrimental to the future of the race and the world it tends to render them to a menacing degree dominant."

Sanger can best be described as an energetic visionary whose picture of the world closely paralleled that of Nazi Germany, and she indeed did feature Ernst Rudin, Curator of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for Anthropology, Human Genetics and Eugenics during Hitler's reich, in her monthly *Birth Control Review* in an article entitled "Eugenic Sterilization: An Urgent Need."

In the late thirties Sanger instituted The Negro Project, a program structured to use the backing of black ministers, physicians, and political leaders to introduce birth control and sterilization into the black community. Birth control clinics were set up in those areas where "dysgenic races" resided. For Sanger this was essential as she describes in a March 1939 letter to Frank Boudreau, director of the Milbank Memorial Fund:

The birth control clinics all over the country are doing their utmost to reach the lower strata of our population, but we must depend upon people coming to the Clinics, we must realize that there are hundreds of thousands of women who never leave their own vicinity . . . but the way to approach these people is through the social workers, visiting nurses and midwives.

The strategy of bringing the service to the women was effective then and now. Currently, 70 percent of the clinics operated by Planned Parenthood, which has the largest chain of abortion facilities in the nation, are in black and hispanic neighborhoods. Their school-based clinics are in those schools that are substantially non-white.

One of the Negro Project directors feared their efforts would be unsuccessful:

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“There is a great danger that we will fail because the Negroes think it a plan for extermination. Hence, let’s appear to let the colored run it.” Sanger wrote, “The most successful education approach to the Negro is through a religious appeal. We do not want word to go out that we want to exterminate the Negro population and the minister is the man who can straighten out that idea if it ever occurs to any of their more rebellious members.”

The influence of black leaders on grassroots blacks remains effective today as well. Faye Wattleton, president of Planned Parenthood and a black woman, has been successful in helping to deflect attention away from claims of genocide and racial bias. At a news conference earlier this year sponsored by Planned Parenthood, Jesse Jackson, Andrew Young, and Julian Bond along with others issued a written statement denouncing Operation Rescue, comparing those who participate in abortion clinic sit-ins to “the segregationists who fought desperately to block black Americans from access to their rights.”

While much has been made of black leaders who are pro-abortion, what about black leaders who are not? James Meredith was the first black to graduate from the University of Mississippi in 1963. Over 33,000 troops were used by the federal government at the University to insure his safety the day he enrolled. He has been involved in the civil rights movement for over thirty-five years. He states, “Abortion is wrong! What else can you say? Abortion as a means of population control can only lead to moral degeneration. Abortion justified on the basis of the right of a woman to control her own body will surely lead to the destruction of family as a basis of society. Nothing that requires two parties to create can ever become the sole prerogative of one individual to destroy.”

In a recent conversation with three-time Grammy winner and Oscar nominee Denice Williams, she spoke candidly about her feelings concerning abortion, saying “I took a stand because I wanted to help women to see that we have no right to play God. He is the only one who has the right to take a life. Also there is never talk about the down-side, what happens after a woman has an abortion. When I had an abortion I went in feeling it was not a baby. Afterwards, I was physically, mentally, and spiritually devastated for some time.”

Rev. Hosea Williams, chief organizer for 95 percent of the major non-violent demonstrations and marches for Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. in the 60’s, said to me, “In keeping with my Judeo-Christian ethics, I must oppose abortion, except when the life of the mother is at risk, incest, or rape. Unlimited abortions are not only criminal but morally offensive.”

In an article appearing in the *Washington Times* last February, two players for the Washington Redskins, Darrell Green and Charles Mann, demonstrated at Fairfax County hospital to protest the abortions taking

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place there. Motivated by personal conviction, Darrell Green said he had "Come out of concern for the principle of life . . . When we talk about equality among people, what we are really talking about is life, the importance of each life no matter what color or age."

Charles Mann was moved by a film he had seen showing an actual abortion. He said, "I looked at the violence of it, it was so ugly and so gruesome."

Blacks are no longer keeping silent on this issue, nor are we content to allow the public perception that we are obediently following our national leaders in endorsing abortion on demand as good for black America. Most important of all, we are beginning to do something about circumstances that force young black women to get abortions they would never choose. In cities such as Baltimore, Chicago, Detroit, and Washington, the black community has started crisis pregnancy centers to help these women. Others, including myself, are opening our homes to these young mothers.

Given the facts on abortion and black America, it is not only a question of morality but of practicality for a group already besieged by homicide, drug related deaths, AIDS and an alarmingly high infant mortality rate. What the sterilization programs of the 30's and 40's were unable to do to the black population is now being perpetrated right before our eyes. If ever the word genocide should be used to describe the demise of a people, the evidence dictates that we apply it to black America.

APPENDIX H

[The following syndicated column was released Oct. 26, 1989, and is reprinted here with permission (©1989 by the Universal Press Syndicate).]

Abortion and Democracy

Joseph Sobran

I fell into conversation the other day with a neighbor who took mild exception to a recent column of mine. "We've got to have abortion, you know," he said. "Otherwise these blacks and immigrants are going to overrun us."

The argument that abortion is a woman's right is dubious enough. The argument that abortion is a necessary method of controlling, well, "those people" makes my hair stand on end. But we're hearing it more and more.

One of California's leading abortionists, Dr. Edward Allred, has been quoted by the San Diego *Union* as saying: "When a sullen black woman of 17 or 18 can decide to have a baby and get welfare and food stamps and become a burden to us all, it's time to stop. In parts of South Los Angeles, having babies for welfare is the only industry the people have." And that's not all: "Population control is too important to be stopped by some right-wing pro-life types. Take the influx of Hispanic immigrants. Their lack of respect for democracy and social order is frightening. I hope I can do something to stem that tide. I'd set up a clinic in Mexico for free if I could."

There are nicer ways to say it. Geraldine Ferraro (you remember her) argues for legal abortion this way: "Teen-age pregnancies beget teen-age pregnancies. Welfare mothers beget welfare mothers. How much education and training must be given to break the cycle? How will housing be available? What about schools? Where will the money come from?"

And Ken Auletta of the New York *Daily News* warns of the "incalculable costs" of restricting abortion: "More future city criminals will be incubated, unwanted kids, entering the world without nurturing and self-esteem."

