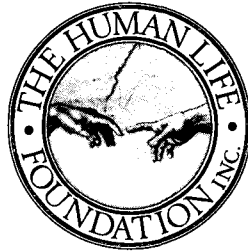


# the HUMAN LIFE REVIEW



SPRING 1992

*Featured in this issue:*

Ann Coulter, Esq., on... Are You *Really* Pro-Choice?

William B. Murchison on ..... Choice Is for Voters

Elena M. Garcia on ... A Symphony by Two Hearts

Maria McFadden on ..... Why Rachel Still Weeps

Faith Abbott on ..... The Feminine *Mystique*

Kay Ebeling on ..... *Backlash* or Progress?

Anne M. Maloney

& Stephen J. Heaney on ..... 'Bogus' Clinics

Malcolm Muggeridge on ... 'Progress' and the Soul

*Also in this issue:*

Anthony J. Buhl • Lee Ezell • Peregrine Worsthorne • Henry J. Hyde

Nat Hentoff • Ray Kerrison • Suzanne Fields • Katie Letcher Lyle

• Larry Celona & Patrice O'Shaughnessy •

*Published by:*

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New York, N.Y.

... ABOUT THIS ISSUE

We are pleased to provide, in this issue, a remarkable mix of new voices and regular contributors. Most of the articles are original—with the exceptions of Coulter and Muggeridge, originally given as speeches, and the Anne Maloney and Stephen Heaney letter, which was sent to a selected list of media.

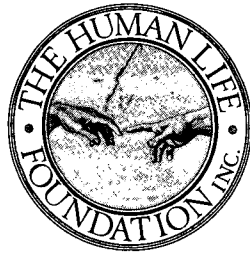
As you will see, we have devoted a good amount of attention in this issue to abortion's *other* victims—especially the would-have-been mothers. The National Office of Post-Abortion Reconciliation and Healing, referred to in “Rachel Still Weeps” (p. 43), publishes the International Post-Abortion Services Directory, as well as a newsletter and several books, tapes, and articles. The office also operates a national postabortion referral line, 1-800-WE-CARE. For information, contact the office at P.O. Box 07477, Milwaukee, WI 53207-0477.

For information on the New York *Project Rachel* or *At Peace with Your Unborn*, write the Family Life/Respect Life Office at 1011 First Avenue, New York, NY 10022, or call 212-371-1000, ext. 3187, or 914-693-4250.

You will note that Maloney and Heaney's “Lying in Wait” (p. 85) defends what we would call “baby-saving” groups from charges that they are in fact “phony abortion clinics” attempting to deceive women: while we do not defend *any* deceptive practices or advertising by anybody, we fully agree that all but a very few such “centers” are open, honest, and dedicated to being *there* to help a mother have, *not* kill, her child. The Human Life Foundation, which publishes this journal, has long been involved in supporting such groups, and will go on doing so.

Finally, we have included several on-target cartoons: from Benson of the *Arizona Republic*, Garner of the *Washington Times*, and several from our old favorite, the *London Spectator*.

MARIA MCFADDEN  
MANAGING EDITOR



# the HUMAN LIFE REVIEW

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## INTRODUCTION

MISS ANN COULTER, Esquire, begins: “I don’t know how to talk or write without arguing so this will be in the nature of an argument with myself over when life begins.” It’s a refreshingly direct way to start off: the question is urgent, it *must* be answered without further ado, let’s get right at it. That is precisely what she does, in our lead article, which is in fact adapted from a talk she recently gave to a group of women in Connecticut.

We envy her audience: it must have been fun to hear the vivacious (just the right old-fashioned word) Miss Coulter say it all straight *at* you. That’s the reason she is *here*: we happened to see her on a TV talk show, and wasted no time in contacting her: anyone who can talk like that must be able to write as well? Quite right, she can, and while merely reading her can’t match a live performance, we think you will join in the chase to her summing up: “If the Republican party abandons its pro-life position, abandon the Republican party. The Republican party freed the slaves; now it’s time to rescue the millions of unborn babies continuously sentenced to the abortionist’s abattoir. Thank you.”

*Whew!*

Calmly speaking, Coulter makes cold-blooded political sense: Ronald Reagan personally committed the Republican party to an uncompromising *moral* opposition to the Evil Empire known as the Abortion Industry; it was indeed a Lincolnesque thing to do, but his more “moderate” heirs are now agonized by it all. Unlike his predecessor, George Bush is not generally considered a True Believer on the issue, a perception that has emboldened Republicans no longer awed by Mr. Reagan’s spell to pressure Mr. Bush for some modifying murmurs. The prescription was written by the late Lee Atwater, who proposed a “Big Tent” solution—the Grand Old Party should accommodate all comers, no matter what their *feelings* (as distinguished from *beliefs*) on abortion. But as Mr. William Murchison makes plain in our second lead piece, backing *off* from a moral position is politically risky.

A quarterly journal like ours rarely enjoys the luxury of running “news”—events distort realities, ours is a *long* view—but Murchison’s *reportage* will remain perceptive even if, by the time you read it, some “facts” may already be outdated (e.g., Who knows *now* what Mr. Ross Perot will end up doing?). His point is, the heirs of Ronald Reagan (not to mention Abraham Lincoln) are wrestling with a question they cannot answer—whereas the common voter not only can, but *will*, in due course. Thus the real question remains the *same* one Miss Coulter insists on: Will we emancipate the unborn, or not? Meanwhile, good-reporter Murchison fills you in on all the as-we-go-to-press stuff, the kind

of thing historians will ponder, a snapshot of “How It Looked” way back now.

Another voice history dare not fail to hear belongs to Dr. Jérôme Lejeune, the world-famous French geneticist, who is surely the most eloquent living voice for the unborn child. When the good Doctor speaks, good men listen. And many a woman must weep—hear Lejeune on women who have aborted their babies:

Many years later they speak of the child that they did not have, but who has continued to live and grow in their hearts; and it is not an abortion [that] happened two years ago, or three or five—it is a child that does not exist, but who in their memory is two, three or five years old.

Last year, Lejeune flew from Paris to New Jersey, to testify as an “expert witness” at the trial of a young man—no, a young *father*—who committed “criminal trespass” in his attempt to prevent the abortion of his child. It’s quite a story, told here by a new contributor, Mrs. Elena Muller Garcia, who handles it deftly: you can visualize the courtroom, hear Dr. Lejeune, imagine just how extraordinary a trial it was—the judge ruled that a “living person, a human being” had been *legally executed!* It may become a landmark case—no other judge known to us has ruled so justly—but even should history forget this case, you, dear reader, will not.

Can a woman forget the child torn from her womb? The politically-correct answer is a jaunty “Sure”—abortion is a mere medical “procedure” that leaves no psychological scars, trust your friendly local abortionist (a highly-paid professional, after all)—it’s all over and done with in a jiffy. But in “Rachel Still Weeps,” Maria McFadden illuminates reality: Dr. Lejeune is quite right, women *feel* the child that is no more, like an amputated limb. It’s another good story, well told: again, you can easily imagine being at the “healing service” Maria describes, sitting “in silence” with her, catching the contagious mourning all around you. Imagine a *video* of such a service: just the thing to guarantee “informed consent” by a woman about to abort her baby? But that would be politically *incorrect*. Anyway, real-life victims wouldn’t play, nor could actors play *them*—grief is hard to film.

Of course it was once considered *natural* for a woman to mourn the child who is no more—Rachel symbolizes accepted reality—or *did*, until Feminism came along to challenge such ageless notions. And nobody symbolizes the “best” of Feminism more than Gloria Steinem—famous, glamorous, unmarried, childless (only one abortion admitted)—but Faith Abbott asks: “What hath Gloria wrought?” Steinem’s latest effusion, *Revolution from Within: A Book of Self-Esteem*, has topped the best-seller lists for months, but it has also shaken the Feminist Establishment to its core; one reviewer predicts that her Sisters will greet the book “with a single, agonized cry: ‘Gloria, how *could* you?’ ” For, you see, Ms. Steinem has concluded that she missed quite a lot during her life (she’s 58 now) of devotion to the cause,

## INTRODUCTION

not least her *own* true self, which she is only now discovering.

But we also have *Backlash* by Susan Faludi, a book which has clung to the lists just behind Steinem's—*it* argues that the only thing wrong with Feminism is the way it's been treated in the media! And the media have responded by ballyhooing *both* books, featuring Gloria & Susan as unfraternal (and *unmaternal* too, of course) twins—it all makes quite a story, and Abbott digs into it with her patented “Did you know all this was going on?” style. Call it a service to our readers: most of us *don't* have the time or opportunity to keep up with all the latest in Feminist infighting; you get a ringside seat here.

But wait, there's much more: our Kay Ebeling has also read *Backlash* (which is subtitled “The Undeclared War Against American Women”), and is here to give you some strong reactions of her own, beginning with “It's amazing that Susan Faludi could write a book as thick as the Old Testament about the current state of womankind and never mention children”! The simple answer may be that Faludi has never read the Old Testament, but she evidently *has* read every available “pro-choice” tract because, as Ebeling notes, “Faludi brings up the need for abortion on nearly every page.” In effect, we have our own *fraternal* twins: Faith & Kay go very well together; you will learn a great deal about two books anointed by the media as the “hottest” around—without having to waste your own time on them—that's a *public* service.

As is our custom, we now give you an abrupt change of pace, and while the subject is serious, you may get a good laugh out of the *idea* of it all. Anne Maloney and Stephen Heaney are professors of philosophy; both watched the now-notorious *Prime Time Live* segment (on ABC TV, last October 31—fittingly, Halloween) on “phony abortion clinics” as Hostess Diane Sawyer described them. In fact, of course, they were “baby-saving” centers—not “clinics” at all—where many thousands of “pro-lifers” labor to offer a noble “alternative” to abortion by helping the mother to *have*, not kill, her baby. But Reporter Chris Wallace described them as sinister deceptions—threats to the hallowed “right” to abortion itself. Well, Maloney & Heaney took it upon themselves to write the show's producer, and ended up sending off some *six thousand* well chosen words, with copies to a dozen dens of the “Major Media” plus “appropriate” Congressional leaders. Thoughtfully, they included us as well. We have no idea what the others made of their epistle, but we laughed all the way through their hard-hitting arguments, and just couldn't resist letting you do likewise. We suspect Media Moguls are *not* accustomed to such a strong dose of *lèse majesté*, which makes it all the more fun to read.

There is another current “news story” you must have read, about “Baby Theresa” who was born “without a fully-formed brain” and died before her unmarried parents could find a judge to *declare* her dead, so that her “usable” body parts could be “donated”—if we can believe the stories, that is the only reason her mother carried Theresa to term rather than abort her after being

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informed of “the condition of the fetus.” Again, if we can believe what we’ve read, nobody asked whether or not there were, ah, any “financial considerations” involved. But the notion of a lucrative “market” for spare human parts is by no means unthinkable; indeed, we spied (in the March 8 San Francisco *Sunday Examiner-Chronicle*) the headline “Organ Donor Trade Imbalance”—it seems “Japan wants hearts, but won’t donate them to the rest of the world”!

As it happens, our dear departed colleague and friend Malcolm Muggeridge prophesied just such headlines years ago, in a little-noted address to a symposium on “Organs for Transplantation”—we asked Malcolm to adapt the text for us, and it ran in our *Spring*, 1986, issue. The “Baby Theresa” story prompted us to re-read it, after which it seemed obvious that we must run it again, now. We trust that you will agree: “St. Mugg” had the gift of putting things just right, in his master-craftsman style.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have a varied lot of ten appendices to conclude this issue, beginning with a column from the “hinterland” which vividly demonstrates that, 19 years after *Roe*, abortion and its *sequelae* remain “news”—here (*Appendix A*), Professor Anthony Buhl recites the litany of woes that have distorted “reality” for Americans. Mr. Muggeridge would have agreed: another of his famous predictions was that Hitler had given “a bad name” to euthanasia, infanticide *et al.*, but that legalized abortion would soon have us picking up where the Nazi doctors left off—which is exactly what Prof. Buhl sees happening.

In *Appendix B*, we have another column, prompted by another world-wide news story—you remember the 14-year-old Irish “rape victim” who was “denied” an abortion until the Irish Supreme Court re-read the law and allowed her to get one in England? Well, Lee Ezell, a California writer, suffered a similar teen-age victimization, but as she says, “No easy abortion was available to me 30 years ago”—for which she is enormously *grateful*, as you will see.

Mr. Peregrine Worsthorpe, the well-known English journalist, was also prompted by the Irish case to expound on “the inability of those who hold this liberal view” on abortion to understand the Irish Catholics who after all only defend what “until recently was also Britain’s view”—we think you will find *Appendix C* one of the most powerful short pieces we’ve ever published—Worsthorpe’s concluding argument may just make you stand up and cheer!

*Appendix D* brings us back to the American scene: fears that *Roe* will soon be overturned have caused Congressional pro-abortionists to seek legislation to impose *unrestricted* abortion nationwide. You can imagine what the redoubtable Henry J. Hyde thinks of *that* idea, and he was quick to explain it all to his fellow Members, with his accustomed eloquence (you get the full text here). He is followed by Mr. Nat Hentoff, the champion of “civil-libertarian”

## INTRODUCTION

journalists, who also makes a powerful case against the proposed legislation—not least on constitutional grounds which, he argues, are simply being *ignored* by proponents—it's always good to have Nat Hentoff on *your* side, the alternative is a fearsome prospect.

If you read Mrs. Garcia's article, you must *already* be mightily impressed by Dr. Jérôme Lejeune: in *Appendix F*, you get another dose of his Gallic *panache* as he debates Prof. Etienne Baulieu, inventor of the abortifacient RU 486. It was quite a battle that left virtually nobody "undecided" and Lejeune the clear winner—for once, we'd say the pollster got it exactly right.

Faith Abbott, who wrote her piece *before* the "Abortion-Rights Rally" in Washington (April 5), wondered whether the Feminist/Gay coalition really would turn out a half-million marchers: they hadn't ever before, but evidently did this time. However, Mr. Ray Kerrison (*Appendix G*) viewed the affair as "less a celebration than a reflection of the panic" sweeping pro-abortion ranks—and explains *why*, most convincingly (but then our friend Kerrison is *always* convincing). *Appendix H* shifts to yet another "news" story that will outlast *most* of us: Dr. Cecil Jacobson has been convicted of fraud and perjury, but his actual crime was to "donate" his own sperm to patients, producing a mind-boggling number (estimates run to 75 or more!) of half-siblings who will be, says Suzanne Fields, "decorating the Northern Virginia landscape for the next 50, 60, 70 years," thus raising all the ugly questions about "artificial insemination" that nobody wants asked *or* answered—it's a "case" that certainly belongs in our permanent record of what *Roe* and its progeny (if you'll pardon the word here) have wrought.

So, most definitely, does *Appendix I*, which we won't dare attempt to describe: read it, and you will know why. Were there a "Slippery Slope Award" we'd recommend First Prize for this one. The same might be said for our final *Appendix J*, which may send you back to our *first* one: Were the Nazis just a little ahead of the times in the Life Is Cheap "philosophy"? It's a question that demands an answer.

Despite inflicting such horrors on you, dear reader, we trust that this issue will put you in an *optimistic* mood. Consider Tough Guy himself: as Mother Teresa would say, "Look, there's life in him" still. Then re-read Mr. Worsthorne's final paragraph, to remind yourself how many good and sensible people now recognize that history's pendulum *must* swing backwards to sanity? We mean to go right on publishing such people, until it happens.

J.P. McFADDEN  
EDITOR



# Why Nobody Is Really Pro-Choice

*Ann Coulter*

I don't know how to talk or write without arguing so this will be in the nature of an argument with myself over when life begins. This is an advantage because it means I can dictate who wins. But on the question of whether a fetus merits treatment as a human being, no advantage is necessary.

Although I know little about such facts as when various stimuli are present in a fetus or what medical advances will shorten the period to viability, I do know that at some point before the child is actually born you have something that looks like a human life, and that's all I've ever needed to know to persuade people that abortion is immoral and wrong. No one is pro-choice, it is an impossible position. I suppose my title could also be taken to mean that people who claim to be pro-choice are frequently, in fact, active proponents of abortion, which I happen to think is also true, but that isn't what my talk is on.

The argument is analogous to those I've had with swaggering swains at law school who claim to be atheists. I point out to them that atheists ought to be able to eat human beings. They generally eat chicken and beef—indeed, all but the most incorrigible and sickly vegetarians will at least eat eggs and caviar. But only a Jeffrey Dahmer would eat a human or a human fetus. Obviously it is understood that there is something unique about humans. What is that if not a soul?

Atheists should also be willing to take their clothes off in public: they don't keep their Dalmation's private parts covered in warm weather. Unless there is something special about being human, such personal modesty is inexplicable. Not coincidentally, many of Madalyn Murray O'Hare's followers resided in nudist colonies. Social convention alone cannot explain why atheists wear clothes. Arranged marriages, calling cards, vomitoriums, nose rings, wigs for men and pants for women, and innumerable other social customs that were once common—some even unbreachable—have completely disappeared or vary from

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Ann Coulter is in practice with a New York City law firm. This article is adapted from her recent talk to a Roman Catholic women's group in New Canaan, Connecticut.

culture to culture. Only a few are invariably present in civilized society: marriage, for one, and coverings for certain parts of the body.<sup>1</sup> Moreover, it seems to me, if I lived in a society in which everyone believed some silly little nursery limerick such as “step on a crack, break your mother’s back” and I went around dismissing the veracity of the rhyme, I think people would have reason to doubt me if I steadfastly refused to step on a crack. Only the statistically irreverent crank is constitutionally capable of really putting his atheism to practice by being a nudist. And those who cannot manifestly operate on the assumption that there is a human soul. They can claim they don’t believe in God all they want, but unless they’re willing to act on that belief by walking around buck naked and eating humans, they understand that humans have souls.

This is the way most alleged atheists behave—and ultimately is the way the abortion argument goes. The pro-abortionist is forced to apply principles to the potential life within the fetus that he would accept in no other area of his life, in no other circumstances. Because precepts that are necessary to support abortion are specifically and uniformly rejected in analogous situations, there is reason to doubt the sincerity of the “pro-choice” position.

The abortion advocate must have concluded that the entity being aborted is not a human life, and contrarily, the abortion opponent, that it is a human life. The only point at issue is not whether people will harm themselves attempting to break laws against abortion or whether such laws will disproportionately affect the poor, but whether the fetus is a human life. What sorts of indicia normally operate as evidence of human life would seem to be relevant to this inquiry. Although it ought to be incumbent on the person who says it is okay to kill to establish that what is being killed is more like crabgrass or a virus than it is like a human being, the question is generally phrased: “Who are you to say when life begins?”

Invariably, people who have said this have never seen a fetus, have no idea when a heartbeat begins, don’t know when the pain receptors or brain waves are present. People who claim to be pro-choice apparently are not in favor of there being a lot of information out there that would seem to be relevant to make an informed choice. While newspapers and television news programs are splattered with pictures of dead and maimed bodies from famine and wars and natural disasters, I have yet to see any major newspaper or television display a picture of a mangled fetus. You aren’t going to learn what you

don't want to know. But the media's bias is hardly a novel point.

So starting at the end, could it be that a fetus is not a life until it emerges from the womb? Very few people arguing seriously will take that line, although one occasionally hears the argument made in retreat. About a year ago there was a story in the New York tabloids of a man who fed a newborn baby, one day old, to a dog. I think the city was properly revulsed at this and I don't understand under what definition of life the same act could be conceived of as an acceptable activity had it occurred twenty-four hours earlier. I don't think that can really be explained. But if life begins at birth, twenty-four hours earlier it would have been appropriate to feed the exact same being, the exact same entity, to a dog.

Can it be that life does not begin until birth because the child is still dependent on another? That seems preposterous—for the first several years of its life the child is dependent on someone else. Left to its own devices it would perish in the first days after birth. Is it that the fetus relies on one specific person for whom no one can substitute? What if an infant were lost in the woods with one adult. The child would be entirely at the disposal of this adult, the only person who can save it. Would people say at that point it would be all right for the adult to feed the infant to a dire wolf because the child is totally dependent on that single person for its survival? Would it matter if the child were an "unwanted intruder" or "uninvited guest," as the fetus is frequently termed? I think that would not make a difference.

In fact, on the principle that dependence on one particular person refutes the existence of a human life, it would be a morally acceptable choice to ignore an invalid's cries for help if no one else were around. A person could be in his home, alone with an ailing parent who is crying out for medicine, for food, for a doctor. If that person were the only one in a position to hear the pleas, he could say: "Oh well, Pops is entirely dependent on me now, so I'm on the road again." No one would countenance such an ethic (or would they?). Or at least no one *ought* to countenance such an ethic. And fortunately, with the possible exception of Derek Humphry and the euthanasia devotees, no one does.

And such a principle of behavior would be no more palatable if a person were going to be stuck alone in a cabin with an invalid parent for a full nine months and it were a dreadful burden to keep

interrupting his complex soufflés and novel-reading to attend to his parent. Nor would it make a difference to anyone if the adult and child lost in the woods were sure to remain lost for nine long months, if it were an enormous hassle for the adult to care for the child all that time, and if, in addition, the adult would become emotionally attached to the child during their sojourn together. I don't think anyone would dispute that it would be a vicious, monstrous act to feed a child to a wolf under those circumstances or even to let it perish on its own by benign neglect—although there, the analogy breaks down. Abortion is not benign neglect but an active and purposeful destruction of the fetus.

So if dependence on another being cannot be the criterion defining life, the next plausible dividing line is viability. Viability generally comes up as a bald assertion that something is not cognizable as a human life until it is viable. There are a lot of problems with this. To begin with, the fetus *is* viable from conception—provided it remains attached to an umbilical cord. For viability to mean something other than dependence for life on one other person, which continues at most until birth in any event, it must refer strictly to the fetus's ability to survive entirely on its own.

But the survival-on-its-own definition of human life would disenfranchise from the definition of life a non-trivial portion of people who rely on artificial respirators or intravenous feeding machines, even people who have to go to kidney dialysis twice a week are not really viable beings. They cannot survive on their own. It cannot be that these people were viable at one point and then lost their viability that anoints them with the privilege of life. Some children are born instantly needing machines, they must go on respirators or into incubators immediately. I was in an incubator for some number of weeks; would it have been morally neutral for my mother's obstetrician to have strangled me to death at her instruction while I lay in the incubator? Do people who depend upon some sort of artificial device for their entire lives never attain humanity?

There is also a disingenuous aspect to the viability argument. If the argument is that a being must be viable, but there is a sort of grandfather clause protecting beings who have already been viable at some point, then a person who was once an able-bodied human who is judged completely brain-dead because of an accident, disease, or old age and is kept alive only by virtue of a battery of machines would have to fit the definition of life. At all costs this person would

have to be kept alive. Whether or not that would be a good idea, I am pretty sure there are not a lot of pro-choicers who absolutely insist that life support systems be employed to extend the physical life of humans with no intellectual awareness.

Although society's treatment of the brain-dead should not dictate its treatment of fetuses—fetuses are not brain-dead—there is an inconsistency in employing a grandfathered previous viability as the definition of life, but then not demanding life support systems for the terminally comatose. Or, rather, the only consistency is the impulse to always err on the side of death. It is inconsistent as a coherent body of ethical principles.

A peculiar thing about the argument that life begins at viability is that it always ends up being self-defining. If it is not dependence on one other person, and if it's not the capacity to survive on one's own, nor to have previously attained independent existence, then the definition of life—whatever one is left with—begins to look suspicious. Human life comes to be defined as whatever the fetus, and the fetus alone, is not.

Suppose a definition of life were proposed that would exclude everything that is defined by a word that begins with "f." Someone points out that Frenchmen would thereby be fair game, so then the definition is modified to exclude anything that begins with "f" but that also contains only five letters; that's not a life. Then the Finns are mentioned and the definition becomes: anything that begins with "f," has five letters, and includes the letter "e." Ignoring the substance of such a definition, which is absurd in and of itself, the farrago of limitations and exceptions is enough to cast some doubt on its usefulness.

Viability as the definition of human life can be made consistent with other principles accepted by normal people only if so many amendments and codicils are attached that the viability in question refers exclusively to that of a fetus. But there ought to be some independent grounds for viability being a rational reason to define something as a life and that rationale must be applied consistently. I don't think there is a principle that would permit the killing of a nonviable fetus that people would be willing to apply across the board. It becomes a mere tautology: "Life begins at viability because life begins at viability and that's just what I believe."

One of the most absurd aspects of viability as the definition of

life is that the point of viability is constantly changing. It is preposterous to have a definition of when human life begins that was different a century ago. That means Homer and Shakespeare possessed souls—or whatever it is about humans that makes cannibalism repulsive—at a point in their developments much later than we do today. It means that, even today, souls do not enter the bodies of babies born in Swaziland as soon as they do in babies born in the United States. This is simply an incoherent position.

Alternatively, it could be argued that only beings whose lives depend upon a physical attachment to another human being do not deserve protection. The popular version of this definition of life compares the developing fetus to a parasite that has climbed on to the back of a woman and begins to rely on the woman for its own life. Phrased thus, the argument has an obvious visceral appeal: parasites are vermin, viruses, and weeds, not human beings. Moreover, stripped down to its essential facts without descriptive coloration, it is not easy to argue against a definition of life that excludes physical attachment to another human being because of the difficulty in hypothesizing scenarios relevant to its application outside the abortion context.

Siamese twins may provide the most analogous real life phenomenon capable of testing the general acceptability of the human parasite argument. Even if it were common practice to surgically remove *one* Siamese twin and allow it to die so that the *other* could lead a more full life, it would seem peculiar to place that decision in the hands of the twin who stood to survive. Indeed, Solomonic justice would militate for killing off whichever twin were to request his sibling's death and to preserve the twin who would not consider demanding that the other die.

But to fairly equate a Siamese twin to a woman with child, only one twin would be dependent on the other for its existence, and the dependency would last no more than nine months. I submit that the decision to destroy the dependent twin would still not be thought to properly reside alone with his sibling, nor would any conscientious decision-maker consider the nine months of physical attachment adequate grounds for compelling the death of the inferior twin.

Furthermore, neither Siamese twin is vaguely responsible for his condition, thus the twin example is a fair comparison to a pregnancy only in the small fraction of cases in which the pregnancy results from rape. Accepting the highest estimates of rape-induced pregnancies,

one is still left with approximately 1.6 million abortions per year in which the woman had a hand in creating the life that then depends on her for its survival. In those cases, a more accurate comparison requires that the independent twin had taken some volitional action which in turn placed the other at his mercy. And then the decision to kill off the dependent twin in order to give the superior twin nine unencumbered months would be absurd.

So what do we look at to decide if a human life is present? The definition of life cannot exclude beings attached to an umbilical cord by virtue of their dependence on or physical attachment to another human being, and it cannot exclude beings incapable of independent existence. Moving it all the way back, at the moment of conception, the fetus is, as it is referred to, a clump of cells. This clump of cells has all the genetic material that will determine whether it is a male or female, what its bloodtype, hair color, eye color and fingerprints will be. Still, many people have difficulty conceiving of a clump of cells as a human life and I'll give them that. I don't need that concession. It is very, very small at that point.

Incidentally, it is so little at the beginning, that the little clump of cells that people have difficulty recognizing as a life is also too small to abort. In those rare cases in which a woman discovers that she is pregnant within three weeks of conception, which is extremely unusual, she is told to wait until the fetus is six to eight weeks old so that the abortionists can be sure to get it. It's not a pleasant procedure; it's not like laser surgery or an x-ray. The doctor has to make sure he gets all of the baby out, and at three weeks, at four weeks, it's too small for the abortionist to know he's got it. It has to be at least six or eight weeks old.

Remaining agnostic for the moment about the potential life in a recently conceived fetus, we do know that there is a heartbeat at three weeks, brain waves within five to six weeks, and pain receptors at six to seven weeks. I think the most dogmatic pro-choicer cannot deny that these are strong indicia of life and that, by around six or seven weeks at the least, there is a reasonable possibility that the fetus constitutes a human life. Several weeks after that, the fetus will thrash around wildly when the abortionist's tool comes after it. No one can look at that and say that it is not a human life.

Whether life can be conclusively seen by unanimous consent at the moment when there is brain activity, a heart beat, pain receptors,

little fingers and toes, or further on down the line is irrelevant. At some point, long before birth, there is a tiny little being that no honest person can deny is a human life. And whichever incarnation of the developing fetus is accepted as indisputably human, the previous stages are at the very least, possibly, though not indisputably, human life. At that point the question has to be: how do people normally react when there is a possibility that they are killing a human?

Suppose a particularly scrupulous crime-avoider were to discharge a gun into all opaque telephone booths he passed in New York City in order to insure that no mugger lurked within. This is obviously extremely convenient for him. He eliminates some muggers who would otherwise have harmed him first. Before he shoots, he cannot see that there is a human life in the booth; he certainly has no idea whether he is taking a human life until the body tumbles out. And if he doesn't look, he may not know until he reads the police roster of dead bodies found in telephone booths that year. If he shoots every telephone booth he passes, the odds of someone being in any one are extremely small. When he takes a shot, he can't say with any degree of certainty, "I know that there's a life in there."

Is that an acceptable moral choice? Do most people think this would be an appropriate way to behave? More likely he would be rather severely counseled against ever shooting into even one opaque telephone booth simply because he *might* be taking a human life. And that is the *least* that can be said about a developing fetus: it might be a human life.

What if some people derived enormous pleasure or merely found it inordinately convenient to whiz their cars through piles of leaves at high speeds with the knowledge that one in every twenty piles of leaves contained hidden children playing in the leaves? Each time a car careened through the leaves there would be only a 5% chance that a child or two would die. Could people accept those odds? Would that be considered an acceptable moral choice? Would it make a difference if it were somewhat difficult to avoid the piles of leaves and, therefore, the state refused to issue drivers' licences to a certain number of drivers?

The most astonishing argument I heard on this point was from a fireman who told me he didn't know when life began, abortion was convenient for women, and that's why he was pro-choice. I pointed out to him that he operates on such a principle in no other area of his life, that, in fact, in his chosen profession he runs into



burning buildings risking his own life—not because he knows there is a life inside that burning building but on account of a mere possibility that a human life may be on the verge of being extinguished.

Occasionally society is, and must be, willing to shoulder some risk of death that accompanies a greater good. In those cases, however, not only must the benefits outweigh the costs, but those whose lives are sacrificed should be designated by fate, not preselected. Thus, for example, although the use of automobiles and airplanes raises the possibility of fatal car accidents and airplane crashes, ultimately the benefits of rapid transportation outweigh the costs of accidents, even on its own terms—human lives. While automobile and airplane crashes cause deaths, ambulances, fire engines, and hospital airplanes directly save lives and the rapid transmission of people, goods, and information indirectly saves and extends lives. Moreover, the benefits are spread across the general population, as are the risks.

In the case of abortion, however, the cost-benefit analysis overwhelmingly opposes permitting abortion even if there is only a non-negligible possibility of life in the unborn child. The benefit is not that lives are saved—laws against abortion always make an exception for the life of the mother—but a convenience is provided to women who want the option of refusing to carry a baby to term.<sup>2</sup> On the risk side, however, we play for life: the costs are measured in lives and potential lives. Every time an abortion takes place, *something* is killed. The odds are thus one hundred percent that something will die during an abortion; the only uncertain odds attend the question of whether what has been killed is a human life.

In addition, both the beneficiaries and the risk-bearers of abortion are known in advance; women who wish they had not become pregnant in the former category and the unborn babies of those women in the latter category. And when the doctor begins the abortion procedure, there is one specific entity singled out to bear the full risk that the unborn clump of cells is not yet a human—that particular unborn clump of cells itself.