Quoting Miss Ferraro and Mr. Auletta, Nat Hentoff observes in Washington *Jewish Week*: "So the battle for abortion rights is not—as we've been told all along—solely a matter of preserving an individual woman's right to decide how she shall manage her life. There is an added dimension—the equation of abortion with a public service responsibility to keep the population down. Especially to keep the population in the ghetto down."

Mr. Hentoff cites black preachers (including Jesse Jackson, before he started running for the Democratic presidential nomination and changed his tune) who condemn encouraging abortion in black communities as "genocide." A disproportionate number of those aborted—43 percent, according to one study—are black. The genocide charge, Mr. Hentoff says, "used to strike me as hyperbole, foolish hyperbole. Now I'm not so sure."

He is probably even less sure, as I am, after hearing the House debate on

federal abortion funding the other day. Congressman Steny Hoyer, a Maryland Democrat, conjured up a vision of a woman being impregnated by Willie Horton. We've moved well beyond "Would you want your daughter to marry one?" An anti-abortion Republican told me he was heatedly asked in private, by a pro-abortion colleague: "What if your daughter were raped by some black?"

Our elected representatives don't seem especially worried about black women who get pregnant by white rapists, which I guess tells us something or other. Maybe that some unwanted children are more unwanted than others.

I hope non-white Americans in general are paying close attention to this debate. They will learn, if they don't already sense it, that a great many of their white fellow citizens regard them as social pests whose offspring should be nipped in the larval stage. Such whites may be "right-wing," like my neighbor, but they are just as likely to be known as liberals.

Now that the pro-abortion side has brought demography into the debate, the anti-abortion side should make the most of it. Despite (or maybe because of) their own high abortion rate, blacks are the most strongly anti-abortion group in the country. If mobilized politically, they could make all the difference.

The issue is not just whether women have the right to abort at will. It's also whether abortion is being used as a method of controlling the minority population. This is hardly a question the pro-abortionists will enjoy discussing in public, however freely they may talk about it in private.

APPENDIX I

[The following article appeared in the London Spectator (Sept. 23, 1989) and is reprinted here with permission. When he wrote it, Mr. Evans-Pritchard was the Spectator's Washington correspondent (©The Spectator 1989).]

Operation Rescue

Ambrose Evans-Pritchard

My squadron assembled furtively before dawn in a suburban shopping mall. The "rescuers" were edgy. A few sat in their cars; others stood around smoking and telling war stories about Pittsburgh and West Hartford.

A frail man in his seventies rolled up a trouser leg and showed me a deep scar on his ankle. "That was Hartford. I was just lying on the ground and a cop came over and stamped on me. He was a young kid. I couldn't believe he'd do a thing like that."

It seems the police in West Hartford, Connecticut, ran amok last June. They took off their identification badges, armed themselves with billy clubs, nunchakus, and other instruments of order, and beat up a peaceful crowd of "pro-lifers" picketing an abortion clinic. The police ripped the film out of every camera they could find, but a video of the assault was somehow smuggled out and is now circulating underground. It shows a 63-year-old woman armed with a rosary being hurled onto the pavement. That kind of thing.

At first light we were given orders to drive to yet another secret meeting place, where almost a hundred cars were lined up waiting. The "rescuers," mostly Catholic, formed a circle holding hands and said the Lord's Prayer. Then we set off in convoy for an assault on "Gynecare." The purpose was to paralyse the clinic for a whole morning, causing appointments to be cancelled, in the hope that some of the women would decide to keep their babies after all. Occasionally they do. A "rescuer" called Dorothy showed me a photograph of a little black baby. "That's my god-daughter. She's cute, isn't she? . . . We saved her last year."

The rescuers split into two groups. The majority marched up and down the street in front of the "aborttoir," as they call it, carrying placards with gruesome pictures of fetuses stacked up in rubbish bins. Meanwhile the shock-troops formed a blockade around each of the doors to the clinic, and sat there on the steps singing hymns and psalms. Somebody inside the clinic leaned out of the window and poured a cup of hot coffee over them.

Within minutes seven police cars had turned up. Then came the first of the counter-demonstrators from the "pro-choice" movement. They stood on the other side of the road with pictures of coat hangers (for do-it-yourself abortions) and chanted: "Anti-women, anti-gay, born-again bigots

go away.” About the same time, the owner of the clinic arrived, wearing crocodile-skin shoes, white socks and dark glasses. He screamed at the police for not moving fast enough to clear the doors. “What the hell is this shit? This is my property; they’re trespassing.”

His clinic charges \$325 for a first trimester abortion. Anaesthesia extra. Cash only. He does not accept payments from Medicaid, the public funding that provides free treatment for poor women. To get some idea of how a business like this operates I spoke to Carol Everett, who used to manage a clinic in Houston before changing sides. She says that she was paid a \$25 commission for every fetus and that she had a staff of aggressive vendors pushing abortions on the telephone. “It’s a skillfully marketed product sold to a woman at a vulnerable moment in her life.” The last month she worked Mrs. Everett made \$13,625 in commissions. The doctors were paid \$75 per abortion and could do one every ten minutes. Big bucks, as they say over here.

Eventually the police closed in for the arrests. It was almost ceremonial. One by one the limp protesters were carried away and loaded onto a school bus, while the crowd sang “Were you there when they crucified our Lord?” A bishop and a monsignor even had the luxury of stretchers. There was none of the taunting cruelty of West Hartford where the police used “pain compliance” techniques—wrist burns, thumbs in the neck, etc.—to make the protesters walk. The chief of police in this county was an Irish Catholic, and he sat across the road watching every move.

“Decency has prevailed,” bellowed the “choicers.”

“Death has prevailed,” bellowed the “lifers,” as the last body was dragged away.

In the corner of the car park, protected by the police, was a group of bemused young women waiting for their appointments. They were just beginning to file cautiously into the clinic when two female “rescuers” charged at them, shrieking like maniacs. This was supposed to be counselling. Limbs went flying, there were a few thumps, and then all I could see were the two zealots lying on the ground.

If any of the pregnant women had been moved to remorse as the morning went on by the faith and self-sacrifice of the protesters, the effect was most likely undone by this last, ugly incident. It was a glimpse of the moral tyranny that the “pro-life” movement is often accused of, and that has made it so detested by the media. Even so, it is remarkable how unsympathetically their cause has been portrayed. Over 31,000 people have spent time in prison since Operation Rescue launched its guerrilla war in May 1988. That compares with about 10,000 activists detained during the entire civil rights movement of the 1960s. At any one time several clergymen are usually in prison across the United States. After the West Hartford arrests a Catholic priest, Father Norman Weslin, was

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badly beaten while in police custody and held for 24 days before his trial was set. There is no doubt that the opinion élite would be scandalised if the rights of racial minorities, or gays, or “pro-choice” activists were so systematically abused, or even if they were arrested legitimately on such a scale while protesting against some grievance, real or imagined.

In effect the biggest protest movement of the last 20 years has been blacked out. The usually high standard of objectivity in American news reporting breaks down on the issue of abortion. The television networks mostly use the terms “pro-choice” and “anti-abortion,” the preferred designation of one side but not of the other. Linda Greenhouse, a veteran reporter who covers abortion for the *New York Times*, actually participated as a demonstrator in a recent “pro-choice” march in Washington, a firing offence under normal circumstances. She still covers abortion.

A builder, a carpenter, a postman, a primary school teacher, and their wives: these were the people picketing Gynecare. Perhaps they can set off a revolt among their fellow commoners, the great rump of the American middle class, now that the Supreme Court is beginning to return the regulation of abortion to the state legislatures. But I doubt it. As drivers went by all morning, peering out of the window at the picket line, their expressions were mostly ones of mild irritation, as if to say: “What weird people. Why don’t they go home?”

APPENDIX J

[The following column appeared as a "Sweet Land of Liberty" column in the *Washington Post* on Sept. 2, 1989, and is reprinted here with the author's permission.]

The Painful Education of a Schoolteacher

Nat Hentoff

For 19 years, Linda Thayer has been teaching in Boston in what outsiders call inner-city schools. She has had students who have killed people, and the passage to and from her school sometimes has its perils.

"Yet," she told me recently, "I feel safer there than I did last June among the police of West Hartford, Connecticut."

Thayer was among 261 people arrested on June 17 during an Operation Rescue invasion of an abortion clinic in West Hartford. She had come to picket, not to go inside, but she was swept up too. Like many of those arrested and held in custody, she says she was not allowed to see a lawyer for two days and was subjected to "pain-compliance" techniques that a number of police departments around the country have been developing.

Thayer, like others of the protesters, went limp—a traditional method of passive resistance often used in the peace and civil rights movements. "Pain-compliance"—the bending of wrists and fingers, the use of pressure holds and various other ways of inflicting pain so unbearable that the prisoner finally does what he or she is told—does get people to walk.

Clearly, those of the prisoners who had tried to take over the operating rooms of the abortion center had broken the law and had to be arrested. But does passive resistance give the police, in turn, the right to use torture? (And what is torture but making pain so excruciating that the prisoner succumbs?)

There was need to transport the prisoners, but no need to subdue them. Mark Jahne, the managing editor of the *West Hartford News* told me: "The protesters did not fight back. Nobody took a swing at an officer."

The police who descended on Thayer and the others had taken off their badges and name tags. The official explanation was that they didn't want the prisoners to be scratched.

And indeed, Thayer was not scratched. But in custody, lying face down on the ground, her wrist was pressed forward by a policeman until she screamed. Handcuffs were put on, and although her wrist had started to swell, the officer pulled the cuffs even tighter, she says, until the pain was such that she screamed again. Many were screaming that day. One elderly white woman said later, "I really identify now with blacks who charge police brutality. If I happened to be black, it might have been worse."

After having seen a videotape of some of the police action and after having talked to others arrested, I read many affidavits, court papers on both sides and police statements. Among the latter was one by West Hartford Police Chief

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Robert McCue: “I’m proud of the professionalism shown by my officers all during this incident.”

On the other hand, there are the very real screams I heard on the tape. “Most frightening,” says Thayer, “was the realization that the people we trust to enforce the law—the people whom we give power over us—can abuse it without any public outcry. When that happens to *anything*, right or left, we give government license to later inflict brutality on any group they choose.”

There was no public outcry. The town council of West Hartford thumpingly supported what the police had done. And civil libertarians were silent. But if the same police techniques had been applied to anti-apartheid demonstrators who had taken over the offices of a company dealing with South Africa, there would have been indignant marches right up to the doors of the police department.

People involved in Operation Rescue, however, are pariahs—shunned even by the National Right to Life Committee, which embodies the mainstream of the pro-life movement. Those in favor of abortion rights despise them. While she was being dragged along, in terrible pain, Thayer remembers “seeing the pro-choicers screaming at me. The hateful look on their faces. I can’t understand people who are thrilled at *anyone* being abused in this way.”

It was the conviction of Earl Warren that “justice can be realized whenever those who are not injured by injustice are as outraged as those who are.”

This is not one of those times. The Boston schoolteacher says, “I did not think I was in this country. I had never seen the infliction of pain on people in so systematic a way.”

One prisoner yelled, “You broke my wrist!”—which turned out to be the case. “The officers,” he said, “continued to pull up on it even harder.”

And not a minister or a rabbi in West Hartford has said a public word about what happened that day.

APPENDIX K

[In this issue, Charlotte Low Allen writes in depth on RU-486, the controversial French "abortion pill." The following is an editorial on that pill which appeared in the Vatican's L'Osservatore Romano on Nov. 12, 1989. —Ed.]

The Abortifacient "Ru 486"

The ultimate homage which error is accustomed to pay to truth, hypocrisy, has been paid. The mask can now be set aside. When Italy approved the law permitting abortion, it was said that abortion was not to be regarded as a means of contraception, that the woman's free decision had to be in agreement with the public institutions, the guarantor of the right of third parties. Now the desire to introduce the RU 486 pill into Italy also reveals completely what lay behind those statements. It is desired to have recourse to abortion to an ever greater extent as a method of contraception (the most tragically effective method!), because conscience has been dulled to such a degree that the slaughter of the most defenceless innocents is regarded as an act of freedom, indeed the greatest act of freedom, because by now their murder has become extremely easy.

Let it be quite clear, to avoid all misunderstanding, that whatever the method of abortion, the reality remains unchanged: it is murder in the true and proper sense of the word and cannot be justified by any human authority. Moreover, there is something dreadfully repugnant in this procedure. It humiliates science to the depths: it produces a drug whose one and only purpose is to kill the innocent. There is put on the market a true and real chemical bomb, available to whoever wants it, for the extermination of millions of innocents.