A societal decision to accept a certain level of risk in order to obtain some concomitant benefit is least justifiable when the detriment is to be borne entirely by one identifiable subgroup. And when the targeted class not only receives none of the benefits, but has no say in the decision to take on those risks, society's acceptance of the risk would seem to be at its lowest possible

ebb—especially when the risk being taken is that the subgroup at issue is being murdered.

Even accepting the perspective of the most skeptical observer and granting an extremely restrictive view of when life begins, society's normal calculus of risk militates against deferring to an admittedly enormous convenience for women with unwanted pregnancies and in favor of avoiding the killing of the voiceless unborn who may be human beings.

Moreover, I think there is no way a line can be drawn at any point during the pregnancy without seriously implicating the little clump of cells that form immediately after conception. In other words, it cannot be said that it looks like a life at five weeks, so that the line can be drawn at five or six weeks but not when it's that little clump of cells. Five or six weeks, or even months, is not a long time to wait for something to become human even if it bears few of the indicia of humanity during that time.

Indeed, we typically wait longer periods on smaller possibilities that a comatose person will become cognizably human than the period between conception and the existence of a tiny baby with arms and legs and fingers and toes and a brain and pain receptors. I have a friend who was in a coma for about six weeks and I think he was probably less a potential life during that time than the fetus is during its first trimester. The doctors did not know whether my friend was ever going to come out of his coma. He did and he is a fine fellow and successful journalist, an ABC correspondent in Moscow at the moment, I believe. Should his father have asked that the plug be pulled because the doctors were not sure that his son was going to come out of it? At five weeks should he have said that?

What if it could have been known that instead of six weeks, the coma would last six months, but then would end? In that case, surely, it would have been barbaric *not* to wait out those six months. There was a quite uncertain possibility my comatose friend would ever revive, whereas from the moment of conception the overwhelming majority of fetuses will develop into full-fledged human beings—if they do not end up fighting for their lives against the abortionist's tool, and losing, always losing.

The point of all of this is that the pro-choice position cannot be maintained without assembling a Frankenstein's monster patchwork of principles that people are willing to apply to no other aspects

of their lives. Once it is established that the mere possibility of human life is at stake, people err on the side of life; we err on the side of life without question in all kinds of circumstances, and we should err on the side of life here.

And at that point the other arguments for choice just become absurd. Thus—I am personally opposed to abortion but don't want to impose my moral principles on others. Are people who say this similarly indignant about the state imposing its moral views on Joel Steinberg, who beat to death his adopted daughter, Lisa? She had apparently become an enormous inconvenience to Steinberg, indeed, she drove him to the point of viciously beating her. Perhaps, it was an extremely difficult decision for him. Of course, no one is in *favor* of child abuse, but who are we to impose our moral views on such an intimate aspect of the family as child discipline? He made the difficult and personal decision to beat his child to death. He was in his own home at the time and he had acquired proprietary rights to the child by adopting it—albeit under the table. Are we, as a society, willing to accept the prospect of the authorities bursting into people's homes and policing what they do with their children? It seems we are.

The argument that only wealthy women will be able to obtain abortions is no more interesting or effective an argument against abortion than it is in the legions of other contexts in which it is raised. Every time it occurs to a liberal that it's better to be rich than poor, he thinks he's had an epiphany. But if laws had to be repealed because the wealthy can evade or tolerate them more easily than the poor, there couldn't be laws against anything.

Traffic laws, for example, would definitely be verboten. It is obviously much easier for a person who is wealthy to pay a traffic ticket than for a poor person to pay a traffic ticket. Moreover, now that Claus Von Bulow has gotten off, laws against murdering one's wife would be out. It is always better to be rich than poor and that fact does not militate for or against any rules of behavior.

Inadvertently supporting my point that no one is really pro-choice is this fund-raising letter I received last night from Planned Parenthood. Somehow I've gotten on the Planned Parenthood mailing list for New York City. The cover letter does not mention abortion—the word abortion is not used once. Rather, the letter is ostensibly about “right-wing zealots” and the “gag rule” and “formidable [challenges]”

to “reproductive health care.” This is how abortion fund-raising letters refer to their mission.

Although abortion is not the only service provided by Planned Parenthood, the letter is obviously referring to that particular service by its focus on right-wing zealots and the “gag rule.” As far as I can tell, that is, Operation Rescue workers would not be getting arrested over and over again, dragged to jail, beaten, strip-searched and forced to pay huge fines if all Planned Parenthood were doing were passing out birth control pills. It is abortion they are concerned with. But the word abortion is avoided here; instead it is termed “reproductive freedom,” “our rights,” “birth control,” and “reproductive health care.” The name “Planned Parenthood” itself is a little absurd. Apparently not a lot of planning went into these pregnancies that are subsequently “unwanted.”

One would assume that the two-page insert would have to get around to the actual subject at issue, but the obfuscation continues. Here there is “reproductive freedom,” “family planning,” “vital medical care,” “health care,” and, finally, in the sixth paragraph there are a few mentions of abortion, and then back to “reproductive freedom,” “medical services,” “reproductive life.” Only three of sixteen paragraphs use the word “abortion.”

One of them says, “In New York abortion is legal, safe and funded.” But abortion is never safe for the fetus. It is as if there were a group of men lobbying for the right to beat their wives. Bumper stickers would declare “Keep wife-beating safe and legal,” and newspaper headlines would proclaim “Ten thousand men injured trying to beat their wives last year.”

Another paragraph states:

In Washington, the Supreme Court has denied doctors free speech with their decision in our case, *Rust v. Sullivan*, which upholds the “gag rule.” Right-wing conservatives want to eliminate Title X funding for family planning programs and the administration is pandering to them. Millions of poor women are at risk of losing vital medical care.

That is an astonishing formulation. Reading that paragraph—even reading it closely, several times over—one would never know it is discussing a case in which the Court declined to find unconstitutional an administrative regulation denying tax monies for abortion procedures and referrals. The point at issue was whether our money, my money, is to be used to pay for abortion, something I, along with many other taxpayers, consider outright murder. But all one reads about

is the “gag rule” and “free speech.” The peculiar phraseology of the “pro-choice” movement is not only Orwellian but tacitly admits their own understanding of what a repulsive thing an abortion is.

A sociologist undertook a study of ethnic groups and their nicknames once and concluded that disfavored ethnic groups tend to change their names every few years because, as long as they remain part of the underclass, whatever name they assume begins to take on bad associations. It is not until they have achieved some sort of established status in society that they stick with the last name they were called. Analogously, it is wholly irrelevant what the pro-abortionists call themselves or call the procedure. They can call themselves pro-choice, pro-women’s rights or pro-reproductive freedom—they can call themselves “the green people” for all I care. Abortion is an ugly thing and whatever name they adopt is going to become ugly within a few years.

Interestingly, one does not even see the euphemism “terminate a pregnancy” anymore. I think that was what abortion was being called for a while. They just keep running from whatever it is called. People don’t like it. People who do not particularly identify themselves as pro-life nonetheless intuitively understand that abortion is a dirty little procedure, the same way my friends who claim to be atheists subliminally pay tribute to the human soul by their refusal to eat humans. By so calculatingly abjuring the word “abortion,” Planned Parenthood acknowledges the beastliness of its cause.

**M**y final point concerns all the insipid blathering about whether the anti-abortion position will be a vote-getter, and whether the Republican party should, perhaps, modify its platform stance. In all great moral battles over the centuries—slavery, Nazism, Stalinism—there have been two sides. Now those wars are over. And when the battle is fought and the patriots win, we look back and everyone seems to presume that he would have been on the side of the angels, courageously facing down the bad guys, had he been alive during the abolitionist movement, World War II, or the Salem witch trials. But at the time, someone *had* to be on the wrong side and it wasn’t so easy to be on the right side. It is only easy to be on the right side of important moral struggles in retrospect. It is never easy when it counts—otherwise there would be no battles.

Now you have a chance to see which side you will be on irrespective

ANN COULTER

of the short-term consequences, irrespective of social censure, irrespective of the Leviathan media, and irrespective of your political party. We are right on this. I am right on this. If the Republican party abandons its pro-life position, abandon the Republican party. The Republican Party freed the slaves; now it's time to rescue the millions of unborn babies continuously sentenced to the abortionist's abattoir. Thank you.

#### NOTES

1. I have it on the authority of Professor Alvin Bernstein, who taught "Rome of the Caesars" at Cornell University, that in no civilized society have women walked about publicly with their breasts exposed.
2. The claim that women will die in back-alley abortions if abortion is outlawed cannot be included in the cost-benefit analysis of abortion because it essentially amounts to a threat that the law's opponents will commit suicide. It is as if the Amish were to lobby for a maximum national speed limit of five miles per hour on the grounds that the Amish themselves are likely to take their cattle and livestock for strolls on interstate freeways, thus increasing the odds of fatal accidents if the speed limit is any more than five miles per hour. The law should simply forbid the Amish from meandering onto highways, but cannot allow the threat of lawbreaking to be a function in the calculation of the most efficient speed limit—or of the net costs and benefits of abortion.



*'Hello. We'd like to talk to you about Jesus.'*

THE SPECTATOR 25 January 1992

## Choice Is for Voters

*William Murchison*

IN ITS NATIONAL PLATFORM, the Republican Party, with never a tremor of doubt—with moral certitude, rather—declares that “The unborn child has a fundamental individual right to life which cannot be infringed.” Thus the party “affirms our support for a human life amendment to the Constitution,” opposes the use of taxpayer money to finance abortions, and favors the appointment of pro-life judges to the federal bench.

Standing tall on, among other planks, this one, first Ronald Reagan, then George Bush, KO’ed their Democratic opponents. The first platform Reagan ran on, in 1980, was also pro-life, if less exuberantly so. And Ann E. Stone, self-proclaimed loyal Republican, isn’t happy? Sledgehammer in hand, she’s trying to smash up her own party’s abortion plank? Ms. Stone wants Republicans this go-round to endorse abortion rights? Here plainly is one unhappy Republican lady. She claims to speak, moreover, not just for herself but for the majority of her party.

She seems also to be one relentless lady. “If they’re smart,” says Ms. Stone, alluding to party leadership, “they’ll accommodate us in sufficient terms for us to be happy by adopting something close to our position, because, if it isn’t resolved, we’ll go to the floor, and if we can’t go to the floor, it will end up on the streets.” “The streets”—oh, that again. I’ve got a mental picture, as maybe you do, too—proper Republican ladies in plastic boaters, stuffing flowers into policemen’s pistol barrels, burning their Republican Eagles cards, joining manicured fingertips for a chorus of “We shall Overcome.” The picture is not wholly convincing. Ann Stone, to be sure, does not rage and threaten in isolation. A second GOP-based group, the National Republican Coalition for Choice, is headed by Mary Dent Crisp, moderate Republican and former vice chairman of the party.

Last summer, the Young Republican National Federation pried up and tossed aside its own pro-life plank. In time past, the YR’s dwelt to the right of the Republican party as a whole. What gives? “I don’t want to embarrass the White House, but I’m pro-choice,” said Scott Bill Hirst, a Rhode Island delegate. “I think it’s a political

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liability not to be. I think it will cost us votes.” Rosanne Garber, a Virginia delegate, concurs fully: “Pro-life is a losing issue for Republicans.” Clearly, on this logic, what the Republican party is all about is winning elections through the embrace of whatever arguments seem, at the time, most plausible and seductive. As issues go, the preservation of unborn life is a non-starter, from the perspective of the political pragmatist.

Meanwhile, a new group calling itself the Texas Federation of Traditional Republicans labels abortion a divisive religious issue and pledges to oust the “religious right” from control of the party. TFTR has framed telephone scripts for the culling out of religiously-motivated voters. Callers are to ask, among other things, “Should the Republican Party take a position to ban abortion?” And should it “be an advocate of prayer in public schools?” A voter who responded affirmatively “would not be one that you would later call for the Precinct Convention,” the script-writers counsel.

One argument from this quarter is consistent: The pro-life position antagonizes the majority of today’s Republican electorate. Tanya Melich, a Republican political consultant from New York, meeting with the bi-partisan National Women’s Political Caucus, asked, “Why is it so hard to get the national Republican leadership to face the fact that the 1980, ’84, ’88 platforms’ abortion planks are out of step with the rank and file of our party—let alone the American people?” “We are the majority in the party,” Ann Stone says flatly. She cites an NBC News poll of delegates to the 1988 convention: the poll declared that 68 percent backed abortion rights. True, she acknowledges, the abortion plank didn’t hurt Reagan’s and Bush’s presidential efforts; ah, but look at the governorships and congressional seats the party has since lost. *Post hoc ergo propter hoc*. “I’m very much a party person,” Ms. Stone affirms. “I’m doing this to save the party.”

The truth is, polling data on abortion, which may be the most thoroughly polled issue of the 20th century, are contradictory. It depends on how the question is asked—broadly or narrowly. When one asks, “Do you support interference with a woman’s constitutional right to terminate a pregnancy caused by rape or incest?” the answer tends to be well, uh, no, I guess not. The other side of the coin shows up in a survey last year by the Gallup Organization, in behalf of Americans United for Life. Respondents were asked whether, for example, they opposed abortion for a woman “abandoned by



her partner,” abortions undertaken for financial reasons, and abortions where birth would cause a teenage mother to drop out of school. The answers, by two-third majorities, were yes, yes, and yes. Nearly nine of ten respondents disapproved of abortion “as a repeated means of birth control.”

Interestingly, the poll showed that large numbers of Americans don't even know what is permissible under *Roe v. Wade*. (42 percent thought the decision made abortion legal only during the first trimester of pregnancy!) We are not even talking here of Republican voters; rather, of the whole political spectrum, which is doubtless more liberal than the Republican party, viewed in isolation. AUL submits that “most Americans, under most circumstances, oppose abortion.” None of which rattles the GOP pro-choicers. Hearings on family and health-care issues are planned by the platform committee for Salt Lake City in May. Pro-choicers plan to be there for a spot of table-pounding. And the consequences for pounding back? This remains for now a speculative matter. The pro-choicers don't say that failure to appease them would make them jump ship—and they don't say it wouldn't.

The Democrats are all attention naturally. On abortion their track record has been consistent for the past decade. Democrats insisted, in the platform that launched the memorable Dukakis campaign, “that the fundamental right of reproductive choice . . . should be maintained.” In 1992, they may speak even more emphatically, what with the U.S. Supreme Court widely expected to strike down *Roe v. Wade*. Wanda Franz, president of the National Right to Life Committee, which has formally endorsed President Bush's re-election, observes, “To those who say that there is no difference between the two major parties, I say look at abortion and you see a fundamental difference.” Democrats, who believe Ms. Stone's arithmetic, point gleefully to that very difference.

Not that the Democrats are likely to corner the market in GOP defections. There is now H. Ross Perot to compete against—Perot, who says simply that abortions “should be the woman's decision.” No one can predict where the Perot candidacy is headed, far less how Perot as a candidate, rather than a sound-bite celebrity, will play; but he complicates the situation for both parties. An Ann Stone or a Mary Crisp would experience far less culture shock voting for Perot, a nominal Republican and celebrated patriot, than for say, Bill Clinton, not all of whose services to womanhood have been

performed beneath the Arkansas capitol dome.

The volatility of the woman's vote, in the 1990's, is hard to underrate as is the potential political strength of women. There are 10 million more women of voting age than there are men. Not only this, but they out-vote men numerically by 1 or 2 percent. It may be true that, as the novelist George Meredith suggested a century ago, "Women are, by nature, our strongest Conservatives." If it is true, it is less so generally, or generically, than in Meredith's time, which was after all the crinoline era, before the joys of universal suffrage and brokerage-house vice presidencies had been disclosed. Not even Republican women resist successfully—or want to resist—the incursions of modernity.

The women's rights movement, by heavily emphasizing rights as contrasted with duties and obligations, has changed the old calculus profoundly. Feminism—like most of modern thought—bids women think not of what satisfies obligations but rather of what raises them to the same plane as others of both sexes. This makes free enterprise reasonably popular as a political issue, because entrepreneurial capitalism, whatever personal sacrifice it may occasion at an early stage (Ross Perot worked hard and incessantly to get where he got), looks toward personal fulfillment down the line. Similarly, the pro-choice philosophy invites the expectant mother to exalt her own interests, whatever those interests may be, real or imagined, above those of the life stirring within her. The invitation is hard to resist in an era whose guiding principle is self-satisfaction.

Women voters, younger ones especially, are increasingly defensive of their perquisites and status. Likewise they are touchy regarding attempts to alter either. The Clarence Thomas hearings were catalytic for various female activists, who saw Anita Hill as the victim of a male conspiracy against women. The perception may be wrong, but it has not improved the temper of those who hold it. With *Roe v. Wade* in mortal jeopardy, feminists in both parties are bestirring themselves to defend with all means at hand—including misrepresentation regarding the universality of pro-choice sentiment—the right to kill one's unborn child for any reason or no reason. Female backlash at the polls has occurred in special circumstances. In Illinois' Democratic primary this year, Carol Moseley Braun stunned the political world by defeating incumbent Illinois Sen. Alan Dixon. Dixon's sin in the voters' eyes? His vote to confirm Thomas.

A situation analogous to what is predicted for an adamantly pro-

life GOP occurred in the 1990 Texas gubernatorial election, when liberal Democrat Ann Richards siphoned off from angry Republican women enough votes to whip Republican millionaire Clayton Williams, a Texas male of the Bubba school: macho, cowboy-hatted, rather off-handed in expressing his regard for the opposite sex. Williams never seemed totally at ease with his formal pro-life position, which was consonant with that of the state party. Nonetheless, he projected insensitivity toward women, speaking jocularly not only about rape but also prostitutes whose services he said he had commissioned in his salad days. I have never seen Republican women madder about anything, including the U.N. and the Trilateral Commission. Thousands of them cast protest ballots for their sister Ms. Richards, who enjoyed the vociferous backing of labor, feminists, and gay rights groups. None of these dubious affiliations and relationships seemed to matter when it came down to rebuking the male buffoonery of Clayton Williams. The ladies voted not their politics but their genes. Texas has in consequence, and will have for at least two years more, the most liberal, and expensive, state government in its 156-year history.

What to do? How to handle this impending flap? Few things seem plain to the people running the Bush campaign: the less so, no doubt, with Ross Perot kicking up a vast quantity of dust. One thing is reasonably plain from afar. Here it is: Ann Stone and her legions are picking a fight that neither the pro-life movement nor George Bush can afford to duck. Put aside—if that is ever possible or desirable—the moral rightness of the pro-life stance; the necessity of defending innocent life against those who regard it as no more momentous than a fried-chicken dinner. The political inexpediency of waffling on abortion is the topic of the moment. Abandoning the pro-life position would be *politically* lame and, consequently, self-defeating—a shot straight into one's own foot.

Bush's pilgrimage to the front rank of the pro-life movement in politics has been remarkable—informed, perhaps, by his religious convictions, which no one has ever described as insincere. (Bush's church, the Episcopal Church, has a muddled public stance on abortion but a sizable and articulate pro-life lobby.) Formerly the president supported the Planned Parenthood Federation of America; now he receives PPFA's invective for standing by regulations prohibiting counseling abortion as a birth control method. The National Right to Life Committee's newspaper touts him on page one as "Pro-Life President George Bush."

Various pro-life folk find Bush's sincerity on abortion less convincing than Ronald Reagan's; they detect, or think they do, an unbecoming softness on the issue. On the other hand, there is the Thomas appointment, a powerful lick for the pro-life cause as the new Supreme Court majority takes aim at the *Roe* decision. Vice President Dan Quayle, the house conservative, hasn't made things easier with his public embrace last fall of the philosophy of the "Big Tent" whereunder Republicans of divergent viewpoints—meaning chiefly on abortion—are invited to gather in amity. Of abortion, Quayle said flatly in February: "It's not going to be a major issue with our delegates." The vice president seemed to reach out to the trouble-making likes of Ann Stone and Mary Crisp. "There will be some language," he predicted, "whether it's in the preamble or what . . . that will recognize that there are many men and women in the Republican party that disagree with [the present pro-life policy] and that we welcome them." The vice president's language is cautious enough: not so his intention, which savors of outright appeasement.

The party, before it erects any sizable tents, is well advised to think of the likely consequences. Patrick Buchanan did Bush deadly damage with those televised ads in New Hampshire ridiculing the President's tergiversation on tax increases. Whatever else the American people may be seeking in 1992, constancy in leadership is seemingly among the imperatives. Whom would Bush appease by flip-flopping on abortion? Republican women looking for an excuse not to walk the abortion plank into shark-filled waters might be grateful, but there's no guarantee that many others won't just take the plunge anyway with Ross Perot, who, on this question, gives them infinitely more encouragement than they are likely ever to receive from Bush.

Naturally, if Bush turned his coat and let feminists water down the abortion plank, the enthusiasm of pro-life voters would cool substantially—or, likelier, evaporate. Many of these might vote Republican, noses held tightly between thumb and index finger, but could hardly be depended upon to man telephone banks or chauffeur voters to the polls. A successful political machine runs on enthusiasm even more than cash: the latter being the product of the former. You don't whip up enthusiasm by taking mealy mouthed, semi-apologetic stands—as surely the President must by now have come to suspect.

A final word about the politics of abortion. That abortion is in any sense political says much about us which we cannot regard as complimentary. Abortion is political—a matter for lawmakers, political

action committees, celebrity-studded dinners, cloakroom huddles, resolutions, editorials, streamers, bumper stickers—because politicized judges, nearly 20 years ago, wrenched it from its moral-medical context: transmogrified it into a high question of public policy.

Now wait a minute, one is entitled to object. What was *Roe v. Wade* all about? Merely the overturning of one political regimen for expectant mothers and its replacement with a new one, better attuned to the sensibilities of the new era. That's not quite the case. Abortion, prior to the late 1960s, was no more a political issue than, say, the Nicene Creed or the Better Homes and Garden Cookbook were. Government extended to inchoate life the same spacious protection it afforded life fully developed. Everybody agreed life was good; the right *not* to give life was a thing relatively few Americans asserted or took seriously until suddenly, in January, 1973, the U.S. Supreme Court packaged and delivered to us that very right. As a brand new human right, abortion became *ipso facto* a *political* right, to be burnished and protected by the government of all the people, like the right to bear arms or to worship freely.

However, its acceptance was not general, and here commenced the political problem. To one group of Americans, the court handed something new—the right, in today's sterilized language, to terminate a pregnancy. Yet by that same stroke the court created a diametrically opposite interest group, bent on wresting away the new right, foreclosing its use, restoring insofar as possible the old consensus. Clearly the objectives of the two groups remain, as they always have been, irreconcilable. If one wins, the other loses. There exists, to be sure, a kind of soft middle ground, seeded with modest hindrances to the exercise of the right to an abortion. These hindrances, too, arise from the political process, having been voted by legislators and upheld by judges. Actually neither group is comfortable on the middle ground. To one, it represents retreat from the standard of absolute privilege; to the other, it represents compromise and temporization.

Such a polarity of viewpoint runs counter to the older conception of democratic politics as the reconciler of divergent interests for the sake of the state's peace and harmony. Abortion in this sense is like chattel slavery: it consumes the commonwealth because there are no half-solutions. The house divided cannot stand, and everyone knows it. Politicians are poorly equipped to deal with issues that cut as deeply as abortion—that drive wedges inside states, communities,

neighborhoods, families. Republican politicians of a certain sort may be the most poorly equipped of all to deal with truly adamant issues. There remains in the party, all these years after Barry Goldwater and Ronald Reagan, a sort of gentlemanly, public-spirited streak, eager for conciliation and general agreement. The streak is to be found most often among politicians who regard themselves as “progressives” or “moderates”: just such politicians indeed as tend to cluster around George Bush.

Frequently such people have old money in their backgrounds, or else have acquired the means of insulating themselves from the grimy realities of life. They would never go near an abortion clinic, least of all go near it with protest sign in hand. On this abortion question, their churches by and large—good mainstream churches, with impressive stained glass and yet-more-impressive stock portfolios—are detached. Their detachment in no way resembles—and how glad of it they are!—the fervor of those evangelicals and Roman Catholics who are forever making rigorous statements about religion. Everyone knows rigor has no place in modern religion!

Our gentlemanly progressives see going into the abortion clinics—or else hear about their going—a fair number of people of their own sort, with good teeth and college educations. When this happens, one is inclined to avert one’s eyes. The right sort of people don’t do the wrong sort of thing. Our progressives cannot imagine issues so divisive, so productive of strong feelings and wrath, that gentlemen cannot sit down with a glass of sherry and talk them through to general satisfaction. We are talking essentially of the country club Republican, a type frequent in Bush’s party; so frequent it used to dominate. The abortion debate will prove a good weathervane for the post-Reagan party. Are the dominant winds blowing once more from Newport and Manhattan, or from the heartland of America? From places like Wichita, Kans., and Chicago, and Dallas, and Jackson, Miss.? Do they blow from the yacht club? Or from the B.P.O.E. and the Rotary luncheon?

Yes, a politically charged issue, abortion, politically vexatious to deal with. Yet we play the cards dealt us, there being no others on the table. Abortion’s supporters made abortion a profoundly political issue: its foes and detractors are fully entitled—indeed, obligated—to use politics against it, however unsatisfactory the short-term solutions. Politics will become even a more earnest occupation if the Supreme

Court, in striking down *Roe*, tosses the issue back to the states for resolution. There will be wheeling and dealing and pleading from one end of the national political fraternity to the other: more if possible than is now the case.

There are two ways politicians of whatever sort can deal with the issue. They can stand on principle or go where the votes are (or sometimes combine the two imperatives). Whatever they do, the right-to-life movement, as it sounds out the national candidates and tries to keep them honest, is only warming up in this political year. A party plank is the merest splinter of the political edifice that alone in these times will shelter the troubled traditionalist, who sees the ancient landmarks crumbling and wants to undertake their repair. The sovereign voters, as always, will reward whoever helps them the most. Ann E. Stone and Mary Crisp can't number them accurately. They'll do that themselves—at the polls.



THE SPECTATOR 22 February 1992

## A Symphony by Two Hearts

*Elena Muller Garcia*

**W**hen Dr. Jérôme Lejeune ended his testimony, there was sudden and surprising applause in the courtroom. More surprising still, the judge did not object. Said the Honorable Michael J. Noonan: “I usually hold people in contempt for such an outburst, but I am in a good mood today.”

The day was April 13, 1991; Judge Noonan was presiding over the trial of Alexander Loce and sixteen other defendants in the Municipal Court at Morris County, New Jersey. The charges: defiant criminal trespass. The argument of the defense: use of force in defense of another human being.<sup>1</sup>

Prior to Dr. Lejeune’s testimony, Mr. Loce had given an account of the events that led to his arrest, and the arrest of his sixteen companions, on September 8, 1990. Loce had tried to convince his eight-week pregnant fiancée, known to the court only as Miss Z., that aborting their child was not the best choice to make. He had been given assurances of help to support the child, and he had just been offered another job at the school where he was enrolled. “She still was very frightened and scared and that’s normal,” Loce said. “Failing to convince her of that point, I sought legal action to save the life of our child.”

Loce explained that he had petitioned three different courts for temporary restraining orders so he would have more time to present his case, but each petition had been denied. Thus, early in the morning on the day the abortion was scheduled, having exhausted every means available to protect the life of his child, Loce and the sixteen other “rescuers” entered the abortuary, at 101 Madison Avenue in Morristown. They locked themselves with bicycle chains and handcuffs outside the rooms where the abortions are performed. They were arrested on charges of trespassing. Miss Z. had the abortion.

At the trial, before the witnesses took the stand, Prosecutor Paul Bangiola objected to the testimony of the expert witnesses, namely, Dr. Jérôme Lejeune, the world-famous geneticist, Dr. Bernard Nathanson,

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an expert in obstetrics and gynecology, and Dr. Russell Hittinger, a philosophy professor at Catholic University in Washington. Bangiola argued that their testimony was irrelevant, and moved to bar it. He compared a legal abortion to the execution of a convicted criminal: even though the criminal is a human being, no one is allowed to interfere with a lawful execution. He said:

. . . even if these defendants are correct and a fetus eight weeks old on September 8 was aborted, and even if their expert testimony establishes that it was a human life, the privilege of the doctor to perform the abortion and the woman to receive an abortion is absolutely established under the present state of the Constitution of the United States, as established and interpreted by the Supreme Court of the United States.

In response, Judge Noonan said that the case was about trespass, not abortion, and added:

The defenses . . . basically boil down to Defense of Another. . . . So the issue is, first of all, what is a person? What is another? I mean we are dealing with very, very, important questions. And the force that was used in the entry of 101 Madison Avenue in Morristown, was the force that the defendants in this case are defending against. And they are saying, and the issue is put to this Court, that they used that force in defense of another.

Now we are faced with questions such as: When does life begin? What is a person? What is another? These are very, very important questions. In my reading of the cases, *Roe v. Wade* and other following cases, they talk about viability. But they never answer the question; the question has never been answered. And I hope in this open forum, and this is why we are here and why we have courts, to answer questions like this that obviously impact on our society.

Citing some further precedents, Judge Noonan allowed the testimony of the three witnesses. Dr. Jérôme Lejeune was the first to testify.

Dr. Jérôme Lejeune's credentials establish him as one of the world's foremost authorities in the field of genetics. He began his career as a pediatrician and then became a geneticist. He is Professor of Fundamental Genetics in the Renowned Children's Hospital and the Faculty of Medicine of Paris. Dr. Lejeune acquired international fame in 1959, with his discovery of the first human chromosomal abnormality, the cause of Down's Syndrome. In 1962 he received the Kennedy Prize for that discovery, and in 1969 he received the William Allen Memorial medal, the world's highest prize in genetics. He has represented France in the United Nations scientific committee on the danger of atomic radiation, and was

vice-president of the Genetic Congress in Moscow. As a member of the Vatican's Pontifical Academy of Science, he has prepared reports for world leaders on the genetic dangers of atomic war.<sup>2</sup>

Presenting his credentials, Lejeune noted that he sees in his office some 2,000 children a year, and has records on some 30,000 of them. His practice is probably the largest anywhere for children whose mental retardation is caused by a chromosomal abnormality.

Defining the purpose of the research in which he has been involved for more than three decades, Lejeune said: "Our job is really to try to understand what makes the nature of every human being; why some of them are afflicted by constitutional difficulty, and to try later to treat that, if we can, so that we would be able to some day bring them back to normal."<sup>3</sup>

At the request of Patrick J. Mullaney, Mr. Loce's lawyer, Lejeune began his testimony by describing the process of human reproduction, stating that science knows, beyond any doubt, that a new individual is formed at the moment of fertilization. Although human life began thousands of years ago, Lejeune said that:

. . . each of us has a very unique beginning, which is at the moment that all the information necessary and sufficient to be that particular human being, which we will call later Peter or Margaret, depending on its own genetic make-up, when this whole necessary and sufficient information is gathered. And we now know from experience both in animals and now in human beings, that this moment is exactly the moment at which the head of the sperm having penetrated inside the ovum, then the information carried by the father encounter in the same recipient cell, the information carried or transmitted by the mother; so that suddenly a new constitution is spelled out.

He explained that all the genetic information necessary for the development of the individual is contained in the fertilized cell, both in the DNA ribbons and in the cell itself, so that no additional information need be added for Peter or Margaret to come into being:

Now we know and I think there's no disagreement among biologists everywhere in this world that after fecundation no new information goes in. Everything is there . . . just at the moment after the entry of the sperm, or it is not enough and it will fail. Either the whole information for the human being is there and the human being can develop and organize, or it is not there and no human being will develop at all.

What exists at the moment of fertilization, he reiterated, is a new

human being, without any doubt. It is human, because the information in the chromosomes and in the cells is human. It is a being because it has all the information it needs to develop itself. It only needs nurture and protection. In an obvious reference to the *Roe v. Wade* decision, Dr. Lejeune said he had been surprised that the Supreme Court argued that it was not possible to determine when human life begins. He suggested that perhaps the statement was made because science did not know in 1973 what it knows now. He reported that many recent discoveries have given science much more observable data about the beginning of the individual human being than was available then.