The motive alleged to justify and recommend recourse to the new lethal poison is the following: the risk of death or collateral complication for the mother who aborts becomes negligible.

Error is accustomed to don the mask of human pity to gain acceptance. From where does that risk come? From a supremely unjust and freely taken decision to kill the innocent. Let them have the courage to say it openly: at last a method of killing has been discovered in which the assassin no longer runs any serious risk.

By now it is evident that the culture (if we may call it that) which has produced the RU 486 pill has completely gone astray. The culture of those who hold that it is possible to be free while not obeying the truth. Truth, as always, speaks in very simple terms: absolute respect is due to every human being, even and especially to the least. The one who does not see this truth because of selfishness, loses the right to human citizenship.

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[The following article ran in the Los Angeles Times (November 3, 1989) and is reprinted here with the author's permission. Mr. Eberstadt is a researcher at Harvard University's Center for Population Studies and at the American Enterprise Institute in Washington.]

Out of Wedlock and Into Danger

Nicholas Eberstadt

An enormous—and growing—number of American children suffer from a serious health threat inflicted on them by their parents. Bluntly put, their health is at risk because they have been born out of wedlock.

In some circles, it is fashionable to see illegitimacy merely as an “alternative life style,” as good as any other. From the standpoint of the children in question, this view is tragically wrongheaded. Illegitimacy, and the parental behavior that accompanies it, directly endangers the newborn and may even cost a baby its life.

In the past, by a fluke of our statistical system, the United States did not tabulate infant mortality rates by a mother's marital status. Now, however, a pilot project at the National Center for Health Statistics is correcting this oversight. The initial results are chilling. Regardless of the race or age of the mother, infant mortality rates are consistently higher for illegitimate babies.

Illegitimacy even seems to vitiate the health advantage traditionally conferred by education. In an eight-state sample in 1982, for example, infant mortality was higher for illegitimate children of college-educated adult white women than for the babies of married white women who had dropped out of high school—or even grade school.

Rough calculations suggest that illegitimacy is now associated with “excess mortality” of about 3,000 to 4,000 infants each year. Indeed, if it were a medical condition rather than a social disorder, illegitimacy would be seen as one of the leading killers of children in America today.

Severely stigmatized only a generation ago, illegitimacy has become a characteristic feature of American family life. In 1989, if trends continue, more than 1 million children will be born out of wedlock—50% more than in 1980, nearly five times as many as in 1960. This year, every fourth baby in the United States will be born to an unmarried mother.

The stereotype of the unmarried mother is that she is probably black and probably a teen-ager. But with the explosion of illegitimacy over the last three decades, the stereotype no longer holds. In 1981, for the first time on record, more white babies than black babies were born out of wedlock. By 1987—only six years later—100,000 more white babies than black babies were born out of wedlock. As for teen-age mothers, they account for less than one-third of all illegitimate births these days. Black teen-agers now account for less than one-seventh of all illegitimate births—fewer, in fact, than for white women in

their late 20s and 30s.

The poverty rate used to be a fairly good indicator of the health status of children. Today, the illegitimacy ratio may be a better one. In the 1980 Census, for example, the child poverty rate was significantly higher for Chinese Americans than for whites—yet the Chinese American infant mortality rate was less than half as high. The paradox is explained by illegitimacy. Though more likely to be born poor, Chinese American children were three times less likely to be born out of wedlock.

In medical terms, illegitimate babies are more likely to die in infancy because they are more likely to be born at dangerously low birth weights. In general, a child is currently about 20 times more likely to die in the first year of life if he or she weighs less than 5½ pounds (2,500 grams) at birth. Illegitimate children make up a disproportionate share of America's low-birth-weight babies. This is not a trick of averages. Black newborns are 40% more likely to be low birth weight if they are illegitimate; white babies, more than 60% more likely. No matter what a mother's age or race, the odds of low birth weight are worse for illegitimate babies.

Why should this be? Quite simply because illegitimate babies are far more likely to be poorly cared for by their parents. Black babies, for example, are more than 2½ times more likely to receive no prenatal care whatever if they are born out of wedlock; white illegitimates are five times as likely to suffer such neglect. These discrepancies, of course, speak to broader differences in parents' attitudes toward, and treatment of, their children.

What can be done about this scourge? New social programs and anti-poverty initiatives are probably not the answer. Illegitimacy is not caused by a lack of income or education. Whatever their other merits, moreover, America's anti-poverty programs have come to function as instruments for financing mass illegitimacy. In 1986, the most recent year for which such figures can be obtained, more than three-fifths of the children of America's never-married mothers received support payments from Aid to Families with Dependent Children or other welfare programs.

Ultimately, the solution to this crisis—and crisis it is—does not lie in Washington. It lies in the hearts and consciences of America's adults.

APPENDIX M

[*The following appeared in the New York Times on May 8, 1989 (©1989 by The New York Times Company. Reprinted by permission).*]

Self-Defeating Feminism

Gertrude Himmelfarb

It used to be the claim of feminists that women should be permitted—indeed encouraged—to do anything they are willing and able to do, that they seek no special privileges but only the opportunities available to men, that they want only to be judged by the same standards as men.

I was reminded of those far-off days when I read an account of the latest charges brought against the Scholastic Aptitude Test.

A woman's advocacy group claims that the test is "biased against women" because 21 of the 145 questions "heavily favored men" (presumably because men scored better on them) while only two questions "favored women." The former "science, sports and war"; the latter "relationships, clothing or appearances."

Economics is also apparently in the masculine domain. The example of a question biased in favor of men concerns dividends and royalties and the example said to favor women is about love.

The test, this group concludes, is defective and can be corrected only by removing or balancing such gender-biased questions.

With advocates like these, an old-fashioned feminist might protest, women need no enemies. Women are presumed to know about love, clothes and appearance; to expect them to know what dividends and royalties are, perhaps even something of science, sports and war, is unfair and prejudicial!

Not so long ago, anyone making such charges would be denounced as sexist. Today it seems to be the prerogative of feminists to demean women, to assign them, as used to be said derogatorily, to their "proper spheres."

The same back-to-the-kitchen mentality is exhibited in universities. It used to be only the most retrograde male professor who would suggest to a woman student that she write her dissertation on a "woman's" subject.