Dr. Lejeune explained in some detail two of these recent discoveries (namely the Jeffrey's bar code and the methylation of the DNA), which demonstrate that as the being develops, it retains its individuality and its humanity: no human being has ever been a chimpanzee, and no human being will ever become one. He used the chimpanzee as an example, he said, because it is the species whose chromosomes most resemble the human:

No baby goes through different species. It belongs to its own species from the very beginning. And that's true to every species. It's not a special feature of humanity. But what is written in the human fertilized egg that is in a human zygote, in the human being of one cell, what is written is this humanity.

At Mullaney's request, Lejeune then described an eight-week fetus:

I would describe that being indeed as a human being. But to tell the Court what it looks like, I would say it's Tom Thumb. . . . Because the human being at eight weeks is the size of my thumb. That is from the head to the rump, he measure[s] one inch. And if you were looking at one of them having never seen anything about human embryology, if I had an eight weeks human being in my fist you would not see I had anything inside. But if I was opening my hand you would see a tiny human being with fingers, with toes, with a face and with the palm prints you could read with a microscope. You would see the sex.

And this story of Tom Thumb, of the tiny human being smaller than the thumb which has always enchanted the young babies and the great mothers, is not a fantasy. It is a truth. Each of us has been a Tom Thumb in the womb of the mother, in this curious shelter, in which only some red light, dim light comes in, in which there is very curious noise, one loud, and strong, and deep hammering which is the heart of the mother and which bangs around at the rate

of a counter bass. And the other is very rapid, like the maracas. And it will come from the heart of this tiny human being. And those two rhythms which we now can detect with hydrophones are typical of the most primitive music any human ear has ever heard, which is the symphony of two hearts; the mother one like the counter bass, 60 times per minute; and the baby one like the maracas like 150 per minute, 140 if it is a boy, 160 if it is a girl.

Then this symphony by two hearts is what defines the true story of Tom Thumb.<sup>4</sup>

Mullaney asked one last question: "Dr. Lejeune, what is the effect of an abortion on an eight-week human being?"

Dr. Lejeune answered: "It kills a member of our species."

The main point of Lejeune's appearance at the Loce trial was to present scientific evidence showing the humanity and individuality of the fetus that had been aborted, so his testimony concluded there, and was followed by cross examination by the prosecutor.

It was at the end of the cross examination that the courtroom spectators applauded Dr. Lejeune's eloquent presentation. Afterwards, a reporter from a secular newspaper (who was definitely *not* "pro-life") said that during the testimony he had felt as if he had been in the presence of one of the Apostles.<sup>5</sup>

The narrow scope of his testimony did not allow Lejeune to express his concern for the pregnant woman, the other player in the primeval symphony of two hearts. At the Circuit Court of Montgomery County, Maryland, in January 1984, after describing the process of conception and the development of the early embryo and the fetus in the womb, Dr. Lejeune did have the opportunity to speak about the pregnant mother:

Now, there is one word I would add, Your Honor, which is that this fantastic development of the early human being is made at the expenses of the resources of the mother, and it costs biochemically a lot to the mother, even at the beginning of the pregnancy. That is the reason why, for example, breasts begin to be tense, and increase, and they have difficulty with digestion, and there is a very curious syndrome we know very well, which is that the baby is taking, so to speak, the best of the blood of the mother for this very refined food that we need to build a new human being.

So that, mother is deprived of some minerals and especially from some vitamins which are very important to her, and in our countries, especially in the United States, most of the mothers in the beginning of the pregnancy have a deficiency of various vitamins including folic acid. And we know that those deficiencies can produce a kind of

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depression syndrome, some difficulty [in coping] with the general situation which renders more fragile the mother, and the beginning of the pregnancy. And that is the reason why the mother needs enormous care and enormous protection, and much better nutrition from the very beginning of the pregnancy, not only when the baby is big and writing poems, but even at the very beginning the mother needs the best care we can give her and the best food we can give her, and very generally in all our countries there is nutritional deficiency at the very beginning of pregnancy and then a difficulty psychologically for the mother to go over this physical and neurological difficulty that she can feel.

And that is the reason why the society must help the early mother to overcome those difficulties.<sup>6</sup>

Dr. Lejeune's advocacy in the courts for protection and care for the pregnant woman goes hand in hand with his involvement in providing material and moral support for mothers-to-be. He is the president of a help network for women in crisis pregnancies, "Les Femmes et les Enfants d'Abord—Secours aux Futures Mères," (Women and Children First—Help for Future Mothers"), or simply F.E.A. Through its telephone network of 300 hotline numbers, F.E.A. offers emergency aid to expectant mothers experiencing difficulties.<sup>7</sup> F.E.A. also runs the "Maison de Tom Pouce" (Tom Thumb House) for pregnant women who need shelter.\*

Dr. Lejeune regularly writes the lead article for *Tom Pouce, Le Journal de l'Enfant à Naître* (Tom Thumb—the Journal of the Preborn Child), a newsletter for members and supporters of the "Women and Children First" network. The top left of the masthead shows a woman's face snuggled close to her child's, drawn with lines that resemble the folds of a finger print and altogether the size of a thumb. The meaning is clear: the journal of the pre-born child is also the journal of the mother-to-be; the well-being, care and protection of the one is inextricably related to that of the other, their destinies are intertwined, as are the ridges and folds of the fingerprint.<sup>8</sup>

There is no question in Dr. Lejeune's mind, as expressed in his writings, his lectures, and interviews, that the evil of legalized abortion is at the core of the war that is being waged against human life in those stages where it needs the most care and protection. He has likened the effects of legalized abortion on the moral well-being of society to the effects of the AIDS virus that paralyzes the immune

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\*See end of article for Endnote #1.

system in the human organism: "The day when the first innocent one was killed legally in the womb of his mother, that was the day when the virus that paralyzes morality infected society."<sup>9</sup>

A reporter from *France Soir* once asked Dr. Lejeune if his position arises from religious morality or from medical ethics. Dr. Lejeune answered:

A purely medical ethical one. The oath of Hippocrates existed four centuries before the birth of Christ and it is to that oath that I refer, but also from a pure Christian morality. Catholic religion repeats the very words of Jesus: "Whatsoever you do to the least of my brethren, that you do unto me." Medical ethics and Christian morality say the same thing, why do you wish to set them in opposition to each other?<sup>10</sup>

In an essay entitled "Nuremberg? Connais-Pas," Dr. Lejeune sharply criticizes current experimentation with the early embryo. He bases his criticism on the tenets of medical ethics, from its beginning with the oath of Hippocrates, tracing it through the ages, as reflected in the oaths of famous physicians from different times, nationalities and religious backgrounds, to the statements of modern day Popes, medical and ethical associations and to the Nuremberg trials.<sup>11</sup>

In late summer of 1991, the organizers of a Brazilian Congress of Fetal Medicine invited Dr. Lejeune to speak. But upon his arrival in Brazilia, Lejeune was told that he had been "disinvited"—the organizers had yielded to pressure from some of Lejeune's opponents in England and France. Afterwards, a reporter from *VEJA*, a Brazilian weekly magazine, asked Lejeune how he interpreted the boycott set up by his medical colleagues. He replied: "That attitude shows a deep lack of tolerance and ignores all the principles of democracy and freedom which the promoters of abortion themselves use as arguments to justify it."<sup>12</sup> When he returned to Paris, Dr. Lejeune said it was "the first time I am invited to participate in an event of this order only to have my invitation cancelled."\*

Is it any wonder that the death peddlers have escalated their opposition to this modern-day apostle of science and medical ethics who proclaims the unfettered truth whenever there is an occasion to witness to the humanity of the unborn? The decision of Judge Noonan regarding the Loce case shows how convincing Dr. Lejeune can be. Citing long passages from his testimony, the Judge stated: "This Court accepts Dr. Lejeune's opinion as true fact and finds that the individual

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\*See end of article for Endnote #2.

human life begins at conception.”<sup>13</sup> And this: “I find based upon the undisputed medical and scientific testimony presented before this Court that the eight-week-old fetus in this case was a living person, a human being and a unique and individual company of cells.”<sup>14</sup>

The defendants in *Loce* were duly found guilty of trespassing because, as Noonan explained, “*Roe v. Wade* is still the law of the land, and this court is bound by it. Therefore, I find that the eight-week fetus in this case was a living human being that was legally executed pursuant to the United States Supreme Court decision in *Roe v. Wade*.”<sup>15</sup>

For how much longer will a judicial decision that permits the execution of the nation’s youngest citizens remain the law of this land? Although the legal killing of more than one-and-a-half *million* preborn children each year is horror enough, the other side of the coin of legalized abortion is equally terrifying: these executions are performed in the very wombs of the mothers. The doctor who ceaselessly witnesses to the humanity of the unborn child is also well aware of the double deadly blow that legal abortion deals to women. At a recent meeting of the Pontifical Council for the Pastoral Assistance to Health Care Workers, Dr. Lejeune said that he speaks not only from his experience as doctor and scientist, but also speaks from the stories he has heard from the hearts of the mothers of the unborn he has treated.<sup>16</sup>

Once asked about the consequences of legalized abortion, he described the catastrophic effects of legal abortion for women:

For women, the catastrophe is double: first because she has been lied to, and some have ended up believing that what they carry in their womb is not a human being. And the second catastrophe is that while the intelligence can be deceived, the heart cannot be deceived; and the women who deceived by the law kill their children, receive a wound—that no one can measure—in their heart, and that they cannot forget. Many years later they speak of the child that they did not have, but who has continued to live and grow in their hearts; and it is not an abortion that [which] happened two years ago, or three or five: it is a child that does not exist, but who in their memory is two, three or five years old.<sup>17</sup>

I suppose that the woman known only as Miss Z. has never read those words. But I am told that, describing the aftermath of her abortion, she has written: “I cried my heart out. Never did I cry so bitterly.” And also: “The pain in my heart was much worse than that in my body . . . I cried bitterly to God, and I asked for forgiveness.”

ELENA MULLER GARCIA

The good Dr. Lejeune is quite right: every abortion involves two hearts, and claims two victims.

## ENDNOTES

### Note #1

The opening of the "Maison de Tom Pouce" (Tom Thumb House) is reported in *Tom Pouce*, No. 12, December, 1987, by Madame Geneviève Poullot, Secretary of F.E.A. Even before the home officially opened they received two young pregnant women in need of shelter.

A brochure from F.E.A. explains the purpose of the Tom Thumb House and illustrates with simple drawings and in few words the type of help offered there. The following are excerpts from the brochure. (Translation from the French by the writer.)

Our first Tom Thumb House is destined to receive future mothers in distress from the beginning of their pregnancy, while they wait to receive help from public aid.

The setting is provided by qualified persons who make every effort to create a family-like atmosphere and at the same time help the women to become a part of the social life.

At the Tom Thumb House the young woman traumatized by her difficulties and often by the tragedies that she must face, is received with warmth.

She feels at ease, she can recover. The days are occupied with the housework to which she contributes: the making of clothes for the future baby and preparing her life for the time when the child arrives.

If she does not have a profession, she learns to type, she learns English, etc.

At the end of her stay the young woman has recovered, the baby grows peacefully and the mother leaves with confidence, ready to take on her responsibilities.

The Sept-Oct. 1991 issue of *Tom Pouce* ran the following report written by Marie-Noëlle, a social worker at the "Maison de Tom Pouce." (Translation from the French by the writer.)

### The Power of Silent Witness

People ask us more and more often about what becomes of those who have left us: "Do you have many successes? What is your failure rate?" I will do without statistics. We have never kept them. There are many much more urgent things that need to be done than writing down numbers, names, and situations that hundreds of mothers-to-be have encountered!

Furthermore, how can we measure success or failure? Because as a matter of fact, that which very often seems a success is, at last count, nothing more than a stage in a very personal journey; that stage is most often preceded by a succession of apparent failures.

It is there where mutual trust, the formidable hope put in all the mothers, and the warmth of a relationship are the trump cards for the rise of those whom life has left behind and has bludgeoned to such an extent that their march forward can be nothing else than long, difficult and filled with traps.

In spite of all this, the success of a number of mothers whom we have



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sheltered at the Tom Thumb House during these four years allows us to think that the hours, days, and months rubbing elbows with them have not been wasted.

For the former residents who regularly visit us to bring their children, Tom Thumb House is above all a place of memories: it is here where they came one day, lost, destroyed, not knowing where to go and it is here that they again find the team, because it is here where we live most of the time.

Not for all the gold in the world would they leave or forget, neither near nor far those who brought them to that which they were looking for above all: affection, respect, warmth: in short, to be someone who counts in the eyes of another, someone with whom one can share the joys but also the sorrows of a true relationship!

All the future mothers with whom I have been able to live or that I have simply met again after their stay or whom I have continued to support after their confinement, give me comfort in that which I believe to be essential. Here I use the same words of Father Guy Gilbert who has put it so well: "For every Christian who lives with the outcasts of this world, the friendly rubbing of elbows at the side of those who don't have any hope, the power of silent witness, the vital energy that only prayer can give, the strength of he who loves in the name of one greater than one is invincible. Such witnessing is much stronger than words."

### Note #2

The boycott by his colleagues did not deter Dr. Lejeune from continuing his crusade in Latin America. *Tom Pouce*, Sept.-Oct. 1991, published a report written by Dr. Lejeune while he was still in Santiago, Chile.

### Tom Thumb and the Southern Cross

Under the southern star, the South also carries its cross: the anti-life guerrilla war is carried out there in two fronts.

Each day in Brazil, there is talk of gangs of children who have no parents, who have no shelter, [who are] without protection and who, they say, become dangerous.

Some adults chase and kill them, instead of seeking to save these poor children from the social shipwreck that has led them to become delinquents. But a great many consciences that raise their voices against this barbarity hold that it would be better to eliminate them earlier, in the wombs of their mothers!

An Amazon woman in Porto Alegre made a pathetic cry on behalf of all the children of Brazil. Questioning the deputies, her colleagues who are justly indignant in the face of the death of the lost children, she begs them not to replace one horror with another: the preventive extermination of pre-natal children.

Alas, the deputy from the Amazon sees justly. In all of Latin America, they are trying to adapt the law on three points:

- If the child is sick (or his future threatened) . . . kill the child.
- If the mother is sick (or her health is threatened) . . . kill the child.
- If the father is unworthy (rape or incest) . . . kill the child.

As has been done in the past in Europe, they propose each time to sacrifice the innocent.

ELENA MULLER GARCIA

As in Europe too, the promoters of abortion have a great hold over powerful resources. Two instances will make this clear.

The organizers of a Congress of Fetal Medicine that took place in São Paulo invited me to attend. Afterwards, under the pressure of certain abortion supporters (among whom, alas, there were some Frenchmen), the organizers felt obliged to “disinvite” me.

To make up for this breach in the fraternal morale, I was offered a speaking engagement at the School of Medicine of São Paulo, and our friends in Brasilia obtained the very same amphitheater of the Legislature for a public conference.

Finally, the proposed law for the Protection of the Human Person (presented to the Senate in Paris by Senator Seillier) is now being studied by Brazilian legislators, and the Dean of the School of Medicine of São Paulo has reaffirmed publicly respect for fetal life!

The second example comes from Chile. To the defenders of life who organized the conferences, an official from the French embassy responded in a very undiplomatic manner: “Nothing for the most listened to spokesman of an anti-government opinion.”

Is the defense of life an anti-government opinion? If that is false, what foolishness! If it is true, what a confession!

But at the Pacific coast, as the traveller had to leave for Valparaiso, the law proposed by Seillier is now at the hands of the President of the Senate!

At Santiago, a charming young woman has given me a very small present, but of great significance: a tiny sandal for a foot twenty times smaller than Cinderella’s, the only one that could fit the famous slipper.

Here, the footwear is not made of glass but of lapis lazuli, Chile’s precious stone, and the laces of braided silver transform this small jewel into a pendant, bringing good luck or, rather, bringing life.

Because the charm of this thing, is, you guessed it, that it fits the foot of a Tom Thumb of two months.

The power of this fairy-tale sandal is much greater than in the story of the good woman (one should always believe women . . . when they are good!).

The future mother who wears that jewel today, perhaps much before Tom Thumb was conceived, will know, when the time comes, how to provide to the little man a secure future, more marvellous than that of tales, because this one is a real life one.

[Translated from the French by the writer. Note: The Sacredness of the Human Person law presented by Seillier is included in *L’Enceinte Concentrationnaire*.]

NOTES

1. *State of New Jersey v. Alexander Loce, et al*, April 13, 1991. Municipal Court of New Jersey Law Division, Morris County. Criminal Action Docket No. C17771, et seq., p. 25. In a phone conversation (Feb. 14, 1992), Patricia Shiels, from the Legal Center for Defense of Life, Inc., who attended the trial, said that the spontaneous applause came from spectators in the courtroom. Shiels believes that the Judge did not object not so much because of his good mood as because Dr. Lejeune had been extremely eloquent.

This and subsequent references are to the transcript of the court records provided by the Legal Center for Defense of Life, Inc., 220 Madison Avenue, Morristown, N.J. 07960. The Center was formed by a group of some 40 New Jersey lawyers who handle abortion cases without charge. The lawyers representing the defendants in the Loce trial are members of this group.

2. Information *re* Dr. Lejeune’s discovery of the cause of Down’s Syndrome and his other accomplishments is available in a sheet provided by the Michael Fund, 400 Penn Center Blvd., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, 15235.

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3. In 1976 when the prolife community in the United States was having a very difficult time with the March of Dimes, Dr. Hymie Gordon from the Mayo Clinic challenged them to start an entity that would support pro-life genetic research. In response, Mrs. Randy Engle wrote to Dr. Jérôme Lejeune and also phoned him in Paris, asking if he would like to be the medical director of an organization for such research. Dr. Lejeune agreed, and the Michael Fund was born.

“When Mrs. Randy Engle called,” recalls Dr. Lejeune, “we had just received news that every help from the French government would be stopped for our research, because, they told me ‘what you do is to try to find treatment for those children that we want to discard earlier; we are not interested any longer in [giving] any money [to] the research that you do.’”

At the time Dr. Lejeune had five technicians working with him, and he had just had to dismiss them because of the loss of his funding. Thanks to the call from Mrs. Engle, and the formation of the Michael Fund, Dr. Lejeune was able to resume his research, and now again he has a team of five technicians working with him in Paris.

The research directed by Dr. Lejeune is done with cells, never with embryos. He has said that the importance of the Michael Fund is not just that it supports his research, for which he is very grateful, but that if the fund were strong enough it would be able to finance similar research in many countries, with the condition that all the investigations be done at the total exclusion of killing any embryo or of harming any human being. He said that only this type of genetic research will change the mind of the research world of today, for whom genetics has become a means to kill, rather than cure, the disabled.

From the writer’s own transcript of the video “Genetic Engineering—Manipulation Therapy,” by Dr. Jérôme Lejeune, Human Life International, Eighth World Conference. The video is available from Human Life International, 7845 Airpark Road, Suite E, Gaithersburg, Maryland, 20879.
4. The symphony by two hearts is described at greater length in *A Symphony of the Preborn Child*, National Association for the Advancement of Preborn Children, P.O. Box 85, Hagerstown, Maryland 21740. p. 17.
5. From the transcript of author’s phone conversation with Patricia Shiels, February 14, 1992. Shiels heard the reporter make the remark.
6. *A Symphony of the Preborn Child*, p. 25.
7. *Les Femmes et les Enfants d’Abord [F.E.A.]*, *Secours aux Futures Mères*, located at 109, rue Defrance, 04300 Vincennes, periodically updates its brochure listing the telephone numbers included in the emergency network. The purpose of F.E.A. is stated in the brochure as: “helping children who have been conceived and providing material and moral help for every expectant woman who has difficulties from the beginning of her pregnancy.” The brochure also states:

When an infant is conceived in the midst of a difficult, tragic, dramatic situation, to save his life one must conquer the distressful conditions.

An emergency network of more than 300 bureaus in France and overseas.

Anonymity is absolute, totally confidential. Our antennas capture the distress, listen, understand, and act concretely.

If the life of a preborn child has only one thread, we are at the other end. Call us.

The help teams are totally voluntary. Everything is always possible: from moral and spiritual support to emergency material aid.

The layette also comes in time and rapidly if necessary. (Translations from the French by the writer.)
8. Reading through the different numbers of *Tom Pouce*, one learns more about the ever-widening scope of Dr. Lejeune’s mission: his concern over the lack of moral leadership and guidance that alone will halt the AIDS epidemic (No. 10, June-July 1987); his debate with Henri Caillavet, a proponent of the legalization of the killing of infants born with abnormalities (No. 12, December 1987); his opposition to RU-486 (No. 13, March 1988 and No. 17, March 1989); his testimony in the English Parliament, to prevent experimentation with embryos younger than 14 days (No. 21, March 1990); his admiration for Belgium’s King Baudoin, who refused to sign the law permitting abortion (No. 22, June-July 1990); his reason for going to Maryville to give testimony at the custody trial over seven frozen embryos (No. 23, Sept.-Oct. 1990); his mission in Latin America (No. 27, Sept.-Oct. 1991).
9. *Tom Pouce*, No. 10, June-July 1987.
10. *Tom Pouce*, No. 12, Dec. 1987.
11. This essay is one of ten included with the translation into French of Dr. Lejeune’s testimony at the trial over the custody of seven frozen embryo, in Maryville, Tennessee, August 10, 1989. The essays and the testimony have been collected in a book published with the title *L’Enceinte Concentrationnaire* (Le Sarmant, Fayard, 1990.) The book is not available in the English language. The full English text of Dr. Lejeune’s testimony at the trial over the seven frozen human embryos is available from Center for Law and Religious Freedom, 42008 Evergreen Lane, Suite 222, Annandale, VA 22003.
12. “The Right to be Born,” a translation into English of excerpts of the interview published by

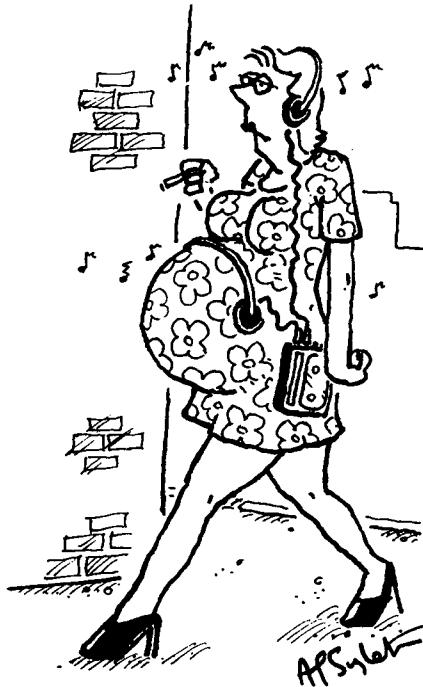
ELENA MULLER GARCIA

VEJA (Year 24, N. 37, Sept. 11, 1991), from the files of Vida Humana Internacional, 4345 S.W. 72 Ave. Suite "E", Miami, FL. 33155.

13. *State of New Jersey v. Alexander Loce, et al.* Decision April 29, 1991, p. 4.
14. *Ibid.*, p. 6. Judge Noonan also quoted long passages from Dr. Nathanson's testimony, which corroborated what Dr. Lejeune had said and gave further evidence to the fact that the fetus is an individual distinct from the mother. As this is being written, a video of the highlights of the trial, which includes Dr. Lejeune's and Dr. Nathanson's testimony, is about to be made available to the public by The Legal Center for Defense of Life, Inc.
15. *Ibid.*, p. 7. Judge Noonan explained:

A person who trespassed to prevent a legal execution would be guilty of trespass notwithstanding the fact that their defense was to save the convicted murderer's life. *Roe v. Wade* was decided 18 years ago. Had they had the benefit of all the scientific discoveries over those past 18 years, their decision back then might have been different. But, obviously, they did not. In 1973 they chose not to resolve the difficult question of when life begins. Their reasoning at the time was based upon the fact there was no consensus in the medical and scientific communities as to when individual human life began. But times have changed, and perhaps that question should be addressed by the United States Supreme Court today.

As this is being written the Alexander Loce case is at the Appellate Division of the Superior Court.
16. As reported by Cardinal John J. O'Connor in "A Judge Ruled the Fetus Was a 'Living Person,'" *Catholic New York*, February 13, 1992.
17. ECOPRESS, Paris, March 29, 1979, from the files of Vida Humana Internacional, translated from Spanish into English by the writer.



THE SPECTATOR 23 November 1991

# Rachel Still Weeps

*Maria McFadden*

*Rachel mourns her children: she refuses to be consoled because her children are no more. Thus says the Lord: Cease your cries of mourning. Wipe the tears from your eyes. The sorrow you have shown shall have its reward. There is hope for your future.*

Jeremiah 31: 15-17.

One Friday evening in February, on the kind of night that most of us seek light and cheer to assuage the mid-winter blues, I found myself in a dimly-lit church in a pleasant neighborhood in the Bronx, at what the note on the door called a “healing service.” With me, scattered around this basement church, were women, most of them huddling alone, some in pairs. In front of me were a young man and woman, sitting close. There was also an elderly couple to my right. All of us sat in silence.

At 7:30, a priest came out and the service began. After his welcoming remarks, there was an Old Testament reading, a response, the gospel and then a brief sermon; the priest spoke of our weakness, our need and the forgiveness found in the Christian community and in the Catholic Church. It wasn't until a woman came up to the altar and started to speak of her life that the meaning of this service became clear: we were there to mourn the loss of babies.

The service I attended is called “At Peace with Your Unborn,” and it is a healing service for those women, and men too, who have lost their children through abortion, miscarriage, or stillbirth. The At Peace service is a program of the New York Archdiocesan Family Life/Respect Life Office, and it goes hand in hand with Project Rachel, the Church's postabortion counseling and reconciliation service.

Project Rachel, named of course for the above biblical passage from *Jeremiah*, was begun in 1985 by Vicki Thorn, who was then the Respect Life Director in the archdiocese of Milwaukee. She and her associates chose the name because they wanted a name that reflected their ministry, but they were keenly aware that people broken from abortion might be better reached if the name was

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Maria McFadden is managing editor of this journal.

synonymous with the program's purpose, rather than obviously self-descriptive. What is crucial about the biblical passage, Thorn says, is that it ends with "There is hope for your future." She wanted a program which let women know that there is hope, there is a future, even after abortion.

The Project Rachel program grew out of a response to the Catholic Church's 1975 pastoral plan for pro-life activities, which included a call for pastoral ministry in both crisis pregnancies and postabortion counseling. Mrs. Thorn wasn't sure how to go about this counseling, but what gave her insight and motivation was a high-school friend who had been an incest victim and was coerced into an illegal abortion. Mrs. Thorn watched her friend go through self-destructive behavior which apparently stemmed from her abortion, and she thought to herself, if there is one woman going through this, there must be more. By the early 80s, groups like Women Exploited by Abortion and American Victims of Abortion started getting attention, and women were "coming out" with their postabortion trauma. There was a lot of evidence that postabortion counseling was needed.

Project Rachel began to grow by training other dioceses how to do postabortion counseling and reconciliation, and eventually there was a real need for a national office to guide and coordinate the new chapters. In 1990 the National Office of Post-Abortion Reconciliation and Healing was founded. Approximately 80 U.S. dioceses today have a Project Rachel; there is a program in Vienna, and England and Ireland are also planning to introduce it.

New York's Project Rachel was begun by Msgr. John Woolsey of the Family Life/Respect Life Office. As he wrote in a 1986 letter to priests, "studies of the demographics of abortion show that 30% to 40% of the women who have had abortions are Catholic. There is much evidence to indicate that the aftermath of abortion includes grief, depression, anxiety, and guilt." It was thought that the many women who were past their denial, and suffering guilt and shame, were afraid to go to a priest, afraid to go into a confessional, for fear of being harshly treated or because they felt that they had done something so heinous they could not come back to the Church.

Project Rachel began with training sessions for priests in postabortion counseling. As Msgr. Woolsey says, the priest involved in this sensitive area must have a sense of the trauma involved in abortion before he can have credibility in the reconciliation process. Thirty or so years ago, abortion was of course considered a grave evil in the

Catholic Church, but as it was still illegal and did not have the societal acceptance it has now, instances were much more rare. Reconciliation for the sin of abortion was a formal process, and involved a bishop. Gradually (and all this has to do with general changes in the Church) it was thought that the bishop should share the responsibility with priests, and that the process of reconciliation should be more personal and intimate. Because the sin of abortion also involves the trauma of abortion, reconciliation must be not just formal and intellectual but emotional and personal as well, so that the person who has sinned will really believe that she or he is forgiven.

Abortion is the killing of a baby—this is a fact, as far as the Church is concerned. But rarely, said Msgr. Woolsey, has he met a person who deliberately and intentionally set out to destroy a child's life. Denial often allows a person to do the act, and afterwards may dull the truth, but once denial is broken and realization sets in, the trauma and guilt can become almost unbearable. It is crucial that counselors and clergy involved in postabortion ministry offer compassion while also confirming the gravity of the sin. A woman who has been told "don't worry about it" in the Confessional (and that has happened) will not believe that she has been forgiven by the Church because she knows what she has done. And a woman who is given perfunctory forgiveness with a lack of compassion will not truly experience God's healing. As Msgr. Woolsey says, the priest must be able to say "Yes, you killed your baby" and "God will forgive you," for the woman to believe she is reconciled—Christians believe that no matter how grave the sin, true repentance and sorrow and purposeful amendment are conditions enough for complete forgiveness and reconciliation.

Bernadette Brady, who is the assistant director of New York's Project Rachel Services, says 90 percent of the women who contact Project Rachel want to talk to a priest. Many will come in to the At Peace service. If they seem to have on-going problems because of the abortion, Brady will refer them to a therapist who has been approved by *PR*. The people who handle the phones are trained to be discreet and sensitive to the anxieties of the callers. Brady says many of the callers had abortions five to ten years ago, although now, with so much attention given to abortion in the media, the period between an abortion and asking for help is getting shorter.

Although Project Rachel is a Catholic organization, people of all denominations or no faith at all have used the service. There is a Protestant counterpart called Open Arms, and several Protestant denominations are starting similar groups to minister to aborted women. Women Exploited by Abortion (WEBA), founded by Nancyjo Mann in 1982, and Abortion Victims of America are organizations open to any woman who has had an abortion. Moreover, there is evidence that people of other faiths understand the need to mourn for victims of abortion.

**I**n Japan, where there are over a million abortions annually, there is a Buddhist religious service, *mizugo kuyo*, for the repose of the soul of aborted, miscarried or stillborn children. “Anguished by their loss but guilt-ridden, most Japanese women are unable to talk about their abortions with anyone else. But they are comforted by this ancient rite.”<sup>1</sup> Still, Msgr. Woolsey said that the only feedback he has received from Planned Parenthood to Project Rachel is that “we [the Church] are creating the trauma”—so “Catholic guilt” is responsible for *making* the woman feel like she has done something wrong. (Vicki Thorn, in a phone interview, told me that she has heard that Planned Parenthood has its own report, though they won’t admit it is “theirs,” citing an Alan Guttmacher study that 91 percent of aborted women have physical or psychological trauma.)

A powerful example of a secular woman who has gone through her own hell because of an abortion can be found in Sue Nathanson’s *Soul Crisis*, which Faith Abbott discussed at length in this journal.<sup>2</sup> It is a story of anguish, grief and depression by a woman who suffers acutely from Post Abortion Syndrome (PAS), yet very little formal religious guilt is mentioned; Sue is neither Catholic, nor Christian, nor a religious Jew. She finds some solace through rites based on ancient goddess-worship and neo-paganism, and she wrote the book, to “explain” her pain.

How *does* the pro-choice community deal with postabortion trauma? If a woman feels guilty about an abortion, and, like Sue Nathanson, goes back to Planned Parenthood for help, the counselor she will speak to will most likely be a woman who has had an abortion and who is still trying to rationalize her choice. In Nathanson’s case, her Planned Parenthood counselor, Karen, did allow Sue to grieve for her child eventually, but only in the context of coming to see that a baby wasn’t really killed; the “baby” was “a potential energy



source” that—rather than being destroyed—has been re-channelled somewhere else. (Karen had had an abortion two years previously).

In David Reardon’s book, *Aborted Women: Silent No More*, there is a personal story from a Karen Sullivan, who had an abortion at 22. She describes herself as at the time very pro-choice. Right after her abortion, Karen felt relief; but soon she began having “nightmares and recurring dreams about my baby. I just laid in bed and cried. Once, I wept so hard I sprained my ribs. Another time while crying, I was unable to breathe and passed out. . . . I tried to establish a post-abortion counseling group for women . . . [but] nobody showed up at the meeting . . . ”

Karen joined a women’s health collective and worked as a women’s health counselor:

It was a feminist clinic, and they were really anti-men. . . . And because of my grief, I submitted myself to counseling with a therapist who was homosexual and living with another woman. . . . Her counseling tried to get me to the point where I could deny my grief, where I could be “healthy” enough to not ever admit that abortion was wrong, but to say, “Hey, I had an abortion. No big deal.” To get to the point where I could counsel other women to have abortions would be to have “arrived,” that I could cope. But I never got there.

While Karen worked at the center, she says she didn’t feel too awful about the abortion because everyone was “patting her on the back” for it. But then:

I got pregnant again while I was working there. I conceived my son the very week that my aborted baby should have been born. It was no accident . . . My son is an “atonement baby” for the one I lost. I had felt that by my abortion I had taken something precious out of the world, so I wanted to put something back into it. At first, though, I had a strong impulse to terminate this second pregnancy. But luckily a friend made me aware of what I was doing: “You’re going to have abortion after abortion. Your life will be hell.”

At the counseling center, though, my becoming pregnant by a man was like a “sin” to them. You see, they were very hostile towards men, very anti-male. So for anyone who was working there to become pregnant was like a betrayal, since it was proof that you had “known” a man. Abortion, to them, was the way you killed the “thing” the man had made in you, it was a reaction against men.

Halfway through her second pregnancy, Karen was “caught” praising a woman for choosing not to have an abortion, and was fired. She

has since become a pro-life activist.<sup>3</sup>

Although Karen Sullivan's story may explain why so many anti-male lesbians are also rabid pro-choice advocates, it certainly can't explain Planned Parenthood's deliberate blindness. For Msgr. Woolsey the problem is clear: "Planned Parenthood refuses to address the fact that there are two people involved; how can *anyone* be better off if they have killed somebody?" The pro-choice movement says "Do this, you'll feel better," this is an immediate solution. But it is not a solution to a "problem," it is the end of a life, and sooner or later the parent or parents are going to realize this. The death of one's child is thought to be more traumatic than the death of a spouse, or a parent—parents feel keenly the unnaturalness of a child dying before they do. And a parent who had a hand in the death must be all the more stricken.

Margaret Smith (not her real name) is the woman who shares her painful story during the At Peace service. Abortion, she says, instead of being a solution to a "problem," not only kills a baby, but "When we do this, we don't really know that it [the abortion] has a life of its own—we pay for it for a very long time, we have no idea how many years it will stay with us." Her own story, told as "The Journey of my Babies" is a moving one. It starts with a normal tale of engagement and marriage, and her assumed future as a happy mother. But things didn't turn out as planned.

First there were some conception problems, and then some difficult pregnancies. She miscarried twins, days apart. All in all, she had three miscarriages and 4 healthy children. But then her marriage broke up, and she and her children moved away. She eventually became involved in another relationship, but that broke up also. Weeks after the end of that relationship, she found that she was again pregnant. Terrified, ashamed, she went to a doctor, and because of her past medical history, an abortion was suggested.

In those days, three visits to a psychiatrist preceded an abortion, and Margaret's psychiatrist gave his opinion that with her family and religious background she would not be able to handle the guilt of an abortion. (Today, even a 24-hour waiting period to make sure the woman knows what she is doing is hotly contested. We have entered the age of fast-abortion, along with fast-food). But Margaret went ahead anyway.

For three years or so, she said, she managed, but she now realizes she was in denial. One day she came home from work, picked up

a newspaper, and read a story about a city building that had been torn down. In the basement of the building workers had found a suitcase with a skeleton of a baby. As she read of the mysterious discovery, she got what she now knows was a panic attack. She couldn't breathe, her heart raced, and "I just suddenly started thinking, 'I killed a baby, I killed a baby.'" Months of insomnia, anxiety, panic and depression followed, but she kept trying to tell herself that the abortion wasn't her problem.

This type of experience has been found among women of all faiths and no faith, as evident from literature from WEBA, or David Reardon's book, or a book on Postabortion Syndrome by Terry Selby called "The Mourning After." Physical scars from abortion range from minor infections to serious scarring which can render women sterile. Psychological scars involve loss of self-esteem and depression that lead to self-destructive behavior: promiscuity, use of drugs and alcohol, suicide attempts. Women find themselves unable to carry on relationships, unable to have sex again or unable to trust men. Some women find they cannot deal with children, physically or emotionally. Aborted women are sometimes unable to hear a vacuum cleaner after a suction abortion; they have nightmares, and become obsessed with death. Some become anorexic. Women abuse or let themselves be abused. They fear punishment and they feel loss.

In Margaret's case, suicidal feelings finally caused her to cry out to God in an anguished prayer, which she says was answered. She summoned the nerve to go to a priest, and after she poured out her whole story, the priest simply said "how you have *suffered*," and proceeded to talk to her with compassion. The process of her healing began. She later read a chapter in a book by Matt and Dennis Linn called "At Peace with your Unborn," and she and some friends who had had abortions, miscarriages or stillbirths asked a priest to do a special mass for them. She came to see that once you admit that what you killed was a baby, *your* baby, you feel a loss and you must grieve. And this unites you with women and men who have lost their children through no fault of their own. Eventually Margaret approached the Archdiocese with her idea of the At Peace service, and in 1988 it was begun.

It is interesting to note that many of the really active members of the pro-life community are women who have had abortions. As a matter of fact, in David Reardon's book it is noted that a woman who has had an abortion is 6 times more likely to work in pro-

life than in pro-choice causes.<sup>4</sup> A woman who suffers and comes to the conclusion that what she did was not the best solution might find some meaning in her suffering if by sharing it she can save other women from the same experience. Similarly, people who have lost family in drunk-driving accidents have become activists in programs to reform drunk drivers.

Bernadette Brady says she has no doubt there is Postabortion Syndrome because she deals with PAS everyday, and it is not only women who have had the abortions who experience it, but the fathers, the grandparents, the friends; even people who may have lent money for the abortion. These are the people who come to the At Peace service, which stresses anonymity—at no time will the participants be asked to share their own experiences. By Margaret's brave reliving of her own losses, the other people in the group can keep their experience private and yet share in communal grieving.

After her talk, Margaret leads the congregation in a meditation. This was the most moving part of the service for me. There were women around me who were quietly crying as we listened to Margaret, who led us in a meditation in which we picture meeting our Lord, in a beautiful field on a warm sunny day. He is holding our lost child. We join Him in holding the child, and then we are asked to give the child a sex if we didn't know it, we name the child, and then we picture the Lord baptizing the baby. We then hear the child saying we are forgiven, and the Lord takes the child gently from us, telling us He is taking the child home to heaven, to be with our other loved ones. The child is safe; we are loved and forgiven.

After the meditation, bouquets of flowers are passed out: parents may hold them and say good-bye to their child or children. One woman breaks down in tears; Margaret goes to her, puts her arm around her and leads her to the back, to talk. The couple ahead of me hold the flowers together, and the man puts his head on the woman's shoulder and quietly cries. Two women sitting alone hug themselves in silence. When the flowers are put back on the altar, the sacrament of reconciliation is offered, and the bouquets are scattered into single flowers, which the participants may take home.

Though I was saddened by the pain I witnessed at the service, I left feeling healed as well. Even though I have not lost a child, I felt a sense of spiritual healing for my own struggles and fears. Some people might find it strange that a service for babies lost through abortion is also a service for babies lost through miscarriage and

stillbirth—but the people at the service understand the connection. The people who have had miscarriages or stillbirths often feel guilty—“What did I do wrong?”—they also may be angry at God, and this can be dealt with in reconciliation. They also have often been denied mourning for their lost child. Society doesn’t really give them a way to say good-bye to the child that didn’t make it. As Terry Selby says, “grieving is not a private matter. It has a more social context . . . [it] requires some external support and confirmation that the grief is right and acceptable.”<sup>5</sup> Yet so many women and men who have lost babies have to mourn in silence.

Many women who have abortions are forced to mourn alone because they may have told very few people, if any, about the abortion, and there are none of the usual outlets for expressing grief, guilt, and regret. A woman who comes to the At Peace service, by the very fact that she is there, has already begun the process of healing by admitting that what she did was wrong.

Margaret Smith thinks it’s harder now for women to stay in denial about the humanity of the fetus. Ten or thirteen years ago we didn’t have the amazing photos we now have of intrauterine life; even women who have miscarriages now may feel a greater sense of loss, if they see a picture of a tiny, perfectly-formed fetus of ten weeks. Those women who don’t admit the truth that abortion kills a tiny person are in denial, and Margaret says what keeps women in denial is mostly anger—keeping a tight hold on it keeps women from looking at the pain they have inside and the realization of the enormity of what they have done. Wouldn’t you characterize the pro-choice movement as being mostly about anger?

It would seem from Karen Sullivan’s story that some women keep themselves in denial about their own abortions by working frantically for the abortion rights of others. But it is a frenzy bordering on despair—they cannot look at themselves honestly and they don’t want to be forced, so they will frantically shout down people who try to make them see reason, and convince themselves that they are working tirelessly out of compassion for women facing unwanted pregnancies.

Some women *are* very angry. I think I might understand some of the anger that fueled the pro-abortion movement. It was something I thought about while reading “Back Rooms,” a pro-choice book with stories by and about women who had abortions in the illegal

days.<sup>6</sup> What kept coming up again and again in these stories was that these women, or girls, were not told anything about sex, about what could happen. When they did get in trouble, or were raped, they could not imagine going to their parents because of the shame, or fear their fathers would kill them, or their mothers would never talk to them again. And so they sought out a back-alley abortion—abortion is a horrific experience legally, and illegally it was understandably worse. These women are angry that they had to go through all that, but they have used that anger to justify the killing, instead of directing it against people who thought a problem wasn't a problem if it was kept out of sight.

Thirty or forty years ago, there were many things that just weren't talked about—mental retardation (look at what happened to the Kennedy daughter!), mental illness, depression, abuse. Today we can talk about them, dispel myths and offer compassion and help. Yet today, when a young woman coming home pregnant can get lots of support, if not from her immediate family then at least from the religious community and from crisis pregnancy centers, this very day at least hundreds of these young women are having abortions.

I thought that one of the reasons so many unmarried teenagers and young adults were having abortions was because they were still afraid to tell their parents that they had messed up. Instead of going to Mom and Dad and saying: Look, I am not perfect, I made a mistake, I had sex, they take the problem on themselves and thereby take on a much greater sin—abortion. Parents who think their children aren't doing anything as long as they don't know about it can set up a wall that is very hard for their children to cross. I would think that if I were a parent I would rather have my daughter come to me and say she was pregnant than to find out that she went ahead and aborted her child and my grandchild, and then have to live with that guilt and trauma.

But, say Bernadette Brady and Margaret, who do a lot of talking and listening in area high-schools (and these are Catholic schools), many, many times it is the mothers *themselves* who push their daughters into abortion. They have bought the current wisdom and think that by taking care of this "problem" their daughter won't jeopardize her schooling or her career, or her chance to get happily married and raise a family. What these parents do not realize is that an abortion often sends a woman into a spiral of lowered self-esteem and mental pain, and that drug or alcohol abuse, promiscuity, and

repeat abortions are common postabortion experiences. Terry Selby writes: "I've talked to many younger girls with PAS who had an abortion because they couldn't bear to hurt their parents. But when they developed PAS, their destructive lifestyles hurt their parents far more than they would have been hurt by a problem pregnancy."<sup>7</sup>

Thousands of dollars have been spent by people suffering from PAS on therapists who often themselves refuse to deal with an abortion as a possible factor in their patient's inability to function happily in society. As Selby says in the introduction to his book, "PAS, for a variety of reasons, has been a private malady, much like post-Vietnam stress disorder once was. The sufferer has not felt she could discuss the issue. Mental-health professionals have shied away because of controversy and, in many instances, a preconceived idea that abortion is always a reasonably safe medical procedure with no lasting physical or psychological side effects."<sup>8</sup>

Women have reason to be angry, but not because once they had to go to back alleys. Women *should* be angry because they are being deceived by those who claim to care most of all about their welfare. The women's movement has latched on to abortion as *the* fundamental right for women, and we all have been bombarded with the term "choice," that a woman should be able to choose if and when she wants to have a baby. Where is "choice" when a woman who has had several abortions decides to have a baby, and finds out she *cannot*, because of medical problems resulting from the abortions? If she was never warned of medical complications, wasn't her choice forfeited without her consent? Was she ever told that as many as 50 percent of aborted women suffer complications, some of which affect fertility or the ability to carry a child to term?<sup>9</sup> Would the woman who uses abortion as a form of birth control think twice about being responsible if she were told that there was even a slight chance she could get brain damage from the anesthesia? What about the woman whose life is in ruins because her emotions are out of control and she doesn't know why, who is in therapy but who doesn't even talk about her abortion there, because that is supposed to be one of the positive things she did "for herself"?

We are deluged daily with facts about a multitude of health risks: cigarettes, alcohol, breast implants—yet there is silence on the dangers of abortion. The pro-choicers are afraid that if the word gets out that abortion is unhealthy for women (not to mention being fatal to the fetus), it may not seem so good, because in

our secular society we have equated moral good with health. Smokers are bad: they contaminate other people's lives; pipe and cigar smokers are foul creatures who ruin other people's dining experiences; people who drink alcohol aren't as "good" as people who insist on Perrier—but we can't let anyone think that a woman who has had multiple abortions is doing anything less than exercising her constitutional rights.

Now some of the most moral people I know are smokers, but if I can admit that smoking can harm the smoker's health and maybe those affected by the smoke, why can't society admit that abortion not only snuffs out one life forever, but can also severely damage another? Patricia Ireland and the National Organization of Women, for example, are so "concerned" with women that they will sacrifice the truth for political gain. Abortion rights advocates have *admitted* hushing up reports on even legalized abortion abuses and complications in favor of the legal right for women to abort. They are perpetuating one of the biggest deceptions of our time—that abortions are "safe."

The same silence and dishonesty applies to PAS. There are support groups and counseling programs and even greeting cards available for so many life events or choices: break-ups, divorces, bereavement for the born who die. The new psychology-laden and "compassionate" society is always there to help; its cardinal rule is that if you feel something, it is *real*, and valid to talk about, whether the issue is important or not. If your feelings about it are strong it *is* important. But a woman who is suffering from postabortion stress is often told that there is nothing to feel bad about. Ignoring the after effects of abortion is hypocrisy and moral blindness of the worst kind, because it shuts the door on the emotional, physical and psychological healing of women, men, and even children. There are 1.6 million abortions per year in this country, and there may be twice that many people yearly who are traumatized by abortion, and we are doing nothing about it. Such widespread trauma damages our families and our future generations.

Msgr. Woolsey talks of the people he has come into contact with through Project Rachel: "They are broken people, they are reeling in pain . . . ." Bernadette Brady uses the same adjective, "broken." Abortion breaks fetuses, it breaks people, it breaks relationships—statistics show that the relationships that abortion was often meant to save almost always break up after an abortion. The man and the woman cannot live with the guilt that is between them.



Listen to the words used to describe feelings after an abortion.  
Hear Sue Nathanson:

My grief feels huge, heavy, as if it has congealed into a solid ball; I am afraid it is so tightly packed that I will never be able to release it into tears.<sup>10</sup> . . . Alone, I sob for myself, my child, the remains, the child smeared into bits by the vacuum aspirator, sucked from the warmth of my womb in a violent moment of death. I am a shriek of horror and anguish, straining with all my might somehow to reverse what cannot be reversed, what is irrevocable.<sup>11</sup>

Listen to Nancyjo Mann:

I felt empty, and I lived under a constant feeling of dread. Newborn infants caught my eye and filled me with longing, but I was afraid to touch them . . . I became preoccupied with death. I fantasized about how I would die. My baby had struggled for two hours. If a pillow was put over my face to suffocate me, I would struggle for a bit, but in less than four minutes I would pass out. But she had suffered for *two hours*. Would I be so tormented?<sup>12</sup>

And this from a thirty-four year old man:

She became pregnant and didn't tell me. While I was away on a business trip, she had an abortion and called me after she had done it. I cried a lot. I felt so bad for her. She was so broke up. For me, it was real important for her not to have the abortion, *but I never told her that* [emphasis mine].<sup>13</sup>

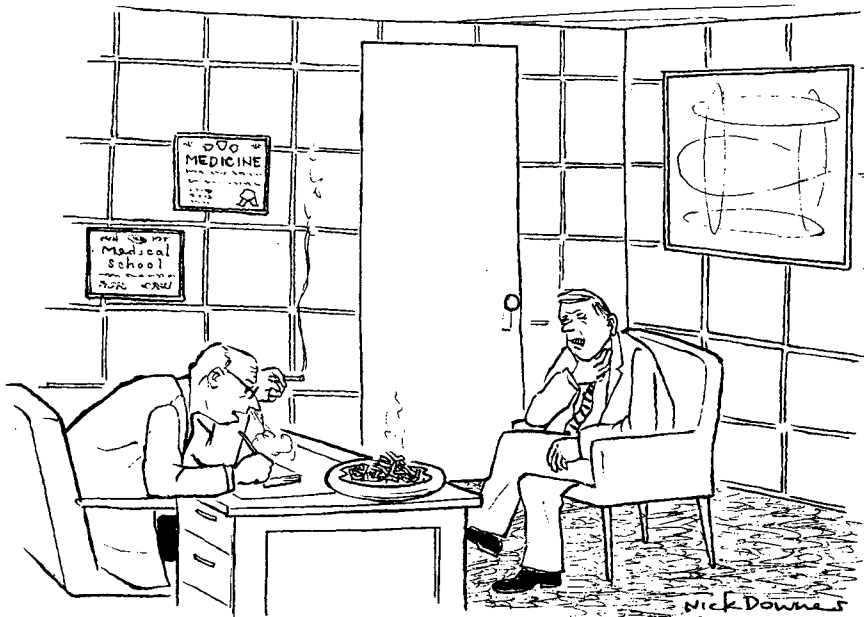
Margaret Smith, Bernadette Brady, Msgr. Woolsey, Vicki Thorn, and all the people who work in postabortion ministries and postabortion counseling are willing to let the women and men who have been traumatized by abortion cry and scream—to repent, and find forgiveness. It is not an easy task, and the reward for the helpers comes solely from knowing that they have helped someone work through her or his pain, that through their own willingness to suffer with others, they have helped broken humans pick up the pieces, and perhaps prevented future killings. The Catholic Church, so often criticized for not caring about women faced with crisis pregnancies, is actually in the forefront of a movement to heal the scars of an evil that is dividing our society, much as the evil of slavery once divided our society and left in its wake the wounds of racism, injustice and resentment that are even today far from being healed.

As with slavery, the first step toward stopping abortion is to admit that it is wrong.

MARIA MCFADDEN

NOTES

1. Elizabeth Harrison, quoted in "Atoning for Abortion," by Tamihiko Tonomuro, which appeared in the Japanese newspaper *Asahi Shimbun* on January 30, 1989, and was reprinted in the *Human Life Review*, volume XV, no. 2, pp. 123-124.
2. "The Baby That Wasn't: a Ghostly Presence," Faith Abbott, *Human Life Review*, volume VXI, No. 3, pp. 13-27.
3. David C. Reardon, *Aborted Women: Silent No More* (Chicago: Loyola University Press, 1987), pp. 75-77.
4. Reardon, p. 71.
5. Terry L. Selby, with Marc Bockmon, *The Mourning After* (Grand Rapids, Michigan: Baker Book House, 1990), p. 99.
6. Ellen Messer and Kathryn E. May, *Back Rooms: An Oral History of the Illegal Abortion Era* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1988).
7. Selby, p. 112.
8. Selby, p. 12.
9. Reardon, p. 20.
10. Sue Nathanson, *Soul Crisis* (New York: New American Library, 1989), p. 47.
11. Nathanson, p. 54.
12. Reardon, p. xviii.
13. From "The Forgotten Fathers: Men and Abortion," by Vincent M. Rue., PhD., in *Heartbeat*, Fall, 1984.



'I'm putting you on a different brand of cigarettes.'

THE SPECTATOR 8 February 1992

## The Feminine *Mystique*

Faith Abbott

66 **W**HO IS GLORIA STEINEM?" asked a 24-year-old colleague, a 53-year-old teacher, one of the lucky ones who got an advance ticket for Gloria's lecture at the Washington that night. Said the teacher: "I just raised my hands and said, 'Omigod!' They just take every-

Faith Abbott McFadden

But who *is* Gloria Steinem these days? I didn't know much about her, but I knew enough to be surprised when she wrote a book about self-esteem, so I thought I might read it. Perhaps I might get the book and leaf through it. And, since she gets to see as many reviews as somehow come my way, I might perform a service by writing a short piece about her and her book. What happened then was that the fame of Steinem rapidly mushroomed into a big controversy within the whole women's movement; as my pile of clippings grew, so did my "short piece."

The publisher (Little, Brown and Company) is promoting a new book, promising the reader that "In this first book you'll meet a new Gloria Steinem who forges a path between the internal world of self-discovery and the external world of social justice." The *new* Gloria? What happened to the Gloria with those big trademark glasses? Betty Friedan, the mother of the feminist movement; Steinem was called "the new Betty Friedan." How and why did she get into this self-esteem business? What is her Glorious Career? And what do her feminist friends think of *Revolution from Within: A Book of Self-Esteem*?

Gloria Steinem is 58 now; ever since she found fame in 1971 she has been in the public eye—speaking, writing, raising, lobbying, fronting for *Ms.* For two decades she has been on a treadmill of traveling; her New York apartment had no furniture—it was just a place to store papers in cardboard boxes and change into fresh jeans. In her travels she kept seeing women—not just the poor and down-trodden but the privileged and powerful ones too—who were smart, courageous, articulate and valuable but who

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didn't think they were any of those things. It was, Gloria writes, "as if the female spirit were a garden that had grown beneath the shadows of barriers for so long that it kept growing in the same pattern, even after some of the barriers were gone." Something had to be done for these women, thought Gloria the activist, so she began looking for books on self-esteem to recommend. She found nothing adequate, so she set out to research current factors that affect self-esteem, and this research turned into a manuscript: 250 pages of calm and impersonal psychological research, anecdotal examples, philosophical prose. When a therapist friend read the manuscript, she told Gloria that something was missing: "You forgot to put yourself in." That was when Gloria realized she'd felt drawn to the subject of self-esteem not only because other people needed it but because *she* did.

So she gave up all those "elaborate and intellectualized pages" and turned her thoughts inward to explore why she, of all people, lacked self-esteem. She'd had a career crisis (to do with *Ms.*) and a well-publicized "relationship" crisis; now suffering from burn-out and the loss of her "writer's voice," she set out to find herself, so as to help others find *their* own true selves. In her new book, says the ad, "Gloria explains how to find the self-esteem that leads to personal, political, and social change, and why the struggle for self-esteem will become this decade's revolution."

**W**hat hath Gloria wrought? And should she have? Has she helped or hindered the women's movement (and *is* there still a women's movement)? Has she taken a leave of absence, or of her senses? Pre-publication reviews in *Time* and *Newsweek* both sounded the "Gloria, how *could* you?" note. *Time's* review (January 20: "Even Feminists Get the Blues") recalls that Gloria's fans first cried "How *could* you?" when she (who had once said "A woman needs a man like a fish needs a bicycle") first began keeping company with a rich and famous tycoon in the late 80s. *Newsweek's* reviewer (January 13) wrote that the hundreds of thousands of women who have been applauding Gloria's speeches and sound bites for years, and fans who made her *Outrageous Acts and Everyday Rebellions* a best seller in 1983, "are going to pick up this book and set it down again with a single, agonized cry: 'Gloria, how *could* you?' " Or perhaps not: "Maybe they'll clutch it to their hearts and make this one a best seller, too. The latter possibility is certainly the one

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Little, Brown and Co was counting on when it paid \$700,000 for the book back in 1987.”

“Little Gloria, Happy at Last” headlines *Newsweek’s* review, and underneath is this subtitle (or sob title?): “Dear Ms. Steinem: all is forgiven. Please come home. We miss you.” And next to a picture of a relaxed, unbespectacled Gloria reclining on a couch: “Her public life is more inspiring than her psychobabble.” The review begins: “It could have been worse. Gloria Steinem’s original title for this book was ‘Bedside Book of Self-Esteem.’ Now it’s *Revolution From Within*. But even a title with ‘revolution’ in it can’t fully redeem this squishy exercise in feeling better.” However, this (at times “relentlessly inspirational”) book is distinguishable from dozens of other self-help books because her feminist politics “are prominent or at least discernible throughout.” Gloria told *Newsweek* that people have asked her if she’s turning away from social activism, and she says “Of course not. I hope people will find a link between inward exploring and outward revolution.”

*Time* says that when Gloria writes like she talks “there is no one more fascinating. . . . But we get too few glimpses of this person in the book who, despite all the self-actualization, writes as if she believes that what Julie Andrews or Mahatma Gandhi or the Gnostic Gospels have to tell us is more worthwhile than what makes her tick.” But “Fortunately, one of the world’s most interesting women is incapable of writing an uninteresting book. . . . A \$700,000 advance can buy a lot of self-esteem.” And if that’s not enough, well, “if only the women whose lives were touched by Steinem were to buy the book, it would be a best seller. Here, Gloria, is \$22.95. Buck up, and thanks for everything.”

*Newsweek’s* review ends with the *cri de coeur* that Gloria’s glorious career “has been a thousand times more inspirational than the poems and aphorisms, the canned benevolence, she offers here. In a world run by men, Steinem towers by virtue of her commitment, her ideals and her tough thinking; with no office and no pulpit, she is a genuine leader. But it’s passion that fuels a good story and a great life—not psychobabble. When astronaut Sally Ride took off into the skies, her mother watched on television and said, ‘God bless Gloria Steinem.’ The book her fans are waiting for is the book that will make us exclaim the same thing.” (One hopes that Sally Ride’s mother also said a “God Bless” for her daughter.)

The New York *Times Book Review* magazine reviewed Steinem

a week *after* it had run the publisher's full-page ad proclaiming the book a "National Bestseller . . . already in its 4th printing, A Selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club"—the Sunday *Times* is of course *the* most coveted reviewer, and Gloria couldn't have been pleased that the august *Times* was obviously not pleased. Consider: that Sunday (February 2) *Revolution* was indeed on the *Times*' own best-seller list for the first time, Number 7, right under Susan Faludi. But Faludi's *Backlash: The Undeclared War Against American Women* had got a prestigious *front-page* review in the *TBR* (October 27), by Ellen Goodman, a nationally-syndicated columnist and pillar-person of feminism, whereas *Revolution* got less than a page way back on Page 13.

The reviewer was Deirdre English, a mere former editor of *Mother Jones* magazine, and she was *not* kind and forgiving like the women reviewers for *Time* and *Newsweek*—indeed, Ms. English was *jugular*, not *jocular*. The hostility showed in the first sentence: "Gloria Steinem's global overview of her life and current philosophy has so far been treated as the story of one woman's burnout and recovery, or trivialized as a kiss-and-tell tale." But, surmises Ms. English, this mixture of self-help techniques and feminist fundamentals intends more than that: It is "an assertion of self-esteem as the driving force of the feminist movement and, indeed, of all positive social change." As such, it "provokes disturbing questions about whether this phase in Ms. Steinem's thinking is an advance or a retreat." Ms. English fears that those who want their icons to stay on pedestals will be "discomfited" by Gloria's candid personal revelations. (Gloria, how *could* you?) The book, she says, is a "clarion call, summoning us not to charge but to stop and look within." Though it does mention feminist fundamentals, the emphasis is on *personal* change: is this, she wonders, what the women's movement needs now?

*Revolution From Within* represents "a sharp change for America's most famous feminist" and, because of the author's popularity, it's "likely to be influential," sighs Ms. English. After all, Gloria is "one of the figures of modern feminism who are [sic] sure to go down in history, not only for her achievements but also for her emblematic being." For many Americans, she represented women's liberation: with so much to her credit, Ms. English wonders, "Why does she now turn the power of her leadership to following fashion in psychological self-help?" Can it be true, she asks, that "As Ms. Steinem now believes" there is a quiet revolution of self-worth going on—

one that will change the world by helping people love themselves and hence one another? This may be a “widespread hope,” but “Coming from one of the world’s leading feminists, this new emphasis on nurturing the damaged self seems to have the taste of failure mixed in with its healing elixirs.” But of course the more Ms. Steinem (or any woman) can hold her ground and keep on fighting a system that demeans her, the better; meditation (Gloria has pages on “guided meditation”) may help or it may be meaningful in its own right, but “What is disturbing is to see the empowering therapy supplant the cause. The strategic vision of social revolution here has all but been replaced with a model of personal recovery.” Ms. English does not think that Ms. Steinem has *forgotten* about sexism, but “strangely, she has forgotten to get angry about it.”

The miffed Ms. English feels betrayed. If this is indeed the “new” Gloria Steinem, English doesn’t much like her. Steinem’s voice, she says, seems calm and comforting, as if she is “speaking to us from a shelter where women are nurturing women—painting, writing, laughing and singing—and never go out anymore.” Ms. English thinks this will *not* help the lot of America’s women: for them the “pressing need” is not “an ever greater focus on the self” but the swapping of ideas about how to force employers to pay attention to women’s needs, how to get ahead despite the obstacles of sexism—accomplishing *these* things “will send women’s spirits soaring and fuel further activism” and (she adds, plaintively) “that does seem to be what Ms. Steinem would like to achieve.” But she distrusts Gloria’s “approach”—which she defines as “declaring a sort of national self-esteem crisis as the next phase in feminism”—which, she fears, will have the opposite effect. Indeed, Ms. English seems to feel personally threatened. Gloria’s approach, she concludes, “may perpetuate a double bind in which some women are convinced that they can’t achieve anything because now their self-esteem—like their weight, their hair, their clothes and their nails—is constantly in need of fixing.”

The teacher whose young colleague didn’t even know about Gloria Steinem was one of 600 people—mostly women—at the Smithsonian the night of January 30. They were the lucky ones: the lecture had been sold out a month previously; over 800 others could *not* get in. Washington *Post* staff writer Megan Rosenfeld proclaimed the lecture “vintage Steinem: provocative, droll and rebellious,” adding “Anyone who feared that Steinem might have mellowed now that

she's finally decorated her New York apartment and stopped hiding her cheeks behind her hair could relax." Ms. Rosenfeld's *Post* article was headlined "The Esteem Engine: Gloria Steinem, Nurturing a New Generation." "She's amazing," said a 27-year-old Capitol Hill staffer: "There are not too many women out there who are icons for me." So it would appear that Gloria—who does *not*, in her book, talk about "a woman's right to control her own body"—demonstrated that night that she can still control a large body of women. They listened and applauded and waited afterward to buy her book and, says Ms. Rosenfeld, "queued up again for autographs, snaking neatly around the rotunda of the Museum of Natural History near the dinosaur exhibit and the new one, 'Seeds of Change.'" It had been "vintage Gloria" at the end of the lecture, too: she asked her audience to "Do one outrageous thing in the cause of social justice" in the next 24 hours. "Say, 'Pick it up yourself' if you are the servant of your family. Compare salaries." Also: give 10 percent of your salary to the cause; write five letters a week; go to one demonstration a month "just to keep your blood tingling."