I remember such an episode in my own time in graduate school, and the indignation of all the students. The expression "male chauvinist" had not yet come into currency but if it had we would surely have used it. Today it is the most ardent feminists who think that the only proper study for women is women's studies.

The original inspiration behind women's studies was to fill in the subjects that had been unduly neglected or omitted. It was not assumed that only women could write about women, let alone that women should write only about women. Nor was it assumed that everything else that had been written up to now was faulty because it had been written from a male perspective.

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We have now progressed—or regressed—to the point where gender is presumed to be the primary, even determining, factor in human consciousness. If history thus far has been predominantly the history of men, it is presumably because men have written that history and have naturally written it from their own perspective and interests. The job of women, it is now argued, is not to complement or supplement the old history but to write a new one in accord with their perspective and interests.

The old feminism spoke the language of liberation. Women were to be free to do whatever they wanted to do and were able to do. The new feminism speaks the language of power. All of life, including intellectual activity, is said to be an exercise in power, and women must wrest from men the power of which they have been so long and so unjustly deprived.

It is a dangerous game that feminists are playing. In the name of feminist power they are forfeiting liberty—the liberty of women to do as they like, to think as they like, regardless of gender. The new gender-consciousness is gender-restrictive. It narrows the imaginations and aspirations of women; it consigns them to a new set of “proper spheres.”

Power, unlike liberty, is a zero sum game. One man’s (or woman’s) gain is another’s loss. So far, men, because of guilt, timidity or plain inertia, have been acquiescent. But at some point they are going to assert themselves.

They may then find it to their advantage to leave women in the spheres they have created for themselves. And women may then discover that they are back in the kitchen—a new, shiny, state-of-the art kitchen, but a kitchen nonetheless.

APPENDIX N

[The following column appeared in the Everett, Washington, Herald on Oct. 8, 1989 and is reprinted here with the author's permission.]

Son with Down's syndrome lives life to the hilt

Alison Bernhoft

Our second son likes to call horses "cows." In fact, he likes to call anything on four legs cows; it's one of his standing jokes.

The other day he was driving along with his daddy when he saw a field of horses. "Daddy, daddy," he pointed excitedly, "cows." He thought a moment and chuckled. "No, they're kitties." Then a fresh insight struck. "No, Daddy," he said. "No kitties"—here he started laughing uproariously, so he could barely get the words out—"they're . . ." (more gales of laughter) "DUCKS!"

Whereupon he collapsed in a fit of uncontrollable mirth, pulverized by the inventive brilliance of his own wit.

Andrew is 4½ years old.

Andrew has Down's syndrome.

According to the American Medical Association, the quality of Andrew's life is such that he would be better off dead. The world would be a better place if we would have detected the extra chromosome while he was still floating peacefully in the watery haven of my womb, and doctors sympathetic to my welfare, my "right" to bear only a perfect child, had dismembered him, or burned his skin off with salt.

But we didn't know, nor had we any reason to suspect.

It was hard to take, when he was born. He was so floppy, so unresponsive. The doctor said, "You needn't take him home." Like a bad apple at the grocery store, or maybe a garment that wasn't quite what you had in mind . . . the cut doesn't flatter, the color's not exactly right. . . .

The baby who will never be a real person. Sorry, lady, but you got the booby prize.

The strange thing was that I couldn't really see what was so awful about him. Nor could strangers who stopped to gush "Ooh, how cute!" while I wondered uneasily how long I had before they'd know, without being told, that he was a reject.

Not a person. Better off dead.

It's not easy to write about this. It hurts me to think that you might consider Andrew worth less than another child—perhaps just plain worthless. It could make me angry. But my anger won't help; instead, I'll try to show you how full and rich is his life, and ours with him.

I won't say that his extra chromosome has made our lives easier—more challenging, yes, more varied, at times more heartbreaking, but never easier. In a culture where we all are measured against various external standards of

perfection, this may be his biggest crime.

Just when we women were starting to believe the feminists—that we not only could have it all, but deserve it, too—along comes a handicapped baby, demanding extra time, extra care and even (horrors!) extra self-sacrifice on the part of—who else? The mother.

So we deal with it in two ways. First, we trust that science will provide, through amniocentesis and abortion, an instant fix. No more substandard babies. (This can't possibly work, by the way. But it can do a lot of damage trying.)

Second, we coin new euphemisms for "retarded." "Special" is the current favorite. A useful word: It can mean outstanding (a birthday is a Special Day), or subnormal (which is why my son's in Special Ed). The trick is to look as if you mean the first (Down's children are so special) while secretly thinking the second (and I'm so glad he isn't mine).

But you don't fool anyone. I see it in your eyes.

And please don't attribute Andrew's particular abilities to his syndrome. He enjoys music. He loves to sit on my lap or dance while I play the piano. But that's because of who he is, not because "they're so musical."

If he displays affection, it's not because "they're so loving," but because he's glad to be with you. He's no more loving than our other children, especially around strangers. He has an excellent self-image, and makes it abundantly plain that, if you don't appreciate him, he doesn't have time for you either.

He can be quite the acting ham. When I asked him recently, "Does Mummy love Andrew?" his face became a tragic mask. He allowed his lower lip to tremble just a little as he sadly shook his head no. "Does Daddy love Andrew?" The sun rose in his face. Ah, yes. Blissful smile.

Not twelve hours later I overheard my husband: "Does Daddy love Andrew?" Again, the pathetic, dejected little shake of the head, the tremulous lower lip . . .

What joy is in raising a child like this.

Handicapped people teach us a lot about quality of life. The abilities you start out with aren't nearly as important as how well you use those you have. Andrew uses them all. He gives life everything he's got.

My brain is so sophisticated by comparison, so riddled with comparative clauses. "This is good, but that would be better." "It was good this time, but next time I'll be disappointed." I envy Andrew the purity of his emotions.

When frustrated he does a funny little dance, flapping his hands back and forth and rapidly stamping his feet. I wish just once I had the courage to do it when the grocery checkout lines are too long.

He enjoys an excellent special ed program at school. He will do a good job of work one day, and be proud to pay his taxes. He'll never do drugs, join a gang, or inflict one cent's worth of wanton vandalism. He will have a good life, and enjoy it to the full.

So how does the "quality of life" argument justify abortion, or starving

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newborns to death as sanctioned by the Supreme Court?