Deirdre English need not have worried: Gloria has *not* forgotten her anger.

That night, then, the women's movement was deemed by the *Post* to be alive and well; Steinem was still the movement's glamour girl. But a few weeks later the *Post's* own glamour girl, Sally Quinn—journalist, novelist, "Washington insider," wife of Ben Bradlee, the paper's former editor—wrote a stinging article about the demise of the movement, headlined "Who Killed Feminism?" The subhead answers: "Hypocritical Movement Leaders Betrayed Their Own Cause." Quinn names Gloria Steinem (admits falling in love with someone who treated her badly) and Jane Fonda (gives up acting because new husband Ted Turner "needs you there all the time") and Washington's Mayor Sharon Pratt Dixon (married a man named Kelly and instead of reverting to Sharon Pratt changes her name to Sharon Pratt Kelly) and Patricia Ireland, new president of the National Organization for Women (comes "out": has a husband *and* a "female companion"). What, asks Quinn, are we to make of all this? "Is it possible that feminism as we have known it is dead? I think so. . . . Like communism in the former Soviet empire, the movement in its present form has outlasted its usefulness. There are no true feminists in the strictest sense of the word, just as there probably were never any 'pure' communists." The feminists who



spoke for the movement were never completely honest with women, Quinn now thinks: they overlooked women's deepest and most fundamental needs. The movement "ran into problems" because it was so intent on achieving the "legitimate" goal of equality in the office that it tried to regulate people's personal behavior. "Many of us," writes Quinn, "have made enormous strides in the past 20 years, thanks in part to NOW, the movement and women like Gloria Steinem. The question is, are these same people and groups the ones to lead the next generation?" She thinks not: "Any revolution needs extremists to get it off the ground, and the women's movement was no exception. But often the people who are responsible for change outlive their effectiveness, and a new group must take over." Quinn argues that more and more American women are "falling away" from a feminism that doesn't represent them or their problems—they feel "betrayed and lied to" because trying to live a politically-correct personal life doesn't always work—as Steinem, Fonda, Kelly and others have demonstrated. If the feminists could say they were wrong about women needing men or vice-versa, what were they *right* about? "If they were living one life and espousing another, wasn't that corrupt?"

"Quinn's argument was a muscular one," wrote John Leo (*U.S. News & World Report*, February 10). Quoting Quinn's statement that "many women have come to see the feminist movement as anti-male, anti-family, anti-feminine [and] therefore it has nothing to do with us," Leo says these criticisms are much like those made by allies of Betty Friedan, co-founder of NOW, when she broke with the group in 1975 to form a "network" of feminist dissidents. Friedan charged that NOW had moved away from its core constituency; that instead of focusing on the concerns of mainstream women—jobs, family problems, etc.—it was becoming overly mesmerized by lesbian rights, radical chic and "the politics of victimization." Today, says Leo, successful mainstream women like Quinn "are saying that this wrong turn taken by NOW 16 years ago has lead to a dead end."

A few weeks later, Quinn got an editorial backlashing from the San Jose *Mercury News* (reprinted in the February 9 New York *Daily News*, titled "Now, feminist movement needed more than ever"). The writer, Patty Fisher, begins: "It sounds like a blonde joke: When did Sally Quinn know the feminist movement was dead? When Jane Fonda gave up her acting career to become a housewife." Fisher

says that right now when we ought to be out there supporting the movement, “everywhere you turn women are whining, declaring feminism under siege, irrelevant or dead.” She was not overly thrilled with Susan Faludi’s book; she finds her argument—that women are better off today because of the feminist movement but have been brainwashed by right-wingers, religious fanatics and the media into thinking they are worse off—is offensive, partly because it’s insulting that Faludi “thinks I’m such a hapless dupe that I don’t know whether I’m happy or unhappy unless I read *Newsweek* or watch Oprah.” And now “along comes Quinn, wringing her hands because, among other things, Gloria Steinem has confessed to being a closet sex kitten and Patricia Ireland has a lesbian lover.” Sally Quinn has it all wrong, says Ms. Fisher: the original message of the movement “wasn’t about men or children or wearing lipstick—it was simply about Not Being a Doormat.” She admonishes women to stop blaming everyone else and take responsibility for a change; the challenge is “to find our common ground, make room for our differences, stop being victims.” She ends with “So Gloria Steinem is a flirt. After 25 years, she feels she has permission to be human. Isn’t that progress?”

And *then* along comes Anna Quindlen, the New York *Times*’ ageing angry young woman, who in a February 23rd column (“Getting a Second Wind: Real women, real anger”) mentions a number of real angry women including Anita Hill, Patricia Bowman, and Desiree Washington—the woman who KO’d Mike Tyson. Says Quindlen: “People have been predicting the death of feminism for years now, but feminism isn’t dead. Like any distance runner with a long way to go, it was just getting a second wind. Now there are more real people to make the political personal, which is to make it real.”

In her book, Gloria Steinem recalls “the feminist adage” that *the personal is political*. Now she says “It’s time to turn the adage around: *The political is personal*.” I must confess I can never remember which “adage” came first, but Gloria says it doesn’t really matter anyway, so long as it’s a *circle*. This was clarified somewhat when Gloria was interviewed by Lynn Povich, editor of *Working Woman*, for the magazine’s January issue. Povich asked Gloria “What balance do you have now between the personal and the political?” and she answered “It’s a continuum. We go through periods of emphasizing one or the other, but I still think balance is the goal. . . . I am not for one minute sorry that I was this totally externally oriented activist.

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I hope that I contributed to the world. The art of life is to use what happens to you, but after a while of doing that without any internal sustenance, you burn out. So that forces you to go back and look for balance.”

When editor Povich says “As you know, sometime in the late 70s or early 80s the movement was criticized for being man-hating or too focused on the ERA, and for not having issues broad enough to attract women,” Gloria responds with “They have been pronouncing the women’s movement dead for a long time, but the breadth of the issues continues to grow. I can’t think of anything that has influenced American life as much as the women’s movement.”

In her New York *Times* review of Susan Faludi’s *Backlash*, Ellen Goodman wrote that “the women’s movement that refused to die despite its many obits is just about due for a media resurrection.” Whether or not it has been resurrected, it has surely been the focus of media *scrutiny*. Sally Quinn set the ball rolling and it has been gathering speed. A long editorial in the Washington *Times* (March 8) asks “Is there a new resurgence of “feminism?” One could be pardoned for thinking that there *is*, judging by last week’s covers of three distinguished magazines.” Indeed: Gloria Steinem and Susan Faludi look “profound and chicly defiant” on the cover of *Time*; Patricia Ireland beams on the front page of the New York *Times* Sunday magazine; and “Not to be outdone, the *New Republic* features a raised fist [adorned] with a studded black leather bracelet—and a string of pearls, a diamond ring and neatly polished red nails.” Yes, all in one week; and now we have Susan Faludi (“The Brains Behind Backlash”) on the cover of *Working Woman’s* April issue. Whether or not *Gloria’s* brains are good for the movement, her book has been good for *her*. She *was*, she admits, somewhat depressed by all the supercilious reviews (“I should have realized that the New York *Times* would negatively review anything with self-esteem in the title . . .”) and one review was titled “Gloria takes heat for introspective book” but her spirits had to have been resurrected when *Revolution* hit the number one spot only the second week it was on the best-seller list. And of her coast-to-coast book tours she says: “Never have I seen such a conflagration of interest from such diverse people. In Cleveland they told me the line at the book signing was twice as long as for Oliver North *and* Vanna White.” And there was that mob at the Smithsonian. All of this is very good for shoring up self-esteem.

“Embraced with an endearing gusto peculiar to the American people, self-esteem is all the rage, as I discovered on a recent visit,” says a London writer who contributed a page of satire (“Stiffen Your Lips, Yanks”) to *Newsweek’s* “self-esteem” issue, February 17. Self-esteem, she says, is “a lucrative boom for books that tell how. Gloria Steinem—who used to say, laudably, that ‘the examined life is not worth living’—has now reneged and is busily selling her new book. . . . It is a topic of conversation everywhere. At dinner, guests now speak of ‘self-esteem’ with the same piety as they discuss fat grams and cholesterol counts.”

Deirdre English, in her review of *Revolution From Within*, bemoans the fact that “Over the same years that the ‘women’s’ sections in bookstores have shrunk in shelf space, the recovery/self-help section has bulged and pushed ever closer to the cash register.” But *Revolution* is not just recovery/self-help: Gloria goes into much detail about the national and international repercussions of having low, or even no, self-esteem. In fact, she told a San Francisco *Chronicle* interviewer that as she’s traveled across the country “explaining herself” she realizes she’s touched a deep chord in pointing out that a lot of the trouble in life is caused by people who had a rotten childhood. Tortured children grow into torturing adults; the evils of Saddam Hussein and Hitler and Ceaucescu came from “unexamined early lives.” Saddam’s stepfather beat and tortured him almost daily; Ceaucescu’s earliest years were spent living in one room with nine siblings and a sadistic, alcoholic father. Hitler’s *father* had been viciously beaten by his *stepfather*, so he beat his wife and Hitler. These despots, obviously, did not come from Nurturing Families. Gloria mentions Stalin only in connection with his thesis that “the new Soviet Man” could be bred by developing brain weight as a measure of intelligence, but no doubt he too had an Unexamined Early Life and was another monster without whose lack of self-esteem the world would be a better place. Gloria also targets Ronald Reagan, “who seems to have learned endless cheerful denial as the child of an alcoholic father” (he “had the whole country in denial for years”) and “I’ll-do-anything-to-win” George Bush, who had “an aristocratic, religious father who used a belt for discipline, controlled every aspect of family life, and insisted his sons compete, win, and become leaders, whether they wanted to or not.” (She doesn’t mention Joseph P. Kennedy or anyone’s wicked stepmother.)

She has four-plus pages on Gandhi: he is one of her Success Stories.

He had, says Gloria, spent half his life trying to live as a false self and found his strength only when he followed “an inner voice.” Gandhi is one of the “parables” Gloria strews throughout her book, but he is more than a parable: he is an “object lesson in ending a cycle of violence and also in self-esteem.” (*Newsweek’s* reviewer wrote that Gandhi’s success in fostering pride among Indians after years of British domination can be read as self-esteem on a national scale, but “only a comic-version of Indian history would depict the departure of the British as ending a cycle of violence: the British left a bloodbath in their wake. Steinem’s heart is in the right place, but what on earth has happened to her mind?”)

In her Personal Preface, Gloria describes the family—“the basic unity of the state”—as paternalistic and hierarchical and asks “How can democracy emerge from such a model of inequality?” The hierarchical family must be changed “if we are to stop producing leaders whose unexamined early lives are then played out on a national and international stage.” Self-esteem, Gloria pontificates, is “The prerequisite for democracy—and for equal power within a democracy.”

When Gloria realized that her first manuscript was 250 pages of the *wrong book* (because she had left herself out), she began to understand that “we write what we need to know” and what she didn’t know was why she, of all people, lacked self-esteem. As she began searching for the answer, she found that all roads were leading her back to her own childhood. Her mother had suffered from depression and delusions and was a semi-invalid even before Gloria was born; when her father (who had a “wandering lifestyle”) decided Gloria was old enough to take over, he left, and the ten-year-old child became the caretaker, a mother to her own mother, who was becoming increasingly psychotic. By the way, Gloria’s father weighed 300 pounds: she considers herself to be a “food junkie”—“it runs in the family”—and that’s why she doesn’t keep any food in her apartment. She is described as “pencil thin.” Give Gloria credit for “controlling her body.” Susan Faludi too: *she* is described as “ruler thin.”

When Steinem became active in feminism (“a movement that had given me life”) the “role-reversal” continued and she became a sort of mother “to all the oppressed women of the world.” In twenty years, she had only *once* spent an entire week without getting on a plane: no wonder she got all burnt out. With the help of therapy, she realized that what she had to do was to tear down the brick

wall she'd built between her present self and her childhood. In order to reclaim her own self she had to "re-parent" herself and "un-learn" things, so as to find "the lost child within." When she was working on a book about the childhood of Marilyn Monroe, and lacked inspiration, someone recommended the book *Your Inner Child of the Past*. As Gloria read the book she kept "seeing echoes" of Marilyn's life in her own. Each of us, she writes, "has an inner child of the past living within us. Those who needed to build no walls have access to that child's creativity and spontaneity. Those who had to leave this crucial core behind can tear down the walls, see what the child needed but didn't have, and begin to provide for it now." (She has lots of advice about how to do this—painting, singing, keeping a journal, using bio-feedback and "guided meditation" and so on—the reviewers had a lot of fun with all this.)

Her book is "inspired by women, whose self-esteem is making the deepest revolution" but it's *dedicated* to "anyone who respects the unique self inside a child." Gloria's meditations on "the inner child" are sprinkled throughout, but concentrated in a section of Chapter Two ("It's Never Too Late for a Happy Childhood"). Well, actually it *is* too late for the child who wasn't allowed to get born. She doesn't mention her abortion in this book, but she touched on it briefly in her Foreword to the anthology *Choices We made: Twenty-Five Women and Men Speak Out About Abortion* (edited by Angela Bonavoglia, Random House, 1991). Gloria's abortion, when she was 22, was "pivotal" in her life: it was "a symbol of fear, but also the first time I stopped passively accepting whatever happened to me and took responsibility. Even disclosing it years later was a turning point."

The first part of the Happy Childhood chapter, "The Child Within" section, begins (as do all chapters and sections) with epigrams. Leading this one is a quotation from someone named John Holt: "Books . . . rarely if ever talk about what children can make of themselves, about the powers that from the day or moment of birth are present in every child." The second quote is from Alice (*The Color Purple*) Walker: "The Nature of This Flower Is to Bloom."

Could you say that the nature of the unborn is to be born? And might you wonder about "the powers that from the day or moment of birth are present in every child?" Were these powers suddenly and mysteriously *there* at the moment of birth, or had they been there for some time? Did the obstetrician's hands, when they delivered the baby, suddenly and mysteriously *confer* these powers, or was

the doctor more like a good bishop in the act of *Confirming*? Has Gloria gone back far enough in her search for her inner lost child, or has she built an impenetrable brick wall between her own “inner child” and the *real* inner child that she abandoned—as her father had abandoned her?

Gloria’s mother did have long stretches of lucidity. When Gloria and her sister (I think this is the only time her sister is mentioned) were little, their mother—in what Gloria says was a heroic effort to break with her *own* past—studied and talked about a “childrearing theory” she attributed to the school of spiritual thought known as “theosophy.” Paraphrasing what she had absorbed, she would tell her daughters that “Children don’t belong to us. . . . They are little strangers who arrive in our lives and give us the pleasure and duty of caring for them—but we don’t own them. We help them become who they are.” Gloria makes bold to quote these lines because she assumes her readers believe that these “little strangers” arrive in our lives when, and only when, they are visible in the gloved hands of the receiving physician. “Children don’t belong to us” . . . when did they *first* not belong to us; when did we first *not* “own” them? “We help them become who they are” . . . not “who they will be” but who they *are*. When did they first become who they are?

Gloria writes: “Children should feel loved and valued from the beginning.” From the beginning of *what*? Knowing what we do about Ms. Steinem, we assume she considers *birth* the “beginning”; that “these little strangers” arrive in our lives (conveniently) on their birthdays, and that’s when we begin not to own them. Therefore, before their birth we *did* own them. This is no “inner child” in the womb, it is merely a “fetus” which is ours, to save or to dispose of, like any other possession. It is a thing which, being the owner, we can decide we don’t want. It is a part of our body, like our organs, which surely we “own” since we can legally *donate* some of them. Your tonsils and appendix are parts of your body; you can be freed from them without losing your humanity (or feeling guilty). So if the fetus is a part of the woman’s body, it is hers to keep or to kill, until that magical moment of birth when it begins not to belong to her; when, suddenly, she doesn’t own it.

I was startled when I read these words: “The most obvious change at birth is breathing.” I was startled, I guess, because I’d always thought of breathing as a “first,” not as just another *change* in the life of

the baby. In his book *Aborting America*, Dr. Bernard Nathanson calmly and matter-of-factly says that birth simply marks the end of pregnancy; that “In terms of metabolism, biochemistry, brain and heart function, and most everything else, birth is an insignificant event, indeed a mythology.” (Gloria would like the mythology part.) Birth is a *transition*: the baby “is put into a different physiological milieu. . . . It is like switching from AC to DC current; the energy connection changes, but the basic mechanics remain the same.”

Birth *does* have a “social significance” though: it is, Nathanson says, “the point at which the government protects lives.”

Now when it comes to the human brain, Gloria is a True Believer in science and genetics. She writes glowingly about “our newfound ability to map the living brain” and “how inexhaustible are the possible gene combinations that produced each unique brain in the first place. So scientists, too, are beginning to acknowledge the existence of a unique, genetically encoded mystery within each of us.” She’s on dangerous ground there; she could be describing the fertilized cell, which scientists are not “beginning to” but have *already* acknowledged as human life. But then you wouldn’t expect Gloria to mention the findings of the world-famous geneticist Dr. Jérôme Lejeune, who says that:

the new discoveries in genetic research have created a consensus among biologists and geneticists around the world that not only does individual human life begin at conception, but it can be identified as a unique individual within its own species.

So “science” now knows *beyond any doubt* that all the genetic information necessary for the development of the individual is there from the beginning: that no further information will be needed for the individual to come into being. Unlike the brain cell, *this* cell has all the information it needs to develop itself: it only needs nurture and protection. (Gloria writes about how you can protect and nurture your inner child, but that’s not what she means.) She may not know that by the 40th day the embryo’s brain waves can be detected and recorded, but she does mention that a certain percentage of brain growth occurs before birth, so she must know that a lot of *other* things are going on before birth; yet she quotes John Holt about the powers present in every child *from the day or moment of birth*. Presumably in her view the brain is relevant to self-esteem, and so is “the inner child”—but the unborn child is *not* relevant, only “freedom of choice” is relevant. She writes: “We can choose not



to give birth to a child in order to give birth to ourselves, to have children to enhance our sense of self . . .”

And yet, in the chapter about A Universal “I” she describes the goddess of pregnancy who (or which?) is both male and female, animal and human, and says: “It seems right that pregnancy in both human and animal form should be worshipped as the symbol of creation; the moment when there is the first movement of a new life.” At first I thought she was being inconsistent, but then I realized that pregnancy as something to “worship”—as a “symbol of creation” when there is “the first movement of a new life”—does not mean that the new life is necessarily *human*; or that—as a “symbol,” even a sort of human one—it can’t be sacrificed on the altar of Choice.

Well, by now the 24-year-old teacher who had depressed her older colleague by asking “Who is Gloria Steinem?” surely knows about Gloria and probably about Susan Faludi, too, since both authors have caught up with each other: there they were on that cover of *Time* as two women who “sound the call to arms,” fighting the backlash against feminism. Susan is gazing out at *you*: Gloria is looking out a window, perhaps keeping an eye on her inner child. And in what may be a publishing phenomenon, two books authored by feminists are vying for number one place on the best seller list: after months of being halfway down the list, *Backlash* had moved up to *second* by March 8th. *Time* says that Faludi’s book was taken more seriously from the start, that it has become “a staple topic on the op-ed pages, one of those landmark books that shape the opinions of America’s opinion shapers,” whereas many critics dismissed Steinem’s book “as an exercise in squishy new-age thumb-sucking.”

Yet Gloria’s book zoomed to the top of the list. Now *both* books are being mentioned in the same op-ed pieces and both authors are referred to in articles about the women’s movement. The two appeared together at a bookstore in Berkeley; the crowd came to see Gloria, but when the bookstore owner announced that “surprise guest” Susan Faludi was there to introduce her “the audience cheered for a hometown hero.” After the speeches, both authors sat down with *Time* for a joint interview. How do they—Faludi, whose topic is “the enemy outside” and Steinem, whose theme is “the power within”—feel about each other’s best sellers? I guess “supportive” is the word. (“From two vantages comes a shared view about bucking the backlash.”) Gloria says that whereas in her book she is “speaking personally,”

Susan is “speaking as a professional reporter in a way that the world of journalism respects.” Susan says that “self-esteem is the basis for feminism because self-esteem is based on defining yourself and believing in that definition.” So apparently these two get along just fine and consider their two approaches complementary.

If the women’s movement was, for a time in the 60s, a seamless garment, it began coming apart in tattered patches in the ’70s, and by the ’80s it began to look like a synthetic stocking with a lot of runs. How do the leaders of the numerous factions within the movement feel about Faludi and Steinem? Possibly not ecstatic, but probably hopeful that the convictions expressed in both books will somehow breathe new life into a movement that has been going down in the polls. (That *Time*/CNN poll showed that 63 percent of American women do *not* consider themselves feminists.) There have been rumors that the whole concept of “sisterhood” is fast dissolving, that the movement is beginning to “implode” because of “multicultural feminism” and so on. The big question is: Who will the leaders be in the ’90s? And the more immediate question: Will the disparate troops fall in behind Patricia Ireland when NOW leads the March for Women’s Lives in Washington? Rosemary Dempsey, who has served as the chair of NOW’s Lesbian Rights Committee, predicts that on April 5th Washington will be besieged by hundreds of thousands of marchers. (Susan Faludi had a glaring typo in *Backlash*: that one-half *billion* Pro-Choicers marched on the Capitol in April, 1989. Obviously she meant one-half million, but in fact it was considerably less than *that*—less than half, probably a mere 100,000). Dempsey writes (in *The Advocate*, a raunchy gay magazine) that NOW has over 400 march organizers on high school and college campuses, 350 chapters mobilizing their communities, and nearly 200 individual activists organizing delegations of marchers among their co-workers, bridge clubs, neighbors, families and friends; and those are just NOW contacts—“hundreds of lesbian and gay rights organizations are also cosponsoring the event.” So no doubt it will be a big media event: feminism may have been “backlashed” by the media, but abortion rights is something else; and under the large umbrella of Reproductive Freedom the various contingents will probably have a one-day truce and present a united front. “On April 5th all of us will march,” says Dempsey; “With one resounding voice, we will say no to attacks on reproductive freedom. We will say no [to a long list of related things and] We must say no to the bullies

at the clinics and no to back-alley abortions . . . We will fight back, and thousands of lesbian and gay activists will be there with us.”

No doubt the gay and lesbian group Queer Nation will be there in force; the rest of the world must think America is a *very* queer nation.

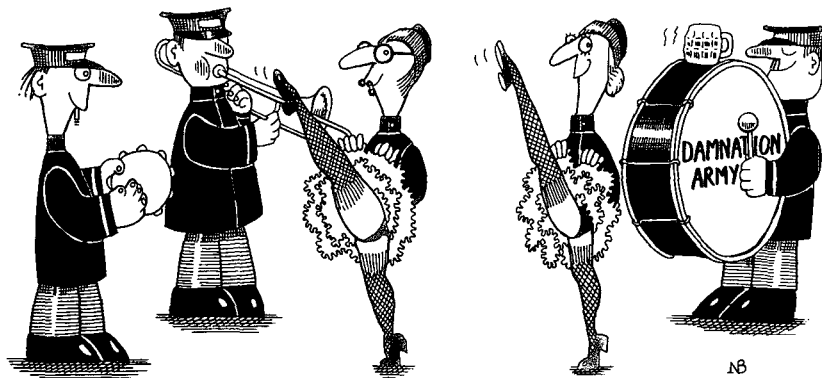
Will Gloria Steinem be there? Probably. The agenda of no's may conflict with her new Positive Thinking image, but—as one of the contributors to *Time's* cover story says—“Let's get one thing straight. Gloria Steinem, the leading icon of American feminism, has not turned her back on the women's movement.” With her best seller “she has vaulted back into the public fray.” And it is most unlikely that she has forgotten her anger.

But who *is* she, really? This is the “hope” she has about her book: that “each time you come upon a story of mine, you will turn inward and listen to a story told by your own inner voice.” Will she listen to her *own* stories again and hear yet another inner voice? Will she keep her self-esteem, or will she need another shot?

Does anyone remember that she once said: “By the year 2000 we will, I hope, raise our children to believe in human potential, not God”?

Will a divided movement whose major unifying principle is a woman's right to destroy The Child Within have its real consciousness raised, or will it be obsolete by the year 2000?

God only knows.



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## Backlash or Progress?

*Kay Ebeling*

**I**t's amazing that Susan Faludi could write a book as thick as the Old Testament about the current state of womankind and never mention children. It is also amazing that an educated *Wall Street Journal* reporter and author of a book that is supposed to be rocking the nation could rely so heavily on television, film, ad campaigns and other public media as the basis of her arguments. *Backlash—The Undeclared War Against American Women* (Crown Publishers, 1991) is an interesting, humorous review of how women are depicted in select media samplings, but its premise—that women read and watch these media, and then follow their examples like automatons—underestimates the intellect of American women and indeed sells us short.

*Backlash* is a “fun read,” but it hardly deserves its reputation as the textbook for the next breakthrough in women's rights. For one thing, the book ignores the interests of a great many women, and insults “new traditional” women. Also, Faludi weakens her case by relying *too* heavily on the media to make her points. But then would this book have become a big best seller if the author hadn't been so hooked up to the feminist PR network that she managed to get her book publicized and excerpted in newspapers and magazines just as it was released?

When Susan Faludi finally does mention *raising* children in *Backlash*, it's in a derogatory and shallow way. She claims that, in the 1988 fall TV season, “dozens of female characters succumbed to ‘baby craving’ . . . bringing back regressive fantasies about motherhood and marriage” (p. 153). She grumbles that *Good Housekeeping* magazine's “New Traditionalist” ad campaign was “an homage to feminine passivity” (p. 93).

Meanwhile, Faludi brings up the need for abortion on nearly every page. In fact, the only connection she can see between women and children is the need for more day-care and “reproductive freedom.” She pouts: “If women are so ‘free,’ why are their reproductive freedoms in greater jeopardy today than a decade earlier?” (p. xiv). Under the Reagan administration, she charges, “The Public Health Service

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censored information on the beneficial health effects of abortion” (p. 8—citing an article in the San Francisco *Chronicle* in 1989, not the Public Health Service).

In a section titled “Bringing Up the Cinematic Baby” Faludi writes: “On the day the husband in *Parenthood* loses his job, his good wife announces she’s pregnant with child number four; she recoils in horror from the mere mention of abortion.” (Actually, in the film he didn’t lose his job, he resigned, and got the job back the next day—but hey, who needs accuracy when you’re trying to drive home an abortion-rights point?)

Faludi won’t let up; she labels the Supreme Court’s legalization of abortion one of “the two biggest victories for women’s rights” in history. She attacks Betty Friedan’s book *The Second Stage* and sniffs at Friedan’s claim that it was a mistake for feminists to focus on abortion when it is not the most important women’s issue (p. 322). She rants on relentlessly, damning WEBA (Women Exploited By Abortion) because it counsels “victims” of abortion—to Faludi “victim” has to be in quotes in that context—WEBA’s literature “portrayed abortion providers as quasi-rapists who subjected young women to untold horrors, then snatched their money and drove off in limousines.” In many cases that’s *true* of course, but Faludi never lets the truth get in the way of her arguments.

When I started reading *Backlash*, I decided I wasn’t going to let myself get angry. The book is about as informative and fun as spending a week watching Geraldo and Oprah, but a thorough analysis of the current state of American womanhood it is *not*. *Backlash* is one woman’s angry reaction to the fact that most American women have never embraced the ’60s feminist ideology. Faludi spends whole chapters trying to convince you that the media has manipulated women into thinking they want to focus on their homes and children—it’s all the network programmers’ fault, she argues.

It’s amazing that a woman could be Harvard educated and a *Wall Street Journal* reporter and yet rely on such a shallow frame of reference—it’s also alarming. Faludi is a “new” voice of the generation that has lived with TV from age one, and her preoccupation with media, advertising, magazine articles, and movies as the power sources of our times is ominous. She gets halfway through her book before she takes her nose out of a magazine or looks away from a video screen. She writes about Woman as portrayed in perfume ads, fashion

shows, Sitcoms and TV dramas, jeans ads, movies, more movies, more TV shows, and even Virginia Slims polls—always criticizing them for depicting women as wives, mothers and homemakers, pointing an accusing finger at the nebulous forces that produce all this just to manipulate media-mesmerized women. The nebulous forces have catch-all names throughout the book: “Reaganbush” or “fundamentalists,” even “anti-abortionists”!

She never acknowledges the women who are finding a balance, using their educations to work at home, or putting off their own careers out of a need to put their children first: in fact she criticizes these “cocooning” women for being part of the backlash that is killing feminism. I’d say she has ignored the *real* feminists of this decade—Faludi speaks only for her small circle of friends who will carry the ’60s feminist banners to their graves. And when it comes to issues that affect children, she just doesn’t *get* it: I think many readers of *Backlash* will finish the book feeling more alienated from feminism than ever before.

Including me: page after page, Faludi strikes out at my own lifestyle, my interests, my choices. (I guess I’m part of the backlash.) Quotes on the dust jacket hail the book as “groundbreaking” (Eleanor Smeal) because it “unabashedly exposes how women are dangerously undermined and manipulated by the political, legal, and media establishments.” Barbara Ehrenreich bravoed “Now the ’90s can begin.” Maybe so, for an elite number of women who consider themselves at the “cutting edge,” but in no way does Faludi reach out and touch the entire 52 percent of the population who are women. Face it, no one can.

More likely, *Backlash* will increase the polarization of women, rather than re-unite us. Too bad, because there *are* areas where feminists and “anti-feminists” like myself are in agreement. For example, in our abhorrence of the undercurrent of misogyny in ad campaigns, and the blatant misogyny in many of today’s movies. Because Faludi spends so much of her book on a full-frontal attack on most of my values, we can establish no dialogue in places where we agree. And what is the cause of a growing misogynistic message in so much of today’s art? Feminists like Faludi decry it, but don’t take time to look at public revulsion against the Modern American Woman as she’s been molded by feminist influences which are at the core of misogynistic art.

Throughout the book, Faludi’s temper detracts from her message.

Venomous rage emanates from the pages as she verbally beats up on Reagan, Bush, Hollywood, Madison Avenue, and just about every cultural and social event of the '80s. As I read I made notes in the margin: "Her basic premise is that what's happening in the media is real," she gives a "talk-show topic reading of current events"; "Why all this emphasis and analysis of the TV show 'thirtysomething'?"

Still, I wasn't going to get angry. But she got to me on page 70: "The demand that women 'return to femininity' is a demand that the cultural gears shift into reverse . . . We see [the backlash woman] silenced, infantilized, immobilized. . . She is a frozen homebound figure." That did it. "Infantilized"?!? You lost me, Susan, and a large part of your female reading audience with that. To use the movement's own overworked wording, a lot of women *choose* to stay home and carry out "traditional" women's roles. To Faludi, women's liberation doesn't *include that* choice. Her unbending dictatorial message is the real cause of the waning of feminism in the '80s, again, Faludi just doesn't *get* it.

She derides women who feel uneasy about leaving their children in day-care centers and puts down women who choose to put their careers on hold when they get pregnant. Citing "actual studies" such as data from the Child Care Law Center and the Children's Defense Fund—and articles in *American Psychologist* and *Mother Jones*—the unmarried, childless Faludi tells us: "If day care has any long-term effect on children, it seems to make children slightly more gregarious and independent. Day care children also appear to be more broad-minded about sex roles." She claims women feel uneasy about leaving their newborns in day-care centers only because they've been reading too many newspaper articles: "Illness, for example, was supposedly more pervasive in day-care centers than in the home, according to media accounts. Yet, the actual studies on child care and illness indicate that while children in day care are initially prone to more illnesses, they soon build up immunities and actually get sick less often than kids at home." (These words really struck home: I was writing this while taking care of my three-year-old who was home with the flu. She picks up one virus after another at pre-school; I'm just lucky I have a way to earn a living and still be at home. Even though it's really hard to work and take care of a child at the same time, at least I don't have to call in sick. As for feminism, I think by working at home *I'm* at the cutting edge of solving women's problems. But to Faludi, I'm just part of the backlash.)

“Day care’s threat to bonding between mother and child was another popular myth,” Faludi writes on. “But the research offers scant evidence of diminished bonds between mother and child—and suggests that children profit from exposure to a wider range of grownups, anyway. (No one ever worries, it seems, about day care’s threat to paternal bonding.)”

*Phew*, I was only on page 43 and I was already worn out from Faludi’s *bam-bam-bam* style. The woman has armed herself with mountains of data (there are 80 pages of footnotes), she’s read the results of a thousand or more studies, watched countless movies and TV shows—she may be the world’s foremost authority on American women in the media; but Faludi’s reverence for day care is just one example of the big hole in her arguments: *she’s never been there!*

When my daughter turned one and I started to think about going back to full-time work, I did my own research on day-care centers—by *visiting* them. By California state standards, it’s *ok* to bring a child to day care with a fever, so long as it isn’t over 101 degrees. If he or she has a runny nose, that’s fine so long as the mucus isn’t *green*, the woman at one center told me. No, the mucus can’t be *white*, said the worker at a different center—“No wait, it’s either green *or* white . . .”—then she shrugged. At each center, I went into the bathroom to investigate the place where a “nurturing professional” would potty train my daughter, and got sick at the smell of soiled cloth diapers in pails or sacks of disposable diapers that had piled up that day. I saw babies left on the floor in soiled, leaking diapers, crying while day-care workers tried to keep up with the needs of five other children. It hit me that having several babies in diapers at a day-care center is almost a public health problem.

I decided to put off my return to work until my daughter was older. I didn’t base that decision on statistics or studies; I went by my instincts. A lot of decisions mothers make about children are based on instinct. It’s that sixth sense that women have—*Oops!*—Faludi will jump down my throat for actually pointing out a characteristic that sets women *apart* from men. Maybe I’m over-protective, but I opted to continue working at home so that my daughter is only in day care part-time, and if she does run a low fever I can be with her. That decision keeps me earning about 60 cents to a man’s dollar, true, but I get at least as much gratification from a by-line as I got the afternoon I taught my daughter how to mash sugar into butter for baking.

I doubt I’m the only woman who feels antagonized by Susan Faludi’s



book, or by '60s-era "feminism" itself. The book is well written, and Faludi has the knack for turning words into zingers. The '80s press, she writes, was "spray-painting a downturned mouth and shriveled ovaries on the Single Girl, and adding a wrinkled brow and ulcerated stomach to the Superwoman" (p. 77). Attacking both the fashion industry and plastic surgery, she zaps: "During the '80s, mannequins set the beauty trends—and real women were expected to follow. The dummies were 'coming to life,' while the ladies were breathing anesthesia and going under the knife" (p. 201).

That's the problem with this book. A woman like me can agree with some of the things she says, but since I don't agree with *everything*, I'm part of the backlash. As I continued to read and scribble notes in the margin, I began to realize that the problem isn't feminism, or anti-feminism; the problem is "ism-ism." How can you define a way of life, or a blueprint for social progress, and then demand that 52 percent of the population agree with that plan and lock-step to its rhythm? To Faludi, you're either 100 percent with "us" or you're *against* us. If you wear sexy lingerie or get a tummy tuck, she doesn't care if you are a CEO with an MBA, you are part of the backlash that is driving women back to the subservient-slave status in which we groveled through most of world history.

I used to call myself a feminist. As a single mother, I worked my way through college, then went on to jobs where I wore business suits and had my calls screened by secretaries. Then in the mid-eighties I became disenfranchised by "the movement," mainly because I don't believe in abortion. I wondered: "How could a woman be so insensitive as to be pregnant and not realize that a human life is growing inside of her?" As "reproductive rights" became the utmost and then it seemed the *only* issue on the feminist agenda, the movement lost me.

It is simply wrong to say that the only way a woman can achieve equality is to have the right to vacuum away any pregnancy that might interfere with her career objectives, to say that the only way a woman can progress is by giving up childbearing, thus denying herself one of the primary glories of womanhood. Yet abortion rights advocates insist that in order to be equal we have to stop being women—women who live like women cannot be equal to men. That doesn't seem like progress or equality to me.

But Faludi comes right out and says it on page 414: "All of women's

aspirations—whether for education, work, or any form of self-determination—ultimately rest on their ability to decide whether and when to bear children.” That quote is from the final chapter, “Reproductive Rights Under the Backlash: The Invasion of Women’s Bodies,” in which Faludi infers that every person in the anti-abortion movement is either a feeble-brained fundamentalist or a paternalistic man who thinks he has some say over the future of a fetus he has fathered. She gives us five pages on a day in the life of Randall Terry, founder of Operation Rescue, and lets us assume that anyone who is pro-life lives just like him (painting him as one of the feeble-brained fundamentalists). She claims that doctors became reluctant to continue doing abortions because of a “climate of fear” created by the press.

Here again we see Faludi’s problem with media. She has a twisted sense of cause and effect; she thinks we are all molded by the media (she *definitely* watches too much television!). On page after page, she cites TV sitcoms and movies as both the source of the backlash *and* the proof that it is happening. She writes about “The Return of the Breck Girl,” Guess Jeans ads, Retin-A, “Fatal Attraction” and “thirtysomething” as if they really mean something. I have news for Faludi: those of us who live out here in the real world don’t pay that much attention to the latest trends; in fact, many of those trends never even reach us.

It’s discomfoting that a “Pulitzer-Prize-Winning Journalist” would give so much credit to ad campaigns and television shows as the molders of our culture. She devotes an entire eight-page section (p. 160 to 167) to the series “thirtysomething” and refers to it throughout the book; she gets particularly angry about the character Hope, who gave up her career to stay home with her baby. “Hope reconfirms her cocooning choice in a key episode, entitled ‘Weaning,’ in which (with a two-year-old at home) she returns part-time to her job as a magazine researcher. She’s overwhelmed by the onerous burdens of part-time fact checking; we see her working until three A.M. every night . . . [Eventually] Hope flies from the office and into the arms of husband Michael. She can’t do it anymore, she tells him tearfully. ‘I’m supposed to be able to do both. That’s all I hear about.’ ”

Once again, Faludi shows us that she’s just never *been* there. Every working mother I know faces the same conflicts. But Faludi misses the point: “Apparently, it’s not possible to work and still love your

children,” she snorts. It’s not about love, Susan, it’s about the state of frenzy in which working mothers live; the fact that, feminist doctrine aside, it’s just about impossible to be both a career woman and a mother, unless you earn enough money to hire live-in help. Evidently a lot of women made that discovery in the ’80s, but Faludi wasn’t one of them. She just keeps demanding more day-care. She doesn’t have the first-hand experience to know that there’s more to child raising than supervision and providing food from the four basic food groups.

Besides, why give so much credit to a television show? I turned on “thirtysomething” once, for about ten minutes, and decided it had too much navel-contemplation for me. Faludi herself wonders that “All this excitement was over a show that never ranked higher than twenty-fifth in the ratings” (p. 161). Why doesn’t she just switch the channel?

She wouldn’t, of course, because the book is *about* how the media dictates and women follow. She quotes liberally from the *New York Times*, the *Wall Street Journal*, *Newsweek*, the *Washington Post*, and *People* magazine. She gives us page after page of references to TV shows, assuming we are all as mesmerized as she is by the “messages” they send. She praises “L.A. Law,” “Designing Women,” and “The Golden Girls” for their realistic representation of modern women. I used to like “L.A. Law” before it deteriorated into a caricature of a soap opera. I think I’ve watched one episode of “Designing Women,” and found it to be too preachy, with the characters mouthing variations on each week’s politically-correct theme. And “Golden Girls”? What an embarrassment to watch three aging women discuss their sex lives.

Anyway, who cares? They’re only television shows.

Faludi never seems to connect with *real* people at all. The Virginia Slims pollsters could call me today and ask if I thought we need more child care and I’d answer yes. I might even answer that it is a predominant issue in my life right now, because as a working single mother, I have a hard time paying for child care. But that doesn’t mean I think child care is the best thing for children: child care is a necessity now, but I think my daughter and I would be better off in a more traditional setting. Still the Virginia Slims pollsters would put me down as an advocate of increased child care, and that’s the way Faludi would see me in her statistics. She is really writing about Statistical Women.

You can imagine her publisher telling her to get out there and talk to some “ordinary” people—which she does, in the last chapter. Up until then her interviews and profiles have all been with media people, authors, heads of “anti-feminism” organizations, and the like. She profiles them with a skill that might even make you laugh. She visits Michael and Margarita Levin’s home to discuss his book *Feminism and Freedom*, identifying the couple as part of “the Backlash Brain Trust.” You can’t help laughing as Faludi describes Michael Levin, who says a woman’s place is in the home, coming out of the kitchen wearing an apron to say goodbye when she left.

She also talked to other leaders of the “anti-feminist” backlash, to zero in on cases of hypocrisy. She profiles Connie Marshner, who certainly has had a successful career in right-wing political groups, from Young Americans for Freedom to the Heritage Foundation. Marshner authored *The New Traditional Woman* in 1982, making her a “Backlash Mover, Shaker, and Thinker” in Faludi’s rhetoric.

Faludi gleefully pounces on the irony that Marshner advocates “traditional” roles for women while driving between speaking engagements, talking into her car phone. She quotes Marshner saying “I’m no good with little kids and I’m a terrible housekeeper. To me, it’s very unrewarding, unfulfilling work.” At the time of the interview Marshner was working on her fourth book (“this one against day care,” Faludi chortles).

**B**ut enough: if feminism is losing favor today it is because there are so many different kinds of women. Faludi writes for the single, childless career woman, who will probably like the book a lot better than I do. But Susan Faludi and I can watch the same movie and see entirely different stories. The media may be depicting more “newly traditional” (is that an oxymoron?) women, but is that an effort to change women, or a reflection of the way women *are* changing? It’s true that there is a frightening message of misogyny in some jeans-and-perfume ads (and in several recent films), as Faludi says. But what sparked it? Why is it so prevalent? Faludi strikes out at the misogyny, but does not want to face the cause of it—a growing, gut-level aversion to “modern” American women, the women pressed into this shape by feminism itself.

As Faludi writes it, the history of feminism is marked by periods of advancement, followed by periods of backlash—but she never asks why. Instead of admitting that women themselves have grown disenchanted

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with “the revolution,” Faludi blames it on the media which “persuades women to collaborate in their own subjugation” (p. 47).

Sally Quinn was in the news the other day, taking flak from San Francisco *Examiner* columnist Stephanie Salter for writing that the women’s movement had killed itself by “publicly telling mothers of three that it was great to leave their husbands and be independent,” and for giving women “phony examples of how wonderful life could be if only they would take charge and discard the men.”

Salter wrote that Quinn was on a Los Angeles talk show with Susan Faludi, who argued that “multiple opinion polls show” that women don’t see feminism as anti-male and anti-child. Quinn paused and said: “Well, most of the women *I* know do”—Salter tears her apart for *that*. But I’m not convinced that a Virginia Slims poll can give any better data on the current condition of the American female than I can glean from an afternoon sitting around a coffee table with my friends.

The women’s issues I understand are the issues in my own life. That’s all I can write about. That’s all Faludi can write about too. Her “backlash” is not at all the real-life video I’m living.

## BENSON'S VIEW



This editorial cartoon first appeared in the *Arizona Republic* (reprinted with permission: Tribune Media Services).

## “Lying in Wait”

*Anne M. Maloney  
Stephen J. Heaney*

January 31, 1992

Mr. Ben Sherwood, Producer  
Prime Time Live  
1965 Broadway  
Fourth Floor  
New York, NY 10023  
Re: “Lying in Wait”

You have probably received more than enough angry letters in regards to your *Prime Time Live* segment on crisis pregnancy “clinics” (Oct. 31, 1991). Perhaps a more muted, but no less concerned, voice might be welcome; perhaps not.

Let us first tell you who we are, and what we are not. We are not stereotypical anti-abortion “fanatics.” We do not thump Bibles. We do not wear polyester bell-bottoms. We do not scream in crowds at people who disagree with us (very few people do, actually). We are college professors of philosophy—educated, upwardly-mobile, feminist, anti-violence, and registered Democrats. We are board members of the Minnesota chapter of Feminists for Life and members of University Faculty for Life. We are both quite active within our chosen profession doing research into the philosophical, legal and medical aspects of abortion.

This having been said, we must express our deep disappointment in the journalistic standards which had to be accepted in order to run this piece. We carefully examined the story at each line and every interview, and were dismayed to find that the most obvious questions went unasked. This is not unusual in reporting on the abortion issue. The hard questions are rarely asked of those in favor of abortion, while those against it are carefully scrutinized. In this case, you seemed so intent on creating a sensational exposé in a national forum that not a shred of objectivity remained intact.

Let’s take a look at the claims made by reporter Chris Wallace and those he interviewed. Why don’t we start with the purported deception of these “phony abortion clinics,” to use Diane Sawyer’s phrase? In what way are they “phony”? Since none of these centers

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Anne M. Maloney & Stephen J. Heaney are professors of philosophy in Minnesota.

claims anywhere that they perform, or even refer for, abortions, they are clearly not deceptive in this way.

Are these centers, then, deceptive because their advertisements in the Yellow Pages or alternative newspapers look very much like the advertisements of abortion providers? It is hardly “phony” for one thing to *look* rather like another. What is it, exactly, which might lead an untrained eye to believe an abortion provider placed the ad? What claims do they make similar to the abortion ads? We carefully examined the ones shown on your show, and others in local media, and found two similarities: if one is considering abortion, each claims to offer counseling, and a free pregnancy test. Are abortion providers the only people who may legitimately offer these things? We think not. The alternative centers offer precisely what they claim. Can all abortion providers make the same boast? Again, we think not. Thousands of women have come forward and testified that they were not counseled by abortion providers such that they could make an informed free choice. They were not told the facts of the procedure itself, its risks of complications and psychological trauma, nor of the alternatives to abortion available to them in the community. Instead, they were sold abortions. Whose advertising, then, is less than honest? One could easily make the case that abortion providers are the copy-cats. Many of these ads never mention abortion services. Imagine the chagrin of a desperate girl looking for alternatives to help her child, stumbling into such a clinic only to be told that abortion is really the only solution.

Since these centers are not “phony” in terms of their abortion or service claims, they must be deceptive as “clinics” (your term, not ours). Although we agree that those who call themselves clinics without providing medical services are deserving of being questioned about this title, it is equally clear that *very few* of these centers call themselves clinics. They know the difference between a center and a clinic, and make no false claims. In fact, the center in St. Louis which you spotlighted calls itself the “AAA Pregnancy Problems Center.” It does not claim to be a clinic, nor to provide medical services.

Mr. Wallace merely had a stranglehold on the obvious when he pointed out that the workers in such centers are “not medical professionals.” It may come as a surprise to many, however, that most workers in most abortion clinics are not medical professionals, either. Usually, the only medical “professionals” are the people with a medical degree—they might be residents or interns—who actually perform the abortion. The rest of the staff, including receptionists,



lab technicians, counselors, and those assisting the abortionist, are not required to be trained medical professionals, and often are not. Check the law, and check the personnel records. They operate often without trained anesthesiologists, and without emergency facilities or procedures in case of complications.

The first woman seeking an abortion whom Mr. Wallace interviewed was fooled, she claims, by the appearances, right down to “the deceiving nurse,” with a lab coat and a name tag. First of all, it is ironic that of all the women who appeared in this segment, only *one* had on a white coat, and we saw no name tags evident. Second, we find this claim of deception baffling. Many non-medical people wear white coats and/or name tags. We know several teachers who wear them to keep their regular clothes clean. Are they to be “exposed” as “fraudulent medical personnel”? On the flip side, many doctors’ offices go out of their way to appear like any other business office—no white coats, no files or equipment in view. What, then, does it mean to say that a center “looks like an abortion clinic”? But this is Chris Wallace’s claim: “When a woman arrives at the clinic, the deception continues” as she walks into an array of offices that look like an abortion clinic. *In what way* do they look like an abortion clinic? Are medical files apparent? Medical books or diplomas? Lab equipment, sterilizing equipment, stethoscopes, syringes, speculums, blood pressure gauges? Do the rooms contain examining tables with stirrups (or even without stirrups)? Are there gurneys? Refrigerators for samples and blood supplies? Any anesthesia equipment, nitrous oxide tanks, hoses, masks? Any suction equipment? Facilities for disposing of “fetal tissue”? Is there a recovery room? From what you showed us of the AAA Center, *none* of these things are evident. In what possible way could this place be said to “look like an abortion clinic”? We suppose this must mean that it has small rooms set up in a way common to, but *not exclusive* to, clinics and doctors’ offices.

So what this all adds up to is that these centers are not “phony abortion clinics” in any respect: they do not claim to do abortions or referrals, and they only resemble clinics in the most utterly superficial way. What we are dealing with here is not deception, but a reliance on ambiguity. This, we think, is what sticks in some people’s craw. But it is an ambiguity that abortion clinics rely on as well. Abortion providers are not required to be sure their advertisements say, “We do abortions.” This ambiguity allows them to draw in women who are first and foremost seeking counseling and options. The people

at these alternative centers are counting on this same ambiguity, but to reach women who might not otherwise hear about the nature and risks of abortion, or the other options available to them. This, of course, highlights the inanity of Chris Wallace's repeated question, "Why don't you just say you're pro-life?" The question might as easily be asked of abortion providers: "If abortion is such a good thing, why don't you just call yourself Joe's Abortion Clinic?" If these centers *said* at the outset that they were pro-life, the ambiguity is lost, and anyone who has abortion foremost in her mind would never come, would never hear the message.

This task has important consequences. On the ABC Forum, "Abortion: The New Civil War," [then] National Right to Life president John Willke, MD, pointed out that when women enter abortion clinics for counseling, 96% of them have abortions. On the other hand, 80% of women who go to these alternative centers reject abortion as an alternative. The fact that one group does not agree that abortion is a viable alternative seems to be what gets people's goat. That, however, is the meaning of "freedom of choice": the ability to make an *informed* decision, and to have that decision not be forced. Unless you think abortions are to be *promoted* as an answer—and most abortion activists *claim* that we need to do what we can to *reduce* the number of abortions—then one is hard-pressed to figure out why these alternative centers are so controversial.

Now there would be a problem if these centers were, systematically passing off misinformation, or even outright lies, as medical or legal facts. Let us take a detailed look at this claim in regards to the AAA Center as highlighted in your program.

After taking down some information from the woman and administering a pregnancy test, Center workers show a video about the nature and results of abortion, and they do this "instead of showing objective medical information," in Mr. Wallace's words. What exactly Mr. Wallace deems "objective medical information" rather than "anti-abortion propaganda" is never explained. It is beyond us what could possibly be more objective, and more pertinent, than to explain what *exactly* an abortion is, what the embryo/fetus looks like, what happens to it, and what the risks are to the woman undergoing the abortion. It is interesting to note that Mr. Wallace concentrated here on how scary and upsetting this information is, but did *not* in the end take issue with its accuracy (other than to apply the self-serving epithet "propaganda").

It is equally distressing that the producers and writers of this segment

seem blithely unaware that abortion is the *only* medical procedure in this country for which the reporting of such information is not required. Abortion providers are permitted to keep a woman in the dark “for her own good.” To date, every attempt to institute such informed consent laws has been shot down by the U.S. Supreme Court—at the behest of abortion providers, not of the women receiving them—as interfering with the abortionists’ “right to practice.” The Pennsylvania law will provide a new test. If the producers and writers *are* aware of this anomaly in standard medical practice and the law, then one can only suppose that they encourage it.

We’ll come back later to the issue of the graphic and upsetting nature of the abortion information. Let’s return to the claims of “misinformation” so easily bandied about. A woman named Ginger in Arnold, MO, offers the following two “supposed facts about late term abortions” (to use Chris Wallace’s none-too-subtle phrasing): 1) Abortion is legal until birth. Since this is an easily verified fact of law, we are at a loss to explain why this claim was called into question. Could it be that the Prime Time team is ignorant of the scope of *Roe v. Wade* and *Doe v. Bolton*? Perhaps Mr. Wallace might have clarified this point by saying that, under the 1989 *Webster* decision, abortions after viability may now be restricted, but *not* eliminated, in Missouri. Such restrictions have *not* yet been upheld in any other state. Right next door, in Wichita, Kansas, one of the clinics targeted for mass demonstrations by Operation Rescue performs third-trimester abortions—a fact largely glossed over by the media. *Roe* and *Doe* made abortions legal for *any* reason at *any* time in the pregnancy. Were the writers ignorant of this, and so shocked that they simply could not believe it? Or is this just sloppy writing? 2) Ginger claims, “What they do is snuff it out or put it into a solution.” Now here is a statement slipped in with utterly no context. What is this statement connected to? Is Ginger saying this is how abortions are performed, or that this is how the “dreaded complication” of late-term abortion—live birth—is sometimes dealt with? It *has* been dealt with this way on occasion, and doctors have gone to trial for it.

The hidden camera next focuses on a woman from the AAA Center, named Sheree (we’re guessing the spelling, as it is not given). This woman purportedly lies to the women seeking her counsel. “Some describe abortion as mechanical rape,” she announces to one investigator. “Abortion is rape?” the investigator asks incredulously. Well, no,

it is not rape. Sheree said that *some* people *describe* it that way, some who have been through an abortion. They describe it that way with good reason: a perfectly natural process is violently interrupted, the woman's cervix forced open, a life torn out with thrusting cold steel and vacuums. But no one says *all* women think of it this way; likewise, *some* women can no longer have sex, and *some* women can no longer bear the sounds of vacuum cleaners, but not all.

"They hook you up, pull it out, walk you out the door," Sheree goes on to say. "No ambulances—you're on your own if you get hurt." Instead of relying on the word of people who currently run abortion clinics, it might be a good idea to ask the testimony of women who have been through it. Thousands have testified that this is precisely what happened to them: doctors too busy on the assembly line to speak more than a terse and paternalistic greeting with a mechanical attitude; a painful procedure, and a short rest period before the woman is told she should go home. A look at David Reardon's book *Aborted Women: Silent No More*, as well as the books and articles he cites, will provide more than adequate support for this claim. Suffering complications? Many clinics demand that a woman sign a form releasing the clinic and its doctors from responsibility. Such forms have no weight in law, but it intimidates women from bothering the clinic.

Should a really serious problem arise during the abortion—a perforated uterus, a chunk of bowel sucked out, violent reaction to anesthesia—clinic operators will often rely on private cars to drive the victims to a hospital staffed by people who will not raise a ruckus. Have *you* ever seen an ambulance at an abortion clinic? On this issue, we suggest you read the new book by former abortion clinic operator Carol Everett. Again, Sheree exaggerates *if* she believes these things are true at every abortion clinic, but it is the case in far too many. Indeed, *one* is far too many, and in the interests of women's health and safety, one would think that we would all like to see such butchers put out of business.

Mr. Wallace next brings on a doctor from Yale University to examine some other claims made by Sheree. "One woman a day dies or suffers severe complications" as a result of abortion, she states. "How about it, doctor?" Mr. Wallace asks. "One woman a day dies from abortion?" The doctor gives the expected answer, quoting the statistics of the Centers for Disease Control: only six or seven women die each year from complications of an abortion.

Now this exchange is bogus for two reasons. First of all, Sheree

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did not say that one woman dies every day; she said one woman dies or suffers serious complications due to an abortion. This is a much broader claim, and an easily believable one based on the present rate of 4,000+ abortions performed daily. It would be absurd to think, given a procedure performed blind, entirely by feel, usually hurriedly, involving razor sharp knives and extremely powerful suction, that fewer than one woman in four thousand suffered some serious mishap or complication. In fact, the *reported* rate for major (i.e., life-threatening) complications from suction abortion alone is 4,000 per million, or about 6,000 per year. That comes to over *sixteen* life-threatening complications per day. For D & C abortions, the rate is about 20% higher; for saline abortions, the rate is fully two percent of procedures performed. Sheree's claim is not only not overblown; it is vastly understated.

The second reason your refutation of Sheree's claims is bogus is that the Centers for Disease Control have literally *no idea* how many women die or are maimed as a result of abortion. The CDC itself admits that abortion complications and deaths are "selectively under-reported," since *abortion is the only medical procedure for which no reporting is required*. (The Pennsylvania law is an attempt to remedy that, but it is being fought by—you guessed it—abortion providers.) Independent surveys of aborted women reveal a high incidence of complication (again, we refer you to Reardon's book). Once again, we must ask whether your writers and reporters are unaware of these easily discovered facts? It is only this that can explain Mr. Wallace's astonishment at the suggestion that abortion providers might actually be covering up their mistakes, and his apparent failure to take the claim seriously. Yet how many people would take responsibility for a death or injury he was under no obligation to report, especially if it might mean the loss of a significant income, or even his whole livelihood?

The coverup claim is, once again, easily verified. We refer you to a few cases. For instance, there are the *Washington Times* reports on New York abortionist Abu Hayat, who has an extensive history of botched abortions and harm to his patients. (One death at his hands was listed by the Medical Examiner as an "accident due to a surgical complication." She died of septic shock after Hayat perforated her uterus.) Then there is the *Chicago Sun Times* 1978 exposé of four Chicago clinics, which uncovered 12 unreported deaths (the number reported to the CDC between 1973 and 1977: 31). We have the recent "60 Minutes" story on the Hillview Clinic in Maryland.

We are also enclosing some brief reports from the pages of *Sisterlife* (Feminists for Life's quarterly national newsletter), and our recent MCCL Newsletter. Now here is a hot issue in which any reporter worth his or her salt should smell a great story: Are there cover-ups? If so, what is the actual damage done to women by abortion? If we really believe abortion should be legal *and safe* for women's freedom, why are we as a nation not *demanding* informed consent and proper reporting of complications and morbidity?

Returning to the claims of misinformation, the doctor from Yale next listens to two claims made by women in other clinics. One claims there is a link between breast cancer and abortion, another that abortion leads to cervical cancer. Admittedly, no such claims have been substantiated, or even tested. It sounds to our ears, however, that these women are not deliberately passing on misinformation; the description of the abortion procedure and the immediate physical and psychological risks are far more frightening than some ephemeral link to cancer. Rather, it sounds to us as though these women have their causes confused. Cancer connections have been reported from use of various methods of birth control, and it is probably these claims—not yet satisfactorily proven one way or the other—that these women have in mind.

Ginger from Missouri is assailed next for passing off inaccurate information. Ginger describes the procedure for an eight-and-a-half week fetus as involving snipping off the arms and legs, crushing the skull, and later reassembling the body parts to be certain every bit was extracted. But once again, the obvious questions go unasked. First, if this is not a description of abortion at eight and a half weeks, what is this a description of? Second, what is the description of the abortion procedure which *is* performed? To the first, this is a fairly accurate description of a late first trimester/second trimester dilation and evacuation procedure. If you have never witnessed such a procedure (as anyone reporting on this topic should), we urge you to arrange to witness one, or view the film *Eclipse of Reason*. To the second, the normal procedure is a vacuum aspiration. Here, a sharp curved blade scrapes the lining of the uterus, slicing the fetus off the wall, usually in pieces. The powerful suction then zips the body out, smashing it into a bloody pulp, virtually unrecognizable to the untrained eye. The trained eye of the abortionist, however, must go through the mess and find the relevant body parts to be assured all the "fetal tissue" has been torn out. Complaining that Ginger has incorrectly described the procedure is rather like complaining that she described

the starboard hull of the sinking Titanic when she was asked to describe the port. Either way, the result is a violent tragedy.

So, what have we got as “misinformation and lies” being passed off at these centers? We have one statement taken completely out of context; one perfectly reasonable analogy; one statement which was first misrepresented by the reporter, then supposedly refuted by statistics which cannot possibly be accurate; two statements which, while confused, are not simply made up; and one instance of mixing up the descriptions of equally nasty procedures. The other “supposed facts” are actually fairly accurate and easily verified.

Now, honestly, is this the best that a team of crack reporters and newswriters can come up with to “expose” these centers as “phonies”? Can it be that such a high-powered squad as the *Prime Time Live* team has an agenda, and one which is so powerfully held that they are willing to make unsubstantiated charges? We refer to Mr. Wallace’s blurting out, “We’ve heard some are shaken or locked in rooms.” If this really happens, *find the evidence*, and put such people out of business. Could it be that your objectivity has been buried such that you go after picayune mistakes—occasionally misrepresenting the people involved—while failing to ask the hard questions of those on the other side? When, for instance, in *Abortion: The New Civil War*, John Willke caught Faye Wattleton in a bald-faced lie concerning Planned Parenthood’s opposition to informed consent laws, did *anyone* at ABC think to check the legal record, or to question in any way the credibility of the Planned Parenthood hierarchy? If the abortion industry is really so concerned about the welfare of women, why has it systematically fought informed consent, and why haven’t the news media ever questioned this inconsistency?

We promised to return to the graphic and shocking nature of abortion information, and now seems a good time to do so. The reactions of the women who were provided such information were particularly fascinating. Ms. Irene Lewis had this to say about the abortion video she viewed:

The film was graphic enough where I started crying, shaking and I was hysterical through it. I could not get my senses to me, I could not get up, I could not run out of the room.

A teenager called “Tracy,” having accused her counselor of not caring about her (because the counselor thought the fetus might have rights as well), has this to say:

When you need help, you need help. You don't need someone to just force-feed you opinions and not facts.

The self-serving attitude of "Tracy" is transparent. Like Ms. Lewis, she did not come seeking "help"; she came expressly for an abortion, and was angry because she was not getting what she wanted. Her counselor did not give her mere opinion; she laid out some facts which "Tracy" and her mother, and Ms. Lewis, did not want to hear. A lot of people do not want to hear an ugly truth.

In the early- and mid-1960's, news journalists began to cover an important story on the American scene—the black civil rights movement against racial discrimination. We read stories of systematic mistreatment; we saw images of brutal assaults on peaceful demonstrators. From the mid-1960's through the early 1970's, the story the media refused to back away from was the Vietnam War. Each morning we read the casualty figures in our newspapers. Each night we watched with horror the ugliness of war.

Knowledge is power. Whoever controls the information controls those left in the dark. Naturally, you know this. It is what the free press is all about. The more she knows about what is happening, the more the average person can control her own life, the better equipped she is to make her own private and civic decisions. But with that knowledge and that power comes increased responsibility, a responsibility many do not wish to bear. And, of course, there are always those who do not want to share the power.

Through the diligent efforts of journalists, we were forced to face the fact that our society's treatment of blacks was not some benign holdover from a more genteel culture, but was rather the systematic abuse of real, live human beings. We were forced to face the fact that war is not glorious, and that there was much more going on in Vietnam than the high-minded words of our government were saying. Does this mean that these journalists did not care about whites, or about democratically elected government? Of course not. But those who did not wish to share the power, and those who did not wish the responsibility for the knowledge, made just that claim. Your efforts were called simplistic, disruptive interference in private affairs between whites and blacks. You were labelled unpatriotic subversives getting in the way of winning the war. The information you gave us frightened us, shocked us and upset us—and it made us stop and think that maybe, just maybe, we were not acting as we ought to act.