I wonder if it's because of the way handicapped people invade our comfort zones. What do I say? How do I act around someone with an obvious mental or physical impairment?

I suggest you try this for starters: Look into their eyes and see the person in there. A person as real as you or I.

But his isn't easy. It requires us to change, and change can be hard.

Perhaps it's better just to kill the babies.

After all, they can never have a good quality of life.

After all, they can never really be happy.

Can you, Andrew?

APPENDIX O

[All journals get material "over the transom"—the old-time phrase for things that arrive unsolicited. We receive a great deal, most of it unusable. But sometimes we get pieces that are, while not quite articles, very interesting. One such appeared in the mail last December, and we are pleased to print it here. Major Dubinsky is currently an assistant professor of English at the U.S. Military academy, West Point. —Ed.]

Spreading the Good News

Major James Dubinsky, USA

A few months ago, I got the news. Literally. And twice. The first time it was as simple as picking up the newspaper that lies waiting for me at 6:00 A.M. every day. The second time it was simple too; I merely picked up the phone on my desk at work. My first experience was upsetting; my second was joyous. Allow me to explain.

When I opened my *New York Times* that morning (Oct. 11) I was met by a front-page picture of angry faces wielding signs such as "A Woman is more than a Fetus" and "Keep Abortion Legal." The faces and signs were even more annoying because the *Times*, in its pro-abortion wisdom, juxtaposed the picture of these angry people with the news about the defeat of Governor Bob Martinez's proposal advocating parental consent for abortion in Florida. I had been following the fate of this proposal, and I was sorry to see it turned down without a hearing. But I was even more annoyed when I reached the editorial page and found an essay by Ms. Rebecca Walkowitz on the same issue—whether minors should need consent from their parents before an abortion. Ms. Walkowitz, a sophomore at Harvard and a writer for Harvard's newspaper, believes that consent is only something that is an issue between adults; it is not something that should have to be sought by an adolescent who is seeking to snuff out a life.

Her essay was published under the trendy guise of being a "voice of the new generation"—a phrase that reminds me of TV commercials and rain-soaked movie actors in tight clothes. It was definitely a "new" viewpoint for me; it caused me to read her essay several times. I had to: I could hardly believe what I was reading, and I had to make sure I wasn't misreading. I wasn't.

The most shocking of her statements was: "If a woman is old enough to get pregnant, she should be old enough to choose whether to have an abortion." But when I examined her argument, I had difficulty reconciling her statement and her conclusion about minors—supposedly the point of the article. Perhaps my problem stemmed from having always considered "women" to be female adult human beings; I don't know any females who are simultaneously minors and also adults.

Her claim was outrageous. Some females as young as ten years old are capable of bearing children. If Ms. Walkowitz is correct, then these "women" should be able to choose to abort the baby they have conceived. Of course,

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these “women” legally *are* minors. But, if she is correct, and these minors are “women,” then they are also adults. If she is right, then they deserve political power. Perhaps they should be accorded the right to vote? Perhaps these same “women” should be provided the right to earn a living, or to face legal charges like other “women” who just happen to be adults?

If her argument is valid, then all girls/minors/women/adults (a term that seems to cover her definition) who are capable of bearing a child should not be under the scrutiny of parents. She implies that parents are like huge defensive lines who stop their child/adult “women” from running toward the goal of achieving full political, personal, and sexual power; parents do not have an important role in a minor/adult/girl/woman’s life after she reaches said level of physical maturity. It’s obviously hard for Ms. Walkowitz to imagine why any parent might want to “monitor”—her term for what parents do—such a *woman’s* actions. Clearly parents, at least in her opinion, merely want to act, not as individuals who are concerned for the emotional and physical well-being of their children, but as Big Brother *a la* George Orwell’s *1984*.

After reading the paper and thinking about Ms. Walkowitz’s essay, I decided I’d had enough of the news, and went to work. Several hours later, I received a call from Bonnie, my wife. She told me she was pregnant with our fourth child. I must admit that this came as a bit of a surprise, especially since we were feeling quite comfortable with the three we have (ages five, four, and one).

As we talked, I realized that the baby would come just as we were getting ready to move, perhaps overseas. It would mean finding a way to finance a new car, one that would hold the whole family. It would mean more late nights, more trips to the emergency room, more baby food on my clothes, and more work for my wife all around. In short, it would mean major inconveniences, and some drastic reassessments of our priorities—financial, personal, and professional—will have to be made.

Of course Bonnie will be most affected by this new baby, but she will not choose to abort. She believes that with conception comes responsibilities. She is willing to shoulder those responsibilities. So am I.

After talking to Bonnie, I thought: what if a similar call were to come in ten years not from my wife, but from my daughter (who then would be over fifteen)? I wondered how I would feel if told that she had had an abortion. I wondered if she would be capable of making such a decision, or whether she should even be allowed to—it is a very big decision to be shouldered by someone so young. I wondered whether the women or doctors at the clinic would be able to explain to her what actually was happening and how it might affect her later in life. I wondered whether they would even want to (they are not required to by law). I wondered who would take the responsibility of helping my daughter once such a decision was made. I was sure that I would, that my wife would. I was equally sure that the personnel at the clinics would not. They would have already done their duty, provided their services, and

collected their fees.

I picked up the *Times* front page again, and stared at the placards the women were carrying. I had to agree with them that a “woman is more than a fetus,” much more. Women who carry such placards find it easy to accord a special status to the carrier, but they seem unwilling to consider the carried. They seem unwilling to recognize something I know to be true: a fetus is much more than a blob of tissue or an inconvenience. I know that the fetus inside of my wife’s body will soon be a child that we will have the responsibility of bringing up to be an adult. I know that responsibility includes far more than “monitoring” (the term Ms. Walkowitz used with derision). I know that I want to be such a part of my children’s lives that when they make choices, they will want my advice.

It is late in the day now. The children are in bed, and I am struggling to make this essay work. I want it to say far more than it has so far. I want those who read it to wake up, and think, and if applicable, to move from a position of ethical fence-sitting to a thinking, feeling, and logical position. I want those who are not of this “new generation” to realize what we are facing: thousands and perhaps millions of young people who, like Ms. Walkowitz, are capable of writing articles without logic and with very little concern for anything other than their immediate gratification. We are facing a hostile media, who in their rush to sympathize with anyone they can classify as “victims” will publish any article that espouses opinions close to their own. We are facing politicians who do not have the courage to take a stand based upon moral convictions because they are afraid that those convictions might cause them to lose votes. We are facing the loss of a million and a half babies a year. We are facing a wall that only persistence and reason will tear down.

I have now been thinking late into the night. Thinking about articles like Walkowitz’s have made me more sure of my beliefs. I am most sure of two things: no child is an adult, and I’m glad I was born “yesterday.” If Ms. Walkowitz is the voice of a new generation, I’m thankful I am part of an older one, one that believes in a parent’s role as friend, confidant, role model, disciplinarian and, yes, monitor. I want to be one who warns (the Latin meaning for the root of the word “monitor”) my children that society is full of freedoms, freedoms that bring responsibilities with them. There is one other thing I am sure of: there is a big difference between shouldering a placard and carrying a baby on your shoulders. Placards crumble, fade, and are easily blown by any wind that prevails; babies (and fetuses) grow, and the added weight must be borne.

APPENDIX P

[*The following syndicated column was released on October 26, 1989, and is reprinted here with permission (©1989 by the the Universal Press Sydicate).*]

Abortion and the Rapee

William F. Buckley Jr.

When President Bush said he would veto the congressional measure that would extend financial aid for abortions in the event of rape or incest, the comment by Kate Michelman was, "Today's official veto shows George Bush to be mean-spirited (and) without compassion. . . . With one stroke of his pen, President Bush today condemned impoverished women to continue crisis pregnancies that can destroy their lives." Now that language does not surprise, because Ms. Michelman is the executive director of the National Abortion Rights Action League, and that's the way lobbyists talk.

But it is something quite different when equivalent words are used by such as A.M. Rosenthal, the distinguished editor and columnist of the *New York Times*. Mr. Rosenthal was so much affronted by the presidential veto that he said it actually makes it difficult for him, in dealing with foreigners, to defend Mr. Bush. What do you say to them? "They ask you if the president of the United States really means it when he says a poor girl raped by her father should not be helped to get an abortion."

The vetoed measure, and the discussion surrounding it, beg for the application of reason. And the application of reason is very difficult when the emotions are greatly stirred. But here are a couple of rules Mr. Rosenthal and others bowled over by Mr. Bush's decision should remind themselves of.

The first is the old saw that hard cases make bad law. That axiom is not an entirely comfortable fit here, because what Congress was discussing was the authorization of money for abortion under various circumstances—not the act itself. Still, it is illuminating to ponder the use of the truly melodramatic example in order to test one's belief in a principle.

For instance: "Do you believe in lying?" Answer: No. "Would you lie to the KGB if they came to your house at midnight and asked if you knew where your son was?" Answer: Everybody, with the possible exception of Sissela Bok and Immanuel Kant, would lie—with untormented conscience.

Another example: "Do you believe in capital punishment?" Answer: No. "Does that mean you would hesitate to execute Adolf Eichmann notwithstanding that he was the principal architect in the execution of 6 million Jews?" Answer: You are overstressing my opposition to capital punishment. Israel forbids capital punishment, but nevertheless hanged Eichmann when it got hold of him. Few people have wasted their time condemning Israel for hypocrisy.

Now Mr. Rosenthal makes a huge case against George Bush on the basis

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of the “poor girl raped by her father.” Before doing that, one should ask antecedent questions, the first of them being, surely: Is there a problem today that significantly afflicts girls impregnated by their fathers who want an abortion but can’t afford one? I tried to do a little research into the question (How many people are we talking about?) and got absolutely nowhere at all.

For relief, I read the debate in the Congressional Record and, to my surprise, there was not a single allusion to the plight of the daughter pregnant by her father—almost the whole of the debate dealt with the question of abortion for victims of rape. Rep. Henry Hyde, R-Ill., led that debate in opposing an extension of federal funding of abortion. He did, actually, the opposite of citing a hard case as an unreliable guide to evaluating a law. He gave the name of Ethel Waters, the great black singer in whose name they dedicated a park in Lancaster, Pa. Miss Waters is the daughter of a 12-year-old rapee, and all the world is grateful that she was not aborted, even as we are grateful that the fourth child of a syphilitic father, consumptive mother, with two tubercular older sisters, was not aborted, else we’d be without Ludwig von Beethoven.

But the I’m-glad-we-didn’t-abort-Shakespeare argument is no more creditable against abortion than Mr. Rosenthal’s complaint about the hypothetical victim of her father’s lust. The question facing Mr. Bush wasn’t: Do you sympathize with the woman who is the victim of rape or of incest? But rather: Should federal financing on abortion be expanded? On this he has taken a principled position. And those who denounce him for acting according to conscience must wonder how it is that no abortions—zero abortions—were legal until a couple of decades back; and during that period, Mr. Rosenthal had no serious problem in discussing U.S. policies with foreigners.

It is always a question of perspective. Thomas Jefferson had to engage in civil conversation with foreigners even on days when he had written home to discuss the disposition of his slaves. We can’t know what will be the ethical consensus a generation from now on the question of abortion. But Mr. Bush’s veto will not stick out like the Dred Scott decision.

APPENDIX Q

[The following article appeared in *Chronicles* magazine (October, 1989) and is reprinted here with the author's permission. Miss Buckley is a senior editor of *National Review*.]

Collitchgirl

Working for United Press in the 40's

Priscilla L. Buckley

To enter the job market in the middle of World War II was a heady experience. In the year or two following Pearl Harbor nearly ten million young men had donned uniforms, and employers were crying for help. The only large reservoir left to be tapped was women. Rosie the Riveter was born. For college graduates, white-collar jobs heretofore closed to women were to be had, although not quite for the asking.

Betty Goldstein (not yet Friedan) graduated from Smith College at this time—1942—and embarked on a career that would lead to the writing of *The Feminine Mystique* a quarter century later. Betty and I were very good friends at Smith. I was a sophomore reporter and she the editor-in-chief of SCAN, the college newspaper. Our SCAN experience had whetted our appetites for journalism—"the newspaper racket," as we racily called it—and that's where we hoped to land jobs upon graduation. Not for us the Woman's Page with its fusty coverage of fashion, food, bridge, and other despised foofrous. We would be real newsmen covering real news. So with a brand new diploma in hand, and Hildy Johnson dreams in my heart, I set out for the Big City—New York in those days was everyone's dream, and a Greenwich Village apartment an attainable possibility. A SCAN friend, now working at AP, called with the exciting news that a job as copy girl had just opened up at United Press (as UPI, the United Press International, was then known), and that I should call Phil Newsom, the radio news manager.