“Tracy” claims that her counselors did not care about her, simply because they believed there might be something else at stake besides what she wanted. She claimed that they did not care about her because they forced her to face some ugly facts, facts that frighten and shock. These counselors care deeply about child *and* mother. The ugly truth is, abortion is a violent attempt to solve a problem, and not only for the fetus. To the mother, it is both psychologically traumatic and physically punishing. The “devastating surprise,” to borrow Chris Wallace’s phrase, is that abortion is violent, brutal, and ugly. Even if it were necessary, it is *important* for those who choose it to know *what* they choose. And if women like Ms. Lewis “suffer terribly” after their abortions, perhaps it is not the information they received that is the cause; perhaps the pain women suffer should make us stop and think that maybe, *just maybe*, the violent act of abortion is not the answer to our problems.

According to Susanne Millsaps, director of Utah NARAL, “The media has been our best friend in this fight. They claim objectivity, but I know they’re all pro-choice” [Washington *Times*, March 13, 1991, in Fall 1991 *Sisterlife*]. We hereby issue to the staff of *Prime Time Live*, to ABC News, to all journalists, the following challenges. We challenge you—we dare you—to do the following:

1. Be no one’s friend. Be reporters. Seek the truth. Press *both* sides for it, as hard as you can.
2. Throw aside *every* preconception you might have about the abortion issue and the people involved, no matter which side.
3. Ask the *hard* questions of both sides, and do not simply take their answers at face value. Right now, it is not women seeking abortions who control the information; it is the abortion providers. *Check* their claims.
4. Look into the possibility of a cover up of abortion morbidity rates. We have already supplied you with ample evidence that it happens. Are these isolated cases? Don’t just take someone’s word for it; find out for yourselves.
5. Find out the legal record on the fight over informed consent laws. Who are the primary opposers of those laws (it isn’t women seeking abortions)? Find out *why*. Find out how this can be reconciled with their claim to care about women’s health and freedom of choice.
6. Just for the sake of argument, try this out on some candidates for public office. a) Ask the more “liberal” candidates how their support of the expansion of rights and protections and general

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abhorrence of violent solutions to societal problems can be reconciled with support of abortion. Ask them whether abortion has solved anything. b) Ask the more “conservative” candidates, who tend to support cutbacks in tax-based services, less expansion of rights and privileges, and tend to be more amenable to violent solutions like war and the death penalty, how they reconcile these beliefs with their opposition to the obviously cheaper and swifter solution of abortion.

7. In general, ask in what way we are better off after nineteen years of abortion on demand.
8. Find more than two or three people who were dissatisfied with how they were treated at the alternative pregnancy centers.
9. Make at least a show of effort to find women who are *glad* they found these alternative centers, and find out *why* they are glad.

If you can meet these challenges, you would do this country a great service. It will call for the same courage and determination, the same unflinching eye for the facts, that made journalists so helpful to us in exposing segregation, Watergate, the plight of the homeless, the ugliness of war. But this is what journalism is all about.

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Chairs of appropriate U.S. Senate and House  
committees, subcommittees and caucuses.

# Medical Progress and the Soul

*Malcolm Muggeridge*

*Insofar as we acquire any wisdom, we acquire it gradually as we grow older rather than saying, "Well that was when I, at last, saw the light." I don't think this latter happens to us, really; but gradually, if you have a bit of good fortune and a bit of sense, you do come to terms with your environment and in so doing you can find a kind of modus vivendi.*

Malcolm Muggeridge

**M**Y INTRODUCTION TO THIS procedure of transplants occurred in connection with a man who had set himself to effect a transplant of a heart and to keep the recipient alive: Dr. Christian Barnard of South Africa. He had managed to pull this transplant off and he came over to London to be congratulated for it. The British Broadcasting Corporation (BBC) assembled a big company of people who were interested and they called the program *Dr. Barnard Meets his Critics*, which in BBC-ese means *Dr. Barnard Meets his Sycophants* (I, as an old BBC hand, fully expected it); and such proved to be the case. The big studio in the BBC Television Centre was occupied by people, mostly doctors of one sort or another, all of whom greatly admired what Dr. Barnard had done; one after the other got up and congratulated him. There was even a clergyman there named Dr. Slack who warmly congratulated Dr. Barnard on his transplants. I really could not think of any particularly good thing to say, particularly after Dr. Slack had had his say; what I said was that I would like to know from Dr. Barnard how it was that he was the first person to do this operation and do it in South Africa, in the Groote Schuur Hospital in Pretoria.

Well, Dr. Barnard beat about the bush and did not want to give a specific answer, so I gave an answer for him. I said that what had enabled him to be the first person to do such an operation was that, because of the vile doctrine of apartheid, the actual "persona" of a human being had been lowered to the point that it was easier to go in and cut out a heart and transplant it elsewhere. This answer of mine caused a tremendous row. When I finished, there were even

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Malcolm Muggeridge, who died at 87 in November, 1990, was considered by many to have been the greatest journalist of his time. For many years he was an editor-at-large of this journal. This article is adapted from his address to an international symposium on the question "Organs for Transplantation" in Alberta, Canada, in May, 1985, during his final trip to this continent. *R.I.P.*

some of the gentlemen present who got up and hissed. One of them, a highly distinguished doctor called Lord Something-or-other, said he wished to tell Dr. Barnard that what I said had nothing whatever to do with them, that it was a point of view and one that they utterly repudiated. So I really was rather in the doghouse about the whole affair. At the same time, of course, I could not help following up my thought: Why is it that a particular operation should have had such tremendous impact? Why was it possible for Dr. Barnard to do that, without reference to anything else, in a field in which other surgeons—probably better equipped—were holding back? It was then that there came into my mind the subject of my lecture today.

The whole apparatus of medicine has achieved the most fantastic results in recent years. Nobody can possibly deny that. Illnesses which in my childhood were household words have disappeared; for instance, illnesses like diphtheria. Those who have achieved all this are to be greatly thanked. At the same time, we have to realize—at least, I *think* we have to realize—that whereas in abolishing these illnesses, doctors have achieved great things with human flesh, they have not achieved anything much with the human soul. Has not the human soul, in fact, tended to wither away because of the attention given, almost exclusively (and with fine results) to the body?

This is the basic question that I have tried to look at; the more I look at it, however, the more complicated it becomes.

I also had a feeling about it all which was personal and perhaps rather egotistic; but as I read about the amazing achievements made by transplanting organs, I could not help reflecting that a rather charming little poem of Byron's, which I had cherished, would no longer be singable in our world. The poem, addressed to the Maid of Athens, begins like this:

Maid of Athens, ere we part  
Give, O give me back my heart!  
But since that has left my breast,  
Take, O take, O take the rest!<sup>1</sup>

Now that is a charming little love song, but who will be able to sing it without indulging in the kind of ribaldry with which it has been received here?

In this strange business, then, there is still the question of the soul. Is there really a soul? Nobody seems to bother about it anymore. I believe that there is a soul. And it is essential to see that soul

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in relation to the enormously effective surgical operations in transplantation. John Donne puts this thought extremely well—in a way which is certainly much better than I would put it:

Love's mysteries in souls do grow,  
but yet the body is his book.<sup>2</sup>

I think that in these two beautiful lines he probably said vastly more than I will have said in this talk.

Now I would like to bring in another factor: the image of our human family. It was through Mother Teresa that I realized this Christian image of mankind, the image of the family, with a father in heaven and a mother, who help one another, in ways brotherly and sisterly. That is the essence of the Christian way of life, whereas in the surgery of organ transplantation, there is an idea more in keeping, not with the holy home, but with what is called in England *factory farming*, with hens kept laying all the time in order to be profitable and kept only for so long as there is profit in them. Not a very nice thing really, but certainly a thing which facilitates producing out many more eggs than they otherwise would. It is this image of the family which has permeated thinking down through all the centuries of Christendom: whereas now this idea is diminishing, becoming an anachronism, going out of circulation altogether.

I learned from Mother Teresa the difference between a materialistic society seeking to acquire wealth and power in order to “raise the standard of living” for materialistic purposes, and her insistence on thinking of all life as sacred. So you have the “sanctity of life,” on the one hand, and what is called the “quality of life,” on the other. But of these two concepts, that which is central and the one on which depends our civilization, religion and everything that is wonderful in the record of Western Civilization, is the “sanctity of life.”

When I went out to Calcutta with a camera crew and a producer to make a program about Mother Teresa, I walked with her through the clinic into which babies are brought who have been picked up in dustbins and other unlikely places, yet the clinic rightly boasts that they have never refused a baby. I said to Mother Teresa, purely to carry on a conversation for television, “But Mother Teresa, everybody seems to think that there are too many people in India. Is it really worthwhile going on with all this trouble to bring up a few more?”

She did not say anything, but she picked up one of these babies, it was the tiniest baby I have ever seen, absolutely minute! Holding it up and with a look of extraordinary exultation, she proclaimed, "Look, there's life in her!" Here at last, I thought, we know what the sacredness of life is.

**T**here is one other episode with Mother Teresa that I want to mention. Like so many things she did, the episode had a vague theme of comedy in it. It happened in this country, in Toronto. She was put on a program with a French geneticist, Jacques Monod, to discuss his attitude toward life, which was that the whole of our destiny is written in our genes (g-e-n-e-s, if you don't mind, not j-e-a-n-s; it is rather important to keep that distinction clear.) Mother Teresa simply sat in the set apparently bending her head in contemplation. She was in fact praying, which is what she always does when there seems nothing better to be done. Finally, the compère of the show turned to her and said, "Mother Teresa, have you nothing to say?" She looked up from her prayers and simply said "I believe in love and compassion," and resumed her prayers, and that was that. What was interesting is that, as Dr. Jacques Monod was leaving the studio, he was heard to say, "If I see much more of that woman, I shall be in very bad trouble." And I know perfectly well what sort of trouble he would have been in! So much for that diversion.

I did, as a matter of fact, think I ought to have a look at the famous oath that doctors used to take when they became doctors, the Hippocratic Oath. I had noticed that no one seems to be taking it now, and when I read it, I could understand why. These are two of the essential features of the oath that physicians all used to swear: "I will give no deadly medicine to anyone if asked, nor suggest any such command, and in like manner, I will not give a woman a pessary to produce abortion." Well, obviously, as I read it I realized that it was no good going on with that.

In the field of transplant surgery there is another problem: the growing traffic in organs. Putting them on the market is becoming an extraordinarily lucrative occupation. There was a newspaper report recently telling us that you could get a lot of dollars for a kidney in good condition. That is going to be a very big trade and, furthermore, of course, you could carry it further and go in for mass commerce of various parts of the body. They have not yet had any testicles on the market, but I daresay they will have a very good price, too,

if they do get on the market; probably better than kidneys! It is a matter of opinion, I suppose.

There is, no doubt, a big demand for organs for transplantation, but, to an old fellow like me, it all has an unsavory feeling about it: you are taking from cadavers or from living human beings, organs they are prepared to get rid of, or, as is tragically the case, from people in the world who are so poor, so without the necessities of life, that they are prepared to offer their own organs for sale in order to be able to satisfy themselves in other directions. Now to me, at any rate, this is a sort of very sad thing. One cannot actually nail down why it seems horrible that a kidney should be sold for a large sum of money, or that there are people so desperately in need of kidneys that they are prepared to pay very large sums of money for them, but to me these contracts have something very creepy and unpleasant about them. This may be just prejudice, and it may be that when I have departed this world, which will be quite soon, and had some rest in a better place (I hope), I shall see that it's all to the good. But I feel in my bones that there is something terrible in it.

We are in danger, it seems to me, of losing the respect for the dead which has prevailed through the centuries, not just of Christendom, but of other civilizations as well. The practice has been to cover dead bodies respectfully, recognizing that with the departure of the soul, the remainder is just a carcass to be disposed of by burial or cremation. Now, however, there is the possibility of financial deals with dead bodies; the cadaver has come to have a market value, leaving no place for requiems, prayers, or mourning with kidneys, hearts, eyeballs and other such items up for sale.

You can speak of strict controls, but when it comes to the point in matters of this kind, controls go by the board. When the abortion Bill was being canvassed, the argument all the time was, "Of course we don't want people to have abortions, of course we're going to have the best possible means of dealing with that, but it must be available for us." And yet, within a matter of months or even weeks, those who had brought in the Bill were complaining that they had no idea it would result in the current absolute holocaust. At the present moment, it is believed with reason that in England a human fetus is being disposed of every three minutes. These things are happening, and they are happening not because those concerned in the mechanism

of the Bill are heartless or brutal, but because it places us on the slippery slope. In the case of abortion, one can see that, once you accept its validity, then the slippery slope works. So, in the end, you finish up with the strange, and, I think, terrifying situation which you have today of abortion being done incessantly, on the one hand, and of underage children being encouraged to receive contraceptives, on the other.

All these things, which will be in the history books, are marking the total decadence, the breakdown, of what is called Western Civilization. I believe that the people who are working even in the field of transplantation, in the most respectful way, and believing that what they are doing is good, should think very carefully about what the consequences of that sort of thing can be if it gets out of control.

**I** want to conclude my remarks with a few words about myself. I have reached the stage in life when any kind of thought of being ambitious or wanting to distinguish myself or something like that is all a thing of the past. You are living in the shadow of death, which is not a bad shadow at all. I have found this and I thought I would like to tell you just because it might perhaps mean something to you as you grow older.

The feeling you have as you approach this inevitable end is not one of sadness and despair. It is one which has in it a considerable joy. Perhaps I can explain it better if I give a sort of image of it. You wake up in the middle of the night, perhaps at about three o'clock in the morning, and you wonder whether you are really in your body. You look beneath the blankets and there is a shriveled old body, but you are not there. Somehow or other this is a splendid thing! This makes you realize as never before what a marvelous privilege, what a terrific thing it is, to have been born into this world, to have lived out your life with its infinite mistakes and sins and all sorts of things in it, to this realization that at the end it is not just curtains! All that is most wonderful because it seems to burgeon. Grandchildren, however mischievous they may be, have a sort of halo about them because they represent life continuing, and not quality of life. Not, "Has he been a success or failure? Is he rich or poor? Is he stupid or clever?" Nothing of that. Not even, "Is he mongoloid or non-mongoloid?" but he has *life*.

My life is moving towards its close, but that is not the end. What



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the end is who can say? Or what, specifically, does it matter? In that mood at the end of a life, you have, as never before, a sense of how beautiful it is to have been privileged to live. How enchanting it is to have had loving relationships with your fellow human beings. How even joyful it is to have had a command of language and to have found in that use of words a special joy and satisfaction which perhaps even partakes of that most wonderful of all sentences: "In the beginning was the Word . . . and the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us, full of grace and truth."<sup>3</sup>

NOTES

1. Gordon, G., (Lord Byron), "Maid of Athens," 1810, lines 1-4.
2. Donne, J., "The Ecstasy," lines 71-72.
3. The Bible, John 1:1,14.



*'For God's sake, stop being so negative.'*

THE SPECTATOR 19 October 1991

## APPENDIX A

[*The following column first appeared in the St. Cloud, Minnesota, Times on April 6, 1992, and is reprinted here with permission of the author and the Times. Mr. Buhl is a university professor who lives in St. Cloud.*]

### Society needs reality check on priorities

*Anthony J. Buhl*

We live in a very confused and contradictory culture. Here abortions are almost as common as pulling teeth, yet people get upset by a picture of a squirrel hanging from a hunter's string. Countless human fetuses are trashed daily, but biology students simulate dissection on computers in order to spare the life of squiggly worms. Securing an abortion is often considered "responsible," while abandoning dogs or cats to the street is smugly condemned.

The reason for this befuddlement is obvious. We are rapidly losing touch with reality. More and more our language is separated from actual events and actual things as they truly are. Words are becoming empty, mere abstractions that don't connect to the true world. Too often people use words in a vacuum, without knowing or thinking about that to which the words apply. Once this happens, rather than merely representing reality, the words become the reality. Then the real truth is obscured by a fog of babble, and understandably people become mixed up.

So what this bewildered nation needs more than anything is a reality check.

Consider the reality of Kathy Walker of Torrance, Calif., who recently described in a national magazine her experience with abortion. Some years ago, as a pregnant and desperate 13-year-old, she was advised to submit to "a simple and safe abortion." But apparently she was completely unprepared for what followed. After having some body fluids withdrawn, a 20 percent saline solution was injected into her womb.

"As soon as the needle went through my abdomen," Walker explained, "I hated myself. I wanted to scream out . . . I wanted to run as far away as I possibly could, but it was too late. For the next several hours I felt my baby thrash around violently while he was being choked, poisoned, burned and suffocated to death. *I wasn't told any of that was going to happen.*"

Some years have passed but Walker still "remembers his very last kick. He had no strength left to fight." After hours of labor, she delivered a very small boy. "He was bald and his eyes were open. He had no anomalies. The only thing wrong with him was that he was severely burned and dead." The abortion occurred at the end of her second trimester.

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Here's another bit of reality. Abortions in the second trimester rarely are done that way anymore. Rather, they're performed by "dilation and extraction," the so-called D & E method. In this "procedure" the human fetus often becomes dismembered, so the abortionist must deal with the "calvaria" trapped in the uterus. One report of this technique is particularly abhorrent as it graphically describes how "*the operative grasps the severed calvaria of the fetus within its mother's womb, collapses it with his instrument, and withdraws it.*" The calvaria refers to the severed skull of the fetus and its contents.

I have a picture of a calvaria. It is horrible to see, but it represents reality. Initially, I too thought it was an exception. But I know that even if only 5 percent of all abortions since Roe vs. Wade were performed after the first trimester, that totals to more than 1.4 million skulls. This in a civilized nation, whose politicians pander to pressure groups, and where many "religious leaders" are conspicuous by their silence.

In 1977, Dr. C. Everett Koop told a convention of pediatricians about reality. "Abortion has led to such cheapening of human life that we now have infanticide. Newborn babies are being left to die by starvation because they have birth defects, even defects correctable by surgery. Koop continued, ". . . I see the progression from abortion to infanticide, to euthanasia, is similar to the problems that developed in Nazi Germany. History shows clearly the frighteningly short steps . . . *to the systematic elimination of the unwanted.*"

In the more innocent age before Roe, hardly anyone talked about voluntary death. Now, however, after 28 million abortions have reconciled the country to the grim reaper's sting, Derek Humphry can suggest in "Final Exit" that one's own life is to be feared more than the reaper is to be shunned. Instead of being shocked, millions buy his book. For those mesmerized by this message, "Dr." Jack Kervorkian has a death machine waiting.

As this century dawned, Germany was at the zenith of civilization. The morning before the Nazis appeared, few nations could rival it in philosophy, in science or in the fine arts. This was the nation of Kant, of Hegel, and of Nietzsche. It was the culture which produced Mozart, Bach, Beethoven and Wagner in music, as well as Nobel laureates like Einstein and Heisenberg in physics.

In a TV interview someone asked Simon Wiesenthal, an old but unrelenting Nazi hunter who never tires of reminding the world of the Holocaust, why he is so driven? Tears welled up in this good man's eyes as he explained. Young people throughout the world must know that atrocities are not only perpetrated by deranged men in barbaric nations, as many like to pretend. They also happen in the most civilized of countries, done by very clever and learned people, who are so enamored by comfort, technology and abstract rhetoric, that *they rationalize the most obvious and simple*

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*truths of nature.*

How do they do that? Well, listen to Albert Speer, the man in the Nazi inner circle who one historian called “the most gifted member in the government of the Third Reich.” After reflecting on his crimes for more than three decades in a lonely prison cell, Speer explained his actions this way.

“. . . I was ruled by principles of *utility*. A friend who had visited Auschwitz advised me never to accept an invitation to inspect a concentration camp . . . never under any circumstances.” “I did not query him, nor Himmler, nor Hitler. I did not want to know what was happening there. From that moment on I was inescapably contaminated morally; *from fear of discovering something which might have made me turn from my course, I had closed my eyes.*”

And that’s the lesson for us. Good American people, decent in every respect, are offended by even the slightest brutality to squirrels, to wiggly worms, and to stray puppies; people who try to make life less painful even for the least of nature’s creatures. Nevertheless, they’re too occupied with their own lives to learn about the hidden but very real pain and death happening in abortion clinics every day all across the land. So seemingly many are reassured by those who prattle their abstract gibberish and deny reality, without even once connecting the certain meaning of their hollow words to this loathing horror.

What would happen in this country if everyone witnessed only one “D & E” or if everyone examined only one crushed skull of an innocent baby whose life was brutally ended so very early? Who then would argue about whether or not it was human? And who then would stridently dismiss that reality as mere myth? Only those technocrats and utilitarians who by then were themselves so *dehumanized* as to be unable to feel anything.

## APPENDIX B

[*The following column first appeared in the Los Angeles Times on Feb. 26, 1992; it is reprinted here with permission of the author. Lee Ezell is an author and speaker who lives in Newport Beach, California.*]

### **The Instant Answer is the Cruel One**

*Lee Ezell*

What a tragedy that another teenager, this one in Ireland, tells a story of brutal rape. And now the ensuing media attention over her pregnancy and the abortion question. I deeply feel her pain and confusion, for my experience was much the same.

I was another “worst-case scenario” when I was raped as a virgin teenager from Philadelphia’s inner city, raped by a salesman passing through my place of employment. The experience of sexual assault was traumatizing enough, but to find myself pregnant was inconceivable.

Born to alcoholic parents, I was told I was an unwanted child, and now I was pregnant with an unwanted child. It wasn’t fair.

No easy abortion was available to me 30 years ago. Today I am grateful for this. I may have welcomed the relief of a safe abortion (not understanding its ramifications).

I wound up going full term with the pregnancy, and gave birth to a baby girl in a Los Angeles County hospital. She became what I referred to as “the missing piece” of my life. I never held her or saw her because she was adopted at birth. How could I have known she’d be the only child I would give birth to?

You can’t imagine the impact when, a few years ago, I picked up the phone and a voice announced, “Hello, you’ve never met me, but I am your daughter. I’ve been searching for you to let you know you are a grandmother.”

Our remarkable reunion, chronicled in my book “The Missing Piece,” has been so fulfilling. My daughter’s husband shook my hand and tearfully remarked, “Thanks for not aborting Julie. I don’t know what my life would be like without her and our children.”

Supplying an instant abortion for a woman with an unwanted pregnancy (whether married, unmarried, raped or not) may sound compassionate—even noble—to the providers. But for a woman who is depressed, sniffing cocaine may be a welcome relief; for a person overwhelmed with problems, drinking may offer instant comfort. But these remedies only lead to further problems, in much the same way an abortion also sets a woman up for future regrets. Invariably, this “abortion answer” is offered without full disclosure of its potential impact and the alternatives available.

Abortion is too permanent an answer for a temporary problem. Abortion is not an answer. It is an additional problem to be reckoned with later.

Can this Irish 14-year-old be trusted to make the best decision for her own

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future? Most 14-year-olds can barely decide what to wear to school in the morning. Is she being advised that this abortion will not solve the problem of victimization? Is it possible she is being coerced by the abortion-rights movement, exploited by them to make a point?

For our convenience, do women honestly have the right to eliminate the life of another who cannot speak for itself? This is not a religious issue; it is a human-rights issue.

The rights of unborn women (and men) count also. Fetologists will confirm that there is no magic moment when, in the womb, this fetus will suddenly transform into a human being. If it is not a human being from conception, is it an alien being? If it is not alive, why is it growing?

You can read this column now because there was no instant answer offered to your mom. Most women I know who discovered themselves to be pregnant cried out loud: The pregnancy was unexpected or not at the right time; there was not enough money; it would interfere with career plans. But in due time they got over their crises and the questions, and settled in on the process of giving life.

How cruel it would have been if the government had tempted our mothers with an instant answer—no more confusing questions: Simply have an abortion, on us. The question of the conception of life is not in our hands. Therefore, there are no illegitimate children. Even though a couple may decide when to make love, apparently God decides when to make life.

My daughter, born of sexual assault, did not inherit any “evil genes.” As she puts it: “It doesn’t matter how I began, but what I’ll become.”

An unplanned pregnancy does not have to result in an unwanted child, not for me or for that Irish teenager.

I’m so grateful that because an easy abortion was not offered to me, I did not give this innocent child the death penalty for the crime of her father.

## APPENDIX C

[The following column appeared on Feb. 23, 1992, in the London Sunday Telegraph, and is reprinted with permission (© The Sunday Telegraph, Peregrine Worsthorne 1992).]

### **Kill The Child, but Spare The Fox**

*Peregrine Worsthorne*

If you take the view, as the Catholic Church does, that abortion is tantamount to murder, then it follows that a woman made pregnant through rape cannot be allowed to have an abortion. For how can a grievous wrong done to the pregnant woman by the rapist be put to rights by allowing the pregnant woman to do a grievous wrong to an unborn child? Two wrongs never make a right. That the pregnant woman might desperately want to destroy the unwanted baby is entirely understandable. But if she were to be allowed to do so, to the outrage done to her body by the rapist would be added the outrage done to her immortal soul by herself. Far from an abortion alleviating the consequences of a criminal rape, it would further aggravate them by extending the chain of evil to include the victim.

Since that, roughly speaking, is the Catholic Church's view of abortion, shared by a majority of the Irish people, it seems to me entirely right and proper that the Irish State should do everything in its power to prevent even a raped woman from having one. Within its own borders, possibly you may say, but surely not outside them. Here again it all depends on the view taken about the seriousness of abortion. If there was a neighbouring country to Britain where murder was legalised, would a British government allow a British citizen to travel there after that citizen had formally notified the authorities that the purpose of his journey was to commit a murder? Of course it wouldn't. Nor, in those hypothetical circumstances, would a British Attorney-General be influenced to change his decision by the would-be murderer's plea that the man he was going to murder had raped his daughter. As an individual he might sympathise with the father but as a law officer he would know that hard cases made bad law.

Why, then, has the Irish Attorney-General come in for so much flak for upholding the law about abortion? The answer is all too obvious. Most of the British commentators who influence opinion do not think abortion is wrong: and certainly not as wrong as forcing a raped woman to have a child. They may be right. A strong case can be made in the support of that view. But what interests me is the inability of those who hold this liberal view to understand, and respect, the strength of the opposing Irish Catholic view which until recently was also Britain's view. Permitting abortions for any other reason than to save the mother's life is a slippery slope leading heaven only knows where. Only a bigot can be quite certain that this is the path any civilised society should wish to take.

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For my part it seems enormously desirable that there should be a Catholic country, with which we have such close associations, still prepared to oppose abortion *à outrance*. We go our way, they go theirs, and it will be time enough, generations hence, to see which society has opted for the more civilised course. But no. Our liberal commentators dismiss the absolutist case against abortion absolutely. Surely such an automatic, almost Pavlovian, reaction is a bit complacent not to say intolerant and prejudiced. Permissiveness in all these moral areas, homosexuality and divorce no less than abortion, is still very much a dangerous experiment which shows many signs of going disastrously wrong. We can trust and hope and even believe that our liberal chosen path is the most enlightened one: the path of progress. But only the most closed of minds, and eyes blinkered against so many ugly contemporary developments, can be certain of this. Any fair-minded observer looking at modern Britain ought to feel obliged to conclude that it is touch and go whether we are going forward or backward; reverting to barbarism or advancing towards a new Jerusalem. By no stretch of the imagination does modern Britain provide the slightest justification for liberal dogmatism, still less liberal triumphalism.

Irish Catholicism, it has to be said, brings out the worst in English liberals. Whereas they bend over backwards to understand and whitewash every other culture, be it ever so backward and irrational—Red Indian, Aboriginal, Bantu, not to mention Mohammedan—they find nothing good to say about Irish Catholicism generally and Irish Catholicism's attitude to abortion in particular, in spite of there being vast libraries of closely reasoned arguments by some of Europe's finest minds, from St. Thomas Aquinas to Jacques Maritain, in support of the same.

Not long ago I read a most elaborately sympathetic article by a liberal anthropologist about cannibalism. Apparently the practice did not deserve the condemnation which the Victorians used to heap upon it. The author didn't quite say that, much as he personally abhorred it, he would defend to the death any African's right to practise it. But that was the spirit of the article. When did one last read an article in a liberal newspaper showing the same kind of sympathetic understanding of an Irish Catholic's attitude to abortion, or to any other aspect of Catholic moral teaching?

To Irish Catholics it seems quite extraordinary that so many English liberals, whose principles are outraged by the thought of the state prohibiting the destruction of unborn babies, should nevertheless seek to enlist the power of the state to stop people hunting foxes—as insane an inversion of human priorities as ever there could be. Admittedly the proposed law to ban British citizens hunting foxes did not extend to British citizens hunting foxes in Ireland, which was something. But to the Irish the very idea that anybody should want the state to ban fox-hunting at all is quite uncivilised enough to be going on with. In this instance, I must confess to finding myself very much on the Irish side of the argument. Only a very eccentric society could be certain that the



fox is more in need of protection than the foetus.

Once upon a time liberal complacency and self-righteousness on moral issues were understandable. Orthodox Christian teaching had ruled the roost for so long that it made sense to blame it for everything that was disagreeable in society. The evils that Christianity had succeeded in reducing were out of sight, shrouded in the mists of time. So much more conspicuous were the evils of the here and now which Christian moral teaching had not reduced; might even, in some cases, have exacerbated. That is always what happens after great social transformations. The more they succeed, the easier it is to take their achievements for granted. By the time of the Enlightenment, and even more so in the 19th century, the burdens that Christianity had lifted from the shoulders of mankind were far less noticeable than those that it was still seeking to impose. So no wonder the progressives thought they had all the good arguments on their side.

Today, however, the situation is entirely different. Moral anarchy is at least as obvious a danger to civilisation as moral authoritarianism. On all sides we see the evil consequences, not of the imposition of moral rules but of their relaxation. Whereas in Victorian times, say, the harm of parental heavy-handedness was all too apparent, in present times the harm of too little parental control is much more apparent. Above all, there is the new challenge of Aids. Since sexual promiscuity is largely the cause, it stands to reason that a return to puritan self-control may well be the only sensible answer. But who wants to listen to reason any more? For knee-jerk, mindless, blind arrogance, old-style blimpish reactionaries were no match for today's progressives.

## APPENDIX D

[On March 4, 1992, the U.S. House of Representatives held hearings on the so-called "Freedom of Choice Act" in the Subcommittee on Civil & Constitutional Rights (Rep. Don Edwards, Democrat of California, Chairman). Among the members of the subcommittee was Rep. Henry J. Hyde (Republican, Illinois). What follows is the transcript of Mr. Hyde's opening remarks.]

### **"The Surgery That Dare Not Speak Its Name"**

*Henry J. Hyde*

I intend to discuss the surgical procedure called abortion by its proper name, not reproductive rights, not choice, not "devitalizing the products of conception," nor any other evasion or euphemism. I think the subject deserves straight-forward analysis, not semantic camouflage!

Abortion, to paraphrase Oscar Wilde, has become the surgery that dare not speak its name. Stephen Chapman reminds us that the National Rifle Association is not lobbying for one to have the choice to own a gun—for better or worse, they are for the right to own a gun.

But try as we might, all the hype since *Roe v. Wade* hasn't dispelled the essential discomfort most people feel with the concept of killing a defenseless unborn child. "All the perfumes of Arabia," as Lady Macbeth famously said, can't cover up the fact that every abortion happens over someone's dead body.

There are few more disgusting acts than kicking a woman in the stomach—but far worse if that woman is pregnant. We all know this—but our capacity for self-deception helps us sublimate that discomfort to the sacred cause of personal autonomy.

Choice? What are we choosing? Vanilla or chocolate? No, we are debating the very boundaries of life and death. The humanity of the pre-born has become the great 13th floor of society—we all know it's there but we pretend it isn't. It helps sustain the deadly illusion.

The question of abortion is about values. What value shall we ascribe to the unborn? If it is a zero, a nothing, a cipher, then indeed it is expendable, like a diseased appendix or an abscessed tooth, and can be excised and thrown away—or perhaps saved and harvested for body parts—but in any event, not entitled to the dignity of being treated as a member of the human family.