Nothing could discourage me. Not the job description: copy girls and boys ran errands, brought in coffee, changed the rolls on the huge teletype machines, did anything that anyone at any level asked them to do. There were no weekends. You worked five days a week, not necessarily consecutive days, on three shifts: day, afternoon, and overnight. The pay was \$18.50 a week.

I didn't get the job. It had just been filled, but as it turned out it was nearly as quickly unfilled. At week's end a telegram informed me that if still interested I should report for work at 9 A.M. the following Monday. With gay abandon I tossed aside a second job I had landed (also to start the following Monday) at \$35 a week as a junior editor at *The Book of Knowledge*, the children's encyclopedia, and opted for UP, starvation wages, and a wonderful life. To get a job in the news field in those days you filled out a brief form—name, age, education, family, place of birth, citizenship, previous work experience (none)—and were then interviewed by the person for whom you would be

working. Résumés were a thing of the future. The only hitch was that every woman hired had to sign a release agreeing to vacate her job when the man who had held it before her returned from the service.

Speak of nervous stomachs. The UP newsroom on the 12th floor of the Daily News Building in New York was at the time the largest newsroom in the world: several hundred men at hundreds of battered typewriters arranged in great U's—a U for each department—and dozens of teletype machines ringing and clattering day and night, erupting with news from all over the world. The editor sat at the outside of the U, the assistant editor faced him across the desk in what was called "the slot," and the rewriters and reporters manned typewriters along the long arms of the U. The floors were littered with paper, cigarette butts, and the desks with graying, cooling stained containers of coffee, empty Coke bottles, paper, pipes, debris. The shirt-sleeved men were intent on their machines as I walked down the long line of typewriters past the foreign desk where a tall skinny fellow with glasses looked up and almost nodded before turning back to the copy at hand. Harrison Salisbury would very soon take over the job of foreign editor.

Around the corner was the radio department where incoming news was rewritten on a news wire that reached 1,400 radio stations. Radio in those pre-TV days was the source of all instant news, which had to be repackaged by the radio department into convenient five- and fifteen-minute segments. Sentences were shortened for easier delivery. Successful radio copy had a distinct beat to it; you had to hear as well as see it. Sibilants were taboo ("Sixteen suicides sent Stanford staggering" was not a good radio sentence). In 1943 United Press was the nation's largest radio news service.

Phil Newsom, all business today in contrast to his lazy, easy conversational self at our interview, turned me over to the head of the radio copy staff, a messy, brown-curly-haired girl of 18 with streaks of ink on her face. Bobby, who never could learn not to wipe her fingers on her face after changing a typewriter ribbon, told me to get the orders for midmorning coffee and danish and then to run out to the Greek's (the corner deli) with it. (Bobby is now executive director of *Cosmopolitan*.)

I was in the door, but at a very low level indeed. To be a copy boy was bad. Most of them at UP at this time were overage underachievers, content to stay put in a no-future situation. To be a copy girl with aspirations was—to some old news hands—too presumptuous for words. We were nothing but *collitchgirls*, strung thus together as a term of obloquy. "*Collitchgirl*," sighed LeRoy Pope, who was riding the slot that day when I went over to take his order. "Another *collitchgirl*."

Weeks later when the manpower pinch had become so bad that I had been moved to the sports desk (over the all-but-dead body of the sports editor), Leroy, again in the slot on a hot Sunday afternoon, would have his deepest suspicions of the inadequacy of *collitchgirls* confirmed. After he had responded

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to a dozen angry bells—complaints from local bureaus that something was wrong in a baseball score—and corrected my error, he stood up in the slot, brought his ruler down with a resounding slap that brought every head sharply around, and put me straight on how things work in the news world. “Priscilla Buckley,” he roared, “you can call Franklin Delano Roosevelt a sonavabitch, but you can’t make a mistake in a baseball score.” He was absolutely right.

It was made clear to me when I was promoted to the sports desk (\$25 a week) that I was never to mention the promotion to anyone. What would editors around the country think if they knew that UP was so hard up it had had to put a *woman* on the sports beat? My copy—even the nightly feature stories—was unsigned, or signed by the sports editor, and if a radio station or a UP bureau called for clarification of any point, I was instructed to call a copy *boy* and have him take the telephone while I dug up the information.

Three or four years later my good friend Ed Korry, Paris bureau manager for UP, lured me from another job with the promise of a spot in the Paris bureau as soon as one opened up. Inasmuch as UP wages were then and continued for years to be a joke, rapid turnover in staff was predictable. I got the job a couple of months later and soon noticed that my byline, Priscilla Buckley, appeared on the wire as P.L. Buckley. It turned out that UP’s then-European manager—a Mr. Bradford, whose headquarters in Bonn was at a safe remove from Paris—had a “no woman foreign correspondent” policy that Ed had simply ignored. I appeared on the table of organization as P.L. Buckley and so I remained for nearly a year. The first time wicked Mr. Bradford walked into the UP newsroom in Paris and found a *woman* in the slot was, well, interesting.

Deliverance from that initial assignment on the sports desk in New York came six long months later when a tall, gangly, pockmarked young man with flat feet walked in looking for a job as a sports writer. I was reassigned to the radio news staff, to general hallelujahs, particularly from the sports editor, and even given a raise (\$27.50 a week). By this time there were three *collitchgirls* on the radio news desk and in short order they became top hands on each of the three main shifts. We didn’t panic under pressure, we were not lazy as many of the older male staffers were, and we learned to write fast in short, simple, easy-to-read sentences. The bigger, the faster-breaking the story, the more we liked it: the fall of Rome, D-Day, Mussolini’s death, VE-Day were big. But the biggest day of all was VJ-Day, which marked the end of World War II, and which came on my shift. At 7:00 P.M. on August 14, 1945 (12:00 midnight, London), a tired but jubilant Winston Churchill and a much relieved Harry S. Truman announced to their respective nations that the war was over. I got to write the fifteen-minute broadcast that heralded that joyous news to much of the nation. Every rule was suspended on that wild jubilant night in the steamy UP newsroom in New York. Great pails of beer from the local saloons were carried into the office and happily consumed. And no one objected.

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