But, if the pre-born is a human being, alive and growing every hour in the womb, then her humanity must be respected, her essential dignity must be honored, especially because she is weak, defenseless and completely vulnerable. The pre-born can't vote, can't escape, can't rise up in the streets, and so if our founding fathers meant what they said in our country's birth certificate, the right to life is an endowment from our creator and is an inalienable right. We assume a heavy burden when we dehumanize that pre-born child on the arbitrary assumption that she is not yet a member of the human family—she is too small,

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too insignificant, too unwanted to be included in the circle of those for whom we—society—will be responsible. We already include the poor, the homeless, the aged, the infirm, the handicapped—in fact, if a handicapped baby can just get born we'll give her a special parking space! It is my argument that the defenseless pre-born deserve a place within that circle of social responsibility, along with all the marginal people of our community.

My severest criticism of people who defend abortion as a humane answer to the profoundly tragic problem of an unwanted pregnancy is not that they lack conscience or compassion—but that they suffer from a failure of imagination. Among the 30 million abortions since *Roe v. Wade*, they seem untroubled or only slightly troubled by this loss of life among those millions, the child who would discover the cure for cancer, or explore the cosmos or write the novel that would stir our hearts—the child who might deliver his country—or her country—in its hour of peril. Please don't reply that many of we so called conservatives also lack imagination and compassion—I stipulate that—but “you're one too” doesn't advance us any distance from the slough of despond we wallow in today. In Washington, D.C. more babies are aborted than born. Is that something to be proud of? We are rightly concerned about the devaluing of life in our society—the senseless killings we read about every day. Does it ever cross your mind that abortion contributes to that dehumanization—the cheapening of human life? We lack simple respect for our fellow human beings. A man once tried to teach us to act differently and he was crucified. Two thousand years later, he's still hanging there.

Our country is at its best when we strive to become hospitable, more inclusive, when we seek to draw into the circle of those whose rights we will protect more and more vulnerable, defenseless members of the human family. Whether it's some frightened Haitian risking death by drowning to escape to freedom, or some pre-born child in her mother's womb, struggling to survive the curette or the suction machine. That's how we brought an end to slavery, how people who didn't own property gained the right to vote. The notion that human beings were chattel—disposable by those who owned them—was a terrible blot on the soul of America. It took a bloody war to put that behind us.

We, who claim to be pro-life, argue that once conception has occurred the human equation has unalterably changed—a new tiny member of the human family has been created—not a potential human life, but human life with potential—and no one, not even her mother, has the right of dominion over her. She cannot be owned nor disposed of as a chattel. The vice of slavery has much in common with the abortion industry.

The legislation we are about to debate here today is radical and far outdistances in its sweep *Roe v. Wade*. It will negate all parental notification laws, and perhaps even laws that respect the consciences of doctors and nurses who cannot, for moral reasons, participate in the killing of an innocently inconvenient pre-born child. In 1990 a conscience clause amendment was

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offered in this subcommittee and was defeated on a straight party line vote. This is abortion with a vengeance, and it goes far beyond *Roe v. Wade* or what the majority of Americans, in poll after poll, have said is acceptable.

To understand what any bill really means, the chief sponsor's interpretation is about as authoritative as you can get—and Mr. Edwards, on January 22, 1990, on C-Span, said the right to choose abortion will admit of “no exceptions—no exceptions whatsoever.” Congressman Edwards then said: “It is a classic one-sentence statute that says a state may not restrict the right of a woman to terminate a pregnancy—and that is for any reason.”

*Roe* authorized state regulations to promote maternal health in the second trimester, and acknowledged the states' compelling interest in pre-natal life in the third trimester. *Roe* requires the pregnant woman to consult a physician who agrees her “well-being” is served by an abortion—but H.R. 25 says not a word about these qualifications—“no exceptions whatsoever” says the chief sponsor.

I oppose this bill as something unworthy of a country whose Declaration of Independence has called the right to life inalienable.

## APPENDIX E

[The following column appeared in New York's weekly Village Voice on February 29, 1992, and is reprinted here with the author's permission.]

### The Freedom of Terminal Choice Act

*Nat Hentoff*

Rep. Don Edwards (D-Calif.) can justifiably be called the congressman from the Constitution. No one in Congress equals his passionate and skillful determination to protect the Bill of Rights and the 14th Amendment. Way back, he was one of only a dozen or so representatives supporting the abolition of the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

And for years, as chairman of the house Judiciary Committee's panel on civil and constitutional rights, with oversight over the FBI, Edwards has kept that impatient agency reluctantly aware of such necessary annoyances as the Fourth and First amendments.

When it comes to abortion rights, however, Edwards has introduced a bill—the Freedom of Choice Act—that does what Sir Thomas More warned against in “A Man for All Seasons”: “What would you do? Cut a great road through the law to get after the devil?”

To Edwards, the Devil is the pro-life movement, and his bill—H.R. 25 with Senate duplicate S. 25—would cut down practically all the laws in the individual states that restrict abortions.

The American Civil Liberties Union, which enthusiastically supports the Freedom of Choice Act, notes with anticipation that should it become law, “among the restrictions that would be prohibited . . . are spousal consent requirements, waiting periods, parental notification and consent, and requirements that all abortions be performed in hospitals.”

The ACLU neglected to cite another restriction that would be abolished in every state—a conscience exception for those doctors and nurses who do not want to be forced to participate in abortions. Through the years, I've talked to nurses throughout the country—not all of them pro-life—who are sickened at having to be involved in second-trimester abortions in which the live fetus is dismembered (dilation and evacuation).

Some 44 states have conscience clauses that allow nurses and doctors to *choose*—a one-sided word in Edwards's bill—not to take part in other people's lethal choices.

In October 1990, as this bill was taking shape in Edwards's subcommittee, Rep. F. James Sensenbrenner (R-Wis.) offered an amendment:

“Nothing in this Act precludes a state from enforcing a law which allows a health care provider to refuse to perform or assist in the performance of an abortion because it offends the provider's moral conscience or religious beliefs.”

With Edwards in the lead, the conscience amendment was voted down, 5-3,

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on party lines. One of those voting thumbs down was Rep. Pat Schroeder (D-Colo.). She is usually acutely sensitive to the claims of individual conscience, but obviously the preservation of abortion rights is so overwhelming a priority that the right of individual conscience simply cannot compete, even for such professional civil libertarians as the ACLU's lobbyists.

Rep. Barney Frank (D-Mass.) is an exception. Frank, a fervent supporter of abortion rights, tells me that he feels strongly there ought to be a conscience clause in the Freedom of Choice Act.

When Edwards first introduced the measure, he told me he wanted a "clean bill—no exceptions." Well there is one exception. His bill says a state may not restrict abortion in any way "before fetal viability." But then it says, a state cannot prevent an abortion "at anytime, if such termination is necessary to protect the life or the health of the woman." (George Orwell would have savored "termination.")

Since the *Doe v. Bolton* Supreme Court decision in 1973, "health" means emotional as well as physical health—"all factors relevant to the well-being of the patient." So "viability" is not an exception after all.

Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell (D-Maine), who is pro-choice, thinks that the Edwards bill would set a "very dangerous precedent." A national abortion policy, he says, should only be established by a constitutional amendment. Otherwise, another Congress down the line could repeal this sweeping unilateral choice. Mitchell asks whether so fundamental a right ought to be left to majoritarian vote.

But Edwards is not going to be deterred by constitutional niceties. I hope that hearings on the bill will include nurses who will bring photographs. I also hope C-Span will be there.

## APPENDIX F

[*The following is the transcript of a debate which was presented on French television; it was printed in Tom Pouce, the newsletter of "les Femmes et les Enfants d'Abord—Secours aux Futures Mères" and is reprinted here with permission.*]

### RU 486

JOURNALIST: Today is the 242nd "Duel on 5," a passionate duel because it concerns the abortion pill, the famous RU 486. To debate it, on my right is Professor Etienne Baulieu who is the inventor of this pill—he is Director of Research into hormonal processes at INSERM (National Institute of Health and Medical Research). Facing him is Professor Jérôme Lejeune who is Professor of Fundamental Genetics at the Necker Hospital and who is against the abortion pill. Very well then, Professor Lejeune, why?

PROF. LEJEUNE For a simple reason, which is that as a doctor I fight on the side of life and not on the side of death, and that the abortion pill kills children, it is bad like all abortion. What I wish with all my heart is that this chemical warfare might never take place. This is a very curious product, you know, which has a specific toxicity for human beings at a certain stage of development. That is why it doesn't affect the mother's health, but prevents the child surviving. It is a specific toxin. It is the first pesticide against humans, and as a doctor, I cannot approve an anti-human pesticide.

PROF. BAULIEU One can see it differently. This is not a pesticide for the human race, moreover as you know it is something which happens spontaneously to a woman in ordinary life, a married woman whose period is late—

LEJEUNE No, no, no—

BAULIEU Let me finish, I didn't interrupt you, can I finish my sentence? Two or three times a year in normal life, a woman has a fertilised egg, a late period, than an elimination which one doesn't call an abortion. Abortion, we mustn't play with words! Certainly if we try to dramatize the problem, it's very easy, but we ought to be saving lives.

LEJEUNE It doesn't happen at all—viewers must understand. It never happens to a normal woman that she takes this product to kill her child.

BAULIEU These aren't even children, they are—

LEJEUNE They are human beings.

BAULIEU They are pre-embryos; they are not human beings; moreover if they are human beings, why doesn't religion prescribe ceremonies for all the miscarriages—funerals or baptism?

LEJEUNE That has nothing to do with it.

BAULIEU These are, in the course of development—

LEJEUNE No, we are talking about medicine. We are not theologians, to talk about the soul of the embryo. I would be ready to discuss this with a theologian, but not with you.

BAULIEU Oh, but one has the right—

LEJEUNE No, because neither of us is a theologian. So we can't discuss it. Let's

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discuss this product. This product is toxic and this is the first time that this country is going to specialise in a product which only has one use: it is wanted for the purpose of putting a stop to a life which has already started. This is the first time; this is not a medicine; it is a toxic product which has no other use than toxicity.

BAULIEU Now, this is a medicine. But, let me finish, you said something else? It's not a medicine?

LEJEUNE No, it's not a medicine—

BAULIEU It's a super-medicine—for this medicine which has already been in demand for termination—

LEJEUNE I wish to be courteous, but I cannot let you mislead the listeners—

BAULIEU For termination, it is going to be used and already is. You know that, it's public knowledge. For a certain number of cancers, it is going to be used to treat endometriosis—which moreover can cause sterility—and make it possible for babies to be born. No, it is a great medicine—it is quite the opposite—

LEJEUNE Just a moment, listen, I want to say something directly to viewers.

BAULIEU Carry on.

LEJEUNE It must be clearly understood that this product has been registered and that the permission to market it has been given, for one purpose and one only, there is no other in the application, which simply says that it is a product which causes abortion. Personally, I am a doctor, I have sworn the oath of Hippocrates. Hippocrates' oath was drawn up four hundred years before Christ. This is not a matter of religion, it's a matter of medicine, and he made his pupils swear "I will not give poison even if I am asked for it, nor will I suggest such a use," and in the same sentence he continued "and I will not give a woman an abortifacient." This is the first time that we are specialising in an abortifacient product, that we are going to manufacture it in industrial quantities, and there is an enormous amount of money in it, everyone knows that. You yourself have said that it is very important, that there is a big market. So I would like to make it perfectly clear that this product, if it is as effective as it seems, and I think it is, will have no practical purpose except to kill children, and will not be used to treat diseases, because no such application has been made.

BAULIEU Well, I can perhaps . . . I see that one has understood the point of view—

LEJEUNE The number of doses which are going to be made is enormous. I am not a business man, but it represents millions of children who will be suppressed and I say, because viewers need to understand it, that if this product is on sale, or even—whether it is paid for or not, that has no importance—if it is used, exploited by industry, there are millions of human beings who will be destroyed each year. I say this seriously because it is true and one should know it; this product will kill more people than Hitler, Mao-Tse-Tung and Stalin put together did.

BAULIEU I can't possibly let you say things like that! To be sure . . . Well now, all the same I have the right—

LEJEUNE There is nothing to laugh at, it is at least ten million human beings



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who will be suppressed by this toxin. It's a fact, why hide it?

BAULIEU I know there are a hundred thousand women who die of badly-performed abortions.

LEJEUNE Why refuse to admit the number?

BAULIEU There are perhaps in other parts of the world nearly a million—I can certainly say a million women who die in childbirth or soon afterwards, or during pregnancy, in countries where unfortunately poverty, famine, lack of hygiene, etc.—

LEJEUNE Yes, this is a pill to eliminate the Third World! That we know!

BAULIEU But it's not a question of eliminating the Third World . . .

LEJEUNE But since it's China which is asking for it, we shall kill the Chinese.

BAULIEU It's a question of—the World Bank has just published—

LEJEUNE But it isn't good medicine. It isn't because it's going to kill the Chinese that I find it good—on the contrary.

BAULIEU . . . a report saying that the annual increase in the gross national product in the developing countries is systematically cancelled out, unfortunately by badly controlled human fecundity. Women, first of all, should be given the right to respond, not someone like you who is certainly very sincere—

LEJEUNE But who also looks after women.

BAULIEU . . . but who is talking theology without admitting it.

LEJEUNE With respect, I am President of an association called "Aid to Future Mothers," which helps them to bring their children into the world, instead of belonging to a set of people who help mothers to kill them.

BAULIEU But we are not killing children, fortunately!

LEJEUNE I hold that we are killing human beings—whether you like it or not that is the truth . . .

LEJEUNE How many doses are going to be manufactured?

BAULIEU I don't know how many doses are going to be made but—

LEJEUNE How many?

BAULIEU If I can continue . . .

LEJEUNE No—how many? When this pill is manufactured on a grand scale, all the rules for its use which we are talking of now will be ignored. And what is going to come is the formidable danger that women who are in good health, who are pregnant, will have three tablets beside their bed. And the day they feel depressed, or they have been vomiting because it's the beginning of the pregnancy, or they are upset because of difficulties in their lives, who will be there? No one. They will open the drawer, take the three tablets and the child will be lost. I say that to consider putting the "chemical knitting needle," the "disposable abortionist" in the bedside drawer is a serious danger to our civilisation. And we haven't the right to do it; it isn't medicine.

BAULIEU I want our children to have the right to a happy life without war, without famine. And I think that, here, science permits women to have a certain mastery, no matter how. It is to underestimate, indeed, to insult women, to say: the bedside drawer, the least bit of bad temper, and hop!

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LEJEUNE On one point I agree with you, I don't want our children to see war. But I don't want them involved in chemical warfare either. I say, and this is the absolute truth, that it is for the first time a question of a pesticide against little human beings. It is the first time this has happened, and I plead that in the country of Pasteur, we should not start the chemical killing of children.  
JOURNALIST: Professors, thank you. This has been a debate of high quality which was, I believe, passionately interesting to us all. It touches everyone."

\* \* \* \* \*

"QUESTION ON 5" asked by Minitel: *Which of the two debaters seemed to you the most convincing?*

RESULT: Prof. Baulieu, 35.67%; Prof. Lejeune, 61.99%; Don't Know, 2.2%.

## APPENDIX G

[The following column appeared in the *New York Post* on April 8, 1992, and is reprinted here with the author's permission.]

### **Abortion march is a sign of panic**

*Ray Kerrison*

The biggest pro-abortion march ever reverberated through Washington, D.C., over the weekend, when an estimated 500,000 took to the streets. Alas, it was less a celebration than a reflection of the panic sweeping the ranks.

There is good reason for the abortion movement's alarm. The Supreme Court soon will overturn the *Roe vs. Wade* decision, which made abortion legal. The nation will probably re-elect the pro-life incumbent president, George Bush. Fewer doctors are practicing abortion because of its social stigma. More and more women and children are being killed and mutilated by "butchers" in legal abortion clinics.

But all of these factors probably have not devastated the movement as much as the outcome of an abortion measure in a Washington state election last fall. Known as Initiative 120, it asked the heavily liberal electorate to safeguard the right to abortion in the event *Roe vs. Wade* is thrown out.

It very nearly went down to defeat. In the first count, it actually failed by 6,000 votes. They had to go to absentee ballots to rustle up enough "yeses" to put it over the top. The final count shocker: 756,554 for abortion, 752,240 against. Less than one-half of 1 percent separated the pro-choice and pro-life counts.

That vote gave the lie to the very foundation of the abortion movement, namely, that an overwhelming majority of women support abortion. The Washington vote was clear, undeniable evidence that the country is split right down the center on the issue. The abortion industry and its most strident backer, the National Organization for Women, have tried to win the struggle by numbers. They have tried to intimidate politicians into believing that so many women favor abortion that anyone who opposes it will be run out of office.

It's all nonsense, as numerous pro-life and pro-choice politicians are routinely elected every year. Indeed, for the past 12 years, voters have elected pro-life Republican presidents (Ronald Reagan and Bush) in landslides.

Thus, one of the most surprising political developments of the season is the emergence of a group of pro-choice Republicans seeking to rewrite the party platform and strip it of its strong pro-life commitment. Why would any smart politician desert a proven, winning position (that of Reagan and Bush) to embrace the proven losing position of the Democrats?

A high-profile member of the group is Rep. Susan Molinari, the Staten Island Republican, who is a Catholic. What possessed her to join a movement at odds with her religious faith and political party? "It does not come easy," she said

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yesterday. "But I'm 34 and I have grown up in a generation when women have had this right. It had already been decided when I was a teenager. It disturbs me that it might be taken away, that the clock will be turned back."

Molinari said polls show that 50 percent of registered Republicans are pro-choice. There it is again—the split down the center. "It's going to be a difficult fight to change the platform on abortion," she said. "But the primary object is to re-elect the president. We are not looking to hamper his ability to be re-elected. We are not seeking a pro-choice platform, but to change the language to note that some Republicans are pro-choice. This is a very divisive and sensitive issue, and the present platform heightens the rhetoric."

But why confront the president? "I think Mr. Bush is a tremendous president, but I disagree with him on this issue, just as other Republicans disagree with him for changing his tax position."

What about her religion? "It is a struggle," Molinari said. "To be threatened with excommunication, to disagree with my father [Staten Island Borough President Guy Molinari], to have your office picketed every week . . . It's never easy. But I believe in it. I'm now going through a divorce, so there are certain parts of my private life that diverge from the Catholic Church."

Susan's father is as staunchly pro-life as she is pro-choice. How do they manage? She laughed, "We don't even get into it anymore. I respect his position and I think he accepts mine."

Time will prove that Susan Molinari is on the wrong side of this historic struggle. The desperation in Washington last weekend is only a hint of how the tide is running.

## APPENDIX H

*[The following column appeared in the Washington Times March 12, 1992, and is reprinted here with the author's permission .]*

### **All Jokes Aside, Fertility Case Raises Some Serious Issues**

*Suzanne Fields*

We've seen the porcine face of the promiscuous fertility doctor on the front pages, his double chin jiggling like a bowl of jelly. But we were all a little surprised when he was convicted on 52 counts of fraud and perjury.

We've laughed, a little perversely, about the man the New York tabloids called "the sperminator" and imagined offspring with his distinctive looks decorating the Northern Virginia landscape for the next 50, 60, 70 years.

Fantasy scenarios leap to mind, half brother meeting half sister with desire under the elms, falling in love, never suspecting the attraction of like to like is genetically based. (Surely Sidney Sheldon is already working on the book that will be the miniseries.)

But the crimes of Dr. Cecil Jacobson are no laughing matter, and they leave a tragic legacy of difficult questions, questions both specific and general, impinging on the very idea of artificial insemination. The government, for example, is faced with an unhappy choice. It can notify each family where it's clear Jacobson has sired a child, giving the names of other families with his offspring, or it can decide to keep that information private.

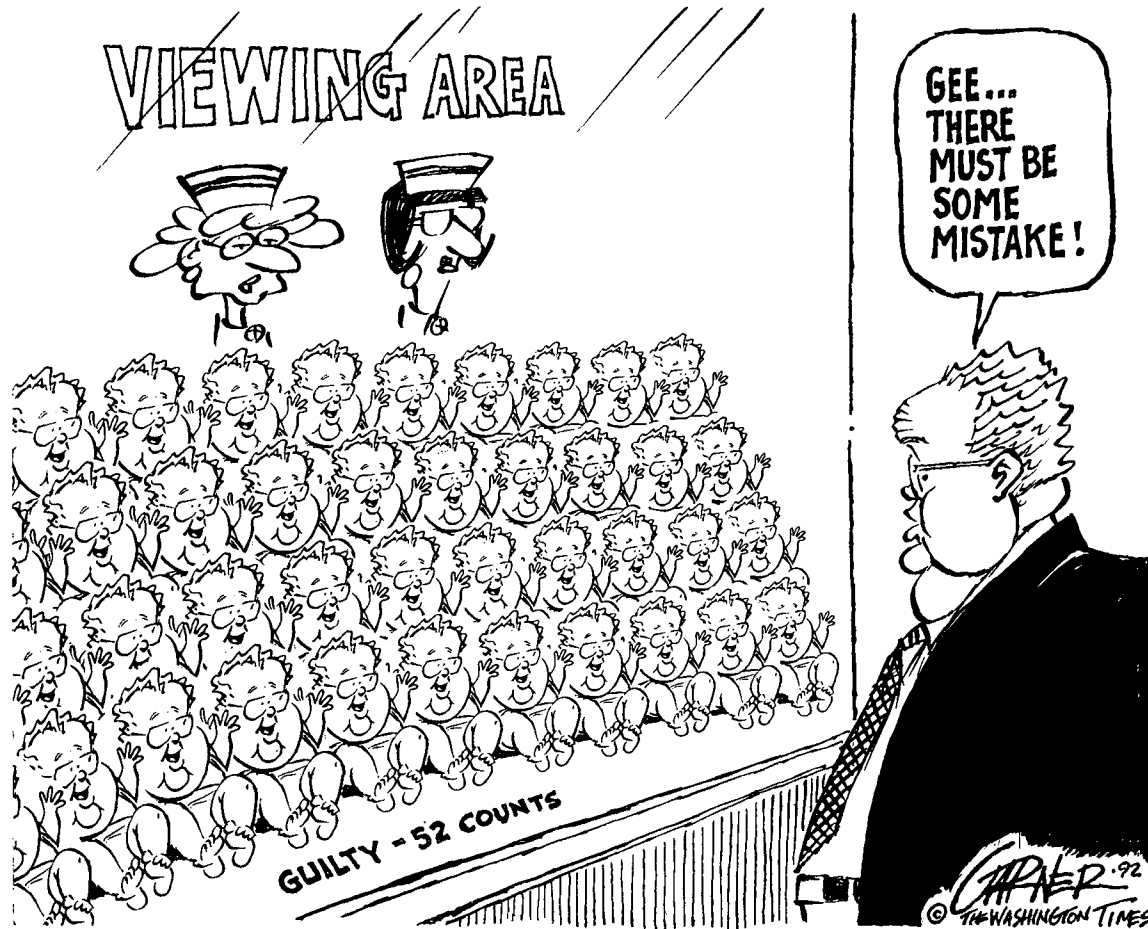
In about half of all artificial insemination cases, the sperm donor remains anonymous. Many donors are medical students, chosen for their intelligence and good looks, and young enough to donate sperm two or three times a week for years. The reasons for notifying Dr. Jacobson's patients of his identity are not much different from the reasons behind calls for an end to anonymous sperm donors.

Those who favor disclosure offer medical and moral justifications. Siblings may meet and marry each other, and they run the risk of having a child with genetic diseases and congenital disorders, a risk made higher in incestuous relationships.

But are these reasons worth the psychological risks of knowing? Parents in the Jacobson case, especially, may not want to know the other parents he "treated" or the other children he sired. It's certainly understandable if they want no more public exposure of their fears, pain and humiliation.

They have borne enough burden and must decide for themselves what to tell their children. When the children grow up, will they want to be confronted with knowing their biological father was a creep? They may want to regard the attentive man they grew up with as the real father.

What we have here is the flip side of the controversy over designer genes, those sperm banks that advertise donors who are Olympic gold medal



This editorial cartoon first appeared in the *Washington Times*, and is reprinted here with permission.

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champions with Robert Redford looks and the brains of a Nobel laureate. But genes offer no guarantees, and the child of an Olympic star may be a bookworm, while the son of a Nobel laureate could be the airhead hunk anchoring the defensive line.

Questions about genetic susceptibility to disease also apply to sperm donors. Should donors identify themselves if such information could make the difference between health and disease, life and death? Should they sign contracts saying they are willing (or not) to have a child, at 18, identify himself and his origins? Families of adopted children have wrestled with these same issues.

Parents who discovered that Jacobson was the father of their children, and who testified against him, worked to camouflage their identity in court. They wore wigs and makeup to protect their children from publicity. They deserve their privacy and for the government to leave them alone.

Questions that remain for others who experience artificial insemination will not go away, but they're more likely to be answered by the heart than by biology or the law of the land.

## APPENDIX I

*[The following appeared as a "My Turn" column in Newsweek magazine March 2, 1992, and is reprinted here with the permission of the author.]*

### **A Gentle Way to Die**

*Katie Letcher Lyle*

The stripes of gold, khaki and black melted into each other until I blinked back the tears. If we did nothing, Gov might last another painful month. Everything medical that could be done had been done. So I made the decision, recalling the day we brought the kitten to our then-new house. For 16 years we enjoyed Gov's beautiful presence in our laps, in sun squares, by fires, on windowsills where he conversed with bluejays, on the kitchen counter kibitzing for a scrap or following raptly the stuffing of a turkey. He poked curiously about each new baby as we brought it home. "Govie Lovie" our daughter, younger than he by half, called him.

But he grew old. With cancer of his spine, maybe elsewhere, he was no longer interested in food and his bladder and bowels were embarrassingly out of his control. Sadly I watched the doctor shave his thin forearm, stroked his soft, vibrating side as the needle was prepared. Gov didn't even flinch when it slid in. About five seconds, the gold eyes glazed, then half-closed and the purr stopped. No pain.

I think about Gov sometimes when I visit a beloved, ancient friend, her mind absolutely gone for six years, her body ticking on relentlessly, her round-the-clock nurses dressing her like a doll. Fritchie never speaks, reacts hardly at all, doesn't open her eyes. But she must exist in some unimaginable hell, for tears often squeeze out between her eyelids. I wish her the swift, merciful death we gave our pet, but probably she will go on until recurring cancer kills her slowly, cruelly.

Now here is the difficult case. Today I attended a meeting in another state about a man whom I represent. Consider Henry, 40, six feet tall, strong, affectionate, loves action movies, his IQ in the profoundly retarded range. He used to pick up trash at a parking lot, until the manager's patience wore too thin. He can unload restaurant dishes from tray to sink—but only with constant supervision and encouragement.

Henry was abandoned to the state in infancy by parents who are affluent professionals whom I don't know and whose other children don't know about Henry. Shunted from place to place, Henry lives now in a 10-man group home where, for months, he functioned adequately.

But recently things have gone badly. He has, after countless last chances, been fired. Consistency is extremely important to Henry, but new employees don't understand that, and there's rapid turnover in the restaurant business. In the day-care program where he is now, Henry's unpredictable outbursts have injured staff members and another client, and terrified clients and staff.

At home, he has destroyed much of the furniture, and intimidated every other



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resident with his towering tantrums. The other clients spend their free time in their rooms while Henry watches TV alone. His strength overpowers the home's help and during "time out," he destroys everything around him. Outings, parties, ball games are rewards for good behavior. So recently, Henry has been excluded from the good times. He's encouraged to hit pillows with Styrofoam bats. But when he's mad, he wants whomever he's mad at. Extensive medical and neurological tests reveal no health problems, no seizures. Endless psychological investigations suggest what's already been tried: behavior modification, Tranxene.

He has been told often that he cannot stay in his home if these outbursts continue—but does he understand? What is home if not where you live? The destructive behavior is escalating, becoming more violent, occurring more often, 13 major episodes last month. Staff members are afraid. One's already resigned.

**Closing doors:** At our meeting to consider what to do next, Henry "writes" on a yellow tablet, a self-calming technique he has learned, and as usual seems almost normal, looking and nodding at people who are speaking. On his tablet are line after line of scribble. He interrupts to whine that it's cold, but it's not, and he has on a heavy sweater. He interrupts continually, and at one point simply begins to cry, loudly, his face and eyes red, real tears.

He's told he will have to leave if he doesn't stop howling. But the social workers insist on his presence, because of his "client's rights," and because he "needs to be involved as much as possible." The wailing ebbs, but now Henry babbles about his birthday party. The facility where he lived before cannot take him back; his place has been filled. The house where he's living has a long waiting list of eligible clients.

The next step, if he continues to make life unlivable for other clients and staff, is removal, probably to an overcrowded state institution facing brutal budget cuts. Every door is closing; there seems nowhere else for him to go.

I know the arguments about the abuses of kindly death, and I know mental incompetents were the Nazis' first victims. The money is certainly not the point; I believe strongly that one can judge any civilization by how decently it treats its sick, its elderly, its disabled. But money is a reality, and adding up all the institutional, medical and social services, Henry has already cost American taxpayers roughly \$1.5 million. But my point is, what does *life* hold for Henry now? I'll tell you: either a drugged hell of an existence behind bars; or more probably, deinstitutionalization, street life, an agonizing death in a filthy alley. It happens to others, everywhere, every day.

I don't like the conclusion I'm forced to. But is a gentle death for a human being always the worst answer? Laws can be implemented to prevent abuses. It seems patently untrue to me that *any life* is always preferable to *no life*. I wish, more than I can say, that there were some place on this earth where Henry could live happily and freely and be loved and understood. But since there isn't, I find it disgraceful, as well as ironic, that we cannot bring ourselves to treat our fellow humans as humanely as we treat our pets.

## APPENDIX J

[The following news story appeared in the New York Daily News on March 27, 1992.  
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### **New life won't be denied** **'Tough Guy' baby survives stabs, dumping**

*By Larry Celona and Patrice O'Shaughnessy*  
*Daily News Staff Writers*

Just two hours into his life, someone wanted the newborn baby dead: He was viciously stabbed and left in a trash pile behind a Brooklyn building.

But too many doctors and nurses at Kings County Hospital wanted him to live, and he didn't let them down. He pulled through extensive surgery and is doing so well they've dubbed him Tough Guy.

The full-term, 6½-pound boy was found Wednesday afternoon inside plastic garbage bags outside an East Flatbush apartment house on Linden Blvd. after the superintendent heard his moans.

He had three stab wounds on the right side of his body. A stab in the chest had punctured his lung and extended through his tiny body into back muscle. The attacker had apparently twisted the knife under the child's collarbone.

Ambulance workers found him bleeding profusely, cold and blue, barely crying, the umbilical cord still attached.

Cast off like garbage, he was rushed to Kings County, where he was handled like gold.

"When he was brought in there were 12 doctors in the emergency room," said pediatric surgeon Dr. Max Ramenofsky. "By the time he got to the operating room, there were more than 20 doctors; I had to ask some of them to leave because I couldn't get to the baby."

Ramenofsky operated on the infant for 2½ hours.

"The baby looks wonderful," he said. "He's breathing on his own, he's even crying. He's a fighter . . . he was nicknamed Tough Guy by the staff."

He was listed in critical but stable condition in the newborn intensive care unit, where nurses doted on him.

In one way, the cruelty of the crime may have helped the baby, Ramenofsky said. The garbage bags, with refuse on top, actually helped keep the boy warm.

The boy had a temperature of 87 degrees when he was found. If he had been exposed, "it would have been a lot lower," the doctor said.

Emergency Medical Service technicians Irene Kruitzen and Brian Hutchison, who brought the baby to the hospital, said yesterday they were "ecstatic" at his progress and hope to visit him.

If all goes well, the little fighter could be released from the hospital in 10 days.

Meanwhile, cops at the Snyder Ave. station were searching for the baby's mother, and the stationhouse switchboard lit up with callers wishing to adopt the boy.

Cops referred them to social service agencies. But they asked that anyone with information about the baby or his mother call (718) 287-3241.

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